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Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Last month we called attention to the gracious work of the Spirit of God in St. John's. With much thankfulness we are now able to give more particulars. Night after night, for seven weeks, the Gospel services have been conducted by Messrs. Hutchinson and Bromley. The crowds that were present at every meeting testify how much their earnest, simple, and faithful preaching has been appreciated. But a much more satisfactory proof of their usefulness we have in the large numbers who have been saved from paths of sin and ruin. The word of truth and grace has reached every class in the community, the aged, the youth, the young men, and the young women, the victims of intemperance, and the slave of soul-destroying error, the cold formalist and the sneering sceptic, the proud self-righteous and the bold scoffer. From every denomination of professing Christians in the city they have won jewels for the crown of the King of Kings.

But the work has been more remarkable and more extensive among the young men. The Evangelists have, from the commencement, given special attention to them, and very soon the effects were manifested. Scores have come out, boldly declaring that they are saved from sin, and are on the Lord's side, now determined to devote their time and talents to the service of God. They have begun to work for God. This being the busy season in the stores, they were not able to meet before nine o'clock in the evening, at that hour hundreds have met, night after night, for prayers and religious conversation. It was a sight to gladden the heart of the servant of God to see these young men, the hope of our churches, our homes, and our country, standing up and relating how, by the Spirit and the Word of God, they were brought to a new life. One young man said, in substance, "I was sailing over the ocean of life very contented, well pleased with the pleasures of the world, never dreaming of danger, thinking it would be time enough to look after the concerns of my soul when I was old. But I was induced, by attending the Gospel services, to consult my chart (holding up a New Testament). I found I was drifting to destruction, that I knew not the hour when I might be on the breakers of death and be wrecked on the shores of damnation. I got into the life-boat, *Jesus Christ*, and now, glory to God! under His directions, I am sailing to the port of Glory. I know I am; I am saved; and I have more enjoyment in the service of God than ever I had in the world. I strongly advise all my companions to decide for Christ at once."

As a result of the awakening among the young men, preliminary steps are being taken to form a

"Young Men's Christian Association," and as soon as the early-closing season arrives, final arrangements will be made. In the mean time, our young men have banded themselves together to work for their Heavenly Master. We are sure that every encouragement and assistance that they may require will be given them by their friends.

On a future occasion we may note some of the special characteristics of the present great religious awakening. Just now we have only time to refer to the utter absence of excitement in the public services.

Everything that savours of fleshly energy was discountenanced, and the anxious inquirer was encouraged to build his hopes of eternal life on the infallible Word of God.

The evangelists have given prominence to two things in their services, namely—*ruin by sin; redemption by Christ*. It is gratifying to find the ministers so heartily engaged in co-operating with these devoted young men, the Methodist brethren, the Rev. Messrs. Harris, Dunn, Kendal, and Milligan, and the Presbyterian brethren, the Rev. Messrs. Harvey and Fitzpatrick. There has not been much opposition, except from quarters where we may always expect it. *Drunkards, blasphemers, and infidels* will find fault with God's people, and God's Word and work. But it is our duty to pray for those that despitefully use us, and to love our enemies. This we will do, God helping.

Next month we hope to be able to give our readers an account of the triumphs of the Cross in Conception Bay, where the evangelists have gone to labour for five or six weeks; after which they may be expected to spend a week or two in St. John's previous to their going to Halifax.

In the mean time, why should the work cease here? The great Head of the Church is with His people. The Spirit of God is powerfully working on the hearts of men.

There is a wonderful spirit of prayer upon our churches. Let the Christian workers be earnest and faithful, continue to address their fellow-men personally on the subject of their souls' salvation, and our gracious Saviour will continue to own and prosper their humble believing efforts.

OUR MEETINGS.—No. V.

BLANKET AND SHEET SOCIETY.

This can scarcely be classed as one of "Our Meetings," since there is no special meeting attached to it, but it certainly is one of our important societies. It originated with the secretary of the Infants' Friend Society, who felt that through it a large number of the poor could be greatly benefited during the winter,

many of whom, from thoughtlessness, improvidence, intemperance and other causes, are often without the warm night-coverings which are as necessary as food, and the lack of which occasions much suffering and unseemly herding together for the sake of warmth.

