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THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

WHENEVER the subject of testimony is involved, two important questions will arise: 1. Is the subject in hand one which may be settled by testimony? 2. Have we a competent witness?

In some departments of inquiry, conclusions may only be reached by demonstration. This is true in mathematics. In others practical experiments must be depended upon for results, as in natural science. No teacher worthy the name would ask a student to believe a fact in either of these departments, upon the mere assertion of another, when he could independently assure his mind, in the one case by a clear demonstration, and in the other by a simple experiment.

But when we come to examine historic facts as events, circumstances, places, times, there can be no demonstration, and usually no experiment. Here we must rely upon the testimony of properly qualified witnesses.

Now does the matter involved in what theology describes as the Witness of the Spirit, belong to this class of subjects? One of the passages which most clearly present this subject is Rom. 8 and 16: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Now this relates simply to a matter of fact. It is asserted, "that we are the Children of God." Concerning this fact the witness testifies. It is not claimed that he bears testimony

to a notion, a feeling, a desire, but to a *fact*. Not to what it is hoped or expected will sometime exist as a fact, but to what does now exist, what *must* exist as a fact before testimony can be given to it. Now if a man adopted a child into his family, with the purpose of making him an heir, giving certain promises as to education and succession to property, the testimony of a properly qualified witness would be competent in any court of law to establish the relation between this man and child, as a matter of fact. If then a man may become a child of God, a suitable witness may establish the fact by testimony.

But here will arise the other question,—Have we such a witness in this case? Certainly every competent witness must have direct knowledge, from personal contact or observation. No living man can testify as a witness to such an event as the battle of Hastings, for he would require to be something upwards of 820 years old. The world believes such facts of history on the testimony of those who saw them, correctly transmitted, as is supposed, by credible persons. But such testimony, received as it is through many hands, would not establish a fact in any court of law.

Now, it is plain no human witness can be qualified to testify as to the truth of statement "that we are the children of God," for whom God hath made his children by adoption, is not given directly to the knowledge of any man, be he Priest or Pope. An angel's audible voice cannot relieve all doubt on the subject, for I may question his character, or fear that I have misunderstood him, that my senses have been deceived, or that he has misunderstood the message given him to deliver. And as to impressions made by dreams and visions, nothing can be more delusive. But if God, by His spirit, will make a communication to my inward consciousness, that must be the end of all uncertainty. He only can establish the relation of parent and child between Himself and any creature. No man can adopt another into the family of God. As sin has been committed against Him, He only can pardon it, and crown the act by extending to the penitent the grace of adoption into His family. But when this is done none can know the fact until He reveals it. And what could be more suitable than that He should first reveal the fact to the person whom it most intimately concerns? Here, then, is a witness in this matter, every way competent. The only possible doubt that could arise would be on the point, whether

this witness will testify or not. For though none other can give the information in His power, yet it may be doubted if a King will enter a common court as a witness. But though this could not be expected, or asked, yet in view of the momentous importance of the case, He, unasked, consents to be a witness, for the Bible declares that He does "bear witness with our spirits."

Now a point of great practical interest is, How is this testimony borne? What is it? How are we to know if we have it? But nothing can be said in answer to these questions which will be intelligible to any one who has not had them answered in his own experience. This witness is a communication made by one *Spirit* to another. How can the gross hand write of so refined a process? How little can our senses understand of a finely spiritual operation! We cannot make mysteries which are inferior to this intelligible to the senses. We would know the mystery of photography. We see the operator prepare and place his plate in the camera. Then he puts it through his bath, and we see the negative. We ask, "How was it done?" He explains the way the glass is prepared, and the nature of the bath, by which the picture is developed. "Yes," we say, "but how was it done?" "Why, the light, this dark chamber, these chemicals, all unite to produce the effect." But feeling that we know no more than before, we ask, again, "How is it done? How does the light, pouring into that chamber, produce the effect? What secret does it whisper to the glass in the darkness?" But of this the operator can know little more than ourselves. He can tell us that under certain conditions a certain result is realized. He knows that without pencil or brush—the instruments usually employed in leaving figures or impressions on canvas, or paper, or glass—an impression is left upon his glass, and that the action of light, under certain circumstances, will communicate the counterpart of that impression to paper. He knows the fact, but as to the actual accomplishment of it, our gross senses can understand very little. And this pretty correctly illustrates the truth of the witness of the Spirit. Ordinarily the knowledge of a fact is conveyed by words. But in this witness, without words, without using any of the senses, or the organs of the body, without any internal appearance, or any outward sound, one spirit leaves an impression upon another spirit, and from that moment the person is confident of a great fact—that he is a child of God. He is as sure of it as of any other

fact. He cannot describe it, but he "just knows" that he is a child of God.

More cannot, perhaps, be said of the actual process by which the Spirit bears witness with our spirits; but nothing less than such an assurance would justify the terms of strong confidence in which the characters, with whom we are made familiar by the New Testament, speak of their relation to God. In illustration of this compare Rom. 8 chap.; Gal. 4 chap., and 6-7 v.; Eph. 1 chap., and 13-14; also 4 and 30; II Cor. 1 chap. 21-22; I. John 2 chap. and 27, also 3 and 14; also, 4 and 13; and 5 and 19.

But in speaking of the strong confidence given by the witness of the Spirit, we must not confound that with the faith which precedes it. We have before stated that this witness is borne to a fact already existing. A person must be a child of God before he can have the Spirit's witness to the fact. But Paul says, Gal. 3 and 26: "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." The process is not—as a penitent is very likely to suppose—to believe in Christ because he is assured he is a child of God; but by faith in Jesus to become a child, and then he is assured of his adoption by the Spirit. To this a captious person may urge that it is knowing oneself to be a child, just because he believes it. But there are two convincing objections to this statement. First: It is not usual that we can know anything to be just as we have determined to believe it. For instance, we could not know some of the severe days of the past winter to be warm, by simply determining to believe them so. Believe as we choose,—stinging cheek and aching fingers made us know the days were cold. A strong assurance that anything is, is something more than simply believing that it is. And farther, the Bible says the person's assurance that he is a child comes from the Spirit's bearing testimony to that fact, not from the simple circumstance of his believing it. There is, first, faith in Jesus, then adoption, then the witness of the Spirit given to the newly adopted child. Probably no person in reviewing his experience can discriminate in point of time between the exercise of faith and receiving the witness. A train comes into the station. As a matter of fact, the first car reaches the station before the last, yet in speaking of the arrival we would, correctly enough, say the passengers in the first car and the last came along together. So the Scriptures assure us that we become children of God by faith,

and then receive the witness of the fact; but to our apprehension, like the train, all seems to come along together.

E. A. STAFFORD.

THE CRUELTIES OF WARFARE.

WHAT painter's pencil can portray, or what tongue can describe the horrors of war. Is there a hell more dreadful than a battle field, or a country where war is raging. "What sport for demons, where devils hold high carnival. Thousands weltering in blood, dying groans, limbs flying in the air; human beings torn into shreds by shells exploding; smoke; noise as of a thousand thunders, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory, fields strewed with carcasses left for dogs and beasts of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, destroying." Such is the description given by one whose opinion is held in high estimation among us. There is no necessity that we should go back to barbarous ages, or to heathen lands for examples to prove that war is cruel. We shall find enough within the past 25 years to answer our purpose in this respect.

During the late Franco-Prussian War, at the bombardment of Strasburg, the besiegers had 400 heavy guns and mortars with which they threw an incessant storm of shot and shell into the city, night and day. It was the object of the bombardment to inflict such misery upon the inhabitants that the soldiers of the citadel would be compelled from humane considerations to surrender. The sufferings in the city were awful, beyond all description.

The bursting forth of conflagrations; the explosion of shells; the crash of falling walls; the shrieks of the wounded, famine, sickness, misery; children were torn to pieces in the streets and their gory limbs were scattered far and wide upon the pavement. Shells crushed through the roofs and exploded in the cellars, where mothers and maidens were huddled together in terror. One shell fell in the third story of a house and killed 12 persons and wounded as many more. Four hundred citizens were killed, 1,700 more wounded, 400 houses were burned, leaving 8,000 people homeless,

300 children died of starvation. Damage was inflicted on the city to the estimated value of fifty millions of dollars.

One small town of 3,000 inhabitants was completely destroyed. The Prussian troops said they were fired upon from the windows, and in their rage, they fastened up the windows and doors and set fire to each house, burning up a large number of women and children. The smell of charred human flesh for several days after, was sickening.

A correspondent of one of the American papers was, during one part of an action, standing near a company of hussars who were held in reserve. The sun, he says, was pouring his rays upon us and around us; on every side were the dead and wounded. One poor fellow cried to them for water: "Comrade, for God's sake, give me water! one little drop! I am on fire! I am on fire! O give me one drop,—only wet my lips!" Another near by could only lift up his hand and point to his lips. A good natured hussar, touched by their appeals, got off his horse and ran to them with his water bottle. He was in the act of raising the head of one of them when a shell fell near by and bursting, *blew the whole three to atoms.*

In a house near Metz, lay a wounded officer of dragoons. During the night, the woman to whom the house belonged and her son-in-law, fell upon the wounded man and dug out his eyes. His cries for help brought to his relief three hussars who happened to be passing at the time, and there upon the spot, they, as they said, rode the two beasts to death, *i. e.*, they struck their spurs into the heads and chests of the two peasants until they expired.

A French captain supposed to belong to a kind of guerrilla band, was wounded and taken prisoner. His hands were tied together and he was suspended from a beam. Straw and other combustibles were collected and placed around him and set on fire, and there the poor fellow was left to suffer the agonies of one of the most awful deaths.

It has been well said, that war has scarcely lost a feature of its horrid inhumanity. It is to-day the same tempest of fury and revenge that it was centuries ago. When Sir Harry Smith, who is called, "The Hero of the Sikh War in India," returned to England, he said, in response to a toast given in honour of his exploits, "Gentlemen, ours is a damnable profession." The truth of this

statement may be clearly established by the evidence of every battle field.

Who can read without a shudder, of that horrid transaction in Africa, when the French roasted alive in the Cave of Dahra, the Arab families, 700 persons in all, who had fled down into its sides to escape the exterminating sword. The account is thus given by a writer in *Chambers' Repository* :

"A few hours of patient waiting at the mouth of the cave must have compelled the fugitives to surrender for want of food, but the officers were desirous of a speedier result. By their order an immense fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave and fed sedulously during the night, with wood, grass, reeds and anything that would help to keep up the volume of smoke and flame which the wind drove in roaring, whirling eddies into the mouth of the cavern. It was too late now for the Arabs to surrender. The discharge of a cannon could not have been heard, in the roar of that large, blast furnace, much less the smoke strangled cry of agony.

"As soon as it was day, the embers were kicked aside and some soldiers were ordered in to see how matters were within. They were gone but a few minutes, when they came back, pale and trembling. They had found the Arabs dead—all dead.

"They had found them lying just as death had left them, the old man grasping his gray beard, the younger one grim and rigid, stern as iron with fanatic hatred and despair. The dead mother clasping her dead child with the grasp of death when all gave way but her strong love."

The last that I shall give of these horrible instances comes from Mexico. An American soldier says: "While I was standing with our left wing in one of the forts, I saw a Mexican woman carrying bread and water to the wounded of both armies, I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food and then carefully bind up his ghastly wounds with a handkerchief she took from her own head. Having exhausted her supplies she went back to her house for more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, I heard the report of a rifle and I saw the poor innocent creature fall dead. It made me sick at heart and turning from the scene, I raised my eyes toward heaven, and thought, 'Great God, and is this war?' Passing the spot next day, I saw her body lying there with the bread by her side and a broken gourd with a few drops of water in it. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, balls flew around us like hail."

To form some idea of war, we must multiply such instances by thousands and tens of thousands. And this is war with its malignant attributes all unchanged! This is war with its inherent and inseparable barbarities under the noon tide light of civilization.

I do not wonder at the Quaker saying of the recruiting sergeant's drum :

" I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round ;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs and dying groans,
And widows' tears and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hands bestows
To fill the catalogue of woes."

The cruelties of war may be regarded as a cause intended to produce a certain effect, or means to secure a desired end. There stand 100,000 men all armed. These, wholly or in part, represent the strength of their nation. These by fair means or by foul, must be got rid of. No matter how, they must be made unable to resist. The ingenuity of men and demons is taxed to find means to send 50,000 of their souls into eternity as quickly as possible; 25,000 more are writhing in terrible agony upon the field, while the remainder, seeing their cause is hopeless, surrender.

Behind the non-vanquished army, lies the town of 50,000 inhabitants. Behind strong fortifications is a strong garrison, upon which the guns and mortars play for a few days without effect. What is to be done? That town must be taken at all hazards. By fair means or by foul, that town must be taken. Mercy is only allowed in warfare when mercy does not interfere with the conquerors' designs. Here is a new order from the commander. "Cease firing upon the fortifications and turn your guns upon the defenceless parts of the city, upon the habitations of the women and children, that their shrieks of agony and the sight of wives, mothers, and innocent babes blown to atoms, may compel the armed men of the garrison to surrender their strong hold. This was actually done as we have already seen at Strasburg, in France, and it was also done by the American commander at Vera Cruz, in Mexico, and there is not one commander in twenty, perhaps not one in the world, who would not resort to it sooner than fail.

"I conversed," says the Rev. John Wesley, "with an officer who was naturally of a mild disposition. He was three years in Germany

during a war just then ended. He was sent with a party of soldiers to get provisions wherever they could find any. They first arrived at a farm house. The man having been frequently plundered, had fled, leaving his wife with several small children and only one cow for their subsistence.

"The woman fell at the feet of the soldiers and implored them to spare the cow for the nourishment of her helpless offspring. The officer had to force himself away from the woman as she clasped his knees in frantic grief. Yet the soldiers drove away the cow.

"This officer afterward told me," continued Wesley, "that war had rendered his heart so hard and his mind so ferocious, that he could even have broiled the woman and her children."

To give up the cruelty of war, you must give up war itself, for it is only by cruelty it prevails.

But the *cruelty* of warfare is the result secured by wicked means, His training transformed the soldier into a machine for murder.

