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REV. JAMES CAMERON, EDITOR.

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Editorial.

CONCERNING THE LOST ARTS.

HAT there are lost arts, is a consideration fitted to modify to some extent the inveterate habit of boasting into which the nineteenth century has fallen. In the building trade, the art is lost that carried from the quarry and raised to lofty heights the immense blocks of stone that are seen to-day in the ruins of Balbec and Karnac. In the manufacturing trade, the art is lost of forging such steel as made the once-famed Damascus blade. Among the lost arts some are inclined to rank Pulpit eloquence. The secular press, which, very wisely, takes an interest in preachers and preaching, talks very often as if the oratory of ancient times had ceased from the laud, and as if the power of the pulpit had passed away into the dark region of the lost arts. This point we will not here argue. But very glad indeed, would we be, to hear people debate the question, as to whether the old fashioned art of gospel-hearing may not also be ranked among the lost arts to a very large degree.

There is no question whatever, but among the tendencies of our day is a marked readiness to hear. If a speaker, lecturer, or preacher, can only make himself notorious, it does not matter much how the notoriety comes, he will get crowds to listen to him wherever he goes. It is with us very much as it was long ago in Athens, where the Athenians and strangers that were there, spent their time (*i. e.* spare time) in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some

new thing. In no sense can this habitual alacrity to hear, which Paul calls "itching ears," be called the art of gospel-hearing, hearing in the sense which Christ meant when he said, "Take heed what ye hear," "Take heed how ye hear," "He that hath an ear let him hear." Itching ears is not a noble habit, but a troublesome and dangerous disease. "Such people," says Matthew Henry, in his own caustic quaint way, "are like children that have the rickets, their *heads* swell with empty notions and undigested opinions, but their *joints* are weak." That is not the true art of hearing, but rather its counterfeit, which is like nothing else in its busy idleness, and purposeless activity, than a man building a house on a foundation of sand, which is indeed Christ's estimate of it.

"It is not enough," says the author quoted above, "to *hear* Christ's sayings and *understand* them, hear them and remember them, hear them and talk of them, repeat them and dispute for them, but we must *hear* and *do* them. This do and thou shalt live. Those only that hear and do are blessed, (Luke xi. 28 ; John xiii. 7,) and are akin to Christ. Matt. xii. 20."

In what the divine art of true hearing consists is nowhere more beautifully and fully illustrated, than in the story of Cornelius, the Roman soldier, and his friends, as told us by Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles. This Centurion, born and educated in Italy, was, according to the story, stationed with his legion in Cæsarea, the political capital of Palestine, where he became a worshipper of the true God, and where he was known to the Jews, though not a member of their church, as a pious, upright, kind, charitable man. Anxious to know the truth in regard to the new religion that was spreading like leaven, in Palestine and Syria, he was told by an angel to send for one of the preachers of the new faith, not to work some miracle before him, but to "speak to him *words*, whereby he and all his house should be saved." The preacher came, a plain man, probably on foot, with six men like himself—Simon, the tanner, being in all likelihood one of them. With the promptitude of a soldier, with the decision of a man accustomed both to command and obey, with the brevity of a man whose profession is not favourable to

much speech, Cornelius, in soldierly words, that ought to be inscribed over the doors of Christian churches in letters of gold, explained the position he and his friends occupied as hearers towards the preacher who came "to speak words." "IMMEDIATELY, THEREFORE, I SENT TO THEE; AND THOU HAST WELL DONE THAT THOU HAST COME. NOW, THEREFORE, WE ARE ALL HERE PRESENT BEFORE GOD TO HEAR ALL THINGS THAT ARE COMMANDED THEE OF GOD." As the result showed—for all the congregation that day joined the Christian church—the language of the Roman officer was not the language of fancy or flattery, but exactly descriptive of the spirit of the first meeting of the first Gentile congregation of which we have any account. Since that congregation met, down there by the sea-shore, where there is now not a single dwelling, nor a single solitary dweller, since that time the world has grown, and discoveries have been made in science and art—"men run to and fro, and knowledge has been increased"—but we doubt if the art of hearing ever reached higher perfection than it did in that church, in the house of Cornelius. God's workmanship is not always in the way of evolution. The instincts of the birds that lodged in Noah's Ark was not less perfect than the instincts of the birds of like kind of to-day, nor are the nests built by these architects of the woods more perfect to-day than they were that spring Noah let the builders loose from their prison. Adam came from the hands of the Creator a perfect man, full-grown and full-armed for the work of Eden. There is something like this to be seen in the history of the Christian church. Those early preachers, and those early hearers, and those early organizers, and those early workers, spring up before us like the fabled Minerva, full-grown and full-armed, from the very outset of their Christian existence. Under the very first sermon they ever heard from the lips of a Christian preacher, they showed themselves adepts in the art of hearing. Cornelius and his friends showed themselves possessed of the seven virtues that make an accomplished hearer of the everlasting gospel.

1. We find those hearers *systematic* men. When Peter arrived on the afternoon of the fourth day, from the date of Cornelius'

vision, he found his congregation waiting for him. What a rare piece of forethought, cool calculation, order, and punctuality, is to be seen in this act. You can easily see that it was a soldier that had charge of the arrangements. It is not, indeed, without some definite purpose on God's part, or without some lesson for us, that the first converts to Christianity from the heathen world were soldiers—officers, privates, servants, in that vast disciplined military organization that laid the conquered world at the feet of the Roman Emperors. Does it mean that Christ demands in his people discipline, the promptitude, the despatch, the system, that characterize a powerful and effective army? One thing we know, that the Church of Rome owes much of its success to the fact of its having inherited the military spirit, and to its having practiced the military discipline of the ancient Roman Empire, and that the chief element of weakness in the Protestant Churches is the fatal absence of such a spirit and such a discipline.

To secure such punctuality as we see in this case, Cornelius must have arranged things before his messenger set out for Joppa. He fixed for them their stages, their stoppages, and their hour of return, as if they were sent on a military message, and at the appointed hour, he and his friends were at their post to find his messengers and their preacher with no less punctuality at their post. Oh for one week of Cornelius, in some of our congregations, among the worshippers and managers, to infuse a spirit of military precision and punctuality, especially into week-day devotional meetings, and financial arrangements!

2. These men, as hearers, we find, *self-denying* men. Was there no self-denial and expense connected with sending three men on a four days' journey, in preparing one's house, fitting it for a church, leaving business or pleasure in the afternoon of a week day. There is a fact which comes out in the statistical returns and annual reports of several churches this year, which stands rebuked here, the fact, viz.: that though the attendance on Sabbath is good, the attendance on week evening meetings, for preaching and praying, is very small, except during some seasons of special and exceptional

excitement. It was not so in times of persecution in our mother-country, when men met to hear the word preached at dead of night, and in the solitudes of moors and forests. Like harts, they panted after the water-brooks. The pardon of sin, the favour of God, increase in knowledge, growth in grace, quickening of spiritual pulse, were to them the great realities of life,—its substance that demanded their first care, for while the shop and the farm were only the shadow of things, so they understood the words of Christ—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

3. As hearers we find these men *sympathetic*. It is impossible for a kind man to enjoy his plentiful meal while he sees others starving at his door. It was not the disposition of Cornelius to sit down to the spiritual feast he expected, at the hand of Peter, and neglect to invite his neighbours to partake. We read that "he called together his kinsmen and near friends." It was the rule under the Roman Emperors to leave its military legions for years in one locality, a system the opposite of the one that prevails in Britain. Through long residence in Cæsarea, Cornelius gathered round him a family, and had kinsmen and close bosom friends. All these were invited to meet Peter. We can imagine we see Cornelius during the three or four days that intervened between the vision and the meeting in his house. He attends to all his military duties as usual, but when parade and drill are over, (for it has been said that the absence of the wounded and the slain was the only distinction between the exercise of the Roman army in peace and war) he talks aside to one here and one there, of his brother officers, inviting them to his house, to hear words whereby they shall be saved, from the lips of Peter. As an officer in the army he is well known to the Gentile merchants of Cæsarea, and as a pious man he is known to the Jewish merchants, and to these merchants, sitting at business in the bazaar, he speaks as he moves along in his military dress, inviting them to his meeting. Happy is the pastor that can boast of hearers like Cornelius. We have heard of various devices by which to draw out the careless to the house of God. A city missionary, in

London, once told us that he employed a boy to knock at the doors of all the houses of the court with a wooden hammer, to warn the people to service; another plan is to issue cards of invitation; but the best system of all is for hearers to do as Cornelius did—go and ask to the house of God such as need your invitation. “Send us a minister,” wrote the deacons of a provincial church, to Spurgeon, “send us from your college a minister to fill our church.” The reply they got from Spurgeon was, “I have none big enough; if you wish the church filled with hearers, the hearers already there must do it.” Many individuals who have no gift to preach, nor even to pray, nor to sing in a public meeting, can whisper in the ear of some careless neighbour, “Come with me to church. You are welcome to a seat with us.” If every hearer that reads these words would resolve before next Sabbath to seek out some one neglecting public worship, and ask him as Cornelius did, (and was successful) there would be at least ten thousand additional worshippers in the churches of the Dominion by that simple act—and what might come out of that none can tell. It requires no college training, no ordination, no eloquence, no great courage even, to say to neighbours words like these—“We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.” That invitation, or the substance of it, constantly on the lips of all the hearers in the Dominion, would, in the course of a year or two, crowd to overflowing our churches, and gladden the hearts of preachers who are losing the art of speaking in the pulpits, because, it may be, the hearers are losing the art of hearing in the pews.

