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SEPT., 1881.



MONTHLY

ADVOCATE

Devoted to the interests of the Christian Church

VOL. II.

No. 5.



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ST. JOHN'S

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

We again ask the earnest, prayerful, continued co-operation of Christian men and women everywhere, to extend the circulation of the *Monthly Advocate*. Although we have now a large subscription list, yet the Magazine being so low in price, we require nearly 1,000 additional subscribers to make it self-sustaining. Will those who are favourable to our cause not assist us in raising that number? We have been encouraged in the past by the labors of many of our young friends to whom we have awarded premiums. To all who have assisted us in any way, we beg to tender our sincere thanks. We ask our young friends to continue their labors in the interests of the *Advocate*, and we shall reward them liberally. Those who raised clubs last year we trust will endeavor to see their friends and ask them to continue another year. We have ordered a large number of Autograph, Photograph and Scrap Albums, Pocket Bibles, Revised New Testaments and Reward Books—all of the latest and most attractive styles—for premiums, varying in prices from 25 cents to \$10 each, which shall be awarded according to the number of renewals or new subscriptions received from our friends. Those who are able to come and see us we invite to do so and select premiums for themselves. Those who cannot visit us, when remitting, will please name what premium is most desired and we will try and comply with their wishes.

Subscribers whose term has expired, who will renew their own subscription and send us 50 cents additional, for one new subscriber, shall have a copy sent free to their address, of a valuable pamphlet of 130 pages, published at 50 cents, entitled: "History of Islands and Islets in the Bay of Fundy from their earliest settlement to the present time, including sketches of shipwrecks and other events of exciting interest," by J. G. Lorimer, Esq.

The *Advocate* is adapted to all classes. "Speaking the truth in love" is the motto inscribed upon its banner. The advancement of the cause of truth and righteousness will ever be its exclusive aim, and "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," it will be the *monthly advocate* of "these things."

The projectors of the magazine have no hope or desire to reap pecuniary benefit from its publication. Their labor is a labor of love. They desire to circulate wholesome reading among the people. Should more money be received than is required for publishing, it will be used to improve and enlarge the *Advocate*.

The Monthly Advocate.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

No. 5.

THE CARAITES.

At the present time, when the Jews are subjected to so much bitter persecution in various countries, it will be more than ordinarily interesting to read the following account of a remarkable sect of that once highly favoured but now despised people. They receive the name *Caraites* from the word *Caru*, which, in the Babylonish language, signifies Scripture. They declare openly for the written Word of God alone, rejecting all rabbinical interpretations, and traditions. They style themselves "Children of the Bible," and remain in a state of secession from the chief body of the Jewish nation, on the ground of their great attachment to the Scriptures. The following account of these Jewish seceders is derived from the *Glasgow Lectures on the Jews* :—

"The number of this sect over all the world is not believed to exceed that of the Rabbinical Jews in London alone. Their places of residence are the Crimea, Lithuania, and Persia ; Darauscus, Constantinople, and Cairo ; and, according to the missionary, Wolff, there exists a small establishment of them even in Jerusalem itself. To speak of the habitat of a Jew—to assign any portion of the earth as a locality to him, who, in virtue of the decree of heaven, ranks as a wanderer among the nations, is to use language not at once intelligible. Yet true it is, while all the rest of the Jews have been driven hither and thither, and have found rest only in the grave, the Caraites appear to have long enjoyed their humble settlements ; one party of them has reposed, some hundreds of years, on the margin of a beautiful lake in Lithuania ; for many centuries has another nestled, in felt security, on the mountain-rock of the Crimea ; while a third is said to have inhabited the desert of Hit, near the site of Babylon, from the time of Cyrus. The picturesque fortress of the Caraites in the Crimea, called the Jews' Castle, has been beautifully described by the celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, who tells us that, in a sepulchral grove on the mountain side, there stands a tomb-stone bearing a Hebrew inscription, the date of which reaches back more than six hundred years.

In the history of this people, there is evidently something peculiar, with reference to the judgments of God. Might not their circumstances, in some measure, be accounted for by the following fact ? During the reign of the empress Catharine, a communication was made to the Russian government, in which the Caraites declared that their ancestors had taken no part in the crucifixion of Christ ; and, according to the testimony of Dr. Clarke, they uniformly give out, that their forefathers stepped aside from the main body of the Jewish people, in the very earliest periods of their history. This is corroborated by Wolff. On his discovery of the original stock or Caraites, they told him that their ancestors had indeed shared in the Babylonish captivity, but that, alarmed

at the influx of new doctrines amongst their brethren, they gave themselves up to a closer and more constant perusal of the Scriptures alone; that they did not return to the Holy Land along with the rest of the Jews, when the term of their bondage had expired, but had remained ever since that time on the spot where he found them. 'By the rivers of Babylon they sat down; yea, they wept when they remembered Zion.' Now, considering that the Caraites are not a proverb or a by-word among the nations where they dwell, but, on the contrary, that they are every where respected by their Gentile neighbours, and appear to be an industrious, honest, and hospitable race, is it inconceivable that they are not descendants of those who called down vengeance on their own head, and on the heads of their posterity, when they cried aloud to Pilate, 'His blood be on us and on our children?' Would not the foregoing remarkable feature in their history, seem rather to have excluded them from the company of such as are lying under the affliction of the last curse, while, nevertheless, they live confessedly in a state of banishment from the beloved land of Israel?

With respect to the morality of this singular people, Wolff says, that they are distinguished, on the admission of the Arabs themselves, for such veracity as raises them far above anything like Arab rivalry. From all the inquiries that have yet been made, according to a certain Christian writer, there rests not a stain on the name of Caraites from its appearance, in the calendar of crime. They are vilified on all hands by their brethren of the Jewish faith, being regarded by them in the light of heretics: but it is easy, from the calumnious language of the one, to demonstrate the superior morality of the other. The head and front of their offending, according to the Rabbinical Jews, appears to be, that they adhere with scrupulous pertinacity to the written Law, and decline to subscribe to the authority of the Talmud, both in its explanations and additions. In opposition to the Rabbies, who teach that a wife may be dismissed at the will of her husband, and that a fairer rival, or even a fault in her household economy, is a legitimate ground for putting asunder those whom God has joined together, the Caraites maintain that a divorce can be justified by adultery alone. Moreover, their teachers are chargeable with delivering discourses on morality every Sabbath, whereas the Rabbies do not descend to such employment, except twice a year, and then only according to the fashion of the Talmud.