God has said, "Thou shalt not kill," but he is taught to kill. He has said, "Thou shalt love thine enemy," but he is taught to hate his enemy and do him all the harm he can.

The father of Hannibal took him to the altar, and there made him swear eternal *hatred* to the Romans. Admiral Nelson was accustomed thus to counsel midshipmen: "Young gentlemen, you must first, implicitly obey all orders without any attempt to form any opinion of your own respecting them. Second, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks evil of your king; and third, you must hate a Frenchman as you hate the devil."

Sir Charles Napier has said, "To overcome all feeling of religion, is generally the means of making a warrior."

Burke says, "that war suspends all rules of moral obligations."

Robert Hall says, "war is nothing less than the temporary repeal of virtue."

It is by teaching what is directly opposed to the nature and spirit of Christianity that men are prepared to butcher each other. It is therefore, not strange that war should be cruel.

It has been said, that "War's least horror is the ensanguined field."

It is possible there may be *less* truth than poetry in the above. The place of combat may present the worst part of the picture, yet

who is able to measure the woe entailed upon a country, aside from the field of blood?

It is difficult to estimate the effect upon the morals of the people. Agitation and suspense, render it almost impossible to exercise calm thought or serious reflection. The duties of religion are neglected. The sanctuary of the Lord is forsaken and the gates of Zion mourn and are desolate. Accustomed in time to slaughter and death, the people acquire a hard and unfeeling character. Avaricious and covetous men are not slow to cheat the government and rob the people. Confidence is impaired, hatred is engendered and the seeds of disorder and internal strife are sown broadcast. Besides all this, once happy homes are reduced to ashes. Once flourishing villages and towns are now desolate and in ruins, orchards and vineyards destroyed, fields laid waste; bridges, canals, railroads, factories, telegraphs, colleges, churches damaged or entirely annihilated, requiring many years of toil and millions of money to replace; thus for many long years burdening the people with ruinous taxes.

Added to this, thousands of cripples are thrown upon the State, or upon the cold charities of the world for support, ruined in character, as a general rule, as well as disabled in body.

Six years after the close of the American war, the number of pensioners upon the rolls was 187,672, of whom 87,000 were invalided army and navy pensioners, and the rest were widows and other dependent relatives. The annual amount paid to all these as pensioners was over 27 million dollars.

War, is indeed, a "pestilence that walketh in darkness and a destruction that wasteth at noonday."

D. V. LUCAS.

CHRISTIANITY aims at a nobler style of manhood, and at a better and happier style of living. Christianity means friendship carried up into a sphere, whereby the natural man could never elevate it. It means the purest enjoyments of earth as well as heaven. It means that life shall blossom like Aaron's rod. And every man who is a true Christian is one who has lived up to the measure of his competency, in a bright and joyful life, compared with which all other lives are low and ignoble.

“THE SIMPLICITY THAT IS IN CHRIST.”

THE verse from which the heading of this article is selected indicates that St. Paul feared lest the church at Corinth and the saints of Achaia might be corrupted, by some means, from “the simplicity that is in Christ.” There is no parallelism between the simplicity here mentioned, and that of the two hundred who followed Absalom out of Jerusalem, or of those to whom *wisdom* crieth, “How long will ye love simplicity.” We are rather reminded of, “Let no man deceive himself. If any among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise,”—or more directly of, “Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

It appears rather strange that spiritual life can thus be appropriately expressed. Piety is often set forth as the highest possible glory for man. In comparison with it, how insignificant is the excellence of a herculean body, how the fine gold and the Topaz decrease in value, and how vain are wealth of honour and varied culture. And yet, notwithstanding the acknowledged intrinsic value of religious life, the inspired Apostle terms it, “The simplicity that is in Christ.”

Wherein is this inspired phrase appropriate? The fitness of the expression can be easily seen by those who have received “not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God,” and thereby know the free gift of God. In spiritual life there is a consciousness that the love, comfort and spirit of obedience are of God. How incapable the Christian feels of saving himself. How clearly, in spirit, he casts himself upon Jesus as his only Saviour. And how often he feels that he is upheld by the everlasting arms. In these perceptions and feelings so common among the children of God there is a simplicity. But the words of inspiration have a deeper meaning. The original of which “simplicity,” in the translation is from words signifying, “not many” or “to be one”—simplicity, singleness, artlessness, purity. Thus the Word itself in its connection here opens to view the spiritual life so frequently and so strongly spoken of in other parts of the sacred Word. For example, “Blessed are the pure in

heart, for they shall see God."—"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works."

"*The simplicity that is in Christ, is the same everywhere.* The Word of God is in every age and place the same; and the spiritual life it urges upon us is to-day the same as it was in the days of St. Paul. And it is a fact not unworthy of notice, that this inspired utterance not only indicates real spiritual life, but, in a sense, *a condition of that life.* If a poor sinner would be saved, must he not have singleness of purpose, and apparently laying aside reason, in childlike confidence, trust all in Christ? With propriety, he may sing:

" Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man but God submit,
Lay my reasoning at thy feet."

To the eye of the natural man, this simplicity may appear to be akin to folly. But when the work to be wrought is so great and desirable and the worker so high and good, it is not unreasonable to fall thus into His hands, although the manner of His working is a deep mystery. It is a well attested fact, that self-humiliation and trust carry us where almsgiving, fastings and good works cannot. Look, *e.g.*, at the Pharisee and the Publican. And if a more modern example is wanted, it is at hand in the experience of Bishop Butler, of England. He "Lived unmarried, and spent his immense revenues in charity and alms. He wrote a great work, "The Analogy," which has perhaps converted many an infidel. Yet in his latter days, awful thoughts of his sinfulness overwhelmed his soul. He felt how little his charities weighed against the impurities of his heart. And though the glory of God had prompted his book, visions of his own fame therefrom had also entered his mind. He trembled before God. But that text, "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," which many would suppose calculated only for vile sinners, was brought to his relief. He flung himself by faith upon it, and was richly consoled with the hope not of being saved by works of righteousness, but by grace alone." Thus it always has been. The poor heathen turning from idols to Jesus, also the profound scholar and philosopher both alike, begin to live by repenting and trusting as Christ has appointed. God requires all to come in this humble

artless manner ; and to the obedient He reveals the riches of His grace.

There is no antagonism between the "Simplicity that is in Christ" and mental culture. We instinctively admire strength of mind. We also are inclined to walk by sight ; and hesitate to place ourselves in the hands of the Father of Spirits that we may live. But let it be remembered that the committing of ourselves to God is a *spiritual* act, and quite different from that which is purely intellectual. This spiritual act is well pleasing to God, and results in "Eternal Life." And as God has not designed the mind to remain in the weakness of infancy, how unreasonable it would be to suppose that its growth is opposed to the love of God in the heart.

It is true that intense devotion to study may lead a man to live in an ideal world of his own. And although he may be intellectually great, he may live and die cut off from that which is spiritual. In this he reminds us of the pugilist who attends to his body, while the rest of his being is left to wrack and ruin. Tholuck is credited with cautioning his students against over application to study, as rather unfavourable to a religious spirit. He observes ; "There is in theology a twofold element, the one human, the other supernatural ; by the one it is connected with the department of human knowledge, and hence an accurate acquaintance with human science must have a salutary influence upon the study of theology. On the other hand, there is something supernatural which is to be found in no science, and which no human science can either explain or illustrate. If, therefore, the theologian does not know this by his own living experience ; if he be not connected by faith with the invisible world, with him the study of profane literature and its connections with theology must prove injurious."

Observation reveals that along with the highest mental culture, where the range of thought is broad and high and deep, there may be the, "Simplicity that is in Christ." And if in the history of the church, she has met with opposition of no mean mental status, it can be said, many of her sons have gone to the outskirts of human knowledge, and *there* have witnessed a good confession. Thank God, for Christians of strong and highly cultivated intellects ! And let Him be praised also, that the feebler of our race may be among His precious jewels !

The simplicity that is in Christ may be associated with great strength of character. Some said of St. Paul, "His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible;" but his letters—I may say, the man—were "weighty and powerful." Martin Luther, with a face of flint, and a will of steel and soul of fire, had the heart of flesh. Against Popery, he stood like the rock which breaks into spray the dashing wave; and all the while the sea is very tempestuous, in calmness of soul yet with an increasing power he proclaims, "The just shall live by faith." In John Wesley, we have another example of piety and strength of character. What a kingly child of God he was! The care of churches, and other interests for many years are upon his shoulders; and amid the activities of his life, often, "pelted, pushed, dragged by clamorous thousands from village to village, in the night, while the rain descends in a storm, and yet as self-possessed, 'as if he were in his study;' and his calm voice ringing in prayer above the noise, silenced with awe the excited multitude, and converted their leaders into defenders who safely delivered him." His light never grew dim, and his hope was full until his last word, "Farewell," passed his lips and his spirit entered the building of God.

Dear reader, be not ashamed of "the simplicity that is in Christ," whether it be taken to mean purity of heart, or a childlike trust whereby we are borne on until we find the secret of the Lord. Thoughtfully and in harmony with reason we look to Jesus, to be saved, and find that God takes us, pardoned and born again, into His pavilion. And what need we care though we may be as ignorant of the *how*, as we are of the whence and whither of the wind. Let your course appear as it may to the worldlywise, this resting all on Christ and consecrating all to God, is our reasonable service. This simplicity will in nowise injure body or mind. It is rather a necessary qualification for life. It is the only way to be saved *from* the ruin of sin, and *to* the life that is eternal.

St. Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong;" and we will find that along with self-weakness there is the fuller divine life.—God's plan is to exalt the humble. May our simplicity in Christ more and more increase, even till we sweetly prove "all the depths of humble love!"

E. S. RUPERT.

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

A MEMOIR OF BYGONE DAYS.

(Continued from page 139.)

ON Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1783, Thomas Brocas writes in his diary: "I have been employed most of the day planting forest trees. Who will live to see them in a state of perfect growth, is only known to Him who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters and who walketh upon the wings of the wind. He seeth who shall cut them down, and it may be that I shall then be plucking fruit from the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and whose loaded branches even now bend so low that he who lies prostrate on the earth bleeding with wounds inflicted by Satan and sin, may stretch forth his hand and eat and live for ever."

While the humble Shropshire gardener is planting forest trees on the rich deep soil of Salop, and wondering who shall cut them down, other hands were busy planting on Britain's fertile soil, trees of righteousness—forest and groves and plantations of earnest Christian churches. Methodism was being planted by the Wesleys and their *coadjutors*. Foremost among these was the immortal Fletcher. Madeley has never taken a first rank among England's manufacturing towns. Like Epworth, it would hardly have been known beyond the boundaries of its own county, were it not that the celebrity of its devoted pastor has given it a world wide interest. Fletcher and Madeley are indissolubly united as Wesley and Epworth are. A two hours smart ride from Shrewsbury would bring the horseback traveller to Madeley. A somewhat smoky straggling town—or series of villages—reposing on the Severn, and once greatly celebrated for its iron bridge, the first of these remarkable structures which in our day have had so many successors and which have enabled engineers to throw the highway across chasms of nearly a mile in width without arch or central buttments. The first model for the Suspension bridges which now span the Niagara river below the falls.

In Wesley's time it was an exceeding pleasant village. Encompassed with trees and hills. Its vicarage was a favourite resort.

where he found "great comfort in conversing with the Methodist of the right stamp." Its church welcomed him to its pulpit, while its vicar, the saintly Fletcher, occupied the lower desk, reading the prayers and repeating the responses. An immense congregation drawn by the fame of the two most noted Evangelists, from all the parishes around, packed the church and gathered outside about the open windows, eager both to join in the prayers and to listen to the discourses. Nor do we wonder; for who to-day among the ten millions of followers of John Wesley to be found in every part of the world, would not have been a zealous member of the same mother church which our founder loved so well—had her prayers and responses been committed to such holy men as Fletcher, and how churches welcomed to her pulpits, such divines as Wesley and his band of God-ordained preachers.

An unsympathising hierarchy and an ungodly ministry drove the Reformer of the eighteenth century into the street, and expelled the members of his society from their communion, and henceforth the chapel rose up alongside the church, and the Methodist became the rival instead of the support of the Church of England in every part of the world.

Family tradition records, that the desire to sit under the ministry of Fletcher drew the Shrewsbury gardener more than once to Madeley. Not far out of his direct way lay the small village of Moreton Corbett, and in it was the home of one who always gladly welcomed him for the night, and who would willingly accompany him on the morrow to the church of Fletcher. How I would like to give your readers a true pen and ink sketch of that old fashioned farm homestead. Its low brick walls, its straw thatched roof, two or three feet in thickness, through which peered its three attic windows, one of which lighted its guest's chamber, where the many Methodist preachers of the past century often found a place for rest and prayer. And in the morning, drawing aside its curtain, had beguiled many a minute in looking with admiration upon one of those unrivalled views of rustic scenery for which England is justly famous. Below it was the small, snug parlor, with its corner fireplace—then the common sitting-room—off which projected the farm kitchen, noted in former times not only for its good cheer but as the village chapel. Jno. Harris, the tenant farmer, whose home we have been describing, was a man of more than ordinary mould

of character. Living yet with his parents he has just brought to this ancestral home, the wife of his youth. The matronly mother is related to the Adeneys, of Rowton, to which, in a former generation the mother of the celebrated Richard Baxter belonged. The chosen companion of his life is one who has already known what it is to suffer persecution for Christ. Called to choose between the service of God and a comfortable home, she unflinchingly decided to renounce all for Jesus, and was driven forth for a time—as was Mrs. Fletcher—from the home of her parents. But God had now provided for her. Of John Harris himself, it was said by one who knew him intimately, he was a great reader, a deep thinker, a wise and moderate man, who possessed remarkable command over his words and temper. At first a Calvinist churchman, of Lady Huntington's school, he had formed the acquaintance of Fletcher, and by his conversations had been led to embrace the more God honouring views of Wesley and Arminius.

A true friendship, such as only friends in Jesus can enjoy, grew up between the two, the host and the guest. And in after years the latter gives a daughter to become the wife of the others third son, just then having entered upon the Ministry of Methodism. For fifty years they live and labour together, and give three children to the Missionary Service of the Church, glorying that the sun never sets upon them—for one was in Australia, one in Ceylon and one in Canada.

