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ALLEGED SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

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ONE of the commonest charges brought against the Bible by sceptical writers is that it is full of discrepancies, inconsistencies, and glaring self-contradictions. It is on this ground, chiefly, that many persons seek to justify themselves in refusing to accept it as a divine revelation. It may not be amiss, therefore, to submit a few of those alleged self-contradictions to a candid and careful examination. The cases of this kind which we propose to deal with in this paper are, it is understood, furnished by one of the works of the notorious Thomas Paine, who to this day is recognized as one of the highest authorities among "Free-thinkers." They have been published, also, in the form of a tract, and widely circulated in this as well as in other countries; and, finally, they have been reproduced in a Canadian newspaper, with a flourish of trumpets and a spirit of defiance which show that they are regarded as really formidable difficulties, which no amount of learning or ingenuity will be able to satisfactorily dispose of. It may, therefore, be fairly assumed that they represent the strength

of this particular argument against the divine authority of the Scriptures.

It will be impossible to deal with everything in this infidel tract in a single article, but the instances of alleged self-contradiction which it contains will be taken up in the order in which they occur, so far as the space at our disposal will allow us to go.

I. OUR LORD'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING HIMSELF.

"If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true."—John v. 31.

"Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true."—John viii. 14.

In the chapter from which the first of these quotations is taken, Our Lord asserts and vindicates His right to perform miracles on the Sabbath; and in so doing employs an argument which, to the apprehension of His hearers, who, doubtless, understood His language, implied that he claimed equality with the Father (v. 17). He affirmed that whatever the Father doeth, "these also doeth the Son likewise," implying not only His equality but His oneness with the Father (v. 20). He asserts His power not only to call the dead souls of men into spiritual life (v. 25), but also to call their bodies from the grave, and to adjudge them soul and body to "life" or to "damnation" (v. 28-29); and in view of the stupendous character of these claims which he had just put forth, He admits that if He bore witness of Himself, that is, if His testimony stood alone, unsupported and uncorroborated by any other, it would not be *true* in the sense of being *trustworthy*. But He affirms that so far from its standing alone, it is supported (1) by the testimony of John the Baptist (v. 33); (2) by the works which the Father had given Him to finish, and which He was actually performing at the time (ver. 36); (3) and finally by the testimony of the Father, as contained in the Scriptures, which the Jews not only regarded as of divine authority, but by which they hoped to be saved (v. 37-39).

In the eighth chapter (v. 12) Our Lord affirms that He is the light of the world; that he that followeth Him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. "The Pharisees therefore said unto Him, Thou bearest record of Thyself; Thy record is not true." It is not improbable that the objectors had heard His previous discourse, recorded in the fifth chapter, and that they were quoting His own admission against Him. He was, however, equal

to the occasion. "Jesus answered and said unto them, Though I bear record of myself, *yet* my record is true." If He had stopped there the cavillers might have accused Him of self-contradiction; but He did not do this, but proceeded to give the reason why His testimony should be regarded as trustworthy. First, He claims that He is himself competent to give testimony, because He knew whence He came and whither He went (v. 14); secondly, because His testimony did not stand alone (v. 18), but was supported by that of the Father, and according to their own law the testimony of two men was true.

Surely it requires no great ingenuity to harmonize these two sayings. In neither of them does He assert that His own merely verbal testimony would have been sufficient to have established His claim to be considered equal with His Father—to establish, in other words, the divinity of His person and mission; but, clearly, what is expressed in the eighth chapter is implied in the argument of the fifth, that His testimony concerning Himself was not only true in the sense of being in harmony with facts, but that it was trustworthy—such as to entitle it to the confidence and cordial acceptance of mankind, attested as it was by miracles and supported by the testimony of the Father, as contained in the Holy Scriptures. So far from their being any real inconsistency or contradiction between the two passages in question, when properly understood, they are in complete harmony with each other, and the argument of the eighth chapter is substantially identical with that of the fifth.

II. JUSTIFICATION AND THE LAW.

"Not the hearers of the law shall be justified before God; but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. ii. 13.

"By the deeds of the law there shall be no flesh justified in his sight."—Rom. iii. 20.

St. Paul, in his wonderful argument contained in the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, by which he proves that the Jews are no better than the Gentiles, but that both Jews and Gentiles are all under sin, and, therefore, in need of that divine method of reconciliation which it was his purpose in the subsequent parts of this letter to unfold, reminds the Jews, to whom this argument was addressed, that "not the hearers of the law shall be justified before God; but the doers of the law

shall be justified." There were men then, as there are now, who valued themselves upon the extent of their knowledge, forgetting that with increase of knowledge comes increase of responsibility, and that so far from our knowledge being an excuse for our sin, it increases our guilt and exposes us to a weightier retribution. He reminded these people that it was not what they knew but what they did which determined their moral status in the sight of God. He said to them, in effect, "Ye have heard the law but ye have not done it; your hope of justification before God on legal grounds is, therefore a false hope. In order to establish your claim to justification by the law, you must first prove that you have kept it. But this you cannot do. Hear your own law, of which you make your boast, and by which you hope to be saved: There is none righteous, no not one: there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way they are altogether become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good no not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongue they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood, destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace they have not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes. Now we know that what the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped and all the world become guilty (*be convicted of guiltiness*) before God." What then is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from these facts, than that which the Apostle draws? "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall be no flesh justified in His sight." Let us put the substance of the apostle's argument in the form of a syllogism. None can be justified by the deeds of the law but such as do the deeds of the law: but neither Jew nor Gentile do the deeds of the law: therefore neither Jew nor Gentile can be justified by the deeds of the law.

Admit his premises and there is no possibility of evading his conclusion. He does not deny that if a man could be found who had kept the whole law, both in its letter and in its spirit, he would be justified; nay he distinctly and unequivocally affirms this; but he denies that such an one can be found, and therefore concludes that, in the presence of the law, the whole race is

involved in condemnation and ruin. The history of the race, and the experience of each individual soul of man illustrates and confirms the scriptural doctrine upon which his argument rests, and the inference which he has drawn from it is justified by the most invincible logic.

III. SIN A NECESSITY OR A POSSIBILITY, WHICH?

"*There is no man that sinneth not.*" 1 Kings viii. 46.

"*Whosoever is born of God sinneth not.*" 1 John v. 18.

It must be confessed that as they stand in the authorized version of the Scriptures, these two passages, if the terms are to be understood in the same sense in both, are not reconcilable with each other. The averment of Solomon might however be understood as referring to the dispensation in which he lived, which was confessedly inferior to the present; and it might be argued that what was true of those who lived under the Old Testament dispensation, with its inferior privileges were not necessarily true of those who enjoy the higher blessings of the New. It might also be said that sin is not to be understood in the same sense in both of these passages—that Solomon uses it in a more general sense than St. John, as including not only voluntary and intentional transgression of the law of God, but also all kinds of defect and infirmity. It is evident that St. John does not teach that every person who is born of God is so perfect as not to err in anything, or to be chargeable with any kind of defect in his obedience. It might be a sufficient answer to the objection founded upon this apparent contradiction to say that Solomon contemplated man as under the law, and John as under grace.

There is here a wide and not uninteresting discussion opened up, upon which it is not necessary to enter. The true way out of the difficulty probably lies in a different direction. The first of these quotations is taken from the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple. It is thrown parenthetically into the middle of a sentence, and we have not only the testimony of competent biblical critics that it is susceptible of a different rendering, but the sense of the whole passage seems to require it. Dr. Adam Clarke translates it thus, "*There is none that may not sin,*" and exegetically adds, "*There is none impeccable, none*

infallible, none that is not *liable to transgress*." With this emendation, which appears to be required, no less by the grammatical construction of the passage, than by the homogeneity and consistency of the train of thought in which it occurs, the passage will read thus: "If they sin against Thee (for there is no man that may not sin) and Thou be angry with them and deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captive into the land of the enemy, far or near; Yet if they shall bethink themselves," &c. Now it will be seen that the notion of contingency which is expressed by the first word is carried on through the whole. If the 26th verse had commenced thus, *when* they sin against Thee, then the parenthetical statement as it now stands would have been in complete harmony with it, but it commences with an *if*, expressive of contingency, and the consistency of the train of thought seems to require that the same idea of contingency be expressed in the parenthesis. If this view of the passage be correct, and it does not appear to be easy to put any other construction upon it, consistently with the rules of sound criticism, the apparent conflict between it and the passage from the 1st Epistle of John dissolves like the baseless fabric of a dream. The attention of the reader is respectfully invited to the learned criticism of Dr. Adam Clarke, on 1 Kings viii. 46, which was written, be it remembered, before the shallow and impudent infidel tract from which these alleged self-contradictions of the bible are formed, had an existence.

IV.—INSPIRED AND UNINSPIRED.

"*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.*"—II. Tim. iii. 16.

"*That which I speak I speak it not after the Lord.*"—II. Cor. xi. 17.

Paul says "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and yet he says, elsewhere, "That which I speak I speak *it* not after the Lord," and this is another of those grave inconsistencies on account of which the Bible is to be rejected and its inspiration denied! But if this latter statement referred to all that the apostle ever wrote there would be no contradiction between it and his affirmation respecting the inspiration of the Scriptures in his second letter to Timothy, inasmuch as the "Scripture" to which he refers was evidently the Old Testament Scripture, the only Scripture in exist-

tence, or at least that was recognized by the church at the time. This statement does not, however, refer to his writings generally, but to certain things which he found it necessary for him, under the peculiar pressure of the circumstances then existing in the Corinthian Church, to write in vindication of himself. It was in respect to these personal allusions which he felt it humiliating and painful in the extreme to make, that he disclaimed divine inspiration, *if indeed he disclaimed it at all*. And this disclaimer upon the part of the apostle, if it really is a disclaimer, not only implies that he did ordinarily write under divine inspiration, but it also shows how conscientious and careful he was to distinguish between that which was inspired and that which was not. Thus understood, the passage so far from detracting from the authority of the writings of St. Paul, must add immense weight to that authority in the estimation of every intelligent and fair-minded man. But, though the preponderance of critical authority appears in favor of this view, it is possible that the apostle meant nothing more than that in adopting the *role* of the boaster, which he was compelled to do, by the boasting of others, and by the folly of those to whom he was now writing, who had allowed themselves to be led away from the simplicity and purity of the Gospel by their boasting, he was playing the part of a fool rather than following the meek and lowly example of his divine Master and Lord. It was his delight to hide himself behind the Cross; to preach his crucified Lord in a crucified style; and to take the place of the least of all saints. But there had been a false preacher among the Corinthian Christians in Paul's absence, who had preached himself rather than Christ; who, instead of adopting the chastened style of the apostle, made a brilliant display of his own parts, and, notably, took advantage of the self-deprecatory things which, in the depth of his humility, Paul had uttered concerning himself, to degrade him in the eyes of the people and to destroy his influence among them. To counteract the mischief which this man had wrought, Paul finds it necessary to magnify his own office, and to set forth his own claims. But this he does, as it were, under protest. He does it not because there is anything in which is congenial to his own feelings, or in accordance with the example of his Master; on the contrary, he feels as if he were playing the fool, acting a part in fact, which is strangely out of harmony with what he conceives to be proper in one who sustains the rela-

tion which he does to the Lord Jesus Christ, and a part which can only be justified by the fact that he does it in view of what appears to him to be an imperious necessity.

The following elegant translation of the verse in question, with that which precedes and that which follows it, will probably assist the reader who has not access to the original, in forming a correct judgment in respect to the question under consideration. "I entreat you all once more not to count me for a fool; or if you think me such, bear with me in my folly, that I too may boast a little of myself. But in so doing I speak not in the spirit of the Lord, but, as it were, in folly, WHILE WE STAND UPON THIS GROUND OF BOASTING, for since many are boasting in the spirit of the flesh, I will boast likewise."—*Conybeare & Howson*. Bishop Bloomfield, in his notes on the Greek Testament, paraphrases the passage thus: "[Be it so if you please that] what I am going to speak I speak not [as I profess to do] according to the Lord." This rendering agrees well with the spirit of the whole argument of the matter, and is probably correct.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

FIRST PAPER.

AT the time of our Saviour's birth, China was the oldest nation then existing, and in all probability the most populous. To His apostles Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." They, the twelve, had been called by Him, one by one, and with the exception of Judas Iscariot, they were *all*, on the day of Pentecost, filled with the Holy Ghost. Called and qualified we should expect, of course, to find them diligently employed in preaching Jesus.

We look in vain, however, to the records of St. Luke for the labours of a part of the Apostolic staff. Can it be that they were idlers in the vineyard? After the day of Pentecost the New Testament narrative makes no reference whatever to Thomas. Some

have fancied that it was on account of his unbelief. Into this we will look again. Why should Philip, and Andrew, and Bartholomew go unmentioned because Thomas doubted?

A careful investigation will show us that although their Apostolic acts are not recorded in the "Acts of the Apostles," they were, notwithstanding, as zealously employed in the work of "preaching the Gospel to every creature" as those whose deeds are handed down to us.

In an epitome of the laws of the Syrian Church, Thomas is called the Apostle of the Hindoos and *Chinese*. Amru, who is said to be the best of the Syrian historians, has succeeded in tracing *Thomas* and Bartholomew through Arabia and Persia into India and *China*.

According to another writer, "Thomas, the Apostle, having done much for the establishment of the Christian faith in India, passed over to a country on the East called *China*, where he preached the Gospel and founded a church in the city of Cambalu (Pekin.) So little success attended the preaching of Thomas in China, or so quickly did the influence of his preaching die out, that it seems impossible to trace it.

Mosheim, who doubts that any of the Apostles ever visited China, or that the Gospel was even preached there by any one in Apostolic times, says that the Nestorians penetrated into that country in the latter part of the seventh century and established several churches.

The Mongul princes, who got possession of the *dragon throne* in A. D. 1280, tolerated all religions. The Nestorians, taking advantage of this toleration, extended their missions more widely, founding several flourishing societies in the northern parts of the Empire. About the middle of the fifteenth century Nestorianism seems to have dwindled away; from what cause is not fully explained.