After due consideration, early in October, 1876, thirty-four pairs of white and grey blankets, of various sizes and prices, were procured direct from a good mill in Whitney, in order to obtain them as cheaply as possible, and with this little stock we commenced. The great aim of the society being to help the poor to help themselves, and thus to teach them careful and provident habits, the two ladies who conduct it determined to attach a small profit, and induce all the women who could to pay for them themselves by small weekly instalments, it having been proved over and over again that they value much more anything for which they have paid either wholly or in part, while it preserves them from the degradation of unnecessary or ill-bestowed charity. The small sum of threepence per week was fixed upon as the minimum instalment, each intending purchaser to pay as much more as she pleases, the article becoming her property when paid for. This we have found to work admirably, the desire to possess a blanket or sheet of her own inducing many to be economical, and to save the pence which would otherwise be squandered in things not necessary, in order that she might the more quickly pay for the coveted article. Many of the husbands, too, seeing their wives' careful anxiety, have been led to give them an extra shilling or sixpence to have "put upon the card" on Monday, the said sixpence or shilling, in most cases, being that much less spent in intoxicating drinks, so that husbands and children alike benefit by the prudent forethought inculcated in the wife.

In cases where the subscribers are very poor, they have them at less than cost price, and in extreme cases, in which deserving persons—through no fault of their own—are absolutely destitute, they are given; while a certain number are set apart to be sent to the sick and the aged. The benefits arising from this society are so appreciated by the mothers and others, that in little more than two months from the time of its commencement twenty four blankets had been purchased entirely, and others were being paid for. We were then so often asked for sheets, that we purchased one hundred yards of thick twill winter sheeting, which so met with their approval that in the first week and a-half after its purchase no less than fifty yards had been bespoke, and we were soon obliged to purchase our second hundred yards. As the spring advanced, we found it necessary to add unbleached and white sheeting, also for summer use, and this winter we are adding counterpanes.

The feeling of gratitude for the timely help rendered has induced many to attend the mothers' meetings, and thus to receive moral and spiritual good, and it has occasioned many opportunities both for the ladies and Bible nurse, to speak a word in season to those bowed down by poverty, sorrow, age, or suffering, and caused the visits of the latter to be welcomed in many a home, in which perhaps otherwise she would hardly have been kindly received, so true is it that kindness and attention to their bodily comforts, is the key to unlock the hearts and reach the benighted minds and neglected souls of many of our poor.

The instalments are collected every week at the mothers' meeting from those who attend, each woman being provided with a card on which the sum is entered; the Bible nurse, in her usual rounds, collecting from those who do not attend, or who are temporarily prevented from doing so, and it would gladden the hearts of those unacquainted with the poor, to see the look of pride and pleasure with which many a one will hold up the purchased blanket or sheet, and say, "I could never have had it but for this society," and the gratitude they express to its promoters is very cheering.

Unable as they are to pay for such articles at once, they cannot go to the draper's, and if they come into contact with the travelling tally-man, they have to pay three times the value for a very inferior article, while here none but thoroughly good articles are purchased, and the profit attached is so very small, that they are saved the two profits of the wholesale warehouseman and the retail tradesman. Many of our purchasers have never owned such articles before, and the pride they feel in their possession, helps them to strive to acquire other necessary articles of comfort and cleanliness, while the poor children share largely in the benefit, as instead of being huddled together in mother's bed for the sake of its scanty and almost nameless covering, in many instances they have now little beds on the floor for themselves, with one or two of our small grey blankets so suitable for them. It was a "happy thought" which God put into our heart, and we have been richly repaid, not only in the gratitude, but in the moral elevation also, of these our poor sisters.

H. D. ISACKE.

THE DROWSY SENTINEL.

A GENERAL, after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night. He ordered watch to be kept all around the camp as usual. One of the sentinels, as he went to his station, grumbled to himself, and said: "Why could not the general let us have a quiet night's rest for once, after beating the enemy? I'm sure there's nothing to be afraid of."

The man then went to his station, and stood for some time looking about him. It was a bright night, with a harvest moon, but as he could see no sign of danger anywhere, he said to himself, "I am terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes, out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree." So he lay down.