Their religious creed consists in this:—They believe that all things are created, with the exception of the Creator himself; that there exists no similitude of the Uncreated One, but that He stands alone, and cannot be compared or likened to any other object; that Moses, their master, was sent by him; that, through the instrumentality of his servant Moses, he communicated his law; that the faithful are bound to become acquainted with the divine law, and its interpretation; that the blessed God moved and guided the other prophets by the Spirit of inspiration; that he will restore the children of men to life at the day of judgment; that he will judge every man according to the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil; that he has not cast off his people in captivity, even while under his chastisements. They agree with the other Jews in denying the advent of the Messiah; and professing to

believe that it has been delayed, they discountenance all calculations respecting the time of his appearance.

The settlements of the Caraites, few in number and inconsiderable in extent, appear to have been preserved in a state of separation from the rest of the Jews, that the world might behold a specimen of what the Israelite was in the palmy days of his nation, and of what he may be again, when he shall have emerged from the corrupting and debasing influence of superstition. In this comparatively pure remnant of the Hebrews, God has proved that he never leaves himself without a witness; and especially in the conduct of this people in every age, and in every country in which they have flourished, we are taught how uniformly excellent must have been, and still is, the morality produced by the Mosaic law, where its purity is maintained, and its authority revered.

The Caraites also assert that our Saviour was a member of their community, and that he entertained the same opinion as themselves, with respect to their interpolations of the Rabbies, in support of which belief they adduce his repeated and violent denunciations against the Rabbinical interpretations, and most positively deny that any member of their sect was, in the slightest degree, implicated in the crucifixion.

These people likewise believe, that they possess the only authentic copy of the Old Testament extant. Like the Quakers, they provide amply for their poor; are principally engaged in commerce, and generally wealthy. We also frequently meet them in Poland and Galicia, where they are highly esteemed, and enjoy the same privileges as the Christians.

Perhaps no religious sect educate their children with greater care, the whole, without exception, being publicly instructed in the synagogue.

From this solicitude also originated the separation of the books of the Old Testament; the Pentateuch being reserved as a guide of faith and morals for the young, while the perusal of the remainder is deferred till time shall have matured the intellect. This division they trace to the usages of their forefathers from time immemorial. In their dress they resemble the Armenians, wearing long flowing robes, and on the head a fur cap."

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might feel for them with the finger in vain. But let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would that draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies. But let the unthankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings—only the iron in God's sand is gold.

Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundations, without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations, you cause it to fall.

The reproof of a good man resembles Fuller's earth; it not only removes the spots from our character, but it rubs off when it is dry.

THE PULPIT.

RECONCILIATION AND SAFETY.

BY REV. J. A. F. BOVARD.

"For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."

That man by nature is at variance with God his Creator is an incontrovertible fact. The Bible plainly declares man to be at enmity with God. In Romans 5-10, it is so declared "We were enemies." The word enemies is not only descriptive of the moral character of men, but also of the relation in which they stand to God as the objects of his displeasure,—that relation is one of opposition and rebellion. Men are not alienated from God but their whole soul is opposed to God. "The carnal mind is not subject to the law of God." God's law is a revelation of his nature, therefore opposition to that law is opposition to God. This opposition is not casual, occasional or in virtue of a mere purpose as when men oppose civil law, but it arises out of the very nature of the carnal mind. This opposition like our atmosphere embraces the whole rational world. This is confirmed by God's word. "The Lord looked down from Heaven upon the children of men, to see if any did understand, and seek after God. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God." How could it be otherwise? If Adam stood in rebellion and that by reason of an unholy nature, is it not plain that the whole human family are in the same state of enmity?

Again, observation tells the same sad story. Go where you will you will find men continually exercising a spirit of opposition to everything that is sacred. Around us we find it so. Their language is like proud Pharaoh's, "Who is the Lord that we should obey him?" They have a refractory spirit and in effect say with regard to God and his Anointed, "Let us asunder break their bonds and cast their cords from us." They hate God and every manifestation of God. If any reflect the divine image in heart or life they seek their destruction. How often we are called upon to mourn the sad condition of men around us, who knowingly and without a scruple trample underfoot God's holy law, and profane his most holy name. Is it not universal? Is it not a condition of men that needs to be deplored? We look around us and we see the vast majority of mankind devoted to the world and espousing its cause. Their hearts are set upon it, their happiness is in it and they would rather die than lose its friendship. Such have this brand upon them—"Enemies of God," and this is confirmed by the Scripture declaration that "whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Is it not therefore treason and rebellion to enthrone the world in our hearts in preference to God?

Again, the Christian's experience proves man to be at enmity with God. When the Christian reflects upon his former condition in contrast with his present state, it is only then that he has any adequate concep-

tion of the enormity of his crime in opposing God and his law. Even in his renewed state, he feels more or less restive, and feels that there is a power behind all urging him to break covenant with God and rebel. We have a striking example in the case of the Apostle Paul. He complained of the law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin and death, and such was its power that he exclaimed, "Who shall deliver me?" Luther said he feared more his own heart than he did the Pope. It is the testimony of all regenerated beings, that man by nature is at enmity with God. Can God bear this enmity without punishment? The necessary consequence of enmity to God is, that such being in that state are objects of the divine displeasure. The world's condition verifies the statement. How astonishing is the quantity of misery in the world! How many are rending the air with the cry of pain and wretchedness! Is there not a cause for all this? "Is there evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?"