The first effort made by the Romish Church to Christianize the Chinese was in the early part of the fourteenth century. The attempt was not successful, and nothing more was done towards giving China the Gospel for over 200 years.

In 1552 Francis Xavier, who thought he had done nothing for his Master, while China was yet unattempted, landed at the mouth of the Canton River, but was immediately murdered, not so much, it seems, because the Chinese objected to his religion, but because

they hated foreigners, especially Europeans, who had committed many acts of piracy along their coast a short time before.

The difficulties between the Chinese and Spaniards and Portuguese, made the introduction of Christianity very difficult. Notwithstanding, Matteo Ricci, with his colleagues made another attempt in 1580 A. D.

Ricci succeed in forming a church at Canton, over which he presided for seven years, and then removed 100 miles farther north. Being greatly encouraged by success, he longed to preach the Gospel in the capital, then Nankin. By means of rich presents, affability, and talents of a high order, he gained the favour of the nobility, and even of the Emperor, and in 1601 A. D. was taken into the service of the state.

He began immediately to preach the doctrines of his church. Large numbers were converted; among these a Mandarin of high rank, who took the name of *Paul*, as he desired to become the Apostle of his countrymen. By his wealth, and learning, and influence he was instrumental in winning over to the new religion many from the higher classes of the people. He explained and defended the Christian religion in the presence of the Emperor.

In the year 1644 A. D. the Manchou Tartars obtained possession of the throne of China. Through the political disturbances attending that event, the operations of the church were for a time checked. After a time the work was revived, and the chief teachers, as their predecessors had done, succeeded in obtaining favours at court. With these fathers the Tartar Emperor frequently conversed on the nature of Christianity, and read Christian books.

The education of the second Tartar Chinese Emperor, while a minor, was committed to one of the Jesuit teachers, who, under such circumstances, had great influence at court.

About this time a learned Chinaman wrote a book against the new religion, and created intense feeling against the foreign teachers by making it appear that their real design was to overthrow the government. The result was that for a time the missionaries suffered severe persecution, though it does not appear that any were put to death. In 1671 A. D. they were allowed to return to their churches, from which they had been driven, though they were prohibited by law from making any converts. Notwithstanding, they baptized that year 20,000. The year following the Emperor's uncle

adopted the new faith, and the Emperor himself was so favourably impressed that, although he did not embrace the Gospel, he would allow none to villify it.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV. of France established a mission in China, sending out a learned professor of mathematics from his royal college, and several other men of ability. The Viceroy at Ningpo, hating foreigners, threatened to send them back and confiscate the native ship which brought them to the coast. The case was made known to the Emperor, who, learning that they were highly skilled in the sciences, directed the Viceroy to send them on to the capital, saying, "Men of that character must not be expelled my dominions. Let them all come to my court; those who understand the mathematics shall remain about my person; the others may dispose themselves in the provinces as they think fit."

Shortly after this, when the Governor of one of the provinces violently attacked the Christians, the Emperor defended them. Immediately the number of missionaries was largely increased, and everything seemed favourable to the speedy conversion of the whole nation to the Roman faith, when suddenly all their operations were brought to a stand-still through the quarrels of the labourers among themselves, the Dominicans and Franciscans on the one side against the Jesuits on the other. These quarrels extended, in all, over a period of 50 years, during which time, respecting them, three infallible Popes issued several infallible decrees, directly contradicting each other. Finally the Pope had the foolhardiness to plunge into a controversy with the Emperor of China, who knew neither how to tremble before an angry bull from Rome nor how to brook the contravening of his authority by an independent papal legate. The play ended, for the time being by the destruction of about 300 churches, with upwards of 300,000 members of the Roman Catholic Societies being left without pastors. One writer thinks there were at one time not less than 800,000 converts to the Roman faith. It is somewhat doubtful, however, that the correct figures were ever much more than half the above.

Whatever defects there may have been, either in the doctrines or the practices of these teachers, we must admire their burning zeal, their devotedness to their work; and all writers, Catholic and Protestant, bear testimony to the true Christian spirit of the greater

part of the earlier missionaries, and there can be no reasonable doubt that scores and hundreds of the first converts were led directly to the Fountain opened for sin. Their great anxiety to bring China speedily under papal rule induced later agents to *broaden the gauge* so as to allow converts to retain some, if not all, their heathen customs.

The great controversy to which allusion has been made, was principally respecting the practice of worshipping at the tombs of ancestors, and offering sacrifices to the memory of Confucius.

The advocates for the custom made such representations to Pope Alexander VII. respecting them as to secure from that Pontiff a decree that the custom was both prudent and charitable.

Encouraged by past success, Rome, true to herself, failed not to teach in Asia, as she had done elsewhere, that the Pope is not only God's vice-regent, the divinity-appointed head of the Church on earth, but also the chief of the princes of the earth. The Chinese, ever jealous of foreigners, suspected at the first that these Europeans with their new religion were really aiming at the overthrow of the Empire. The Romanists, ever interfering in some way or another with the government and hinting at or boldly proclaiming the *temporal* and spiritual supremacy of their priestly master, at length confirmed those suspicions, and brought down upon themselves the wrath of the Emperor and his advisers. It does not follow because the Romanists have had trouble, that Protestants need fear. The laws enacted against the former do not apply to those teaching the Protestant religion. Those things which have caused their chief trouble are not necessary in carrying on the true work of Christianity.

D. V. LUCAS.

Farmersville, March 27th, 1875.

The January numbers of the "Christian Family," and the "Essex Congregational Magazine" (London, Longley) have been sent us. They are both worthy of circulation amongst those for whom specially designed.

Mr. F. E. Longley, 39 Warwick Lane, London, has become the English agent for "The Advocate of Christian Holiness," and "The Guide to Holiness." We advise our readers to make themselves acquainted with these American monthlies on the subject of entire holiness.

THE PURPOSE OF BEING.

FOR WHAT PURPOSE DO WE LIVE ?

ASK this question of *the man of pleasure*. He answers, "I am of opinion that 'a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat and drink and be merry'—to make the most of a life of which preachers and moralists are continually ringing the knell in his ears ; and if he cannot escape care, at least to do his utmost to drown it. I consider that man to succeed in spending life best, who succeeds best in banishing reflection—who floats as the summer's down upon the shining surface of the stream of life and sports with the butterfly upon every gaudy flower that expands its sweetened cup before him. I am determined to have my good things in this life, and to take my chance for what may follow, 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'" So he reasons—and that morrow comes, and he dies. The *man of pleasure* passeth away—but whither doth he pass ? Does he pass, think you, from his own selfish and earthly pleasures in this world to pleasures in the world to come ? Before we can believe this, we must believe that the Word of God is a fable—that the christian's faith is a delusion, and our trust a spider's web ! Alas, no ; he passes to the dark and dismal dungeon of devils, to that fearful region reserved for "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Now he is awfully made to feel that "the pleasures of sin are but for a season"—that "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Let me turn to another character—*the man of business*. Not the man who has been taught of the Spirit to sanctify his worldly calling, be it what it may, by the Word of God and prayer—to be "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"—but the man who is *so* busy in his worldly concerns and temporal avocations, as to find no time on his hands, and no room in his heart, for anything beyond the present fleeting existence. And we put to him the question, "What is *your* great purpose in life ?" *His* answer is ready—"Certainly not for such follies and vanities as the man of pleasure is chasing.—a child can see *that* man is mistak-

ing the end of his existence. No, I thank God I am wiser ; I have not forgotten the sentence, ' In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and I am content to fulfil it. I know that He has declared that ' If any provide not for his own household, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.' God has given us duties to perform ; work to do, here ; and nobody can deny that I am working diligently in that position in which he has placed me." No, my brother ; nobody doubts it. Thou art doing thy duty here, and *very* diligently. Art thou sure not *too* diligently ? Has God, in giving thee a soul, given thee no work but earthly work, no duty but earthly duty ? Has He in making thee immortal enjoined thee to labour for no meat but the meat which perisheth ? Dost thou read no such command and promise as this in His word, " Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you ?" No caution against " loving the world and the things that are in the world ?" No admonition that they are all to " perish with the rising ?" Thus does the preacher, or it may be occasionally the voice of conscience, reason with this *man of business*. But the reply is ready—" Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." And before the convenient season arrives he himself passeth away. And whither doth this man pass ? To a place where he first learns the meaning of the words, " These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone ;" when he discovers to his surprise, too late, that he has spent his life in forsaking the substance, and pursuing a shadow. All the past objects of his anxious solicitude now show themselves as less than the small dust in the balance ; and he sinks to his final and everlasting portion with the bitter reflection, " What hath it profited me that I have gained the world, and lost my soul ?"

But let us pass on to another character—the *man of learning*. And in naming him let me not be thought to undervalue this gift of God, or the fruits which flow from the right application of it. I would be understood to speak of the man who prefers intellectual to moral excellence—who directs his efforts to the acquisition of knowledge rather than virtue—who burns the midnight lamp in search after the wisdom of this world, while the wisdom of the Cross is foolishness unto him—a character, therefore, as essentially worldly as either of the former two. We hear this man professing

a deep contempt of both their pursuits, as unworthy to occupy the time and attention of a rational being. He proposes to himself a higher object. He "gives his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven." Proud of the faculty by which he is raised above the brutes of the earth, and made most like God—a faculty by the perverse and fearful abuse of which he is sometimes carried away to question the existence and attributes even of its Giver—he sets himself to ransack the depths of human knowledge, and reach the utmost heights of worldly learning. In pursuit of these he expends time and talents, health and strength; forgetful the while that there is any other wisdom or knowledge worth possessing, and losing sight in second causes of the First Great Disposer and Cause of all. But *his* days, too, are numbered. With accelerated speed his sand runs out, and ere he has grasped the shadow which yet flits before him, he passeth away. And whither doth he pass? To an account where the first greeting that falls upon the alarmed ear is, "Thy wisdom and thy knowledge it hath perverted thee;" to a place where he discovers that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding." Now does he perceive, too late, that "professing himself to be wise, he became a fool," for he rejected that teaching which alone was "able to make him wise unto salvation."

From these children of the world, let us now direct our thoughts to a very different character—the *man of God*. Would you know whom I mean by such a man? Do you desire me to describe him more particularly? It may seem strange to you if I say, what is nevertheless true, that though he differs as widely in his pursuits as in his end from each of the other characters we have reviewed, he is yet, in some sense, all those characters combined in one. Yes, the man of God is a *man of pleasure*. Pleasure is the object of his pursuit, his desires, his prayers—unmixed pleasure the end for which he lives; but he is content with nothing short of those "pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore." Aspiring far, far above the worldling's low and sordid joys, his heart pants after those pleasures which are without alloy, and joys which never fade—the purchase of a Saviour's blood for them that love Him. Yes, and in this very pursuit of that which yet he sees not, he reaps a present pleasure, he tastes a present joy, in comparison with

which earth's highest happiness is less than vanity. Again, he is a *man of business*. Eagerly and continually engaged in his work, furnished with one ready answer to all who would divert him from it, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease, while I leave it and come down to you?" Following in the footsteps of Jesus, he says, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." He is a *man of learning*. Never satisfied with present attainments; ever labouring to know more—but it is to know more of Christ and His salvation; ever striving to "increase in wisdom," but it is "the wisdom which is from above;" content with no inferior teachers, but seeking more to be taught of God, and by Him made "wise unto salvation."

Such is *the man of God*, and that is the answer *he* will give to our question. His conduct as well as his conversation will leave us in no doubt of his sentiments. "I believe, nay, I am sure, that I am placed here, not to do my own will, but the will of my Father which sent me," and I know his will to be that I should "glorify him with my body and my spirit, which are his." I know his command to be that I should "work out my salvation with fear and trembling;" that I "give all diligence to make my calling and election sure;" that I "let my light so shine before men that they may see my good works;" and by seeing them be led also to "glorify my Father which is in heaven." And so he continues to live and labour till the Master's voice is heard, saying, "Come up higher," and so he passes away.

And whither doth he, *the man of God*, pass? To a Saviour's bosom; to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." He goes to reap that which he has sown. He enters upon a state where "death is swallowed up in victory." He rests *forever* in the bosom of his God!

R. W.

WE do not doubt but, as a reasonable, loving father never requires of a child who is only ten years old the work of one who is thirty years of age, so our heavenly Father never expects of us in our debilitated state the obedience of immortal Adam in Paradise, or the uninterrupted worship of sleepless angels in Heaven. We are persuaded, therefore, that for Christ's sake He is pleased with a humble obedience to our present light, and a loving exertion of our present powers; accepting our gospel services "according to what we have, and not according to what we have not."—*Fletcher*.

INTEMPERANCE.

MOST formidable vice of the Nineteenth Century! The source of more mental and material wretchedness, in the domestic and social circle, than all other vices combined. A monster of gigantic proportions, ruthlessly trampling into loathsome degradation, many of the finest specimens of humanity on this planet. Gems that might have sparkled in the crown of the world's Redeemer, but for this desolating scourge.

The very mention of the word kindles righteous indignation in the breast of every genuine philanthropist. It is suggestive of kindred evils without number. No word in our language, except sin, embraces in its meaning such depths, and heights, and length, and breadth of iniquity, as this terrible word, Intemperance.

It is, however, consoling to know that the vocabulary of virtue is more extensive and intensive than that of vice.

It is matter of painful regret, that there are multitudes in our Christian land, some of whom are moving in what are designated respectable circles, who hesitate not to sneer when either the subject of temperance or its advocates are mentioned. Not unfrequently the meaning of the word intemperance, comes before the gaze of these contemptuous ones, in such a distressing form, as to melt their thoughtless sneers into tears of agony. The devouring curse and its inallible cure, total abstinence, demand more of the thoughts, prayers and efforts of our world than they receive. The appalling evil is, indeed, arousing almost universal attention, but respecting the remedy there is great diversity of opinion. We are most surprised at the strange indifference manifested by many who profess to be followers of the blessed Jesus. While they seem to deplore the ravages of drunkenness, they refuse to exercise any self-denial, for the salvation of the erring and enslaved.