Presently he started up, dreaming that someone had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining brightly down on him through the branches of the tree above him. The next minute something whizzed past his ear, and the whole field before him seemed alive with soldiers, who sprang up from the ground, where they had been silently creeping onward, and rushed toward him.

Fortunately the arrow missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm, and ran back to some other sentinels. The army to which he belonged was thus saved, and the soldier said, "I shall never forget, as long as I live, that when one is at war one must watch."

Our whole life is a war with evil. Just after we have conquered it, it sometimes attacks us when we least expect it. For example, when we have resisted the temptation to be cross and peevish, or disobedient, sometimes when we are thinking, "How good we have been!" comes another sudden temptation, and we are not on our guard, and do not resist it. Jesus says to us, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

THOUGHTS FROM THE FATHERS.

JOHN FLAVEL.

BE not too hasty to get off the yoke which God hath put upon your neck. Desire not to be delivered from your sorrows one moment before God's time. Let patience have its perfect work; that comfort, which comes in God's way and season, may remain and do you good.

Our dear parents are gone, our lovely and desirable children are gone, our bosom relations, that were as our own souls, are gone. And do not all these warning knocks at our doors acquaint us, that we must prepare to follow shortly after them?

It was once the case of a godly minister of this nation; and he was much troubled at his return, and said, "I am like a sheep driven out of the storm almost to the fold, and then driven back into the storm again; or a weary traveller that is come near his home, and then must go back to fetch somewhat he had forgotten; or an apprentice whose time is almost expired, and then must begin a new term."

It is not magnanimity, but stupidity to make light of God's corrections.

When God is smiting, we should be searching. Surely our iniquities will inquire after us, if we will not inquire after them.

It often falls out that the setting of one comfort clouds and benights all the rest. Our tears for our last enjoyments so blind our eyes that we cannot see the many other mercies which yet remain. We take so much notice of what is gone that we take little or no notice of what is left. But this is very sinful, for it involves in it both ignorance, ingratitude, and great provocation.

Rouse up thys. If, Christian, and consider, this is not right. Surely the rod works not kindly now. What, did thy love to God expire when thy friend expired? Is thy heart as cold in duty as his body is in the grave? Has natural death seized him, and spiritual deadness seized thee? Surely, then, thou hast more reason to lament thy dead heart than than thy dead friend.

To want comfort in time of affliction is an aggravation of our affliction; but to refuse it when offered us, wants no sin. Time may come when we would be glad to receive comfort or hear a word of support, and shall be denied it.

O! parents, mind this, I beseech you; the time of your child's continuance in the womb was fixed to a minute by the Lord; and when the pariturient fulness of that time was come, were you not willing that it should be delivered thence into the world? The tender mother would not have it abide one minute longer in the womb how well soever she loved it; and is there not the same reason we should be willing, when God's appointed time is come, to have it delivered by death out of this state, which, in respect of the life of heaven, is but as the life of a child in the womb, to its life in the open world?

And let none say the death of children is a premature death. God has ways to ripen them for heaven whom He intends to gather thither betimes, which we know not. In respect of fitness, they die in a full age, though they be cut off in the bud of their time.

Has God smitten your darling, and taken away the delight of your eyes with this stroke? Bear this stroke with patience and quiet submission; for how know you but your trouble might have been greater from the life, than it now is from the death, of your children?

You find it hard to forget your child, though it be now turned to a heap of corruption and loathsome rottenness. O how does your mind run upon it night and day! your thoughts tire not upon that object. Why, surely it is much more easy for you to forget your dear child, whilst living and most endearing, much more when dead and undesirable, than it is for your God to forget you!

To crown all, you shall have an everlasting enjoyment of them in heaven, never to part again. The children of the resurrection can die no more. You shall kiss their pale lips and cold cheeks no more. You shall never fear another parting pull, but be together with the Lord for ever. And this the apostle thought an effectual cordial in this case, when he exhorted the Thessalonians to "comfort one another with these words."