4. As hearers we see that these men are *serious*. No matter how perfect the image and writing on a seal is, it leaves no mark on the wax unless it is soft. There is a disposition of mind as necessary to constitute a true hearer of the Gospel as that softness is to the wax. It is not simply a disposition to listen attentively, nor a disposition to examine calmly. This is good, but more is needed. The very disposition needed is expressed in this story, in these words, “*We are all here present before God.*” “Present before God,”

this is, to feel that God is really there, although no image of him is seen, and no visible appearance of his glory; it is to feel that God in his providence and grace had arranged that meeting for the despatch of business that lies between sinful men and the court of high heaven; it is to feel that the speaker who is to address them is commissioned by God to explain His will, to transact business in His behalf; it is to feel that God is favourably disposed towards those whom he has called into his presence, that He is willing to be in their meeting, not simply as he is everywhere,

“But as he dwells with his disciples,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free:”

it is lastly, to feel that for the results of the meeting they are responsible to God, who expects from his sinful creatures the reverence and humble demeanour becoming a creature in the presence of the great Creator. It was not that the place of meeting was consecrated by men, that gave Cornelius and his friends this feeling, nor because Peter appeared in priestly vestments, amid music and the smoke of incense. No! The place of meeting was the reception-room of his own dwelling, the preacher had on him neither surplice nor gown, nor was there any music nor incense, save the music of gentle, eloquent, manly speech, and the incense arising from praying hearts, yet there was over the spirits of those stern soldiers the awe and solemnity of soul that makes the soul soft like wax, to receive impressions from the God-sent preacher, that makes the soul susceptible like the good ground that received the seed and brought forth fruit, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred fold. It would be well for readers to remember the directions of an old fashioned book, “That the Word may become effectual to salvation we must *attend* thereunto with *diligence*, *preparation*, and *prayer*, receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts and practice it in our lives.”

5. As hearers they manifest a *submissive disposition*. “We are present . . . to hear *all things that are commanded* thee of God.” It is of the first necessity in a soldier to render ready,

unquestioning obedience to the will and commands of his superior in military rank. That spirit breathes through these words. It would never do for a soldier to pick and choose, sift and select the orders from headquarters. When the order comes to march, no matter how late the hour, nor how dark and stormy the night, the soldier must go out at the appointed signal. A soldier told the writer that on one occasion, in India, after a long day's march, just as the army was cooking their evening meal, orders were issued to attack the enemy, though the men were weary and hungry, merely from a foolish whim on the part of their general, who was of a hot temper; yet no man must question the order nor refuse obedience. Such is the disposition with which his congregation meets Peter:—"to hear all things that are commanded thee of God;" all things, no matter what; all things, for nothing unreasonable can be ordered by God; all things, for his commands are not grievous; all things, for his yoke is easy and his burden is light; all things (the words have a stern aspect), all things, though it demanded sacrifice, peril, loss of life. This description of the true hearer is well represented on the device adopted by the old Baptist Missionary Society, which is an ox, having on one side an altar and on the other a yoke, with the words below, "READY FOR EITHER." That disposition of implicit submission of the head to the doctrines of the Bible; of the heart and life to the precepts of the Bible, no matter how contrary both may be to tastes, prejudices, and associations, is the disposition of the true hearer to whom the Lord will reveal the mysteries of His kingdom.

6. As hearers these men are *suaviloquent* or sweet-speaking men. "Thou hast well done that thou hast come," said the soldier to the preacher. Far removed from flattery are these words: but in a most delicate and yet manly way they convey to Peter an idea of the importance Cornelius attached to his coming; an idea also of approval on the part of the Centurion, that Peter manifested such soldierly qualities; and further an idea of the deep heart-felt gratitude that one of the Apostles of their Lord condescended to come on this mission, to a Gentile groping his way in darkness. It is neither

manly nor wise in hearers to be feeding their pastors on compliments. The desire for fulsome praise is an appetite that grows the more it is fed. But not only is there no danger, but on the contrary great strength to a minister of Christ, to hear occasionally from his hearers, words like those of Cornelius. When the pastor rides in rain and mud, or drives through drift and frost, to keep his appointment in some remote dwelling or way-side school, it is no more than he deserves, that some Cornelius should meet him at the entrance of the meeting-house, and say in words, or in looks, or in a shake of the hand, "Thou hast well done that thou hast come." Will the pastor preach the worse for such a greeting as that?

7. But there is one quality yet wanting to complete the circle of the seven virtues of gospel-hearing. Were these hearers *steadfast*? On that point we cannot speak with certainty. While Peter yet spake, the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the word, and Peter commanded them to be baptized. He spent a few days with them, then took his departure, and the curtain falls on the Gentile Christians of Cæsarea. There is every reason to believe that they like Cornelius, all continued steadfast, that they were not only hearers of the word but doers of it.

Steadfastness is the crowning grace of good hearing; it is the key stone that completes and locks the whole structure. "*Stand fast*," is constantly sounded in the ears of gospel hearers by Christ and his Apostles. When Barnabas visited Antioch to direct the remarkable awakening among the Gentiles of that place, he found, we may well suppose, in these hearers all the six virtues enumerated above. It remained, therefore, that the seventh grace be added, so "HE EXHORTED THEM ALL THAT WITH PURPOSE OF HEART, THEY WOULD CLEAVE UNTO THE LORD."

ANOTHER SOLUTION OF A VEXED PROBLEM.

MR. GRANT DUFF, the member of Parliament for the Elgin district of burghs, Scotland, always finds attentive readers when he writes, and respectful listeners when he speaks, on any of the ques-

tions of the day. He is a man of experience in public life, sharp vision, independent thought, and clear, concise statements. It is cause for gladness for those who wish something were done to curtail or suppress the liquor traffic in Britain, to see a man like him grappling with this problem, even though they may not approve altogether of the solution he suggests. His address lately to his constituents on "*Means to Decrease Intemperance*," which we give under the department of *Christian Thought*, is well worthy an attentive perusal, not simply on its own account, and on account of the subject with which it deals, but on account of his exposition of a scheme for dealing with the liquor traffic which has been proposed by such an authority as Mr. Chamberlain, formerly Mayor of Birmingham, now one of its M.P.'s, and to all appearance the future leader of the advanced wing of the Reform party, on whose shoulders will devolve the task of carrying forward the work of Reform to a higher issue than it has yet attained in Britain.

The reader will find on reading Mr. Duff's lecture that he is not among those that think that there is no danger to Britain in its drinking customs, nor on the other hand can he go the length of advocating Sir W. Lawson's Permissive Bill, which is very similar to what is called the Dunkin Bill in our country. His position is midway between these poles of thought on this great social problem.

One remark made by Mr. Duff stands in strong and strange contrast to our theory and practice of government on this side of the Atlantic. He says:—"The machinery which it (the Permissive Bill) proposes is one which we have long discarded for legislative or quasi-legislative purposes. When we want to get anything of that kind done we elect a person or persons to consider it and to do it. We have long got past the stage in which questions are referred to the whole mass of the people interested, and replied to directly by them." If that is a correct account of our representative constitution as *Monarchic* in contradistinction from a Democratic constitution, then, the objections made in Canada against our House of Commons enacting a Prohibitory Liquor Law for the Dominion, without a direct appeal to the popular vote, have no foundation in fact. In regard to

measures based on justice and truth, the Legislature of a free country has undoubtedly a right, not simply to follow the popular vote, but, to lead the people and to educate them, and even to compel them to observe righteousness and judgment. Thus far Mr. Grant is right. Legislators have responsibilities towards God and His Word, and towards their own consciences over and above their responsibilities towards their constituents. On these matters they can and ought to legislate without, or even against, the popular vote. There was no appeal to the popular vote on the abolition of slavery in Britain, nor was there in Canada, even on such a question as the question of Confederation. It, therefore, no doubt lies within the power of the Parliament that sits in Ottawa next winter, to enact a Prohibitory liquor law, if it chooses, for the Dominion. What is *lawful*, however, is not always *expedient*. When the question at issue is a question in regard to which good men may have difference of opinion, a question in regard to which there is no distinct emphatic utterance in the Bible, or in conscience, excepting as a question of Christian expediency in view of a diseased condition of society—on a question like this, what can be the harm or danger of submitting it to a popular vote? This is the very work in which temperance people are engaged in the various counties of Ontario at the present moment, and we fail to see anything but good as yet flowing from this direct appeal to the people. The truth is, that on this side of the Atlantic, to-day, what, from the character of professed politicians and what from the machinery they wield to get into office, there is far more soundness in the people than in their representatives.

One feature of Mr. Duff's, or rather Mr. Chamberlain's plan is to "grant licenses to the highest bidder, under conditions to be fixed by the Council." As long as licenses exist among us in Ontario it would be an excellent amendment to "Crook's Bill," to carry forward, for the future, the work of restricting the liquor traffic, which is the special and distinguishing character of that Bill, by setting up licenses, in cities, towns, and villages, to competition, and giving them to one or two, (as the case might demand) of the *highest bidders*, who must fulfil the conditions of license. This would fix

license fees at their true value; this would make the liquor traffic less profitable; this would weed out low-class houses; this would relieve the license commissioners from the odium of refusing licenses to houses that had just as good a claim to license as those who received it, but which were refused license simply because too many had applied. Let the battle, as to who should receive license, be left among the men who know best how much ought to be paid for the privilege; and in every case let the condition be imposed on him that receives license that he shall always keep on hand exposed for sale in a public place, bread, hot tea, and coffee.

Then, further, it is surely only a right thing that, as long as men are licensed to sell any article, it should be seen by the Government that they do not, under that license, sell poison. If a butcher sells tainted meat he is liable to a fine and confiscation; why should dealers in drink, under license, be allowed to sell what they choose, no matter however poisonous, without a single attempt being made, by the Government that licenses them, to ascertain, whether too large a percentage of alcohol is present in the drinks offered, or whether other poisonous ingredients be mixed with the alcohol.

But as to the feature in Mr. Duff's proposal, that looks in the direction of Government, or City Councils, buying up the liquor traffic and carrying it on, as Government has done with the Telegraph Companies, it is very doubtful if the Temperance Societies will ever fall in with it, excepting as a step towards "tapering off" society, to use a toper's phrase, to ultimate prohibition. For it is a point on which many are arriving at—strong, clear, and emphatic conviction—that drinks made by distilling grain, or by doctoring wines, are an unnatural, fierce and wicked beverage, and that traffic in all such drinks is contrary to nature, to the best interests of society, and should be forbidden. Such drinks, many believe, are a modern invention of northern climates, were unknown in the days of the Bible, and should be prohibited as the drinking of laudanum, and the smoking of opium ought to be, in all well ordered states, did these customs become general, to the detriment of the common weal.

One thing, however, we may augur from the sentiment of Mr. Chamberlain, and that is, that when the advanced school of Liberals come to the front, in Britain, (which will happen in all likelihood before long) as the successors of Mr. Gladstone's school, there will be on their platform, side by side with the plank "No Established Church," the other plank "War with the liquor traffic." After what fashion the war is to be carried on, is a question of less moment. The weapons and the warfare that suit us in America may not suit in Europe. It is all one, if the issue shall be at last—the extinction of a traffic which is not more injurious to society than to those who are engaged in it.