We would not be uncharitable in our judgment of any, but in solving this difficult problem we cannot conceal the evident conviction that the work of the Great Deceiver is manifest here. No sin of our race exhibits more clearly than this the image of the Devil! The existence and havoc of intemperance, in the midst of all the influences of the glorious Gospel, ought to convince even the Universalist that there is a personal, intelligent, and active devil.

One of the most alarming features of intemperance is its inseparable connection with an evil operating everywhere, yet so artfully concealed with the drapery of virtue as to deceive thousands—we refer to the “love of money,” which Paul hesitates not to say “is the root of all evil.” From this prolific root, no tree has grown to such dimensions, and exhibits such poisonous and deadly influences as the tree of intemperance. While the love of money is inherent in human nature, it is strangely encouraged and rapidly developed by what we call our refined civilization.

Alas! that drunkenness prevails to the largest extent in highly civilized countries! We incline to the opinion that were it not for the restraining, correcting, elevating, and purifying influences of Christianity, this abounding sin of humanity, the love of money, would in the course of a century completely overthrow our boasted civilization.

As it is, the fearful vice of intemperance, fostered by the monied interests of our country, is seriously retarding the benign movements of the Christian Church, and, we fear, preparing the way for outpourings of Divine wrath. If knowledge involves responsibility we certainly are in danger of realizing the “many stripes.”

In China, sins similar to those committed in our land might be winked at by the Divine Government, but severely punished in Britain and America.

Doubtless the deformity and hideous aspect of intemperance appears more vividly in Christian lands than elsewhere. The light reveals the darkness.

It is the foulest blot on our national escutcheon; the deepest disgrace of our religion.

The Christian Church is largely involved in its perpetuation. Her testimony against the soul-destroying sin, delivered in the John Wesley style, would have ere this bound this incarnate devil with adamant chains.

It is pleasing to know that the purest form of Christianity is found to-day operating among the Anglo-Saxon people. This most energetic and intelligent race of men would soon win the world for Jesus, were there not an awful agency at work neutralizing their efforts. That agency is intemperance.

CORNWALL, P. E. I.

G. O. H.

" MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD."

SOMETIMES it is both easy and delightful to obey the above injunction of the Psalmist; at other times it seems almost impossible.

One day there peals out from the belfry a glad, merry chime, proclaiming some joyous event; the next day the bell-ringers have the same ropes, which move the same bells, but instead of the effort resulting in the former gladsome chiming, a hushed tolling creeps out into the air like a sad, subdued voice from beneath a thick, mourning veil. The bells are muffled; they in themselves are unaltered, but yesterday they rang out a wedding peal, to-day they toll for a death.

In the morning of a summer's day, when rosy dawn has lifted night's dark coverlet from the sleeping flowers, and the early sunbeams are kissing away their pearly dew-tears, and the shadows flash into brightness, and the grey into golden, how the bird-songs waken up the slumbering echoes! how the gladness gushes from the warblers' throats! as if the tide of joyous life was eager to find outlet in expression after being pent up during the night's dark stillness. How song answers song, and echo flings abroad the trill and the warble, until forest and dell are choral with the wild rapturous music, and every quivering green leaf seems dropping melody!

Then gradually the sun-rays seem to tire and glow dreamily as they slant from the kindling west. Snowy and rich-hued petals begin to close over golden eyes, where fresh dew-drops already begin to glisten, as though the blossoms had laughed themselves into happy tears and delicious drowsiness. The stars come out and wax bright in the blue dome above. Then grows the stillness which steals on when the last faint crimson has died out behind the western hills, unbroken by the silent breathing of the beauteous sleeping summer life. At last, when the slumberers are wrapt in soft, warm shadows, the odorous air begins to quiver, and, like the cool melodious dripping of a crystal runnel on a silent dry wilderness, there floats out on the listening stillness the thrilling sweetness of an unseen songster's voice. The very breathing of beauty and perfume seems held to listen. The myriad forest leaves and grass-blades seem to pause in their whispering to hearken to the delicious

music, and the cool river flows noiselessly by, as though anxious to bear away the melody on its silent tide. The sad, sweet notes wax sadder and sweeter, and the echoes glide and wander about as though they had lost their way in searching for an ear undulled by slumber to drink them in.

Dear God, we thank Thee for the sweet songs that come echoing to us out of the night shadows! When the sun of prosperity gilds our path, and the beauty of gratified wishes blooms, and the sympathy and love of friendship are awake, an unceasing chorus of joy thrills around us; but when the brightness pales, and the bloom withers, and the love falls into death's sleep, oh! the song stealing out of the gloom is rare and precious!

We love the sweet lark's song that sparkles down from the upward brightness of the summer sky like glittering spray showered from a limpid fount; but what morning song of gushing rapture steals into our very souls as does the ravishing sweetness of the nightingale's plaintive evening trill? We love the fair rose, with its exquisite perfume and richly-tinted petals, the pure, stately angel-lily, the countless rare exotics, with their many-hued beauty, that seem to lay imperious claim to our admiration; but, ah! how one's heart's love goes out unsolicited to the tiny fragrant lily of the vale, lurking 'mid its leaves, and the sweet wild violet hiding in the shadow!

We love to hear the praises of the Most High chanted from the "pleasant places," and behold the beauty of Christian graces flourishing therein; but, oh, the melody and fragrance of a *chastened* Christian life—how sweet it is!

God deals with His children in some ways as He does with the birds and flowers. Some He knows would wither up in the broad glare of worldly prosperity, but in the shade they give out the fragrance of manifold graces, and grow meet for life in the "better country," where no blight or wither can reach them. And some have blessings bestowed on them during a night of continuous sorrow, which, if it had never darkened on them, would never have been theirs, and many a testimony to the goodness and tenderness of a compassionate Father, far surpassing in depth of sweetness the exultant praise of a griefless experience, would have been lost.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord!" Ay! let His ears drink in the worship of a thundering chorale; "Let the floods clap

their hands and the hills be joyful together" before Him ; let the roar of the sea, the flow of the river, the wild voice of the leaping cataract, and the splash of the mountain cascade, the dripping of the glittering fountain, and the purling of the limpid streamlet, the surging of waving forest, the hoarse voice of winter storms, the gush of spring song, and the glow of summer melody, rise and swell into one ecstatic "Hallelujah" to our King! let all living creation ring out glad "Hosannahs" to the Most High ; sing to Him, oh, ye redeemed with blood! Fling the echoes of your praises into the very gates of His Golden City! Send up your peals of adoration, oh, ye on the mountain tops ; but, oh! let not those in the valleys keep silence. Let those who bask in the sunshine make each glad ray gladder by using them as wings to bear aloft their blythe-hearted songs of thanksgiving! but, oh, ye who dwell where the dim shadows fall thick, be not dumb before Him ; make music to the Lord! it cannot always be a "joyful noise" here, but it will hereafter, and no sweetness will be missing in it then, because of the quiver of sorrow that sometimes saddened it now. He knows ; He knows how the silvery chimes would float out if the bells were not muffled ; He knows how the clear song would ring, were the voice unchoked by tears ; and ah! we can fancy that, as we listen at eventide for the treasured night-bird's song, so our Father listens for the voices of His children borne to Him from the darkness of sorrow. The summer zephyr laden with the richest harmony that ever set the bird-haunted groves athrill, never carried to His ear such acceptable melody as that which is borne on many a sigh laden with holy aspirations, that steals up to Him from the night of chastening.

Oh! let us sing, speak, breathe of His goodness in the sunshine and the shade ; in the golden morning and the gloomy night ; on the sun-kissed mountains, and in the dreary vale. When he gives, let us praise Him ; when He takes away, let us "speak good of His name ;" for "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." If our lives are "crowned with plenty," let us render thanks unto the "Giver of all good ;" if poverty be our portion, let us satisfy our souls with the "riches which are in Christ Jesus." There is always something to praise Him for, and if we do it with weak, faltering voices here, when we have passed through the last valley, emerged from the last shadow, the "new song" shall flow

from our lips in unbroken melody ; even "the tongue of the dumb shall sing!" No tearful broken utterance yonder ; no farewells to utter ; no cold lips to kiss ; no muffled bells ; no yearning for

"The touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still."

No choking, voiceless prayer ; all praise there! Joyful

"Praise shall employ our nobler powers,
Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

—*Methodist Family.*

A HEATHEN NATION EVANGELISED.

ONE of the most valuable contributions to missionary literature ever issued from the press is the history of the well-known Mission in the Sandwich Islands, by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, late Secretary of the American Board in Boston. This history possesses a special interest. It describes the work of just fifty years. The Mission was wonderfully complete in its agencies, its progress, its results ; it found the Hawaiians savage heathen ; it left them a Christian nation, organized into Churches under a native ministry, with a constitutional government, an elective franchise, a charter of freedom, a free trade, an increasing literature, and with a small but definite place among the nations of the world. By what means was this wonderful transformation produced ? Whence came this new religious, social, and civil life ? It came through the Gospel of Christ, lived and preached by the Puritan Christians of New England, who were sent as "messengers" by their brethren to those savage lands.

The Sandwich Islands lie in the North Pacific, midway between California and Japan, and just on the edge of the Tropic of Cancer. The large islands are four in number, of which Hawaii proper contains the great volcano of Mauna Loa, and Oahu contains the commodious harbor of Honolulu. The group

was discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and it was in one of the bays of Hawaii he lost his life. The people were then, and for forty years afterwards, a wild, barbarous race. They lived on the arum root called taro, so common in Polynesia; their huts were miserably small; they wore almost no clothes; dogs and pigs were their only animals. Possessing many noble qualities, they were subject to an iron rule by their chiefs, who could appropriate fields and persons at their will. Marriage laws were set at nought by both sexes, and infanticide was so common that before long the race must have become extinct. Drunkenness and violence filled the islands, fed by the rum and muskets with which the English and American whalers paid for the fruit and vegetables and fresh meat for which they visited their shores. One thing happened during the early years of the present century, which proved a preparation for better things, and the benefits of which they are enjoying to the present day. The tribes inhabiting these islands had formed petty independent kingdoms under several rulers. But Kamehameha I., an able warrior and wise king, having been attacked first by one chief and then another, in self-defence defeated them all, and by 1809 brought the entire group under his authority.

As in other Polynesian groups, the religion of the race consisted in honouring a few gods, who were believed to rule over the various affairs of their life. The images of some were carved of wood; those of others were adorned with the small scarlet feathers which throughout these groups were emblems of royalty, and which only the gods or princes were allowed to wear. The most prominent feature of their religion was the *tabu* (whence comes the English word first brought home by Captain Cook); this was a system of restrictions as to places, persons, and articles of food, which could not be broken through under pain of death. After the people began to know more of the world, they felt these restrictions press very heavily; they saw foreigners break through them without injury or punishment from the gods; many individuals, in eating with foreigners, also broke them with impunity, and doubts arose, and opinions were expressed so strongly against the *tabu*, that at last multitudes resolved to get rid of it altogether. Only an occasion was needed, and that was furnished by the death of Kamehameha in 1819. Then the widowed queen,

pressed by her son and by the people around her, consented to its abolition. With the help and countenance of the chief priest, the system was flung away ; the maraes and their idols were burnt ; there was wild joy, followed by lawless and guilty revelry, and the nation was left without a religion at all.

Yet had they a God and Father, though they knew Him not. During the forty years in which they had known white men, none told them about Him. The white men found them savage, heathen, and vicious ; they only made them more debased and vicious still. Only one man, among them all, seems to have cared for the higher interests of the people, and considering the day in which he lived, he deserves to be held in peculiar honour. This was Vancouver, who first visited the islands as an officer of Cook's squadron, and subsequently in independent command. He spoke to the king about idolatry ; he urged him to worship the true God ; he also refused to pay for his ship's supplies in rum and gunpowder ; and gave to king, and chiefs, and people, wise and kind advice about many things in the life which he saw among them.

They appreciated and honoured Vancouver highly ; and it may be that his words were like good seed, dormant long, but at length fruitful. Be this as it may, God was watching over His children ; and while they were blindly going their own way, and flinging away the gods whose laws had vexed and wearied them, He was bringing to them the light and the freedom, the purity and the rest of His great salvation in Jesus Christ. The first band of missionaries sent to Hawaii by the American Board was on its voyage when the tabu was destroyed. In April, 1820, they arrived in Cook's Bay, anticipating that, as with the English Mission in Tahiti, many years of instruction would be needed before the people would give up their gods as no longer worthy of their trust. Their astonishment may be conceived when they heard that that side of their work, its negative side, had been already accomplished, and that they had a clear stage before them in preaching the Gospel of Christ. They were received with pleasure ; they fixed on suitable stations ; and all, missionaries, physician, schoolmasters, and printer, were soon busy with their work. Only the former found nothing to do. That they had to build decent houses, to make simple furniture, and lay out a garden, was a matter of course. It was also natural that self-seeking, vicious foreigners should calumniate them, and seek to have

them sent away. But God was their helper, and put the calumniators to shame. While the latter was declaring that the missionaries had come from America to seize their lands, that Tahiti had been ruined by such men, and that the King of England would be angry if they were not at once removed, it happened that Mr. Ellis arrived from Tahiti with Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, and two native teachers, and that the captain who had brought them was also bringing a royal yacht as a present to the young king from George IV. Mr. Ellis soon acquired the peculiarities of the Hawaiian, preached openly in the native tongue to high and low, described the story of Tahiti, which the teachers confirmed; and not only gave to the missionaries the benefit of the experience hardly won by his brethren, but drew towards them the regard and the confidence of the Hawaiian chief and people, whom they were anxious to instruct. He was privileged to baptise the first convert, who was no less than the Queen-mother, and preached her funeral sermon. Immediately after he sailed with his family for England.

