

THE CANADA
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A REVIEW AND RECORD OF

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, CHRISTIAN LIFE
AND
CHRISTIAN WORK

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THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

JULY, 1874.

Editorial.

REVIVAL OF PURITANISM.

It may be well to explain, at the outset, what we mean by the term Puritanism. In the widest sense, a Puritan is one that aims at simplicity and purity; and in this sense the term has been applied to painters, writers and speakers, who cultivate a severe taste in their pictures, books and speeches. But it is as applied to morals and manners that the term has come to have a place in the English language. In the usual acceptation of the name, a Puritan is one that aims at severity and purity in his habits and morals, and was given in this sense to the Evangelical party who, in the seventeenth century, opposed the loose morals of the court party, or cavaliers.

True Puritanism in morals, however, has its root in Puritan doctrine. The *doing* has its root in the *believing*. The young Puritan who in Potiphar's house, said, "*How can I do this great wickedness,*" explains the purity of his practice by the definiteness of his creed—"and sin against God." A man's *declogue*, whatever it be, is the result of his *creed*, and partakes as much of its quality and colouring as the fruit of a tree does of its root, or a stream of its fountain.

What were the doctrines that underlay the practices of that Puritan party that occupies so conspicuous a place in English history in the seventeenth century? It is impossible to specify here

all the Puritan doctrines, but one can be specified which is the root of the rest:

"Who are the sons of God?" is one of the testing questions of theology and religion. Churches, as history shows, divide to glory or dishonour, according as they answer this question, just as the mountains round Jerusalem divide the rivers of Judah, sending some westward to the great sea with its life and beauty, and sending others eastward to the Dead Sea, where death and desolation reign. To this testing question three answers have been given.

1. "All men are sons of God," says the Rationalist. Every man, according to this doctrine, (which, by the way, Milton puts into the mouth of Satan,) in virtue of his creation and manhood, is a son of God,* and is capable, in his own strength, of fulfilling all the duties of that relationship, and has a right to claim its reward. Without a Saviour, a Sacrifice or a Sanctifier, says the Rationalist, man, be he Buddhist, Mahometan, or Christian, is able to rise to the favour and fellowship of God.

2 "The sons of God," says the Romanist, "are those who are regenerated by the water of Baptism, and who are retained in baptismal grace by connection with the Church."

* "In what degree or meaning thou art called The son of God, which bears no single sense, The son of God I also am or was; And if I was, I am; relation stands. All men are sons of God."—*Paradise Regained, Book IV.*

3 "The sons of God," answers the Puritan, "are those who, justified and regenerated, walk with God in newness of life." To walk with God as the result of pardon and conversion, is indeed one of the oldest definitions we have in the world of true religion or divine worship. Enoch walked with God, Abraham walked with God. From this answer given by the Puritans to this question, came naturally and necessarily the four great characteristics of this form of Christianity. Walking with God, carrying ever in their heart thoughts of the great taskmaster, they (1) loved his Word and fed on it till it tinged their habits of thought and forms of speech, and even furnished them, a harmless foible, with names for their children. Walking with God they (2) needed no pompous ceremonial to give life and interest to their public worship, which was, in spirit and in truth, a speaking to God, or a listening to him, as one speaks or listens to a friend, in which case form and ceremony is a hindrance rather than a help. Walking with God, they (3) aimed at purity of life as became those who professed to be born from above, and hence came their name—Puritans. Walking with God, they (4) must be free. Believing themselves subjects of the King of Kings, and admitted into his presence, and sent into the world to witness for him, they could look without being dazzled on the glitter of earthly courts, and could, without blanching, bear the frown of earthly potentates, till, by dauntless courage, heroic suffering, and tough fighting, they made England free from the tyranny of king and priest.

With the restoration of Charles the Second, Puritanism came under a cloud. It has during many years been made the subject of ridicule by poets and dramatists; historians, till recently, covered its best men with shame, and its doctrines with reprobation. Till this hour the popular periodical literature of England to a large degree re-

fuses to understand it, to sympathize with it or do it justice. But its winter is now past and its summer is coming. To Cowper belongs the immortal honour of pouring into the channels of our English literature the stream of Puritan truth after they had been closed against it for more than a hundred years. To Bunyan and Whitefield belong the equal if not greater honour of pouring that truth into the channel of the popular heart of England. Since that beginning was made the work has gone on, and Puritanism is quietly, slowly, but steadily marching to the front all the world over. It is not that thinkers like Carlyle, scientific men like Hugh Miller, and historians like Froude, have come forward to vindicate for the Puritans a foremost place in English history, and to claim for their doctrine an exalting power over its disciples; but, what is of more account, Puritan theology, under the influence of such men as Spurgeon among the Baptists, Ryle among the Episcopalians, and a host of other names too numerous to cite here, is making itself heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. The opening of cathedrals and abbeys for evening services, theatres and halls for Sabbath worship, those evangelical services in which peers and barons occupy the same platform with tradesmen and merchants in commending Christ, those conventions of Christian workers, and meetings to direct poor sinners wandering between the City of Destruction and the narrow gate, the revivals in England and Scotland, the union of Evangelical Churches, all this is the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, which saved England from priestly and kingly tyranny, awaking from its slumber, rising from the dust and putting on its beautiful garments. In this revived Puritanism lies our true defence against the Rationalism that has such a hold of the upper classes, and the Romanism that is advancing on English soil to dispute once again with Puritanism for mastery over the Anglo-Saxon race.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

There are some things that men think very easy till they try to do them. There are, again, other things that seem very difficult which become easy when men attempt them in the right way. To the latter class belongs the problem of combining in Protestant schools in due and fair proportion the secular and the religious element.

To teach any denominational catechism in the public schools of Ontario, or to teach the doctrines on which the different denominations differ, is not a desirable thing, nor possible even if it were desirable. But denominational differences is not religion, any more than the casket in which a jewel is kept is the jewel. "The creed of the death-bed becomes short and limited," some writer has remarked. On that creed all our Protestant evangelical denominations are strongly, heartily, clearly, emphatically at one. And there is nothing to hinder this creed being taught in all our schools except one thing. That thing, the great hindrance to which we refer, is the want of thought about the subject, for

"Evil is wrought for want of thought,
As much as from want of heart."

The truth is that our denominations in Canada are so busy in the laudable work of advancing their own denominational interests, that there is very little time, which is not a laudable thing, for interests that are common to all the denominations. This is indeed one of the evils of parties in the Church, that Christians, like politicians, are in danger of giving to *party* what was meant for the *Church*. Hence we suppose it comes to pass that so much difficulty is experienced amongst us in sustaining enterprises such as the "Tract Society," and things of common Christian weal. The Bible in the public schools of Ontario is not a matter that concerns denominational interests, and on the principle that what is everybody's business is nobody's

business, the Bible and religious learning are greatly neglected where they ought to be supreme. But let the leading evangelical bodies of Canada only make the attempt to secure religious teaching for our youth with half the earnestness they put forth in crowding in upon each other where a new township is settled or a new village started, and the problem that looks so insoluble would be solved with no trouble at all.

The problem of teaching children the Christian religion without vexing their young hearts with the points that divide the Churches has been solved in England by the British and Foreign School Society, long ago, and more recently under the new Education Act by the School Board of London and Manchester, not to speak of other places. Let Canadian readers who may be inclined to think lightly of the question of religious teaching in our common schools, or who may think it impossible that a Methodist, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian could learn out of the same Bible, ponder well the utterances following of the foremost of English statesmen. Here is what John Bright writes to the 69th general meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, held lately in London under the Presidency of Earl Russel:—

"40 Clarges Street, April 24, 1874.

"Dear Sir,—I cannot come to your approaching meeting, for I feel constrained still to avoid all public meetings which do not come within the line of my special duty. You speak of the principles of your society and of their more general acceptance. In my opinion they are the principles on which our public common school education should have been based. You avoid what is strictly denominational religious instruction, but you give as much of religious teaching as can be useful to children and as much as they can understand. I think the bulk of opinion in England, as in Scotland and Ireland, is in favor of some religious instruction in schools, and it is to be deeply regretted that the moderation and simplicity of your system could not be accepted by all Christian Churches and sects. The general feeling might thus have been consulted and no supremacy would have been established, for supremacy can only be mischievous in the department of education, and in its opposition

to the moderation and charity which should always accompany Christian effort. The time may come, though I can scarcely hope to live to see it, when there will be less grasping for power on the part of the professed ministers of Christ, and a greater intelligence to make concessions in the interests of multitudes suffering from the heritage of generations of ignorance and neglect.

"I am, ever truly yours,

"JOHN BRIGHT."

We pass over the clear and emphatic testimony borne by Mr. Forster, late Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, to the unsectarian, religious, and Biblical education taught by the London School Board, and give here of his speech only one sentence where he makes a distinction too much overlooked:—

"He considered that it was one of the most extraordinary confusions to be found in the history of modern politics that people should think that unsectarian education meant secular education, and he suggested that in future, in order to prevent this confusion, their secular friends should never call themselves unsectarian."

There is in our day no man who deserves better than Earl Russell to be listened to on a topic of this kind, not only from his character and age, but from his experience in education as the associate of Brougham. This is what the veteran statesman and educationist says:

"It was now 69 years since this society was established, and they had to consider what their fathers did and what they meant when they established it. They were deeply impressed with the necessity of education, and they thought that education should be founded on religion—but what religion? Upon what religion but the Christian religion? They therefore decided that they would look for the greatest authority on the Christian religion—and what could that be but the Bible? They accordingly decided that they would make the education religious, and also that the religion should be the Christian religion, and that the book from which they were to look for authorities should be the Old and New Testaments. Now, he believed that was the wish of the people of England. (Hear, hear.) He did not mean to say that those who spoke so loudly for secular education did not wish the people of England to be religious. He did not enter into their motives. Many, he be-

lieved, were anxious that religion should be taught, but they wished it to be taught not by the schoolmaster but by the appointed teachers of religion, whether they belonged to the Church of England or the other different denominations. He believed the best mode by which the people of England could be religiously taught was, as Her Majesty the Queen told him many years ago was her wish that they should be taught, viz., by teaching the Bible in schools. He was so convinced of this, that he trusted whatever other changes might happen, whatever changes of Ministry might occur and revolutions take place in this country, that determination to bring up children religiously would never be departed from. (Cheers.) He should be sorry if anything took place which should diminish the impression and conscientious opinion of the people of England that this was the proper course to pursue. In the course of many years, when he had to propose large grants of money for voluntary schools, he always said that what he looked to was not so much to increase the quantity as the improvement of the quality of the education of the people of the country. This, he thought, was still to be looked to, the religious and moral improvement was more to be regarded than the mere being able to read, write and cipher. He entertained now in his old age just the same sentiments that he entertained when, in connection with this institution, he was associated with the Rev. Mr. Biney, Mr. Robert Forster, uncle of the right hon. gentleman present to-day. Bishops Stanley and Wilberforce. These men always spoke in favor of religious instruction from the Scriptures. He not only did not approve of secular education as divided from religion, but he should be sorry to see grants continued in favor of that secular education which was separate from religion. He believed that kind of school deserved no countenance from Parliament. (Hear, hear.) It had been truly said that the Church every Sunday prayed that Parliament might adopt measures which might be marked and distinguished by the promotion of peace and happiness, of truth and justice, and of religion and piety, not for ten or twenty years, or even a century; but that these principles might be established among them for all generations. (Cheers.) In that prayer he heartily joined, and asked them to do the same. (Cheers.)"

From the testimony of these men it is clear, 1st, that religious teaching should form part and a chief part in the public education of youth; 2nd, that there is no insuperable obstacle to bringing together for plain practical instruction in the Scriptures the youth of all Pro-

testant denominations. From which two statements the inference is plain that something of this kind should be attempted in Ontario. If we are to have an evangelical alliance for our Province, what greater service could it do to the cause of truth and patriotism than to discuss and mature, and present

to Parliament, some plan by which it would be henceforth secured to our children and our children's children, that no child should leave our public schools without being as well versed in the history of our Lord Jesus Christ at least as he is in the history of William the Conqueror and Jacques Cartier.

Living Preachers.

THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLASS, L. L. D.

[The subjoined sermon was preached in the Centenary Church, Hamilton, Ont., on the occasion of the meeting of the recent Wesleyan Conference. We miss very much the second head—"The Gospel in the Holy Ghost"—which the preacher was obliged to omit on account of exhaustion from the extreme heat. The loss of that head is more to be regretted because that aspect of the Gospel is sometimes overlooked in speaking of the adaptation of the Gospel to the wants of humanity. The Gospel comes in *power* and in *assurance*—just because it comes in the *Holy Ghost*.—ED. C. C. M.]

"For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. THESSALONIANS 1, 5.

Ancient Thessalonica was the chief seaport of Macedonia, and it is noteworthy that the great Apostle loved large cities and great centres of commercial power. This place was remarkable alike for its opulence, for its great architectural splendours, and for its scholastic eminence. Opening with the memorable mission to Philippi, this Thessalonica was the second place on the European continent where the banner of God had been uplifted by Paul. Here his ministry was mightily commended by God, and was attended with a great intellectual quickening, and as we have it here in the lesson, with the salvation of multitudes. As the immediate and natural result of this, the synagogues became forsaken, and the classic temples deserted by the thousands who were wont to worship there. That an Asiatic adventurer—one who came not

with excellence of speech or with wisdom of words—one who was in bodily presence contemptible—that he should dislocate and disarrange the existing order of things in this proud and haughty city, caused the deepest indignation. The natural result followed. They assaulted the Apostle, they summarily expelled him from the city, yet, with a wealth of affection, which I think, and I suppose you think, the finest attribute in the character of Paul, he clung to this church of his early love, and when philosophic adversaries undertook to shake the confidence of that church in his apostolic character, as well as in the divinity of the Gospel itself,—when, I say, they undertook to shake the confidence of the church in the Gospel and its exponent, he penned the first of all the epistles he ever wrote to the church. How appropriately he opens it with this beautiful reminder of the divinity of the Gospel. "Our Gospel," he says, "came not unto you in word only"—not like the cold, Platonic speculation—not like the Homeric song—not like the brilliant oration that may thrill for a moment and then die upon the lips; no, "our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but in the power," commanding the attention and the knowledge of the intellect. But it came also "in the Holy Ghost," and with much divine and experimental assurance. That power which belongs to the Gospel of God—who can tell of it? The mystery of power—who can reveal it?

All ages have sought, and all science at this hour is seeking, to solve the problem of power. Power in its lowest conditions belongs to all things material. There is power in the storm of the elements which we have just witnessed. It is in the waves of the sea that like the wilful child sports with the vessel that floats on its bosom. It is in the lightning and the thunderbolt that, like maniacs, suite all around with destruction. It is found in connection with every material element which exists in the universe of God. But there is a higher, more ultimate form of power, if I may so speak; it is that which belongs to that unseen, subtle, immaterial something which we denominate thought. What is it that gives energy to man, what is it that strikes his colossal intelligence, and enables him to see that this is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever?" What is it that gave birth to those poetic strains that have thrilled the ages and forged and framed those rallying-cries of justice, liberty and freedom, which have stormed and taken captive myriads of human hearts in the history of the world? What is it but that unseen, untenable something which we denominate thought. Now, if you cast back your minds, as you sit here this morning, to that time in the far past when every force in the universe existed but as a divine force in the divine mind, and if we also turn to our text and ask what is that power which belongs to the Gospel, I answer that it is not purely mysterious; it is grander than mystery; it is the heart-compelling power that slumbers in the great seed-thoughts that belong to our great Gospel. Permit me to illustrate this point by quoting one or two of those seed-thoughts.

