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Monthly Messenger.

Edited by Rev. T. HALL, Congregational Minister, Queen's Road Chapel, St. John's.

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION IN QUEEN'S ROAD (CHAPEL)

BY THE REV. T. HALL.

Beloved brethren,—We meet this evening to review the work of the past year, and to pledge ourselves to increased activity in the coming one. In the retrospect of the past there is much to humble us. We have to mourn over time wasted, opportunities neglected, talents buried, besides many positive transgressions of the Divine law. These things ought not to be. There is little use in uttering, time after time, vain regrets without a sincere repentance and a full purpose of amendment. The path of duty once clearly discovered, the Christian should henceforth walk therein as faithfully as the sun—"but the one thing I do," said the apostle, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Are we servants of the eternal King? Children of the blessed God? Heirs to an incorruptible inheritance? Oh what honour! what manner of love! how rich is our condition! But these involve grave and vast responsibilities. They demand of us—

1. *Holiness to the Lord.*

Only those who are holy in heart and life can stand in the presence of God, or be employed in His service. We should, therefore, yield everything that usurps His place in our affections—give Him our hearts, our entire being, and labour to glorify His adorable name. "Let us be perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect." "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Then shall God dwell in us; His spirit fill our bodies. We will then be used in His service.

Again they demand—

2. *Great earnestness in the service of God.*

We must not live unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us. This is the place of service, of toil, of self-denial, of cross-bearing. The time for faithful service is short, and the issues of greatest moment.

All around us are earnest. The men of the world, the enemies of the truth, and the arch deceiver. God Himself is earnest. Shall we be slothful, or shrink from any duty, or call our trials great, or speak of

sacrifices in His glorious cause. Remember the Man of Sorrows. Remember His ceaseless toil, His tears, His patience and self-denial. Remember His agony, His cross and passion. Go, learn of Him.

Again they demand—

3. *Faithfulness to each other.* We are heirs to the same grace. All children of the same dear God. It is a privilege, as well as our duty, to bear one another's burdens, to exhort one another daily, to pray constantly for each other, and strive together to uplift our souls into the light and liberty of God's ransomed sons and daughters, ever speaking the truth in love.

Again they demand—

4. *Greater faithfulness in dealing with the unconverted.*

We become accustomed to the faces of our friends and neighbours, who come and go with us to the house of the Lord, and we are in danger of forgetting that while they neglect the Saviour they are dead—condemned, lost; that they are wasting the golden moments graciously given to prepare for eternity; that if they do not soon repent they will perish for ever; as we have obtained mercy ourselves, we should be faithful to those who still reject it. We are our brother's keeper. Run, speak to that young man. Tell the guilty of their danger. Lovingly invite them to the waiting Saviour. It should be no cross, but a delight to every true Christian to point the perishing to the Lamb of God. Do so promptly; while you delay they are growing hardened in their crimes. Many are getting beyond your influence, and others are sinking into the cold waters of death, and into the darkness that is everlasting.

Again: They demand, 5. *That we give special attention to the young.* Most of us who enjoy the Divine favour and are called to work for God, were sought and found in the morning of life. The saying has become trite, yet it is still worthy of repetition, that "the young are the hope of the Church." Our work is not done when we have gathered them into our Sabbath-school, and taught them to sing hymns and read the Word of God. We must not rest till they are gathered into the heavenly fold. We must endeavour to win their hearts for Christ, and enlist them in the service of the Lord.

We have glanced at some of the responsibilities

imposed upon us by our exalted privileges in Christ. Let us look back upon the past year to ascertain what progress we have made as a Christian Church. I am rejoiced to find that many of God's people have testified of a renewed religious life during the year. Many have been led to examine their foundations, and to do their first works. Some have come afresh to the blood of sprinkling, and have been enabled to trust on the Saviour for full pardon and justification, while a few, though very few, have attained the perfect liberty of God's people. I believe that many are still in bondage, but sighing for freedom. They know what they should be, they know that God has promised a rest to His people, and they are longing to enter it. The most cheering facts in the whole work of the Church at present are the gracious awakening and the spirit of prayer among professors—their cries for peace, for holiness, for power. I have been led by the Spirit of God myself into deeper depths and higher heights of love—of the love of God—therefore I have naturally given more attention to the edification of believers. I think there has been a defect in my ministry that I almost exclusively laboured for the conversion of sinners. I see that a revived and sanctified church will do more to bring men to the Saviour than the most eloquent sermons, or earnest appeals. Christian friends, I urge you to seek the attainment of your privileges in the Gospel. Seek union with Christ and full salvation, perfect love, and the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and our lives will preach every day.

There have been a few added to the church during the year. Many are inquiring what they must do to be saved. Two dear sisters, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Barter, have been removed to join the Church triumphant. Mrs. Cook was about three years in communion with us. She was a doubting disciple, but before the last enemy laid his cold hand upon her, she cast away her fears, and in full trust reposed her spirit on the Lord her righteousness.

Mrs. Barter was only a few weeks in fellowship with the church below till she was beckoned away to the Church triumphant. Her faith was strong. Her sun set down without a shadow or a cloud. Indeed, it was a privilege to stand by her in the last moments. Her chamber seemed truly "quite on the verge of heaven."

The Sabbath-school continues to promise fruit in coming years. The teachers are punctual and earnest. The attendance marked by regularity and increasing numbers. Some of the young people have lately declared themselves on the Lord's side, and we expect soon to number several of them among the lambs of the flock. And one dear girl from our school has been called to join the shining hosts above.

THE MISSION WORK.

Continues to prosper. The interest of the church this is not only unabated but is much increased.

A third agent we hope will soon be added, and we confidently expect to continue and extend our operations, till there are men in every part of the island preaching a pure Gospel, untrammelled in their work by human systems. Wherever Congregationalism has been adopted as the form of church government, their civil and religious liberty have flourished. Every candid student of history will admit that both England and America owe much of their greatness to the robust Christianity of our Puritan Fathers. Without in the least disparaging other churches, we firmly hold that churches of our faith and order are in full accord with the spirit of the New Testament, and, therefore, are best for the nation as well as the individual.

It is gratifying to be able to say, that, after a pastorate of about eight years in this church, there is *harmony and peace throughout our borders.*

There is not, so far as I know, one jarring element among us. My devotion to the church in this city, and to the work of God in the island grows and strengthens with every passing year. Yet I cannot hide it from myself, and it must be apparent to you, that from some cause or other my health has not been at all good for the past two years. What may be the will of God concerning me I know not; I have sensibly felt the severe winter of last year, and for so far this one has been more serious in its effect upon me.

It would not be wise on my part, under all the circumstances of the case, to continue until a complete breakdown is the result; therefore, it may be the will of Providence that before long I shall be compelled to relinquish a position I have highly esteemed, and never so highly as at this present hour. But I say emphatically, that before I take such a step I will endeavour to obtain the mind of the Spirit. I am aware of nothing that would so quickly decide me, as the alarming symptoms of failing health to which I have referred. Should it be so, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the Church will be in a position, financially, to call a suitable successor.

This is a fitting time and place to give expression to my sense of gratitude to the members of the congregation for their kind forbearance of late, as I have not been able to visit with my wonted regularity, and I have not heard much complaining! I wish to say, moreover, that my heart has been often cheered by many tokens of your esteem, sympathy, and love. I desire while I am among you to serve you faithfully in the Lord. I long for the full salvation of every one of you. I can have no greater joy than to know that you are walking in the love of God, and in the light and liberty of His children. I need your prayers. I ask them. Pray that my health may be established. Pray that I may be filled with the Holy Ghost, and that I may yet reap a rich harvest of souls in this land.

When our work on earth is finished, may we meet upon the shining shore. Till then may we live with eternity in view, with the judgment day before our minds, and with Christ formed in our hearts the hope of glory.

So prays your loving and devoted

PASTOR.

DON'T BEGIN.

DON'T begin to tell untruths. Many boys and girls have a great desire for sport, and they sometimes gratify that sport by telling marvellous stories just to see what those who hear them will say; and when the stories are told they will tell you, perhaps, that they were only in sport. This habit of telling untrue stories, in sport, is wrong, Jesus said, "Let your yea be yea and your nay nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." This means, *Say what you mean, let it be the truth and add nothing to it.*

Lies told in jest spoil your conscience, and the child who gets into the habit of telling them in sport will soon tell them when he is in earnest. Like all other bad habits, this will grow as it is indulged. If you become untruthful no one will feel like trusting you. The God who said, "Thou shalt not lie," also said, "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Then, dear boys and girls, don't begin to tell lies, even for sport. May the dear Lord help you to know what is right, and aid you to shun this terrible habit.

Don't begin to be disrespectful to your parents. When you were very young a fond mother toiled through many a weary day to care for you. In sickness and in health you have had both a mother's love and a father's care. Do not then so far forget the love you ought to bear for them as to treat them unkindly, or to speak to them rudely. The Bible promises long life to the one who honours his father and his mother; and this implies that he who lacks in this regard may not see a good old age.

Youth never looks so beautiful as when it yields proper respect to age. But I hear some one say, "My parents are not aged." True, but they are much older and wiser than you, and are entitled to your love and respect. Then don't begin to be coarse and disrespectful to those whom God has commanded you to honour and obey. —*Free Methodist.*

KEEP CHEERFUL.