Studies in the Scriptures.

"These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them, when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."—*Moses*.

"Blessed is the man" . . . whose "delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night."—*David*.

"The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."—*Psalms cxix. 72*.

"Search the Scriptures."—*Christ*.

GATHERING ALL TOGETHER.

BY REV. W. R. NICOLL, M.A., DUFFTOWN, N.B.



ALL the words and clauses of the incomparable story of the Prodigal Son are weighted with meaning, and this one not least: "The younger son gathered all together." We may learn from it very deep lessons concerning sin and the forgiveness of sin.

I.—Let us first note the light it throws into the abyss of sin.

1. It shows us the *end* of sin. We read that he gathered all together, and yet it was not long before the cry burst from his wan lips, "I perish with hunger." His father divided his living with him, and he went away with the golden keys that unlock so many doors. And he had that with him which did not need to be gathered, and which, though he knew it not, was more precious than aught that could be gathered. On his head were set the many crowns of youth. The tides of a jubilant, strong life

coursed through every vein, and made the many miles of his far journey seem short and few. With these things he went away carolling in the sunshine; but he came back crying in the dark, "I perish with hunger." And thus it fares always with those who make the same adventure.

There are many whom for a long season the famine does not touch. In that far country there were multitudes revelling in stately mansions, while the neglected outcast lay perishing amongst the swine. Hunger is not a word to speak to those whose bodies are fed with the choicest fare, whose minds are nourished with the freshest thought, and yet it is heard sometimes in the breaks of mirth. It is the cry of the wronged soul. In the quiet night, when the gay company has departed, and the starlight, solemn and holy, looks in, the soul says, "I perish with hunger." But it is drowned or silenced in renewed festivity, and no answer is given to its need.

Silenced till the hour comes when all the dainty fare of the world cannot nourish the life. Strange that death should come to lordly mansions—that men should die on beds of down, with the costliest luxuries round them! Then, though the voice of other needs is loud, no cry is like the cry of the wronged soul, "I perish with hunger."

We hardly understand the meaning of that haggard word "hunger," even when applied to the needs of the body. Yet we have read how it has gnawed the hearts of men till their fierce agony was relieved for a little as the heart grew hot with a dream of plenty, from which they awakened to find gaunt famine still nigh. But then merciful death came in to ease the pain, and the anguish was ended for ever. But the hunger of the soul—who shall tell what that means? Is not hell hunger—the endless desire for what never can be got? "Endless" I say, for in hell they hunger and do not perish, they burn and are not consumed! Those who endure the second death long for the first!

There are pleasures in sin, doubtless, but they are for a season, and the end is very sure. The pleasures are strewn in the way to lure us on till it is too late to turn back. The newspapers lately contained a touching story of the unhappy Charlotte of Mexico. She had escaped from the place of her confinement, and her keepers were unwilling to use force to bring her back. At last they remembered her love for flowers, and they took a basket of roses and strewed them in the way. She plucked them up unsuspectingly one by one till she was fast in the old prison. Even so men are allured and betrayed by Satan till they are barred in eternal dungeons.

2. We learn besides the *heartlessness* of sin. He "gathered all

together." Conceive what thrills of pain must have gone through his father and mother as they watched him collecting his *all* before he went away. They were gifts—all that he possessed—he had not laboured for anything, yet he took them all heartlessly. To a tender soul, the things of the home life would have spoken eloquently of love and care, but they had no such voice for him. He took all the memorials of affection—the treasures of his youth, the very trinkets that had been given him on his birthdays,—and so, laden with love's gifts, he turned his back on love!

The *younger* son. Is it too much to say that there must have been a pang in that thought? It was he, who had latest received the tender ministrations of love, who first forgot them. It was the younger and the more loved who gathered all together and took his journey into a far country.

So the sinner does not think of the hearts he pierces; not only the hearts of father and mother and friends, but also the yearning heart of God. Every sin sends a throb of pain along the whole line of righteousness, and so grieves the holy and gentle spirit of God. While God utters his voice and stretches out his hands the people are disobedient and gainsaying, and yet not till the night falls are the hands folded and the voice silenced.

2. We learn also the *madness* of sin. When he gathered *all* together he risked everything upon one throw. When he was robbed of what he had with him he had lost his all. So, when he spent what he took with him, there was nothing left for him but to lie down and die.

We all journey through this world in peril of robbers. And is there any madness comparable to that which seeks to have nothing but what robbers may seize? Let us ask ourselves in what the happiness of our life lies. If it is health, wealth, friends, talents, let us remember that by one desolating stroke we may be deprived of these things. And when they are lost what have we left?

The true wisdom is to have treasure in the land where thieves do not break through. The apostle, amidst the loss of all things, was able to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." So, if the soul be safe, and Christ safe, and heaven safe, it is fitting that we should be calm-hearted, though robbers do their worst. The younger son gathered all and spent all; but our treasures can never be spent. Gold and silver, though they are as the innumerable sands of the sea-shore, may be spent; but we cannot spend the love and the peace of Christ. Nay, we have them the more abundantly the more we scatter them abroad.

4. We note, in conclusion, the *apostasy* of sin. "He gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country." It was not a trip that he took; he deliberately abandoned his home. And let us assure ourselves that we must make a choice. It is time that men were done with the damning creed that they can have part with the world and part with God. If we sin willfully we must "gather all together." There is not an inch of foothold in the whole Word of God for the belief that we can face both ways. When we sin, we turn our faces away from the face of God, upon the sunless lands that are forsaken by Him. We cannot have both; there must be a choice between the world and the Father.

II.—So much for sin; let us next note the teachings of the verse on the forgiveness of sin.

1. We note first that the sinner has nothing to claim or to give. Nothing to claim, for by his own confession he has gathered all together, so that nothing in the old house is his. So we, when we come to God in our soul's distress, must own that we have received our due. We ask nothing from his justice, but everything from his mercy. True, He is just when He is merciful; but it is to grace, and not to justice, that we make our appeal. He had nothing to give, for he had spent all. It would have profited him very little to bring as the price of his forgiveness the rags which were his garments, the husks which were his food. Even so it would avail us nothing to bring to God the righteousness that is as filthy rags. We must understand that salvation is all of grace.

2. Yet did we not err when we said he had gathered *all*? Yes, for he left the brightest jewel in the house, and he found it when he came back. One might well have thought that he had taken it away after such straining to cut all the ties that bound him to the home of his childhood. There was one thing that he left, and that was his father's love. He found love and peace in the heart which he had pierced. That heart hastened to him faster than he hastened to it, and it gave the body wings and the father clasped and kissed his son.

Even so we do not come to God in vain, for we have this redeeming love in Christ to come to. Oh, sinner, there is hope for you yet! And if it is hard to believe it, as it well may be, look to the Cross where the Son of God poured out his soul unto death, and believe it then. Let us come to God, and we shall find that his heart is as of old, tender, ready to forgive and receive.

And let wanderers come as they are. Baffled and ragged, and bleeding and maimed—let them come. God will never upbraid because

they are so poor, because they have been so foolish, because they are so utterly in the dust. He will give the robe and the ring, and the shameful past shall be as if it had never been. It is man who taunts and triumphs; but no thought of taunting ever enters the heart of God when his prodigal children come back to Him in their wretchedness.

Man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
And yet he stoops to give it; more complete
Is love which lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says "forgiven."

PETER AND CORNELIUS; OR THE MEETING OF THE
EAST AND THE WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE story of Peter and Cornelius is the story of Jew and Gentile reconciled; it is the story of the begun fulfilment of the long delayed promise to Noah that "*Japheth should dwell in the tents of Shem.*" It is the story of the begun accomplishment of the prophecy of Isaiah:—"The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising." It is the story of the begun realization of the vision that comforted Christ in going to the Cross—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men to me."

Though one of the greatest social, and religious, and political revolutions (for it is all this) that ever happened, the change is so silent that it hardly created a ripple on the surface of its times. It is like the turn of the tide—like the dawn of day—like the change of the seasons—so silent and gentle and gradual that none can tell when the turn, the dawn, the change begins.

When Cornelius and Peter meet and embrace each other, we see in this meeting as it were in symbol, two cities meeting. Rome embraces Jerusalem; the imperial city of the Cæsars bows down before the city of David. In their meeting two continents meet; Europe stretches forth her hand to Asia. Two races meet—the Hebrew race, the poets, the prophets, the preachers, the sages of the eastern world meet and embrace the Latin race—that hammer of God to break the nations—the race whose genius was to conquer and rule, whose work was to build roads and bridges, to make the rough places plain, the crooked places straight, to level the hills and raise the valleys in a rude material sense,

before the chariot in which Christ still rides subduing the world unto himself.

Peter and Cornelius are representative men. It is this fact that sheds a halo of undying interest around their meeting. Let us draw near to contemplate the men and their meeting.

WHENCE CAME THE MEN ?

Peter's home was on the secluded shores of the sea of Galilee; Cornelius's home was in fair and fruitful Italy. The rough Hebrew tongue was Peter's first language, while Cornelius's first speech was the Latin. Peter was taught and trained to shun and abhor idolatry; Cornelius from his mother's knee was taught to bow down to idols of wood and stone. Measured by miles it was a long distance these men came to their meeting in Cæsarea; but measured by religion, language, custom, hopes, fears, preferences, prejudices, the distance was still greater. It is even as Isaiah said,—"*Thy sons shall come from far.*" Let this fact encourage us to believe that on earth to-day there is none so far away from Christ by religion, education and prejudice but he can be brought to the position to which Cornelius came. It is too common an opinion that it is hopeless to expect Hindoos, Chinese, and Mahomedans to embrace a religion from Europe, and preached by English missionaries. It would indeed be not as great a miracle to see Asia to-day opening its heart to the Christian religion which came from itself to the west at first, as it was to see Europe, in the person of that Roman soldier, open its heart to a religion that came not simply from Asia but from a conquered race, a race moreover that was hated by other nations for their pride and narrowness, and sectarian spirit. When we reflect on the gulf between Christianity and Europe (in its progress westward), we need never startle back from any gulf between Christianity and Asia, in its progress eastward to its native home among the Shemitic races. The commission is to go to all nations and the promise is that the cross wherever uplifted with wisdom, perseverance and courage will draw men of all races, all languages, all religions.

HOW PREPARED FOR THE MEETING.