1. What magnetic, thrilling power, for instance, belongs to the divine thought of a God incarnate and manifest in our flesh. If you speak to me of one high in rank, of a kingly potentate, or say, for illustration, our Sovereign Lady the

Queen; tell me of her long ancestral line, from the Tudors and Plantagenets downward; tell me of her diadem and her sceptre, of the great throne upon which she sits and the dazzling splendour with which she is surrounded, and it may excite a passing interest and admiration—certainly nothing more. But tell me that beneath this royal splendour there throbs a warm but widowed heart, that wept long and refused to be comforted; a mother's heart, which yearns for the highest weal of her beloved children; the gentle heart, full of sympathy, that gladly throws aside the tinsel of royalty to minister to the wants of the poor, and you have started a power that takes hold of my heart and of every heart which hears the intelligence. Community of nature, sympathy in suffering and in sorrow, are potential and imperial over the spirits of men. And now, what of the great historic conceptions of God—the God of the Hebrew prophets, of Job, and of Moses—what is He? He is the personification of honour, majesty and power. His power is such that they say of Him—that they said of him that he weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, and that He taketh up the Hills as a very little thing; that he rides upon the wings of the wind, and maketh the whirlwind a chariot; that the saints and the winged seraphim do homage to Him, while ten thousand times ten thousand angels minister unto Him. When I hear the intelligence of all this, I bow my head in humility and reverence, and something that is tinged with fear, and yet how cold, and how distant—how weary am I with the untenable infinities that belong to these conceptions of God. Let us now turn to the doctrine of a God incarnate, in our own flesh; and in the Gospel which teaches that doctrine we have disclosures of Him as Immanuel, God with us, and in relations to humanity which the most venturous imagination never before dared to conceive.

We see Him—where and how? We see Him as a babe slumbering in His mother's arms; we see Him as a glad-some, growing boy; we see Him for thirty years amid the social barbarities and lowliness of Nazareth; we see Him joyous at the marriage in Cana, and weeping with the weepers in Bethany; we see Him in His humanity, curing disease, succouring distress, and calming, with a voice of authority, the stormy bosom of the sea; we see Him commanding the sepulchral dead to come back to life and intelligent consciousness, and then—oh, mystery of God!—we see Him bow His head in meekness and die. Yes, and more than this: when He was about to depart, did He not say "I will not leave you comfortless"; did He not, when sitting on the summit of Olivet, when he was about to bid defiance to all the forces that bound Him to this earth, leave us the comforting assurance "Lo, I am with you always"—I thank my God for that—"even unto the end of the world." I appeal to you to-day if these familiar truths do not come home to you as if they were under a new revelation, if this "old, old story" has not a vitality in it that makes it ever new? I appeal to you if there is not a forcefulness in this old text that holds and commands the homage of the intellect and of the heart? If a man is strong, healthy and self-reliant, if he has need of no help, of course there is less power in it; but to the wasted, to the worn, to the bereaved, to those who have known the world and its emptiness, I ask if there is not a power in this without price and unspeakable? He is a father God and a mother God—for we will not let woman alone take charge of that element of tenderness. He is a brother God, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, whose heart has thrilled and throbbled with the same emotions as our own. Your brother, my brother! We stand before the mystery and bow in homage before it. Great is the mystery

of godliness, that form of infinite grace which came down, took hold of us, bound us by an everlasting bond of love to Himself, and lifted our humanity to godliness. Go publish it abroad, proclaim this gospel of incarnation to the world, for it is potential as a force, and takes hold of the strongest elements of our nature. 2. But again, we notice as a great, divine, and forceful seed-thought of the gospel, the *atonement and self-sacrifice for the good of others*. If you have ever studied the point you will notice, that there is scarcely an intimation of this doctrine in the universe outside of the Gospel. I know it is customary for the psalmists and high priests of nature to speak of this as the best possible world, with many advantages and but few drawbacks. But, my brethren, the more profoundly you investigate the situation, the more utterly are you perplexed. It would seem as if the very law of the universe was founded upon the principle of selfishness. Follow in the train of these great scientific authorities that have opened up the foundations of nature, and what do they tell? They tell us that the first creation was inorganic matter, and made it into the likeness of itself; then came vegetable life that absorbed this inorganic matter; then came animal life which devoured the vegetable life and made it into the likeness of itself. Then came bestial life that preyed upon both vegetable and animal life, completing the round, as the poet has appropriately put it, of "rapine and ruin that pervades this universal world." Lastly came the era of intellect, of mind and man—his physical nature making use of the vegetable and animal life in order to live, and his mind at war with both God and nature. The more you search the history of this world as revealed outside of the Gospel, the more you see that there is little of kindness, little of benevolence. On the other hand, we find that condition of things only too prevalent which is described

by the Psalmist:—"Their throat is an open sepulchre, with their tongues have they deceived; the poison of asps is under their lips, their feet are swift to shed blood." Now it was into this world—this world seemingly built upon a principle of selfishness—that God flashed the new light, that He projected the new thought—that of atonement and self-sacrifice for the good of others, and it was into this arena that He sent His Son. He was the man of sorrow and acquainted with grief; it was He that suffered, not for His own faults, but for the faults of others, and laid down the principle that a man should die for the people, while he consecrated and offered himself up a sacrifice for that purpose. "He gave His back to the smiter, and His cheek to those who pluck off the hair." He that held up the universe fainteth beneath the cross, He that could command the presence and aid of legions of angels was cast out in darkness, alone, and with the wail of the forsaken upon His lips, He died for you and for me. Oh! who can stand beneath the cross—I wonder that my heart does not melt more and that yours do not melt more at the thought—who, I ask, can stand beneath the cross and gaze upon this sublime example of self-sacrifice without feeling that there is a power in that cross which is both infinite and indescribable. We are familiar with the force that swept out over this world at its creation, how in an instant this gravitating power held the particles of God's vast empire in bonds, and bound them down together with a universal grasp. But it only binds matter; it cannot bind mind. This, however, is the grandeur of the power of the cross:—"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." The world then entered upon a new era. There was an example of self-sacrifice—of atonement for the sins of others. Let us see for a moment what the effect of that example has been. Let us remember that it has been the

cause of starting and supporting relief for the poor, how it has promoted the amity of mutual relations between man and man, how it has built up charities, how it has controlled civilization and the formation of international laws, and how it shall continue to do so until the prediction of the prophets shall be realized, until nation shall have ceased to lift up its hand against nation, and they shall learn the art of war no more. Have you felt this power, my brother? Has it softened your manhood's nature? Has it caused you to put on holiness and consecrate your life to Christ? Wherever the Gospel of Christ comes, it is the Gospel of life.

3. Once again in this connection, a great seed-thought of power in the Gospel is that of *resurrection*—of *immortality*. Who can measure the shadows that fall upon the home where the light of Christianity has not fallen? The heathen mother loves her child as fondly as the Christian mother; but when the shadows of the sepulchre begin to fall around the pagan home, when the grim monster wrenches the idol of her heart from her breast and hides it in the dust, what consolation can come to her—what is there to bring comfort and compensation to her distracted mind? The words of the song that nobody sings, the words that were lisped by little lips, the little shoes and the baby clothes she used to wear—all these mementoes which fond affection cherishes are still there, but can she, as she stands over the remains of her loved and lost one, can she look away into the golden hereafter, and see the coming time when the glorious morning shall dawn upon the night of the tomb, and her loved one shall be resurrected in the beauty of immortality which will then be imparted to it? Alas, alas! she cannot. If she only could, how it would lift her spirit up, and crown her with the coronet of her beatific hope. This is the power which comes from our Christianity and the Gospel. I have some-

where read some little time ago—I forget the author—that the most emphatic stride made in the history of the race was the supreme moment when Galileo pointed his telescope to the heavens and discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and there flashed upon his mind the glorious thought of an infinity above, and the second supreme hour of intelligence was that in which a number of fossil bones were laid before the naturalist Buffon, and there opened before his mind the proofs of a pre-Adamite age of existence. In this supreme hour of the history of the human race, man for the first time opened the territory of the Infinite, for the first time had a peep at the hidden secrets of past ages. But what is all this, great and glorious though it be, to the grandeur of that prescience which looks for a future of immortality, to a grand eternity open for humanity, and which sees in that future and that immortality, life and love that last for ever. Men and brethren, what divinity and dignity does this fling about the elements of humanity. I think of poor Lazarus at the rich man's gate, his only friends the dogs that licked his sores; I think of him as dying alone and forsaken, and then

“Over the stones they rattle his bones,
He's only a beggar whom nobody owns.”

But I also remember that, according to this Gospel, when the beggar dies, angels will follow his bones—angels will carry him in their arms—for him the everlasting gates will lift up their heads—for him the bosom of Abraham is prepared—for him are in store the beatitudes of God. He will hunger no more, thirst no more, die no more. Now, I ask you to think for a moment of the subject suggested by the great Apostle, to study this gospel of incarnation, of atonement, and of self-sacrifice for the good of others, to look still further to this gospel of resurrection and immortality, and you can understand how it is that it is the power of God unto salvation.

The rev. gentleman being greatly overcome with the almost insufferable atmosphere, intimated at this point that he would be compelled to leave out the second division of his subject, viz, How the Gospel came with the Holy Ghost, and proceeded to say: I come thirdly to the experimental testimony that is created—“This Gospel came with much assurance.” Now, there are several modes of assurance. There is, first of all, assurance by the demonstration of others, in the divinity of authority, and I ask you to call to memory the lesson of this morning with regard to the introduction of the Gospel into Thessalonica. Does it not look like a paragraph from early Methodist history? The Apostle, as his custom was, reasoned with the people out of the Scriptures, and with him was Jason, whose house was opened to him. And on account of his preaching and the success which attended it, the Jews, who believed not, moved with envy, took certain fellows of the baser sort and gathered a company and set all the city in an uproar, and assaulted the house of Jason, seeking to drag Paul out before the people. My brethren, wherever the Gospel goes it turns the world upside down; it means revolution, it means reform, it means regeneration, the regeneration of society and human hearts. When the Apostle was writing to the Corinthians, he described certain men as having divorced themselves from virtue and gone into alliance with death and hell. “Now,” he said, “such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the spirit of your God.” There was an omnipotent power which took hold of the intellect and moral manhood of these Corinthians, and built them up into a noble manhood, and as I stand here this morning and look you in the face I would not venture to say you were like the Corinthians—that you once cared for none of these things, but a sovereign power took hold of your

innermost being, and has renovated you and made you new men and women in Christ Jesus. "Oh!" says Paul, "I was the chief of sinners, but by the grace of God I am what I am," and they took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. There is then the assurance of experience. The Apostle John says, "he that believeth hath a witness in himself." This Gospel does not hide its head in darkness, but with the light of heaven in its face, it walks abroad before men and courts investigation. Try it, and see if it will not give you a joyous sense of sin forgiven. Try it, ye men of vain and unholy desires, and see if it will not gloriously emancipate you. Try it, ye culprits of the night, round whose hearts there hang the dead leaves of a blighted memory—try it, and see if it does not bind up the broken heart. Who are they who are arrayed in white robes? They are those who have gone before, that have turned over the leaf of the hymn book at your side, and mingled their voices and their prayers with yours. They speak this morning from heaven, and they combine their testimony with the testimony of Christians upon earth. There would be a sublime relation of the experimental power of the Gospel. Finally—and with this I close—there is the assurance of former triumph and victory. "Oh," says the Apostle, "who shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or nakedness, or peril, or famine, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." One of the greatest scientific authorities in England, when on the verge of death, said to a friend, "My philosophic

friend, I am afraid of the sepulchre." The finest intellect that Scotland ever knew—I refer to Hume—when he came to the moment of death, said, "I am going to take a leap in the dark." What does our Christian Apostle say? He says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." There is here no mistaking the certainty with which he hopes for the future crown of brilliant immortality, and as he adds, it is not for himself only, but for all those who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ. May He make us all better and fitter to die, and may we gain with years a growing confidence in the Gospel, and may we be ready to subscribe to the last verse of the hymn we are going to sing this morning:—

"Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous might,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And pin Thy Gospel to my heart."

CHRISTIAN UNION.

There is a substantial unity between all evangelical denominations—a unity of doctrine, worship, and government. The tribes of Israel, when they took the line of march for the promised land, did not go up in one union-mob, but each tribe under its own flag and its own leader. So let the chosen tribes of the spiritual Israel, who are journeying to the better land, march each tribe under its own chosen leaders and with its own distinctive banner; for high over all the tribes and all the banners is the banner stained with blood, and the Captain who leads the whole host is the incarnate Son of God, and to all the tribes the same heavenly manna is given and the same cloudy pillar guides them all.—*Eccc Deus-Homo.*

Poetry.

"CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM."

When from a world of tumult we retreat,
To commune with the Lord in secret prayer,
We gladly bring our burdens to His feet
Who bids us cast on Him our every care;
Yet is it seldom that we leave them there;
But when again, the busy throng we meet,
We still are heavy-laden—still repeat
The tale of griefs which Jesus fain would bear.
Oh, we should "roll our burdens on the Lord,"
Though faith be trembling, and our eyesight dim;
For did we realize His gracious word,
Whose love is strong to bear His children's load,
We should go forth from communing with God,
His peace our own, our care consigned to Him.

"COME UNTO ME."

Jesus is waiting to welcome the weary,
Worn with the world's fruitless striving for peace,
Tired with a night-watch that knoweth no morning,
Sick with a heart-ache that earth cannot ease.
Jesus is waiting—He standeth and knocketh,
Calling in love upon each one oppressed—
"Come unto Me, sinner, weary and laden,
I will refresh you and give you my rest.
"Long have you striven to find it without Me,
Sought it in feelings, emotional, vain;
These have all failed you, and still you are restless,
Seeking to purchase what nought can obtain.
"Will you not come? You need no preparation,
Stay not to think, but come just as you are;
Bring nothing with you, for love giveth freely,
Peace—perfect peace—that no trial can mar.
"Doubting and troubled one, can you not trust Me?
Able to save you from every ill,
Able to lead you through conflict to glory,
Able to say to life's storm, 'Peace, be still!'
"Oh! I am yearning to see you unhardened,
Death did I suffer that you might be free;
Will you not come, and by life-consecration,
Try to win others, and bring them to Me?"

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

NOT NOW.

Not now, my child, a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home!
Not now,—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now,—For I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
Not now,—for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
Not now,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing;
Not now,—for orphans' tears are thickly falling;
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.
Not now,—for many a hungry soul is pining,
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives his answering messages to thee.
Not now,—for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze,
Man's prisoners, but thy Saviour's noble freedmen;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?
Not now,—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
Go to the banished ones and fetch them in.
Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name with all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

One little hour!—and then the glorious
crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's
palm :

One little hour!—and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED?

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low—
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place
With light as from an angel's face;

Recalling with resistless force,
And tracing to their hidden source,
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course;

This little loving fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which too late we learn the price!

Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten notes of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be
Sacred as hymns of infancy
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate Death's works,
And do this *now!*

How doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low—
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but a generous nature's weed,
Or some choice virtue run to seed;

How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been had love been less.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low—
Then let Love antedate Death's work,
And do this *now!*

How doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low—
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon the heart
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect, that may have pained,
A giant stature will have gained
When it can never be explained;

The little service that had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;

The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless
hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were
poor,
But never will be needed more!

O Christ, our life, foredate the work of
Death,
And do this now!
Thou who art Love, thus hallow our be-
loved!
Not Death, but Thou! LITTEL

Christian Thought.

LOOKING FORWARD.

By C., in *London Christian*.

Much has been said and written as to the nature of a true revival, and the means of attaining it. The Lord has been very good to us, and in many places has given more than we looked for. The doctrine of the cross, precious as doctrine before, has to many, within

these months past, become living truth, mighty unto salvation, beyond what they imagined possible. There have been hundreds, even thousands, of conversions; and at the same time freshened and more abundant life in believers themselves. Staid and sober-minded Christian men, with white heads, mingle wonder with their

gladness and gratefulness at seeing things so Bible-like taking place in their days.

There are some matters that deserve special pondering in connection with the blessing which the Lord has bestowed.

For one thing, ought we not to regard the power that has of late been so graciously manifested in many places, as *abiding* power? In former times of blessing, have we not limited God (and consequently lost much) by regarding his working as fitful or temporary? A revival has seemed a kind of epidemic that ran through certain neighbourhoods, and then expired, or a fire of straw that speedily burned itself out. Yet is not the power, to which the present revival is due, as abiding and constant as any of the forces of nature? There may indeed be change of manifestation—or there may be an advance-wave, that runs far up the shore before the rest, to tell how the tide is rising; but is not the assurance *for us*, "I am the Lord; I CHANGE NOT"?