From Moreton Corbett the two would journey together. Let us join them in imagination, as they wend their way on horseback to Madeley, and listen to their conversation ;

H. You have heard Mr. Wesley preach there.

B. Yes, upon the last occasion of his visit to Shrewsbury. I went in on purpose to hear him, it was on a week day evening, I think the 5th of August ; he got there very late, it must have been half past seven, he had ridden all the way from Manchester that day, and at first seemed quite fatigued. Our new Chapel was quite crowded, and a great number of the gentry were present. I shall never forget the occasion. It was the funeral sermon for good John Appleton. And his text was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

H. Was that the first time you have heard him?

B. No. I heard him once before, when he came to dedicate our new chapel in Shrewsbury. I think it was the most solemn occasion I ever remember. It was three years ago last April. He said afterward, "I did not so much wonder at the largeness as at the seriousness of the congregation; so still and deeply attentive a congregation, I did not expect to see here." He seemed to be very much encouraged, and remarked, "How apt we are to forget that important truth, that 'all things are possible with God.'"

H. About the same time I heard him in our market town, Whitchurch. He was then on his way to Shrewsbury. I had gone in with a flock of sheep to sell, when the news came that Wesley was coming. I left the sheep with the man, and got there just in time. It was just noon and it seemed as though all the town was present; such a congregation I scarce ever saw before, and Oh! how serious they were.

B. Aye! I remember the time; he came right on to Shrewsbury the same night, and he stayed the whole of the next day, preaching at 5 o'clock in the morning and twice afterward. But I could not get in to hear him. They say it was a time never to be forgotten in Shrewsbury.

H. So I should think. You have heard John Fletcher?

B. No, I never have; that is the reason I called upon you to go with me. I had such a desire to hear him, especially since I read his "Appeal to Matter of Fact and Common Sense."

H. Yes, I read that several times also. And I am persuaded that there is nothing in the English language which so completely proves and confirms the doctrine of Universal depravity.

B. I think the same; I went through the whole of it in three nights, and never before read so much from the pen of an Arminian. Never did I read a piece of more sound divinity and a more searching and, to convinced sinners, a more encouraging work.

H. He is not very popular with our fashionable Shropshire Calvinists.

B. No. I was living as gardener a few years ago, in Lord Hill's family, and I used to hear him spoken of in very severe terms.

H. They never invite him to preach amongst them?

B. No! his pen is too rough, and his tongue too keen for us. He is for having believers honour God in their daily walk, and to shine as lights in the world, and we do not like such doctrine and therefore cry "away with Arminianism; we have believed and shall never fall from grace." We do not like to hear that we are in a state of damnation if we live after the example of the world. O that the Lord may open our eyes to see our delusions.

H. You have not seen his "Checks to Antinomianism."

B. No. I hear that they are a complete refutation of Calvinism.

H. They are; I cannot imagine how any candid person could fail to be convinced by them. They were a great blessing to me. Our Rector is one of the most excellent of men, but like most of our evangelical clergy he is a thorough Calvinist. And I had embraced his views; but, O! how dreadful do they now appear to me, especially what Calvin himself calls "the horrible decree," by which God has from all eternity doomed so many millions to damnation. Fletcher's Checks opened my eyes to the unscriptural and unreasonable nature of the doctrines.

B. I remember that Lord Hill seemed quite excited about the discussion. His brother Richard used often to visit him. He seemed to be quite a champion for the doctrines of Calvin. He would meet me sometimes in the garden, and would converse with me.

H. Yes; Richard Hill replied to Mr. Fletcher and the fourth Check is a reply to him.

B. I believe they have expelled him from her Ladyship's College at Trerecca on account of his Arminianism.

H. Well! not exactly. Mr. Fletcher resigned his chair in Lady Huntington's College, because her ladyship had dismissed Mr. Benson, the head Master, for defending Wesley's Minutes, and had resolved that no Arminian should continue at it. So he wrote to her saying, "If every Arminian must quit the College, I am actually discharged also." And his resignation was accepted.

B. I should think that he must very much have felt her ladyship's conduct towards him and Mr. Wesley and Benson.

H. Undoubtedly he did ; his influence among the Students was very great, and his remarkable piety and thorough scholarship, peculiarly fitted for the president's chair. But the Students had most of them imbibed the popular theology of Calvinism, and their feelings, and especially those of Her Ladyship and the other professors had become very strong against Arminianism. And he felt that we now stood as much in need of a reformation from Antinomianism as our ancestors did of a reformation from Popery.

B. Notwithstanding all, Lady Huntington must have been a very remarkable woman, and a person of great piety. Do you know much about her ?

H. Yes, she was all you say. I doubt if there has been her equal in English history. She is distantly related to the royal family, and moved in the highest circles of aristocratic life. She was converted through the influence of her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, who married Mr. Ingham, who was herself brought to Christ through the preaching of Whitfield. At the death of her husband she devoted her life to religious labors, and invited Whitfield to preach in her house at Chelsea, hitherto the resort for the highest and most aristocratic world. In her rooms some of the most distinguished men of our times heard Whitfield preach. Chesterfield listened to him with delight. Horace Walpole heard him with admiration. Hume listened with wonder,—and many others. None can tell the influence which has thus been exerted upon the future of our country. A select band of converted noblemen and ladies has been organized through the instrumentality.

B. I believe she has died, has she not ?

H. Yes. She died about four years ago, at the extreme age of eighty-four. Her last words were, "My work is done. I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." She left five thousand pounds for charities, and the residue of her fortune for the support of sixty-four chapels which she had helped to build in various parts of the kingdom. She gave away, during her life, more than one hundred thousand pounds, and sold all her jewels, relinquished her aristocratic equipage, her expensive residences and liveried servants, that her means of usefulness might be more ample.

B. What led her to build the college at Trebecca ?

H. Trebecca was the birth-place of Howell Harris, the Welsh

Evangelist, and the castle was a very romantic and dilapidated castle of the twelfth century. She had built so many chapels she had difficulty to find preachers enough to supply them, and resolved upon purchasing the castle and making it a training school for poor but earnest young candidates for the ministry. Its preparation exhausted all her available means.

B. Well, I see we are nearing the town.

H. Yes, and we shall be none too soon to secure a comfortable seat.

B. I hear that the church-wardens were at first terribly annoyed at so many coming from other parishes, and crowding their church.

H. So they were, and endeavored to prevent us from entering it, but they have found it was no use, indeed I think they are very changed men, and I hope are truly converted.

B. Where do you put up?

H. I have a friend in the town by the name of Smith, who will heartily welcome us. A truly good man he is.

JAMES HARRIS.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

WE do most earnestly plead for "Christian Perfection," as the state of experience and life which all believers are called to attain through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. We are not so wedded to a phrase as to refuse to use any other, nor do we fail to see that other phrases may express the same meaning; but neither are we prepared because of the prejudices of well-meaning, but as we think, mistaken men, or because of the misinterpretation of the term by its foes, to suppress a phrase which is so eminently scriptural. Of all the terms that are employed to describe the experience of full salvation, there is not one that has received more full and explicit scriptural sanction. "The life of faith!" "Full salvation," "Entire consecration," are not terms found in our Bibles. "Perfect love," "Sanctified wholly," or entire sanctification, "Holiness," and "Perfection," are Scripture terms; but of all these the last conveys to the mind the completest idea of what is meant.

But on the subject of Christian perfection we desire to guard our readers against errors.

If any person supposes that "Christian perfection" means absolute perfection, we ask him simply to remember that the terms are analogous.

If it is thought that "Christian perfection" implies "Perfection in the flesh," all we desire to say is that we know nothing of such a perfection, and certainly we have not found it in the Bible. Nor do we believe that any person with the Bible in his hand is in danger from the use of the phrase of falling into such a miserable delusion.

If it be said that we are at liberty to use any term which is sufficiently explicit to express our meaning, we reply, certainly; but at the same time we are not at liberty to deny the accuracy of a scripture term, even though we prefer to use another.

Now the term itself is eminently scriptural. Noah was said to be *perfect* (Gen. vi. 9). Abraham was commanded to "walk before God and be *perfect*," (xvii. 1). God's people in ancient times were commanded, "Thou shalt be *perfect* with the Lord thy God," (Deut. xviii. 13). David, in admiration, says, "Mark the *perfect* man" (Psa. xxxvii. 37). The Saviour commanded, "Be ye therefore *perfect*, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. v. 48). The apostle showed his anxiety for the advancement of the Gentile converts in his moving language: "This also we wish, even your *perfection*" (2 Cor. xiii. 9), and exhorts them in the same chapter to "be perfect" (11). He tells us that he himself with others were in the enjoyment of this grace. "Let us as many as be *perfect*" (Phil. iii. 15); and just before the closing of his second epistle to Timothy, he declares that this is the one grand object of the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, *that the man of God may be perfect*" (iii. 16, 17). The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews most urgently exhorts, "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto *perfection*" (vi. 1), and later in the epistle prays, "God make you *perfect* in every good work" (xiii. 21). St. James says, "If any offend not in word the same is a *perfect* man" (iii. 2); and St. Peter utters a beautiful prayer that "the God of all grace, after that ye have suffered a while, make you *perfect*" (1 Pet. v. 10).

Now it cannot be denied that the term is scriptural, nor can the most prejudiced opponent of the doctrine deny that it must mean some definite attainment. May we know clearly what it is? Presumptively it cannot be difficult to understand that to which God calls, and which He so explicitly commands.

It will appear to the thoughtful reader of the Scriptures very plain that the word perfect is used in different senses. In the same chapter (Phil. iii.) St. Paul declares that he was perfect, and that he was not. In ver. 15 his language is, "Let us as many as be perfect be thus minded;" and in ver. 12 he says, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." But the context of the latter passage shows exactly its meaning. He had been speaking of the gain which he had secured in Christ, and of that in the future which he hoped to attain, especially on that glorious morning when he should rise from the dead with no imperfection of body or mind; and he declared that the whole of his sufferings were cheerfully borne, the whole of his struggles manfully carried on, the whole of his life had this one purpose in view, "If by any means I might *attain* unto the resurrection of the dead." The very next words are, "Not as though I had already *attained*." The word links his idea with the previous thought and expression. "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," as he longed to be, but as he should be only when that glorious morning shall dawn.

Then, again, the word perfect is used in the sense of maturity in the Christian life, a perfection unto which we gradually approach as we are faithful to the light and grace given. The apostle speaks of it as being "perfect and complete in all the will of God" (Col. iv. 12); and again, "perfect in every good work to do His will" (Heb. xiii. 21). A maturity of judgment, a wealth of knowledge, and a precision in action, are here implied, which are far more than simple purity of heart and life, and toward which we gradually approach after purity of the heart is obtained. We have then—

PERFECTION IN THE SENSE OF PURITY.

PERFECTION IN THE SENSE OF MATURITY.

PERFECTION OF BEING AT THE RESURRECTION.

When the phrase "Christian perfection" is used to denote a doctrine, it is perfection in the sense of purity which is meant, and

is then synonymous with the terms, "Purity of heart;" "Entire sanctification;" "Perfect love;" "Entire holiness;" "Entire consecration;" "The rest of faith;" or, "Full salvation."

What then is the precise idea of "Christian perfection," in the first of these senses? It is to be made free from sin, not only outward—this is done at justification—but also inward, so that we become pure in heart; the fountain of all the streams of our actions made pure through the application of the blood of Jesus Christ. It is to be filled with love, so that with all the powers of heart, soul, mind, and strength, we shall love God, and shall love our neighbour as ourselves. It is to have the whole intellectual nature so captivated by God's grace, that His will shall be our law, and that law our delight. It is to have the whole moral nature so purified that, whatever error in judgment there may be, whatever imperfection in execution there may be, every action shall be the result of purity of intention. In short, as Dr. Adam Clark says, "This perfection is the restoration of man to the state of holiness from which he fell, by creating him anew in Christ Jesus, and restoring to him that image and likeness to God which he lost. A higher meaning it cannot have, a lower meaning it must not have."

"Christian perfection," then, is simply Christian health, a state in which greater and more rapid advancement is made than is possible whilst the soul retains any of the disease of sin. Indeed, except in God Himself, there is no excellence that cannot be excelled, either in nature or in character; no beauty that might not be more beautiful; no knowledge that might not come nearer to Omniscience; no love that by reason of advancing power might not be more loving. Nor is there any development that cannot go further; in grace as in nature we behold endless progression.

The term "perfection" can only be applied when we are just what God, who, as the Psalmist significantly says, "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust," and who therefore takes into account all our ignorances, weaknesses, and temptations, would have us be at the present moment. It is not ours to fix the standard of what should be, and we err when we call a thing imperfect because it is not according to our ideal. And when we give ourselves to God, that we may be re-created in the image of His Son, and our plastic nature bear the stamp of His own hand, He working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, we become in the

Christian sense, "perfect." It is not what he designs us to be in the future, but when the future comes, if we abide faithful, He will bring us up to His then present standard for us.

Let it then be clearly understood that "Christian perfection" is not absolute perfection; is not a perfection that cannot be improved upon; is not a perfection in which we do not constantly need the application of the blood of Jesus Christ; is not a perfection which renders us stoically indifferent to, or saves us from, joys and sorrows in life; is not a perfection in which we are not tempted, and from which consequently we cannot fall; nor is it such a perfection as is inconsistent with error, mistake, and weakness; but it is a perfection brought about by the Holy Ghost applying the atoning blood to our hearts, and is both received and retained by faith.

All Christians would be ready to admit that God cannot put before us a standard less than perfect; but it appears equally true that God cannot put a standard before us that it is impossible for us to attain. Augustine thought that God might "command us to do some things that we are not able to do," but we think not so. That would be to mock the hopes which He raises, and disappoint the holy desires which the Holy Spirit creates. And if it be possible to attain this, the way must be equally plain. It is so. The only way is that of faith. If there be on the part of an already justified believer, who longs for the deeper work of grace, a full surrender of himself and all his powers to God, he may ask for this grace; and as soon as he unwaveringly relies on the promise of God, it shall be done unto him according to his faith.