IT is not very difficult for a person to be sunny-tempered when everything is going prosperously with him. When a man has made two or three hundred dollars a-day, and all the signs are favourable for his making the same amount to-morrow, how good-natured he can be! When the hour comes to close the store, he takes his hat from the peg, buttons up his overcoat, draws on his gloves, and starts for his home with the feelings of a king. He feels kindly towards everybody. He buys a paper of the newsboy, snaps him a ten-cent scrip, and hurries along without waiting for the return change, chuckling to himself as if he had perpetrated a first-class joke. When he comes to his house he smiles at the servant, kisses his wife—or ought to—bounces the baby, and fills the entire household with a sense of his own supreme satisfaction. Ah, me! How easy it is to be good-natured under such circumstances! What saints we all are when we have all we want!

But time changes. The business sky looks darker and becomes black with ominous clouds. Under our feet run rumblings and the premonitory unsteadiness which always precede a financial earthquake. The commercial atmosphere is motionless and oppressive; everybody scents danger. Buyers are timid; sellers are suspicious. The current of trade shrinks. Goods remain unsold; paper on which you had relied goes to protest; household expenses begin to crowd; small bills accumulate; *du* grow imperative. Ah, now is the time, friend, when good nature in you is a virtue; yea, a grace, and a grace so white that it shall be seen in the highest heaven and noted there. Now is the time for you to show what stuff you are really made of. Now is the time, if you are a gentleman, to prove it. If you love your wife, now is the time to show it; if you have faith in something nobler, higher, sweeter, than this world and its possessions, let that faith be manifest in your conduct everywhere. Don't take a gloomy face, and a surly voice, and a sour temper to your household. That household has its own cares, and troubles, and clouds enough in its own sky. Tell your wife your difficulties; but in such a brave, gentle, and loving way as, instead of oppressing her spirits, will cause them, rather, to rise buoyantly at the thought that she is fully trusted by you and may be able to help you: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—*The Golden Rule.*

TWO DEATH SCENES.

I ONCE stood beside the death-bed of a young wife who was a firm believer in the doctrines of Universalism. She was surrounded by every earthly comfort—an affectionate husband, kind and loving parents, tender-hearted sisters, and dear friends. Strange to say, they had no words of comfort or consolation to offer. The future that hovered over them seemed dark as death. Christ was not there. Christ was a stranger to their hearts. As the shadows of death crept over her—as moment by moment she was growing weaker and her earthly life was drawing to a close—she seemed to peer into the future, and I have always believed she had a glimpse of the darkness and gloom to which she was fast hastening. The death-struggle came; agony was in every feature. She threw up her hands wildly, and in a tone of despair which I shall never forget, cried, "Oh, mother, mother! What shall I do? What shall I do?" fell back and died. For twenty years those words have rung in my ears.

Some three years subsequent to this I was called to the bedside of a young mother whose dissolution was momentarily expected. From a child she known the Holy Scriptures, and they had made her wise unto salvation through repentance and faith in Christ. Her face was bright with holy smiles. Her life "was hid with Christ in God." Her faith was large. Her hopes of the glorious life to come were fixed and unalterable. She was ministered unto by angels. She, too, was surrounded by loved ones. Christ, the hope of glory, was their theme. As death drew near she asked to have her hands folded, and raised as if in prayer. I shall never forget the heavenly smile that lit up her pleasant face when she told me the angels had been singing to her. I asked her what hymn they sang. She replied:

"Sister spirit, come away."

Here was a triumphant death—triumphant through Christ. I cannot doubt that she, too, had a glimpse of her future, and that Christ and her friends were waiting to receive and welcome her spirit.

"She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

—*Christian at Work.*

LENDING A PIE.

"**M**OTHER," said Johnny, "haven't you a pie you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" she asked, for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," he said, "that the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord'? I don't believe old Betsey has had a pie for a long time, and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her; then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to old Betsey; only she was sorry she had not thought of sending her one before. But if she had she would have lost Johnny's way of "putting it." —*Moravian.*

As the tree is known by its fruit, the gold by its touch, and the bell by the sound, so is a man's birth by his benevolence, his honour by his humility, and his calling by his courtesy.

The lines between the Church and the world have become very faint. They must be retraced and distinctly marked. All who will be on the Lord's side must step over from the world and stay there. On this subject the pulpits of the land must give no uncertain sound; and out of the pulpit a strong, steady, but merciful hand of discipline must be felt by all who are living too near the world. Many are, perhaps, afraid to administer discipline. Well, to all such God speaks terrible in His Word. If we see the sword coming, and fail to warn, we must bear the blood of the slain. Only a pure church can be a strong church, and a church can be pure only when its members live far away from the world and very near to Christ. "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Reader, have you not been living too near to the world?

THE MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

THE ideas of excellence entertained by different people in different parts of the country are so numerous, and so curious, that the task of finding a Sunday-school which everybody would accept as a model, would be a hopeless one. And yet we may all, according to our various preferences and experiences, select some standard which seems more to our liking than any other, and adopt it as our model. Any Sunday-school which should have the presumption to set up for a model school would, in all probability, soon expose the emptiness of its pretensions by making a sorry failure.

The school which may safely serve as a model for our imitation—if we must imitate—is not necessarily the largest school; nor the most elegantly furnished; nor the most beautifully located; nor the school with the loudest music, the most gaudily-dressed children, the most inviting picnics, the most gorgeous processions, or the most intricate exercises.

The Model Sunday-school is a cheerful place. It is not held in a mouldy cellar, with dampness trickling over the walls, decayed floor-boards yielding beneath the feet, and unwholesome odours greeting the nostrils. Recognising sunshine and pure air as among the good gifts of God, its arrangements are such as to afford a hearty welcome to all who enter its doors. Its windows give ample light, and are not obscured by dirt and cobwebs. Its provisions for ventilation secure a sufficient change of air to meet the wants of the worshippers and students who assemble there. Pleasant pictures and maps adorn the walls, interspersed here and there with neatly-embellished texts of Scripture. The seats are so placed that the scholars can look at the superintendent as he opens and closes the school, and are of such a shape as not to remind those who sit on them of the tortures of the Inquisition.

The infant department is separated from the rest of the school by sliding doors, or other conveniences, so as to keep the little folks and the larger ones from annoying each other by the diverse styles of their exercises. Ample room and good ventilation are allowed the little ones. Though the infants sit on raised seats, after the manner of steps, the ceiling is of sufficient height to avoid crowding the heads of the topmost row of children against it. The senior classes, who need separate accommodations, are provided for, either in rooms which communicate with the main school, or, if that is not practicable, in some other parts of the building. They are present with the rest of the scholars at the opening and closing exercises, so that all may join in prayer and praise, and that they may see and help each other.

The model Sunday-school has a neat bolt on the door of entrance, which is fastened, at the beginning of the opening exercises, so as to keep the late people in the vestibule, where they will not disturb those who have come in time. When the opening exercises are over, the late folks, if there are any, are allowed to march in, and the other people gaze at them.

The opening services are devotional, spirited, and brief. The music rings out with hearty utterance of sacred song—no drawing, no dragging, no whining, no singing of ridiculous rubbish to dance-house jungles. The study-hour is sacredly devoted to the study of the lesson. One lesson is provided for the whole school. The study-meeting, held during the week, has given the teachers a stock of information on the passage of Scripture, which enables them to occupy the whole time in the work of teaching. Even if twenty-five peripatetic Sunday-school orators wander in to make speeches, no matter how distinguished they may be, no speech-making is allowed until the teaching is over. Then, if any one who is present has an earnest word to say in connection with what has been taught, opportunity is allowed him. The empty speaker, who, having nothing to say, wants to make a speech, is allowed the golden opportunity of remaining silent. The superintendent closes with a few words of application of the lesson, using blackboard and maps, if the lesson is one requiring them. Sometimes the pastor adds his voice to that of the superintendent; and, at stated times, his sermon to the children commands their attention and engages their interest.

The great object of Sunday-school teaching is clearly and constantly borne in mind by all connected with the model Sunday-school. Pastor, superintendent, and teachers all aim to show their pupils, whether old or young, their need of salvation, the all-sufficiency of Jesus as their Saviour, and the

blessedness of growing in grace and knowledge when they have found Him and professed His name. A genial, joyful spirit of Christian welcome pervades the whole school. The comfort and the joy of continual success animates all concerned with a holy ambition. The constant enjoyment of God's blessing produces a continuous condition of revival; and the work which is done in such a school is all light, is all a pleasure, for it is always accomplishing the happiest results.

MAGIC GLASSES.

"I WISH we lived in fairy times," said Florry Hay, suddenly, as she sat looking through her mamma's birthday gift, a new opera-glass; "I know what I would wish for."

"Why, what would that be—a glass like mine?" asked mamma, smiling.

"Well, not exactly; I should want one that showed me, instead of things, what people's thoughts were like, then I should always know exactly who was good or who was greedy, or silly, or —."

"I am very glad my little girl has no such treasure, that she might go spying about at other people's faults, and getting herself hated; but wait, I remember an old story that has a moral you will soon find out, I think, on this very subject."

"Once upon a time, a man had a pair of green magic glasses, such as you are wishing for, and on putting them on he found he could not take them off again, although they made him very miserable, for far beyond the kind eyes of even his most tried friends he saw into their hearts, and in all were some faults and failings, which these glasses magnified so much that the kind and tender feelings hidden in the same heart could not be seen at all—the rims blotted them out; and so he lost all faith in those that were dearest to him, and they, feeling his coolness, wondered and grieved, and finally left him, and he sat alone, feeling that it was a bad world, and he the only good man in it. Oh, that death might come and free him!