In the world of nature we have gentle showers or plentiful rain, and then by-and-by we have the south wind, and the bright, warm sunshine. But both rain and sunshine come from the same God, and are the effluence of the same power; and both work toward the self-same final result. So in God's dealings of grace. He has of late given us "showers of blessing," causing grateful hearts to sing, "Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby Thou didst confirm Thine inheritance when it was weary;" by-and-by He may give us the brightness and warmth of summer-time. The thing to count upon is the abidingness, the constancy of His gracious power.

Let us not limit the Holy One of Israel by our unbelief—veiling it under the profession of honouring His sovereignty, saying to ourselves, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," when the real truth may be, "He could not do

many of His mighty works there because of their unbelief." Let us do Him the simple justice of confiding in His faithfulness; and continuing to lay hold upon His strength.

Then—if the power is abiding, there is no reason why the present time of blessing should be followed by what is called "reaction." This is a subject that needs to be dealt with in the light of new covenant principles. People who cannot deny the present revival, shake their heads ominously and say, "*Ah, wait till the reaction comes!*" But why should it come at all? The right thing to follow revival surely is not reaction, but nobler and more vigorous life, showing itself in work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope—in renewed activity, and deepened delight in that very activity.

Reaction in the physical region is easily enough explained. There has been expenditure or prodigal waste of energy; and while this has been proceeding nothing has been gathered in. Reactions in the religious life are, for the most part, due to our own mistakes—the results of our own folly. There is excitement; there is the expenditure of our energy in feeling—as if steam were allowed to escape, instead of moving the engine; and while this goes on, there is no gathering in of strength from the Lord. A young convert finds certain meetings very delightful; he spends his whole spare time in attending them; he thinks of nothing but the delightfulness; he neglects "meditation;" the roots of his being do not strike down into the deep, rich soil of God's Word; he wishes simply to retain his first delightfulness of feeling. By-and-by he wonders to find it gone. There is really nothing to wonder at in the case. To spend without gathering, however delightful the spending may be, can only issue in weakness and lassitude.

But then, very obviously, there is no reason why we *should* spend without

gathering. The power is abiding and without measure, and, through fellowship with God in the methods He has ordained, it will flow unceasingly and unbrokenly into our souls. So far, therefore, from anticipating reaction, we are warranted rather to anticipate what the psalm speaks of—"They go from strength to strength."

Assuming that this revived life in the churches, and these numerous conversions, are a permanent gain, what then? Shall we try to turn all this fulness of life into the ordinary and accustomed channels? By all means let the ordinary channels be filled—yea, to the full. That they may convey a fuller stream, and that the stream may flow more freely, let them be cleared of all rubbish and obstructions. Let the Lord's-day services be more spiritual and lively; let the preaching be more Bible-like; let the worship be more heavenly; let the intercourse of the Lord's people be more brotherly and cordial; let the prayer-meeting be more interesting; let all the existing societies and operations of our churches welcome the accession of blessing that the Lord has given: but let us have wisdom to see that now is the time to devise fresh conquests, and to extend our endeavours in new directions, and in any new modes that may be consistent with the spirit of the gospel.

The real question that wants answering in the churches is, *how to nurture* the life wherewith the Lord has blessed us, and *how to use it* for the furtherance of the gospel. Let us gratefully adapt ourselves to the blessed change of conditions which the Spirit of God has brought about. No doubt it will take much to fill the ordinary channels, which in some cases have been nearly dry. It will take many teachers, and much devout preparation, to bring the teaching hand up to its full strength and efficiency; and so with our tract-distributors and visitors; and so with our home mission, and all our other

operations. But with the large blessing we have received, we may do a great deal more than has heretofore been even attempted; and now is the "accepted time" for beginning.

The parable of new wine and old bottles has a meaning and application for the present time. To have a late breakfast on the Lord's-day morning, to be in our pew when public worship begins, to join in singing and prayer, to listen to a sermon with so many heads and particulars, to go through the same course a second time the same day, to have half an hour with the children, to spend the rest of the time decorously in reading good books, engaging in Sunday talk and enjoying a lounge—and then "to go down" to the world for the other days of the week; oh let us not try to crush the new life with which the Lord has blessed us into *that*! Let us not put the new wine into old bottles, lest the bottles burst, and *the wine be spilled*; but for the new wine let us provide new bottles, and both will be preserved.

UPON OBJECTIONS TO REVIVALS.

By C. H. STURROCK, IN *THE Sword and Trowel*.

It may be regarded as a sign of the times when such a newspaper as the *Times* is found discussing the *pros* and *cons* of religious revivals; for although its more immediate object of criticism was the so-called "Mission" of the Anglican Church, yet in reality its sweeping remarks applied to the whole question of revivals. Some of the observations of the leading article, and in the letters which it elicited, are such as most men among us would heartily endorse. It is undoubtedly most mischievous to endeavour to promote religion by external means, forsaking the use of "human words from human hearts," spoken in calm earnestness; it is unutterably evil to supplant the

preacher by the priest, and to play upon the fears of superstition, instead of appealing to the motives and the understanding. None can too strongly denounce these things, and we are right glad that all reasonable men should inveigh against them; whether they see the beauty of spiritual truth or no, we are glad that they can discern and detest the loathsome features of priestcraft. It is also true that it will never do to rely upon special efforts, and to relax the regular laborious endeavour of constant perseverance. To prefer an occasional fever to the healthy warmth of abiding health is most absurd. No ten days' mission or fortnight of revival services can make up for the lack of a continuous mission and the earnestness of all the year round. The tendency to look for occasional great gains, instead of expecting daily increase must not be suffered to grow, or it will soon impoverish the church. Whitfield and Wesley lived in one continuous revival, and cannot be cited as instances of spasmodic action. The *Times* is right when it claims their example as an instance of the abiding power of the true preacher, and as the very antipodes of the Ritualistic method of excitement.

Something also may be urged against the late hours which some of these Missionaries, and also some revivalists have kept up. Every father of a family will agree with the remark that young people are best at home at ten o'clock. Still it is remarkable that the world should raise such a hubbub about late hours at religious services, and should itself keep such bad hours at its theatres and balls. Nobody has written to the papers to complain that his daughter staid at an evening party after ten o'clock, or that his son came home at a little before eleven from the opera. There is a deal of cant in the irreligious world, and its hypocrisies are innumerable. That once in a while a meeting should be protracted beyond the hour

allowed by prudence is not so great a sin after all: it may be best to avoid it in every case, but should peculiar zeal and a special season of blessing lead a minister and his congregation into the error, we are not aware of any law, human or divine, which they will have violated.

The main objection urged by writers not unfriendly to religion is the excitement engendered. To them it appears that the great and solemn truths of religion demand the calmest and most deliberate consideration, and should be far removed from the heated atmosphere of excitement. Far be it from us to deny that the matter of religion does require the most serious thought and quiet meditation: without these the profession of conversion ought never to be made, and if made will not long be sustained; but this is not all the truth. In politics the man should calmly weigh the merits of a question: is it therefore urged that the politician may not seek to create enthusiasm for his party, and that the introduction of zeal into the business is a mischievous mistake? We have never heard either Liberal or Conservative argue in this manner. Men grow eager in the pursuit of wealth, and the pulse beats fast when great transactions are quivering in the balance; the world does not blame them for this, for it thinks the object of their pursuit worthy of intense effort: but if a man grows earnest in seeking the salvation of his soul, he is censured for being too excited, and if he weeps for his sins, or rejoices when he has obtained pardon for them, he is set down at once as being under the influence of fanatics and his confinement in Bedlam is confidently predicted. A physician who risks his life in the philanthropic endeavor to discover a new anodyne for human suffering is rightly judged to be a hero, yet he who proclaims with all his heart and soul the grandest of all panaceas for man's worst ills is a raving fanatic, and is held up to contempt. Is-

this holding the balance with an even hand?

Will any rational man maintain that excitement ceases to be legitimate according to the importance of the subject at hand? If it were so it would be reasonable to be vehement in the cause of the parish beadle, and indifferent to the welfare of our native country; and then also it would evidently be wise to rush to the cannon's mouth for the bubble reputation, and to let the immortal soul sink down to hell through sheer neglect. But assuredly nothing in the nature of things, nothing in the realm of common sense, and certainly nothing in Holy Scripture can be urged against the legitimate use of excitement in religion. It is to the largest degree a business of the heart; we say to the largest degree because we do not deny that it is a matter of the understanding, the memory, and all the other faculties of the mind: and surely if the heart preponderates there must be a measure of excitement. A man with a soul so dead, as not to be moved by the sacred name of "mother" is creation's blot; shall we say less of him whose soul stirs not at the name of Saviour and Redeemer? To save his country from invasion every man worthy of the name of Englishman would burn with passion to repel the foe; are we to be less stirred with inward tempest at the sight of the desolating vices which are ruining our fellow-citizens by millions? Is a soldier to feel the martial ardour and a Christian never to be fervent for his Lord?

The fact is that enthusiasm is only to be justified by the importance of its object. Minds excited by inferior aims have been fitly compared to "ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather or to drown a fly." If the sea of the soul be agitated, what should agitate it like eternity, sin, heaven, hell, and judgment? If the heart glow and burn, what should fire it like the love of Jesus? If humanity and benevolence ever sway the good, and move them as

the trees of the wood are moved by the wind, what should be a stronger motive force than the desire to save souls from the wrath to come? If the subjects treated of by the Christian religion be real, they do not merely excuse but demand excitement. Good men need not trouble themselves to make apologies for having that which it would be inexcusable for them to be without. Christians, instead of excusing themselves for occasional outbursts of enthusiasm, had far better confess their sin in not always being enthusiastic.

These few thoughts have suggested themselves to us, and we have penned them hurriedly as a sort of addenda to the very valuable address of Mr. Archibald Brown, which appears in the earlier pages of the present number of the *Sword and the Trowel*.

We deprecate most solemnly the excesses of certain revivalists; we lament the foolish rant and false doctrine which have poisoned former movements in certain quarters; but our solemn conviction is that the present gracious visitation which many parts of England and Scotland are enjoying is of the Lord, and should be hailed with delight by all gracious men. God speed it, we say, and make all the world to feel its power to the confusion of the hosts of evil and to the exaltation of God.

A SWARM OF FLIES.

Fly from self, and fly from sin,
Fly the world's tumultuous din;
Fly its pleasures, fly its cares,
Fly its friendship, fly its snares.
Fly the sinner's hast'ning doom,
Fly and 'scape the wrath to come.
Fly to Jesus, he's the road,
Fly through him alone to God.
Fly to mercy's gracious seat,
Fly, 'tis sorrow's last retreat;
Fly to Christ in deepest grief,
Fly, and you shall find relief.
Fly and let your wings be love,
Fly and stretch your flight above;
Fly while life and grace are giv'n,
Fly from hell and fly to heaven.
—From the *Moravian Almanack*.

Christian Life.

PAO, THE APOSTLE OF LIFU.

From Evangelical Christendom.

Thirty years ago, Lifu was as it had been for ages. Its rugged surface, raised about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea; the long breakers leaping up its steep, craggy sides; its forests of stately pines, and groves of feathery, cocoa-nut trees gently swayed by the steady trade-wind; its inhabitants shrouded in heathen darkness, revelling in all the horrors of cannibalism, wallowing in the moral filth of a debasing idolatry, and groaning beneath the atrocities of a cruel despotism;—the hour of her deliverance was at hand. The shrieks of female victims resounding through the cocoa-nut groves and yam plantations were to give place to the songs of praise. The time wasted in martial exercises and actual combat was to be spent in the acquisition of religious and secular knowledge. Families and tribes constantly at war with each other were to live together in peace, harmony, and love. A mighty reformation was about to take place; but, as on the eve of the great Reformation which transformed the face of Europe, "in no direction could be seen the powerful hand that was to be the instrument of God." The apostle of Lifu was not an European missionary, with all the advantages of education, position, and the means of making presents to the chiefs; he was not even a regularly educated native teacher from one of our seminaries, but a young, unmarried native of Raratonga, of humble position, who had been several voyages in a whaler, in which he had, doubtless, acquired a good deal of his shrewdness and tact. After his last voyage he began to think seriously about the concerns of his soul, became a member of the Church, and offered his services as a pioneer teacher to the heathen.

Twelve months had not elapsed from

the time that Pao entered the institution of Raratonga ere he was among the heathen of Western Polynesia. Lifu was the island to which he was appointed, although it was considered advisable for him to spend some time with the teachers on the neighbouring island of Mare, where he was left by his spiritual father—that model missionary—Mr. Buzacott, in 1842. Pao, who proved himself to be a man of indomitable perseverance, dauntless courage, strong common sense, and real practical piety, although not a man of much learning, could not remain long at Mare without attempting to prosecute his mission on Lifu. He went in a native canoe, accompanied by some of the teachers from Mare, with his Raratongan Bible and a few clothes tied in a bundle and stowed away in the end of his small craft, spread his mat sail to a gentle breeze one fine morning, and made for Lifu. Arrived there, he dashed over the reef, and sailed right on to the beach, and placed himself at once in the hands of the natives.

On Lifu, as on many other islands, it is customary to select from amongst strangers single special friends, with whom they are connected by mutual good offices. These we called *enemus*. An "enemu" feels bound to provide food and lodging for his friend when he visits him, and will assist him in any way he can when he needs it; and in return expects the same good treatment when occasion offers. It is a kind of freemasonry amongst the natives. Pao was fortunate enough to be selected by the old king Bula as his "enemu." He thus, at once, had not only his life insured, but became a popular man. Although, however, the Lifuans were quite willing to receive him as the "enemu" of the king, neither they nor his royal friend were at all disposed to receive him as a religious teacher. He

had, however, obtained an *entrance*—a very important step.

Lifu was divided into two districts, each governed by a principal chief or king, under whom were a number of petty chiefs. These two districts were constantly at war with each other, so that an opportunity was soon afforded of testing the power of Pao's God. In order to accomplish his object, he not only went with the natives to battle, but also to fish, to plant, and to play. He did not build a neat little house, and there study the language, and inquire about the habits of the people, and get two or three around him to try and make them comprehend the mysteries of the alphabet and the multiplication table. He had no house of his own, he lived with the king and his party; they ate together and slept together; they went to work together and returned to play together; they went to battle together, and went to pray together; and thus Pao had many opportunities of preaching Christ, both with his lips and by his conduct: he was in a position to watch his opportunity of saying "a word in season."

Happily, Bula's party were victorious in the first war at which Pao was present; so the old king and his ministers resolved to adopt the new religion, but merely as a means of furthering their wicked ends. Pao and his God were to be kept exclusively for themselves, and used against their enemies; yet they were unwilling to place themselves under any of the restraints required by the Gospel; they continued their wars, practised polygamy, and often retired from evening prayer to another house, to eat human flesh, unknown to Pao. Such was the state of affairs when old Bula became blind. This was regarded by the natives as a great calamity. They believed that some person or persons had caused it by their incantations. Their consciences told them that they had played the hypocrite with Pao, and they naturally

looked upon this as a punishment from his God; they determined, therefore, to put him to death. Five men were selected to perform the bloody deed, from one of whom I received the story. Pao was mending his canoe on the beach, so they arranged to surround him, enter into a conversation with him, and then, upon a given signal, to tomahawk him. They approached, encircled him, conversed with him, gave the signal, but no hand was raised against him. One of their number has assured me that they felt as if their arms were paralyzed. Thus was this diminutive, talkative, energetic teacher preserved to accomplish a noble work on Lifu.

About this time other teachers arrived to assist Pao, but they do not appear to have taken a very active part in the evangelization of the island; little is heard of them, whilst the name of Pao is a household word in every village on Lifu. The first real converts on Lifu appear to have been a party of Tongans, the fathers of whom, a few generations ago, drifted thither in a canoe. Some natives from Amemet, a village near Mu, the residence of the king, joined the little band of Tongans, and thus the nucleus of the present flourishing Lifu mission was formed. But a storm was gathering that was to burst over the devoted Pao and his little company of converts. His royal protector died, and died a heathen and a cannibal, although he was ever solicitous for the safety and welfare of his Karatongan "enemy." A protracted war broke out about Bula's successor, and a ravaging epidemic swept over the island. The teachers were blamed as the cause, and were obliged to escape to Mare.