Let us neither be ashamed nor afraid of those expressions which have the warrant of God's word; but in humble dependence on the teaching of the Holy Ghost, let us strive to come up to the highest standard of Christian life that God has revealed as the heritage of His people. The apostle's desire will thus soon be the reader's experience: "This also we wish, even your perfection."

W. GLUYAS PASCOE, *in King's Highway.*

It should not discourage us if our kindness is unacknowledged; it has its influence still.

We govern our passions; but in general we let the passions first have a trial.

The Home.



SPRING.

HOW DO THEY KNOW?

'TIS Spring in the lofty old Mountains,
 It is Spring in the valleys below ;
 Though the forests are sombre and leafless,
 And the lowlands are still flecked with snow ;
 But 'tis spring—for the Robins are chirping
 Their 'Glorias :— How do they know ?

The sap's creeping up in the Maples,
 Each twig feels an exquisite glow
 At the 'new lease of life' thus imparted ;
 And their shrivelled veins ope to the flow,
 While the leaf buds with summer's hid treasures
 Are swelling :—But how do they know ?

The Willows look green in the sunlight
 As their tendrils sweep graceful and low ;
 And a yellow-top't Crocus, who spied them,
 Just jumped up to see if 'twas so.
 She opened her eyes for a morning
 And perished :—But now they all know.

All nature's own artists are active,
 Preparing their colours to show ;
 And the lovely Narcissus is painting
 Her *Tulips* and *Bright-eyes*—below—
 Which the stately old Peony seeing,
 Blushes crimson and says, though she's slow,
 She shall soon "*rise above* all such follies
 In triumph" :—Pray, how does she know ?

The Daisies are busy with bleaching
 The Rag Robin's mending her clothes,
 The Cowslips are spreading the gold leaf,
 And the sweet little Violet-blows
 Are filling their half morning costumes
 With a perfume that every one knows.

And soon as the voice of "The Master"
 Shall utter "Come forth!" they will rise,
 And shaking from off them their grave clothes
 Will burst through the clod in surprise.
 For Faith's their perpetual watchword,
 In Faith they have rested below,
 In Faith they are ready and waiting
 His summons :—*And that's how they know.*

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART I.—FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME AGAIN.

WELL, I cannot tell you any more. You have heard enough to know how Transome was faithful unto death. Maybe if I had been like him I should have been with him now in the presence of the Lord. But He has placed us here like children at school, who must stay till their tasks are learned by heart before they are let free into the holiday and the sunshine. I'd learned my lessons so as I might have forgotten them in the holiday time; and when Transome was called home from school the Lord had to leave me here to get them better by heart.

"All I saw of his funeral was the little plain hearse belonging to the Union, with four of the workhouse men riding outside it, ready to carry his coffin to the grave. After that I was like one dazed and bewildered, doing nothing of my own will and choice; but getting up and going to bed, eating and drinking only when I was bid. Once I went to prayers seeking for Transome; but I never went again. The four bare white walls of the ward seemed nothing but a big grave, and I like one dead and buried in it; only it was a sort of living death; so dreadful that none but those who have felt it can know it. Nothing would ever change again. Summer and winter would be alike to me. I was there without pity, and without help; my heart dead within me. It seemed as if death itself had forgotten me, or would not have compassion on me.

It was one day in the spring that Transome had spoken of—"I' th' spring, Ally—i' th' spring-time!" I was lying in my bed, late on in the morning—for no one had bid me rise, though the sun was shining through the high windows—when the door near me was opened, and the matron and two gentlemen came through it. I had ceased to care to take any notice of visitors, for if they tried to comfort me, it was plain they knew nothing of my sorrow. So I closed my eyes wearily as they came in. But they stopped at the foot of my bed; and I thought, Maybe if I seem to be asleep they will pass on; for it troubled me for other folks to talk to me about Transome. But a voice—a strange voice, yet with a tone in it that somehow made me think of my little school—said loud enough for me to hear,—

"Surely this cannot be Mrs. Transome!"

"It's Alice Transome," answered the matron. "Her husband died four months ago, and she's never been herself since. She takes no notice of anybody, sir."

"She'll take notice of me," said the same strange, clear, pleasant voice. "I must make her know me; for I come to pay a debt I owe her. Mrs. Transome, you have never forgotten your little scholar, Pippin?"

No, I had never forgotten him; yet I did not lift up my eyes all at once. I tried to recall his bonny face; but it was so mixed up with Willie's face, I could not. Then I felt a warm, strong hand take mine into its firm clasp; as firm as Transome's was when we were wed.

"It's Pippin!" said the voice, close to my ear. I made a great effort then to shake off the weight that had been crushing me down all those long months. I felt myself trembling all through me; and the warm hand clasped me more closely.

"Look at me!" said Pippin.

So I opened my eyes, and saw him standing beside my bed,—a young, sunburnt man now, but with the same sunny hair and bright eyes that my little scholar had. I broke out into sobbing and weeping, so as I had never wept since Transome died.

"I am come to take you away from this place," he said soothingly; "but you must not talk to me now. After dinner you shall get up and dress, and come away with father and me. Father is come home at last, Mrs. Transome!"

Then I looked, and saw behind him a man of middle age, whose hair was just going gray, and whose grave face bore the marks of bitter suffering. But he looked kindly upon me as Pippin spoke, and said, "You were my boy's best friend when he had no one to care for him; and we will not leave you here." So they went away; and I lay quiet again, but feeling that the sun was shining still upon the world, and there was love and kindness in it yet, even for me.

That evening I had tea with them in a grand parlour in an inn in the town, and was waited upon as if I were a born lady. Pippin told me all his story, which is too long to repeat here. How, like a child, the memory of me had died away from his mind, amid the many changes of his life. How, when he was a boy of sixteen, just leaving school, there came a message to him of his father's ship having been wrecked upon the coast of Africa nine years before, and how a white man was living among the black tribes there. It was no more than a rumour, but he could not rest until he had adventured himself to take help to that white man; and behold, it was his own father, Captain John Champion, who might never have escaped from that place if his boy had not rescued him! They had

only come back to England a little while ago ; and now the memory of me having grown strong again, they had returned to our town to repay me for what I had done for him when a little child. Ah, if Transome had only lived to know it !

Yes, they repaid me nobly. Captain John Champion had brought home with him stores of gold and ivory, not enough to make him rich, but ample and to spare for starting himself and Philip again in a way of getting more wealth. But first, they said, they were bound to provide for me ; though I told them again and again I had done nothing to deserve it.

Well, by some means or other they prevailed upon our old landlord, who was Philip's uncle, you remember, to let me have my cottage back again. He was more friendly with them now they had no need of any friendship from him. They bought furniture for me, as far as possible like that which Pippin could remember ; though we could not have the old loom back, nor Willie's chair. And because I told them, and made them believe it, that I could not be happy to be idle and burdensome upon them, they set me up again with benches and books, and went themselves to the people living in the dingle to ask them to send their lads and lasses to my school. Some of them knew me well for a schoolmistress, and promised gladly ; and before May came round again, one year only from that terrible day when we had notice to quit, I was in my own home once more, with my little troop of scholars coming up from the town for their schooling. There was only one great change.

But ah ! that one change was almost more than I could bear. Never to have Transome sitting opposite to me in the chimney-nook all through the long lonely evenings ; never to hear him move about in the room overhead, or see him pass by the window ! When Pippin and Captain John Champion were gone, then I felt how desolate it was. There were the flowers and the spring sunshine, and the fresh air blowing over the brow of the hill, but Transome was not there with me to enjoy them. He was dead, I could not get it out of my mind ; and he had died in the workhouse.

Then one night I dreamed a dream, in which I saw him standing among a great crowd of folks, very rich, and very learned, and very grand ; and I thought he looked lonely and strange among them ; and I called to him to come back to me, who loved him though he couldn't read a word out of a printed book. And directly a great company of plain, simple men like himself came into my sight, and I seemed to know who they were. There was Enoch who walked with God, and Noah who pleased God, and Abraham the friend of God, and many another ; and Transome seemed quite at home with them. And I could hear them talking, I thought, about God, as if they had seen His face, and knew Him for a friend ; not

like the learned men who were talking of Him in hard and difficult words.

All at once a solemn trumpet sounded, and I saw a glorious throne, and One upon it who was too bright for me to look upon, only I could hear His voice speaking : and after my ear was used to the sound of it, I heard Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And I looked to see who it was standing in the light of the throne, with a crown of life upon his head ; and it was Transome !

END OF PART I.

PART II.—UNFAITHFUL.

CHAPTER I.

A HARD MAN.

I WENT back to my old cottage in May, having been away a whole year, and part of that time in the workhouse, where Transome died ; and where I should have died likewise if it had not been for good friends, who took me out, and set me up in my old home and gathered scholars again for me. The cottage, with its half-timbered walls, and high-pitched roof, and lattice windows, had a very different look from all the new houses about it, built of red bricks, with sash windows, and six rooms in each dwelling. When I was young, two rooms in a cottage were thought enough for a labourer's family. I recollect going once to the squire's hall, before I was married, and seeing the grand drawing-room, where there was every kind of costly furniture ; but what everybody looked at first and longest was an old-fashioned carved oak chair which had stood in that room over two hundred years. You could not help thinking of the childreu who had been nursed in it, and the old folks who had rested their weary limbs in it. The squire said he would not part with that old chair for the finest furniture in all London town ; and I would not have exchanged my cottage for the best and newest of their six-roomed houses.

But now Transome was dead, and I there alone, how dreary it seemed at times ! The wind sighed and wailed against the windows, and the rain beat and the summer thunderstorms rolled over it, as they never used to do when he and I were young together ; nor for the matter of that, when we were old together, and sat in the

chimney-nooks, looking across the hearth at each other, and said, "Hark! what a crash!" and smiled at our own comfort and safety.

When the first rent-day came, and Transome was not there to take it, then I felt keener than ever that he had nothing more to do with the old place where he and I had dwelt so long. I gave my little school a half-holiday, and the lads and lasses ran away shouting for joy, for it was a sweet bright day in June, with not a cloud in the sky, and the wind that had been moaning and fretting from the east all through the month of May was at peace again, and a soft breath, as quiet as a child's breathing when it is asleep, came up from the west with a touch of fresh sea-breeze in it.

It seemed to me, as I went slowly down the steep street which led to the town, that if Transome had only been there the spring day would have made me young again. But there is always an *if* stealing in between us and perfect happiness, and always will be, till we stand before the throne of God, where the light is never dim, and where the very air we breathe is the breath of life. Transome was safely there already, whilst I was still in the world, with a rent to pay, and a poor aching body, getting on for seventy years of age, which could never be made young again by June sunshine and westerly winds.

I could not get rid of a bit of fear in going to see my landlord, though I had my rent tied up in my pocket-handkerchief; and I had no thought that he would wish to disturb me again, as he had done before in the hope of building more houses where our old cottage stood. But I had never had speech with him while Transome was alive; and I knew him to be a hard man, though he went regularly to church and the sacrament, and was often chairman of the missionary meetings. When I reached his door I was forced to wait a minute or two, for the tears would gather in my eyes, as I thought how often Transome had been there before me, carrying the rent to the same hard landlord.

I knocked as soon I was myself again, and a servant-woman opened the door to me. She was a little under forty years of age, and looked weary and peevish. But Transome had told me what a life she had led for many a year, with no one about her but a close-handed suspicious master; and I smiled, and spoke as pleasantly as I could. "I am come to pay my rent," I said: "I'm Transome's wife. You remember him?"

"Oh, ay; I remember him," she said coldly; "so he died in the workhouse at last?"

There she hurt me. If he had only passed away peacefully in his own home, under the old roof, I could have parted with him more easily, seeing he was well on in years, and racked with rheumatism. But to think of him driven to the workhouse in his old age, and dying there, was almost more than I could bear at times.

"Ah, well!" she went on, "master got no good out of it, that's one comfort. The house never let, and it vexed him sadly. He was glad enough to have you back again as tenant. Come this way; master never leaves me to take a penny for him."

She led the way along a dark passage into a large gloomy room, that looked as if no sunshine or fresh air could ever find their way into it. The curtains and carpet were worn threadbare, and everything seemed comfortless. It was getting towards evening, and though it was June, there was a sharp touch in the air, which old folks felt in spite of calling the weather summer. At the far end from the door sat my landlord, cowering over a little morsel of fire, which was burning in a large grate. I could scarcely see him at the distance he was; but when he spoke, his voice was the piping, quavering voice of an old man.

"Mrs. Transome!" he repeated, when the servant shouted out my name, "old Transome's widow? Well, well; there's no need for you to stay, Rebecca."

Rebecca scowled at him, sure that he could not see her, and muttered something under her breath, which even I could not catch. Then she slammed the door after her with a bang, that made the old man half jump up from his chair, and cry, "Noisy hussy!" But he sat down again without calling her back, as I thought he meant to do, and bade me go nearer.

When I was close enough to see him, I noticed a great change in him since I saw him last in church, more than a year ago. He had been stout enough then, and looked well-nourished and comfortable; but now his cheeks had fallen in, and all his body seemed shrunken and smaller. He gazed keenly at me, though with his small twinkling eyes; and his thin fingers clutched the few shillings I gave him, as tightly as if I might wish to have them back again.

"That's right," he said after counting them twice over: "ten shillings a month! I should have been six pounds richer if I'd let you and Transome alone last year. But times are bad—times are bad!"

He never seemed to think of how much poorer I was by the loss of a home for twelve months, or by the death of Transome: nor how I might have been nothing but a pauper still, dying a slow death among other paupers, but for those dear friends who had found me out, and set me up again with my little school.

"Times are bad, sir," I said, "and likely to be worse."

"Ah! ah!" he moaned.

"They do say," I went on, "that cotton will never be cheap again; and the mills will only work half-time. But we must hope for the best."

"Ay," he answered; "and Philip Champion is surety for your rent, you know."

"God helping me," I said, "I'll win my own rent, sir. I could have won it all this year if you'd not turned us out of our cottage."