It was a striking feature of the early course of the Hawaiian Mission that it made many converts among the members of the royal family and the nobles of the islands; also that many of these converts, high in position, remarkable for intelligence, and distinguished for the consistency of their lives, were women. It was amongst them that the great natural endowments of the chiefs and people were manifested. First among these was Keopuolani, the widow of the late king. She was of the noblest blood in Hawaii, and her person was held sacred. Even as a heathen, she was of gentle disposition, was very kind to all around her, and was never the means of putting any one to death. She was diligent in her Christian studies, and though her son, the young king, and others sought to draw her from her teachers, she remonstrated with firmness and avowed her determination to follow the new religion. She died in 1823, at the age of forty-five; and was the first native convert baptised and buried on the islands. Kaahumanu had been the favourite wife of Kamehameha, and was a woman of very superior mental endowments. She was by his will associated in the government with his son Liholiho, and on the departure of the latter to England, where he died, she was appointed regent. Both she and her able minister Kalanimoku became decided Christians, and by their wise administration contributed to the order and

peace of that transition period which finally gave to Hawaii a free Constitution and Christian laws. She was of commanding presence and as a heathen was imperious and cruel. At first she despised the missionaries; but when after a severe illness the Gospel had entered her heart, she became literally a new creature. She was gentle, courteous, and affectionate towards the members of the mission; and her addresses to the people showed that she appreciated the Gospel as the great reforming power which the nation needed. The change was observed with deep interest by her subjects, and their awe was softened into the most devoted attachment.

There were others, high in rank and influence, who at this period became Christians. Hoapili, the governor of Maui; Namahana, sister of Kaahumanu, and Kuakini, her brother, were of this number. But among them all, none was so decided, so devoted in her profession, and so consistent in her life, as Kaopiloani, the wife of the governor of Hawaii. She was a descendant of the former kings of that island, and inherited great estates upon the wooded slopes of the great volcano of Mauna Loa. She early attached herself to the missionaries, and when their number was increased, successfully pleaded for her own district as a suitable mission station. Of remarkable intelligence, her consecration to the Saviour was unusually complete, and her spirituality was of a high order. The mission-house, the first chapel, the necessary supplies for the family and the instruction of the numerous population around her, were the objects of her constant care. She possessed great decision of character, and, aware that the people of the district had a special awe of Pele, the goddess of the volcano, she resolved to brave all danger, descend to the edge of the crater, to eat the sacred berries, and so break the spell which still bound their dark and ignorant minds. In the presence of multitudes she carried out her purpose in safety, and the power of Pele was gone for ever. She lived thus an excellent, faithful servant of Christ for twenty years, and died in 1841. "She was confessedly the most decided Christian, the most civilized in her manners, and the most thoroughly read in her Bible, of all the chiefs this nation ever had; and it is saying no more than truth to assert, that her equal, in those respects, is not left behind."

A steady supply of missionaries gradually secured the establishment of a sufficient number of central stations, and the maintenance

of all those varieties of agency which every well-furnished Christian mission requires. Good schools, a press, a translation of the Bible, hymn books, a general literature, were all provided. A normal school for teachers, a theological institution for a native ministry, a superior school for the missionaries' children and the like, were added ; as converts increased, the churches were enlarged, and the minds and hearts and social life of this attractive people opened to the perception of new wants. Of the power, the earnestness, the zeal of a large number of the missionary brethren, it is impossible to speak. Every year ground was gained ; every year saw the chiefs more decided in their opposition to heathenism, law and order more prevalent in the community, and the baptised converts more numerous and more firm. Civilisation grew as diligent labour supplied the means ; and neat houses, convenient furniture, becoming dress, larger meeting-houses of a higher style, and numerous school-houses grew more and more conspicuous among the rich woods and cocoa-nut groves over all the country districts ; while Honolulu became a thriving town, and its commodious harbour, sheltered by coral reefs, received annually a larger number of foreign vessels, and of smaller craft, built, owned, and sailed by native hands.

At times the missionaries and people met with the most serious hindrances in their path of progress. The captains and crews of vessels were highly indignant at the restraints laid upon their lawlessness ; spirits were secretly sold in opposition to the law ; a party was formed among the native chiefs opposed to innovations and moral improvements ; captains of vessels both in the English and American navies resorted to violence in defence of vice ; and the then English Consul did his utmost to injure the Government which was endeavouring to do justly. God in His good providence, however, found the people friends. Admiral Lord Byron, in the *Blonde*, sustained the Government and chiefs of the islands fully, paid them due respect, and gave them wise counsel about their affairs. Captain Finch and his officers in the U. S. frigate *Vincennes* went round the group, visiting the various governors ; and Admiral Thomas, in the *Dublin*, restored to the dethroned king his usurped authority, and joined the court and nation in giving public thanks for the restoration of order and peace. The pressure put upon the authorities by the Romish priests was a source of constant difficulty

in early days ; they were anxious to see the Sabbath laws and the spirit prohibitions broken through ; indeed they longed for anything to be done which would break the spell of his attachment to the Protestant teachers and the Bible which they so diligently spread. In these attempts these priests would have been powerless, but for the countenance given, and the violence resorted to, by captains and admirals of the French navy. Serious complications arose from this external interference ; but they were happily terminated by an agreement between the three governments of England, France and America, that the independence of Hawaii should be respected, and that the young State should be fostered and guarded by their friendly care.

All difficulties, political, social and religious, were finally swept away by the great religious revival which quickened the whole people in 1836 and the two following years. Nothing like it in its depth and breadth has been witnessed in the mission fields of modern times. Every history of the islands describes at length the feelings, scenes, and results of that "great awakening." It began among the missionaries themselves ; and it was manifested in increased seriousness in their work, in more intense longing for the conversion of souls, and in large-hearted wrestling prayers for the salvation of the world. Sudden bereavements in their families, deep personal sorrows, even a deficiency in their annual resources arising from commercial disasters at home, drew them nearer to the Saviour, elevated their faith, increased their self-sacrifice in His service, and brought them into closer union and sympathy with Him. The native churches became more spiritual, the tone of their piety was raised, and many young people began to seek fellowship with the Church. In 1838 the Divine influence was seen to be widely at work. Devotional meetings were numerous, and plain preaching on the principal topics of the Gospel was welcomed by multitudes, who were asking with earnestness, "What shall we do to be saved?" As a result, many confessed their sins with groans and cries. "Some of the congregations were immense;" at Ewa, four thousand gathered ; at Honolulu, there were two congregations of two and three thousand ; at Hilo, it was five and even six thousand. "All classes crowded to the places of worship." Children, hardened transgressors, the blind, the lame, the most ignorant heathen, came with singleness of heart seeking salvation, while the native Christians

exhibited an earnest, humble perseverance in prayer, which the missionaries had never seen among them before, and whole bands of them went forth two and two exploring the land and bringing stragglers in.

The result of this three years' work was the addition of twenty thousand three hundred members to the eighteen Churches in the islands. Many had been inquirers previously, but multitudes were new converts. Great care was taken in instructing, examining, and admitting them; and the native members, who know the inner life and character of natives far better than a foreign missionary can do, were specially charged not to sanction the reception of any one against whose sincerity sound reasons could be brought. A mighty advance took place in the general improvement of the nation, and though some went back and the general excitement cooled down, the gain to the islands was solid and enduring.

While the religious life of the race was thus being strengthened, the forms and arrangements of their national life were also elevated and improved. This is a topic in connection with the influence of the Gospel in modern days which comparatively few English missionaries have appreciated. The American brethren, familiar with the religious training of the New England Colonies, have been much more alive to its importance. It was soon found that the tyranny and feudalism of the heathen institutions were inconsistent with the personal freedom and the rights of property inculcated by Christianity. The personal rule of the chiefs was therefore set aside, and public and written codes of law were gradually formed and promulgated. The great question of the title to the land was carefully examined and settled. A general magistracy was appointed. Supreme courts were established at a fixed seat of government. Finally the government was placed on a constitutional basis; it was declared that legislation should seek the benefit not of chiefs only, but of the people; an annual council of chiefs was arranged for; the authority of the king was placed under legal limitations; and a ministry was formed of responsible advisers. Three of the American missionaries, set free for the purpose by the Mission Board, and a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Wyllie, greatly assisted the young nation in carrying out these public reforms, the result of which was content among the people, safety for life, person, and property, and facility of intercourse with foreign nations. The

effect of these blessings again was increased cultivation, industry, and wealth.

As the years went by the Church and the nation assumed a higher position. But even as late as 1863 the Churches were still dependent, looking to the foreign missionary for pastoral guidance, and having few natives under training for the Christian ministry. Like other missionaries, the American brethren in Hawaii had neither seen the importance of these pastors, nor believed that the native Church could be taught to live alone; although in the case of Bartimeus, the blind preacher, they had witnessed the extraordinary power with which a fit man could instruct and guide his Christian brethren. The stimulus to new measures came from home. By various stages the Churches were trained to greater self-reliance. Institutions for education were taken under charge of the Government, while a college for the native ministry was established and set in full operation by the mission. A foreign mission to Micronesia and to the Marquesas Islands, was undertaken by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, which called forth great liberality on the part of the people, and enlisted the zeal of many native ministers. The Churches were constituted into a great Union or Association entirely managing their own affairs; and the American Board in Boston retired altogether from its missionary position in the Hawaiian Islands.

In June, 1870, was celebrated the jubilee of the mission, and in it the whole nation shared for several days. Sermons were preached by native as well as American ministers, and the King and Court were present at the public meeting in the great stone church in Honolulu. The power of the Gospel, as seen in the reformation and renovation of Hawaii, was the theme of every address, and no language used was too strong to describe the greatness of the change. "A heathen nation has become Christian; the Bible, a Christian literature, schools and churches are free to all; law and order have taken the place of individual caprice; an independent government shares in the respect and the courtesies of the civilised world; a poor, wretched barter, with a few passing ships, has been changed into a commerce reckoned by millions of dollars; but more than all, the seeds of Christian culture, ripened in this soil, have found lodgment in lands thousands of miles away, in the Marquesas and Micronesia." "Why these beautiful residences, these houses of

taste, these gardens teeming with the riches of a tropical clime? why these openings to enterprise, and this delightful and attractive social life?—but that Christianity has come with its better thought and nobler purpose, sending its quickening energies through every form of human activity, and demonstrating that the highest progress of a nation comes not from commerce and civilization alone, but when a new life current has been poured through its heart and has quickened its brain.” “Whether it was by a mighty outpouring of the Spirit, or by a gradual work of grace in the community, I know not; but that the Lord has been here, with regenerating power, there can be no doubt. Nothing but the Holy Spirit could have wrought in this people what we now see.”

LUTHER'S HYMNS.

MARTIN LUTHER was not ignorant of the marvellous power of sacred song. “Next to theology,” he said, “it is to music that I give the highest place and the greatest honour.” The hymns which he composed exerted a mighty influence during the Reformation period. One of Luther's biographers says:—About sixty hymns were written by him at a time when the history of fifteen countries could not furnish more than two hundred hymns that had been used in Christian congregations. In this great undertaking he had a two-fold object—first to restore to the people their ancient and long-lost New Testament right to the use of psalms in public worship in their own tongue; and, secondly, by the graces of verse and the charms of melody to lodge the Word of God effectually in their memory. He took care to embody in his verse the great foundation truths of the Bible, that, being sung over and over by the people, they might never be forgotten. So successful was he in this endeavour, that priestly influence might in vain have attempted to check the progress of the Reformation by destroying the Bible. Its doctrines were the souls of his songs, and his songs were embalmed in the people's memory.

AROUND A BANNER.

The following beautiful lines are by MARIANNE FARMINGHAM, the sweet singer of the London *Christian World* :

O FAR from the ease and quiet
That the world has tried to make,
Is the rush of the eager battle
That is fought for the Saviour's sake.
There are fields where the great hosts gather,
Marching against our King,
So we buckle the armour on us,
And gladly his war-song sing.

Our fight is against the evil
That comes with its arms of might,
And we are not afraid of numbers,
For ours is the side of right ;
And the God who is fighting for us
Shall help us against our foes,
And give, when the war is over,
A season of glad repose.

There are times when our spirits fail us,
But not when we see the face
Of the Captain who leads us onward
Till we stand in the highest place ;
And not when the King's own banner
Is floating our heads above,
And not when we read the watchword
That tells us of all his love.

We joy in the Lord's salvation,
And valiant we are, and strong :
'In his name do we raise our banners,
And know we shall win ere long ;
Forever to perfect conquest
He leadeth the soldiers on,
And we follow with shouts of triumph
To the heights where the King has gone.

Far better to win him glory
Than idly to rest and wait,
For he crowneth the happy victors
Who are pressing about his gate.
And ah ! if his foes but knew him,
How tender he is and true,
And how certain he is to conquer,
They would fight 'neath his banner too.

The Home.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART II.—UNFAITHFUL.

CHAPTER II.

GROWING OLDER.

AFTER that I went every month to carry my rent to my landlord; and pretty much the same conversation passed between us each time, only he never again offered to give me a sixpence out. Now and then when I had received a letter from his nephew, Philip Champion, I took care to tell him about it, and how he was getting on well in the world, and how grand folks up in London thought much of him. The old man rather liked to hear of it, especially when Philip sent me word how he and his father were making money by their voyages out to foreign parts. Once I carried down a handsome shawl, far too fine for an old woman like me to wear, which Captain John Champion had brought for me all the way from India. My landlord told me I could sell it readily for ten pounds, and then the buyer would consider it a bargain; but I would not lower myself by thinking of such a thing. Love is more than money.

Year after year I saw him growing more withered and shrunken, yet still in good health, and with his mind keen; ay, keener than ever where money was concerned. He came by degrees to have a sort of liking for me—more because I never missed going with my rent to the very day than for anything else I can think of. There was never any change in the gloomy house, not even in the fire, which always seems smouldering sulkily in the big grate. How dreary this sameness was to me! As bad even as the sameness of the bare walls of the workhouse, where no change ever came. He, with his riches, lived a life as dreary and desolate as the poorest pauper in the parish.

I believe Rebecca liked me a little also. I felt very sorry for her, and it came into my heart to take her each time a posy out of my garden, or an apple, or some early fruit, fresh gathered; and she was pleased with them, for the master kept such a close hand on all expenses, that she scarcely tasted a morsel of fruit. She loved

flowers, she told me ; but ever since Transome had been forced to give up working in their garden the master had been afraid to hire another man, for fear of being cheated. So there the garden lay all about the house, overgrown with weeds, and so hard for want of digging that it could not be otherwise than barren and useless.