The little band that Pao had left behind were zealous in disseminating as much of the truth as they knew; so that, a few months after the teachers left Lifu, messengers arrived at Mare, earnestly begging them to return, and assuring them that those who had formerly been their enemies were ready to

receive them with open arms. We may conceive how Pao's spirit was stirred within him when he received this news. He was too impulsive to brook delay, and had few preparations to make. His canoe was soon launched, his mat sail again unfurled, and the little fleet were flying before a trade-wind toward the scene of his labours. There were unmistakable demonstrations of joy when they landed on the beach. The native mode of expressing gratitude is by presenting food, and of this the teachers received a prodigious quantity. They found that the wall had, indeed, fallen down flat, and that all they had to do was to go straight before them and take the city. They consequently threw themselves into the work with an ardour and heartiness befitting the circumstances. Pao passed from village to village in the early stage of the mission, with astonishing rapidity and frequency, preaching Christ and burning and breaking the gods of his followers. The heathen would stand by on these occasions, expecting, like the natives of Melita, to see him fall down dead, and the result led them to doubt the power of their gods.

It afterwards became a question with Pao where to settle; all wanted him, and the natives of the two districts were very near coming to blows on the subject. He settled the question by building his house on an open copse near the sea-coast which divided the two districts, and which, from time immemorial, had been used as a battle-field where both parties met. No cocoa-nut tree, nor indeed food of any kind, was ever allowed to grow there; it was, in fact, a regular "Aceldama." The idea of establishing a village at We was quite amusing to the heathen party; Pao's followers looked upon the undertaking as a hopeless one, and endeavored to dissuade him from it. Soon, however, a neat little cottage stood by the roadside on that dreary plain. So extraordinary a phenomenon was the sub-

ject of general conversation and astonishment, and there were few who believed that it would be allowed to remain. It certainly did not remain *alone* very long. Natives from the extremity of both districts gathered around Pao; houses were erected, groves of cocoa-nut trees planted, and ere long it became the talk of the island that bananas were to be seen growing on the road-side at We, and even bunches of ripe ones were allowed to remain on the trees. It was customary on Lifu for chiefs to plunder at pleasure the plantations of their subjects, and grant to their guests the same privilege; this led the natives to keep the whereabouts of their gardens as secret as possible. Hence their surprise to see ripe bananas on the roadside; they had not seen anything like it before, and it was to them a palpable telling fact in favour of Christianity. We soon became a populous, flourishing village. The ancient battle-field was turned into gardens; a lath and plaster church was erected in its centre, and thus a pleasing illustration afforded of the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy, "They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

WANTED.—Mr. Moody remarked that Scotland wants a John Wesley. He did not mean as to theology, but as to systematic working. Why not take these recently converted girls, and put a mother over them to guide and instruct them? Most sermons in Scotland are a hundred feet over the heads of such converts. And these boys—organize them into classes. And so with young men and young ladies.

REV. EMILE F. COOK.

Translated for the C. C. MONTHLY from the French.

(The subject of the following article was a Wesleyan Methodist minister in Paris, and one of the delegates to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in New York, last year. He was on board the *Ville du Havre* when she was run into by the *Loch Earn*. On that occasion, two of his brother delegates—Proniet, from France, and Carrasco from Spain, were drowned. He was saved, but exposure brought on a disease of which he died a few weeks after, in the prime of life. I had the pleasure of hearing him preach in his mother-tongue in Montreal, and of being introduced to him.—*Translator*.)

His discreet activity—if I may use the expression—was never inconsistent. He preached the gospel with boldness to the workmen and to the wives of the people who thronged to hear him in the building which we used as a place of worship. How pleasing it was when he told us that we were going to have a chapel and schools *of our own!* What warmth! what energy he himself imparted to the workmen! At last the stone building was finished. Those who were present at its inauguration—and there were very many of them—know what a delicious feast we had that day. Oh! how fervently he himself prayed for the pastors and for the flock. I had, next day, the pleasure of hearing a serious workman, the father of a family, say to me, "You are happy, you Protestants, in having such priests; they can at least speak to poor people, and that, too, in French." This man sent his child to our school, and often attended the evening meetings, and took pleasure in them. How often, when I have gone with him after we left the chapel, have I seen him stop, hand a man or woman a tract, say a few serious words to him or her, then go on his way! * * * He loved the sinner, he hated sin, he withstood it to the face. Many fallen women whom I have known and visited with him could tell the efforts of our friend to raise them again. Many hardened

sinners have heard his powerful warnings. One day, a friend who has learned to appreciate him, said to him, "M. Cook, oh! pray, you who make such good prayers." "Do not say that it is not right," said he with an accent of tender reproach, then he poured out his whole soul before God.

With deep emotion we recall to mind, when we think on him, the events of those sad days of May, 1871; so many intimate memories are connected with them. We saw then what his family was to him, from which he found himself a second time rudely separated. Notwithstanding the feverish agitation of the day, he spent his nights at the bedside of a sick person in a friendly house, and regularly employed his watching hours in writing to his dear partner, and reading again the letters which he had received from her.

When the firing ceased for a moment during the day, he ran to his chapel at Ternes, once or twice even to the one at Levallois. * * * What visits! what preachings! what social meetings! Everywhere he exhorted, everywhere he prayed, and everywhere, also, he carried about with him an almost childish gaiety, and the purest joy beamed on his countenance.

And his dear Sabbath School, how he loved it! Neither do we forget the experience-meetings, (a special and important work in the Methodist Church). With what deep charity he presided over them! how the seriousness of his convictions, the firmness of his faith, and his zeal for the service of his divine Saviour shone at them!

It is a matter of comfort to the church and all her friends, that, however she may be damaged and endangered by the treachery and mismanagement of her under officers, the Lord Jesus is, and will be as he ever has been, *the good Shepherd*.—MATTHEW HENRY.

Christian Work.

UNION OF CHURCHES.

A year ago, this month, we told our readers that there were negotiations for union between the New Connexion and Wesleyan Churches: and between the four Presbyterian Churches of the Dominion. All we could say at that time was that the question of union was sent down to the courts and congregations of the churches concerned for an expression of opinion on the point. During the past year there were many consultations and deliberations throughout the country. This of itself would be a good thing. "Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines." It is not good for a Christian people to have all their talk, and reading and discussions confined to political questions. As a means of breaking the monotony of social life, as a means of turning attention to the great things of God, as a discipline for future work in the Church, it is fitted to do us good to have the question of union thrown into our midst, even although at times it threatened to be an apple of discord. But something better than this disciplinary benefit has come out of the discussion. It has resulted in a *discovery* that there is no formidable obstacle in the way of union, and in the *resolution* that a union shall without undue loss of time take place between the two Methodist Churches aforementioned, on the one hand, and between the aforementioned four Presbyterian branches, on the other hand. One Methodist Church for the Dominion, though it is not quite that yet, and one Presbyterian Church, will be an arrangement that will help us in our work of evangelizing this land, an arrangement that will reflect credit on our intelligence and moderation in the eyes of evangelical Christendom. But let us never forget that such unions as these are to be sought and rejoiced in, not for the sake of the machinery, but

for the sake of the work to be done through it. It would be considered foolish and perhaps worse for a man to spend time and money in perfecting a plough which was to stand always bright and clean for the admiration of the people, and never to be used in breaking up the ground. Of what value will a great, strong symmetrical church be to a country unless it is used for one of the great ends for which God gave the church—to conquer the world for Christ. This, in a very important sense, is the article of a standing or a falling church.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE FOR THE PEOPLE.

We are glad to find on our table the forty-first Report of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society. There is much work to be done in the way of circulating religious literature in Ontario. We have seen somewhere a census of the bookshops of Ireland, from which it appeared there are in the South and West of that country scores of towns and considerable villages without a single bookshop. A similar census for our Dominion would be an interesting thing, and fully more important than a detailed account of our horses and pigs. What story would such a census give? Are there not scores of villages in Canada with say six stores for the sale of food and clothing, and say four for the sale of liquors, and not one in the whole score for the sale of books or periodicals. We are safe then in saying that there is work to be done by this Society.

CANAL MISSION.

Mr. Bone's report of this work is more than usually interesting this year. Let us read a few incidents:—

"Gleanings have also been gathered from the tract work. It is said that the sweetest fruit among fruits is the Alpine strawberry, not much larger than a pea. It grows in unlikely places,

nursed by the storm and nourished by the snow ; so is the fruit of faith that is gathered here and there on our mission field. As an instance, conversing one afternoon with an engineer on a propeller, while waiting in a lock, I inquired where he was born ; he said in Canada. Therefore you are a subject of the New Dominion. He said yes. May I ask have you been born again and become a subject of the new dominion of grace? Yes, I trust I have, he replied. When were you brought into it? Not very long since, only this summer. By what means were you brought to Christ? Your tracts have had a great deal to do with it. He then stated at some length how he was first awakened by the Spirit of God during a severe storm on the lake ; eternity with its solemn realities loomed up before him ; he felt he was unprepared to meet it. The storm ceased, but the impressions remained deepening and strengthening. In his perplexity it pleased God to make use of the little tracts (as he did of Bethlehem's star of old,) to lead him to Jesus, and there he found rest, peace and salvation. He gave a calm and intelligent reason of the hope that was in him, and with great humility spoke of his confidence in God and joy in the Holy Ghost. May this instance be as the earnest of the coming harvest from the tract field. Closely allied to tract distribution, and indispensable to its effectual operation is earnest, personal appeal to the heart and conscience by the living voice from the loving heart of the Christian worker, and may I add, the tender look, the glistening tear, and the warm grasp of the hand, have a magnet power to move the heart, when under the guidance and control of the Divine operator, the Spirit of God. Through this instrumentality we have reaped more abundant and direct fruit than from any other. Did space permit we might supply various examples: one will suffice. In the course of visiting one day in September, I met a young sailer and entered into conversation with him on the subject of personal religion. Though intelligent as regards the theory of the Gospel, yet he felt not its power ; he was well acquainted with the Scriptures and could quote them readily. He told me he meant to be a Christian. I asked when ; he hoped some time before he died. I asked again, 'Are you in earnest for salvation?' he answered in the affirmative. Is God in earnest to save you *now*? He says so in His word ; can you believe him? He was silent for a moment. Taking my pencil I wrote on a slip of paper the following question: What intelligent reason can you give for your non-acceptance of Christ? Give it to me in writing that I may ponder over it when you are gone. Ah, he said, I can give no reason. Then what will you do with Jesus, who is called the Christ? Heaven, earth and hell are listening and waiting your decision? What is it? He answered, I will accept of him ; and with his own hand signed the deed of peace as a memorial of that sacred hour. In after conversation with him, it was manifest that God had done a good work in him, and we believe will carry it on till the day of the Lord Jesus. While we have thus given a brief notice of some cheering incidents in connection with the various departments of our work, there is much, however, to mourn over and deplore, in prosecuting our mission work ; we have the sad testimony to bear that our greatest discouragement and difficulty has arisen from stoical indifference to spiritual things, and cool procrastination, fondly dreaming there is in store a 'more convenient season.' This is a peculiar characteristic of men accustomed to scenes of imminent danger and hardship, and alas how deceptive ; like the siren's song it allures only to destroy. One sad example presents itself to my mind. One day in October, at the close of a Bethel service, a captain remained and kindly invited me to accompany him to his

vessel; he took me into his private room, and freely entered into conversation about his spiritual state. He told me he was almost persuaded to be a Christian; during a revival season last winter he came to the very threshold of the ark of salvation, but alas did not enter; and now he felt as far back as ever. I told him all things were ready, that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. He replied, 'I do not feel now as I did then, but the time may come when I will be a Christian.' With much feeling he asked me to pray with him, after which I bade him good bye. Within a month afterwards the painful news came that his vessel and all hands were lost; the only relic left was the little boat which drifted ashore. May we not hope that ere he entered eternity Jesus revealed himself to him, as he did to the dying thief? May such solemn warnings admonish and teach us to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

It would be a great boon to our agricultural classes were this Society able to extend a colportage system over the whole land. This report tells us how the Society is doing its work. Let us glance at a few interesting points in this report.

1. *Gratuitous Issues.* On this point the report speaks as follows:—The total value of these gratuitous issues amounts to \$1087.20. The circulation of so large an amount of Scriptural literature among the poor and destitute, cannot fail to be productive of inestimable good. The future influence of these pages upon the hearts of their recipients eternity alone can reveal. Even now, some of them may be quietly pointing anxious inquirers to the Lamb of God. Nor can the Directors refrain from urging on the attention of the Society's friends the fact that this work may be indefinitely enlarged. All around us, and in every section of the country are multitudes who never attend the House

of God, and who probably would not purchase a single religious book or tract. Many of these cannot be reached at all, unless religious truth is brought to their doors and urged on their acceptance.

2. *Branches and Agencies.* There are 102 Branch Societies under the care of the Rev. Mr. Eastman, to whose good generalship,—watchful and wise, is owing the encouraging fact that there are so many and that they do so much.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

An intelligent correspondent thus writes of a visit to Paris:—

"From what I can learn it is the religious middle and working classes with us that makes the difference in the nations, for there is a portion at the top and bottom of society nearly the same in both. The Roman Catholic Church is very active in preaching, educating, caring for the poor, etc. There is a good deal of life of this kind, and associations of men and women help. In the provinces they seem more active than the Protestants, and would no doubt make way were it not that the boys leave them as they grow up. They will not go to the confessional, and they dislike the system which works for the Count Chambord and Ultramontanism. The politics of the Romish Church hang heavy upon it; nevertheless, through the devotion of many of the women and the indifference of the men, the Church of Rome has a strong hold of France. Protestantism has a success in Paris of a kind. There are some thirty churches, big and little, some excellent ministers, and large gatherings to hear them, especially where the Gospel is preached. But in the country it is a hard fight. They cannot keep up schools for themselves, and so the brotherhoods of the Church of Rome get hold of their children. There is an apathy also which has come, I believe, from the want of self-government, and from the National Church being salaried

and kept in chains by the State. The ministers are isolated and discouraged, and do little work beyond their sermon, perhaps once a week, and the people become, of course, cold and careless. Rationalism has, of course, got in, in these circumstances, and there is no living truth to attract devout people, either Roman Catholic or Protestant. The Evangelical party are the majority, and are wishful to have a separation of the Church, which would leave them alone to do their work without constant fighting within, and the Government would allow them to do this, and would pay both parties. But the Rationalists will not agree to it—they are for the Church of Stanley and Wallace, where anybody can preach anything—all for liberty, nothing for truth. So they say to the Evangelicals—'You can go if you like, but we remain as the National Protestant Church of France,' and then in this case all the neutrals and the traditionalists and old name remain with them—from which the Evangelicals shrink. There is besides the National Church, the Free, the party of the late F. Monod, of Fische and Pressensé, but they are small though active and devoted. The majority of the Protestants, both Free and National, are for the separation of the Church from the State, but they wish it applied to the Roman Catholic as well, and the Government is not ready for this. During this week there are all the annual meetings of the Protestant societies, of which there are a large number. We have been attending some of them, but as many are at night (8 p.m.) and we are away from the centre, we cannot get to so many as we could wish. Some are poorly enough attended. They have not fallen on the plan of attracting audiences. Instead of short, pointed addresses, they have too many long read reports. There was one last night, however, in the Oratoire, to which I went—a good audience and good speeches—the jubilee of the for-

mation of the Protestant Missionary Society to the heathen. We can now get along pretty well at any sermon or meeting where we have a fair chance of hearing, and we have enough of French to ask anything we want, and know what the answer is. The French language is by no means so easy to follow when heard as either the German or Italian—that is my opinion. The words generally close without a distinctly heard consonant, and run into one another. It is much easier understood when read. I have been attending a number of lectures at the Sorbonne and the College of France on all subjects, but select chiefly divinity, philosophy, and history. They are open to any one free, without question, and ladies may go to those of the College of France. Many of them do. In fact the listeners are mostly elderly people, and I see few who look like students. It is a great boon, however. I heard Nourisson, the Professor of Metaphysics. He is opposed to materialism and scepticism, as also is Garo, an eminent man whom I have not yet heard. I heard Renan's lecture on the 37th Psalm—interesting and lively, but no reverence for his subject. Several ladies were there with Hebrew Bibles. I heard an abbe lecture on Ezekiel in the Sorbonne—very dull—only three there besides myself; but the beadle had his Hebrew Bible and fellewed. All the professors speak with the barest amount of notes. Some use none, and there is much action and interest (except the old abbé). All the preachers, too, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, dispense with paper. There is much Christian work of various kinds we have seen, but I cannot give details. The weather is now warm and beautiful—thermometer 70° in the shade, and the leaves fully out. It is a beautiful city, and if it had more of the grace of God and righteousness running down its streets as the pure water does, it might be an earthly paradiso.