Sometimes the earth is deluged with dangerous floods; at other times there is excessive drought. Heavy peals of thunder shake the heavens. Fearful thunderbolts fill the skies. Horrible earthquakes open a sudden grave for thousands. Burning mountains send forth their destructive contents. The sea enraged by stormy winds bury the helpless seamen. Terrible plagues sweep away whole cities in a few days; and what is the language of these fearful messengers? They all unite in one voice saying,—man is a sinner and in rebellion against God and God is angry. How then can his anger be removed? How can he be appeased? How can man be reconciled to God? Paul tells us we are reconciled by the death of his Son. God might have demanded a vindication of his justice by our eternal punishment, but from his mere good pleasure He chose to accept a substitute, and therefore Christ voluntarily undertook to act as our substitute, and by his death to reconcile us to God. But what is it to be reconciled? To be reconciled does not mean to have our enmity to God removed, but his enmity to us taken away—to have Him rendered propitious or his righteous justice satisfied. This is evident, because the Scripture teaches that the death of Christ was a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice or propitiate his favor; it is not immediately a means of sanctification. Securing the favor of God is the direct object of the death of Christ, and sanctification one among other of the results. What is the idea of a sacrifice? Is it not to appease? When some sad calamity befalls the heathen, they attribute it to the anger of the gods, and so a human sacrifice is made in order to appease their wrath. Christ made a sacrifice of Himself, He suffered, He atoned for our sins as a priest, and the appropriate business of a priest is to propitiate God and not reform men. When man is reconciled to God by the death of Christ, it is only passively, nothing on the part of man has occurred, no inward change, no step toward God; all this follows as a necessary consequence of the death of Christ when faith is exercised.

We are "reconciled by the death of his Son." The word death is a concrete put for an abstract term referring to all the sufferings of Christ. He suffered from his birth to his crucifixion on the cross; there He reached the climax of his suffering. He suffered exceedingly during his

lifetime, but towards the close of his earthly career were his sufferings the greatest. "God spared not his Son." "He laid upon Him the chastisements of us all." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." He was encompassed about with grief and overwhelmed with sorrow. He was pressed down with consternation and dejected in mind. His own words were "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." He sweat as it were great drops of blood. And who is not overawed with a deep sense of his suffering?. In his extreme distress He prayed to his father, "O my father if it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt." But no, it pleased the Lord to bruise Him and put Him to an open shame; He must die or else justice must. He was hurried to the scene of crucifixion through the city in which, a few days before, the little children had strewn branches in the way and cried, "Hosanna to God in the Highest, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." The cruel people at Golgotha, not content with the agony that He already endured, ridiculed Him and bade Him come down from the cross. When Christ uttered those memorable words on the cross, "It is finished," then was the justice of God satisfied; then was he appeased; then was the guilt of sin removed and man reconciled to God; and then did He secure the right of the Holy Spirit to operate savingly upon the hearts of men and remove the pollution of sin.

Reader, have you been reconciled to God actively by faith in Christ? Are you "who were afar off made nigh by the blood of Christ?" Are you "that were sometime alienated, and enemies by wicked works, reconciled in the body of his flesh through death?" If so, at what a great sacrifice you have been restored to the divine favor!

Again, remember, that although reconciled to God you are not yet saved. You are only friends of God, but you have the hope that you shall be saved. If it required so much suffering to secure our friendship, have we not reason to believe that Christ will completely and forever save us! He need not make another sacrifice, He died to redeem, He lives to save; "we shall be saved by his life." He lives at the right hand of the Father in Heaven. His life is a pledge for the life of all his people. His words are "Because I live ye shall live also." He has all power in heaven and earth, and this power He exercises for the salvation of his people. He lives to make intercession for us. He is head over all things for the salvation of his Church. But from what are we delivered? From indwelling corruption. The death of Christ removed the guilt of sin but the pollution remained. The removal of this is the work of Christ through his spirit. It is removed while in this world. It is the work of sanctification. We all feel that we are corrupted and depraved, and that we cannot do the things we would. Paul could say, "The good that he would, he did not, and the evil he would not that he did, but it is no more I that do it but sin that dwelleth within me." When some sudden dart is launched forth by Satan's hand, when some temptation stirs up our passions how great does indwelling corruption appear! Friends, your hearts need not be kept clean but made clean. It is not health preserved you need but health restored. You need a new nature, new heart, new life. This is the prayer that suits our lips: "Create in

me a clean heart, Lord, renew a right spirit within." This is the work of the Spirit and not your work. If you attempt it, you shall fail. Though thou wash thee with nitre and much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me saith the Lord. He who has begun that good work in us will carry it on till the day of the Lord Jesus. The believer is simply a babe in Christ, but he shall grow to the stature of a perfect man in Christ. The more he grows, the more beautiful and strong he becomes. "His path is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Then we are to be delivered from spiritual enemies. For this purpose Christ sits on his throne as king. He shall wrest us out of the hand of Satan and from all our enemies in this present life, and shall preserve our souls alive. He shall deliver us from eternal death, from all the miseries, woes and sorrows in the regions of the lost. He shall even redeem our bodies from the grave and cause our souls to dwell in a renovated tabernacle adapted to the heavenly climate. That same Saviour, that reconciled us to God by his death, still lives and ever lives to sanctify, protect, and save us. All that we are in this life, and all that we expect to be in the life to come, we owe to the amazing love of God in the gift of his Son.

MUCKLE BESS.

BY MRS. J. H. CHAPLIN.

Nearly half a century ago there wandered through the Highlands of Scotland, in summer heat and winter's cold, the most wretched creature on earth.

She once had a home and loving friends, but, impelled by evil, she broke loose from all restraint, disgraced those who loved her, ruined herself, and finally became an outcast, and the terror of even those in whose company she had first gone astray. Her friends gave up all hope, and strove to bury her memory, but every now and then she would appear and open the healing wound by her excesses and boldness.