Alas! though you want your friend's company, he wants not yours. Your care was to provide for this child; but Jesus Christ has provided infinitely better for it than you could. You intended an estate, but He a kingdom for it. You thought on such or such a match, but Christ has forbid all others, and married your child to Himself. Could you imagine a higher preference for the fruit of your bodies? A king from heaven has sent for your friend, and do you grudge at the joining? O think and think again, what an honour it is to you, that Christ has taken your friend out of your bosom, and laid them in His own; stripped them out of those garments you provided, and clothed them in white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Let not your hearts be troubled, rather rejoice exceedingly, that God made you instruments to replenish heaven, and bring forth an heir for the kingdom of God.

Poor heart, thou art now dejected by this affliction that lies upon thee, as if all joy and comforts were now cut off from thee in this world. A cloud dwells upon all other comforts. This affliction has so embittered thy soul, that thou tasted no more in any other earthly comforts than in the white of an egg. Oh, that thou didst but consider the consolations that are with God for such as answer His ends in affliction, and patiently wait on Him for their comfort! He has comforts for you far transcending the joy of children.

When it is dark night with men, it is noon-day with Satan; that is, our suffering-time is his busiest working-time.

Be quiet and hold your peace; you little know how many mercies lie in the womb of this affliction.

And what, if by this stroke the Lord will awaken your drowsy soul, and recover you out of that pleasant but dangerous spiritual slumber you were fallen into, whilst you had pillowed your head upon this pleasant sensible creature-enjoyment? Is not this really better for you than if He should say, Sleep on. He is joined to idols, let him alone. He is departing from Me, the fountain, to a broken cistern! let him go?

Ah! reader, little do you know what stings there are in the afflictions of others. Surely you have no reason to think the Lord has dealt more bitterly with you than any. It is a gentle stroke, a merciful dispensation, if you compare it with what others have felt.

May not your unsubmissive carriage under the rod provoke God to hide His face from you? Pray consider it well: nothing is more probable than for this to be the cause of God's withdrawing from you. Could you in meekness and quietness receive that cup your Father hath given you to drink, accept the punishment of your iniquities say, God is the word of the Lord; it is the Lord, let Him do what He will; you would soon find the case altered with you, but the comforting Spirit finds no delight or rest in a turbulent and tumultuous breast.

Examine the grounds of your fear, whether it may not proceed from the strength of your affections to the eternal welfare of your friend, or from the subtlety of Satan, designing hereby to overwhelm and swallow you up in supposed, as well as from just grounds and causes. In two cases, it is very probable your fear may proceed only from your own affection or Satan's temptation. If your relation died young before he did anything to destroy your hopes, or if grown in some good degree hopeful only he did not in life or at death manifest and give evidence of grace with that clearness you desired. As for the case of infants in general, it is none of our concern to judge their condition; and as for those who spring from covenanted parents, it becomes us to exercise charity towards them; the Scripture speaks very favourably of them. And as for the more adult who have escaped the pollutions of the world and made conscience of sin and duty, albeit they never manifested what you could desire they had, yet in them, as in young Abijah, "may be found some good thing toward the Lord," which you never took notice of. Reverence of your authority, bashfulness and shame-facedness, reservedness of disposition, and many other things, may hide those small and weak beginnings of grace that are in children, from the observation of their parents. God might see that in them which you never saw. He despiseth not the day of small things. However this be, your child is now out of your reach. Your concern rather is, to improve the affliction to your own good, than to judge and determine his condition, which belongs not to you but to God.

WONDROUS THINGS.

BY REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."—Psalm cix 15.