I scarcely know how many years went on. When one is old the years pass by like months, and the months are shorter than weeks used to be. But year after year I saw a change creeping, creeping over my old landlord, till it became so marked and plain that nobody could help seeing it. I think sometimes that maybe he was not altogether given up to the love of money until he turned Transome and me out of the cottage, where we had lived under him so many years. But after that he was left to grow nearer and closer-handed, grudging even necessaries for himself and Rebecca. It was a very hard life for her ; for he was certainly growing childish and simple, and would often and often make her sit up half the night lest robbers should break into the house. It was pitiful to see how thin, and worn, and wrinkled she was growing before her time ; and she must have been a bonny lass in her youth, for her eyes were still dark and bright, and when she smiled—which was very seldom, poor thing!—there was something kindly in her face that made it a pleasure to look at it.

Well, though I had seen my landlord growing older, the change startled me at last. His love of money had grown into a heavy bondage. For a long while he had complained of poverty ; and to see him in his old worn-out brown coat, and shoes with holes in the side, and linen such as Transome never put on in his life, you would have taken him for one of the poorest of beggars. He had given up going out of doors ; and no visitors came to the house, except his lawyer. I asked the lawyer one day if the old master was not growing simple, but he said nobody in the town was sharper or longer-headed. He was like a tree I once saw, with every branch blighted and bare, save one which grew green and strong amidst the withered boughs, as if it drew all the sap that should have fed them to itself, and was nourished by their barrenness. The love of money had swallowed up all other love that, maybe, once dwelt even in his heart.

This was how the change startled me at last. I had gone down to pay my rent one cold day in November, just such a day as that which drove Transome and me to seek shelter in the workhouse for the winter. It made me feel very low and down, thinking of that bitter, bitter day. Rebecca opened the door for me, and took me into the kitchen, where there was the poorest pretence of a fire I ever saw. But when she sent me into the master's parlour, there was no fire at all there ; and the old man sat with his feet on the fender, and a tattered shawl over his knees, shivering with the cold.

He was hard upon eighty by that time, and the most withered skeleton of an atomy you could have found in all our country!

"Why, dear sir," I cried, "you'll catch your death of cold, sitting without a fire a day like this! Whatever has Rebecca let the fire out for?"

He turned to me; his face was ghastly with purple lips and watery eyes. I could hardly believe that so much misery could look out from a human creature's face—one of God's creatures, whom He loved, and for whom Christ died. Yet I had seen misery in my time, God knows.

"I've lost all my money," he said, in a weak, complaining voice; "every penny is gone, and there's nothing before me but the workhouse."

He spoke so solemnly, that just at first I was quite taken aback. It all flashed across me how he had turned us out of our old home, and so forced us into the workhouse, and I thought, maybe, the Lord's words were coming true, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." But do not think that I was glad. Nay, I felt grieved for the old man, who looked so desolate and forlorn, and I prayed silently in my inmost heart, that he might not fall so low in his old age.

"How have you lost your money, sir?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, with a trembling, sobbing voice, "only it's all gone, and I must go to the workhouse to-morrow."

But just then I caught sight of Rebecca at the door, which stood ajar. She was tapping her forehead, and nodding at her master, as much as to say his head was not quite sound. So then I understood that it was only a notion that had taken possession of his brain, and troubled and distressed him, as if it had been real.

"Ay, to the workhouse!" he went on, "where you and Transome went once; but nobody will come to take me out, as Philip Champion took you. No, no; I shall die there, and be buried in a pauper's coffin and a pauper's grave."

Then I thought of Transome being buried in a pauper's coffin and a pauper's grave all through our landlord's hardheartedness and greed. But I knew well that through that gloomy door he had entered into God's house, where he was at home now, like a child gone home for his holidays. All the while my landlord kept on groaning and shivering, and lamenting that he, too, must die in the workhouse.

Now, when I came to ponder over it, it seemed a more dreadful thing for this rich man to lose the sense of being rich, and to suffer all the terror of poverty, than for us who were actually poor, and could feel that poverty was only a trial and a lesson sent us from our heavenly Father. For we were but like His Son, who for our sake became poor, that we through His poverty might be made

rich. But this rich man, with his hoards of money, how was he like the Son of God ?

Still it was not in my nature to stand quiet, and see sorrow, without trying to comfort it. So I went up to my poor landlord, and put my rent in his numbed hand, which closed tightly over the money, as Transome's fingers closed over mine, when he lay dying.

"There," I said, "that is ten shillings; and it will keep you nearly a week at least. Let Rebecca light a fire and get you some food, and you'll forget the workhouse."

"You're a good woman," he said: "you'd be sorry to see me go to the workhouse?"

"That should I," I answered; "but don't be afraid, sir. Turn your thoughts to God Almighty who loves us all——"

"Ah!" he said interrupting me with a long, long sigh, most pitiful to hear in one so old, "it's God who is taking away my money—no one else. Who can keep it, if He takes it away? I'm a poor man, Mrs. Transome,—a friendless, penniless man."

"But how is God taking it from you?" I asked.

"I cannot tell how," he answered; "but it is melting away, melting away; and I cannot keep it. Every night and every morning I know it is going; but I cannot see or hear anybody taking it. It is God I tell you; and who can help me, if He begins to take away my treasure?"

"But tell me," I urged, "how you know it is going?"

"I do not know," he said, "only I feel it. The moth and the rust have got at it and I shall die in the workhouse."

It was all in vain to argue with him or try to comfort him. He hid the money I had brought him in the breast of his ragged coat, and clasped both hands over it when Rebecca came to the door. I bade him good day and went out into the kitchen, grieved to the very core of my heart.

"A maundering old fool!" said Rebecca, "he's been going on like that the last week or more, and nothing 'll put it out of his head. I sent on the sly for Mr. Saunders, the lawyer; but, thank you! master was too 'cute to say a word of it to him, and Saunders was quite naggy with me, though he'll take care to be paid for his trouble in coming. I don't know how to carry on, for I can't get a penny out of him scarcely."

"It's hard for you," I answered, "but you've been a good servant to him many years, and you must bear on to the end now;"

"Ay," she said with a long breath, "twenty good years, the best of my life. I should have been wedded long ago but for him. If he don't leave me the thousand pounds he's promised me over and over again, I've made a bad bargain. But he's left it to me in his will; he's told me so scores of times."

This was more than Rebecca had ever said to me; and I went

home turning it over in my mind, and wondering how folks can do things for money that they would never do for love.

CHAPTER III.

AN OLD FOX.

ALL through the coldest and darkest months of winter my landlord was tormented by the dread of going to the workhouse and dying there. He stinted himself of necessaries even, often lying all day in bed to save fire, as people are compelled to do who are brought down to the lowest poverty. How Rebecca managed was a puzzle to me; but she had a hard time of it, you may be sure.

Often and often did the old man send for me that I might tell him what the workhouse was like; and every time I had to speak of it my heart was made sore by the remembrance of Transome. Yet I could not refuse the poor, rich man the only comfort he had in questioning me, and hearing my answers. For truly he would have been more cared for, and had better food and firing in the workhouse than he allowed to himself. Now and then I tried to turn away his thoughts from this miserable delusion, and to fix them upon God, and His Son, whose love can cover every sin, even the sin of covetousness. But he could not keep such things in his mind. As I said before, he had but one branch left in him that was still alive, and it clung only to the thought of money.

But one day when I was down there, while Rebecca was gone out on some errand or other, though there were few errands to do in that house, the master tottered across the floor, opened the door, looked if anybody could be listening, and then came back to me, whispering in almost a frightened voice.

"She robs me," he said; "there is always money going, and nobody but her to steal it. But I dare not send her away, and have a stranger in the house."

"No, no, sir," I answered, "she's served you too long to rob you now. You must not get such a fancy into your head. Remember what a many years she's been with you."

"Yes," he said sharply, "because I said I'd make it worth her while to be faithful to me. But she's not to be trusted now, I tell you. She thinks my wits are going; but I'm sharp enough to know when I'm being robbed."

There was such a frightful, sneering look on the old man's withered face, that I could not bear to see it. I turned away my eyes to the dusty window, through which the sun was trying to shine even into that gloomy room; like God's grace into his gloomy heart, if he would but let it in.

"Ah!" he said, "I could have trusted Transome with untold gold, and you are like him. Come and live here, and keep your eye on Rebecca."

"Oh, no, no!" I cried hastily, thinking of my peaceful little cottage on the brow of the hill, with the flowers that would soon be blooming in the garden, and the birds chirping of a morning under the eaves, and my scholars trooping up merrily from the town. It made his large house seem a doleful prison.

"I'll make it worth your while," he began; but there I stopped him at once.

"You couldn't make it worth my while, sir," I said, "Please God, I'm not long for this world, and my old home is better to me than any spot in the world; and your nephew, Philip Champion, has promised I shall have all I want when I cannot win it for myself."

The old man sank down in his chair, almost in a heap, for he had very little strength left in him. But still I saw his sharp, glittering eye fixed upon me.

"Mrs. Transome," he said, after a while, "if you'll come and take care of me till I die, I'll leave all I have to Philip Champion."

That was different; I could not say no to that hastily. If I consented, Philip Champion—my little scholar Pippin, whom I loved more than any one else in the world—would become a wealthy man. And I knew what Philip would do with riches—lay them where he had laid himself, at the feet of Christ. Rather than see him grow like his uncle I would have joyfully followed his coffin to the grave. But I had no fear of that. If Philip came into his uncle's money—and no one had a better claim to it—he would take it as a loan from God to be laid out in His service.

"You must give me time to think of it," I said to my landlord.

And I did think of it, turning it over and over till my poor head was fairly weary. Philip was gone away on a voyage with his father, and I could not write and ask him for counsel. Besides if I did it, I should do it for his sake; and you cannot ask any one you love how much you must give up for their sake. I had never thought I should be called upon to leave my old home again. But even my home spoke for Philip, who had taken me out of the workhouse, and bought everything that was in it, and promised to take care of me when I was past work. It was but a little thing I could do in return; and it seemed as if I heard Transome's voice saying, "Ally, lass! 'Faithful in little; faithful in much!'" After that I made up my mind to go, and quit my home a second time.

So the next day I dismissed my scholars, bidding them good-bye sorrowfully, and I went down again to my landlord's house. It looked more gloomy and dismal than ever: a large, square, dark house, of three stories, standing alone in a big garden, though there were plenty of other dwellings just beyond the garden walls. The windows were crusted over with dust and cobwebs—the only curtain they had; and here and there a pane was broken. The woodwork had not been painted for so many years that no one could guess what colour it had been at first. All one side of the house was utterly desolate, for the rooms were unoccupied. But on the other side there was the master's parlour, with the kitchen behind it, his bedroom, and a spare room on the floor above, and Rebecca's bedroom and an attic over that. Yet even that side of the house seemed neglected and comfortless; for the sun was shining full upon it, making it look more dreary than it did on cloudy days. I thought of my own cheery home, and half turned away. But there was Philip to remember. I went on slowly down the gravel walk, overgrown with grass and dock-leaves, and was soon face to face with my landlord.

"You've made up your mind to come?" he said eagerly.

"Yes, sir," I answered; "but only on conditions. You'll leave your money to your own nephew, Philip Champion?"

"Ay, ay," he said; "I'll send for Saunders at once, and alter my will; and I'll not forget you, Mrs. Transome. So now you must look sharp after Rebecca, you know, and see there's no waste or extravagance. You know what it is to be in the work-house, and I look to you to keep me out of it. I've very little money left to spend on housekeeping; and now I have three mouths to feed instead of two; so you must look sharp after Rebecca."

I had made up my mind he must promise a settled sum for every week's expenses; but we had a hard struggle before I won the victory. He beat me down by pence, and even by halfpence, moaning over his poverty; and it was only when I threatened to leave him altogether that he gave way. Then I went out to tell Rebecca; but, to my surprise, Rebecca knew all about it, and expected me to stay. Her story was that she had told her master it was impossible for her to go on any longer without some help either in the day or at night; a nurse or charwoman they must have. He had grumbled at the expense, and refused to listen to her, till she suggested me. How he had prevailed upon me to go, paying no more than for my food, I have told you already.

"He knew a nurse 'ud ask such high wages," continued Rebecca, "and eat and drink so much; and as for me, I hate 'em. They give themselves such airs, and are no end of trouble. Besides, master's afraid to have any strangers in the house, for

fear of 'em robbin' him. I couldn't get him to hear of anybody till I thought of you, and that suited him. He's as cunning as an old fox; and I'll be bound he's engaged you to come for next to nothing, but victuals and lodging."

She waited for me to tell her what he was to pay me, but I had not given up my own home for money. I should be paid well enough when Philip came into the old man's property. Yet I felt downcast at the thought of so much cunning and deceit in a man so near the grave as he was. I went back to spend the last night in my house, and made arrangements for a neighbour to keep the key, and give an eye to it. For instead of being paid, I had made it a condition that I should keep on my cottage, and have every Sunday quiet to myself in it. The next morning I quitted it once more, not as when Transome and me were turned out of it, after living there nearly forty years, but still sadly and with a great craving after the peace and quietness I was giving up for the sake of Philip Champion.

(To be continued.)

A SERMON FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." (John xiii. 17.) I. "These things," that is, your duties. You have duties wherever you are: 1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and servants. 2. At school, respect to teachers, faithfulness in study, and fairness in play. 3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship, and give your hearts to the Saviour. 4. On the street, good manners, modesty, kindness, minding your own business. II. How should you do your duty? 1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask, "What will you give me?" 2. But from love. So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will—which is only another name for duty. This will make you do it cheerfully. 3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties you will become more skilful. So you will improve in reading, writing, and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace." III. Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin can make you happy. But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. This is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is. Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in duty, in doing it for love to God and man; then you will be happy in Heaven.

THINE ENEMY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

“YOU see that house, over there?” The speaker's voice quivered with excitement, and her cheeks were rosy red.

Yes. Mrs. Lee saw the house indicated, and thought the architecture very fine and imposing.

“The owner had good taste,” Mrs. Harrison resumed, “but that don't amount to much when a man hasn't anything else good about him.”