When the smith wishes to weld two pieces of iron into one, he brings them both to a red heat, and then a few strokes of the hammer does the rest of the business. Little did Peter think when he sailed his boat on the sea of Galilee, and saw the Roman soldiers passing up and down in marching column, that some of them, without conforming to the Jewish ritual, would one day sit in the same church with him. Little did Cornel-

ius think on the other hand when he left his Italian home and the temples of its gods, that he would receive a new religion from the conquered province—that he would be subdued by them whom he helped to keep in subjection. Yet, so it happened, in this case.

As for Peter, he was a Galilean and not of Jerusalem, nor of Judea ; he was therefore cradled and raised in a more liberal atmosphere than belonged to the holy city and its Province. Galilee touched the outside world on the west by its ports, and on the north, as lying on the great road to Damascus. No doubt this was one of the reasons why Christ drew most of his apostles from this province—"Galilee of the Gentiles." Then God prepared Peter for opening the door of the church to the Gentiles, by his intercourse with the great master whose doctrine was : "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the father." His visit to Samaria in connection with the great revival under Philip, among that half-Gentile people, his intercourse with Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles, his visit to the busy port of Joppa where Palestine touched the life of Europe, all this was preparing Peter for the great reformation of which he was the first instrument. But more than this is needed. So difficult a business is it to remove early prejudice, to bring men to understand God's ways and to be fit instruments to work under him, that God must need send him that remarkable vision we find recorded in the tenth of the Acts of the Apostles.

The long, slow, painful process of preparation through which God sent Peter before he was fit to preach the gospel to the group that gathered to meet him under the roof of Cornelius, should teach us how great a work the work of the gospel ministry is, and how deep and broad and ripe the work of preparation must be in man before he can become an able minister of the New Testament.

The preparation of Cornelius for this meeting we know less about. It is not unlikely but in Italy he belonged to a respectable family. The Cornelian *gens* or clan was an old, wealthy and noble house. He who separated Paul from his mother's womb before he called him by his grace no doubt had his eye on Cornelius from his childhood, and directed his education and his steps in the path that led him at last then to become a Christian. Cornelius was stationed in Cæsarea, which was in constant communication with Jerusalem ; and the question naturally occurs, did military duty call Cornelius thither during Christ's ministry ? A man of his cast of mind would not fail to hear the preacher whose fame was in all the land. Was he present on the awful day of the crucifixion ? Did he

hear the whispered talk that was among the soldiers as to the startling things that terrified the guard at the Sepulchre on the resurrection morning? These questions we cannot answer. One thing we are sure of from the words of Peter, that Cornelius and his friends were acquainted with the ministry of Christ from the days of John the Baptist—"That word ye know which was published throughout all Judea, and began from Galilee after the baptism which John preached." Acts x. 37.

FOUR STAGES IN THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

From the facts before us we can see the four stages in Cornelius' progress from the City of Destruction to the Celestial city. *He is an Italian idolater.* We therefore see him a dweller in the city of Destruction, without God and without hope in the world. Then as the second stage in his religious history we see him listening to Christ or the stories afloat about him, halting between two opinions—the pagan idolatry forsaken, but no decision come to with regard to the new faith; his conscience urging him on but his companions drawing him back. He is wandering between the city of Destruction and the narrow gate. He is not far from the kingdom but still he is without. Then, as the third stage he enters the narrow gate. He is born again. He passes from darkness to light; when, where, and how this happened we cannot tell. But there is every appearance that before Peter ever saw him, Cornelius, the Centurion, was a converted man. He stood where John the Baptist, where Simeon, where Anna, stood before they saw Jesus with the eye of the flesh. The Centurion saw the Messiah afar off, and believed in him as one to come though he did not as yet see this Messiah in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. That this was his position is clear from what is said about him—"a devout man." But that might be said of him though still a heathen; that could be said of Socrates, and of many of the Stoics. They were *devout*. But "he feared God;" he was a worshipper of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and a reader no doubt "of the Old Testament, and a worshipper in the Synagogue." That was something more than a "devout heathen." And to show the depth, the earnestness, the sincerity of his religion, he trained his family in the fear of God: he carried the report among the Jews of being a "just man, a man of good report;" and the best of all evidence of the sincerity of a man's faith, he gave alms among the people, furnishing thus the very mark that James gave of true faith. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James i. 27).

But there is a fourth step to be taken; he had not yet entered the visible church, the house Beautiful—which is you remember at the top of the hill Difficulty, and after the pilgrims have passed the lions. Hitherto he had journeyed alone in the narrow way, hitherto he was in the twilight, hitherto he had not come to the full joy and liberty and assurance in which Christ's little flock then rejoiced. "But he lifted up his eyes and behold there was a very stately palace before him the name of which was Beautiful,—a house built by the Lord of the hill for the comfort and refreshment of pilgrims." Into this house, which is the visible Church of Christ, Cornelius and his friends were admitted by the porter *Watchful* (who was Peter), assisted in this joyful business by four grave and beautiful damsels—Discretion, Prudence, Piety and Charity. These admitted the pilgrim, gave him his supper along with sweet discourse till midnight, and then "appointed him a large open chamber whose window opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang:"—

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus, for the men that pilgrims are
Thus to provide! That I should be forgiven,
And dwell already the next door to heaven!"

GOD'S DEALINGS WITH CORNELIUS, AND THE WAY HE LED HIM IS VERY FULL OF USEFUL INFORMATION TO EVERY ONE OF US, ESPECIALLY TO ANXIOUS ENQUIRERS AFTER THE WAY OF SALVATION.

From the case of this Italian soldier we may learn (1) *That God does not reveal Himself all at once to those who are enquiring after Him.* The coming of divine knowledge is like the rising of the sun: it shineth more and more unto the perfect day. We know how slowly the true scriptural knowledge of Christ came to the twelve Apostles under all their advantages. Be not discouraged then by your slow progress, only be in earnest. "Then will you know if you will follow on to know the Lord." We may learn (2) *That the highest religious attainments are incomplete without Christ.* This man had arrived at great perfection. But said the angel to him: "One thing thou lackest." "Send men for Peter, and he will tell thee what that thing is." Let no man rest in his morality, in his righteousness, in his prayers, in his deeds of charity. Out of Christ and away from his cross they are in a sense as one has said "splendid sins." If Cornelius could not rest without Christ how can we? The command that came to Cornelius comes to all. Sell all that thou hast, take up thy cross and follow Christ. We may learn (3)

That the reading, but especially the *preaching* of the word is one of the means by which God "convinceth and converteth sinners, and builds them up in holiness and comfort through faith unto salvation." Make the word of God your earnest study. Wait on the preaching of the word. The angel did not tell Cornelius what he was to do, but he must send for a *minister* of the gospel. Listen to God's ambassadors: consult them in your religious perplexity, and send for them in sickness. Through their weak instrumentality you may find great light and comfort. We may learn (4) That it is our duty to join Christ's outward visible church which is the house Beautiful. It is not sufficient to *behold with the heart*: you must *confess with the mouth*. Christ's church has always been a distinct, visible, organized body. It is a "flock," an "army," a "kingdom," a "city." It is only in connection with some branch of Christ's church that the believer attains his true stature and proper efficiency as a soldier of the cross. It is only here his liberty and gladness become true and full. Join yourself Christian reader, if you have not done so already, to some congregation of fellow Christians where the Gospel is faithfully preached, and you will find yourself in the chamber called Peace, and thus shall your song be:—

Where am I now. Is this the love and care
Of Jesus, for the men that pilgrims are
Thus to provide; that I should be forgiven,
And dwell the next door to heaven!

Poetry.

THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
And one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare—
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here the ninety and nine—
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered far away from Me,
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

“Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
That marked out the mountain's track ?”
“They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the shepherd could bring him back.”



“Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent an
“They were pierced to-night by many a thorn.”

And all through the mountains thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,
“Rejoice, I have found my sheep !”
And the angels echoed around the throne,
“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own ?”

A PLEA FOR THE BABIES.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

But these others—children small,
Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay and street and palace wall,
Take them up into your pity.

Ragged children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in bright raiment
Know the names of to repeat,
When they come on you for payment.

Patient children!—think what pain
Makes a young child patient—ponder!
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right, or wish, or wonder.

Sickly children that whine low
To themselves and not their mothers
From mere habit; never so
Hoping help or care from others.

Can we smooth down the bright hair,
O my sisters, calm, unthrilled in
Our heart's pulses?—can we bear
The sweet looks of our own children.

While these others lean and small,
Scurf and mildew of our city,
Spot our streets, convict us all,
Till we take them into pity.

If no better can be done,
Let us do but this—endeavour
That the sun behind the sun
Shine upon them while they shiver.

O my sisters! children small,
Blue eyed, wailing through the city
Our own babes cry in them all,
Let us take them into pity.

PRAISE WAITING.

PSALM LXXV. 1.

I cannot praise Thee now, Lord,
I cannot praise Thee now!
For my heart is sorely riven,
And a cloud is on my brow,

But praise is waiting for Thee
In the glorious future time,
Amid the bright revealings,
When Zion's hill we climb.

I cannot praise Thee here, Lord,
I cannot praise Thee here !
For in my soul is sorrow,
And in mine eye a tear,
But praise is waiting for Thee,
When the chequered past appears,
In the sunshine of the future,
All smiling through these tears.

I cannot praise Thee here, Lord,
I cannot praise Thee here !
For my pathway lies through shadows,
And my heart is lone and drear.
But praise is waiting for Thee
When the pilgrimage is past,
And at our home in glory
We gather in at last.

And I will praise Thee there, Lord,
When Zion's heights I gain ;
But might I not be tuning
A prelude to the strain ?
While praise is waiting for Thee,
Thou'lt lend a listening ear
To its low and faint rehearsal,
In faltering accents, here !

Then let me praise Thee now, Lord,
In the dark and cloudy day,
Though sad and sore disquieted
By reason of the way.
For the praise that's waiting for Thee,
Good cause shall yet appear ;
And I'll wake the golden harp-strings
Beneath the falling tear.

HINDER ME NOT.

"Hinder me not!" I'm pressing on,
With earnest heart, to reach the shore
Of my eternal home.
Across my way,
Place not the thorns of earthly cares
To wound my feet ; or, unawares,
Turn me astray.

"Hinder me not!" Too long I've been
 Seeking the fading flowers that grow
 In the broad way of sin.
 Though when I've sought
 To pluck the fairest, ever found,
 They grew on Death's enchanted ground,
 With poison fraught.