Once in a wild storm she stood at the window of her father's humble cot, and looked on the family at prayer; but the moment the old man began to pray for his "puir lost bairn," she utter a wild cry that brought them all from their knees, and fled like the wounded victim of a hunter, and no trace could be found of her.

As the years went by, she lost the pity of the farmers and cotters, for many who had fed and sheltered her missed property on her departure. And yet all feared her, for a refusal of hospitality was always received with a low muttered curse, and not unfrequently were barns burned, and cows disabled, immediately afterward. She soon became the terror of the Highlands.

After a few years the miserable woman forsook the abodes of men, and lived far up among the heath clad hills, and was only seen occasionally by some shepherd boy, flying like the wind over the hills with a

lamb or sheep across her shoulders; and after this, a smoke rising above the low fire would show where was roasting the victim she had slain.

Muckle Bess, as she was called, had never possessed any womanly grace or beauty. She was tall, stalwart, and masculine in appearance and voice, and now that she dressed only in the clothes that she could steal from line or barn, of woman or man, and lived almost without shelter from sun or storm, she was almost forbidding in her appearance. It is little wonder, when the farmers' wives saw her flying over the braes, they were terror-stricken. By her bitterness, her dishonesty, and her profaneness, she had wholly separated herself from her kind. Her hand was against every man, and every man's hand against her.

One day, as an honest cotter, whose wife had known her in early days, saw her dart by his window, he spoke of it, and called her to come in and eat bread there. She looked at him an instant, and cried out, "What have I to do among pure and honest women, like Tybie? I'm awa'to my only companions—the beasts on the hill!"

That night, when honest Donald Craig gathered his wife and bairns about the family altar, Tybie said, with many tears—"Oh, Donald, ye blessed of God, who has kept ye and me in love and peace, pray for yon lost wanderer, that God would bring her back to Himself?"

"No, nay, gude wife, I'll no do that! I'll feed and clothe her if I can; but I'll no weary mysel', nor vex God, prayin' for her! She's o'er far gone for prayer to help her! She's cast oot o' God and man, and we must e'en place her among the hopeless."

And the elders and the ministers and all the good people said the same—"hopeless, hopeless,"—and many an honourable man in that region—honourable in the sight of man, but self-righteous in the eye of God—echoed the word "hopeless," never lifted one prayer for the outcast.

About this time, when Muckle Bess was past middle life, there was a great awakening in the Highlands. The people gathered from many parishes to hear the preaching of the godly young men whose lips had been touched with fire from God's altar, and who brought a living message from Him to the people. Such was the interest that they would linger for a whole day about the holy place, to hear what God would say to them through His servants.

On a certain Sabbath several congregations had gathered on the hillside in front of a church which could not hold a quarter of them on "the occasion," as the humble Highlanders call the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. They were seated in groups of many hundreds, with a minister to address each company.

Suddenly one of these groups was startled as if by an electric shock. Muckle Bess, in all the grotesqueness of her poverty, stood like a giant before them. The women tremble, and the men looked scornfully at her, as if to say, "Who hath warnod you to flee from the wrath to come?"

Muckle Bess was no heathen! She knew the "Shorter Catechism" by heart, and was versed in many points on which Scottish theologians were then, and had always been, splitting hairs. It was well known that she often accused the minister of not being sound, "I ken what it is to be sound in the faith, although I ha' neither faith nor grace mysel'.

but I am cast out o' God and man," she would say to an easy shepherd of souls, whom she met on the highway.

When she appeared where God's Spirit was so evidently at work, all thought she had come to cavil and disturb, and many a stalwart arm was held ready to put her away whenever she should attempt it.

But there she stood like a representation of the "Witch of Endor," head and shoulders above the speaker, on whom her wild eyes were firmly fixed. She did not move a muscle, but listened as if for her life.

At length a merciful woman, braver than the others, moved and made room for her on the greensward, and touched her and beckoned to her. At this unwonted civility Bess forgot herself, and called out in bitterness of spirit, "What ha' I to do wi' ye, honest Cressy Irving? I am na worthy to sit on the same grass wi'—it wad pollute ye all, gude wives and mothers. What is the glorious Gospel that the noble laddie is preaching to ye—what is it to me? I ha' sinned awa' the day o' grace, and e'en the all-powerful blood has na power to cleanse me! Look at me, all ye lassies o' happy homes, and see what sin has brought forth. Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ! Has it come to this, that Satan is stronger than ye? That he has given the lie to Thy word, that whosoever cometh shall in no wise be casted out?"

Here the silence of death reigned over the company; and no one disturbed the woman in her anguish. She now ceased speaking to the people, and raising her weather-beaten face to heaven, she stretched forth her brawny hands, and cried in tones of agony that might have melted the rocks about her, "Oh, thou God of my fathers; oh, thou God o' bonnie Scotland that has been steeped in blood for Thy name's sake, look on me, a wretched sinner who ha' scorned Thee, and robbed Thee, and defied Thee! Hast Thee na promised cleansing to them whose sins are scarlet and crimson? And whose sins are o' deeper dye than mine? Oh, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hand o' the living God!" Then exhausted by her emotions, she fell fainting to the earth; and pitiful women who had before fled at her approach now ministered unto her; and fear fell on the people.

Then the minister preached of Christ as the only way of access to the Father, and set Him forth in all His Glory as a mediator; and showed that he made Him a liar who doubted His power to forgive all manner of sin. He dwelt on His compassion and tenderness, till all, even the poor outcast, were melted into tears. At length Bess cried out in this most informal service, "Hear me, ye people of God! Hear me, ye angels above! Hear me, ye powers o' evil, while I vow before ye all, that I will e'en take Him at His word, and leave it there!"

From that time forward Muckle Bess went from farm-house to cottage, from field to pasture, telling in deep solemnity what God was able to do for the chief of sinners. She had a welcome at every "ingleside," and every house where dwelt a child of God was her home. When offered work at the wheel or in the dairy, she said, "Na, na, I ha' na time for that. I must e'en be on my way telling the story."