DR. WILLIAM ARNOT ON THE REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

At a recent meeting of the English Presbyterian Synod at Exeter Hall, the Rev. Dr. W. Arnot, of Edinburgh, gave an interesting address on the awakening now going on in Scotland. We subjoin a condensed report of his address.

Speaking generally, he said, the country has been greatly moved during this last winter and Spring. Questions regarding Christ's love in coming to save us, regarding his kingdom in the world, and our own union with Him, have been forced up, and have risen higher in the common conversation of the streets and companies, than the questions of what must I eat and what must I drink. There has been a strange change in this respect, and yet no change of principle.

We have always been in Scotland, and especially in Edinburgh, a Christianly educated people, and, on the whole, a well-behaved and sober people. I will tell you what I once heard from a railway guard, which illustrates my meaning. We were hindered at a station in Fife. The hour was past for the train to start, and nobody could think what was the reason of the delay. A gentleman said, "Guard, what is the reason you are not starting? Is there no water?" "Plenty o' water," he replied, "but it's no' bilin'." So we had had a religious education, and a certain stateliness of ecclesiastical form amongst us in Scotland, but the water was cold, and it did not give forth much power; and the difference now is that there has come warmth into it. The love of Christ seems to have got hold of multitudes of human hearts, and is constraining them.

Let me notice one or two points in which there has been great advancement. One is, that in preaching, both in public and in private conversation in our enquiry meetings, there is a great deal more practical application of the truth to each individual soul. I read,

when Philip met the Ethiopian in the desert, in the short report of the sermon on that occasion, two things. He "preached unto him Jesus." We had one of these things as fully in Scotland, I think, before as to-day. We "preached Jesus." But we failed on the other side—"to him, Jesus." God has greatly blessed the efforts of the American evangelists on that point. And nobody takes it ill when you speak to him personally about sin, and his interest in Christ. Everybody seems rather to expect that we will so speak to them.

Formerly we seem to have fired away our shot, and did not give it a crack when it went away; and we thought, "Have not we done it well?" But did it hit the mark? We did not think so much of that, but now equal attention is paid to both. That is one grand mark of our movement.

We did not change our creed at all. I hold by that still. But there is one notion that seems to have been changed and overturned. Formerly, for the most part in Scotland, we were of the persuasion that Christ came to receive saints, but now we have become convinced that "this Man receiveth sinners."

Dr. Arnot went on to speak of the leading characteristics of the movement. One of them was joy. Many people, he said, who were dull enough, with Christianity in their hearts, but with no outlet for it in their lives, were now finding ways of doing good. This was specially shown in the preaching of the gospel to the poor. Then there was a great use made of sacred song. Many of the Christian ladies now employed the interval between the hours of public worship on Sunday, in going to the hospitals and similar institutions in Edinburgh, and singing hymns to the poor patients, and there is no joy like that of seeing the faces of these poor people when the gospel was sung to them. "I will tell you," said Dr. Arnot, "a miracle that these ladies per-

formed. It is more authentic than some that we hear about. In one of these institutions there was a poor old woman, who had been there eleven years, and during that time had never spoken one word. Not that she was dumb in the ordinary sense, but she was stricken with a sort of paralysis. After one of those singings, the matron heard her saying something to herself. She went near and listened, and she was saying—

“Depths of mercy, can there be
Mercy yet in store for me?”

A little girl was stricken with fever, and taken to the children’s hospital, where she died. In her delirium, she said, and continued saying, “Take me to the meeting and set me in the front seats, that I may hear the ladies sing!”

Dr. Arnot referred to the hallowing effect of the movement on the meetings of Presbytery, and went on to say that the Lord had been pleased to bless most of all the *union* meetings. They had met, not as belonging to any particular church, but as the disciples of Christ, and the Lord had blessed them.

Another remarkable effect was, that the enemy is almost silent. There was, here and there, a spirit of criticism, such as the “Comic Gospel,” of the *Saturday Review*, but generally, the press is either silent or speaking of the work and reporting it respectfully. The Lord hath done *this* thing for us whereof we are glad.

EVANGELICAL EFFORT IN CORSICA.

Pastor Andrault, the writer of the letter quoted below, was formerly a missionary at Senegal, and is held in the highest estimation by all who take an interest in French Protestant missions. He was twice obliged to return from Senegal owing to the breaking down of his health, and the doctors gave him no hope of recovery. At Nice, however, in the Protestant Asylum for

the Sick, he became much better; and on a second recourse to Nice, after two years of enforced idleness, hearing that a pastor was needed at Ajaccio, in Corsica, he offered himself for the work. To this work he has devoted himself with all the ardour so familiar to those who know him, and which cannot fail to awaken a warm sympathy towards him in the hearts of those to whom he is a stranger.

On the 11th of August last he wrote as follows:—

“I spent the months of March and April at Ajaccio, as pastor to the visitors who pass the winter in that town. I was only there for the last part of the season, but I am now extremely desirous to return, and I write with the object of arousing your interest in this mission. On arriving, I found not a few difficulties to surmount; but I succeeded, in the end, in persuading all those that were opposed to me. I had been assured that I should not have a single auditor; nevertheless we were fifteen the first Sunday, and thirty the second, which number was never diminished, except by departures from Ajaccio, and indeed was pretty well kept up by new recruits. I received much help and encouragement from the English chaplain, an earnest man of God. I found in Ajaccio about twenty resident Protestants, besides a good number of visitors—Swiss, Germans, Swedes, Russians, Hungarians—speaking French and preferring a French service. In short, my success was very encouraging, as were the numerous tokens I received of sympathy and good-will. One day an officer said to me, ‘I have not attended service for twenty years.’ Nevertheless he attended regularly at Ajaccio. The authorities were very cordial towards me, particularly the prefect.

“Shortly before leaving Ajaccio, I received from M. C. d’I—, residing at B—, a letter expressing his regret at being unable, on account of the distance, to come and profit by the instruc-

tion I was giving to my co-religionists. He added, that many inhabitants of the same district were equally desirous with himself to receive instruction in the Protestant faith, and he asked whether they could not also have a pastor, or at least some catechisms to learn from. Thinking I discerned here a real religious need, I answered, by return of post, that his letter had given me great pleasure; that I only regretted not having received it sooner, being on the eve of departure; but that if he would organize a meeting I would place myself at his disposal. I told him, at the same time, that I would avoid controversy, that I would limit myself to the announcement of the Gospel of salvation; and that being a minister of the God of peace, I trusted all would pass off in calm and peace. Everything was promptly arranged, and three days after I started for B——, where the announcement of my arrival had put all the people in a ferment. Many thought I was coming to destroy the bases of religion and society; and when they were told 'Not so; he will preach the Gospel of Christ,' they answered, 'Oh, yes; the Gospel of the devil.' The young people had naturally more curiosity to hear me, but in many cases their parents had forbidden them with severe threats. One old man, nearly seventy years of age, said with terror, that the arrival of this Protestant pastor was a great misfortune for Corsica, and when they tried to tranquillize him, he said with a terrified air, 'Ah, you will soon see!' When he saw the diligence arriving, he set off running with all his might, in spite of his great age, to see me get out. They did not expect to see me look like other men. They imagined to themselves some sort of a monster, and were very much astonished to see me looking like other people. A great number of people were assembled; but I was received by about ten men of from thirty to fifty years of age, the notabilities of the district, who seemed intelligent and

serious. During the dinner to which they invited me, the conversation was good and religious. Meanwhile the crowd was there, long before the hour appointed; and the door was no sooner opened than the meeting room was instantaneously filled with a closely packed mass of people, standing up, crowding one against the other. Just then the mayor called me into an adjoining room, having to communicate to me a despatch from the *sous-préfet*, as follows: 'If you think M. A.'s conference likely to occasion disorder, beg him to desist; should he persist, have in the gendarmes to prevent confusion.' The gendarmes came, but had nothing to do but to listen to the Gospel. The people were crowded up the staircase as far as the second floor, and many remained outside in the street, who heard my words through the window. There was at first a little dissatisfaction owing to want of room, and some went away angry because they could not find places. Some had come with the intention of hissing me, and I felt a little disturbed, wondering how it would all end; but the moment I began to preach they all became quiet and calm, and listened with attention and even avidity. During an hour and a quarter I preached the word of salvation, dwelling chiefly on the person of Jesus Christ and his work. When I had finished, those who had most distrusted me beforehand were the first to say, 'Ah! he is more believing than we. Now, if we hear Protestants evil spoken of, we shall not believe it. They said he would not preach Jesus Christ, yet he has been telling how He came on earth, and all He has done for us.' We had to beg the people to leave; in spite of which there remained at least twenty-five persons till eleven o'clock at night, seeking to profit by my presence, by asking information on a multitude of religious questions; and they only went away at last out of compassion for me, seeing that I was exhausted, though I felt very

happy. The next day, those who had not come regretted their absence, and they told me that if I had held another meeting, it must have been in the open air, as every one would have come to it—that is to say, more than a thousand persons.”

A CANADIAN IN JAPAN.

Our readers, some of whom, in the County of Grey, were personally acquainted with the writer, will read with deep interest the following extracts from a letter of the Rev. George Cochran, who was sent last year, from Canada, by the Wesleyan Church, to open a Mission in Japan:—

“We have been here a little over nine months, and have seen the Summer, Autumn, and Winter of this part of the country. July and August were excessively hot, with a peculiar moisture in the atmosphere which rendered it almost impossible to keep articles of clothing, books, etc., from spoiling by mildew. And though there was scarcely any rain during the intense heat, vegetation seemed in no wise to suffer; the beautiful green of field and forest never in the least appeared to fade. All this time the mosquitoes were exceedingly troublesome, and appeared to prefer fresh blood, as recent arrivals suffered more than those who had been years in the country. We had no rest at night from these intolerable bores, except within the protection of net curtains.

“In September we had occasional refreshing showers, and the heat began to abate. The whole face of the country was exceedingly beautiful. The uplands and hills were covered with vegetable gardens, and the valleys were continuous rice-fields. Through the latter part of September and the beginning of October, high winds, bordering sometimes on the character of the *Typhoon*, rendered the weather disagreeable; especially so to those who dwelt in houses poorly constructed to

resist the fury of the elements, as most of the houses seem to be in this land. From about the middle of October, however, we had a season of clear, cool, bracing weather, which lasted all through November, that would be esteemed pleasant in any country. Indeed it quite reminded us of our own Canadian *Indian Summer*. During this period the cotton was gathered and the rice harvested.

“From the beginning of November to the present time—a period of over five months—we have required artificial heat in our houses, which very much increases the cost of living, as fuel is exceedingly dear. Coal averaged from \$12 to \$18 a ton; and wood cut into stove lengths, and tied up in small bundles of five to ten sticks in each, with *straw ropes*, costs about \$10 to \$15 a cord, according to quality.

“December was on the whole a crisp, pleasant month. New Year's day brought our first snow-storm, and in right good earnest it came. It would have compared well with some of our fiercest storms in Ontario. It lasted, however, only a few hours, covering the ground to the depth of five or six inches, and was all gone in a couple of days.

“January, February, and March have been cold, with piercing winds, that made us glad to wrap up quite as warmly as in Canada. We have seen snow only twice since the New Year's storm, and in neither instance enough to whiten the ground.

“Since the 1st of April the weather has been delightful. Fields and gardens are blazing with *camellias* of exquisite beauty and in every variety of colour. Peach, plum, and cherry trees are in full bloom.

“My daily routine is pretty much the following:—The whole of each forenoon is devoted to the language, with the native teacher by my side much of the time, by dint of perseverance and repetition seeking to gather a vocabu-

lary for conversation, and trying to arrange the words into idiomatic Japanese—a matter of no small difficulty, as every one who tries has quickly found out. The order of words in the sentence is so entirely different from our own, that it requires time to fix the habit of invariably placing the nominative first, the objective second, and the verb last, as the idiom of the language requires; also to place the prepositions always *after* the nouns to which they refer, and the conjunctions and interrogative particles at the *end* of the clause or sentence to which they belong, is something that must be inculcated into habit before it can be done with facility. For instance, if I would say, "Do you wish to go and call with me on the brother of our friend to-morrow?" the Japanese would be as follows:—*Miyonichi watakushito tawu ni itakushidomo no hoyu no O mi wai nasari tai ka.* This rendered into English according to the order of the Japanese words is—*To-morrow, me—company with in, our friend's brother, to call on go wish?* Such a wrong end first way of speaking is very troublesome to beginners; and then to read their writing, with its strange mixture of Chinese ideographs, and the varying forms of their own 47 syllabic characters, requires years of time, together with no small stock of patience. But *Labor omnia vincit.* It will come natural and easy by and by. Then the joy of being able to make a language that for five and twenty centuries—nay, from its very origin—had never carried a saving message or uttered a sanctifying truth, vocal with the glad tidings of the Gospel, and the music of Christian hymns, is an all-sufficient recompense for years of toilsome plodding, until this consummation be attained. There are only three things that can reconcile to the time and labour required for the mastery of this strange tongue—*Money, politics, and souls.* We are told the *literature* it

contains is not rich enough to reward the search. Let the merchant turn it into *gold*, and the statesman into *national aggrandizement*, I am content to make it the vehicle of conveying the knowledge of the love of Christ to the souls of perishing men, and feel assured that this is the highest aim.

"Many of my afternoons are spent among the people, trying to get acquainted with their habits and manner of life; also putting into use the few words already acquired, and accustoming the ear to the sounds of their speech. It is almost like going to school afresh, and beginning one's education over again. The evenings are occupied with meetings, writing letters, and miscellaneous reading. There are three evening prayer-meetings and one temperance meeting in Yokohama every week. There is a regular Sabbath-morning service in the *Union Church*, kept up by the missionaries, who preach in turn. Besides, there are the regular services of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in charge of the British Chaplain, a most excellent, evangelical man, the Rev. E. W. Lyle. The prayer-meetings are well attended by the missionary community of all denominations.

"Regarding the probable future of my labour here, I wish to convey to you the fullest information possible. My mind is made up to leave Yokohama about the first of July next, or sooner if possible, and to confine my labours at present exclusively to Yedo. As you have received intimation of this purpose, and desire to know my reasons for it, I shall state them at length. Yokohama is at present fully occupied by missionaries who came here years ago, and have established themselves, and have, therefore, a right to the ground; and so far as I can judge, the wants of the place are fully met. The native population accessible to us is limited, and not of the most encouraging kind to work among,—being the

port of foreign trade with Yedo, the influence of the foreign community is great, and not at all favourable to missionary operations. The Dutch Reformed, the Presbyterian, and Baptist missionaries have been here over twelve years; and Dr. Maclay, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, who arrived here a few days before us, has made Yokohama his head-quarters. His Society has furnished him with \$10,000 for the purpose of building a church. It appears to me that there is here already something of unnecessary crowding, especially when we consider that Yedo lies only twenty miles distant, with a million of souls, and not so many missionaries as there are in Yokohama at present. Moreover, you cannot furnish funds sufficient to acquire property in both places, neither have we men on the ground to take care of both places just now. It seems to me, therefore, the far better course to go to *head quarters at once, and lay foundations there.*

"Yokohama will be as available for our work at some future time as it is now. More so I believe. At present all foreigners are confined to our side of the town, and it is not easy to get in amongst the natives with any kind of religious service. But the time must come when the *Kanagawa* side

will be open to us, and if then we can plant a mission there, I think it will be a proper thing to do so. At present, so far as we are concerned, Yokohama can wait—especially as we have only two men in the field, and one of them one hundred miles distant in the country. If I could be content to live comfortably in the pleasant foreign settlement on the Yokohama bluff, and not anxious to be in the thick of the work, it might be well enough for me to stay here, and *appear to keep a position*; but having come 8000 miles to preach the gospel to the heathen, I think it poor policy to stay within twenty miles of them, instead of going right in amongst them where they are. So that even if Dr. McDonald had not gone into the country, I have been coming more and more to the conviction that it is my duty to go into the capital. I am in all this, as you will see by the sequel, influenced by the good old Methodist rule, never more in place than here,—'Go always not only to those who want you, but to those who want you most.' And it would seem that the good providence of God, which has directed the course of the mission hitherto, has plainly indicated to me the path of duty in regard to making Yedo my permanent place of residence and labour."