“Good taste, my dear, is simply the effect of a certain good cause in the human soul. A man who can plan a beautiful house like that, who can lay out and ornament such grounds, must of a necessity have a good thing somewhere. A man with a layer of the æsthetic in his nature can not be wholly bad.”

“Rum built that house, Mrs. Lee. To me there is nothing beautiful about it. I never look at it without I see the bloodshot eyes of his victims looking out of the windows at me. Ugh! it is horrible. Just think how he has murdered by the wholesale. Think of the families he has desolated. If ever a man in this world deserved the gallows that man does.”

Mrs. Lee changed the subject. Singularly enough, her great heart took in the rum seller as well as the rum drinker. Her experience had shown her all sides. She knew that her enemy was as dear to the good Lord as her best friend. She was aware that a declaration of her principles would cause all future influence with her impulsive friend to be null and void; so she wisely kept quiet. The two friends walked on, Mrs. Lee's sympathies going out in a steady, loving current to every class of sinners, and Mrs. Harrison wondering if it would be possible to pass a law which should put an end, not only to rum selling, but to rum sellers.

“There he comes now!” exclaimed Mrs. Harrison.

“Who?” inquired her companion.

“Oh! that wretch! that fiend! our delightful neighbour, the rum seller!”

Mrs. Harrison cast her eyes down. She would not lift them again until Beelzebub had passed! not she.

Mrs. Lee looked up into a pair of earnest, grey eyes, smiled pleasantly, and with a kind “good morning,” which was immediately and almost impulsively returned, passed on. Mrs. Harrison was furious.

‘Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that in this quiet country

place you pass your neighbours without speaking to them?" inquired Mrs. Lee, doing her best not to notice her friend's anger.

"Have I not told you what a monster he is? Speak to him—No! I never have, and I never will."

"We differ a little, my friend, in our way of looking at things; but let us not quarrel over that. We are all God's children—all members of one great family. Your moral advantages have perhaps been greater than your neighbour's. He is not to be scorned for that. At least this is my argument, the way I feel, the way my conscience compels me to act. If your convictions are the other way, you must obey them; but let us choose for ourselves with perfect freedom. I can not pass that man in this quiet country neighbourhood without speaking to him, and be true to myself. You can not speak to him and satisfy your conscience. I am to be your guest for a number of weeks, and do you not see that there will be no chance of harmony unless we can cherish and act out our own opinions?"

Mrs. Harrison confessed that she knew such was the case; but the sullenness of her answer showed that she could have no sympathy for her companion's views.

The rum-seller must have mentioned the greeting of Mrs. Lee to his wife, for, one day, returning from the depot with Mrs. Harrison, a very sweet-faced woman bent forward from her carriage, and bowed and smiled to Mrs. Lee.

"Who is that?" the lady inquired, in astonishment.

"Oh, that is the rum-seller's wife." Mrs. Harrison answered, with considerable disdain. "They find so few willing to recognize them, that they are very quick to notice any attention."

Mrs. Lee's mind was made up. She would call upon this family. There was a longing in that woman's eyes that she could not resist. Silver and gold the rum-seller's wife had in plenty, but that sympathy which comes from contact with kindly human hearts she was a stranger to. It so happened that when Mrs. Lee put her resolve into execution she found the lady of the house away, and the rum-seller only at home.

"My wife will be very much disappointed," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish you would wait a few moments for her."

Mrs. Lee expressed her willingness to wait and the host conducted her to the library, a large elegant room, and settled himself to entertain her. The man's face was eloquent with thanks. He seemed quite unfit for ordinary conversation, and once or twice gave grateful utterance to his feelings.

"I am so glad you have come to see my wife," he said—"so glad."

Now Mrs. Lee was a straightforward little woman, and it seemed quite natural that she should ask him why he was so glad.

"Is your wife very much alone?" She inquired.

"We have occasional company from the city," he replied. Mrs. Lee was very sure that she saw the blood redden his temples as he continued, "but we have lived here two whole years. and you are the first woman in the neighbourhood who has stepped foot over our threshold. My wife's health is very delicate," he went on slowly, and with a quiver in his voice. "Sometimes I fear that I shall not have her much longer."

If there is anything in the world equal to a pure, deep-hearted woman's tuitions, let us know what it is. Mrs. Lee knew then just as well as if she had been told, that this wife was dying of remorse and slight. She might never have another so good an opportunity for a conversation with this man, whom the neighbours despised; so she asked, her whole soul in her face,

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"There doesn't seem to be any disease that the doctors can discover. She is weak and tired, and low-spirited all the time. I have tried everything and everybody, but she doesn't seem to mend under any treatment."

"I doubt very much if she needs any treatment, except perhaps that which you can give her."

The red blood mounted again to the temples of her companion.

"I give her, madam," he tried to say laughingly. "I am not a physician."

I feel very certain that you are all the physician she needs. Your wife, I presume, needs, wants, must have, to save her life, just one thing. If a fever patient wanted water, you would think it very foolish and wicked to offer coffee and tea, and lemonade, would you not? In short, everything but the one the thirsty soul longed for."

"Certainly," he answered, glancing toward the door. "Have you ever talked with my wife?"

"Never, sir."

"Of course, you know what my business is?"

"I do."

"And you consider it infamous, and all that sort of thing?"

"I consider it the worst business that any man can be engaged in."

"Then what do you come here for?"

There was a mixture of sadness and fierceness in the tones that made her heart ache.

"O! I forgot,; you came to pay your respects to my wife, my victim."

"And to see you, also," was the low, earnest answer. "Long ago, my dear sir, I learned to discriminate between the sinner and the sin. I loathe the sin, but I love you, and would help you in any way in my power."

"Your words sound very strange, and sweet," he said, after a moment's pause. "My wife wants me to go into another kind of business, to give the money I have made in this to the amelioration of the condition of — of —." The words were hard to utter.

"Of the families of drunkards," suggested Mrs. Lee, in the same sweet voice.

"Yes, that is it. How well you understand her. This is a hard thing for a man to do. Remember, Mrs. Lee, that I am a wholesale liquor dealer. I never peddled drinks from a bar; don't think that of me.

"In proportion as the wholesale is larger than the retail, just in proportion is your sin larger than the man's who deals out to individuals what you supply him with."

"You don't mean that," he urged.

"Every word of it. Your wife's desire is perfectly just, in every respect, and I trust that the Lord will, through her love and purity, incline your heart to do His will."

Just here, the pale, tender-eyed wife glided in, with a greeting which spoke volumes.

"I am so glad to see you, dear madam!" she said. "I told my husband that if you did not come to see us, I should send for you, didn't I dear?" and the thin little hand caressed her husband's arm affectionately.

"And I told my wife that there wasn't the least hope of your coming; but her eyes sometimes see farther than mine."

"Husband told me," she went on, "that he met a lady who bowed to him, and whom he thought would do me good. O! I was so glad. I had asked God so many times to send me a friend; and"—drawing close to Mrs. Lee—"if I could have picked one out myself, I could not have been better suited."

"Our dear Father answers our prayers, sometimes according to our desires," said Mrs. Lee, taking the thin hand in hers.

"Yes, and sometimes he doesn't seem to answer them at all. O, Mrs. Lee, I have prayed one prayer so long, so faithfully, so hard without getting an answer, that I am almost discouraged. It is about him," pointing to her husband. "You don't know, I never can tell how kind and how loving he has been to me, ever since he married me. He thinks I am sick, because he sees me failing every day. I am not. Only for one thing, I should be as healthy and happy as any body. Won't you please kneel down here and ask God to answer my prayer?"

Mrs. Lee could hardly see the pleading woman for her tears, but she wiped them away, and looked up at the husband. His fine face was drawn with pain, and his whole manner that of one who suffers keenly.

"If you can do such things, Mrs. Lee, please oblige her," he said, with an effort at sternness.

Mrs. Lee's petition was earnest, touching, and to the point. Words could not have been more simple and eloquent. When she rose from her knees, the rum-seller, with his wife in his arms, was sobbing like a child.

"God has heard! God has heard! Edward has promised! Oh, Mrs. Lee, he has promised to do the right. You know what Christ said, 'When two or three are gathered together, I will be there!' You see I have had to pray alone all these years. Oh, my love! husband! I shall be well now, and strong enough to help you."

"Yes, wife; I believe you will," was the solemn answer. "And now, Mrs. Lee, I want you to hear me promise before God to do in this matter now, and in the future, just as my wife directs, even if the doing makes me a beggar."

"As much as my husband loves me, I should never have succeeded alone," the wife continued, after he had left the room. "A coarse or a threatening word would have settled the question forever. You came pitying and loving both of us, and the work was accomplished. Oh, Mrs. Lee, how many are suffering and dying for the right word."

"I hear," said Mrs. Harrison, a week afterwards, "that Ed. Lothrop has left the liquor business altogether. Somebody said he gave two thousand dollars to the temperance missionaries yesterday. Do you believe it?"

"I think it is true," was Mrs. Lee's quiet answer.

"Well; wonders never will cease. Let's go and call on his wife sometime."

JUVENILE SMOKING.

"SMOKING is the first step on the wrong road."—*C. Garrett.*

"I never see a young man smoking a cigar but I say to myself, that young man is taking the first step to ruin."—*J. A. James.*

The Master of the Edinburgh Reformatory lately said: "We have eighty boys here—scarcely one who has not been a smoker or a chewer, and most of them both."

"I believe that no one who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a strong, vigorous man."—*Dr. Ferguson.*

"Shun smoking as you would self-destruction."—*Lancet.*

Dear youth, do not spurn these cautions against an evil habit. Parents, insist upon your boys not smoking.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

IT has been sometimes said that the Fulton-street Prayer-meeting is a business man's prayer-meeting. Now, whatever it may have been ten years or fifteen years ago, it is so no longer, and to call it so is a misnomer. It is more a mothers' prayer-meeting than anything else, if we judge of it by the character and number of requests which come from mothers, requesting and urging prayer for their unconverted children. I firmly believe that a large majority of those requests come moistened with mothers' tears. It is remarkable and instructive to read these letters coming from mothers who themselves have prayed over them with strong crying and tears.

Let me here recall an affecting incident. A gentleman came into one of the meetings when it was about half through, and laid a letter, sealed up, on the desk of the leader, and turning to the audience he said: "I am a Methodist minister, and I have been appointed to a special service which will require me to be travelling most of the year in California. Hearing of this, a devoted Christian mother came to me, and putting this letter into my hand, requested me to carry it to California and inquire everywhere for her son, and, if I should find him, put this letter in his hand, and tell him it was from *his mother*." I lay this letter here before you and ask you to pray that I may find this son, and that God will make this letter the means of his salvation. Till now that mother has been an entire stranger to me, but I feel that there is a solemn and special providence in this matter." I can give no idea of the effect upon the meeting which this request produced. It was tender and overwhelming. Men wept like children during prayer—prayer which was exceedingly earnest and went up from the meeting as from the heart of one man. This was in 1858.

I happened to be at a prayer-meeting in Philadelphia the next year, when this same minister arose and told the story of the finding of this praying mother's son. He said he carried that letter in his pocket for nearly a year, everywhere inquiring for the young man to whom it was addressed. "At last," said the preacher, "I found him. He was at a gambling saloon in Sacramento. I had him pointed out to me, and, walking up to him and putting my hand upon his shoulder, I told him I wished to have a few minutes conversation with him outside.

"'Wait,' said he, 'till I have played out this game, and I will go with you.' He was with me in a few minutes, and when by ourselves he said, 'What is it?'

"'Here is a letter,' said I, 'from your mother, which I have carried almost a year to give to you. It is a letter from your

mother, and I was directed to give this to you with my own hand. And here it is.'

The young man turned deadly pale. 'Oh!' said he, 'don't give it—I can't take it.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'you can, and you shall take it! I am not to have a year's work for nothing! Please take it and read it, and see if there is anything more I can do for you.' The young man read it, and seemed overwhelmed with deep and sudden distress.

"'Oh!' he groaned out, 'what can I do? What shall I do? I am a poor, undone wretch. What shall I do?'

"'Do?' said I. 'We must begin somewhere, and do as fast as we find anything to do. And in this very moment, and as the first thing to be done, I want you to kneel down and on your knees and sign this temperance pledge.' The signing was soon done, for I found him willing to do anything.

"'Now,' said I, 'are you willing to kneel right here and now pledge yourself to Jesus Christ that you will be His now and forever?'

"'Yes,' he answered, 'I am willing.'

"'Then kneel right down beside me, and I will pray first, asking God to lead your heart and mind in all you do in this solemn hour, for you must become a Christian in this very hour and on this very spot.'

"'O that I might find my dear mother's Saviour here and now!'

"We knelt together so close that my shoulder touched his. I prayed, and I cannot tell how I prayed. I never could. Suffice it to say that the Holy Spirit seemed to be poured upon us. We arose from our knees and threw our arms around each other. That man had become a new man in Christ Jesus, and on his knees he had become an heir of God and a joint heir of Jesus to a heavenly inheritance. The Holy Spirit seemed to do His special office work in his heart in answer to his mother's prayers, and perhaps the prayers of the Fulton-street Prayer-meetings. Subsequent days and weeks of acquaintance proved that this lost and ruined young man had really passed from death unto life."

Such prayer and faith as a mother knows how to exercise, God will never disappoint. In His own time and way God will reward her faith and answer her prayers. O mothers! mothers, never give up your children. Never leave off praying. Never—never.

It is related of Bishop Simpson, in his late visit to Oregon, in the performance of his episcopal duties, he had a river to cross. He employed two men to row him over and to let him down on the other side. In their passage over they made use of the most profane language. When they had made their landing, the bishop went up to them and asked if they had mothers. "O yes!" said one "I had a most godly, praying mother—a real Christian woman, if ever there was one." So said the other; saying which they both

burst into tears. We know not what else he said, but suffice it to say he left his address with them, and some time since he has received notice of their conversion.

Twenty years ago a man, with his son, sailed from Scotland to this country. They wandered over the country and became lost to themselves and lost to their friends, and both were going down to drunkards' graves. But the boy was picked up, and carried into a prayer-meeting. He became converted, and there he prayed that he might find his mother. The name of a man came up before him, and he wrote to that man. It proved that this same man had in his possession a letter from the boy's mother. As quick as winds and waves could carry him, that boy was on his way to Scotland, to embrace his dear mother, and tell her the good news of his salvation. She had been praying for him all these years, and now God had heard her prayers. Who shall say that a praying Christian mother shall ever pray in vain for the salvation of her children?