"It was a mistake," he answered, "a sad mistake; and I have lost six pounds by it. Philip Champion told me you taught him for nothing when he was a boy: is that true, Mrs. Transome?"

"It cost me nothing," I said, "and he was the quickest scholar I ever had in my school; and see how he is paying me now, by setting me up again! He's your own nephew, sir—the only relation you've left people say."

I was almost afraid to say that, for he had been very bitter against his sister, Philip's dead mother, who had left him to marry a poor man such as Captain John Champion was. But my landlord took it very quietly.

"Ah!" he said, looking into the smouldering fire, "I recollect the lad coming to me one morning: how Rebecca came to let him in I don't know to this day! He was a pretty boy—about seven, I think. 'Uncle,' he said, as bold as brass, 'please to pay for me to go to school.' I thought for a minute or two I'd take to the boy: but what an expense and upset it would have been! I should have had to alter my way of life completely; and his mother had been so utterly selfish to get married, and leave me with no one to look after my interests, that I did not feel called upon to do anything for him. So I just bade him go about his business, for I had nothing to say to him. And he tells me you taught him for nothing."

"For love," I said; "he loved me dearly, and me him."

"Well," he went on, fumbling at the money, "I should not mind returning you sixpence out of the rent this once, as times are bad, and you gave my nephew his schooling for nothing. But only this once, Mrs. Transome."

"No, no," I said, as he pushed a sixpence back toward me; "thank you kindly, sir, but I have no need of it. I have enough and to spare; it's other folks as times are bad with."

"Enough!" he repeated, "why, woman, I have not enough; and now there's the six pounds to save that I've lost by your cottage! Rebecca, Mrs. Transome says she has enough money!"

The servant had just come into the room; and I saw him hide away the ten shillings quickly out of her sight, pretending to laugh all the while at what I had said. I bid him good evening, and went my way, thinking how strange it was that a man rolling in money like him and on the brink of the grave, where he could not take a farthing of it should feel so much poorer than me, who had not been out of the workhouse three months. Surely there is none but God whose blessing can make rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

I pondered it much that evening, as my fire burned briskly and cheerfully. The flames played and leaped as they had not done in the rich man's smouldering fire; and my mind was full of the difference betwixt him and us.

"Why, Transome," I said, "he's ten times poorer than us. All our riches are on the far side of the grave, where Jesus is preparing a place for us. It doesn't much matter what we have here for such a little while."

But when I remembered, and lifted up my eyes, and saw the other chimney-nook empty then I found how poor this life can be, even though we know the Lord is laying up treasures for us in heaven.

(To be continued.)

A RYTHM OF THE HEART.

WHEN we're wearied with the tossings, and fretted with the strife,
 How intensely comes the longing to live the after life ;
 To leave earth's wild commotion, and soar above its din,
 And rest our souls in listening, to the blessed words, "Come in."

Oh! life is full of gladness, yet it has an undertone,
 A sighing mid its laughter, a song that breathes a moan ;
 And sometimes the spirit saddens and murmurs to be free,
 To roam at will the Elysian fields of immortality.

And the far off land draws nearer, it surely must be so,
 It seems not now so distant, as in the long ago ;
 For oft in fancy we have heard sweet voices from that shore,
 And they spake to us as surely as they ever spake before.

When the waiting shall be over, bye and bye we hope to meet,
 Bye and bye in heaven's re-union greet them as the angels greet,
 Help to chant the old, old anthem in that home so bright and fair,
 Bow in rapture and adore him, worship as *they worship there*.

Then, though wearied with the tossings, and fretted with the strife
 Let our faith be looking upward till we live the after life,
 Till we leave earth's wild commotion, and soar above its din,
 Till we rest our soul in listening to the blessed words, "Come in."

MARY J. SHENTON.

Truro, N. S.

JOHN'S BARGAIN.

"I DON'T like you at all, Maidie Royal. You are a real naughty little girl, and I won't play with you any more--so!"

Maidie looked very much grieved, and began to cry. Mr. Royal was sitting at his desk, writing, but at John's emphatic words he glanced up and said to his son in a very grave voice:

"John come here."

"I was just going out into the kitchen," stammered John, coloring. "I want to speak to Kitty."

"But I wish to speak to you," said Mr. Royal. So John came slowly up to the desk, with the look of a culprit on his face.

"What, sir?"

"I want to know how much you will take for your share in Maidie?"

John looked up surprised.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Why," explained his father, "since you have done playing with Maidie, I would like to buy your share in her—or your right to her. Now you may set your own price. How much shall I give you for her?"

"How much money, do you mean, papa?"

"Yes."

"I guess I'll sell her for fifty dollars," said John, after a few moment's reflection. "Yes, I will—fifty dollars."

"Very well; that is quite reasonable," said Mr. Royal. "Now you must remember that as I am going to buy all your right to Maidie, you have nothing more to do with her. You must not kiss her, nor speak to her, nor play with her any more. She is your mamma's little girl and mine, not yours at all. It is a bargain is it, John?"

"Can't kiss her good night, when we go to bed?"

"No."

"Can't we go out doors together?" John's voice began to sound a little unsteady. "You know our garden, papa?"

"You will have to make another, somewhere else. I will find you a place. You must not work in the same garden any more."

"I will have to lead her to school, papa; she will get lost. I don't, just as sure as anything."

"I will attend to that, John. You will have to go to school by yourself. Is the bargain made?"

"Y-e-s, sir, I suppose so." And John cast a doubtful look at

Maidie, who stood close by, with her doll in her arms, and tears on her long eyelashes.

"Very well," said Mr. Royal. "When you want the money you can ask for it. You may go now."

"I know what I mean to buy," thought John, running to the other end of the room and sitting down on the broad, cushioned window seat. "I will buy a pony and a saddle, and a gold watch, and lots of other things that I've been a-wanting ever since I was a little boy."

The idea of these splendid acquisitions was so pleasant that he wanted to share it with some one; so he cried out:

"Oh, Maidie, you come here, and I'll tell you what I'm going to buy with my fifty dollars."

"Stop, stop," cried papa, "have you forgotten so soon that you have no right to speak to Maidie? She does not belong to you at all."

A cloud came over John's face, and he sat very still for a long time, thinking, and by and by two or three tears fell. Maidie and he had played together ever since he could remember—such a long, long time! and she was the only little sister he had in the world; a real tease sometimes, to be sure, but then how could he get along without her? He looked slyly out from behind the window curtains to see what she was doing.

How pretty she looked, sitting in a high chair beside her father, with a book of colored pictures open before her, and her sunny curls falling over her rosy cheeks and white neck! Wasn't she better than a sail-boat, or a gold watch, or even a pony? "Yes, indeed, a thousand million times!" thought John, "and yet I've gone and sold her for fifty dollars, and I almost know that papa won't take it back, 'cause it was a regular bargain. O, dear, dear!"

Here the tears began to flow faster and faster, and presently a choking little sob attracted Mr. Royal's attention. Then another and another, and then John jumped down from the window seat, and running up to the desk, hid his face on his father's arm, and burst into such a passion of tears that Maidie was frightened and began to cry too.

"Why what is the matter, my son?" asked Mr. Royal, kindly.

"I—I—I—don't wa—want to—to—sell my right to Maidie," answered John, as well as he could, for weeping.

"Why—not for fifty dollars?" asked papa.

"Oh, no," said John, "no indeed, not for fifty million. *Will you* let me have her back again, please, dear papa? and I don't believe I'll ever be so naughty and cross again as long as I live."

"Very well," said Mr. Royal, smiling. "Since you wish it so much, I will give up my part of the bargain, and you may have your little sister back again: but I hope you will think, another time

when you are tempted to speak to her as you did to-day, how you would feel not to have Maidie at all."

"I guess I shall," said John, giving her a good hug and kiss. "I love you, Maidie."

"So do I you," said Maidie, returning the caress. "Now let us go out in our garden, John."

"So away they ran, hand in hand, as merry as the birds that were singing up among the boughs of the old butternut tree.—*From 'Little Maidie.'*"

"LOVEST THOU ME?" WHAT THEN?

ALL New Testament readers are familiar with the story told in the last chapter of the Gospel of John: how seven of the disciples went a fishing on the Sea of Galilee; how they toiled all night, and caught nothing; how Jesus appeared to them in the early morning, and bade them cast the net on the right side of the ship; how when they did so it immediately enclosed a multitude of fishes; how John was the first to recognize the Lord; how Peter girt his fisher's coat about him and sprang into the sea, and hasted to his Master's feet; and how, when all had reached the shore, they found a feast prepared for them, of which they all partook. At the close of the feast, Jesus addresses Peter, and thrice asks, "Lovest thou Me?" is thrice answered with a "Yea," and thrice gives him a shepherd's charge. The dealing proceeds until, finally, Jesus rises from the place and walks away, saying to Peter, "*Follow Me,*" which Peter does; and that is the last glimpse we have of Jesus in the Gospel of John.

Every verse, every line, almost every word of this marvellous narrative might be dwelt upon for hours, and would yield rich treasures to the heart, as well as to the intellect of the devout student.

There are also certain things which stand broadly out in the narrative, and which are not less instructive and helpful spiritually.

For example, Christian discipleship implies love to Jesus Christ personally. Not merely a true creed, not merely a virtuous character, but heart's love to Himself. Love that has penitence, and gratefulness, and delight, and worship, in it, and that keeps his commandments.

Again, Jesus Christ desires our love. He not merely deserves it on account of his infinite loveliness and excellency—He not merely has a blood-right to it—but He also values it, desires it, and goes about seeking it. He is no more, indeed, the Man of sorrows; his glorified feet need never more to be washed from the dust of the

way; his lips need never more the refreshments of Jacob's well; his head needs never more the roof of Bethany, or the pillow in the boat; He has his royal seat in the boundless worlds of light, beyond the glittering starry skies; the oil of gladness is poured upon Him, and He is made most blessed for ever; yet still He seeks our love—He wants to have a place in our hearts. Is it not wonderful? There is just another wonder to surpass it—that love should ever be withheld!

If we love Him, it is possible to know it. The question would not be asked if it could not be answered.

If we love Him, we should avow it. To Himself, to his people, among our dear ones at home, in the presence of the world. It is due to Him, and it will do good to ourselves, and it may be a blessing to others. There need be no forwardness or pretension in the doing of it, any more than when the bride avows her love to her affianced husband.

If we love Him, He will give us something to do for Him. When Peter avows his love, Jesus says to him, "Feed my lambs, my sheep, my whole flock." In other words, He gives us something to do for Him—something answerable to our love—something which love will have pleasure in doing—something which only love can do. If we look around we shall find the things He means us to do, lying to the right hand and the left; not a hundred miles away, but beside us. They may be very humble things, like giving a cup of cold water to a disciple, or speaking a few kind Christian words, or regularly gathering a few neglected children round us for Christian instruction and influence, or going a little out of our way to do an unnoticed Christian deed in behalf of one who will never thank us; let us say of nothing which the Lord lays to our hand, *That is too little*, any more than *That is too hard and difficult*. There are many Christian people who would like to do great things, such as might create a sensation, and bring them honour; who would gird themselves for heroic services; who are always waiting for great opportunities; who would make grand martyrs; and so do nothing at all. The most useless people living are those who are always waiting for something great to do. The truth is, we do not know great things from small since the day when Jesus laid the widow's two mites in the one scale, and the gold and silver of the rich in the other, and found that the widow's offering outweighed all the rest put together. The right thing is to do what the Lord appoints and lays to our hand, whether it seem great or small. If we have difficulty in finding out what it is, let us inquire of Him, and He will show it, even if he should give his private teaching in the case.

It is unnecessary to indicate the amount of what may be called ordinary Christian work that lies to our hand, precisely in the

spheres in which the Lord has placed us. Scattered up and down, east and west, in city and country, in family, and workshop, and office—touching society at ten thousand points—we have no lack of opportunities for putting forth Christian influence. Those who live in the East-end will find work in the East-end, and those who live in the West-end will find it in the West-end, among their neighbours—who perchance they shrink from speaking to.

But, beyond all that may be called 'ordinary, there is one question that presses—What is to be done about that mass of sin and misery existing, in such gigantic proportions, beyond the pale of Christian profession altogether, and, largely, beyond Christian influences? In the presence of it, we cannot fold our hands and say, "Behold we knew it not!" for it exists openly, in the face of the sun. We cannot sit selfishly still and enjoy our privileges, and say in our hearts, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No, you are not your brother's *keeper*; you are your brother's *brother*; and by all that is sacred in blood relationship—to speak of nothing higher—you are bound to care for him. Nor dare we throw back the problem on God's sovereignty, as none of ours. Nor dare we sink, paralyzed, in despair, in the presence of evil that has grown up into the heavens, and say, "We must wait the day of the Lord's coming;" for the Lord has already told us how He will speak in the day of his coming to the wicked and slothful servant who did nothing.

There, then, is work for love to take in hand. I for one rejoice in the evangelistic effort that is being put forth in the present day; but yet it scarcely touches the outer rim of the evil. I am persuaded that there must be something unspeakably more thorough—all Christian men and women taking their providentially assigned part—each a living witness for Christ the Redeemer, in his special sphere, each engaging in Christ's work with faith and earnestness. When special ungodliness is discovered in a locality, instantly the cry rises, "We must get up another society; or we must employ another missionary." I would urge—you must be the missionary *yourselves*, you Christian men and women who live in the neighbourhood. You must take the work into your own hands; or, rather, you must put yourselves into the Lord's hands, and let Him use you according to his pleasure. You must go in among the people, as the Lord leads you, with simple love, and make friends of them, and carry in among them the gospel of salvation as it lives in your own heart. When Jesus cleansed the leper, He touched him; and the want of this touch on our part is one of the greatest wants among us.

But higher still than love to souls is love to Jesus Christ himself. It is not in proportion to the stir we make, and our outward vehemence—it is not even in proportion to the clearness with which we state the truth, but in proportion to the hold which his love has upon us, that the blessing comes.

Blessed be his name, He is divinely generous in his acceptance of our poor service. Let us yield ourselves to His will; and then, even should we blunder, we may ask him to overrule and bless our very blunders.