And she told the story with streaming eyes; indeed, she was always weeping, and once when reminded that God had called His children to peace and joy, she said, "Aye, aye, that's here within the breast; but

how can I ever forget that I crucified the Lord o' glory, and put Him to open shame. There is na time nor way to redeem the past. Let me, like Mary, wash His feet wi' my tears!"

Muckle Bess lived to prove the genuineness of her conversion, the re-creation of her spirit.

She who had tortured animals in revenge for the treatment of their owners, went from stall to stall, tenderly stroking the cows and horses, and binding up their wounds when they had been injured. She had become indeed a new creature!

If any doubt the truth of this story, which we had from a reliable source, let them look about them, and see if God has not saved among us just as depraved and hopeless sinners as Muckle Bess? Let us remember that Jesus has power over all things, in heaven and earth, aye, and in the dark domains of evil, and never say of any mortal sinner, "His case is hopeless."

JESUS WORTHY TO BE TRUSTED.

Some little time ago I was conducting a mission in the north of England. There I met with a young person in great distress of soul. She had been several months in that state. I saw she was of a melancholy temperament, and I was apprehensive lest the long pressure should in any way affect her mind and ultimately undermine her reason. I tried to set before her the necessity of trusting Jesus. She only answered with a shake of the head and said, "I can't trust Jesus; I don't know how."

"Will you trust me?" "Oh yes, I will trust you."

"Are you quite sure you trust me?" "Yes I do."

"But suppose it were a matter of paying into my hands every farthing you possess in the world, so that I should have the means of ruining you and stripping you of all your worldly possessions. Suppose there were some reason that led you to feel that that would be expedient, would you do it?"

She smiled, and thought a moment: "Well, I do not think I should."

"I should be very much surprised if you did; it would be very rash of you to trust an utter stranger with every farthing you had in the world. But supposing it was a great object to be able to trust me, how would you set about it? Would you try to work yourself up into an enthusiasm of trust, so that you would at last say, 'I will trust him?'"

"No, sir, I should not set about it in that way."

"Well, you would be a great fool if you did; that would not make me trustworthy. But how would you set about it?"

"Oh, well, I should make inquiry."

"Exactly. You would probably write to the vicar of the parish, the bishop of the diocese, and two or three well known clergymen, and say, 'Do you know anything about Mr. Aitken?' And if they all bore the same witness and said, 'We have known him from a child, and he is thoroughly trustworthy,' then you would come to the conclusion that you could safely trust your property to me.

"Now, apply that to your soul's relation to Jesus. You find it difficult to believe in Him: *make a few inquiries.* Go and ask that poor penitent woman who bathed His feet with her tears: poor sorrowful hearted sinner, surely thou hast trusted Jesus: didst thou find him trustworthy? I think you will get the answer: I came to Him with a heart heavy with woe, and wearied with guilt, and I heard Him say, 'Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.'

"Go to that robber who is hanging over eternity, the darkness of death and hell ready to swallow him up. Ask him, What do you think or know about Jesus? He would reply, 'I was a poor sinner trembling on the brink of doom—but another step between me and hell. Jesus Christ stretched out His own hands, and put them between me and hell, and said, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'

"Finally, let us go to Him whose witness *must* be true; 'for if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is Greater.' What is the witness of God concerning His Son? As I make my appeal to "the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible," I seem to get from the throne the answer, 'Sinner, I trusted My Son Jesus to save the world; you may trust Him safely to save your soul.'"—*The Rev. W. Hay Aitken.*

THE THEATRE.

Every popular amusement which bids for the support of God's people must submit to this test: Wherever a Christian cannot take Christ and a clean conscience with him, he has no right to go. The theatre, in these days, asks for the suffrages and support of church-members; but its advocates always present to us, in argument, an ideal play-house, whose actors are virtuous people, whose dramas conform to Christian morality, and which rigidly excludes every kind of sensual temptation. Such a Puritanic theatre would be entitled, at least, to respectful treatment from the Church; but every person of common-sense knows that the actual average American theatre is no more like the ideal play-house than the average pope is like St. Peter, or the average politician is like Abraham Lincoln. A puritanic theatre would become bankrupt in a twelvemonth. The great mass of those who frequent the average play-house go there for strong passionnal excitements. They go for the very object which makes it dangerous to a servant of Jesus Christ. I do not affirm that every popular play is immoral, and every attendant is on a scent for sensualities; but the theatre is a concrete institution; it must be judged in the gross, and to a tremendous extent it is only a gilded nastiness. It unsexes womanhood by putting her publicly in male attire—too often in almost no attire at all. One of the most eminent living actresses declares that she only enters the theatre to enact her part, and has but little association with her own profession. A converted actor once pointed me to a play-house in which he used to perform, and said, "Behind those curtains lies Sodom!" We pastors know too well that when our young members form an appetite for the stage, they generally lose their appetite for Christ's service. Can we handle pitch without being defiled? Wherefore let us come out and be separate from this unclean institution; for Christ hath no concord with Belial.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

"THE PALACE O' THE KING."

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL.

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl'
 That we're livin' in the noo,
 An' sunny is the lan'
 We often traivel throo;
 But in vain we look for something
 To which our hearts can cling,
 For its beauty is as naething
 To the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer,
 Wi' its merry, merry tread,
 An' we sigh when hoary winter
 Lays its beauties wi' the dead;
 For though bonnie are the snaw-flakes
 An' the down on winter's wing,
 Its fine to ken it daurna touch
 The palace o' the King.

Then, again, I've just been thinkin'
 That when a' thing here's sae bricht,
 The sun in a' its grandeur,
 An' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
 The ocean i' the Simmer,
 Or the woodland i' the Spring,
 What maun it be up yonner
 I' the palace o' the King.

It's here we hae oor trials,
 An' it's here that He prepares
 A' His chosers for the raiment
 Which the ransomed sinner wears.
 An' its here that He wad hear us,
 'Mid oor tribulations sing,
 "We'll trust oor God who reigneth
 I' the palace o' the King."