"But instead there came a little elfin child, with pure blue eyes and soft voice, saying, 'I am Love, and the Master has sent me to comfort thee; look, now, into thine own breast, and then seek a faultless man if thou darest.' It touched those glasses, and the man saw his own heart. What a black heart it was, on which was written ingratitude, envy, untruth, worse than that of his neighbours, and he shrank back in horror, crying, 'I too, am a sinner!' and the glasses fell shattered at his feet.

"You will need them no more," said the elfin visitor, "for you know now that there is no faultless man. I will touch your eyes with the waters of brotherly love, and you will be happy."

"Oh!" cried the man, rapturously, "what is this that makes all things so fair? Let me go and tell others of this great bliss!"

"So he went forth, leaving the glasses of selfishness and want of love for ever broken.

"Do you understand my fable, Beatrice? and are you not content to see people's faces through my opera-glass, and to leave their hearts alone?"

[The above is from the new volume of "Little Folks," published by Messrs. Cassell. All who can should get this book; it is a complete storehouse of instruction and amusement.]

God can make you happy in the world, or without the world; but never expect that anything, or anyone, can make you happy but the Lord.

As a cold stone, by lying three or four hours in the warm sun, gathereth heat, so the love of God shining upon our souls ought to kindle us to love Him, and all men for His sake.

HEATING THE DEVIL.—A member of a coloured church was, the other evening, conversing with an acquaintance, and seeking to have him change into better paths, but the friend said he was too often tempted to permit him to become a Christian. "Whar's yer backbone, dat ye can't rose up and stand temptation?" exclaimed the good man. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yer town I had a chance to steal a pa'r o' boots—mighty nice ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand, and de debil said, 'Take 'em. Den a good spirit whispered fur me to let dem boots alone.'" "An' you didn't take 'em?" "No, sah—not much. I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, an' left dem boots alone!"

THE CARRIER'S NIECE.

BY NELSIE BROOK (MRS. ELLEN ROSS).

(Concluded.)

AFTER tea Flora looked about her and said, "Don't you like pictures, aunt? I see you have none about."
"I don't care for 'em, they harbours dust," said Mrs. Prescott.

"But they make a room look so lively and pretty, and often make you think of pretty things, too," said Flora. "For my own part I can't bear to see a room without them, and they are very easily dusted, you know. I have some that would look very nice on these white walls—gay-coloured pictures from the *Illustrated London News*, and some on my music, which I could mount prettily. My cousin Alfred taught me the way. Wouldn't you like to have them up, aunt?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't mind," answered Mrs. Prescott. "We'll see."

After tea she sat down to stocking-mending, on a pair that was very much darned already, and thin, too. Flora, having dived to the bottom of her box to get the materials for the cushion, sat down busily to work.

"Are you stocking-knitting, aunt?" she asked.

"No, only mending. I never learnt to knit properly. My mother got me down one leg of a stocking, but when I got to the foot I was fair baffled, and gev it up. If I could knit I shouldn't be darning these thin wove rubbish, I guess."

"I'll knit you some, aunt," responded Flora instantly. "I'm a fast knitter, and understand stockings like A, B, C. If uncle will bring me some yarn from Bagley on Monday, I'll get you a pair ready next week."

"Bless the child," exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, with a softer light in her eyes than had shone there for many a day, "How many more things are you going to do for me, if you've thought of them already since you came? It's something new to have a body offer to do anything for me. Somehow I feel so alone, like a pelican in the wilderness, as Scriptur' says."

"Well, you won't feel alone while I am here, at any rate; for I shall follow you about like your shadow if you will let me," said Flora, smiling kindly on "Vinegar Jane," so that she was unable to resist the fascinating influence, and allowed a smile to make its way into her face, and dispel every trace of sourness from it. George looked up furtively from his paper, and saw the smile which his wife gave Flora, and how comely it made her look for a moment. "Poor Jenny," he said to himself, "I've bantered her for her nagging ways, gev her the name of a scold, teased her, and got angry with her many a time; but it have all made her only harder and more nagging, like. But here's P'rra have broke her down in a minute, and changed her from a snarling cat into a lamb. How's that, I wonder?" He ruminated for a minute or two and then said, "I think its because Flora has got a real loving heart; and she looks below all her ungracious words and ways, and feels for her—feels sorry as she've got tempers as makes her act so, and she's a-trying to wake up new feelings—better and kinder ones. Now that's what I never tried to do. I've bullied her for them she had, but never tried to wake up better, and yet how many times I've heard it said, as 'Love begets love,' and kindness begets kindness, to be sure. In one way I *h'ant* been unkind to Jenny. I ha'n't knocked her about, or swore at her as some fellows would, but then I've never showed her that sort o' kindness as knocks ye down surer than a blow, as Flora have done to-night." George was a man of action, and having got thus far in his ruminations, he looked up at his wife, and said as naturally as if it was his wont to speak so kindly—

"Jenny, my dear, this is Saturday night, and we've got a visitor; just you think of somethink nice as you'd like for supper, and I'll trot out to Morgan's for it, and if it wants cooking, I'll do it wi'out a bit o' mess, and save you the trouble."

Mrs. Powell was about to give him a great stare of astonishment, but as soon as she raised her eyes to his they fell again, and her face flushed as she bent over her stocking. In her embarrassment she said to Flora, "What would you like, Flora?"

"Anything you like, auntie. In my opinicn there's nothing nicer than your sweet bread-and-butter and some warm milk."

But that would not satisfy George. He felt inspired to

act magnanimously, so he drew on his coat, and marched off to the village "provision warehouse," and brought back two pounds of German sausage, and some real Stilton cheese, which Morgan said he had got in for the folks at Montreal House meaning the Danverses. That night Mrs. Prescott slept very little, *not* owing to her supper though, for she ate but a morsel, her heart was too full to allow her to eat, and it was just that unwanted fulness of heart that kept her awake. Sometimes she felt half savage that she had allowed herself "to be rode over by *his* niece," and then she asked herself how was it that she was so conquered? It was not awe of the girl, her airs and graces, the dress and grand manners, for simple-hearted Flora had none of these. It was that she had come with a heart full of love, sympathy, and pity, in a generous, self-forgetful spirit, and taken the old woman by storm; she completely overcame her by love, and Mrs. Prescott was so vanquished that she over and over confessed to herself that she felt quite new-like somehow, and that she'd not be able to help keeping a quiet tongue in her head as long as Flora was there.

Yes; and she grew quite to love the girl, to feel satisfied only when she was near her, to be impatient when she went out a jaunt with her uncle, or anywhere else; and at last she grew desperately jealous when she saw with those keen, observing eyes of hers what was coming of Harry Dauvers's frequent evening visits "to have a chat with George." Was it for George he came so often? And why did he always sit away from the fire where he could see Flora, and not draw up to the hearth with George, as he used to? What if the evenings were warmer? At any rate, why did he keep his eyes on Flora so? These and similar questions Jane sometimes pettishly asked her husband, who answered them by saying the room was so pretty now with the pictures, so sweet with the flowers which Flora gathered every day for her aunt, and so comfortable with cushions to the chairs, that Harry Dauvers liked it almost as well as home. Why did Jenny begrudge his coming a bit oftener? Wasn't he going to America in the autumn? Then they should never see him again.

Meanwhile, Flora frequently spoke of getting a situation, but was always silenced for the nonce by her aunt's, "Tut, tut, child! Be quiet where you are a bit. There's time enough."

As the summer came on, it was patent, to all who chose to observe, what was going on between Harry Dauvers and the carrier's niece; for they met, talked, walked, and evidently took mutual pleasure in each others company.

Mrs. Prescott watched them—not with anger, spleen, or rank jealousy, but with great misgiving and sinking of heart. She had become gentle as a child with Flora, and seemed to cling to her with more than a mother's fondness. This had such an effect on her character, it so softened and womanised her, that her neighbours were struck by the change in her manners, and the village urchins ceased calling her nicknames.

Mighty in its power for good was this earthly love; but a higher, a Divine love was stealing into the yearning heart of *lone*ly Jane, *working wanders* in her. For during those quiet, happy summer months Flora, by her gentle persuasiveness, and by the silent influence of her sweet character, constrained her aunt to sit with herself at the feet of the Good Master, whose loving disciple it was her joy to be. Every evening, after the work was all put away, and they sat together for a little converse, before going to bed, Flora got the large family Bible from the little side table, where it had stood almost undisturbed ever since George and Jane had been married, and read portions to them which fell upon their ears like good news from a far country.

"La, bless me! I didn't think there was half as much in the Bible as there is," remarked Mrs. Prescott, one evening, when Flora had been reading, and, in her own simple way, commenting upon the fifteenth chapter of Luke. "I ain't much of a scholar, though I can read a bit, and I've never cared to trouble to sit down and search out them lovely things as 'ud just suit me. Then I ain't much of a churchgoer: the church is a good three mile, t'other side o' the village, and there ain't no chapel about these parts, and I'm mostly too tired on a Sunday for a six-mile walk: I ain't as young as I used to be. And so, you see, Flora, I knew very little about all these things as is as familiar to you as your own name, It's a disgrace to me to own it, and what a loss, too! Yes, I feel it. Why, if I'd known about the love of God years

ago as I've learnt to know it of late, what a different creatur' I should ha' been! I guess I shouldn't ha' wretted and fretted the flesh off my bones, and set everybody agin me, as I ha' done. There's no peace to them as keeps away from the Lord."