I stood by the bed of a dying mother who had two unconverted sons. "What about these sons?" said I.

"O! that is all settled—all settled. They will meet me in heaven."

"BY THEIR FRUITS."

IN the City of Manchester there lived a skilled operative, whom evil company had reduced into such habits of drinking and swearing that he was the terror of his family and of the whole neighborhood. Somehow his wife was induced to allow a cottage lecture to be held in their miserable dwelling, by the pious and eloquent Hugh Stowell. By and by the husband might be seen during the service quietly listening in a Nicodemus corner, until at last he came one night to open his anguish, and ere long he found peace at the feet of the Saviour. Not more striking was the spectacle of the exorcised demoniac that day in Decapolis, than was the transfiguration of the drunken Manchester dyer. The Gadarene devil was cast out, and the man was clothed in his right mind. The desolate dwelling was gradually replenished, and the whole family filled a pew in the church as regularly as there was service.

And this was not all. If, when the man of Gadara began to publish what God had done for him, "all men did marvel," not less did all the neighbours, and especially his godless shopmates, wonder at the change which had come over John. Some admired, others mocked, and many persecuted him. The mechanics around him in

the shop were, most of them, jeering infidels, and many a hard look and harder word had he to bear day by day in the dye-house. Most commonly, he endured it all in silence, and very eloquent was the rebuke of his meek life—all the more that formerly he would have resented the smallest insult with a ferocity which made the stoutest grow pale. One day, however, not in a passion, but in a calm, quiet tone, after having listened for a whole hour to their sneers at Christianity, he uttered certain burning words:—"I am a plain-dealing man," said he, "and I like to judge of the tree by its fruit. Now, there are Tom and James (and, as he spoke, he pointed to two apostates), on whom you have tried your system; what has it done for them? They seem downcast and surly; they cannot give you a civil word; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week; their children are nearly naked, their wives broken-hearted, and their houses desolate."

"Now, I have tried Christianity," he proceeded, "and what has it done for me? You all know what I was before. Not one of you could drink so deeply, or swear so desperately, or fight so fiercely. I was always out of humour, discontented, and unhappy. My wife was starved and ill-used; I was hateful and hating. What am I now? Would I once have put up with what I daily bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily as ever: why don't I do it? Do you hear a foul word come out of my mouth? Do you ever catch me in a public house? God be praised for it! *Here* is what Christianity has done for me; *there* is what infidelity has done for Tom and Jem."

TYNDALL AND MOODY.

DR. CUYLER writes to the *Independent*: "By the way, a remarkable train of circumstances has lately occurred in Belfast, Ireland, which, to my mind, looks like more than a mere coincidence. In July last the British Association of Science met there, and the brilliant Tyndall uttered some sharp words which grieved and wounded the friends of evangelical faith not a little. 'No small stir arose about that way.' A few weeks afterward our countrymen, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, visit Belfast, and commence a series of religious services. Fervent prayers are put up all over Ireland for a divine blessing upon the labours of two plain, honest preachers of Jesus Christ. What happens? All Belfast is shaken as it never was before. Multitudes hear the Word gladly. Drunkards quit their whiskey and become sober men. Intelligent men are converted. The vicious are made better. There stand the undeniable results. And now the believers in Christ and in prayer can send over to their late guests, the sceptical scientists, 'Come and see!'"

Topics of the Day.

SPRING LESSONS.

THOUGH two of what are technically called Spring months have passed, Spring can scarcely be said to have yet come. Those who have been anxiously waiting to see the green fields and the opening flowers are doomed to a still farther trial of their patience. The snow has, indeed, disappeared, but the sullen skies and the keen and biting winds remain to remind us that Winter, though dethroned, is not quite willing to relinquish his power. April has not displayed quite as much of her hoidenish peculiarities as usual. There has been a gravity and austerity about her demeanour this year which is quite unusual. If her moods have not been so fitful and various as they sometimes are, it has only been because the sternness of her aspect has scarcely been disturbed by even a passing smile.

But these April days, with their frosty winds and sullen skies, have had their value and importance. They have performed the part of faithful friends to thousands. In sooth, they have been no flatterers, but have told us unwelcome truths with a fidelity and straightforwardness which is worthy of all praise. They have gone about with their stethoscope and other appliances, and have made the diagnosis of our physical condition, and, whether we have the intelligence and courage to accept it or not, they have made a thoroughly honest and truthful report. Let us not mistake the kindly offices of a friend for the malignant acts of an enemy. When the doctor examines our lungs he does not produce the mischief which he detects, or when he examines the heart he does not bring about the organic or functional derangement which he finds there. He has only brought to light and made us acquainted with a state of things which existed before his examination was made; he has only laid bare a process of destruction which would have gone on all the same, though it might have been a little longer concealed. This is precisely what these April days have been doing. They have been forcing the conviction upon

thousands of us that we are not what we once were ; that here there is diminished strength ; that there there is decay of vitality ; that in another place there is more or less active disease at work. They have sounded an alarm which it were well should not be allowed to go unheeded. They have told some of "breakers ahead," and of the necessity of shortening sail if they would not be upon the rocks. In other instances they have pointed out a leak in the ship, which must be stopped at once, or in a very short time it will go to the bottom. To another class they have brought home the unwelcome truth that the ship is actually sinking, and that there is no hope for them but in betaking themselves at once to the life-boat. Timely and salutary, we repeat, are the warnings of these April days. To as many as have ears to hear, they say, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

REVIVALS AT HOME.

Though the work of revival, for which so many thousands of earnest Christians have been so earnestly pleading with God, has not become so general as could be desired, most encouraging progress has been made in many particular localities during the last few months. In our own country, though all that is desired and aimed at has not yet been accomplished, what has already taken place has been amply sufficient to strengthen the faith and stimulate the exertion of all who have the prosperity of Zion at heart. In the allusions made to this subject in the last number of this magazine, it appears the work of grace in some particular places was greatly underrated. In Clinton, instead of one hundred, as we stated, there have been *over two hundred souls added to our Church alone*; and, we would fain hope, other Churches have shared in the results of such a sweeping revival. This, in a population of not more than twenty-five hundred, and in a congregation of not more than four or five hundred *at* told, attests the presence of something like a Pentecostal visitation. A letter from the Rev. and venerable William Young, a veteran soul-saver, whose spiritual children are scattered all over this country, many of them filling the highest posts of usefulness in the Church, informs us of a work of grace of equal extent in the village of

Trenton, in the benefits of which not only Trenton itself but all the surrounding circuits have participated. The precious fruits of the great revival in Oshawa, which took place last Autumn, in which nearly two hundred additions were made to the Church, still remain; and the Society there, we understand, is still enjoying a high degree of prosperity. A blessed outpouring of the Spirit, resulting in over a hundred conversions, has taken place in Whitby. Tidings have not yet reached us of the actual result of the revivals which have been reported in Simcoe, in Ingersoll, in Wellington Square, in Uxbridge, in Collingwood, in Gananoque, and many other places which, at this moment, we cannot recall; but, from all that we have been able to learn, the aggregate number of souls gathered into the Church must be very large. And even where there has not been any very marked display of converting power, in many instances, at least we have reason to believe, the work of maturing, educating, and consolidating the Church has been progressing in a highly satisfactory and encouraging manner; the stones are being gathered up, the mountains are being levelled, and the valleys filled up; and thus the way of the Lord is being prepared, and the foundation laid for those glorious displays of the presence and power of God which will most certainly be witnessed in due time.

REVIVALS ABROAD.

The most cheering intimations of the progress of the work of God continue to reach us from abroad. In the United States, though there have been but few instances of very large additions to the Church in individual places, the spirit of revival has been very generally diffused, and, so far at least as the Methodist Episcopal Church is concerned, it is believed the aggregate increase will be considerably larger than it has been in any year during the last decade. In Europe revival influences appear to have penetrated into places where for ages nothing of the kind has been known. The labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey appear to be attended with undiminished, if not with increasing power. Multitudes from all classes of the population continue to be attracted to their services. Even royalty itself has not been proof against the more than magic spell of these God-honoured Evangelists. Her Royal

Highness the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland have not thought it beneath them to attend services specially intended for the benefit of the outcast and neglected masses. On the same platform with the dissenting minister, and the humble lay worker, have been gathered some of the most highly gifted of the dignified clergy of the State Church. The labours of Mr. Pearsall Smith appear to have been attended with a power and influence equally remarkable. His labours have not been confined to England, where they have been signally owned of God especially in promoting the spirit of sanctity and revival in the established Church, but he has been instrumental in kindling a flame on the continent of Europe which is spreading far and wide, it is believed, by the blessing of God, to be productive of the most glorious results.

JESUIT INTRIGUE.

The irrepressible conflict between Protestantism and Popery still goes on both in the old world and new. On the continent of Europe things begin to wear a really serious, not to say an alarming aspect. The Jesuits, driven out of Prussia, seem to have made Belgium the base of their operations; and there, as might be expected, considering the character of this desperate society, all kinds of intrigues against the peace of the Germanic empire, and probably against the lives of its leading statesmen are being hatched. Prussia could not afford, if she were so disposed, to allow this state of things to exist; the danger is too great to be quietly endured, and, with that instinct of self-preservation for which that country has ever been so remarkable, it has already spoken out upon the subject with a distinctness which leaves no room to doubt that if the nuisance is not promptly abated by Belgium, Prussia will adopt active measures to vindicate her own honour and secure her own safety. Prince Von Bismarck thoroughly understands the character of the enemy he has to contend with; and he is not disposed to adopt any hesitating or half-way measures in dealing with it. The motto, indeed, of both of the parties to the quarrel appears to be "No surrender." Neither is prepared to adopt any compromise or to give any quarter. The ultramontane church, armed with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, must either be the absolute mistress of the world, the supreme arbitress of the

destiny of nations, with power to excommunicate their rulers and dissolve at will the allegiance of their subjects, or nothing. She bids for this, and will be satisfied with nothing less. And this is what Prussia, so long as she has the most powerful, the best disciplined, and best appointed army in the world, at the same time that she has the prestige of being the greatest military power in the world, will never grant. There does not appear to be any reason to believe that any combination against Prussia, which Jesuitical subtilty and intrigue can bring about that will lead her to submit to a humiliation so great as this without one of the most sanguinary and determined struggles that the world has ever witnessed. Let us hope and pray that the calamity of another great European war in our day may be averted. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that the present out-look is not altogether assuring.

It is pleasing to know that in the midst of the general apathy, there is one great English Statesman who is fully alive to the danger to which his country is exposed from the insidious encroachments of popery. Mr. Gladstone, we are persuaded, has not sounded the alarm one day too soon. The astute and wily foe has laid his plans wide and deep in England as well as elsewhere ; and her aims are not one whit less ambitious in respect to Britain than Germany. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets have, however, greatly confused their plans. His thorough mastery of the subject has enabled him to deal with it in a style which can scarcely fail to rouse the most thoughtful portion of the nation. The Romish party evidently feels this. The most powerful talent of the church, as an evidence of how deeply this fact is felt, has been summoned to the defence. Newman is again in the field. He evidently makes the best of a bad cause ; but bad is the best. The text has not yet reached us ; but from a summary of its contents which appeared in a New York journal, we can form a pretty correct notion of its drift. His main argument as we understand it, is based upon the interpretation of "Syllabus" and the authority which it carries with it, which he affirms to be the correct one. The matter of a Syllabus it appears, "has no dogmatic force," and is not, therefore, to be received as matter of faith ; but it is to be received "with profound submission," and with "an act of obedience." But how this affects the question at issue it is

not easy to perceive. If, for example the Pope should issue a document of this kind absolving the "Catholic" subjects of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain from their allegiance, and enjoining upon them a course of action which would conflict with their duty to their sovereign, it would not be a matter of any practical importance whether they received it as matter of faith, or simply with "profound submission" and "obedience." These nice distinctions may have their interest and importance when received from a theological and casuistical point of view, but they have no political significance whatever. This last contribution to the literature of the question has not altered it in the least ; and the common judgment of such as are not blinded by prejudice probably will be, that Gladstone still remains master of the field.

The same conflict which is going on in Europe will have to be waged on this continent at no very distant day. The same unscrupulous and audacious power has no less ambitious aims here than there. The only reason why it is as quiet as it is, is only that it has things so nearly its own way. The concessions which are made to the Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec in the matter of education is the trifling price at which the Romish hierarchy is extending and consolidating its power all over the Dominion. The late action of the Dominion parliament can scarcely fail to excite in the mind of every thoughtful Protestant, feelings of sorrow and shame. The evokement of the kindly offices of her Majesty the Queen, on the side of Romanism in New Brunswick, is simply disgraceful ; and the introduction of a provision in the Constitution of the North West Territory, providing for the establishment of Separate Schools, is another step which will prove fruitful of mischief.

LIFE IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE FUTURE.—We are undying. There is a tunnel through the grave. There is a bridge over Jordan. Life is too much for death. The sepulchre is not deep enough for human burial. Somewhere humanity is to wear immortal raiment, breathe an immortal atmosphere, and feed upon immortal nutriment. Let us then, while we live on earth, live as heirs of eternal life.—*Rev. Dr. Holmes.*

Missionary Department.

INDIA.

MOST of the Evangelical Denominations of Christendom have sent Missionaries to India. The following began at the dates mentioned. *England*—Baptists, 1793. The first collection made, by which Rev. W. Carey was sent, amounted to \$65.55. London Missionary Society, 1805 ; Church of England, 1813 ; Wesleyan, 1814 ; Church of Scotland, 1830 ; Free Church, 1844. *American*.—Board of Missions, 1813 ; Presbyterian, 1834 ; Free Will Baptists, 1836 ; Baptist Missionary Union, 1840 ; Evangelical Lutherans, 1842 ; United Presbyterians, 1855 ; Reformed Presbyterians, 1857 ; M. E. Church, 1858 ; German Evangelists, 1868.