Though His palace is up yonner,
 He has kingdoms here below,
 An' we are His ambassadors
 Wherever we may go;
 We've a message to deliver,
 And we've lost anes hame to bring
 To be leal and loyal-heartet
 I' the palace o' the King.

Oh! it's honour heaped on honour
 That His courtiers should be ta'en
 Frae the wand'rin anes He died for,
 I' this warl' of sin an' pain;
 An' it's fu'est love an' service
 That the Christian aye should bring
 To the feet of Him who reigneth
 I' the palace o' the King.

An' lat us trust Him better
 Than we've ever done afore
 For the King will feed His servants
 Frae His ever-bounteous store;
 Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him,
 For time is on the wing,
 An' soon He'll come and tak us
 Tae the palace o' the King

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie,
 Upon which the rainbows shine;
 An' it's Eden bowers are trellised
 Wi' a never-fadin' Vine;
 An' the pearly gates of heaven
 Do a glorious radiance finging
 On the starry floor that shimmers
 I' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven,
 An' nae desolatin' sea,
 And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample
 I' the city o' the free;
 There's an everlastin' daylight,
 An' a never-fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory,
 I' the palace o' the King.

We see our frien's await us
 Ower yonner at His gate;
 Then let us a' be ready,
 For ye ken it's gettin' late;
 Lat our lamps be brichtly burnin';
 Lat's raise our voice and sing,
 Syne we'll meet to part nae mair,
 I' the palace o' the King!

THE HOME CIRCLE.

MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY J. F. WILLING.

In the purifying of the home sanctuary is found the solution of that problem of the ages—the bringing into right lines of the immense ethical forces that have run riot, working such hopeless, reckless ruin, such boundless wrong and outrage.

The family cannot be pure unless it is permanent, and its permanence depends upon the permanence of marriage.

Christianity alone makes provision for the permanence of marriage, because of all religions it alone teaches the inherent dignity of humanity, and the sacredness of inalienable human rights.

Marriage is of God. Jehovah united the first pair. He put to sleep his masterpiece, the wonderful complex being He had made in His own image, and awakened them to the happiness of shared work and joy; as if He had made tangible the gentler and more enduring part of human nature, clothing it in separate flesh that it might stand forth helping and helped, bone of man's bones, life of his life.

In the writings of the great apostle we find an amplification of the Divine idea. "He that loveth his wife loveth himself; for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church."

The Gospel rule of domestic life is above criticism. "Husbands, love your wives even as Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

In all lands where the Bible has little or no power, the permanence and purity of the home are hardly known. Wherever Jehovah's will is not recognised as law, the marriage tie is a mere financial adjustment; men and women join themselves to each other from impulse, and separate by caprice.

No doubt there is a constant infringement of the husband's claim to reverence and love. Probably he is cheated out of all those delicate, refining attentions that go to make the best of life—that that we live when the public eye is not upon us, and we are simply and only ourselves. Yet, as the condition of the woman is the more gross and appreciable exponent of the wrong, of that we usually speak.

Among pagans *the wife is bought and sold*—the slave of man's lust or of his greed. Men hold themselves above moral restraint, and regard women as existing simply for their service and comfort.

Among the Greeks and Romans, even when those people were at their best, the woman might not have a thought above her distaff. She

was the true woman who waited only upon the pleasure of her lord, holding her love sacred to him, living or dead, as did Penelope while the vagrant Ulysses wandered, heart and foot, at his own sweet will.

Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion, though the private morals of that same Cæsar, "the foremost man of all the world," were too scandalous for record. A married woman must sacrifice herself in utter disconsolateness at her husband's death, though he had given a dozen other women a full share of his love.

Christianity alone gives a woman the right to demand *honour* for *honour*, purity for purity.

Only the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ places the woman, where Margaret Fuller said she must stand to give her hand with dignity, "fairly upon her feet." You look in vain among the golden thoughts of the "Divine Plato" for one syllable that helps a woman toward the starting-point that the Hebrew Bible gave her—"a helpmeet for man."

When Socrates was turning his steady eyes upon death, and giving forth some of the finest utterances that ever fell from his lips, in that supreme hour when his heart ought to have been most tender, he turned from his weeping wife with a contemptuous fling at the weakness and silliness of women.

Hebrew women towered like desert palms above those of the heathen nations by whom they were surrounded—Sarah, empress-like in her beauty and strength; Rachel, whose life was so pure it stood the test of a seven years' courtship, "and it seemed to Jacob but a few days for the love he had for her"; Miriam, who made the songs of her people while her brothers were getting its laws from God; Jael, who delivered her nation by killing the generalissimo of the enemy's forces; Deborah, who administered law and led armies; Esther, the beautiful diplomate, who saved her race from the impending doom. Solomon, that pioneer of Jewish *literati*, gives us the *Biblical model* of feminine character. The picture is drawn with Rembrandt strokes. Compare it with those in the Vedas and Shaster. They teach that a woman is inherently vile. She was so bad a man in some past state of existence that she has been born a woman as a punishment.

The books of all non-Christian writers abound in Proverbs about the intrinsic and hopeless depravity of woman. The Hebrew philosopher shows his belief in the opposite. He speaks of the virtuous woman as if she were not only a possible idea, but an actual person. He sketches from life. She is industrious. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." "She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens."

She is a business woman. "She maketh fine linen and selleth it. She delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good."

She understands the laws that underlie the rise and fall of real estate, for "she considereth a field and buyeth it."

She is anything but feeble-minded, for "strength and honour are her clothing."

She knows something and can tell it in a wise way, for "she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

She is benevolent. "She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth out her hands to the needy."

She cares personally for the comfort of a well-managed home. "She looketh well to the way of her household."

She has a happy family life. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her."

Her piety is the crowning glory of her life. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

The degenerate Judaism of Christ's time had swung far enough away from the Divine ideal. Its rabbis said, "He is a fool that attempts the religious instruction of a woman;" and "let the words of the law be burned rather than given to a woman."