"But when we turn to Him,* He comes to meet us as the father did his prodigal son, and fills our hearts with joy and gladness, and a peace that the world can neither give nor take away," added Flora, in low, soft tones. "Dear aunt," she added, "I am so glad that you are getting to know and love your heavenly Father, who has been loving you all along, though you did not know it. Our hearts so need Him that we can never be satisfied and at rest until His love is shed abroad in them."

George was listening intently, and when Flora ceased speaking he moved uneasily on his chair. "You feel this, too, uncle, do you not?" said Flora, turning to him.

"It's all true enough, my dear, but I'm one o' those uncommon folks as feels what I feels, and don't say much about it," he replied, rather nervously. "But I always like to hear you read and talk, only you mustn't expect me to make much observations about it, Flora. Don't think as I likes it any the less if I don't say nothink about it, you know. It's my way; but p'r'aps I may get over it some day."

The days passed on, and at length the thing which Mrs. Prescott had dreaded came to pass. One bright evening, late in June, the carrier came in, and finding his wife alone, announced to her that Harry Danvers wanted to marry Flora in August, and take her with him to America. With a momentary return of the bantering manner (which he had long since abandoned) he added, "You know I told you, Jenny, when she came as she wouldn't trouble us long, as somebody 'ud be sure to snap her up soon for a wife."

"Ah! I've been afeared all along as this 'ud come upon me," said Mrs. Prescott, as she hurried from the room to hide the burst of grief which she could not help giving way to. Flora presently came in and found her in her trouble, and would know the cause of it. "Dear aunt," she said, soothingly, as she put her arms around her, "the thought of leaving you makes me quite sad; but I shall come again to see you, be assured of that. We can come from America to England in a few days at any time."

"I shall miss you sorely," answered Mrs. Prescott, with tears. "But I shall ever bless God as you came to us, Flora. I shall never again be as lonely as I was afore you came; for George is a different man to me to what he used to be; and I've found an ever-present friend besides, as 'll never leave me nor forsake me. D'y'e know, Flora," she added, "though I've never confessed it to you before, and I des'ay George haven't, neither, I was dead set agin' your coming here. I'd ha' kept you away, if it hadn't been for him, though you hadn't no home to go to. Wasn't it dreadful?"

"Did you dislike the thought of me so much, aunt?" asked Flora with a smile.

"Oh, I was so stony-hearted! that was it," replied Mrs. Prescott. "But you were so loving, that I couldn't help loving you. I hope you may be as great a blessing to your husband, my dear, as you've been to me. But I can't bring myself to talk much about him yet." However, when autumn came, and the marriage took place, Mrs. Prescott managed to give up her darling with resignation and cheerfulness; also to live contentedly without her when she went away to a far country.

One Sunday evening when she and the carrier were sitting cosily together, piously talking over the big Bible, she remarked, "Ah, Flora taught me a meaning which I might never ha' seen so clear in that tex', 'We love Him because He

festivities, he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself, and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am—done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was with Shenstone. He sat down, and said, "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry, and envious, and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a madman to do." Oh, ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden to-day, and pluck a little heart's-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit.

CHRIST INDESCRIBABLE.

My Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in Fall that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam, and the morning no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this One altogether fair. Oh, Thou flower of eternity, Thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all the people clap their hands in Thy radiance. Chorus! Come, men, and saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll Him through the heaven in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to Him be glory, world without end!"

THE BEST CHURCH.

I go out some summer day, and I find that there are two beehives quarrelling with each other. I come up toward them. I do not come near enough to get stung, but I come near enough to hear the contest between them. The one cries out, "That field of clover is the sweetest." The other cries out, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I say, "Stop this quarrel. If you think that is the sweetest, go there; if you think *that* is the sweetest, go there. I want you to understand that that hive is the best that gets the most honey." I see different denominations of Christians in contest with each other, some preferring this field of evangelical belief, and some that field. I say, Take your choice. If you like that evangelical belief the best, take it—if you like this evangelical belief the best, take it; but understand that Christ thinks most of that church which gets the most of the honey of Christian grace in the heart, and the most of the honey of Christian grace in the life."

JESUS.

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: "J-E-S-U-S." It is this One infinitely fair, to whom you, O sinner, are to-night invited.

THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

That man who breaks the Sabbath, robs his own nerve, his own muscle, his own brain, his own bones. He dips up the wine of his own life, and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's-day, gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate, and at the most unexpected moment that mortgage will be foreclosed, and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, and pore, and cell, and finger-nail demand the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throb of the pulses in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket, declare: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

SYMPATHY.

We think Mary of Bethany a little to blame for not helping Martha to get the dinner. If women sympathise with men in the troubles of store and field, let the men also sympathise with the women in troubles of housekeeping. Many a housewife has died of her annoyances. A bar of soap may become a murderous weapon. The poor cooking-stove has sometimes been the slow fire on which the wife has been roasted.—From "Burning Words." London: Dickinson and Higham.

"BURNING WORDS."

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

HEART'S-EASE.

MANY of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his

LOST!

By D. L. MOODY.

I WAS in an eye infirmary at Chicago, on the Sabbath before the great fire. A mother brought her little baby to the doctor—a child only a few months old—and she wanted the doctor to look at the child's eyes. He did so, and he said to the mother, "Your child is blind; it will never see again; you have neglected it. If you had brought it here three days ago I could have saved the sight." The moment the doctor said that, the mother pressed the little child to her bosom, and there was a wail that came from that mother that broke my heart. I wept, the doctor wept; we could not help but weep. She pressed her child to her bosom. "My darling," she said, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? My child! my child!" It was a sight that would move almost any heart. But what is the loss of sight compared with the loss of a soul? I would rather a thousand times have these eyes dug out of my head, and go through the world blind, than lose my soul. I have a son, and no one but God knows how I love him, but I would see those beautiful eyes dug out of his head to-night rather than see him grow up to manhood and go down to the grave without Christ and without hope. The loss of a soul! Christ knew what it meant. That is what brought Him from the bosom of the Father; that is what brought Him from the throne; that is what brought Him to Calvary. The Son of God was in earnest. When He died on Calvary it was to save a lost world; it was to save your soul and mine.

THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

A friend of mine in Chicago took his children out one beautiful day in the summer. They were the children of a large Sabbath-school, and they were to have a day in the country. There was a little boy on the platform of the railway-station, and by some mistake he fell down under the wheels, and the whole train passed over him. The train went back, and the body was found so mangled that the superintendent had to take off his coat to tie up the mangled corpse. He left it at the station, and, taking two of the teachers with him, went to the house of the parents. (The little boy was an only one.) When they got to the house, one said to the others, "You go in." "No, I can't," was the reply. The superintendent wanted the teachers to go in, because he thought the parents would blame him; but the teachers refused to go. So the superintendent went in. He found the parents in the dining-room at dinner. He called the father out, thinking that he would tell the father first, that he might break the news to the mother. Taking him into another room, he said, "I have sad news to tell you; your little Jemmie has got run over." The father turned deadly pale. "Is he dead?" he asked. "Yes, sir, he is dead." Then the father rushed into the dining-room, and, instead of breaking the news gently to his wife, he cried out like a madman, "Dead, dead!" The mother said, "Who?" "Our little Jemmie." Said the young man who told it me the next day, "I cannot tell you what I suffered when that mother came rushing out to me, and said, 'Where is my boy? Where are his remains? Take me to them, that I may see him.' I told the mother that the body was so mangled that she could not identify it; and she fainted away at my feet." Said he, "Moody, I would not be the messenger of such tidings as that again if you would give me all Chicago." There is not a mother or a father in this hall but would say it is terrible to lose a beautiful child like that, to have it swept away so suddenly. Well, it is terrible, but, my friend, what is that in comparison with the loss of the soul?

A MORE TERRIBLE LOSS.

Suppose that child had grown up to manhood, and had died a drunkard, and gone down to a drunkard's grave? See the hundreds and thousands in London reeling their way down, not only to the drunkard's grave, but to the drunkard's hell. I tell you, my friend, I would rather have a train a hundred miles long run over my boy, so that I could not find a speck of his body—I would rather have him die in early childhood, than have him grow up to manhood, and die without God and without hope. It is terrible for a man to die outside the ark. It is a terrible thing for a man to die without hope and without mercy, especially in this Gospel land, where he is exalted to heaven with privilege, where the Gospel is proclaimed

faithfully from Sunday to Sunday—yea, from day to day, and one might say from hour to hour. Through the length and breadth of this great city the Gospel has been proclaimed as faithfully, and perhaps more faithfully, than in any other city in the world. London, I say, is exalted to heaven with privileges, and it is a sad thing indeed that a man should go to hell from London, for then he goes down in the full blaze of the Gospel. He goes down from a Gospel land. He goes down to hell from a land where he has heard the glorious tidings of Christ and Him crucified. Yes; you say it is very sad to see a child like that swept away, or to see a little child lose its sight. You say it is very sad to see a man lose his wealth and become poor. It is very sad to see a man lose his reputation. But, my friends, bear in mind there is hope. A man can come to Christ if he has lost his reputation and his character. Christ will "receive" men who have not got any reputation; Christ will "receive" men who have not got any character; and they may have a seat in the kingdom of God. But if a man dies without God, then there is no hope. You go to the grave and weep over it, and when the morning of resurrection shall come that man will rise to everlasting shame and contempt. The Star of Bethlehem will not shine over that grave. Oh, my friends, let us wake up, and let us haste to the rescue. Let us, as fathers and mothers, see that our children are brought into the Ark, that they are saved, that they are gathered early into the fold of Christ.—From "*Mr. Moody's London Discourses.*" London: James Clarke and Co.