GOD only can open our eyes. We need sight as well as light. Unless our eyes are opened, the Bible is of no more use to us than a lantern to a blind man in the dark night, and on a dangerous road—of no more use to us than a guide-book in Russian, Chinese, Arabic, or any other to us incomprehensible tongue of no more use to us than the way post, with painted finger pointing out the path to that blind beggar, who, with head erect and careful steps, comes on in the leading of a dog. To show the pass, we raise cairns of weathered stones on our Highland hills, and when the way was lost, and hope with strength was sinking, as they caught sight of the rude pile looming through the mist, or rising black above the levelled snows, many have blessed the hands that raised the cairn; they owe their life to it. Abroad, among the Alps, Christianity there, modifying a custom older than itself, they substitute crosses for cairns; and where the road, leaving the gay and smiling valley, climbs into the realms of eternal winter, or is cut out of the face of precipices, down which one false step hurls the traveller into a gorge where the foaming torrent seems but a silver thread, tall crosses stand. And so, when the path is buried in the drat that spreads a treacherous crust over yawning crevice and deadly crag, he, by keeping the line of crosses, braves the tempest, and walks safely where otherwise it were death to venture. But set a blind man on such a road, and he never reaches home; the earth his bed and the snow his shroud, he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Now, there is a cross that points out man's way to heaven. But unless the eyes that sin sealed are open—have been opened by God to see it, and all the way-marks that mercy has set up to that happy home—our feet shall "stumble upon the dark mountains," and we shall perish for ever.

God only can do this. Hence to him David directs the prayer of my text; and also this—Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death. Men use instruments to restore sight, and nowhere does surgery achieve a nobler triumph, or bestow greater blessings on mankind, than in yonder theatre, where skill and a steady hand, cut into the sightless balls; and man, opening a way for the light of heaven, imitates Christ in His Divine works of might and mercy—pouring light into the blind man's eyes, and joy into the blind man's heart. God also uses instruments—His instruments the Word, His agent the Holy Spirit. By these, working faith in men, and renewing them in the spirit of their minds, He has often answered, and is now ready to answer the prayer, Open thou mine eyes.

Let me illustrate the effect of this by three examples.

First, look at Balaam. He is urging forward a restive and unwilling steed, as unconscious of danger as many who, in the pursuit of money or pleasure, are driving headlong on ruin. Wincing under its rider's blows, why will the beast not go forward? Why does she back and plunge? Balaam sees no danger ahead, nothing on the dusty path, but the flickering sunbeams, or the shadows of the vines that trail along the walls. What makes the obstinate, unruly brute run his limb against the wall, and bring down on its own head a shower of angry blows? Nothing that Balaam sees, till the Lord, as the Bible says, opened his eyes; and then and there, right in front of him, bestriding the narrow path, stands an angel, a sword glittering in his hand. And let God open a sinner's eyes, and how he would stare and tremble to see a sight more terrible—Justice, armed with the terrors of the law, barring his way to heaven. Learning, then, that by the deeds of the law no man living shall be justified, the poor soul gladly welcomes a despised, rejected Saviour, and falls at His feet, to cry, Lord, save me, I perish.

Secondly, take a second case of Divine illumination. A poor outcast, a wanderer in the thirsty desert, Hagar, whose sins have brought this misery on her head, has laid Ishmael down behind a bush to die. She can submit to her own death, but not see his; nor hear the cry, Water, mother, water! that comes faintly from his blackened lips. With nothing over her but a burning sun, nothing around her but glowing sands, and with the wind of that desert on her cheek like the breath of a fiery furnace, she retires out of earshot of Ishmael's moans, and sits down to die. In that hour of

her extremity, of dark and deep despair, there comes a voice. She lifts her head, and, listening, hears it say, "What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad!"—and at the same moment there falls on her ear the blessed sound of bubbling water. God opens her eyes; and there a spring, inviting her to drink, is welling up from the burnin' sands. And let God open the eyes of anyone who, amid terrors of conscience, feels ready to perish, and in the Gospel, which before seemed so barren of pleasures, at the foot of the cross, and within his own soul, he will find "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Take another example. Alas, my master! how shall we do? is the cry of Elisha's servant, as he rushes into the house with pale terror in his face. The Syrian host, by a forced night-march, has reached their city, encompassing it like a wall; and he had seen the morning sun glitter on swords and spears, and the terrible array of war. Calm and self-possessed, his masters answers, Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. With us! the servant might ask; who are with us? Where are they? The prophet prays, and in answer to his prayer, the Lord opens his servant's eyes. Now, as if they had started from the bowels of the earth, or every bush and every tree had suddenly changed into a flaming, celestial form, Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha; and when memory has called up a believer's sins, and a sense of guilt has been darkening into despair, and Satan and his hosts, issuing from the pit, and drawn out in battle array, seem to have cut him off from escape, and he has been ready to cry, with Elisha's servant, Alas, my Master, how shall I do? how has the Spirit of God shewn to his help; and with eyes opened on the fulness, grace, mercy, pardon, and power we have in Jesus, how has he felt that, with God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit on his side, that they are with him are greater than all that can be against him.—*Abbreviated from a volume, entitled, "Speaking to the Heart."*

SABBATH.