Paul, whose utterances on this subject have been wrested by the unlearned and unstable to the destruction of thousands of souls—Paul gives an epitome of his belief in this sentence: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." When the Christian Church cuts down through gloss and prejudice to the core of the meaning of that utterance we may look for the millennium..

The retrograde Christianity of the *dark ages* shut woman out of the world of sober thought and earnest endeavour, making her a drudge, or, at her best estate, a dainty plaything, on account of whose personal charms daft wights should write wretched rhymes, or doughty knights break each other's skulls.

In the sixteenth century Françoise de Santoigne attempted to establish primary schools for girls. She was hooted in the streets of Paris, and her father called in four doctors learned in the law to sit in solemn conclave upon her terrible heresy, and decide whether or not the misguided woman was possessed with devils, prompting her unheard of and dangerous scheme of teaching girls to read!

Phidias said of his statue of Minerva, "Give it the light of the public square." In giving this question the light of the centuries we find that in no land or time in all this sorrowful world has there ever been hope or heart for women except as the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ has borne sway. Women never had and never can have a firmer, better friend than the Son of Mary. Of all systems of philosophic and religious thought none has given her the place accorded to her by *Protestant Christianity*. They who strike at the church because some of its limitations are faulty and irksome, are like the Ancient Mariner who shot the albatross. They will bring down upon themselves a doom more bitter than death, that of the abominable old sensualisms.

The Bible is woman's Magna Charta, and it is worse than suicide for her to set aside its pure, high truths.

Marriage is a Biblical institution. The home is found only in Christian lands. Without Scriptural guards a woman's life is poor and petty and pitiful enough. The woman who has sufficient moral dignity to desire to be nobly and truly herself, and enough insight to see where the danger lies, must cherish Christianity as she would her own life—nay, her own soul.—*Buds and Blossoms*.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

DOES GOD SPEAK TO ME?

Yes He does, *in His providence*. In this land of Sabbaths, and Churches, and Bibles, and Christians, God is always speaking to you. Did He not speak to you in the first human voice that reached your infant mind? Might you not say with Coleridge, "My faith in Christianity is bound up with my mother's chair, and with the earliest remembered tones of her blessed voice?" And did not God speak to you in that illness? "Hear the rod, and who hath appointed it." Every rod of affliction has a voice, and it is the voice of God. A wild man, who was nearly killed by an accident, told me that he was not surer of his own existence, than he was of the fact that God was speaking to him.

And God speaks to you *by His word*. For His word is not like the word of a man in a book, a dull, dead thing: but in it you may hear God's living voice. The other day the newspapers told us that a woman had travelled from London to Balmoral to plead with the Queen for the lives of her two sons condemned to death. The people at Ballater took pity on her, and got her a seat in the mail gig. She sat on a bag of letters, one of which, from the Home Secretary, really granted her request. The Queen received her kindly, but could do nothing; the decision lay with the Home Secretary. The woman returned with a heavy heart; but when the Queen had read the welcome letter, she despatched a horseman with the glad tidings to the poor woman. The Word of God may do you no more good than that letter did to the poor woman when she sat upon the letter-bag; but it brings new life to you as soon as you catch in it the living voice of the living God. For while we cannot hear God's voice in heaven, we may hear it on earth in the blessed gospel. Dr. Duncan tells that the first time he felt that he had God's word on his lips, the idea went through him like a flash of electricity, and made him another man.

And God speaks to you *by His Spirit*. How often we read of the Spirit speaking to us,—*"The Spirit and the Bride say, come;" "The Holy Ghost saith, To-day,"* and so on. It is really the Holy Spirit that speaks to you in Providence and the Word. Oh how many voices come from God to you! The air is all trembling with God's voices if we only had the ear to hear them, and to distinguish them from the coarse voices of earth, that are always mingling with them. Your soul is like a shell with which I have seen a boy astonish his little sister. The shell put to her ear caused a quick play of wonder and delight, like the shadows of the clouds chasing each other upon the surface of a lake on a windy summer's day. "How is the sound there?" she asked. The shell had been long in the sea, he said; the sound of the waves had got into the very inside of it, and could never be taken out again; the sea was still making music in it, though it had been on the dry land for a long, long time. The boy was just saying what the poet says,

"Pleased, it remembers its august abode
And murmurs as it murmured then."

The voice of God resounds in your soul, as the voice of the sea was fancied to resound in that shell. Pray that you may hear not only the sound, but His voice calling you by name, as when He said, "Samuel, Samuel." Pray that you may hear Him whispering in your ears the secret which is for yourself alone.—From "Bible Children," by Rev. J. Wells, M. A.

HOW TO TREAT BROTHERS.

Girls, be kind to your brothers. Don't be afraid you will spoil them by shewing them plenty of sisterly attention. They are tiresome chaps sometimes, consequential and overbearing, treating their sisters like inferior beings. But never mind that, girls; carry with you two bears—bear and forbear. The consequential age generally passes off with the growth of the incipient moustache, and when real manhood dawns upon them, they will realize how gentle and kind their sisters have been. Make home pleasant to them; let them see and feel you enjoy their company sometimes equally as well as that of some other girl's brother. If you sing or play the piano, do your best for brother Will or Bob, or whatever his name may be, and reward him with a smile when he turns over your music or gives up his seat to you, just as you would any other gentleman. Lay aside your work or book to have a pleasant chat or innocent game with your brother; draw out of him with whom and where he spends his evenings outside of the family circle. Encourage him to speak of his associates. A sister has often more influence than a parent. If he can confide in his sister regarding his friends and amusements, you need have no fear how he spends his time away from you. Let him see you take an interest in his studies or his business. When he asks you to sew on a button or mend his glove, don't put on an aggrieved air; do it cheerfully, willingly. He will reward you in his secret heart with wealth of brotherly love, though he may not shew it, for some think it unmanly to display affection. Treat his friends with politeness even if they are not your style. Throw all the safeguards you possibly can around your young brothers, by sisterly kindness and forbearance. Try to make *home* the happiest and dearest place on earth.