THE CHILD'S ASPIRATION.

A TRUE STORY.

Within a deep piazza's shade
At sunset once a young boy strayed
To gaze upon the sky,
While from the garden 'neath him, clear,
Came wafted to his listening ear
A plaintive melody.

His old black nurse was singing shrill, "My spirit pants for thee;
When, oh thou city of my God, thy glories shall I see!"

The west with burning blushes glowed,
And when a storm-cloud, parting, showed
Rich gleams of saffron light,
The boy half deemed that heaven's own door
Had opened, and the golden floor,
Was breaking on his sight;

And as within his childish heart he thither longed to flee,
The voice sang on, "Jerusalem! my soul still pants for thee."

The grave-eyed child unconscious sighed;
Then running to his mother, cried,
"I wish that death would come,
And bear me straight to heaven away!"
"Dear love, would you no longer stay
In this your happy home?"

"Ah yes, but still I want to die, for nurse oft tells to me,
That children through the pearly gates find entrance sure and free.

"No, wait, my child," the mother said,
And on his head her fond hand laid.

"Wait, love, till God shall call,
But may you, when your course is run,
Look back on duty nobly done,
E'en like the aged Paul.

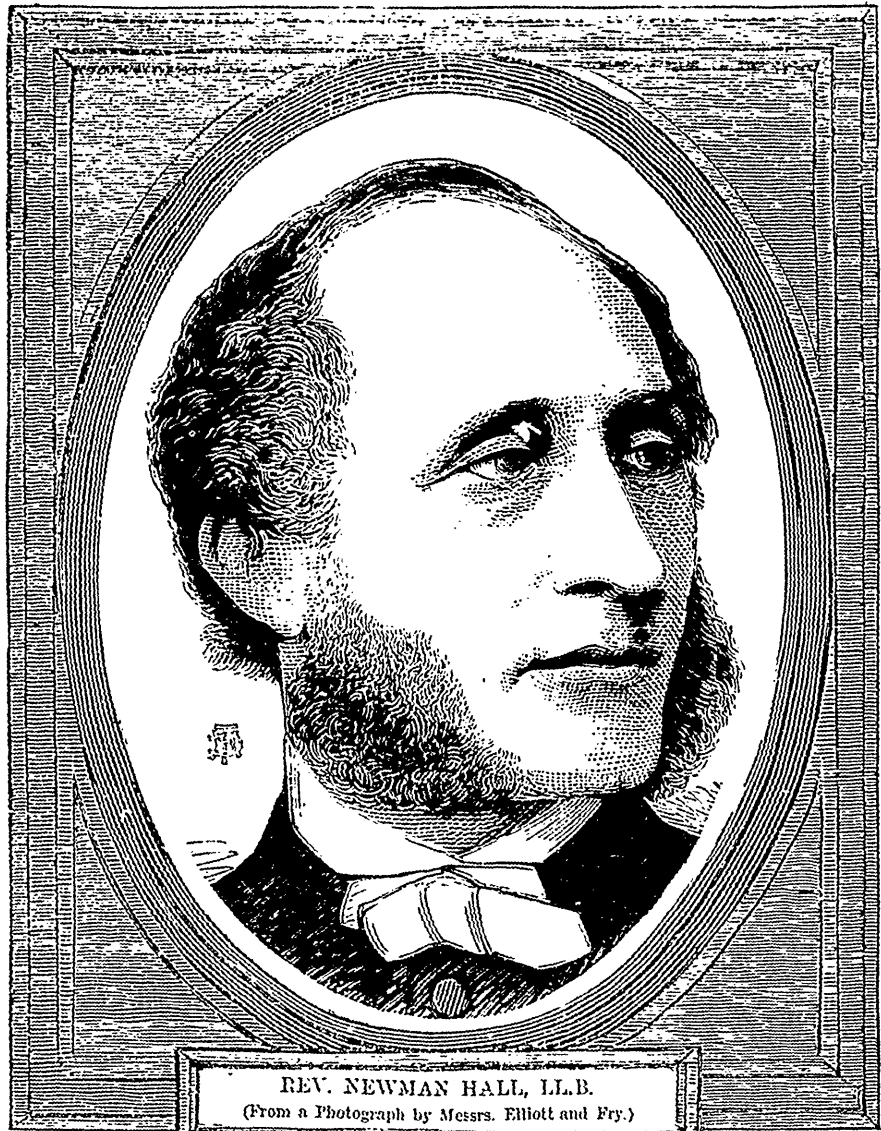
'A crown of righteousness,' he saith, 'is waiting' Lord for me,
And not for me alone—for all—who love and follow Thee,"

"I too will love him," cried the child,
"Amen!" the mother said and smiled,
Then dropped a quiet tear
Upon her boy's fair open brow,
While rising shrilly from below,
And floating on the air,

That strange sweet song was heard again, "My soul still pants for thee;

Soon, oh thou city of my God, thy glories I shall see."

BEATRICE ALSAGER JOURDAN.



HEAVENLY CITIZENSHIP.

A SERMON BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

"Our conversation is in heaven."—Phil. III. 20.

The word rendered "conversation" is *politeuma*, and signifies something relating to a *polis*, a city, or state; whence our word *policy*, and *politics*. The reference of the text may be either to heaven as the Christian's city, or to the conduct, the "conversation," which he should manifest as becometh one whose citizenship is in heaven. It may be well to combine both meanings.

The apostle had been warning the Philippians against those "who mind earthly things," saying, by way of contrast, "For our citizenship is in heaven." We should greatly err if we inferred that St. Paul taught men to neglect earthly things because of their interest in what is heavenly. It is evident that he was not condemning all attention to the affairs of the present life, for the people he refers to are described as those "whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame." It is therefore such a minding of earthly things as is exhibited by those whose god is their belly: it is a *supreme* attention to the things that perish, a putting them in the place which God should occupy—it is this which the apostle condemns, and not the thankful enjoyment of earthly blessings or the diligent discharge of earthly duties.

That heavenly citizenship is not to make us ignore our privileges and duties as citizens of earth is evident both from his example and instruction. This epistle is addressed to the inhabitants of a city where he had been unjustly beaten and imprisoned. The magistrates, having some misgivings, sent an order to the jailor to let him go. But Paul asserted his political rights as a citizen, and said, "They have beaten us openly and uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily! nay verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out." Again, when the chief captain at Jerusalem would have scourged him, he asserted his citizenship, saying, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a Roman and uncondemned?" And when convinced he should not have a fair trial before a provincial court, he again claimed his political rights as a citizen, saying, "I appeal unto Cæsar." In the Epistle to the Romans, instead of teaching men to neglect public duties as "earthly things," he says that rulers are the ministers of God for good. Christians, whether governors or governed, whether magistrates or private citizens, are to perform their political duties to their *polis* or State, with diligence and in the fear of the Lord. "Render therefore to all their dues." But in these and all other engagements, Christians are to remember that their highest and best citizenship is on high—"Our conversation is in heaven."

I. First let us reflect on the fact that Christians are citizens of heaven.

Heaven is frequently referred to in Scripture under the figure of a city. Its ancient type was Jerusalem, with its temples, walls, and towers. "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." The patriarchs "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Christians are said to have "come to Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem." "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." And to St. John, the abode of the blessed was revealed as "the holy city, new Jerusalem." Why, then, are Christians said to have their citizenship in heaven?

We are citizens of heaven by birth. Thus was St. Paul a Roman citizen. "I was free born." Christians have

received a new, a spiritual life. The regenerate are "born again" or "born from above." The vital force by which those "who were dead in trespasses and sins" are raised to life comes down from heaven. "You hath He quickened." We may well claim as our country the place from which we derived our life.

We are citizens of heaven by enrolment. All who are born from above are registered above. "The Lord knoweth those that are his." Their names are "written in the Lamb's book of life." No objection urged against the entry by the accuser shall be deemed valid. However poor and unknown here, all who live by faith in the Son of God are numbered with the citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem. Whatever the house they occupy here, be it palace or hovel, they are on the register of the celestial city, their record is on high.

We are citizens of heaven by affinity. As strangers a yearn for the home of their birth, so we have instincts and desires which point to our Divine origin. Thus streams flow towards the ocean, the reservoir whence they first were drawn. Thus flames ascend towards the sun, the central source of heat. In regeneration tastes and desires were awakened within us, which nothing earthly can satisfy. Born of God, we aspire towards God, and thus indicate our citizenship.

Our education is a further evidence. A child's future may be inferred from the instruction which he receives to fit him for it. Travellers, preparing for residence in different countries, learn the language and usages of those countries. And Christians are being educated for heaven. The great object of Holy Scripture, and of the teaching of the Divine Spirit, is to train us for the enjoyments and occupations of the Holy City. How can we but regard ourselves citizens of that country for which the means of grace—worship, sacraments, sermons, the communion of saints, the Word of God—are educating us?

This also is the object of afflictions. Earthly trial is heavenly discipline. This is a part of the process whereby we are made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Afflictions "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." They help to wean us from an excessive attachment to the present world; they remind us that this is not our rest; they prompt us to seek an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Every sorrow which a believer suffers bears on it the stamp of heaven, and is a missive to remind him that his true citizenship is above.