THE keepers of the Sabbath have always been, as a rule, a happy people. There has been indeed a narrow spirit of asceticism exhibited by some, but these have been rare exceptions, and not to be regarded as legitimate expunents of the right observance of the Sabbath. No class of people were ever happier than the early Christians, and the Sabbath was their most joyful day. Asceticism was of pagan origin, and gained ground among the Christians only as their doctrines and institutions became corrupt. The Reformers were not gloomy men, nor were the Puritans as a body, although they have been so maligned. Venn, the author of "The Complete Duty of Man," was accustomed to say, "My Sabbaths are sweet to my soul." Philip Henry would often say at the close of the Sabbath, especially after a season spent in instructing his household, "Well, if this be not the way to heaven I do not know what it is." How dull and wearisome by contrast is the round of the restless seeker after pleasure. It was the confession of Colonel Gardner that when he appeared to his companions to be the most joyous of men, he was in reality so miserable that he wished he were the dog under the table. Byron held the mirror up to nature in "Childe Harold":

"It is that weariness that springs
From all I meet or hear or see.
To me no pleasure beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.
It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before."

ONE SIN.—If one note in the organ be out of key or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony, but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out into every other note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A boy or girl may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest; but ill-temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection, and every thought, and every word, and every action, be right; then there is music in the life.

GIANT COVETOUSNESS.



THE MISER.

[The following article and its illustration are reprinted from a very interesting volume entitled, 'Giants, and How to Fight them,' by Dr. Newton, just published by the Wesleyan Conference Office.]

GIANT COVETOUSNESS is very large in size, and very strong in limb; but he has the tiniest little bit of a heart you ever saw. It is not bigger than a bantam chicken's heart. You might put it in a nutshell. The only wonder is, how so huge a frame can be supported by so small a heart. But this is not all, for small as his heart is, it is as hard as stone. We sometimes hear of people dying with what is called the ossification of the heart. Ossification means, turning to bone. When a man's heart gets hard, or turns to bone, he dies. According to this rule the giant Covetousness ought to have been dead long ago. It's a perfect wonder how he manages to live, with his heart all turned to stone. But he does live; yes, and not only lives, but is hearty and strong. He is very active. His castle is of great size, and he always has it crowded with prisoners. Those whom he once fairly gets into his chains, find it very hard to break loose. Yet this is very strange, for he is a most disagreeable creature. He drives the poor away from his door. If a shivering beggar comes by, he buttons up his pocket, lest by any means a penny should happen to get out. He can hear about poor widows and orphans starving with hunger, and perishing with cold, but never sheds a tear, or heaves a sigh, or gives the least trifle for their relief. When he knows of worthy people being in need, he "shutteth up his compassion from" them. His heart is hard as a rock, and cold as an iceberg. He loves money better than anything else in the world. He gets all he can, and keeps all he gets. He is ashamed of his name, and won't answer to it. He pretends that his right name is—FRUGALITY. But this is a great story. Frugality is a very different person. He is a good, true, honest fellow. I know he is a sort of SECOND COUSIN of the giant's, and some people think he looks very much like him; but I don't think he does at all. At any rate this is NOT the giant's name. His own, real, proper name is COVETOUSNESS; and his puny, little, stony heart PROVES IT.

Well, his prisoners all become wonderfully like him. Their hearts shrivel up till they are almost as small and as hard as his. But how may we know when he is trying to make people his prisoners? Very easily. When you see people learning to love their money more than they used to do; when they always tie their purse-strings very tight, and are

very slow to untie them; when you hear them, all the time, grumbling about there being so many collections, and so many calls for money; when you find them unwilling to give, and when you see them wince and wriggle under parting with a little, as though you were drawing one of their eye-teeth out of their heads, then you may know that the giant Covetousness has got a hold upon these people.