"Hinder me not!" The syren song
 Of pleasure's voice, with music sweet,
 I've listened to, full long;
 But now, mine ear
 Hath caught the strains the ransomed sing,
 As round the great white throne they bring
 The crowns they wear.

"Hinder me not!" The storm clouds lower,
 The night is dark I fear to meet
 With fierce temptation's power.
 But look! afar
 Above the clouds, a clear, calm light
 Shines on thy way—faint heart—a bright
 And morning star.

"Hinder me not!" That glorious ray
 With heavenly beams, is chasing clouds,
 And night itself; away.
 And now, as near
 I come to Jordan's stream, it throws
 A golden light the waves across,
 My soul to cheer.

"Hinder me not!" I fear no ill;
 "Since Christ is mine and I am His,"
 I'll bravely do his will.
 The smile, the frown
 Of man, must now be nought to me,
 But *this* henceforth, my watchword be,
 "No cross, no crown."

A. S. M.



Christian Thought.

MEANS TO DECREASE INTEMPERANCE.

A LECTURE BY MR. GRANT DUFF, M.P.

AST summer, when the discussion of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bill was coming on in the House of Commons, I received from this and other burghs of the district, which it is my pride to represent, various letters urging me to give my support to that measure. I could not vote for the Permissive Bill, for I disapproved of it, and have always voted against it. Well, then, was I to speak in the debate? To that there was this decisive objection—that I could not with due regard to the claims of other speakers who had a far better right than I to address the house on such a subject, occupy a sufficient amount of time to develop my ideas with as much fulness as I desired to do. I determined, therefore, not to vote at all on the 14th June, but to take an early opportunity of coming down here, and laying before you at length what I think about the whole question of the liquor traffic. That drunkenness has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, is a proposition which is in some form or other constantly put forward, and very generally received. Let us examine together its various clauses:—

1st, Drunkenness has increased. There can be no doubt of it, for there was a time when man knew so little that he did not even know the since too-widely extended art of making intoxicating liquors. 2d, Drunkenness is increasing. Well, probably that is likewise true, for population is increasing throughout the world, and wealth is also increasing. Is, however, drunkenness increasing not absolutely but relatively to the population in the British Isles? That is a different question, but to it many will confidently answer "Yes;" and some, I daresay, if I said "No," would think that my contention was fully answered by citing with respect to England, the convictions for being drunk, and for being drunk and disorderly, from 1870 to 1874 inclusive. These are as follows:—

1870.....	181,870
1871.....	142,348
1872.....	151,084
1873.....	182,941
1874.....	185,780

But these statistics or similar ones about Scotland or Ireland, if I had them by me, are not conclusive. In the first place, you must allow

something for the increase of population, but that is but a small matter. If, however, you consult the very greatest of our authorities upon matters connected with crime, they will tell you that, of all statistics, those relating to drunkenness must be accepted with most caution. Those statistics bring before us, in fact, rather the extent to which the law against drunkenness is enforced, than the increase or decrease of the vice itself. When the public conscience is sensitive, the magistrates, and the police acting under their orders, are very strict. When public attention is turned to other matters, the magistrates and the police, sharing the tendencies of the public itself, become more lax. Now, the five years over which these statistics carry us were years of the keenest interest in the subject of temperance. In 1870 a Licensing Act was talked of as one of the next big things the Liberal Government had to do. In 1871 such a measure for diminishing drunkenness occupied much of the attention of Parliament. In 1872 as strong a measure was passed as the gigantic force of the adverse interests would permit; an Act which, as you know, cost the Liberal party which supported it a great many seats—a fact which will be long remembered by the neat answer which some one made to the question, “What was it that overthrew the late Government?”—“Beer and Fear,” just as the unholy alliance for the same purpose between the Church of England and the licensed victuallers will be remembered by the witty saying of a carrier in Surrey—“The parsons and publicans have let in the sinners.” If you will remember the statistics which I have just quoted, you will see that in 1873 there were thirty thousand more convictions for drunkenness than there were the year before. How was that? It was partly because the magistrates were exceptionally full of the subject, but, chiefly, because a more stringent law obliged the publicans instead of allowing drunkards to sleep away their drunkenness in the public-houses, to turn these people out into the streets at eleven o'clock so that they fell still drunk into the hands of the police. As between 1873 and 1874 there was only an increase in the latter year of three thousand in the convictions for drunkenness, a tenth part, be it observed, of what there was between 1872 and 1873. But, however it may be with the first two clauses of the proposition, there can no doubt with respect to the third, that drunkenness should be diminished, and there is a great deal of hurtful drinking which does not amount to drunkenness which should be diminished also. Now, how can this best be done? Drunkenness and excessive drinking are crimes against society, and society has not only the right but the duty, and not only the duty but the power, immensely to diminish them by legislative and quasi-legislative action.

It is on this theory that we have been going for a very long time, from the days of the Tudor Kings in England, and I daresay quite as long in Scotland. This theory has so completely got hold of the country, that practical men must put on one side any objections that may occur to them, and accept it as a basis for trying further experiments toward the stamping out of what is certainly one of our greatest national evils. But what experiment shall we try? for most people are, I suppose, agreed that our present arrangements are not satisfactory. Well, the experiment must obviously consist in some form of dealing with the liquor traffic. Now, it may be dealt with, if you are to alter your present system, in one of three ways. You may cast it free from all shackles except mere police regulations, that is, you may allow as many liquor shops to be opened as there are people who care to pay for a licence to do so, or you may prohibit the trade altogether, or, recognising the trade as a necessity, you may put it under further and stricter regulations. The first of these views—that, namely, which consists in freeing the trade from many existing shackles, but allowing anybody who pays for a licence to open a liquor shop, taking away the licence, however, without mercy, if any infraction of rule occur, may be passed over, whatever there may be to be said for it, it would be agreeable neither to any considerable number of people interested in the liquor trade, nor to any considerable number of people who take a special interest in temperance. I come, then, to the second plan—the plan of absolute prohibition. Of course, Parliament is omnipotent, and Parliament if a great majority of the people of these islands were to take the view which fanatical persons in China have sometimes taken about the poppy, might pass an Act to put to death every person who sold and every person who bought intoxicating liquors. I presume, however, that even the most intemperate advocates of temperance would not go so far as that; I come, then to the third possible alteration in the present system, viz., the recognising the trade as a necessity, but putting it under further and stricter regulations. How far, then, shall we go? Suppose, for our purpose to-night, we leave the wholesale trade entirely out of the question, and deal merely with the retail trade. Well, how far shall we go with the retail trade? Shall we shut up and abolish all public-houses? Shall we do as they did in Maine in 1851, prohibit drinking-houses and tippling shops altogether, and authorise the sale of intoxicating liquors only for medicinal and mechanical purposes, by agents appointed for that purpose? After quoting authorities on the effect of the law in America, which were both in favour and condemnation of the subject, Mr. Duff went on—But whether a

Maine liquor law be or be not good for parts of America, I think that most people will agree that it would be quite out of the question for Great Britain in 1876. What, then, are we to do? Accept the Permissive Bill, and enroll ourselves under the banners of my good friend Sir Wilfrid Lawson? I often agree with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, but I cannot possibly do that. The Permissive Bill provisions were then stated, and the speaker continued:—Now, this measure I could not support, and mainly for these reasons:—First, the machinery which it proposes is one which we have long discarded for legislative or quasi-legislative purposes. When we want to get anything of that kind done we elect a person or persons to consider of and to do it. We have long got past the stage in which questions are referred to the whole mass of people interested, and replied to directly by them. We have long been in the stage of representative government, and I cannot see there is anything about the retail liquor trade which should make it wise to apply to it a method which we never apply to anything else. If it is wise to ask all the ratepayers to say yes or no whether the retail trade should be carried on amongst them, why should they not be asked similar questions about a great many other things? The Permissive Bill, if good at all, is good alike for Scotland and for Ireland. Now, there are hundreds of thousands of persons in Ireland who believe that the religious opinions of us here are ten times more deadly and dangerous than the retail liquor trade. If they are to be asked—Will you or will you not have amongst you the retail liquor trade? why should they not be asked—Will you or will you not have among you Protestant places of worship? I am afraid the answer given to that question over a great part of the surface of Ireland would be a very ugly and unpleasant one. I know, of course, that there are some people who have in this matter the logic of their convictions, who say,—We think it is right that after a law has been passed by the representatives of the people it should be referred back to the people, assembled as electors, to say whether they do or do not ratify it; but I never came across any inhabitant of the British Isles who held such views, which have found favour chiefly in some parts of Switzerland. That is my first objection. I believe that if every three years you assembled the ratepayers and asked them this question, you would do one of the very worst turns possible to the cause of temperance. This measure would be a fertile source of bad blood and rioting. See what heat is now evoked by questions which touch people only remotely. Shall Mr. A., who votes with the Conservatives, or Mr. B., who votes with the Liberals go to Westminster?