As our instruction and discipline, so also the exercise of our Christian graces indicates where our country is. "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three?" and they all point heavenward and lead us thither. Faith is the substance of the heaven hoped for, the evidence of the glory unseen. Hope is ever looking and soaring upwards; her object and realisation, heaven. Charity never faileth; but while finding scope for exercise here, has for her true home and for the sphere of her full and everlasting development, the new Jerusalem. Every Christian lives a life of prayer. But prayer is communion with God. We are daily at heaven's gate; before heaven's throne. And praise is sharing beforehand in the occupations of the blessed. It is heaven anticipated—began below. Do not such exercises as these clearly indicate to what country we belong?

Our citizenship is in heaven because our Father's home is there. Where He dwells we cannot be strangers or foreigners. And of this we are constantly reminded; for in the prayer Divinely taught us we invoke God as "Our Father which art

in heaven." His home is ours, and where He dwelleth we are sure of recognition as children at home.

There, too, is the residence of our King. We are the loyal and loving subjects of Jesus. To Him we have devoted ourselves. With Him we are indissolubly one. He is our life. But He has ascended into heaven, as our Forerunner, wearing our nature. Is not the city of the King the city of His friends and subjects also? There He will remain till He returns in glory. The heavens have received Him "till the restitution of all things." Therefore in those heavens is our citizenship. "From whence also we look for the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ." "Looking for that blessed hope"—loving and longing for His appearing, must not the city where He dwells, from which He will set forth, to which He will return, be our city too?

There our friends are gathering. How many have left our side with whom we took sweet counsel! Are we to be always divided? Shall we not meet again, and meet for ever? In that holy city the saints of all countries and all ages are assembling. Day by day the number increases. With them our hearts beat in sympathy. We love the same Lord. We obey the same laws. We engage in the same service. We share the same joys. Is not our fellowship, our brotherhood, our commonwealth, with them? If they are in heaven, must not our citizenship be there?

Heaven is our home. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you." For every one of His followers the Saviour is making ready. He is preparing a place for us and preparing us for the place. There we shall dwell for ever. We are expected there. The Prince expects us. The angels expect us. Our departed friends expect us. We shall soon be there. For aught we know, we may be there this very day. Oh, is not our citizenship in heaven? There is the goal towards which we have long been pressing. There is the rest for which we have long been sighing. There is the home to which we have long been travelling. There is the prize for which we have long been striving. Yes! there is our citizenship.

II. Heaven being our city, our life should be heavenly. Our citizenship should be manifested in a spirit and conduct in harmony with it. "Our conversation is in heaven."

Admiring the many beauties with which the Creator has decked this earth; thankfully enjoying the gifts which a kind Providence bestows; humanly feeling for our own and others' sorrows; diligently performing the duties of our various stations; devoutly discharging the obligations of our earthly relationships, private or public; generously interested in all things—domestic, commercial, scientific, political—which relate to our present life and the general welfare of mankind.—let us ever bear about with us the inspiring assurance that "our conversation is in heaven." Let us not, in the diligent and zealous pursuit of any earthly object, become too eager, so that it usurps the very highest place in our thoughts and we become absorbed by it: "our conversation is in heaven:" and the obligations of this higher citizenship are to regulate all others. Let us not be too much elated by prosperity: wealth, power, rank, fame, should not intoxicate one who has an inheritance above, who has friends amongst the angels, who is a child of God, whose citizenship is in heaven. Nor let us be too much depressed by adversity. We are human still: let us feel humanly our human sorrows; let us drop tears into the graves of earth; the graves, not only of departed friends, but of blighted affections, and withered hopes; but we must not sorrow as the world sorrows. Our most precious treasure is untouched; our chief joy is

undimmed; our best friend changes not; "our conversation is in heaven."

"Let us walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called." Let us prize it above all other possessions and privileges. Are men zealous in attaining earthly distinctions? Then let us "give diligence to make our calling and election sure." Let us by no act of ours endanger our high privilege. Let us omit no precaution to confirm and ratify this citizenship. And let us live on earth as those whose names are enrolled in heaven. We boast our freedom. Who would be a slave? Is not the thought intolerable to a free citizen of a free State? Heaven is the home of freedom. There alone it is perfectly enjoyed, for there alone is perfect love. There is no fear in love, there is no restraint in love. In heaven there is no wish ungratified, because no wish ever arises which is opposed to the law of love. Let us live here in the spirit of this freedom. He that committeth sin is the slave of sin. Shall we, having been emancipated, and on whom have been conferred the privileges of the heavenly citizenship, yield ourselves again to bondage? "Our conversation is in heaven." Heaven is the "Holy city." Nothing that defileth enters there. The holy alone are enrolled as its citizens. They who dwell there "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." We are on our way to join them; and Jesus is cleansing us from our stains, and will present us to Himself "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Shall we then defile ourselves with iniquity, wilfully stain our garments with the filth of the world, "make a god of our belly, and mind earthly things?" Our conversation is in heaven!

The honour and interest of the heavenly kingdom are in some measure committed to the trust of everyone of its citizens. As an Englishman in a foreign land ought to feel that the honour of his country is compromised by his conduct, and that he must act as a representative of his nation; so let us, while strangers and sojourners below, remember that we are to act towards the world as representatives of heaven? Is our spiritual life thence derived? Are we enrolled amongst its citizens? Is it our Father's house, the palace of our King, the home which is being prepared for us? Are we being educated and disciplined for it? Are we expected there, and do we profess to share in the privileges, the motives, the joys of its inhabitants? Do we hope soon to join them? Then the world around us should see something of this. Our conversation should be in heaven if our citizenship is there.

As a loyal citizen desires to promote the prosperity of his country, so we should try to promote the best interests of the Church, its internal peace and purity, its external progress and triumph. We should endeavour to animate one another to increased loyalty, and to persuade aliens and foes to "become fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God."

And let us from the heaven where is our citizenship, "look for the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ." The Saviour! Glorious title! Saviour from sin! Saviour from sorrow! Saviour from death! *Our Saviour and our Lord!* We believe that He will come again in great glory, to reign for ever and ever! Then He will gather into the Heavenly Jerusalem all its citizens, cleansed from every stain, delivered from all sorrow, to be for ever in His presence, where there is fulness of joy, and to serve Him day and night in His temple. He is on His way! Let us look for His appearing. Amid all the excitements and joys of life—look for the Saviour! Amid all the cares and anxieties of life—look for the Saviour! Amid all the toils and conflicts of life—look for the Saviour! Amid all the disappointments and woes of life—look for the Saviour! When you draw near the dark river, look not for death—look for the Saviour! Our citizenship is in heaven—let our conversation be there too! O exalted privilege! O glorious hope! It will dignify every duty, and illumine every path, and enhance every pleasure, and mitigate every grief, and fortify in every conflict, and spread a rainbow of glory over all the spray and mists that come up from the troubled waters of controversy and political contention to remember that "our citizenship is in heaven." *Reprinted by permission from "Homeward Bound" (London: Nisbet, and revised by the author.*

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. THOS. BINNEY.

I DO NOT wonder at men who regard Jesus only as an authoritative teacher being utterly perplexed by many of His utterances about Himself; and I do not wonder that such men eliminate entirely from the sayings of Jesus whatever they find hard to be understood, and reduce His instructions to the preceptive inculcations of a superior morality. The Church, however, is established on "the foundation of the apostles and prophets," though Jesus Christ is "the chief corner-stone." The central truth in the Church is placed in the light of two revelations—the one the prophetic word, as our schoolmaster, leading us to Christ; the other the apostolic exposition, to show us the meaning of His mission and work. I would not depreciate the instructions of Jesus, but I do say that, with the exception of those sayings of His which are dimly anticipative of suffering and sacrifice, I regard most of His practical lessons as intended to have their place after we have learned to trust in His atonement, or as tests and demands to show us its necessity. It is no disparagement to Him or His laws if we accept those as our guide to the cross whom He has inspired and commissioned for the purpose. It is no disparagement to Him if, led by them, we are brought to trust in His work for our salvation, and then to listen to His regal utterances with a feeling that finds its embodiment in the words, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The apostolic epistles lead us to Christ, and then we listen to His moral teaching and all His preceptive laws.

The discourses of Jesus, which were difficult to understand by those who heard them, must be the same to us (if we have a faithful record of what He said), unless we can read them in the light, and with the help, of what was made known by the ministry of the Spirit. If the Evangelists have not given, pure and simple, what Jesus said, but what they afterwards understood Him to mean, then we have not the Words of Jesus, properly speaking, at all. The Gospel in that case would come to be a commentary, not a text. If it should be said that the Gospels were written "that we might believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and that believing we might have life in His name," I accept the statement; but I take it in conjunction with the historical fact that the Gospel has been preached some years before the Gospels were written, and that they would be read for the most part in the luminous atmosphere extensively diffused through the pervading influence of Christian thought.

The way in which Jesus refers to Himself is altogether distinct from anything to be met with in the inspired prophets of the Old Testament. The way in which the apostles referred to Christ is precisely the way in which He referred to Himself. They do not speak about themselves, as He is constantly doing; but when they speak of Him, they do speak of Him with that very peculiarity of presentation which we before noticed in Himself. That is to say, they do not profess to teach simply what He taught; they do not confine themselves to ideas which He put into words; they do not carry about with them reports of His conversations and copies of His discourses, and offer these as the sum and substance of what they have to communicate. These were not, in their estimation—valuable as they might be in other respects—the one thing needful, the saving truth, the unspeakable gift, the source and means of immortal life. No; it was not what Jesus had said that they dwelt upon, but what He was—what He had done. They preached Him—they spoke of what He had "accomplished," and spoke of it in such a way as to show that He, personally, was the life of the world and the light of men, and not that He had simply taught or revealed it.—From "Dr. Binney's Sermons." London: Macmillan.