Practical Papers.

"STEPS."*

BY S. A. BLACKWOOD.

"Still upward"—"still upward"—"still upward."

EZEKIEL XLII. 7.

Our *standing* in Christ is not a *stopping* place, but a *starting* point.

It is a place of rest; indeed we can have no rest until we apprehend our standing in Him. It is such a place of

rest that we are described as "made to *sit* together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." This rest, however, is given us not that we may sleep, but that we may "arise and walk." It is the starting-point in a path of illimitable progress, the commencement of a life of infinite attainment.

There are no *steps* to be taken to reach this blessed standing, this "quiet resting-place." There are innumerable

* This paper we extract from the *Christian Pathway of Power*—A new monthly.

steps in the upward life which begins there.

Some make the mistake of thinking many steps are needed before they can be saved, and be at rest in Christ; and some are in danger of thinking that there are no steps of conscious upward mounting when once they are "in Christ"—only a dreary level of monotonous walking.

The first error is: there are *many* steps to Christ. The truth is there are *none*. God will not let us take any steps to get to Him. "Neither shalt thou go up *by steps* to mine altar." No effort is needed to get to God; the attempt only exhibits our ruin; for it is added, "that thy *nakedness* be not discovered thereon."

God comes down in Christ to our level—to the very lowest place—"the place of a skull"—the side of a dying thief. He comes all the way to the very lowest and worst, and meets us *where* we are and *just as* we are. The sinner has not got to take a single step to be saved. He need only *trust* in a present Saviour. "The grace of God *bringeth* salvation," does not tell us to climb up and fetch it.

By nature we think differently. Job was convinced that he had taken every needless step, and was very much put out because he could not "Come even to His seat." He was a very conscientious man, and was persuaded that nothing was wanting in his religious life. He could look upon the commandments and say, "all these have I kept," and he said that if he could only get at God he would "declare unto Him the number of (his) steps."

And he adds them up in the 31st chapter; a goodly flight of steps too; twenty separate virtues at least. But where do they land him? God looks in upon him, meets him according to his wish, and instead of finding himself at the top of his ladder—"even at His seat"—he finds himself "*in dust and ashes*." There is an end of "the number of his steps."

Saul of Tarsus thought that his steps would bring him to God, and could honestly say that he had climbed higher than any other man (Phil. iii. 4), but while he is taking one of the last, the light of heaven shines in upon him near Damascus, and he finds the things that were "*gain*" to him nothing but "*dung*." Instead of having established his righteousness he is obliged to count it but "*loss*," and let Jesus Christ save him as "the chief of sinners."

No! there are *no steps* to Christ. He comes down to the "dust and ashes," to the "horrible pit," even to "the miry clay," at the very bottom, and brings us up, putting His own mighty arm underneath us, "in our low estate," and bidding us "*only trust*" Him. Says David, "He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." He did it all, and David had not to take a single step.

Neither have we. Salvation—standing in Christ—is, "by grace through faith." We trust in Jesus, and are saved; thenceforward our standing is in Him.

But this is our *starting* point, not our *stopping* place; the foundation of the building, not the top stone. Henceforward there opens a glorious vista of upward steps, not to Christ, but *in* Christ; not to be painfully climbed, like the flight of stairs in St. John Lateran, as a way of salvation, but to be happily mounted "with wings as eagles."

For the second error is that judicial standing in Christ is made a terminus instead of a starting point, and justification by faith used as an opiate, rather than a cordial. Christians are so much occupied with their "standing" that they lose sight of "progress." The truth is that "perfect" as to *standing*, the believer has now an "highway of holiness" before him, with innumerable flights of upward progress.

David had his feet on the rock, but not that he might stand still; he adds,

"He established my goings." Paul knew that he was complete as to this standing, but he said (Phil. iii. 12, 13, 14)—"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Elihu pointed out to Job a glorious succession of upward steps, at the foot of which was, "Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace." (See Job xxii. 21, 30.)

Peter describes a beautiful Jacob's ladder, at the bottom of which is *trust*, and at its top *love*—for "the Lord stood above it," and "God is love."

Should we not do well to ask ourselves what we know of "Mounting up with wings as eagles?" whether we are not often content with a monotonous level of failure, instead of an onward progress of conscious victory? Are we not almost satisfied with but a wilderness life of "ups and downs," "backwards and forwards," instead of a triumphant career of victory in the promised land?

There are fifteen "Songs of degrees" in the Psalms, how many are there in our experience? Is it no longer possible to "purchase a good degree"—"great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus?" Yes! it is possible to "come up out of the wilderness leaning on the Beloved." We may "dwell on high," and find each step attained a starting-point for another. Shall the world have its "Excelsior," and shall the Church forget her "still upward?"

Will the consciousness of growth minister to pride? Then Paul must have made the Thessalonians proud when he wrote, "your faith groweth

exceedingly. Nay it is only as the ballast of pride—self-consciousness—is thrown overboard, that the believer mounts upward into the higher, clearer region of Christ-consciousness. The principle is, "I must decrease, but He must increase." It is "laying aside every weight," and there is no weight like "the body of this death," this "self" which we are to reckon as dead and buried.

What! we say, can we get rid of this mass of corruption, this terrible weight and hindrance to progress, this self which impedes and drags us down? Yes, surely, not as to its *presence*, but as to its *power*; for God bids us reckon it dead, and "put it off;" and Paul did so, for he said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is to be "free indeed," and nothing short of this can be called "perfect freedom."

Then *stumbling stones* become *stepping stones*, for we shall be in "league with the stones of the field."

"Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven.
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Thus each day, each hour, may witness an upward step, never leaving the foundation—Christ—but putting more weight upon it as the building grows higher. And the world may and ought to witness it too. The "ascent" by which he went up into the house of the Lord was the crowning evidence of Solomon's glory which quite broke down the Queen of Sheba, and brought her to such an end of herself that "there remained no more spirit in her."

And it is when the world not only *hears* the sayings of the children of God, but *sees* the "ascent" by which they go up the "steps unto heaven" that they are compelled to acknowledge the truth, and to cast themselves at the feet of the "greater than Solomon" to be recipients of His bounty.

"Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded, and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."

"Chains of my heart, avault I say—
I will arise and in the strength of love

Pursue the bright track ere it fade away,
My Saviour's pathway to His home above;

"Sure when I reach the point where earth
Melts into nothing from th' unumbered sight,
Heaven will o'ercome th' attraction of my
birth,
And I shall sink in yonder sea of light."

Children's Treasury.

THE SANTHALS OF INDIA.

Here is a story of one of these savages who became a Christian, a story worth reading because it is not made up, as too many of the stories people read are.

The Christians of Manbhum, one of the districts of Chotta Nagpore, about 150 miles from Calcutta, are often among the poorest of the people; and some notion of the poverty which is so prevalent in the districts of Nagpore may perhaps be conveyed, when it is asserted that robbery is nowhere so common, and that here men will rob even where the only prospect of gain is that of a dirty piece of cloth, or rag rather, to cover the nakedness of the indigent wayfarer. The spirit of Christianity, besides leading to an improved state of morals and other reforms, overcomes that disposition to laziness which in Manbhum forms a prominent feature in the character of the classes from which they have sprung, and manifested itself in a commendable desire to glorify the Lord by promoting the well-being of their wives and children. But they are too poor to be able, without the hearty support and liberal assistance of their Christian brethren in the wealthier districts of Bengal, to realize the object of the Goswami Fund. For the enlightenment of those of our readers who know nothing of the Christians of Manbhum except that they are poor, and are apt to attach a low idea to Christians from the poorer classes, we shall conclude with an anecdote illustra-

tive of the high position which the Christians here occupy in the esteem and confidence of their heathen neighbors. One of these Christians who had occasion for a number of maunds of rice went to three or more villages for its purchase. Here it must be remembered that in the districts of Chotta Nagpore two or three huts are sufficient to constitute a village. Now, at the first village our Christian found a man who could supply him with a fraction of the quantity of rice which he required. The rice was measured. At the second village he got a few maunds more, which also he caused to be measured. He went on his way till he got the whole quantity that he needed. Returning then to the first village, he took away the rice on paying the price. He did the same thing with all the other rice which he had caused to be measured at the different places till he came to the last. He now found that he had six rupees lacking, and he well knew, what everybody who has passed any length of time here knows, that nothing is so uncommon among the aborigines as to sell on credit. In fact, they are so particular about receiving the price first that they will hardly ever be induced to allow an intending purchaser to handle an article offered for sale till they have secured the price in a part of the garment. Our Christian, in his dilemma, saw the only solution of his difficulty in asking six rupees' worth of rice to be taken back from the quantity he had bargained for. The man, however, to whom the rice belong-

ed, judging from certain peculiarities in his language and dress that he was a Christian, asked him if his surmising was not correct. On his answering in the affirmative, he was permitted to take away the whole of the rice on immediate payment of what he had with him, and on his promise to pay the remaining six rupees as soon as he was able. Now, it so happened that on the day after the sale we have just described, the gamasta, or rent collector, of the village, came to exact rents. All the other villagers to whom he went having either paid their rents or satisfied him that their rice had not been sold yet, the gamasta came at last to the man who had sold his rice to the Christian on credit. The man, as might have been expected, was unable to pay the rent that was due from him; and he told the gamasta that, although he had sold his rice, he had not yet realized the bulk of its value, and promised as soon as he realised the whole value to pay his rent the first thing. The man to whom he had sold the rice was, he said, a Christian, and, therefore, one in whom he felt sure his confidence could not have been misplaced. This account the gamasta sincerely believed to be a story fabricated for the purpose of putting him off. That a man should have consented to part with his rice before he received its equivalent in money, appeared to him so perfectly absurd, that he dismissed the idea from his mind, as unworthy of a moment's consideration. That the rice was sold, he had not the least doubt, but he had as little doubt that the cultivator did not part with it before he was paid its value; and he concluded that, having in some way or other spent the proceeds of the sale, the cultivator was now trying to evade the immediate payment of his rent by telling a story. This suspicion received confirmation from the fact, elicited in the course of a cross-examination to which the cultivator was subjected, that he knew neither the name nor the address of the Christian to whom he had made over his rice. Unable any longer to restrain his resentment at what he imagined to be an attempt to impose upon him, the gamasta gave the defaulting tenant an unmerciful beating as an impressive lesson against the repetition of similar conduct in future. The conduct of the cultivator was an enigma even to his own fellow-villagers. They did not, indeed, go with the gamasta the whole length of believing that he told a lie when he asserted that he sold his rice on credit; but they could not forbear declaring to themselves that they were unable to account for the conduct of a man who could have let his rice go out of his hands without having previously received the price. In the course of a few days the Christian came to the cultivator to pay him the balance of six rupees which was due to him. The poor man had scarcely recovered from the effect of the beating he had received in consequence of the confidence which he reposed in the Christian, and of which the event fully showed the justice; but he forgot his suffering in the joy with which he hailed the opportunity of vindicating his conduct, which had lately appeared so unaccountable to his fellow-villagers, and when he had called them together he addressed them in these words:—"I say, my friends, when you laughed at me the other day for having confided in the integrity of a Christian, you little knew to what noble character you did foul injustice. Here is the man to whom I sold my rice, the Christian respecting whose nobility of soul you were so sceptical. Behold him; mark him. I did not apply for the payment of my due. I did not know his place of abode, nor even his name, yet here he is, come without solicitation to pay what he owes me."

The church in general, and particular believers, will not be without spot or wrinkle till they come to glory.—*Eph. v.*

ALLAN AND JAMIE.

"Need I say my prayers to-night, mamma!" said Allan to his mother, when she came to his room to give him his good-night kiss; "I'm so sleepy, mamma."

"Too sleepy to thank God for taking care of you all day, Allan! Who kept you from falling when your foot slipped while you were crossing the brook on the log to-day?"

"Oh, mamma, do you suppose such a big boy as I am can't keep himself from falling, just because his foot happens to slip? I hope I'm strong enough to hold myself up, now I'm almost eight years old!"

"Allan, come with me," said his mother. And she led the way to his grandmother's room. Here Allan's mother whispered a few words to a sweet-looking old lady, who arose, and taking a bunch of keys from her pocket, gently unlocked a drawer in an old-fashioned chest. Grandmamma's hand trembled as she softly lifted from the drawer a parcel wrapped up very carefully in a white towel. Seating herself in a large arm-chair, she called Allan to her side, and commenced removing slowly the pins, one by one, from the towel. Allan's curiosity began to be much excited. What could it be? Now the parcel is opened, and Allan is rather disappointed to see nothing more wonderful than a suit of little boy's clothes.

Worn, and patched, and old-fashioned they are; the once bright buttons dim and dusty; certainly there was no beauty in them; yet grandmamma wiped the tears from her eyes, as she tenderly smoothed the folds of the little garments. Her voice was very soft and sweet when she said:

"These little clothes have lain here thirty years, Allan."

"Thirty years, grandmamma! Why, whose were they so long ago?"

"Yes," repeated the old lady, more as if speaking to herself than to Allan, "thirty years since that sad day, when

the bright waters closed over my Jamie. Yes, I remember all about it, as if it were yesterday, how they brought him into this very room, and laid him on my lap in this very chair—how still and cold he was! They said he had fallen from the log while crossing the brook. His fair curls were wet, and tangled with gravel and weeds; his clothes were torn by stones; yet how beautiful he was, though his blue eyes were closed, and the color gone from his lips! He was eight years old the day before."

"I shall be eight next week," whispered Allan.

"I took the clothes from my darling—the little wet clothes in which they laid him on my knee—and here they have rested thirty years. Thirty years my Jamie has been in heaven, and I shall soon go to him, though he shall not return to me," said grandmamma, raising her eyes.

"Come, Allan," said his mamma, speaking very softly, "say good night to grandmamma." Allan kissed her cheek, and looking once more at the little old clothes, went out gently, and on tip-toe.

"Oh, dear mamma," said he when he was in his own room again, "was Jamie really your brother?"

"Yes, Allan; he was two years older than I, and the only brother I ever had. My heart was almost broken when he died."

"Mamma," whispered Allan, "why did God keep me from drowning, and not little Jamie?"

"Perhaps, my dear, he saw that Jamie was better prepared for heaven than my Allan is. He was always a sweet, obedient child, and loved nothing so much as to hear of the blessed Saviour."

"Oh," said Allan, "I am sure he was never so wicked as I have been to-night. I was very proud because I thought I saved myself from falling off the log; and I didn't want to think that it was God who took care of me."

Christian Miscellany.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I was going down the coast from Tripoli and reached the top of this pass in the narrowest part, just as a caravan of camels were coming from the opposite direction. I turned back a little and stood close under the edge of the cliff to let the camels go by. They were loaded with huge canvas sacks or tibn, or cut straw, which hung down on both sides, making it impossible to pass them without stooping very low. Just then I heard a voice behind me, and looking around saw a shepherd coming up the pass with his flock of sheep. He was walking ahead and they all followed on. I called to him to go back, as the camels were coming over the pass. He said, "Ma ahlaik," or "don't trouble yourself," and on he came. When he met the camels they were in the narrowest part where a low stone wall ran along the edge of the precipice. He stooped down and stepped upon the narrow wall, calling all the time to his sheep, who followed close upon his heels, walking in single file. He said, "tahl, tahl," "come, come," and then made a shrill, whirring call which could be heard above the roaring of the waves on the rocks below. It was wonderful to see how closely they followed the shepherd. They did not seem to notice the camels on one side, or the abyss on the other side. Had they left the narrow track they would either have been trodden down by the heavy laden camels, or have fallen off into the dark waters below. But they were intent on following their shepherd. They heard his voice and that was enough. The camelers were shouting and screaming to their camels to keep them from slipping on those smooth rocks, but the sheep paid no attention to them. They knew the shepherd's voice. They had followed him before through rivers and thickets among rocks and sands,

and he had always led them safely. The waves were dashing and roaring on the rocks below, but they did not fear, for the shepherd was going on before. Had one of those sheep turned aside he would have lost his footing and been destroyed, and thrown the whole flock into confusion.