If we love Jesus Christ, He will call us into suffering. "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This He spake signifying by what death He should glorify God." This thing is sure: love must suffer. There are many forms of suffering. To one it is pain of body, to another of mind. One has to go against the course of the world; another has to lie on a bed of pain for months together, in loneliness and poverty. One has to be misunderstood by friends; another has to act a Christian part, and see an unscrupulous rival cut him out in business; and so on, all around the great circle. What high and holy ends are served by the suffering we see in part; but at present we do not know them fully. We receive blessing ourselves. When love enters the fire (though heated sevenfold) it takes no harm, but comes forth purified. There may be spiritual grace for onlookers; for there is no more impressive and holy sight than that of suffering meekly borne. There may be lessons for God's angels; for to them is known *by the Church* the manifold wisdom of God. There is preparation in it for glorious service in eternity. HE was made perfect through suffering; and this is a faithful saying, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

Once more, if we love Him, He calls us to follow Him. At the close of the interview, Jesus rose up and walked away, saying to Peter as He did so, "*Follow Me;*" and Peter rose and followed. That is the very conception of the Christian course; yonder the white robed Christ goes before, and *I follow after*. And where He is now, love will one day be, beholding and sharing his glory.—
DR. CULROSS.

THE trials which befall us are the very trials which we need. The little daily excoriations of temper speedily heal themselves, but when the pain lasts, they have an errand to accomplish, and they accomplish it. These, as well as greater sufferings, are ordered. They must be submitted to with patience, resignation, and meekness; and if they enable us to see ourselves, and gain a victory over our pride, they are of great value. Instead of vain and impotent wishes to fly from them, or the circumstances which occasion them, it is the part of manly virtue to bear and forbear, and by grace to wax stronger and stronger.

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

TWO spiders, so the story goes,
 Upon a living bent,
 Entered the meeting-house one day,
 And hopefully were heard to say,
 "Here we shall have at least fair play,
 With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place, and went to work ;
 The light webs grew apace ;
 One on the sofa spun his thread,
 But shortly came the sexton dread,
 And swept him off, and so, half-dead,
 He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit, next," said he ;
 "There surely is a prize ;
 The desk appears so neat and clean,
 I'm sure no spider there has been ;
 Besides, how often have I seen
 The pastor brushing flies!"

He tried the pulpit, but alas !
 His hopes proved visionary ;
 With dusting-brush the sexton came,
 And spoilt his geometric game,
 Nor gave him time nor space to claim
 The right of sanctuary.

At length, half-starved and weak and lean,
 He sought his former neighbour,
 Who now had grown so sleek and round,
 He weighed the fraction of a pound,
 And looked as if the art he'd found
 Of living without labour.

"How is it friend," he asked, "that I
 Endured such thumps and knocks,
 While you have grown so very gross?"
 "'Tis plain," he answered, "not a loss
 I've met since first I spun across
 The contribution-box."

ALICE CLARK.

Topics of the Day.

WINTER.

THOUGH the winter, or at least the three months which are usually supposed to constitute this season has past, the time of the singing of birds has not yet come. The nipping frosts and stormy skies remind us that the Ides of March have not brought spring. But though winter lingers with us, its power is broken, its reign is at an end, and everybody feels that in a very few days it will be laid quietly in the grave and numbered among the things of the past. To many this event will not be unwelcome. Its reign this year has been long, and characterized with even more than its accustomed vigor. Even in our own highly favoured land it has, no doubt, produced an enormous amount of suffering. Poverty is never without inconvenience and hardship. When it reaches the point which implies a defective supply of the common necessaries of life, it is an appalling evil at any season; but in the winter its horrors are enormously enhanced. Hunger alone is hard to be endured, but when hunger and cold are united the effect must be intolerable. It is impossible for anyone who has taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the poor of our large towns and cities, and who has a spark of sympathy in his nature, to look back upon the winter which is just closing without an involuntary shudder, and if there be a feeling of genuine piety in his heart, it will be apt to embody itself in an earnest prayer that God may pity and bless the suffering poor.

To the invalid class, too, the end of winter and the approach of spring will be specially welcome. How many sufferers have ended their sufferings during this rigorous season! How many who looked forward hopefully to the return of the season when they would be permitted to look again upon the green fields, the leafy forest and opening flowers, have closed their eyes forever upon those earthly scenes which they so much loved. The beauty of spring-time will come again, its grass and leaves and flowers will reappear

as they have ever done; but they will not be for them, their eyes will not see them. The same wind will blow which so often blew upon them, the same odors will scent the air which so often ministered to their pleasure; but so far as they are concerned they will be as if they were not. Other cheeks will be fanned, others will breathe the perfumed air with delight, but they will have no consciousness of it. The tie which connected them with this world has been dissolved, and their capacity for its enjoyments has become extinct. And what has been will be; the event which has happened unto them will happen to us all. Even before the snow has disappeared and the robin has come back to her nesting place in the tree at our window, how many will be gone who still linger among us. But there is many a weary prisoner to whom, after having been shut up for many dreary months in the sick-room, the balmy days of spring will be specially precious, many a one to whom the timely return of this season will not only bring increase of enjoyment but give a new lease of life. What soothing and healing influence and power there is for thousands of sufferers in Spring. Let us hope that to many of the afflicted among our own readers the approaching season may come laden with blessings. But grand as has been the winter's visage, and stern and rigorous as has been its reign, we cannot dismiss it without a feeling of regret. If it brought hardships and suffering to many, to a still more numerous class it came laden with privilege and blessing. To our over-wrought rural population the winter months have been a period of comparative relaxation, by which their exhausted energies have been recuperated, and a new stock of strength has been laid in for the busy season which is approaching. To those who possess intellectual proclivities, and a thirst for knowledge, it has afforded precious opportunities for mental improvement. To such, it has not only brought rest and relaxation to the over-strained muscle, but increased development and strength to the brain, and they will not only be prepared to enter upon the duties of a new spring and summer with greater physical energy, but also with increased intelligence and larger store of knowledge.

The most precious thing about our winters in this country, however, is the opportunity which they afford for religious improvement. The long evenings are specially suitable for anniversary meetings and other lengthy services. Revivals should be looked

and laboured for at all seasons of the year, no doubt ; but, as the autumn is the time when the husbandman gathers the fruit of all the exertion put forth during the rest of the year, the winter seems to be the time for the Church, as a general rule, to reap the precious fruit of the sowing of all other seasons. How many souls have been born into the Kingdom of God and added to the Church during the last three or four months ! What spiritual advancement has been made by thousands of the people of God ! How much valuable Christian work in every department of the Church has been accomplished ! The light of eternity alone will reveal the full extent of the blessings which have been secured to the Church of God by the opportunities of the last winter. And how much more might have been accomplished if all God's ministry and people had only been as prompt and faithful in embracing and improving those opportunities as they might have been, God only knows.

REVIVALS.

Cheering intelligence reaches us from many parts of the country of extensive revivals of religion, in which large numbers have been brought to God and added to the Church. The visit of Mr. Varley in the fall and early part of winter was blessed of God in the quickening of Churches in which the doctrine of the "Higher Life" was almost unknown.* The visit of Messrs. Inskip and McDonald to some of our chief towns and cities was the means of abundant blessings to many. The brief sojourn of these brethren beloved among us, will long be remembered by hundreds, not only with gratitude to them but with thankfulness to God ; and the result of their labours, doubtless, will be like bread cast upon the waters which will be found after many days. We are not among those who look with suspicion and distrust upon the labours of devoted strangers, who from time to time make their appearance among us ; on the contrary, we hail their presence with pleasure, and rejoice heartily in their success. In fact the foundation of our Church in this country was laid by the labours of strangers, who came hither under the prompting of a desire to do good ; and ever and anon,

*It is due to Mr. Varley to say thus much, although we dissent from some of his views, as being defective, and from others as being unscriptural and misleading.—ED. E. C.

through our whole history, we have been mightily assisted by visitors from abroad. Where is there a community of any considerable extent in Canada in which some of the precious fruit of the evangelistic labours of the devoted Caughey may not be found? Some of the most beautiful Christians, and the most self-denying, zealous, and successful workers in the Church to-day, were brought to God by his ministry. And eternity alone will reveal the full extent of our indebtedness to the labours of Mrs. Palmer and her devoted husband. It may be fairly questioned whether any one person has done as much during the last twenty-two years to fan and keep alive the old Methodist fire throughout the Dominion of Canada as this devoted and now sainted woman. There was a contagion about her devotion; it seemed to be almost impossible to be brought into close proximity to her without catching something of her spirit, and feeling the kindling within you of something of her zeal. She was not only eminently useful herself, but she had a wonderful power of imparting the secret of usefulness to others. How many hundreds who had the privilege of hearing her addresses, of observing her methods and her spirit, were enabled, in the spirit of humble reliance upon the Master and unreserved consecration to His service, to resolve to go and do likewise. And this was the genesis of many a glorious revival. May God in His mercy raise up many such Christian workers among ourselves; and until He does this, may we be favoured with frequent visits of such from other lands.

But while we hail with pleasure the visits of God-honoured soul-savers from abroad, we rejoice still more in the success of the divinely-appointed agencies which are at work among ourselves. The revivals which take place in our large towns and cities make a greater show, but probably, all things being considered, they do not furnish as strong evidence of eminent success in soul-saving as the work which is sometimes wrought in smaller communities, which attracts but little attention. The town of Clinton has a population of not more than about twenty-five hundred, and the Methodist congregation there does not exceed five hundred, and yet, under the pastoral labours of the Rev. Thomas Brock, there has not been less than one hundred conversions, and nearly as many additions to the church. In one of our large city churches the addition of five hundred would not be a grander achievement. The addition of fifty

members, with a growing religious interest, in the little town of Simcoe deserves to be mentioned with devout gratitude to God. The work in Ingersoll, is perhaps, equally cheering; and doubtless if we had the facts we might add largely to the list. The divine leaven which has been put into the meal is working. The mustard seed which has been, in some instances, long hid in the earth, has not lost its vitality. The fire which may have long lain smouldering has not gone out; it only waits for the breath of heaven to blow upon it to kindle it into a flame. May these revivals prove to be but the drops which betoken the coming shower.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

The labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey on the other side of the Atlantic continue to be crowned with the most signal success. In Liverpool, even the large building erected for their special accommodation capable of holding ten or twelve thousand persons, proved insufficient to afford even standing room for the immense crowd that manifested their anxiety to hear these eminent evangelists; and it was found necessary to divide the audience. A large building, occupied as a circus, was secured for the purpose and filled to overflowing. Even the noon-day meetings were attended by an audience of from five to six thousand. And the same hallowed influence which attended the labours of these servants of God in the North of England, in Scotland, and more recently in Ireland, has attended them in an eminent degree in Liverpool. All the churches have been greatly quickened, and many hundreds of souls have been awakened and led to the Saviour. Particulars of the result of their labours in London have not reached us; but it is a significant fact that their *debut* in that great city attracted sufficient attention to furnish matter for a cable despatch to the Associated Press on this side of the Atlantic. The telegram was brief, but it furnished the information that it was impossible to find room for the accommodation of the multitudes who were anxious to hear the word of life from the lips of men who had been the instruments of good to the souls of so many thousands during the last few months in the British Islands. We may expect glorious news from the great metropolis in a few days.

The thoughtful Christian can scarcely read this marvellous record

of evangelistic success, hardly equalled by anything which has occurred since the days of Wesley and Whitfield, without seriously asking himself the question: What is the secret of this glorious work? There is nothing in it, we may be well assured, of the nature of miracle. In this as in everything else that occurs, we may expect to find, if we have but the patience to look for it and the power to discern it, an orderly sequence, the invariable connection of cause and effect. Nothing will be found to have come by chance, or to be the result of any arbitrary exercise of divine power. Wherever the same means are employed, under the same conditions, the same effects may be expected to follow. Doubtless much of the effect is due to the ingenuity and tact of these Evangelists. They have carefully studied the divine art of soul-saving. In addition to a natural aptitude for persuasion, heightened and improved by the wisdom which cometh from above, they have made this work their special study, they have learned to touch every one of the springs of feeling and action in the human heart, with the precision with which the musician touches the keys of the instrument upon which he plays. Their whole education has been directed to this point. Many profounder exegetes, many more cogent and powerful reasoners, many finer orators than "Brother Moody," may be found without searching very far for them. But then he makes no pretention to special excellence in these things, he has never aimed at anything of the kind. His ambition has not been to be a great man, but to be a useful one. He has from the beginning recognized it as his special mission to save souls, and he has taken the shortest cut to the fulfilment of it. Every word he utters is aimed at this, and generally goes straight to the mark. Like his divine Master, he speaks to the common people. His aim is to reach the multitude; and hence he speaks the language of the street, the shop, and the market-place. In this way he puts himself *en rapport* with the masses; and though worldly refinement may sometimes sneer at the homeliness of his expressions and illustrations, the common people hear him gladly. The honour which he puts upon the written word of God is another secret of his great success. He makes the Bible speak itself to the people. He encourages those who come to hear him to bring the sacred volume with them, that they may read, mark, and learn its truths together. He sometimes turns his immense audience into a sort of mammoth Bible-class, and these

“Scripture Readings,” as they are called, are said to be among the most interesting and popular, as they are unquestionably the most profitable of his services. They have given an immense impetus to the study of the Scriptures wherever he has gone. For this work he is admirably qualified, not only by his aptness to teach, but by his intimate knowledge of the Bible. He may not be well-read in theology—most likely in the ordinary acceptation of that term he is not—but he is well-read in the Scriptures. He may know very little about the original, but he is a complete master of the English Bible. He has no confidence in anything, as the immediate instrument of the salvation of souls, which he does not find in THE BOOK. He is a thorough believer too in *Immediatism*, he most religiously believes that *now* is the accepted time, that *this* is the day of salvation. He offers to every man a present salvation from sin upon the simple terms of repentance,—the test of which is instant and unconditional submission to God,—and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the essential element of which is trust. He is a man of faith. He has felt, he does habitually feel, the power of the truth which he preaches to others; and this, while it links his labours with the power of God, lends to his utterances an air of sincerity, and downright reality, which does not fail to work conviction in the minds of his hearers. And finally he has evidently received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he is indued with power from on high, he has become an organ of the Spirit, “the voice of one crying in the wilderness,” an immediate and mighty instrument in the salvation of men.