But supposing the question is—Shall I be compelled to change all my habits because other people think that an indulgence which I find quite harmless is mischievous? Such is human nature that I verily believe if you passed the Permissive Bill you would make a great many join the Anti-Temperance party out of sheer opposition. Fourthly, you would if you passed this measure effect a tremendous confiscation of property in every place where it was put in force. Now, that is what we never do in this country. It is all very well to say that licences are now only renewable for short periods. Nominally—Yes. Really—No. The retail liquor sellers have got into the position in which they are under an implied guarantee from the nation, acting through Parliament, and you may be very sure that the nation which indemnified the slave-holders, will not give the publicans up to confiscation at the will of a two-thirds majority in this or that district. You must face this difficulty of compensation in any measure that is meant to pass, and the Permissive Bill does not face it. Fifthly, the mere introducing of a new election would be an evil. Sixthly, under the Permissive Bill, only one question can be put to the ratepayers: Will you or will you not stop the sale of intoxicating liquors entirely in this district? Now, there are thousands and tens of thousands of people who would like very much greatly to limit the trade of intoxicating liquors, but who do not see their way to getting rid of it altogether. If a man was willing, in a place where there were 100 public houses, to shut up 89, he would nevertheless have to vote against the Permissive Act being put into force in his district. Can there be anything more absurd than such a method of turning people who want to be friends of the temperance cause into apparent enemies? Lastly, it has become as clear as possible that the country, rather than adopt the Permissive Bill, will let the existing state of things, bad as it is, go on. The country thinks the bill tyrannical, and thinks about it a great many other things to which I have not alluded, because I wish on this occasion to urge merely those arguments which appear strongest to my mind—and it will not have it. For years and years this measure has been before Parliament. Read the division lists of last year and the year before. After all this talk, how many of the men whom the country is accustomed to follow appear in the list of the supporters of the hon. member for Carlisle? He knows, and all others know, that these men are just as good friends to temperance as he is. He would admit it. He has admitted it. To bring it in year after year with the result of such useless discussions as those of the last two years, is like sowing sea-sand. But after all, what magic is there in the name of the Permissive Bill? It is one suggestion

for making the country more sober, and that is all. May there not be other suggestions which may commend themselves to the country? I for one think there may be, and the suggestion which I, as at present advised, think the best and most fruitful is one which has been proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, and which is founded on the system which has been tried with immense success in Sweden; the same system on which Sir Robert Anstruther founded part of his bill of 1874, which received the support of, amongst others, our late excellent friend and neighbour, Mr. Dingwall Fordyce. Mr. Chamberlain says:—Power should be given to the councils to deal with any or all of the licences acquired by them under the Act in any of the following ways, viz.:—A. To abandon them altogether. B. To grant such licenses to the highest bidder under conditions to be fixed by the council, and for a period not exceeding three years. C. To carry on the trade in the present premises, or in other premises rented or purchased for the purpose under the conduct of managers, with remuneration independent of the amount of or profits on the sale of intoxicating drinks. In the two last cases the amount received for the sale of licenses, or as profit from the traffic, should be carried to a license fund, to be applied as follows:—1. To pay interest on all loans contracted for purchase of licenses or premises. 2. To create a sinking fund to extinguish loans in twenty years from date. 3. To pay all costs of management and expenses of carrying out the Act. 4. To buy up and extinguish licenses till the maximum of one in five hundred of the population has been reached. 5. The surplus, if any, to be used, first, in securing the earlier repayments of the loans contracted until these have been entirely extinguished, and then to be carried to the credit of the education rate and the poor rate in fixed proportions. Of course the power of shutting up *all* the public-houses is one that would in practice never be exercised, and must have been, I should think, introduced into the plan of Mr. Chamberlain merely for the purpose of giving it logical completeness. Now observe that against this suggestion not one of the objections can be brought which I have urged against the Permissive Bill:—Firstly, it does not introduce a machinery which we have long discarded for legislative or quasi-legislative purposes; secondly, it does not keep the question drink or no drink perpetually before the people; thirdly, it does not lead to a painful interference with anybody's habits; fourthly, it does not confiscate a penny-worth of property. It assures, on the contrary, to the publican a full and fair compensation, and thus neutralises a tremendously powerful interest; fifthly, it does not introduce a new election, with all its turmoil

and bad blood, but only increases the power of a local authority, already important, and which it should be our policy to make more important—the Town Council; sixthly, it enables any amount of temperance feeling in a place to be accurately represented. If there is a very strong feeling in the place in favour of buying up, and either shutting or putting under much stricter regulation public houses, a great many will be bought up. If there is not so strong a feeling, fewer will be bought up; but I believe that, in a dozen years, everywhere a great many will be bought up—and surely that will be a great gain. Just think what a vast benefit would be effected if you could get public-houses put under managers who, as in the case at Gottenburg, have a direct interest in selling good and non-intoxicating liquors, but have no direct interest in selling intoxicating liquors. I hope and believe that Mr. Chamberlain will bring in a bill embodying his plan; and if so, I will certainly support the second reading, unless I have reason between now and then to think that it is a less practical proposal, than I now believe it to be. In the concluding portion of his address the speaker named many general aids to temperance, such as increased education, the influence of woman, improved manners, better ideas of hygiene, a higher standard of morals, the expedient of total abstinence and the teaching of temperance societies, improved cookery among the people, abolition of all custom duties on wholesome beverages, the suppression of adulterations in liquor. These more than any legislative scheme, he considered, would operate in diminishing drunkenness. The temperance societies, now almost superseded by legislative projects, had done nearly all that had been done in this work. He concluded by saying:—On principle, sensible men are all agreed both as to the evils of intemperance and the expediency of leaving every traffic as free as possible, but when they come to the liquor traffic there are infinite diversities of opinion as to the precise way of carrying into effect the two principles on which they are all agreed. I should like, on a purely social non-political question like this, to represent the average view of those, who send me to Parliament. Many years will pass before we arrive at a system which will be thoroughly satisfactory, and the only way to do so is to discuss first one plan and then another, till we see what will ensure the most general support from thoughtful and moderate persons in all parts of the United Kingdom.

At the close of the lecture, the Chairman moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Grant Duff, remarking that the lecture was a very able, interesting, and exhaustive discussion of the whole question. He thought he might venture to say without hesitation that a more valuable contribution to the solution of this problem had rarely been submitted by a Scotch member of Parliament to his constituents.

Christian Life.

LORD ARDMILLAN.

(Born September 12, 1804. Died September 7, 1876.)

BY DAVID MACLAGAN, ESQ.

IN the death of Lord Ardmillan, Scotland has lost one of her foremost men. If regard be had to his social position, by birth and by professional status—to his natural gifts and great acquirements—to his patriotism, his philanthropy, and his high character—we have in him a rare and valuable combination of qualities. And if there be added the fact that these were all sanctified by grace, and during a long life dedicated to the service of God, his death may well be spoken of as a loss of no common magnitude.

This is not the place in which to dwell upon his career at the Scottish bar. Enough to say that from the year 1829, when that career began in early youth, to 1876, when it has closed at a ripe age, he has been regarded by his professional brethren with the warmest respect and affection. After holding the offices of Advocate-Depute, Sheriff of Perthshire, and Solicitor-General, he was raised to the Bench in 1854, on which he has left a vacant place which it will be difficult indeed to fill.

Nor is it possible here to dilate upon his public services in connection with the great subject of Education, in which his deep interest revealed itself, alike in the establishment of elementary, ragged, and reformatory schools—in the wide and difficult questions connected with a national system of Education—in the maintaining of academies for the highest classical training—and in efforts for the reform and extension of our Universities, in connection with which he was a member of both the more recent Commissions of inquiry.

Lord Ardmillan was born and baptised within the pale of the Church of England. When he came to study at the Edinburgh University, he became acquainted with the family of Dr. Andrew Thomson, and occasionally worshipped in St. George's. His inquiring and conscientious mind set itself to examine the question of Church government, especially of the Episcopal and Presbyterian systems; and, as the result of honest inquiry, he was led to the deliberate conviction, which years deepened and strengthened, that in Presbyterianism he found the best security for

liberty and order, as well as for purity of doctrine and faithfulness of discipline. He became a communicant under Dr. Andrew Thomson's ministry, and has been to the end a member of St. George's congregation.

It was no doubt due to the careful examination he made at this time of the history and of the doctrinal standards of the Church of Scotland, that he became so admirably qualified for publicly defending, with a special intelligence, the principles of the Free Church, in addresses which are of permanent value, and which it is to be hoped may be still available. The latest statement he made on this subject was within the past year, in an admirable preface to the "Disruption Worthies," a book on which he set a high value, and in the preparation of which he took a warm and even active interest.

With all this firmness and force of view as to the unassailable position of the Free Church, no one ever heard him say an unkindly word of other Churches, or express any wish regarding them except the ardent desire that they might faithfully proclaim the gospel and gather in the outcast.

Great as is the loss which our Free Church generally has sustained, the departure of Lord Ardmillan falls with special force upon the Kirk-Session of St. George's, which, within the last few years, has lost Dr. Candlish, Mr. Murray Dunlop, Mr. Sherriff Jameson, and Mr. Patrick Dalmahoy.

Lord Ardmillan was one of three survivors who were ordained as elders of St. George's before the Disruption. Between Dr. Candlish and him the tie of friendship was peculiarly strong. They had been fellow-students at Glasgow University, and the renewal of their intercourse as pastor and elder was a great joy to both of them: the elder waiting with intense interest and delight upon that marvellous ministry—and the minister leaning with the utmost confidence for brotherly counsel and help upon the devoted friend and elder. On one of the last days of Dr. Candlish's life they parted with an expression of the sure hope of a blessed reunion.

Lord Ardmillan's services to the session and congregation generally were varied and important. His time was so occupied that he could not undertake all the duties of the eldership, nor attend all the meetings of the Session; but his advice and aid were always to be had, and his sympathy in the whole work of the congregation was warm and practical. When the question of securing a suitable colleague to Dr. Candlish was necessarily raised by the failure of Dr. Dyke's health—now happily restored—it was Lord Ardmillan who suggested the name of Mr. Whyte; and all the Church knows how his confident anticipations of the success of the appointment have been abundantly realized. It may be said that Lord Ardmillan was at the call of the young men of the congregation, in

whom, and in their "Sabbath Morning Fellowship Meeting" and "Association," he was profoundly interested, often taking part in both. In connection with the latter he delivered numerous addresses, which were re-delivered—in many cases at much personal inconvenience—to similar Associations in different congregations of our Church, as well as to Societies of a more general kind all over the country.

It is needless to say almost anything more regarding Lord Ardmillan to those who knew him; and it is almost impossible to convey to those who did not know him anything like an idea of what the man really was in his daily life and conversation.

The elastic step, the cordial greeting, the cheerful voice, the warm hand-grasp, the genial face, the pure and elevated tone, who can describe? In all his feelings and sympathies he was youthful to the last—bright and humorous in due season—calm and impressive when circumstances or the subject in hand made this suitable—and always reliable—a man who never deceived or disappointed—the same at all times—a true and priceless friend.

He was so full of life and all its activities, that when it became known he was laid aside by an illness of which the issue was inevitably fatal, surprise and sorrow alike possessed all who knew him. To himself, no doubt, the surprise was great also, for the eye was not dim nor the natural force abated, and his happy and loving spirit had many ties to this life.

But there was no surprise arising from unreadiness; and to a friend who, in speaking of his favorite Twenty-third Psalm, quoted the words of the fourth verse, he said very beautifully,—“There is no shadow of death to me except the parting from wife and bairns and friends.” Early in his illness he had gently but firmly said, “My feet are on the Rock; I trust all to the Lord Jesus.”