You know why I have told you this story. You know that Jesus is the Good Shepherd and turns aside to hear what they would say. If they were truly lambs of Jesus they would love him and follow him in calm and storm, and never heed the voice of strangers.—*Jessup's Women of the Arabs.*

THE SAVED ROBBER.

A servant of the Rev. Rowland Hill suddenly died, and his master preached his funeral sermon to a numerous audience, in the course of which he mentioned the following anecdote: Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness that I speak the truth, when I assert that for a number of years past he has proved himself a perfectly sober, honest, industrious and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal: and yet this man, this very man, this virtuous and pious man, was once a robber on the highway.

More than thirty years ago he stopped me on the high road and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him. I asked him what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous a course of life. "I have been a coachman, sir," said he, "but am now out of place, and not being able to get a character, can get no employment, and am therefore obliged to resort to this

means of gaining subsistence." I desired him to call upon me; he promised he would, and kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my service. He consented; and ever since he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but he has faithfully served his God. And instead of having finished his life in a public, ignominious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would soon have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared, we trust, for the society of just men made perfect. What a lesson as to the power of kindness, and the value of a Christian endeavor to save the erring.

RECONCILED IN COURT.

"Two brothers named Adams, of Westport, Connecticut," says the *Bridgeport Standard*, "have been on unfriendly terms for several years, and a short time ago they came to blows. Each of them complained to a justice, and each of them was found guilty of a breach of the peace. Both appealed. Their cases came before the Superior Court last week, and one of them was found guilty, and in the case of the other the jury could not agree. Friday morning, Judge Foster called both of them before him, and talked to them in the most serious manner, and after a short review of the affair, told them that it was shameful for them to act in such a manner toward each other. 'Even strangers live in peace, and why should not you? You have not even the excuse of youth and hot blood, but have arrived at an age when the passions should be under control.' He then appealed to one of them in a slightly sarcastic manner; 'You have always used your brother well?'—'Yes.'—'And he has always abused you?'—'Yes.' He then turned to the other with the same questions, and received similar answers. 'Then,' said he, 'you are both to blame. There is fault on both sides, and I don't know which is

the worse. He then showed them the folly of their present dispute, and admonished them if they had any grievance in the future about property to either settle it among themselves, or to call in their neighbors to help them, 'but do not go to law. Law is an expensive luxury.' Then he appealed to them both to be friends hereafter, and turning to one of them he put the question solemnly, as in a marriage service: 'You—Adams, do promise on your part that you will be friends in the future with your brother?' The response came ringing out, 'I will.' Then to the other the Judge put the same question, 'you—Adams, do promise, for your part, that you will be friends in the future with your brother?' to which came an equally prompt 'I will.' 'Then shake hands!' said the Judge. And as they did so there was not a dry eye in the court room. One of the brothers sobbed out: 'By the blessing of God I will try and live peaceably with my brother.' The other signified the same. 'Then,' said the Judge, addressing the one who had been found guilty, 'I impose upon you the lightest sentence of the court, one dollar, and I discharge your bond.' During the closing scenes of this remarkable address of the Judge, the State Attorney and the members of the bar were all affected to tears."

Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers."—*Christian*.

A UNIVERSALIST ANSWERED.

In the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, many years ago, an eloquent Universalist preacher, who had addressed a large audience, at the close of his remarks said that if any one present wished to ask any questions, or reply to his arguments, he would be heard.

The invitation was accepted by the Rev. John Hendricks, a minister of the Reformed Church, a pious but eccentric old gentleman, who left his seat, and,

standing in one of the aisles, addressed the audience substantially as follows :—

“My friends, I have a few words to say in confirmation of what has already been said. No doubt you have all heard of the inhabitants of the world before the flood, how wicked they became, and what violence and bloodshed polluted the earth, until God in wrath sent the waters of the deluge, and swept them from the face of the earth, and took them all up to happiness in glory. But there was poor Noah, a just man, who vexed his righteous soul with their filthy communications; the Almighty shut him up in an ark, with a great lot of beasts, birds, and reptiles, and he was buffeted about by the waters of the flood until the ark rested on Mount Ararat, and then he did not dare to come out of the ark until he had first sent a raven and then a dove to see whether the waters had subsided. And, my friends, there were also Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities of the plain, whose inhabitants were corrupted, and were guilty of abominable iniquity; the Lord rained down fire and brimstone upon them in wrath, and then took them all up to happiness in heaven. But poor Lot, who was vexed with their filthy and wicked condition, the Lord sent out of the city of Sodom, and he went wandering about in much fear and perplexity.

“Now, my friends, my advice to you is, Go home, lie, steal, swear, profane the Sabbath, and do all manner of iniquity, and then the Almighty may, in wrath, take you away from this world of trouble, and, if what the speaker said is true, take you up to glory, like the inhabitants of the Old World before the flood, and of Sodom and Gomorrah. But if you obey God and keep his commandments, repent of your sins, and trust in Christ for salvation, God may keep you here a long time in this troublesome world before you are called away, and He takes you to Himself in heaven.”

The audience, pleased with these remarks, laughed heartily, and no converts

were made to Universalism.—*Presbyterian Weekly.*

MODERN INFIDELITY.

Much is said about modern infidelity. In the Evangelical Alliance this subject received prominent attention. But is it a fact that there is more infidelity now than ever? The world has always been unbelieving. Unbelief is its chief condemning sin. Christ understood this matter, when he referred it all to “an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.” The natural heart hates God, as a holy, good Being, and therefore tries to get up some system of infidelity.

Do sinners hate God now more than ever? They always hated him. A carnal, sensual, profligate heart is usually the heart of an infidel. With few exceptions, infidelity has teemed with vice and crime and wickedness. Paine had not the commonest morality. Nor had Voltaire. Infidels don't want to know the pure, holy truth. They hate a holy God. They love the impurity of sin, and therefore try to form arguments that will free them from the laws of a holy God.

It is well to defend Christianity by science, by philosophy, and every available means. The arguments for it are abundant and undeniable. But when the argument has been made out most clearly, is the victory gained? The infidel only shifts his ground to try other objections.

Is not the Bible plan too much overlooked? Paul preached “in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.” Here is the strongest force of the gospel. The power of the Spirit has often made the wildest heathen cry out for mercy. The power of the Holy Spirit has made infidels quail and tremble and plead for pardon.

Why do we not pray and wrestle more for the gift of the Holy Spirit? Why not labor and strive in fervent prayer, to

have a Pentecostal baptism every Sabbath? Let professing Christians be imbued with the Holy Spirit every day, and preachers of the gospel be kindled with the fire of the Holy Ghost, and infidelity cannot withstand them. By the power of his Spirit preëminently, God has always carried on his work of salvation in this unbelieving world, and his promise is, that his Spirit shall still guide into all truth.

T. G.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I dishonour Thee.
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall ;
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid pleasures
Spread, to work me harm ?
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING ?

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother ?
I pray you look quickly and see ;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way ;
Then light your lamp brighter, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you
Who falter, wherever you go ;
If you thought they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble,—
They are bruised on the rocks ; and they lie
With their pleading faces turned upward,
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them anear and afar,
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on, like a star.

I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven,
The winds were all blowing about.

If once, all the lamps there are lighted,
Would steadily blaze in a line
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girle of glory would shine !

How all the bright places would brighten !
How the mist would roll up and away !
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,
To hail the millennial day.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother ?
I pray you look quickly and see ;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

—Selected.

FRUITS OF A REVIVAL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

At the present moment reminiscences of past revivals, and testimonies to the reality, permanence, and holy character of their fruits, are peculiarly interesting. A friend has sent us the following narrative, on occasion of the departure from this world of a godly minister whose conversion took place during the remarkable movement in Perthshire which he describes.

Under the ministry of Dr. McDonald of Ferintosh, the evangelist of the North, a great revival of religion took place at Loch Tayside in Perthshire, about fifty years ago, and a large in-

gathering was made of souls into the fold of Christ. The most remarkable scene was on a communion Sabbath at Lawers, under a sermon from the words, "For thy Maker is thy Husband," Is. liv. 5. It was attended wonderfully with the awakening and converting power of the Holy Ghost, as on the day of Pentecost. There was a terrible shaking among the dry bones, especially during the last awfully solemn address. The appeals to the unconverted fell like grape-shot, and before the close there was scarcely a dry eye. Stout-hearted sinners were made to tremble like an aspen leaf; in almost every part of the immense open air congregation, men and women of every class were in a moment smitten down by the sharp arrows from God's quiver; and under an awful sense of their guilt and danger the piercing cry on all hands was heard, "*Lost! lost! What must I do to be saved?*" Moved with bowels of compassion, the herald of mercy availed himself of the great remedy for the smitten ones, that by which he had been healed himself. Whilst looking at the wounded, he directed their eyes to Calvary, and to the blood of the Lamb of God shed there for the guilty. And as with enlarged heart he poured forth the gospel invitations and promises, these were applied by the Spirit with light and power to many convicted souls. The beloved man preached glorious Christ in all his fulness, and freeness, and willingness to save to the uttermost, and at once, all who came just as they are, without any merit of their own (for they had none). Many precious souls now in glory were made willing on that and other days. Among these were a dear friend of the writer's, the Rev. Duncan Campbell of Kiltearn, and his two brothers. He and one of these brothers, full of love and burning zeal, at once resolved to give themselves to the holy ministry; and after passing through the long preparatory training required by the

Presbyterian Church, were in due time ordained, and proved themselves laborious, useful, and beloved pastors. One of the brothers still survives, and we therefore cannot with propriety speak of him more particularly. But of him who has lately been called into the immediate presence of his Lord, we may say that during a long ministry the flame of love to Christ and of compassion for souls, which had been enkindled on that communion Sabbath, continued to burn; that his labours were abundant; and that they were blessed in many places besides his own parish. The writer of this notice bears particular testimony to the blessing attendant on his occasional labours at Laggan, especially in 1855, 1860 and 1861. His appeals in 1855 were the means of arresting and converting a wild, careless woman, "Big Jane," who became a right, outstanding witness for Christ, and who originated a Saturday prayer-meeting of females, which met regularly in her poor hut until her death, to pray for a blessing on the Sabbath services in the sanctuary. Thus did the wayside revival continue visibly to bear precious fruit, long years after the first exciting scenes had passed away. Thus was our departed brother's dedication of himself, made in the ardour of his first love, accepted and acknowledged through a long life. It was like what he himself testified regarding his experience Sabbath by Sabbath, "*When I get a true breathing after the Lord in the first prayer, I am right for the day!*"

"Let us pray night and day that the Lord may pour out His Spirit on the schools of the prophets, and on all the churches, to raise up a fresh band of lively, faithful labourers like the fathers who are with their Master in glory."—*Selected.*

Will you say that there are no real stars, because you sometimes see meteors fall, which for a time appeared to be

stars? Will you say that blossoms never produce fruit, because many of them fall off, and some fruit which appeared sound is rotten at the core? Equally absurd is it to say there is no such thing as real religion, because many who profess it fall away, or prove to be hypocrites in heart. Or will you say that medicine does no good, because though it removes the fever, it does not restore the patient to perfect strength in an instant? Equally groundless and absurd is it to say that religion does not make them perfect as the angels of God.

—Payson.

RECOLLECTIONS OF McCHEYNE.

The first time we saw the minister of St. Peter's was in the ancient city of St. Andrew's, Fifeshire. He was then lodged in the house of Colonel Playfair, and had returned some time before from his Christian pilgrimage in the Holy Land and in the other countries whither he had gone seeking after the lost sheep of the house of Israel. We referred to the revival which had taken place in Dundee. He replied by saying, "Our language to all is, come and see." During his abode in the town, it was evident from his public and private procedure that his mind was taken up with his favorite subject, viz: salvation to the Jew.

This appeared whether he read from Isaiah, within the walls of the University, to some students who were his auditors, whether he preached in the Town Church, from Romans about Israel, or addressed the public in the Town Hall when a soiree was held for the occasion. When McCheyne expired and Bickersteth breathed his last the poor Jew lost two of the most ardent friends that he ever possessed in the British Isles. And yet, "they are not lost but only gone before." * * *

One evening we witnessed a prayer-meeting of children. It was good to be there. There was only another grown-

up person present. What a scene! The children began by singing the 112th Psalm, the 2nd verse of which informs us:

"His seed and offspring powerful
Shall be the earth upon;
Of upright men blessed shall be
The generation."

Behold them, behold them, their little hands clasped together, one leading the singing, and one after another addressing the mercy seat, praying for the extension of God's Word, wrestling with Jehovah for a blessing on their minister and on the stranger that was in their midst. The sacrament of the Supper was at that time drawing near, and how earnestly they cried that none of them might prove like Judas on that occasion. How extensive their knowledge, how profound their feelings. Children in Canada, go down on your knees and pray likewise.

* * * * *

We remember that we procured a copy of a letter from the Sabbath School teacher. It was written by two little girls in Dundee, and addressed to their fellow-children on the great concerns of the eternal world. One half of it was addressed to the unconverted. It told them "that though they were young in years they were old in sin, and entreated them to plead with God for the new heart and right spirit promised in the Gospel."

How refreshing to read the accounts from time to time of blessed seasons experienced in many a locality in Scotland and in some places in the north of England. Is there not reason to pray and to continue constant in prayer, that the saving influences of the Redeemer's grace may come down like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth. We should be encouraged also by the consideration of the blessed things which are going on in the Church of God in Ontario. While we require more men and means to spread the Gospel sound, we need especially the Spirit

of Grace, and of supplications, to be poured upon us as a nation and as a church. This outpouring would advance liberality for home and foreign missions, it would make the Word read and preached come home with power, it would be to the spiritual world what the late rains have been to the natural world, the graces would flourish, Satan would be disappointed, and the Lord Jesus would see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. W.

Egmondville, May 18, 1874.

POOR YET RICH.

Translated from the Spanish for the CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, by the Rev. T. F. Metis, Quebec.

[That most excellent periodical, *The British Workman*, appears occasionally in Spanish under the title of *El Obrero* ("The Workman"). In one of the numbers is the story of which a translation is given below. The circumstance recorded took place in my native town. I hope to be able, before long, to find out, from some of my relatives, the name of the good old man. If successful, I shall publish it. Little did he think that, in course of time, Spaniards would read, in their mother-tongue, of what he said to his minister.

The story was first published in English, and, therefore, the following is in fact a re-translation. Still, it will no doubt be interesting to those readers of the *C. C. Monthly* who desire to see Gospel truth circulated among the Spanish-speaking people.—TRANSLATOR.]

One cold winter day, when the Rev. Mr. Young, of Jedburgh, Scotland, was visiting his parishioners, he went into the house of a very poor old man, who lived in a solitary cabin some miles out of town. He found him sitting with the open Bible on his knees, but in the most pitiable state of poverty. Besides, the snow had drifted through the holes in the roof and under the door, and the

little bit of fire on the hearth could scarcely moderate the severity of the cold.

"What is this you're doing to-day?" asked Mr. Young, when he entered.

"O! sir," replied the worthy and contented old Christian, with a pleasing smile, "*I'm sittin' under His shadow wi' great delight!*"

EMPTY VESSELS.

The old Elm of Lutry, the growth of centuries, is still a vigorous patriarch standing near the road side, with ample girth and thriving foliage, throwing its welcome shade over the weary travellers seated on the wooden bench around its trunk. From its gnarled side flows, summer and winter, a sparkling stream of purest water, attractive and refreshing to eye, ear, and parched lip. A very *tree of life* to all who thirst, is this old elm. Fathers sit around it, and children and grandchildren walk and play on the green sward between the fountain and the lovely Swiss Lake. Close to the gushing streamlet is sealed to the tree by a slender but strong chain, an ample metal cup. The cup hangs reversed and empty, pure and clean. But, hold it under the fountain, and the stream pours its fulness into the empty vessel, overflows the brim, and all who thirst may drink.