PAYING THE FARE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

THAT was an expensive voyage which Jonah made when he "fled from the presence of the Lord," and ran away to Tarshish. He found a ship just ready to sail, and he "paid the fare thereof." But he paid dearly. How much money he paid we do not know; but it was a dead loss, for he never got to Tarshish. He paid away his credit as a servant of the Lord. He made a hard draft on his conscience, and that

is always a dear bargain for any man. Nothing hurts us like the hurts we give to our conscience.

After Jonah's sinful voyage began, the second part, and the hardest part, of the bill came in. For the Almighty sent after him the policeman of a mighty gale, which caught hold of the vessel and well-nigh shivered it into wreck. Poor Jonah had not paid his fare to the bottom of the sea; but there is no help for him. The frightened crew pitched him out into the deep, and but for God's interposing mercy he might have been devoured by the sharks instead of being preserved by that "great fish" which was sent to transport him safely to the dry land. A dear voyage that! The prophet who ran away from God lost his money, lost his time, lost his credit, lost the approval of his conscience and of his God, and would have lost his life but for a miraculous interposition. All this was the "fare" which one man paid for *sinning*.

But many of our readers may be committing the same terrible mistake. For no path seems to most people so easy and pleasant to travel, as the path of sinful inclination. It is what the Bible calls "walking in the way of a man's own heart, and in the sight of his own eyes." One man, for example, is entirely absorbed in making money. When this becomes a greedy appetite, the money-lover must pay for it with daily anxiety and worry, and he runs the fearful risk of being eaten up with covetousness. A greed for wealth grows with years. When a rich miser of New York tottered out into the street at fourscore, and a friend asked him how he felt, the feeble old miser replied eagerly, "I feel better to-day: *stocks are up*." Ah! what a *fare* that old millionaire had to pay for travelling farther and faster than others on the road to wealth! It shrivelled up his very soul. Gold may be a useful servant, but it is a cruel master. It is not easy to own it without its owning us. Where one man makes it a rich blessing to others, thousands make it the ruin of their souls. Love of money drew Lot to the fertile valley of Sodom, and he "paid the fare thereof" in the destruction of his family. Love of money made Gehazi a knave: he "paid the fare" in an incurable leprosy. Love of money was one of two sins for which Judas paid with the suicide's rope, and everlasting infamy. No man can make money safely and wisely, unless he holds his earnings as a trust from God. What would it profit you to win the wealth of an empire, if you should pay for it the price of your undying soul? "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

We cannot stop to recount all the penalties which men and women have to pay for sinning. The costliest thing in the world is *sin*. It costs purity of conscience, and costs the favour of God. It will cost at the last the loss of heaven. The sin of grieving the Holy Ghost has cost many a one everlasting perdition.

"Show me the better way—show me the safe way," exclaim some of my readers who are alarmed at their own course of sin, and who really desire to live a better life. "Show me the way, and tell me what is the *fare thereof*." Friend, salvation is *free* on God's side; but on *your* side it must be won by repentance and faith. As far as Christ's precious atonement is concerned,

Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for you to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all
All the debt you owe!

But the road to heaven, which the crucified Jesus has opened to you, can only be entered by your abandoning your sins, and following Him in faith and self-denial. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Except a man take up his cross and follow Christ, he cannot be His disciple." Friend, this "fare" you must "pay" to enter heaven. Are you willing?—From "Thoughts for Heart and Life." London: Houlter and Staughton.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that, for us, is the post of honour and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but the way in which we fill it.

Bengel says:—"The Bible not merely was inspired, but is so still. The Holy Ghost not merely inspired the men as they wrote, but he is still connected with the Scripture. It was originally Spirit-breathed, but the Spirit is still breathing upon when the soul thirsting after God reads the words, 'Ho, everyone that thirsteth,' etc.; the words are breathed again by the Spirit. It seems as if the ink was not yet dry, and as if the warm breath of eternal love, from which these promises flowed, was even now quickening and consoling the troubled soul."

GOOD COUNSEL.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

Never have a hard thought of any teaching. Always meet such a temptation during the coming year by saying, "It is the Lord." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Never let us refuse a reiterated teaching. Though the Jews had of late sought to stone Jesus in Judæa, to the great astonishment of His disciples, He says, "Let us go into Judæa again." God always means fresh blessings by His "agains"—the old lesson has new teaching.

Never let us think that there can be anything without a teaching in it—that in any dealing whatever we can have to do with an aimless, a purposeless God.

Never let us think that we did not require a teaching. Let us leave the knowledge of our acquirements to the One who knows minutely all about us.

Let us always be sure that we shall be the better off—the richer for having each teaching that if only we be willing to learn, we must come the better out of every dealing of God with us.

Let us believe that we shall be learners for ever. Hereafter I doubt not there will be blessed teachings. We shall have acquisitiveness in heaven. And so we must carry the teachable disposition there.

There we shall learn without having dullness to overcome; without having tears to shed; with a large memory, a clear eye, a bright understanding. Our intense teachableness will in itself make our learning to be no task. There will be fresh revelations poured through endless ages into teachable minds.

Be sure that it is for this you are now being taught; and whether the voice that teaches you this year thunder, or whisper, bend low your head and say: "Speak, Lord; Thy servant heareth."—From "*The Teacher and the Taught*," a New Year's Address for 1876. London: Hamilton, 2d.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS.

The believer in Jesus there is as clear a pathway made as there was for the Israelites in going over to Jericho, and for Elijah when crossing from Jericho to the scene of his translation. For us who believe—

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.

He who loves Christ, and lives in Him and to Him, can think of the Jordan without distress. He is assured that the waters will not overwhelm him, and that he is safe in the hands of his Divine leader. This it was which enabled Hervey to die rejoicing in the "precious salvation." This it was that assisted Cruden to continue in prayer till his voice joined in the praises of the better land. This it was that gave Matthew Henry strength to depart testifying to the pleasures of a pious life. This it was that led the saintly Payson to exclaim, "I am swimming to God in a sea of glory." This it was that made death to Toplady, Watts, Wesley, and a galaxy of others just what Milton beautifully described,

A death-like sleep:
A gentle wafting to eternal life.

Oh! depend on it, that Saviour who has ordered all things for us hitherto will provide for our passage of the dark river. Let us not fear it now! grace will be given when the hour arrives if our treasure, trust, and triumph be in Christ alone. Then, though grievously tortured by physical pains, we shall have strength to refuse the anodyne and say, with Maria Theresa of Austria in her last moments, "I would meet my Maker awake!" or, overpowered by the beatific visions bursting on our gaze, we may forget all pain and say with the dying Payson, "The celestial city is full in my view; its glories beam upon me: its breezes fan me; its odours are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, when God

shall give permission." Yes—to the believer in Jesus, the land of "promise," the land of "rest," the "holy land"—the "land of plenty," lies just the other side of Jordan, and all that is pure, honourable, and happy shall be his forever when the transit of the river has been accomplished.

But preparation for the passage of Jordan is absolutely necessary. When the Israelites were about to cross from the wilderness, Joshua said unto them—"Sanctify yourselves for to-morrow, the Lord will do wonders among you," and just prior to that he had directed them to "prepare," for, said he, "within three days ye shall pass over this Jordan to go in and possess the land which the Lord your God giveth you." Nor is preparation less needful for us. If the river of death is to be crossed triumphantly we must be fitted for the task. There are passions to be subdued—sins to be remitted—desires to be dislodged—graces to be attained—and duties to be performed before we can enter Canaan. Surely we have been long enough in this world to know that the monotonous round of desire and disappointment to which, Ixion-like, we are bound, cannot prepare for the other life. Something spiritual—something from above is needed. We must have Christ in our hearts the hope of glory. Let us not leave this preparation to an unknown future. For if now we find it hard, amid the minor cares of life to "sanctify" ourselves, what shall we do in the swellings of Jordan?

The great business of our life should be to realise the love and presence of Jesus. Then the soul, being in union and fellowship with her "Beloved," will ardently desire to be still nearer Him, and will welcome the messenger that effects her release from the earthly tabernacle. With the love of Christ flooding the spirit—with the joy of the dawning heaven filling the heart—with the eye of faith riveted upon the ineffable glories of the Holy Land—with God-given hope stretching her pinions to soar amid the sunny visions of the future, the soul, with ecstasy and triumph, crosses the little boundary between this world of shadows and that world of endless life, and is at home with her Lord.—From "*Bible Waters*." London: Elliot Stock.

SAUL OF TARSUS.

BY RICHARD TREFFREY.

No trumpet was blown, as the gate they pass'd,
Nor banner hung over their fierce array;
But they rode like the breath of their desert blast,
Fleeting and silently passing away;
Yet many look'd on that haughty man,
Whose eye was the star of the fiery van.

With frequent fasts his cheek was paled,
And there sat a frown on his brow of pride;
And scorn on his quiv'ring lip prevail'd
As he thought on the name of the Crucified;
And his heart was as hard as the steel of his spear,
To the whispers of pity, or the murmurs of fear.

On—on!—the towers of Damascus are nigh,
The accurs'd Nazarenes are giv'n to our hand;
When, lo! an ineffable blaze from on high
Burst, sudden as thought, on the hurrying band;
And the glowing flood of that flashing light
Dims the cloudless sun in his noonday height.