The part which Mr. Sankey plays in these revival scenes is not only worthy of something more than a passing notice, but it deserves to be profoundly studied. It is not easy to over-estimate the value of the service of Christian song as a means of promoting the work of revival when it is judiciously employed. This Christian gentleman seems to have studied the matter thoroughly; and does his part with a wisdom and skill which cannot be too much admired. A correspondent of the *Methodist Recorder* says: “You cannot but feel that his leading of the psalmody is not a mere professional work. Before singing, he repeats the passage of Scripture on which the hymn is founded; he relates the incident which led to its composition; or mentions some circumstance that occurred in connection with the singing of it in other places; or sometimes he

offers a brief, devout prayer for God's blessing upon the singing; and after some tender or pathetic words from Mr. Moody, he will sometimes sing a suitable piece adapted to the occasion, thus giving you the impression that he has no mere routine work; but that to him it is real, and that his aim is to convey a blessing to the people." The same writer gives a striking illustration of the manner in which Mr. Sankey's singing is adapted to Mr. Moody's preaching. The latter had just concluded an awful sermon, founded on the words "Son, remember," and at the close related an incident which had come under his own observation, of a dying man who said to him when he came to his bedside, "I am sealed for damnation; I shall soon be in hell," and so passed away. At the close of this affecting story, Mr. Sankey sang "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now," which must have sounded like a wail of anguish, and could not fail to exert a powerful influence upon the audience. The effect of his singing, which appears to be very great indeed, appears to be largely owing to the simple Scriptural and evangelical character of the hymns; the simplicity and materialness of the music; the sympathetic and devotional spirit in which they are sung; and, finally, to their appropriateness to the occasions upon which they are introduced.

WE talk of angels from heaven sent down to minister to us; and I suppose we do not talk altogether unwisely; but there are times when the fellow man who puts his hand in ours is more to us than the angel could be.

WHO that has cultivated a high and reflective piety has not unrecognized that religion does not first of all consist in hope of a future life, but consists first of all in *living well here?*

IT is by doing our best under the existing state of things that we shall work out a better. It is by improving our own present system that we create the nobler system that is to follow.

IN no necessary toil can there be any degradation. It is the gross companionship, or gross habits associated with it, that alone renders it degrading. It is only the moral dirt that sticks.

A RULE which our own reason approves of is not a restraint; it is a chosen course of action; as freely chosen as any course of social action can be.

Missionary Department.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

The Methodist Church has always taken deep interest in the welfare of the poor aborigines of North America. The honored founder of our Church left England that he might labor among the Indians of Georgia.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, true to the principles of its founder, is not unmindful of the "red man." They have Indian Missions in seven Conferences, and employ seventeen missionaries, who have 1,516 members, and churches valued at \$18,606. There is only \$4,150 appropriated to their support. Pressing calls are made for missionaries to be sent to some Indian reserves which are destitute of all spiritual instruction.

The M. E. Church, South, has a Conference organized among the Indians with seventeen missionaries and 4,613 members, but only 585 sabbath school children are reported. There are two manual labour schools, one for the Creek nation, and another for the Choctaws. The Superintendent of one says that he "finds it impossible to run the school at the low price of \$70 per scholar, which the nation pays. The missions cost the Board \$39,502.91 in little more than two years. The Indians in both Churches contribute small sums to the funds of the Church.

There is a band of Indians at Oka, Lake of the Two Mountains, near Montreal, who have been subject to most harassing and severe trials, arising from the fact that they prefer the plain preaching of the Gospel by Methodists rather than the teachings of the Romish priesthood. The land which the Indians possess is claimed by the St. Sulpician College, and various means have been adopted to drive the poor people from the homes which they and their fathers have long inherited. If they are caught cutting a piece of timber, this is made a pretext for taking them into custody. As an illustration of the persecution of these poor people we give the following, which has recently occurred :

"Beauvais, one of our Indian converts, went to the blacksmith's to get his horses shod. While there a man came, and seeing him said, 'You are my prisoner!' Beauvais asked, 'Are you a bailiff?' to which he replied, 'That is none of your business.' The fellow then cried out to five or six others in the shop, 'Bring me a rope!' Beauvais, seeing a move of the others to comply with this demand, made an effort to extricate himself and get away. This, however, was prevented by the whole of the party falling on him and beating him almost to death."

Several efforts have been made to get the matter of the ownership of the land settled, but, so far, all in vain. The poor Indians have conducted themselves so far in the most exemplary manner. It is to be hoped that, by the grace of God, they may still bear their trials with patience, for it would, indeed, be lamentable if, under the influence of repeated provocation, they should seek to be revenged upon those who have so unjustly treated them.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONS.

There are at least a million of Roman Catholics among the French *habitants*. To bring these superstitious people under the influence of the Gospel is probably the most difficult task which the Protestant Church can undertake. To a casual observer, it would seem to be labour in vain to hope for the emancipation of so many of the dupes of 'the man of sin.' A great deal, however, has been accomplished, but the fruit is not always seen. Of those who have embraced the truth, hundreds have been compelled to emigrate to the United States, as all means, of even obtaining a livelihood, is often taken from them when they sever their connection with the Romish Church.

There is a large colony of French Canadians at Kankakee, near Chicago, among whom Rev. C. Chiniquy, "the Father Mathew" of Canada, has so long laboured. There is a school at Kankakee regularly attended by some 85 pupils. The population of the village amounts to about 500, most of whom have been converted to Protestantism.

Father Chiniquy, as he is often termed, sometimes makes a tour in the New England States, where many French Canadians are located. Of one of his late tours it is said, "The priests cannot prevent their people from going to hear him, and his exposure of the Romish system in all the turpitudes of the confessional, the blasphemies of the Mass, and the heartlessness and tyranny of priestly control is rich in detail and true to life." Of course, the indignation of the priests is aroused, and in one of the articles published under the signature of one of these sons of the Church, it is said: "Protestants expend immense sums on these apostates to evangelize the children of the true Church. Why not seek to evangelise the heathen? What do they do for the heathen? *Nothing whatever.*" Could more audacious falsehoods be written?

The Institute at Point Aux Trembles in connection with the French Canadian Missionary Society has accomplished much good. Not less than 1500 have received an education, and a goodly number have given evidence of a work of grace in their hearts. There are several evangelists and colporteurs employed by the Society, and though they labour amid many discouragements it is

pleasing to know that the Great Head of the Church does not allow them to toil in vain.

There is another institute similar to that of Point Aux Trembles called the "Grand Ligne Mission," which is mainly supported by the Baptists at an expense of some \$10,000 per year. The thirty-eighth annual report has just been published, from which it appears that 43 young men and 42 young women have been educated. More than 30 persons have professed conversion. The Mission employs 15 labourers besides the teachers in the institution. Several families have left the Church of Rome to follow the Gospel.

For several years the Methodists have had a few missionaries labouring amongst the French in the Province of Quebec. At present the number is only *six*, over whom the Rev. John Borland takes the oversight. Efforts are now being made towards the erection of an Educational Institute at St. Lambert, near Montreal, which will be of great service to the Mission. The Methodists of Montreal, according to their well-known liberality, have promised munificent sums to the building fund.

SYRIA AND THE EAST.

Syria contains about two millions of inhabitants who all speak the Arabic tongue. There are 150,000 Greek Christians, 50,000 Greek Catholics, 25,000 Jews, 80,000 Druses, veritable heathens, 150,000 descendants of the old Canaanites, and 800,000 Mahometans, whose religion is the farthest remove from idolatry of any sect in the world. The American Mission has been established there for fifty years. Schools and churches are flourishing. There is a printing press, a weekly paper in Arabic, and Bibles, school books, and other books in that language. Thousands of Bibles have been distributed. Several years ago the English, Scotch, and American missionaries in Syria came to the conclusion that a college was required, in which to educate the young natives to become teachers, doctors, lawyers, &c. Fourteen years ago Dr. Bliss raised \$100,000 in England and America, with which the college was built, from which they have sent forth 30 doctors. Forty young men have graduated in the literary department, and are now teaching or have entered the medical profession. One is teaching at a place 1,000 miles up the Nile. A Bible class is held once a week. A prayer meeting is established, led by a converted Maronite. The Ottoman Government has recognized the institution, and one of its professors has charge of the observatory and sends telegraphic weather reports twice a day to the capital. Dr. Bliss is again in America, to raise another \$100,000 to help the college in regard to professorships. As the Arabic tongue is the vernacular of Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, northern parts of Africa, and is the

language of the Koran, which book is read by millions of Mahometans, it will be seen how important a medium of communication it is. The Mahometans can only hear the Gospel when it is preached to them in Arabic.

M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

Of the Missions in connection with this branch of the Methodist family, comparatively little has been known until recently. The last Annual Report of the Board of Missions is on our table, and contains many facts which prove that the heroic age of Methodism is not yet past. The Missionaries have endured many hardships. In South Georgia, where there are 20 missions, the missionaries received on an average, from all sources, little more than \$350 per man. In Florida, on the Atlantic side, from Pilatka to Jupiter Inlet, there is no ministry of the Word, and there are many grown persons who have never heard a sermon.

In two missions in Alabama the salary of the missionary was \$350, of which he was deficient \$249.40. The salary of another was \$200, of which he received just *one-half*.

In Western Missouri the Missionary forded the streams, scaled the mountains, and gathered the people together in private houses, in school houses, and under brush arbors, and by God's blessing organized seven appointments, with a membership of 150.

In West Texas, "several portions of the mission field was visited with the plague of grasshoppers, almost rivalling in number the locusts which desolated Egypt."

Besides Domestic Missions in connection with the thirty-five Annual Conferences, the Church supports missions among the Indians, the Germans, also in China and Mexico, and has an income of about \$50,000 annually.

All true Methodists must regret the collision which sometimes occurs between the missionaries of the two great branches of the Methodist Church in the United States. The Church South contends that their brethren of the North have violated the terms of agreement when the separation was made between them. Since the late war the Church North has not only sent its agents into the South, but has also established several Mission Conferences, which it supports at great expense, and which the Church South regards as a misappropriation of missionary money. Commissioners have been appointed by both General Conferences, to see if a basis of union can be agreed upon whereby the two Churches may again become one; but we regret to learn that the Commissioners have met, without being able to come to any agreement as to a basis of union. In the meantime there are several lawsuits pending respecting Church property which both Churches claim, and we may be

sure that these litigations will not accelerate the union of the Churches. May the breaches soon be healed!

METHODISM AGGRESSIVE.—Bishop Janes recently illustrated this thus: Looking at the strategic points held by their missionary stations over the world, he said that there are as many Methodists to-day in Africa, China, India, or Western Europe, as there were in this country a hundred years ago. In China there are whole circuits, Presiding Elder and all, of native converts, enough native Christians to revolutionize the empire. The venerable bishop closed with the expression of the belief that earth is to be married to heaven, and "I sometimes think," said he, "that God will let me live to attend the ceremony."

A NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN INDIA.—The leader is called Dhulee Badajee, literally "Father of Dust," probably because he always sleeps on the bare ground, eats but one meal a day, drinks only milk and water, and never uses narcotics. His dress consists of a strip of bark. He denounces idolatry, caste, the Brahmins, and the use of spirituous liquors, teaches the worship of the Creator and Preserver of the world, the practice of prayers to God, truth, charity and chastity. He has thousands of disciples, who have come from nearly every caste. Whole villages have given up their idols and have adopted his precepts. His followers have a number of hymns in praise of the indescribable God, which contain some ideas that must have been derived from Christian books.

CONSISTENCY OF AN INDIAN CONVERT.—Six years ago a Hindu gentleman in Tinnevely protested earnestly against the baptism of his son. Recently he came to the missionary, Dr. Sargent, with the earnest request himself to be baptized. He had supposed, as high-caste Hindus often do, that his son had become a Christian from mercenary motives, and in order that he might have license to eat and drink and live as Europeans do. This prejudice can seldom be corrected, as the complete estrangement between high-caste Hindus and their converted relatives prevents the former from knowing anything of the private life of a Christian family. A matter of property, however, made it necessary for the Hindu father to visit his son, from whom he had been separated for years. During the days on which he was detained in his son's dwelling the father heard the Bible read, witnessed the family prayers, and saw the course of the household, and having read the Scriptures for himself, became a Christian.

THE REVIVALISTS.

The Fall and Winter of 1874-5, have certainly been seasons of no ordinary interest in respect of Revivals. At no time of which we can remember, do we know of so many persons labouring in special services, for the building up of the church and the conversion of sinners. In France conferences have been held specially to instruct those who are anxious to enjoy the *Higher Life*. Meetings are held, which are attended by hundreds from town and country, some of whom travel on foot a distance of 40 miles. Pastor Monod seems to be the leading spirit in these gatherings, but at one conference, there were 52 pastors of various denominations, who spent 4 days together, in conversation and prayerful reading of the Holy Scriptures, with a view to increase personal holiness.

In England all the public journals speak of the astonishing labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who seem to be sent by God to awaken the churches. Ministers of all denominations join in the holy toil, and in every place, where these honoured Americans labour, similar results follow. Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, have all had "showers of blessing," and now London is next to be visited, where thousands have prayed that in England's metropolis, signs and wonders may be accomplished.

A private letter received from a friend, speaks in glowing terms of what is doing among all denominations in Sunderland, especially, the Church of England, where special services have been held for weeks in succession. Hundreds of prayer meetings are held in various parts of the town, and such is the effect produced, that a clergyman said, "had the church been as active in Wesley's day he never would have been thrust out of the church."

REVIVAL AND MISSIONS.