In 1871, there were 488 missionaries, and 225 assistants, 52,816 communicants, 224,258 native Christians, 122,132 attending schools. At the present time it is believed, that the native Christians exceed *a quarter of million*.

Dr. Lyman Jewett, has been a missionary for 40 years among the Telogoos in Southern India. He and his wife commenced their labours one Sabbath night, by holding a prayer meeting on a hill which overlooks the city of Ongole, said hill is now known, as Prayer Meeting Hill—they prayed that their mission might be successful. God has answered the prayer, for now there are 3,000 church members in that city, who contributed in one year \$4,000 for mission purposes.

A District Meeting was recently held at Bareilly, of the M. E. Mission, when it was unanimously resolved to give up all help from America as speedily as possible. This year, \$300 less is asked for. Great Revivals are in progress at Calcutta, where for some time, there were conversions at the rate of 2 per day. Also at Bombay, and near Madras 120 had professed conversion in a few days. Rev. W. Taylor, of California fame, and Dr. Thoburn, have been made a great blessing.

During the year 1873, 5,000 converts to Christianity were baptized in India, and 1,000 in Burmah.

In Calcutta, Dr. Thoburn of the M. E. Church, has taken a lease of the largest theatre in the city, for Sunday evening services, at a cost of \$150 per month. It proves too small for the congregation.

In Bombay, Union Prayer meetings have for some time been held among the Mission Churches, which have been largely attended. Night after night the different meeting houses were full to overflowing. It has been remarked that no such meetings could have been held there formerly. No doubt the meetings will be fruitful of much good.

The M. E. Church has prosecuted its mission in India with much vigour. There is a Theological Seminary in which thirty-five natives have had the advantage of a three years' course of study, and the success which has attended this department is encouraging. Several friends in America have contributed liberally towards the expenses of the institution, and others have made grants of books. An orphanage for boys has been established. Several schools have been formed, and the press is used as much as the means of the Missionaries will allow. Great hopes are entertained from the educational forces that are at work, that a glorious harvest will be reaped by and by. A noble band of medical women are employed in the Mission whose services are highly appreciated; while a corps of colporteurs and Bible women are carrying the Gospel to the very outcasts of the community.

CONVERSION OF A LEARNED BRAHMIN.—His name is Narasina Ras, of the London Missionary Society station at Tripatoor. The young man lost faith in Hindooism through his studies in Madras University, and had come to a general knowledge of God. Some few years later, when in great sorrow, he chanced to meet a New Testament, and found in it the passage, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me," which proved to be the beginning of his religious experience.

THE WOMEN.—Two native Christian women recently passed examination creditably at the Medical College in Calcutta.

A dispensary for women has been established at Benares, the holy city of the Hindoos, by one of the Princes of India.

MADAGASCAR.

Six years ago the news was spread among the churches that the people of Madagascar had renounced idolatry. As the agents of

the London Missionary Society had been the first to convey the Gospel to the island, it was meet that they should still occupy the position. A reinforcement of missionaries was sent out, and recently Dr. Mullens, who visited Canada a few years ago, and is now the Secretary for that noble Society, visited Madagascar for the purpose of examining more thoroughly the state of things. He is more than satisfied. Five hundred thousand people have cast away their idols, and though great care is observed in admitting the people to church membership, there are not less than 60,000 on the Church rolls. Dr. Mullens recommends the establishment of a college for the training of native ministers and the formation of Normal schools. The Society of Friends have established some schools in Madagascar which are doing a good work. Sir Bartle Frere, who is not connected with any Missionary Society, recently visited the island and remained over a Sabbath, when he attended Church, and though there had been no European missionary in that part for many years, yet such was the Christian demeanour of the people, and the propriety of the mode of worship, that he was overwhelmed with delight. He saw the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to about 600 native Christians, and though he could not understand a word of what was said, yet he felt sure by the tokens of joy which he saw that the people were true disciples of Jesus.

Recently a letter was sent by the Prime Minister to Dr. Mullens in which he conveys the pleasing intelligence that Her Majesty Queen Ranavalomanjaka has fully embraced the religion of Christ, and will do her best to persuade all her subjects to do the same. Under her reign the Gospel has made great progress, but still she prays that God's kingdom may advance until all shall know the Lord.

The Queen has made a proclamation forbidding any further importation of slaves, and also declaring that all who have been imported are henceforth free.

A college has been established for the training of young men for the ministry, and giving a higher education to such as may desire it. Schools of various grades have also been formed. But such is the demand for pastors, that each European missionary is necessitated to do all he can to train up a "Native Pastorate." The Missionaries' wives render great service in instructing the female portion of the community. The harvest is so plenteous that there will be great danger of the Missionaries being burdened.

The accounts that have come to hand respecting the Sunday-schools are of the most cheering kind. As far as possible, lessons relating to Christ have been studied, and great attention has been paid to singing. Several well-known Sabbath-school hymns are being sung Sabbath after Sabbath by the young people of Madagascar, such as "Beautiful Stream," "Joyfully," "Better Land," "Angels of Jesus," &c.

A MEDICAL MISSION has been established in Madagascar. The Directors of the London Missionary Society have long been accustomed to avail themselves of the valuable agency of Medical Schools. In China, the South Seas, and India, for years past, gentlemen of the healing art have been regarded as an important auxiliary of the Missions, and now, in Madagascar, a Medical Mission has been established under the care of two able physicians, who are mainly supported by a large circle of friends in Edinburgh and in Scotland generally. The Mission will be of great benefit to the natives, and will prevent much suffering which must have existed but for its establishment.

We think that it is a matter to be regretted, that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, has pursued such a sectarian policy, as to send a Bishop and Priests to Madagascar, the capital, which is the headquarters of the London Missionary Society, with a determination to establish a Cathedral, and the Episcopalian form of government among those poor Christians who will thus be taught the unhappy divisions which obtain in Christendom.

We are pleased to record the fact, that the Church Missionary Society, at the request of the London Society, has established a Mission at Andvooranto, on the east side of the island, south of Tamative, and at Vohimar, in the extreme north. Between the two Societies, the whole Island, it is hoped will be evangelized.

ITALY.

There are seven distinct missions at work in Italy, viz., 1. The Wesleyan Methodists, divided into two districts, North and South, having as Presidents the Rev. Messrs. Piggott and Jones. 2. The Methodist Episcopal, under the supervision of Dr. Leroy M. Vernon, with twelve Italian preachers and a membership of six

hundred. 3. The American Baptists, superintended by the Rev. Mr. Taylor. 4. The English Baptists, by the Rev. Mr. Wall. 5. A portion of the Free Churches united in an organization called "Chiesa Libera," presided over by a committee, whose foremen are Messrs. M'Dougall and Gavazzi. 6. The Free Churches which would not unite with Gavazzi and his friends, and which form a kind of confederation, chiefly, if not wholly, supported through the instrumentality of Count Guicciardini, of Florence. 7. The ancient Italian Church, known by the name of "Chiesa Valdese," or Waldensian Church, in English. The total membership of all the Mission Churches is 4,882, of which number 2,175 belong to the Waldensians. The Waldensians employ one hundred missionary agents as pastors, evangelists, schoolmasters, etc. All their Mission Churches pay their own current expenses, and a number contribute to the General Mission Fund of the Church.

The number of Protestant places of worship within the walls of Rome is constantly increasing. Trinity Church, which was recently dedicated, was built by the Evangelical party in the Church of England, at a cost of \$40,000. An American Episcopal Church, capable of holding 1,000 persons, is being built near the railway station. Both these are designed for the use of English speaking visitors and residents.

The Waldensians have bought a place at \$60,000, in which to hold services.

Mr. M'Dougall has purchased a block of buildings near the Vatican and put them in repair, which he intends for the various agencies of the Free Church. He has already spent more than \$60,000, the whole of which he collected. It is pleasing to record these evidences of progress. The various churches have already spent not less than \$500,000. The gospel is spreading, an excellent spirit reigns among the different denominations. The residence of Garibaldi in Rome has been very beneficial. No doubt the good was begun by means of the extensive circulation of the Holy Bible,—often in the most singular manner—for years before Victor Emanuel entered the "seven hilled city."

MISSIONARY MARTYRS.

Six Missionaries of the American Board have suffered as martyrs during the sixty-four years of its history, the last of which was Rev. J. Stephens, in Mexico, where the Papists are fomenting troubles with a view of exciting a revolution, based on the suppression of the Sisters of Charity. Great excitement prevails in Acapulco, the scene of the recent assassination. Romanists in the streets shout, "Death to the Protestants."

A "STARTLING TRUTH."

Dr. Livingstone having spoken to an African chief on the final judgment, the white throne, &c., before which the heaven and earth should flee away, Sechule, the chief, replied in these remarkable words: "You startle me! These words make all my bones shake! I have no more strength in me! But my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it they did not send word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away in darkness without knowing whither they were going." What an appeal have we here from heathen lands! Shall the complaint ring in our ears in the great day, "No man cared for our souls! Why did you not send us word about Jesus and the way of salvation? Why did you allow us to perish in the darkness of idolatry?"

PRAYER.

Fill up the void of spaces of your time with meditation and prayer.

They are the safest who are most in their closets, who pray, not to be seen of men, but to be heard of God.

Prayer doth not consist in gifted expressions and in volubility of speech, but in brokenness of heart. Imperfect, broken groans, from a broken heart, God will accept. A hard heart cannot pray; a broken heart is made up of prayer.

It is a comfort to Christians apart to think their prayers meet before a throne of glory.

Editor's Portfolio.

REV. JOHN S. INSKIP,*

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION
OF HOLINESS.

MR. INSKIP is a native of England, born in Huntingdon, whence he came at the age of five years, with his father and the rest of the family, to the United States, and settled in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1821. After a residence of twelve years in Wilmington the family removed to Chester County, Pennsylvania. It was here, April 2nd, 1832, at the age of sixteen, under the soul-saving ministry of Rev. Levi Scott, now Bishop, that he was awakened and converted to God. He had not enjoyed the advantages of a Christian training. His father was not a religious man; indeed he was a sceptic, and most violently opposed the religious choice made by the son. So bitter was the opposition, that the lad was ejected from his home for Christ's sake; but such unflinching courage and exemplary character did the young hero display, that the infidel father was compelled to acknowledge that John was right and he was wrong, and, after wrestling under deep conviction, himself found peace through believing in Jesus, and became also a Christian. At the age of twenty, Mr. Inskip was thrust into the field of the itinerancy, and spent the first nine years of his ministry in the Philadelphia Conference. Then he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference, in which he labored for seven years. He has since been connected with the New York, New York East, and Baltimore Conferences.

His ministerial labours have been from the first characterized by singular fidelity and efficiency. He was always practical, always thoroughly evangelical, his constant aim being the salvation of souls; but since 1866 his ministry has been one of commanding

* This sketch came to hand too late for insertion in April number.

influence and power. It was then that he received the baptism of power. Two years before this his devoted wife had found the blessing of a clean heart. She at once acknowledged the blessing to her husband, gave her testimony in the Church, and wherever she went told the wondrous story of the power of Jesus to save from all sin. Her full consecration to God and His work had greatly quickened the spirit of her husband, and for some time he had been seeking a closer walk with God. The crisis came one Sabbath morning, while preaching from Heb. xii. 1. He was in his usually vivid, bold, and faithful style of appeal, urging it upon his people as their privilege and duty to "lay aside every weight and besetting sin," when a voice within said, "Do it yourself." He paused a moment, and the inward monitor said, "Do it yourself, and do it now." Instantly he obeyed the call, and continued, "Come, brethren, follow your pastor. I am determined to lay aside *my* weight. I call heaven and earth to witness that I will henceforth be wholly and forever the Lord's!" His faith gathering strength with the avowal, he cried out, "I am, O Lord, wholly and forever Thine!" Instantly the peace unutterable filled his heart, and he was fully saved. That very day a revival broke out in his Church, which went on in deepening power until three hundred were converted, and a large number were entirely sanctified. Shortly after this it was suggested that a camp-meeting be held, for the promotion of holiness. Large numbers responded to the call, and Vineland, N. J., was the spot selected. At this meeting a number of Ministers joined together in earnest prayer, among them the now sainted Cookman, and upon their knees the National Camp-Meeting Association was formed, upon their knees the business was transacted, and Mr. Inskip was chosen President. Since then his time and energies have been given entirely to the work of spreading scriptural holiness over the land. His presentation of the doctrine of entire sanctification is eminently scriptural and Wesleyan, and his life beautifully illustrates it. May he long be spared to lift up the standard, and lead forward the sacramental hosts of God's elect.

THE view of the Church at Marysville, N. B., did not come from the engraver in time for this number. It will appear next month.

A S T R A Y .

Words by MARY B. DODGE.

With tenderness,

Dr. BESSEY.

Be - wildered, Fa - ther, at thy feet I fall to - day,

See - ing two paths, of thorns and sweet. In part-ed way, And

weary, blinded, sore distress, I hum-bly pray For thy be - hest.

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| <p>2. Adown this vista clusters fruit,
Tempting and bright;
Can it be true, from branch and root
Spreads poisonous blight?
Father, the precious boon bestow
To heal my sight,
That I may know!</p> <p>3. And there, a black road stretches far
In cold gray air,
Wherein I see no single star
To make it fair:
O, tell me, is the narrow way
Always so bare
Of golden ray?</p> <p>4. I scarcely dare to look upon
The ambered path,
So soft it smiles within the sun,
So much it hath
Of joy, to make the other seem
Fulfilment rath
Of some fell dream.</p> | <p>5. Surely my feet were never fixed
In truest way,
To hold me thus two roads betwixt,
In sore dismay!
In fear of wrong, yet doubt of right,
Mistrusting day.
And dreading night.</p> <p>6. Yet, Father, if thou wilt but guide
We need not mourn.
Whatever bitterness betide!
The sharpest thorn
Is not all painful if, the while
The flesh is torn,
We see thy smile.</p> <p>7. The sun-warmed vines must all decay,
Unblest or blest;
Lead, Father, lead which ever way
Thou seest best;
The longest way is short that yields
Eternal rest
In heavenly fields.</p> |
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