JOHN NEWTON'S TWO HEAPS.

"I see in the world," said good old John Newton nearly a hundred years ago, "two heaps, one of misery, the other of happiness. It is but little I can do to take from the one heap and add to the other, but let me do what I can. If a child has lost a halfpenny, and if by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I am doing something. I would gladly do a greater thing if I could, but let me do this little thing." In all this, John Newton was just following his Master, who "went about doing good." Let us all seek to have the same spirit in us.

Who is this young girl, so gently helping the poor lame boy down the steps at the Sabbath School door? We do not know. But we think we know something about her. "By their fruits ye shall know them,"—and we know *her* by her fruits. She has the opportunity, and she is doing a little deed of kindness; so we are sure she has a kind heart within. That is the root, and this is the fruit.

Perhaps there are some of our readers (are *you* one of them?) who never did a kindness to anybody in their lives. They think of no one but *self*;—their own praise, their own comfort, their own pleasure, their own profit. But there are others, we know, who try, like John Newton, to be always taking a bit from the one heap and adding it to the other. Among their brothers and sisters at home,—among their companions at school,—wherever they go,—they are always trying to be of use, and to show kindness to others.

Which of the two kinds of boys and girls is the happier? And which is the most like Christ?

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"O, it is just as different as can be," said one of my young friends.

"What is?" I asked.

"Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"When you used to talk to me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now, for I shall have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?"

"O, I used to think, 'Now, if I become a Christian, I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to Church and prayer meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible, and won't have the liberty I would desire.' It is so different from what I thought."

"Why, James, what do you mean? You do go to Church and read the Bible and walk right?"

"O, yes," answered James, looking up with a bright smile, "but now I *love* to do them. I find it a pleasure to have liberty from sinful habits, and liberty to walk according to the Word on which I delight to meditate. Love, that makes all the difference. I love Christ, and I love to do all He wishes me to do."

Love makes all the difference.

A SEAMAN'S CONFIDENCE.

It was a touching answer of a Christian sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, when the sea seemed ready to devour the ship. He was not sure that he could swim, but he said, "Though I sink, I shall drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there."—*Arnot*.

A little child, being very weakly in body, was ordered a fresh egg every morning. On one occasion, the supply of country eggs being exhausted, his mother said to him at the breakfast table, "There is no egg for Georgy this morning." The little child paused, and looking up said, "Lord, Georgy, negg, negg, Amen." The mother, in astonishment, said, "Well, we shall surely have an egg to-day, no matter where it comes from."

No more was thought of the matter, until the mother, in the course of the day, called at the butcher's to purchase some meat, not imagining for a moment that the prayer of her infant boy would be so markedly answered. The butcher said to her, "Ma'am, would you be offended, if I were to send up a lovely fresh egg for the baby? It is just laid, and I thought, as he is delicate, he might like it." Now, he had never done aught like this before, nor has he ever done it since; neither was he aware of the fact that the child really needed the egg. The Lord, I believe, made him think of it, in order that the infant's prayer might be answered and the unbelief of older hearts rebuked. Oh, for a more artless, childlike confidence in Him, who is the hearer, the answerer, and the lover of believing prayer!—*The Christian*.

SOLUTIONS OF BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

XLII. ADAM.—Gen. V. 5-21. SEER.—I. Sam. IX. 9.

A- cho	-R	Josh. VII. 24.
D-isobedienc	-E	Rom. V. 19.
A- postl	-E	Ephes. II. 20.
M- ose	-S	Jude IX. —.

XLIII. Yes.—Rom. XVI. 7.

XLIII. Zedekiah.—II. Kings XXV. 7.

Correctly answered by W. J. C. and J. S. M.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

XLIV. Why was the exact time of seventy years fixed for the Captivity?

XLV. When was it foretold that the Jews should be the great money-lenders to the world?

XLVI. What servant did an Angel, and what servant did an Apostle, send back to their duty?

XVII. Who was saved from death, and who was healed of a fearful disease, in answer to a brother's prayers?

 Communications for the Children's Portion to be addressed: Ed. Junior, P. O. Box 295, St. John, N. B., and should be received not later than the 15th day of the month.

NOTES.

The governors of all the states and territories, with the single exception of Governor Roberts of Texas, have responded affirmatively to the circular of Governor Foster of Ohio, proposing the appointment of a day of thanksgiving when the recovery of the President shall be reasonably assured. Governor Roberts refuses on the ground that such services lead directly to union of church and state. Judging from the morality of Texas would it not be hypocrisy for it to unite in thanksgiving? We do not see that such national homage would unite church and state more than should be. Governor Roberts is more fanciful in his idea than logical.

It is to be hoped, after the removal of Bradlaugh and Parnell on the one side of the water, and Conkling and Platt on the other, from the two political bodies, that the interests of the nations will be enhanced. What mean the removal, almost simultaneously, of these noted individuals from the two vast assemblies?

"All things work for good." So will the crime of Guiteau. Already we see the result. People are beginning to see the abominable evil of distributing offices every four years or less. Let civil service speak out boldly. Students obtain diplomas and honors by successive examinations. So let office seekers.

Hartmann, the attempted assassin of the Czar of Russia, has requested the U. S. Government for protection. The Secretary of State has refused on the ground that he is not a citizen of the U. S. Is it not absurd to protect any criminal, whether citizen or not? Justice to whom justice is due is the language of Scripture.

Prof. Swing of Chicago wants the Bible cut down—whole chapters and whole books in the Old Testament eliminated so as to be portable and allow it to be printed in large type. Would the Professor eliminate the 22nd chapter of Revelation, in which it reads, "And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book!"

The noble hearts of the American people are signaling their deep sympathy, in the affliction that has befallen the Presidential family, by a large donation of half a million. Is there another Ruler on earth that has equally the best wishes of the people? Alas! for the poor Czar of Russia.

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