At the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Joseph Bush said :

"I am from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Newcastle is not now what it was twelve months ago. The three chief actors in a revival are what they were. We had the Book then, we have the Book now ; we had the men then, we have the men now ; we had God then, we have God now. But then this power from on high was so much power at rest ; it is now power in motion. And this power in motion has touched upon the men, and they speak with other tongues. It has touched upon the Book, and the Bible is now illuminated, and it comes with new force and freshness to the hearts of the people. The Jordan is overflowing all its banks all the time of harvest (and in that northern town we have had harvest the winter through.) It is not a Methodist revival exclusively, and none the less

welcome, and, as I think, none the less likely to be lasting for that. Ministers and members of all Churches have felt the force and fire of this visitation of the Holy Ghost. It affects all classes. We have been preaching the gospel week by week in the workhouse for years past; not much to be seen for it until within the last six or seven weeks, and now there is a great work of God amongst the inmates in Newcastle-on-Tyne Workhouse. People who went not to the house of God have felt the power of prayer; and one man whom I could name, who had not been within the house of God for seventeen years, but who had been prayed for, has felt the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit in his own house, and he was led to the sanctuary. He found peace through faith in Christ, and is now a most consistent and aggressive Christian. This revival has borne fruit in various forms and in many places. It has reformed street songs. Our good people from abroad tell us they have given the people a new language; but this work of God has given to many street boys new songs. It is no uncommon thing to hear boys and young men warbling the airs and sacred songs with which the memory of this revival might for evermore be bound up. The revival has touched the income of foreign missions, and in those towns in the district touched by this work of God there has been an increase of from 15 to 20 or 30 per cent. in the course of the last year. I believe that the battle will be fought and won upon our knees. This revival has given our people increased faith in the power of prayer; and if the history of that Monday prayer-meeting which has been held daily for the last seven months in Newcastle should be written, it would be the most effectual answer to all who doubt the power of prayer. In the work in that Northern town it has been prayer first, prayer middle, prayer last. Prayer before we held the Conference, prayer during the Conference, prayer after the Conference. And I think I could not better serve the interests of this Foreign Missionary Society than by placing this burden upon the heart and conscience of all here present. And I should like to challenge our friends in the body of the hall, and on the platform to fight on our knees, and to intercede with God day by day and week by week; to intercede with our risen Head and Lord, until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field at home be counted for a forest."

How glorious to believe that this humanity of ours, which creeps still too close to the earth, is moulding and growing slowly into a new type of being, that it will put forth new powers, and will live some day habitually in the higher regions of thought and feeling.

Book Reviews.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST PULPIT. Rev. S. G. Phillips, Editor.
Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

We have in this goodly 12mo. vol. of 420 pp., a practical illustration of what preaching is. Here are twenty-three sermons, all of which, we believe, have been recently preached in the Methodist pulpits of Canada. If we mistake not, this volume will be read with unflagging interest, from beginning to end, as it is a fine specimen of the kind of preaching that people hear who attend Methodist churches.

We would not say that all the sermons are of equal merit. This would be impossible, but we do say, that they are all good, and that none of the preachers need be ashamed of being associated with brethren, who, if not equally gifted, are at all events, equally desirous to do good, and not one gives an uncertain sound.

The first sermon is by the prince of pulpit orators, Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL. D., the reading of which will recall many pleasing reminiscences of one, the announcement of whose name would at any moment fill the largest churches in the land. Then we have two sermons from the Venerable Dr. Ryerson, President of the General Conference, one of which, was preached at the Conference held in London, in 1865, as a memorial of the Rev. W. L. Thornton, M. A., who presided at the Conference of 1864, and died soon after his return to England. It is an admirable portraiture of the sainted man, and will remind those who attended the Conference at which he presided, and of the hallowed season which they enjoyed, and which has so often been referred to, as the most memorable Conference.

Our space will not allow us to dwell at length on the sermons *seriatim*, but we can assure our readers, that each sermon appears to be very characteristic of the preacher. Some are expository, others are textual, and some are hortatory. One abounds with gorgeous language until you could almost suppose that you were reading a prize poem. Another deals with questions, which are being forced upon the church, by those who profess to view things, through the medium of science only, and certainly the scientists do not look very prepossessing. Some abound with illustrations, while others are largely experimental. A few, no doubt, have been preached on special occasions, for which they are well adapted. All are full of

Christ, and abound with ample encouragements to such as are labouring to spread Christianity among men.

We are very much pleased with the selection of the preachers whose sermons comprise this goodly volume. Here are not merely the fathers and the elder brethren, but a few choice specimens are taken from the ranks of the rising Ministry. This is as it should be. The fathers will feel gratified that, as they are passing away, those who are to be their successors, will contend earnestly for the faith and will not be likely to forsake the old landmarks.

The work is introduced by an admirable introduction from the pen of the Rev. E. H. Dewart, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*. It might almost be designated a dissertation on preaching. The editor is not of those who think that the pulpit has lost its power. While he readily acknowledges the power and influence of preaching in the past, he contends that the preaching of the present day has not declined and yielded the palm to the press, nor any other agency of moral reform.

The volume closes with an address, by Rev. A. Sutherland, on the "Distinctive Features of Wesleyan Theology," which is a meet contribution to a book containing so many specimens of Methodist preaching. Delivered, as it was, at the reception of the young men who were ordained at the Conference of 1874, the last of the Canadian Conferences, it will revive some of the impressions that were made on the hearts of those who were present on that very solemn occasion.

We are exceedingly pleased with the idea of publishing the Canadian Methodist Pulpit. It will serve to be read in many families on Sabbaths when they are detained from public worship, and should there be a disappointment at any Church, we are sure that some brother might read a sermon from this volume with great advantage, rather than have the congregation go without service, as is sometimes done.

The editor and publisher, the Rev. S. G. Phillips, deserves great credit for having ventured to issue such a splendid volume, and "the people called Methodists," in Canada at least, should show their appreciation of his labours by buying the book. We would like to see a copy in every family.

Our good Brother Phillips has for several years past used the press to good purpose, but this "Canadian Methodist Pulpit" is his greatest venture. He must have incurred great risk.

The style and get-up of the book are exceedingly creditable to Hunter, Rose & Co. Should any copies find their way to England, publishers there will no more say, "They cannot get up books in Canada."

B.

MODERN DOUBT AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF. By THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, D.D., Preacher and Professor of Theology at Bonn. New York : Armstrong, Scribner & Co.

TO comprehend these Lectures of Prof. Christlieb, we must steadily keep in view their purpose and history. They were delivered at Albion Hall, Islington, London, to German audiences, composed mostly of cultivated men, with a general belief in revelation, often more or less disturbed by the peculiar scepticism of the times. Their adaptation to similar classes of persons in every part of the world is accounted for by the circumstances of their origin. Perhaps, also, beyond such classes their influence will not be specially striking.

The first lecture treats of the Existing Breach between Modern Culture and Christianity. In no other part of the volume are the grasp, candour, and power of the author so well evinced. He concedes that thousands of educated persons who acknowledge the morals have discarded the faith of Christianity. The causes of the breach he describes as historical, scientific, ecclesiastical, political, social, and ethical. They began with Celsus and Lucian, were stimulated by the exaggerated freedom of the Reformation, intensified by the efforts of the English, French and German infidels of the succeeding times, and urged forward to the present crisis by Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schiller, Hume, Strauss, Baur, and Renan. The loss of spiritual life in the Church, her intolerance, her moral corruptions, her formal orthodoxy, her persecuting spirit, her wealth and arrogance, her sectarian disputes and political complications, aggravated difficulties by leading men to mistake a counterfeit and distorted semblance for the substance of Christianity. Prof. Christlieb does not conceal the extent of the breach which has been made by the causes he describes. He represents, more especially in Germany, the culture of towns as widely alienated, universities as often hostile, many half-educated teachers as sceptical, religious instruction as meagre, while the very songs of pupils in schools and colleges breathe out atheism. The periodical press is frequently bitter in its oppositions. Europe and America are thus filled with publications assulting Christianity by arguments against the faith furnished chiefly from the fields of natural science.

Our author, in showing how the breach between Culture and Christianity may be filled up, exhibits a most noble and generous catholicity, and a profound acquaintance with his subject. He has evidently penetrated deeply into the essence of the religion of the Bible, caught its genius and imbibed its spirit. His style often glows with the vigour of his thoughts. He sets forth Christianity as itself the highest culture, absorbing into itself the learning of all ages,

the patron of letters, the nurse of erudition, the mother of popular education—the very manhood and perfection of our humanity.

We regret that we cannot follow the author in a careful analysis of his succeeding seven lectures, which treat, in order, of Reason and Revelation, Modern Non-Biblical conceptions of God, the Theology of Scripture and of the Church, the Modern Negation of Miracles, Modern Anti-Miraculous Accounts of the Life of Christ, Modern Denials of the Resurrection, and the Modern Critical Theory of Primitive Christianity. Perhaps it is sufficient to remark that in every part of his work he exhibits the same penetration into the essential, as distinguished from the accidental in Christianity; the same minuteness and extent of learning; the same admirable and exhaustive arrangement; the same Germanic patience of investigation, catholicity of spirit, and tender regard for the prejudices and ignorance of the enemies of Christianity. He remembers what theologians usually forget—that they themselves, by their bigotry, their intolerance, their divisions, their persecutions even unto blood, have been greatly responsible for those horrible distortions of the religion of the Bible, which arouse hostility, and cause truth itself to be assaulted as imagined error. Voltaire was not wholly to blame in seeking the overthrow of that spectral monster he mistook for Christianity. Byron and Shelley, had they been followed by the compassion due to the follies of erring youth, might not have been driven to fury and despair, nor have infused into their own times and future generations the poison of perverted genius. Prof. Christlieb is a model for all coming religious controversialists. His book will be an enduring contribution to the apologetic literature of Christianity, and take rank with the very best productions, ancient or modern.

In one single, but important point, we are compelled to differ with him. He most clearly and beautifully sets forth the Consonance between Revealed Religion and Natural Theology. He truly says that faith in our own existence, and that of the external world, lies at the basis as well of science as of religion—that to it is opposed unbelief, not knowledge—that faith is the masculine and productive power, while reason is feminine, and receptive—that the two are one eternal harmony—that Christianity is the manhood of our race, and that any step in supposed advance is toward senility. He remarks that submission brings light and assurance. If Christianity be truth, of course any path leading to it, if pursued, will terminate our struggles. But can the sceptic be convinced of this by a demand upon him to believe before he can proceed to reason? Can you require him to yield his intellect to the mysteries of revelation before you furnish him arguments sufficient to support his trust? By such an approach to him, do you not excite his prejudice, and even his contempt? Here, by some unguarded statements, the author has greatly weakened the force of his admirable book.

Christianity in a far different manner must meet the sceptical culture of these bold and restless times. If she bids the doubter first believe, and then reason, she will be met with scorn, and her advances repulsed as dictated by a mere clerical authority presupposing the ignorance it would dupe and subject. She must claim as her standing-ground no more than science claims—that faith in our personal existence, in an external world, in the testimony of our senses, and the deductions of our intellects, which lie at the basis of universal knowledge. The materialistic philosophy no more than Christianity can advance without such a faith as a postulate. Prof. Christlieb has incautiously confounded this faith—which is an instinct, an intuition, an essential condition of the human mind above and beyond reason—with that faith in revelation which has its only true support in reason. Upon the former faith Christianity and science alike rest. Where do they separate? When Christianity presents those supernatural facts which distinguish her, and challenges reason to test her proofs.

Take, for instance, the resurrection of Jesus Christ! That established, all other mysteries are easily conceded. Secure the citadel, and the outworks are not hard to hold. But how gain credence to this great central fact which carries with it all else? By calling on men first to submit their minds, and then examine our proofs? Just the reverse! Christianity, in establishing the resurrection of her Master, appeals to the eye, to the ear, to the touch, as much as a chemist in the experiments of his laboratory, or an astronomer when he looks into the heavens with his telescope. The whole investigation involves a simple question of testimony. It relies on the reports of the senses, and the inferences of the reasoning faculties applied according to those rules of induction, and of evidence, by which you verify a law of physical science, or prove a fact to the satisfaction of a jury.—*International Review*.

IF we are immortal souls we are immortal here;—death is but our great progression;—let us begin to live as the immortals should.

EVERY man carries, and can carry, the burden of his own grief. Thoughtful men, of the prophetic order, would take up the burden of the whole world. No wonder that they cannot bear it—that it crushes them to the earth.

Editor's Portfolio.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have been received, and will appear in due time:—"The Late Mrs. Palmer;" "Marysville, N. B.;" "Need of a Direct Revelation;" "Our Mission Work;" "Intemperance;" "The Rev. J. W. Shrewsbury;" "The Purpose of Being;" "Alleged Contradictions of the Bible;" "The Gospel in China," &c. Other contributions suitable for our pages will be gladly received.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.—We began our Magazine for this year with a department of Biblical Criticism and Homiletics. As experience has shown us that less interest is felt in this than in other departments of "E. C.," we intend in future numbers to occupy the space with articles on Temperance and the Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic—that great National question of the day.

WE ARE GLAD to be able to say that the circulation of "E. C." is steadily increasing. From one city we have received over 70 subscribers, over 60 from another, and nearly 40 from a third. During the past month many letters have been received, speaking of our Magazine in the highest terms, and expressing earnest hopes that its publication may be permanent. The February and March numbers have been especially commended. We can assure our friends that no effort on our part will be spared to merit their continued confidence and support.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can still supply a few back numbers of "E. C." for the current year. Let the names of new subscribers come in, and if they do not want the back numbers they can remit at the rate of 12½ cents a number for the rest of the year.

THOSE who have been privileged to see and hear the Rev. J. S. INSKIP will be pleased with the life-like portrait which we publish in this number. An esteemed correspondent promised us a sketch of Mr. Inskip's life and work; but unfortunately it has not reached us in time for the present issue.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the Methodist Church at Marysville, N. B., is in the hands of the engraver, and will appear in the next number.

Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

Joyfully.

1. Who, who are these be-side the chil-ly wave, Just on the bor-ders

of the silent grave, Shouting Je-su's power to save. "Washed in the blood of the

Lamb." "Sweep-ing thro' the gate" to the New Je-u-sa-lem

1st "Washed in the blood of the Lamb.".... "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." 2nd
in the blood of the Lamb.

2. These, these are they who, in their youthful days,
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
Proved the fulness of His grace,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

3. These, these, are they who, in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4. These, these are they who, in the conflict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire;
Jesus now says: "Come up higher,"
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

5. Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."