Is it not a parable?

Sealed to the Tree of Life are we not vessels, ever full of dust, except when reversed and *kept reversed* by the preserving power of God? *Ready for use.*

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

And then when God calls some thirsting soul, with what alacrity the cup is filled, the heavenly stream gushes fully over the brim, and life, life forever is communicated!

We fully believe that the sweet music of the fountain calls forth the feeling of thirst, and many drink who would not have come nigh but for the attractive sound.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

An aged saint, grown gray in his Master's service, was once in conversation with a young man who was very full of himself and of what he had been acquiring at college.

"Of course, Mr.—, you are acquainted with such an author, and familiar with his works."

"No," replied the aged man, "I do not know them."

Some other subject was started by his companion, and question after question was put, to each of which the answer was, "I do not know."

Forgetting the honor due to gray hairs, the young man at length asked, "And what, sir, do you know?"

"Young man," was the reply, "I know Him, whom to know is life eternal!"

Reader, "What do you know?" There is a knowledge that puffeth up. Happy are they who, whatever they know or fail to know, can truly say that they know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

HELP YOUR PASTOR.

Help him by your presence at the services of the church just so far as is possible. Remember that you are bound to be there as much as he is. Help him by your devout behaviour and attention. It is your duty to be serious in the house of God as much as his.

Help him by a word of appreciation at fitting times. He is a fellow-laborer with you in a common cause, and it does him good to know that you are interested in his endeavours.

Help him by seconding his efforts with your own. He is not to be left to perform all the labor, for he is but one man.

Help him by speaking well of him and his services to others. You are doing something to create sentiment in regard to him; it should be in his favour.

Help him by just pecuniary support: "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Help him by your prayers. He is human, and needs Divine inspiration, and the Spirit of all grace and truth is given in answer to prayer.

RESOLUTIONS FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

1. I will give myself, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord my Saviour.
2. I will give into his hands all that I have of talent, and strength, and goods, keeping nothing back.
3. I will read the Bible through every year, adopting "My Daily Bread" tables.
4. I will not read a sermon unless I find a necessity laid upon me.
5. I will always preach with the aim of elevating the life of believers, and of winning souls to the Saviour.
6. I will speak privately during the year to every member of my church about their growth in grace.
7. I will speak privately during the year to every seat-holder, adherent, and child, about their souls' salvation.
8. I will seek to help every worker, and find work for every member.
9. I will spend three hours a day at least in prayer, devotional reading, and the study of the original Scriptures.
10. I will cherish the habit of unbroken, constant communion with Jesus, ever pleading for the Holy Spirit to come to my people and to all flesh.

O Lord, be with me, and with my spirit, that evermore I may rest in Thee, and glorify Thy holy name in every thought, and word and deed. Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

THE LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them:—

"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away without even thanking him.

Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf, which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out quite a number of bright silver pieces!

The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money; for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he; "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf, simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

"Better a poor but peaceful life, Than wealth and fortune bought with strife."

THE LAME COBBLER.

Poor, old, and feeble, the mother toiled hard for her daily bread; and a sad accident made her son a cripple, just when he would have been most useful to her in her declining years. So far as human wisdom could foresee, things looked dark and dismal enough. But there was a sunbeam in that cottage, a life and energy in the crushed and

maimed form of the afflicted youth, that seemed to hail in the dim distance a light ahead.

"Do you think I shall be lame always, mother?"

"So the doctor says, Johnny," replied the mother in a desponding tone; adding in a still lower one, "My poor Johnny! my poor little lad!"

"Do not take on about me, mother; and above all do not think that everything is lost, because my limbs are crippled and deformed."

"But I must, Johnny. How are we to get along now, when you are not able to stand on your feet; still less to go out and seek for work as you used to! Mother must soon leave you, lad; and then nothing but the workhouse for my poor boy."

"No, mother; not while I have my two hands," said Johnny, with a look of determined energy. "If I cannot walk, I can sit and work, you see."

He held up to his mother, as he spoke, a pair of well-mended shoes, which he had contrived to sew at in old times, when she was busy with her household affairs or absent from home. She looked surprised and pleased; as he had hoped she would be.

"There, it wasn't for nothing that I used to spend so much time with old Giles, the cobbler. I have stolen the trade, it seems. But the poor old man is past work now, and won't grudge me a share of the custom. So we shan't go to starving yet, mother; shall we?"

"O Johnny," said the poor woman, while tears of gratitude rained down her pale cheeks, "how wick-ed I was to distrust that God who has always been so good and mindful of us both! Do we not read in His own blessed Book about 'casting our care upon Him; for He careth for us?' And when times are darkest, His promises shine ever the brightest."

John Pounds afterwards became a very useful man. About thirty years ago he might have been seen in his

cobbler's room in an old house in St. Mary Street, Portsmouth. On a stool in the middle of the room, with an old shoe between his knees, there he sat, a gray-haired, venerable man, with spectacles turned up on his brow. Two ragged boys are before him, and the old cobbler is hearing them their lessons. Every now and then he bends down and does a little work at patching the old shoe—cobbler and schoolmaster he is all day long. A number of other boys and girls are about the room, which is littered with books, lasts, old shoes, and bird-cages.

His tender, compassionate heart, had been moved with pity for the poor ragged children who had been left to go to ruin in the streets, and he tried to bring some of them to his school. When they would not come to him, he went to them. He could not rest till he had tried his hand with some of the worst of them. He caught them in the streets, tried to interest them by telling them stories, and was often to be seen limping after some ragged boy, holding a fine roasted potato under his nose, to try to tempt him to go with him.

At last his little room began to fill, and in his simple, earnest way, this devoted man reclaimed many hundred little outcasts, and gave them a good start in life with such education as he could give them. To this noble work did John Pounds apply himself till the day of his death; all the while toiling hard for his bread, with but little notice or approbation from the busy world around him, and no recompense, save the pleasure he enjoyed in the good he was doing, and the love of those to whom he had been such a true friend.

On New Year's Day 1839, this poor cobbler died, leaving behind him a name which will not soon be forgotten; for, by this ragged academy of his, he became the true *Founder of Ragged Schools*.

"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

A LESSON FROM A BEE.

"There's a bee hummin' in that clover-bed, yonder; you can't hear it when you're talkin'; but if you jest keep still a minute (Uncle True made a little pause) you can hear it as plain as a church bell, and I think it is jest as pooty a noise—leastways it tells me more."

"Indeed!" said I. "I should like to know what it tells you."

"Well, in the first place, it tells me honey's to be got out o' all flowers, even the leaflest and the homeliest. The bee gets it in the onlikeliest places, you see; he don't turn up his nose at a mullien-stalk, no more'n he does at a garden pink; and I shouldn't wonder if the Lord has put just as much honey in one as t'other. But if he was a bee with an aristocratic turn o' mind, and wouldn't look for honey any-wheres but in garden pinks and damask roses, it's my opinion that he'd go home to his hive empty-handed the biggest part of the time. And I suppose the Lord has put about as much honey in one man's road as another's—if he only know how to look for it, and don't despise mullien-stalks.

"Then the bee shows me its a man's business to hive up honey—not just to go round amusing himself with the flowers, and taking only what tastes good and what he can eat at the time, but to store it up against the winter of old age and trouble. I mean the honey of wisdom, marm, that begins in the fear of God. And besides all that, the bee shows me that a man should go to his honest day's work with a joyful spirit, singing and making melody in his heart, and not be going round with a sour face and a grumbling tongue and a cross-grained temper, jest as if he thought the Lord who made him didn't know what was good for him.

"But it's time to jog along, marm, for this old chair and I haven't been late to church since we took to going thar to-

gether, and we shouldn't like to begin now—though, to be sure, people that's got legs and horses to get 'em thar dont seem to mind being late much."—*Without and Within.*

When he was a young minister, Mr. Arnot had been entrusted to distribute some money amongst the poor. He knocked at one door where he knew it would be much wanted; but after repeatedly knocking and waiting, and gaining no answer, he reluctantly went away. Next day he was there again, and his knock was answered. He said to the poor woman that she had been out the day before, but she said she had not left the house. He told her she must have been out, as he had called, and knocked again and again, without any reply, "Oh, was it you?" said the poor woman; "I *did* hear you, but I thought it was the landlord for my rent; and not only could I not open the door, but I dare not stir, lest he should hear me, for I had nothing to pay."

What an illustration is this of the gospel knock that is now heard nearly at every door! We fear to open, knowing the Lord has a long handwriting of debt against us, which some day *must* be paid. And behold Jesus standeth before the door, the handwriting being cancelled. He who has paid in person knocks to tell us so.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.—"Do you recognize the benefit of an educated ministry?" some one asked Mr. Moody. To this his reply was, "Certainly; I never saw a man that had too much education; I wish I had more myself! At the same time, I would rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal. Paul would never have said to Peter, 'Peter, I am the man to preach; not you—I am educated.'

Every man has his own work in his own place." In reply to another question, "I never heard of any one bringing a soul to Christ who played cards or went to the theatre," was part of his answer.

THEY'RE DEAR TO GOD.

O that when Christians meet and part,
These words were graven on every heart—

They're dear to God!

However wilful and unwise,
We'll look on them with loving eyes—

They're dear to God.

O wonder! to the Eternal One,
Dear as His own beloved Son;
Dearer to Jesus than His blood,
Dear as the Spirit's fix'd abode—

They're dear to God.

When tempted to give pain for pain,
How would this thought our words restrain,
They're dear to God.

When truth compels us to contend,
What love with all our strife should blend—
They're dear to God.

When they would shun the pilgrim's lot
For this vain world, forget them not;
But win them back with love and prayer,
They never can be happy there,
If dear to God.

O how return a brother's blow!
The heart whose harshness wounds thee so
Is dear to God.

Oh! who beneath the Cross can stand,
And there from one hold back the hand—
Dear to our God!

How with rough words can we conflict,
Knowing each pang our words inflict
Touches the heart once pierced for us—
The hearts we wring and torture thus
Are dear to God!

Shall we be there so near, so dear,
And be estrang'd and cold whilst here—
All dear to God!

By the same cares and toils oppress,
We lean upon one faithful breast,
We hasten to the same repose;
How bear or do enough for those
So dear to God!

Wherever we are, we may have access to God, and may draw nigh to Him, whithersoever we are driven. Ps. *lxv.*

Editorial Notes.

EXPLANATION.—Called upon to watch through a long illness by the dying bed of a beloved mother, the Editor has found it impossible to supply this month the usual copy of "Memories of Palestine," and "From Darkness to Light." He hopes in the good providence of God to be able to resume both subjects in the next number.

NEW EDITION OF MEMOIRS OF DUGALD BUCHANAN.—Dugald Buchanan's memoir, which is being translated for our monthly, has been for years out of print in its English version. It was this fact that suggested its translation, along with the further fact that for a clear view of the doctrines of grace, for a deep insight into the workings of the human heart, for a distinct apprehension of the steps by which a sinner comes to the Saviour, this memoir is not surpassed even by such books as "Augustine's Confessions," "Bunyan's Grace Abounding," or "Boston's Memoir." We are glad that in this estimate we find a minister of long standing in the church agree with us, as we conclude from a letter received last night:—"Thousands will thank you" writes this clergyman, "as I do, for the two masterly photographs of *God's way of peace* to sinners in contrast with *man's way of peace*, as given in the translation. "From Darkness to Light," and in the extract from Dr. McKay's "Grace and Truth." I had been preparing a sermon on Romans v. 1, yesterday, and had contrasted man's way with God's method when the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY came, where I found the difficulties of man's salvation dissected by master hands to my joy." We are glad to find the *British Messenger*, a monthly of very large circulation, giving extracts from the memoir, and glad also to learn by a note from Messrs. MacLachlin & Stewart, publishers, Edinburgh, that a new English edition is now passing through

the press. We ask such of our readers as wish to find Jesus to read this memoir from its first chapters, slowly and prayerfully and inquiringly. They will meet with little or no stirring incidents, no entertaining variety, but they will meet with a story that shows clear as noon day how a sinner can be just with God.

ENCOURAGING AND INSTRUCTIVE.—In all broad Scotland, with upwards of 900 public schools, there are only two from which the local boards have banished the Bible. It is not only that the Bible has held its place, as it surely ought in a country that it has, under God, made what it is, but it is advancing to a higher place in the public schools, as we can see by the arrangement for Bible study being made by the school board of Edinburgh. Christians ought not to be content until the Bible is recognized as one of the ancient classics, and the same care at least given to its study as to the study of Homer and Virgil. When will it be said of Ontario that the Bible is not simply *read* but *studied* in every school in the Province save two?

NEW MAGAZINES.—We welcome two new magazines, one from London and the other from Edinburgh. "*The Christian's Pathway of Power*," from which we gave an extract last month, "Steps," is published in London, as a means of calling Christians to a closer walk with God and a higher Christian life. It contains for June one editorial, and a number of contributions from such men as Henry Varley, W. E. Boardman, W. Arthur.

"There is," says the editor, "a time of purifying, of *separation* from evil, when as young men we overcome the world—a life expressed by Solomon in the Proverbs; there is a time of *illumination*, when all else is seen to be vanity and

God only is desired—which is portrayed by Solomon in Ecclesiastes ; and there is a time when the *abiding* has practically commenced, the *union*, when there are no longer two separate wills, but one, which is developed by Solomon in the *Canticles*."

It is the aim of this periodical to introduce its readers to this third stage ;— (whatever it means clearly and precisely) —to what is commonly known as the "*higher Christian life*."

The other magazine, called "*Times of Blessing*," comes to us from Edinburgh as a weekly record and review of the religious movement in Scotland and elsewhere. Its aim is to guide the newly awakened heart of Scotland and to watch against the errors and extremes that will be apt to appear at such a time as this ; and how safe this periodical must be as a teacher in the present circumstance, must be evident when we mention as among the Editorial Committee Dr. Blaikie, Dr. Charteris, Dr. H. Bonar and Dr. Andrew Thomson. As a specimen of the spirit of this weekly let us give its reply to the question of a young convert :—"Tell one who is slow of speech yet feels the love of Christ intensely how to witness for him." Here is the editor's reply :—"Don't too much regret that you are slow of speech ; both the power and opportunity to speak will come in good time if you honestly wait for them and if God intends you to serve Him by them. But the best testimony for Christ is that of the life—greater diligence and cheerfulness in business or service, an obliging and thoughtful manner at home, manly and straightforward decision for Christ among companions, care for the sick and abject, and the beauty of holiness in the whole walk and conversation."

To OUR FRIENDS.—Having explained the position of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY in the last number, and having thrown under God, the decision of its continuance or discontinuance on its friends and

readers, we dismissed further anxiety about the issue, trying to follow the advice of our Lord to take no thought for the morrow. A few have written asking us to discontinue their copy, one saying that he is too poor to pay, another that he wishes to take his own church paper, and a few giving no reason. The honest, manly brother who pays till this date and who discontinues because of his poverty shall have a copy most cheerfully for nothing till he is able to pay. With those who cease to be subscribers for other reasons we have no quarrel, thanking them for their kindness in letting us know in time their decision to save copies from being sent and then returned. We are encouraged so far by the kind letters we receive and the many renewals that have come. It is a pleasant thing, amid the calls on people's time and money and the temptation to forget, to be able to retain so many of the old friends with us for another year. The matter is far, however, from being decided yet as a publisher would wish it decided who expects his subscription list to pay for his printing, paper and mailing. If we do not receive a note to the contrary, names now on the list will be left there till this year (1874) comes to a close, trusting to receive payment as soon as convenient. We have each month, so far, been able to pay for the printing and publishing without asking credit for the value of a cent. It is for our friends to aid us in continuing on this high and honorable footing as a journal speaking for our Lord.

As meditation is the best preparative for prayer, so prayer is the best issue of meditation ; meditation and prayer should go together. It is when we thus consider our prayers, and then only, that we may expect that God will consider them, and take that to His heart which comes from ours.—*Matthew Henry*.