For some weeks after he was laid aside he was able to receive many friends in his library, and was specially cheered by the visits, besides those of his pastor and friend Mr. Whyte, of ministers of his own and other Churches. Latterly he could only see one or two of his older and closer friends, of whom I shall ever regard it as one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been among the number.

To a man of his humility and meekness, it would have been distasteful that all the incidents of these closing days of much suffering borne with unshaken patience, and of growing weakness, should be unduly paraded. And yet no man would have been happier than he, had he thought that his experience of the preciousness of Christ in a dying hour could be made useful to comfort or encourage others.

His gentle bearing—his steadfast sustaining hope in the view of his departure—his enjoyment of the Word and of the Hymns which were sung or read to him by loving voices—his thankfulness to all around him—his child-like trust in a risen Saviour, “whom having not seen he loved, and in whom, though now he saw Him not, yet believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory”—made his sick-room a scene of bright and blessed memories.

To an early friend and brother elder of St. George’s—a venerable and greatly revered man—he dictated a brief note, just before he passed away, in which, with characteristic tenderness and simplicity, he said,—

“In parting from you, I wish you quite to understand that my hope and confidence rest on the sufficiency and completeness of the work of Jesus, and that he enables me by His grace to hold on to Him. May the Lord bless you! We have been old friends. May we meet where there are no partings!

In this spirit, and having served his own generation by the will of God, he has fallen asleep.

From his life of active service and his death of quiet departure to be with Christ, a double message comes to his survivors in the eldership of our Church,—“Work while it is day.” There remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

Christian Work.

[We are glad to find Mr. Spurgeon, who spoke in a disappointed mood of the results of Mr. Moody’s Mission in London, bearing testimony to the fact that he judged too rashly, and that since he wrote his words, he has met with many people still walking in the truth, who date their serious impressions from Mr. Moody’s preaching in London. In Chicago the same attention and attendance as in other places has followed Mr. Moody. We clip the following, heading and all, from one of our political papers.]

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT MOODY’S MEETINGS.

A PRODIGAL’S RETURN.



HE finding of a lost son, who had been prayed for by Mr. Moody at his meetings at the Chicago Tabernacle, by request of the man’s parents in Scotland, is thus described:—

Mr. Moody referred to the letter he had received near the commencement of these meetings from a broken-hearted father and

mother in Scotland, begging him to look out for their lost son, who had been a wanderer for years, during which no word had reached them to say whether he was dead or alive. They thought perhaps he might have come over to America, and asked that Mr. Moody would read the letter publicly at every place where he held meetings, so that their lost Willie might know that nothing but love awaited him if he would come home. This letter was read at the Tabernacle and at Farwell Hall, and Mr. Sawyer was directed to watch for him in the inebriates' meeting, for that was the class among which he was only too certain to be found, if ever found at all.

Last Friday a poor fellow, homeless and helpless, presented himself among the inquirers at the reformed men's meeting, at the inquiry-room in the Tabernacle, whose Scotch accent led Mr. Sawyer to ask his name. He replied, Willie —.

"Oh, you are the very man we have been looking for," said Brother Sawyer.

"Looking for me, how is that?"

"There's a letter for you from your father and mother."

At this announcement the poor young man almost fainted with surprise and joy. He thought he was a castaway, and had no thought that any of his friends would own him again. He had sinned against them so much, and fallen so low; but the love of his father and mother, like the love of the Saviour, had outlived all his abuse of it, and the wanderer was not only found for his parents in Scotland, but also for his father and his Saviour in heaven.

"He is here to-day," said Mr. Moody, "and I wish he would speak a few words."

With such a sad history for an introduction, no wonder the great audience listened with open ears and gentle hearts, while the lost-one-found, a slight, florid, Scotch laddie, of perhaps thirty years of age, gave the following account of himself:—

"Twenty years ago I was a happy boy, starting out from my home in Scotland to a school in a distant city. My father thought to make me a doctor, but my mother hoped I would be a minister. At school I fell in with evil companions, and, as the result, my life has been one long day of debauchery, the memory of which has lashed me with a whip of scorpions. When I was twenty years old I went away to Australia, and rushed through that country as a gold-seeker. Then, growing home-sick, I came back to Europe and landed in Amsterdam. My father came to meet me and after a while secured me a responsible position in a dry-

goods house. I married one of the sweetest little women that ever drew the breath of life, the daughter of a minister and a Christian. In three years she died of a broken heart on my account, and when I shut down the big black coffin-lid over her white face I felt as if my last hope was gone. We had one daughter, and when I took the little child in my arms and bade her good-bye, to go out and wander over the face of the earth, she gave me a hug as of iron, her tears burst into me, and she said 'Papa, will you be long away?' From that time I roamed the wide world over, miserable, hungry, naked, a blot on the face of the earth. When I first came to Chicago I tried for a while to do better, obtained a situation in a house which sent me out to travel; but with plenty of money I went back to my cups again; lost my situation, lost my friends, lost all. Then I missed my mother.

"On Friday last I came into this hall, and went into the inquiry-room after the meeting was over. Mr. Sawyer asked me my name, and said he had been looking for me for six weeks; told me there was a letter for me from my father and mother. Then they prayed for me. Man could not save me, but I bowed at the foot of the cross, and asked the mercy of Him who died on it for me, and He saved me. And now I would rather live on crusts of bread moistened only with my tears than go back to the life of sin from which I have been saved."

Practical Papers.

WHY AM I A PROTESTANT?



BECAUSE I protest against all *teaching opposed to the Holy Scriptures*, believing the Bible to be "the Word of God." "Thy Word is truth."—John xvii. 17. "Every word of God is pure."—Prov. xxx. 5; 2 Peter i. 21; 2 Tim. iii. 16—and the Holy Spirit its only Infallible Interpreter. "He shall teach you all things."—John xiv. 26.

II. Because I protest against the *supremacy of the Pope*. There is no Scriptural authority for this assumption. Jesus saith, "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all."—Mark x. 44. "Neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the

flock."—1 Peter v. 3. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. xi. 29, 30.

III. Because I protest against the *vaunted infallibility of the Pope and the Church of Rome*. Do we not see in this a mark of—"that Man of Sin," "the Son of Perdition," who "as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God?"—2 Thess. ii. 3, 4; Jas. iv. 6; Prov. iii. 5-7; 1 Cor. viii. 2.

IV. Because I protest against the doctrine of *transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the mass, and the withholding of the cup from the laity*. "Drink ye all of it."—Matt. xxvi. 27. "Christ was ONCE offered."—Heb. ix. 25-28. "By one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."—Heb. x. 14; Luke xxii. 14-20. The Lord's Supper is a commemorative ordinance, not a propitiatory sacrifice—"This do in remembrance of me."—1 Cor. xi. 23-29.

V. Because I protest against the *Worship of the Virgin Mary, and the invocation of Saints*, as being contrary to the express command of God. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."—Matt. iv. 10; Deut. vi. 13-15; Ex. xx. 3; xxxiv. 14. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus,"—1 Tim. ii. 5, 6; John xiv. 6; Col. ii. 18; Rev. xix. 10; Rev. xxii. 9.

VI. Because I protest against the *adoration of images and relics*, such as images of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the statue of St. Peter at Rome, the image of Rimini with moving eyes, the coat at Treves, the house at Loretto, crucifixes, amulets, etc. Is not this gross idolatry? "The mystery of iniquity;" lying wonders."—2 Thess. ii. 7-13. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above"—"thou shalt not bow down to them," etc.—Deut. v. 8, 9, 10; Ex. xx. 4, 5; Deut. iv. 12-20. "I am the Lord: that is my name; and My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise to graven images."—Isa. xliiii. 8; xl. 18-29. xlv. 6-20.

VII. Because I Protest against *auricular confession and priestly absolution*, that unholy system of despotic power which enchains the mind of man to the creature, and prevents the soul from looking in adoration and confidence to its Creator and Redeemer. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."—Isa. xlv. 22; xliiii. 25. "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me, the Fountain of Living Waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."—Jer. ii. 13. "If any

man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins."—1 John ii 1, 2; Acts xx. 21. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 16

VIII. Because I protest against the *Latin Service*, as not being understood by the people. "Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air."—1 Cor. xiv. 8-20.

IX. Because I protest against the *doctrine of Purgatory*. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."—Heb. vii. 25; Luke xxiii. 43. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours."—Rev. xiv. 13; John xi. 25, 26.

X. Because I protest against the *doctrine of the merit of works, penances, and the sale of indulgences*. "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable serstants: we have done that which was our duty to do."—Luke xvii. 10. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."—Eph. ii. 8, 9; Isa. lxiv. 6; 2 Cor. v. 21.

XI. Because I protest against *withholding the free use of the Holy Scriptures from the people*, "which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—2 Tim. iii. 15. And "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—Matt. xv. 1-9. "Search the Scriptures."—John v. 39. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105; Isa. viii. 20; 1 Peter i. 23-25; Rom. xv. 4.

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly "that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry; and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."—1 Tim. iv. 1-3; 1 John ii. 18, 19.

XII. Because I protest against the *persecuting and intolerant spirit of the Church of Rome*, expressed in the decrees of her Councils; the oaths taken by her bishops and archbishops for the extermination of heretics, and exhibited in the well-known and atrocious cruelties of the Inquisition, and in the history of every country where she has had dominancy. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."—Jas. i. 20. "I

saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."—Rev. xvii. 6; xviii. 24. Are such "followers of God as dear children?" do they "walk in love?"—Eph. v. 1, 2. "God is love."—1 John iv. 16. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

Christian Miscellany.

A PRAYER BY JOHN KNOX,

MADE AT THE FIRST ASSEMBLIE OF THE CONGREGATION, WHEN THE CONFESSION
OF OUR FAITHE AND WHOLE ORDERS OF THE CHURCH WAS THERE RED AND
APPROVED.