Vain is the speed of the startled horse,
And vain is the force of the glittering spear;
The scorner hath ended his ruthless course;
The Victor of Galilee triumpheth here,
And His words of mystic spirit appal
The awe-stricken heart of the prostrate Saul.

There is night on his eye, and remorse on his brow,
As he sits in his chamber, helpless, alone;
For the deeds woke up in his memory now,
Can riches, or blood, or sorrow atone?
Yet hope in fair promise the future arrays,
For the Crucified pleads, and the Pharisee prays.

From "*The Poets of Methodism*." London: Haughton and Co.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

(Daniel xii. 3.)

WEARIED and worn with early cares, I yielded to repose
 And soon before my raptured sight, a glorious vision
 rose ;
 I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch, in midnight's
 solemn gloom,
 I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
 A gentle touch awakened me ; a gentle whisper said,
 " Arise, O sleeper, follow me," and through the air we fled,
 We left the earth, so far away, that like a speck it seemed,
 And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway
 streamed ;
 Still on we went, my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy—
 I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet
 my eye ;
 I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of
 light,
 When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in
 white.
 We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold ;
 We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of
 purest gold ;
 It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night,
 The glory of the Lord was there : the Lamb Himself its light—
 Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled
 the air,
 And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every
 clime were there,
 And some that I had loved on earth, stood with them round
 the throne,
 " All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, " the glory His alone."'
 But fairer than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,
 And as I gazed He smiled on me, with wondrous love and grace.
 Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
 Had gained the object of my hopes—that earth at length was
 past ;
 And then in solemn tones He said, " Where is the diadem
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a
 gem,
 I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is
 thine,
 But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should
 shine ?
 Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow ;
 For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel now !
 And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy
 deed
 If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in paths of peace to
 lead ;
 I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
 But that the clear and shining light which round thy foot-
 steps shone
 Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
 And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been
 blest."
 The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
 A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to
 break ;
 And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering
 light,
 My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.
 I rose and wept with cherish'd joy, that yet I dwelt below,
 That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show ;
 That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesu's dying love,
 And help to lead some soul to seek a home above.
 And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
 " To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me !"
 And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth Divine,
 " They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall
 shine."

It does not belong to us to judge for good Christians who
 feel that it is harmless and safe to put the sparkling glass to
 their lips at the joyous feast, but may we not claim for those
 of another principle the right to be respected ? We know a
 young girl, worn with overwork, declining the refreshing
 draught on account of a stranger who sat opposite, while all
 were joining in " a health" to the principal personage pre-
 sent. The stranger, a youth of fine parts, had a few nights
 before been carried to his house insensible from drunkenness.

"DON'T TELL FATHER."

THERE is many a good mother who plans the ruin of the
 child she dearly loves—teaching it the first lesson of
 wrong doing, by simply saying, " Now don't tell your father."
 Surely mothers do it thoughtlessly, ignorantly, not consider-
 ing it is a first lesson in deception.

I heard a kind, well-meaning mother say to the puny baby
 in her arms, " Well, birdie shall have its good candy every
 day ; bad papa shan't know it ; see how it loves it !" I
 thought it was no wonder, if children were taught even in
 babyhood, that papa was bad, and ugly, and unkind, that in
 youth they should call him a " mob" and the " old man ;"
 and no wonder if the mother, who had no stability of charac-
 ter, and was capable of deception, should be called the " old
 woman."

I shudder when I hear the frequent words drop from young
 lips, " O, I must not let father know that !" The father may
 be a stern man, rigid in his way of bringing up his children,
 but he has a heart somewhere, and surely truthful, honest,
 loving words from his own child will find that warm place.
 So it is best never to deceive him in anything, but keep his
 confidence whole and unshaken, and the whiteness of the soul
 unstained by that loathsome sin, deception.

" Father don't allow me to read novels," said a young lady
 to me lately, " but mother does ; and so we two read all we
 can get, and he never knows it ;" and she giggled as though
 they were very cunning and worthy of praise, for so completely
 deceiving poor, good father.

My soul sickened at the idea of a wife daring to teach her
 children to disobey their father, of the daughter, vain and
 unprincipled, with such a mother to teach and guide her.
 Better for the world had she never been born.—Ohio Cultivator.

MUSICAL RELIGION.

OUR friends, Ira D. Sankey and Phillip Phillips, have
 effected a very great change in the attitude of the
 popular mind towards congregational singing. Time was
 when you could only hear a good hymn or chant in some of
 our great churches, but nowadays Nonconformist can hold
 their own in singing as in other matters. Yet there is great
 room for improvement, and that more especially in our
 Sunday-schools.

Our Sunday-school music is not a matter of entertainment.
 It is a part of the worship of the living God. To execute it
 rightly is worth the highest skill we can bestow upon it. To
 make proper selections of what we shall sing, demands our
 most thoughtful attention.

Considering the hold which a hymn or song takes on the
 mind of the child who sings it, we ought to spare no pains to
 find such words as are scriptural, devotional, and full of sound
 common sense. Let us use the best poetry we can find.
 There is no lack of material to select from. Some of the most
 valued Scripture truths are mellifluously expressed, in many
 poems which are furnished for our choice. Sound truth and
 good sense need not be sacrificed to pleasant rhyme ; nor
 need we, on the other hand, neglect that which is tasteful
 and poetical in order to find the truth.

In many of our schools there is no opportunity for meeting
 together, except on the Lord's day, and we must teach new
 hymns and tunes then, if ever. In other cases, it is convenient
 to meet on some week-day evening. When that is practicable,
 it is, perhaps, well to do most of the teaching of
 singing at these outside meetings.

The leader or teacher should be a genial Christian, with a
 fair knowledge of music and the art of teaching it. A good
 man with a clear voice and pleasant ways, can bring a large
 concourse of children to the harmonious singing of a new
 hymn and tune in a few minutes, where a disagreeable pedant
 would irritate the children, and postpone the half-completed
 learning of the new piece till the next Sunday.

Every word, properly sung, is an act of worship. Let the
 children remember this, and impress it frequently, yet
 pleasantly, on their minds.

Suppose we are to sing a hymn and tune which are entirely
 new to the whole school. At the very outset, we want
 hymn and tune before the eyes of all the children. Let each
 child who can read have a printed copy of what is to be sung.

It is an error to suppose that the note-books are thrown away on children. In many of our public and private schools music is taught by note, and the introduction of cabinet organs, melodeons, and pianos, into many thousands of families, is rapidly making our young people acquainted with the reading of music.

Let the tunes be played on the instrument, the player being as skilful a person as can be had. Then let the leader of the music sing a verse, asking the children to attend to it, that some of them may follow him in the next verse. In every school there are some children who take the lead in singing, and these will probably catch the tune at once, even though not quite perfectly. On repeating it, they are able to join with the leader; and as the verse is sung a few times in succession, each repetition of it adds to the numbers of those who join in singing it.

Stop at the end of the first two lines, if it seems advisable, and tell the children whether they sing right or wrong. See that they understand the words; and do not give them any words to sing which will not bear explanation.

The singing of a new hymn or tune for too long a time, is wearisome. Break it occasionally, and rest the children by suddenly starting them on one of the oldest and most familiar verses they know. Then take them back to the new one, and mark the effect.

Select good hymns for your anniversaries, and, indeed, for all other occasions. Never teach the children a hymn which is not worth adding to the permanent hymnological stock of the school. However good the hymn or tune, it is a mistake to make too much of a run on it. Some of the best hymns of five or ten years ago were so cruelly sung to death that their mangled remains are now cremated and forgotten by schools which might still be profitably using them. Perhaps you have no instrument. Then get one without delay. Don't make a great fuss about the matter, arranging for special sermons, collections, and the like, or the good people will be tempted to wish you and your music a long way off. Go about the matter quietly; ask your own private friends to contribute, and get them to ask others; make the school children collectors, giving a pretty book to those who are most successful, and if your school has a spark of genuine fire in it, you will have your organ before the winter comes on, and no one any the sadder or more worried for it.

Just a word as to the instrument. You have plenty to choose from; Mason and Hamlin's, Cramer's, and George Woods' American organs; harmoniums by an innumerable quantity of makers, and various substitutes and conglomerations. My voice, however, would be most decidedly in favour of the George Woods organ, which may be had in all kinds of styles, to suit everybody's taste and pocket. I have had one of these beautiful instruments for some years, and what I should do without it I don't know. The tone is of a most beautiful quality and richness, and the volume of sound which can be produced is simply wonderful. If any of my readers are ever near St. Paul's Cathedral, London, they should pay a visit to George Woods London Depot, 16, Ludgate Hill; they will, I am sure, meet with the fullest courtesy and consideration from Mr. S. G. Dennis, the European representative, and fully prove my words for themselves.

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I have already exceeded the limits assigned to me, and must close abruptly, hoping that the few words I have written may lead to the fuller exemplification of the text, "Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise thee."

Trouble is a marvellous mortifier of pride and an effectual restrainer of self-will. . . . When suffering has broken up the soil, and made the furrows soft, there can be implanted the hardy virtues which outbrave the storm. In short, trial is God's glorious alchemy, by which the dross is left in the crucible, the baser metals are transmuted, and the character is enriched with gold.—*Punshon*.

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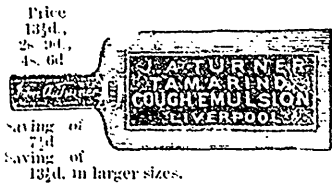
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