LORD GOD ALMIGHTIE, and Father moste mercifull, there is none lyke thee in heaven, nor in earthe, which workest all things for the glorie of thy name and the comfort of thyne elect. Thou dydst once make man ruler over all thy creatures, and placed hym in the garden of all pleasures; but how soone, alas, dyd he in his felicitie forget thy goodness? Thy people Israel also, in their wealth dyd evermore runne astray, abusinge the manifold mercies; lyke as all fleshe contynually rageth when it hath gotten libertie and external prosperitie. But such is thy wisdom adjoynd to thy mercies, deare Father, that thou sekest all means possible to brynge thy chyldren to the sure sense and lyvely feelinge of thy fatherly favour. And therefore when prosperitie wyll not serve, then sendest thou adversitie, graciously correctinge all thy chyldren whome thou recyvest into thy howshold. Wherefore we, wretched and miserable synners, render unto thee most humble and hartie thanks, that yt hath pleased thee to call us home to thy folde by thy Fatherly correction at this present, whereas in our prosperitie and libertie we dyd neglect thy graces offered unto us. For the which negligence, and many other grevous synnes whereof we now accuse ourselves before thee, thou mightest moste justly have gyven us up to reprobate myndes and induration of our hartes, as thou haste done others. But such is thy goodness, O Lord, that thou semest to forget all our offences, and haste called us of thy good pleasure from

all idolatries into this Citie most Christianlye-reformed, to professe thy name, and to suffer some crosse amongst thy people for thy truth and Gospel's sake; and so to be thy wytnesses with thy Prophets and Apostles, yea, with thy dearly beloved Soune Jesus Christ our head, to whome thou dost begynne here to fashion us lyke, that in his glorie we may also be lyke hym when he shall appear. O Lord God, what are we upon whome thou shuldest shewe this great mercye? O moste lovyng Lord, forgive us our unthankfulness, and all our synnes, for Jesus Christ's sake. O heavenly Father, increase thy Holy Spirit in us, to teache our hartes to cry Abba, deare Father! O assure us of our eternal election in Christ; to revele thy wyll more and more towards us; to confirme us so in thy trewth, that we may lyve and dye therein; and that by the power of the same Spirit we may boldly gyve an accompt of our faith to all men with humblenes and mekenes, that whereas they backbyte and slaunder us as evyll doers, they may be ashamed and once stopp their mowthes, seinge our good conversation in Christ Iesu, for whose sake we besече thee, O Lord God, to guide, governe, and prosper this our enterprise in assemblinge; our bretherne to prayse thy holie name. And not only to be here present with us thy children according to thy promesse, but also mercifullie to assist thy like persecuted people, our Bretherne, gathered in all other places, that they and we, consentinge together in one spirite and truthe, may (all worldly respectes set a part) seke thy onely honor and glorie in all our and their Assemblies. So be it.

STRANGERS IN MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

IN accordance with a request from Mr. Spurgeon, strangely at variance with entreaties on the same subject more usual in other places of worship, the congregation at the Tabernacle on Sunday night scrupulously refrained from attending the service. The request was preferred on the preceding Sunday in furtherance of a scheme last year devised by Mr. Spurgeon with the object of acquiring fresh ground to work in. Sunday after Sunday the vast building known throughout the metropolis as the "Tabernacle" is crowded to its doors, for the most part by regular seat-holders, only the fringe of the great audience being made up of the outside public. Mr. Spurgeon resolved to ask his congregation four times a year to stay away from the place and leave

it free to all comers. The fulfilment of the plan was postponed, owing to illness. But some weeks ago it was begun, and Sunday night was the second quarterly appropriation of the building and the service to the general public. The doors of the Tabernacle are usually thrown open at six o'clock; but a crowd began to assemble at half-past five, and by ten minutes to six it had grown so dense that in order to prevent its overflowing beyond the railings, and so interfering with the street traffic, the doors were straightway opened. In little more than a quarter of an hour every seat appeared to be occupied, and by a quarter-past six the aisles were thronged, and, to the inexperienced observer, the problem of what was to be done with the stream that still poured in through a dozen opened doors seemed insoluble. But the deacons and pew-openers at the Tabernacle have by constant practice obtained a remarkable degree of perfection in packing a crowd. They found odd seats here and there in the long rows of pews; they filled the benches running all round the walls; they got a few more on the platform beneath the preacher's desk; and all this done, flaps were let down from either side of the benches opening in the various aisles, and hereon alone were disposed a number of people who, in one of the old churches now disappearing from the city, would comprise a startlingly large Sunday congregation. All classes were represented, from the lady in silk to the wearer of carefully preserved print calico, and from the man in broad-cloth and fine linen to the costermonger ineffectually disguised in a frock coat. At half-past six precisely Mr. Spurgeon appeared, making his way through the crowd that blocked the approaches to the platform level with the lower gallery from which he preaches. At this moment the interior presented a spectacle such as it would be difficult to match amongst Sunday evening gatherings. The Tabernacle was built to seat 6000 persons, but the numbers present were nearer 7000, for up and down, from ground floor to the spacious galleries, there was not a square yard of available room unoccupied. This was at half-past six, and for nearly half an hour later a constant stream of people arrived at the gates, taking a desperate chance of finding admission. In the hope of catching some of these a prayer meeting was held in the lecture hall, which speedily became full to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Spurgeon opened the service by a brief prayer, in which he referred to the several conditions of men who (he surmised) were present, praying for each specially, and leading up to the fervently-spoken petition, "Oh, Lord, save the whole Tabernacle full of people." Then, upon his invitation, the whole congregation rose, and with hearty good-

will sang the "Old Hundredth." There is no organ at the Tabernacle, a gentleman stepping forward from Mr. Spurgeon's side and raising the tune. But after the first note of the first verse his voice was heard no more, being lost in the mighty sound of thousands of voices that rolled forth the familiar tune, waiting for no signal and owning no leadership. After this Mr. Spurgeon read a portion of the eleventh chapter of Matthew, choosing as an appropriate exordium the fifteenth verse, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." The reading of what elsewhere would be called the Lesson was accompanied by a running commentary of homely explanation and earnest exhortation. Another hymn, heartily joined in by the congregation, a second and longer prayer, and then Mr. Spurgeon began to preach, or rather to talk to the manifestly interested crowd. He took as his text the three last verses of the chapter from which he had read, and spoke about it in a simple and at times passionately earnest manner for the space of fifty minutes. The sermon was singularly free from those unconventionalities of style which occasionally mark Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit utterances. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was the burden of the text, and the preacher was content with reiterating and varying this invitation, insisting on the illimitability of the proffered welcome, and dwelling on the perfection of the promised rest. Twice only did he vary his discourse by the introduction of illustrations in parable form, which he is much accustomed to use for the enforcement of his text. One of these was short, and contained within itself the main argument of the discourse. "There is a doctor who visits you," he said. "You have called him in because you are feeling very ill, and the first thing he says to you is, 'do you trust me entirely?' You say, 'Oh, yes, doctor, I trust you entirely.' 'Very well, now tell me what you eat and what you drink.' You tell him, and he declares that you are eating and drinking the very things that feed your disease. He tells you you must give up those things, and asks you if you will take some medicine he will send you. Oh yes, you will do everything he tells you, and he goes away. A few days after he calls again, and finds you worse. 'Why, how is this?' he says, 'your disease is getting a firmer hold upon you.' But when he comes to inquire, he finds that you have been going on eating and drinking the same things as before. 'Did you take the medicine?' 'Well,' you say, 'I just tasted it; but found it was nasty, and there it is.' Then the doctor knows that you have not trusted him, and he goes away sorrowful; for he knows that without that trust he can do you no good. It is just so with Jesus Christ.

You must trust Him entirely and do everything He tells you, for those are the sole conditions upon which He will give you rest."

This was, in brief, the sermon. Its fuller recital was listened to throughout with never-faltering attention by the great congregation, to whom, seated or standing in whatever remote corner of the hall, the preacher's sonorous tones were as audible as if he were speaking to them across a table.

Children's Treasury.

THE USEFUL LITTLE GIRL.



OW pleasant it is to see a little girl trying to be useful! Here is little Rhoda May, sitting in old Mrs. Cooper's cottage, and writing a letter for her to her absent son. It seems but a trifling act of kindness, and yet it is one of great value to the old lady, for she does not know how to write herself, and would not be able to let her "dear boy John" hear from her at all, if some one did not write instead of her. That "some one" is good little Rhoda. She has given up her play this afternoon, and no one loves play more dearly than Rhoda, in order that she may, in this way, help old Mrs. Cooper.

Rhoda wishes very much to be useful. I wonder whether *you* are like her? In one of her little books there are some verses on this subject, which she is very fond of repeating; and I am going to let you read them, in the hope that they will stir you up to do all the good you can to those around you.

A little girl I am indeed.
 And little do I know:
 Much help and care I yet shall need.
 That I may wiser grow;
 If I would ever hope to do
 Things great and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
 To do what good I may;
 God never meant that such as I
 Should only live to play,
 And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
 And sleep and wake, and never think.

I may, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways ;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days ;
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed :
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing ?

Then let me try each day and hour,
To act upon this plan ;
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by-and-by.

—*Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

MANY people try hard to be happy. They indulge in all fashionable pleasures, gratify their bodily appetites, mingle in pleasant and social circles, and make it the business of their lives to seek happiness. Yet they fail to find it, and are often burdened with murmuring and disappointed hearts. The trouble is, they live for self, and by a mere law of Providence, selfishness defeats itself, and fails of reaching the objects it covets. The following incident suggests a surer and more excellent way:

"Bessie, there is a peach for you, the finest I have seen this season," said Mr. Kohler to his little daughter.

It was very beautiful—so ripe that it looked just ready to burst through the thin skin, and a painter might have attempted in vain to rival the colour. It was very tempting, for it was the first one Bessie had seen this summer, yet she stood with it in her hands, seemingly lost in thought.

"May I take it to cousin Mary? She is sick, and nothing tastes well to her, and she has been wishing so much for a peach."

"Yes, if you like." And away flew Bessie on her errand of love. She went softly into cousin Mary's sick chamber, laid the peach before her, and quickly glided from the room.

As the parched lips were moistened by the delicious juice the little sufferer declared that it made her feel "almost well."

Now, that little act of kindness made Bessie much happier than eating the peach would have done. Would you have acted like Bessie?

UNFINISHED BUTTERFLIES.

My little maiden of four years old
 (No myth, but a genuine child is she,
 With her brown, brown eyes and her curls of gold)
 Came, quite in disgust, one day to me;

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
 As the loathsome touch seemed yet to chill her,
 She cried, "O mother, I found on my arm
 A horrible crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
 Yet a glance in its daring, half-awed and shy,
 She added, "While they were about it, mother,
 I wished they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
 From the coarser forms of a partial growth,
 Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
 For the possible beauty that underlies
 The passing phase of the meanest thing.

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
 From the holy height of their heaven above,
 Couldn't bear with the worm till its wings would grow!