My dear children, I want you all to fight bravely against this giant. If you ask, How are you to fight him? I answer, BY LEARNING TO GIVE. He hates giving above all things. It hurts his feelings dreadfully. Once get into the habit of giving, and he never can fasten his chains upon you.

"Mother," asked a little boy who was trying to make a good beginning of the new year, "how much of my spending-money do you think I ought to give to God?"

"I don't know," said his mother. "How much have you?" He opened his purse, and out dropped, on the table, a half-sovereign his grandmother had given him for a Christmas present, a sixpenny-piece and a fourpenny-piece.

"There's my half-sovereign, I'll halve that," said he; "sixpence and fourpence are twopence, and half of that is five. But, no. I'LL GIVE THE LARGEST HALF TO GOD. I'll give him half the gold and the sixpence."

I don't believe the giant Covetousness will ever get a single link of his chain fastened on the limbs of that noble-hearted boy.

But I want to tell you about a great battle once fought between this giant and a deacon, in a church in New England. We may call the deacon's name Holdfast. The story is a true one, though this was not the man's real name. Before Deacon Holdfast became a Christian, he had been a prisoner of the giant's for years. The chains of the giant had been so riveted upon his limbs, that he found it very hard to get rid of them. Many a sharp conflict they had together. Sometimes the deacon would get the victory, but more frequently the giant. Still the deacon wouldn't give up. He was determined not to wear the giant's chain. And after the fight that I'm going to tell you about, he got such an advantage over the giant that he never troubled him much again. It happened in this way.

In the same church to which the deacon belonged there was a worthy, honest, good man, who was very poor. This poor man had the misfortune to lose his cow. She died. The poor man was in great distress. The cow was his chief dependence for the support of his family. He went and told the deacon about his trouble. In order to aid him in getting another cow, the good deacon drew up a subscription-paper, and put his own name down, at the head of it, for five pounds, which he paid over. This made the giant Covetousness very angry. He took on dreadfully. He began to rave and storm, and tried to frighten the deacon.

"What's the use of all this waste?" he cried. "Charity begins at home. The more you give, the more you may give. Why can't you let people take care of themselves? What right have you to take the bread out of the mouths of your own children, and give it to strangers? Go on at this rate, and the poorhouse, wretchedness, poverty, and rage, are what you will come to."

This made the deacon angry. His spirit was roused. He went to the poor man to whom he had given the subscription, and told him he must give him back the five pounds. The poor fellow's heart sunk within him. He thought he should never get his cow again. But he handed over the money. The deacon stood a moment as if hesitating what to do. At last he said to the poor man: "My brother, some people are very much troubled with their old women, but I am troubled most with my old MAN. He has been scolding me dreadfully for giving you so much money; but now I mean to fix him." And then, turning round, as if addressing the giant, he said: "Old fellow, I want you to understand that I mean to give away just as much money as I think right." And then, opening his purse, and taking out a ten-pound note, he added: "I shall now give this good brother ten pounds instead of five, and if you say another word I'll give him TWENTY, instead of ten!"

This was a dreadful blow to the giant. It laid him sprawling on the ground. It took him, as the Bible says, "under the fifth rib." It knocked the breath clean out of him. He hadn't a word to say.

LEARNING TO GIVE is the way in which to fight the Giant Covetousness.

GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

DECEMBER 2. Morning. SPIES SENT OUT. (Numb. xiii 1-3, 17-33.) The people were now on the borders of the land, and, according to Deut. i 22, they asked Moses to send spies to search it out. He inquired of the Lord, and the Lord gave permission. Each tribe furnished a man; and they were commanded to go and see what sort of a land it was. They were to go into the Neghb, or south country, which was dry and arid, and thence into the mountainous parts of Canaan inhabited by Hittites, etc., etc. (Deut. i. 7-19). The time was about August, when the first grapes ripen. They went (ver. 21) and searched the land from the desert of Zin to Rehob, near Hamath, *i.e.*, from south to north, or through its whole extent. This is the general statement. Then follow some particulars. They came to Hebron, or Kirjath-Arba, a very ancient city, having been built seven years before Zoan-Tamis, in Egypt, the residence of Pharaoh in the time of Moses. There (ver. 22, 23) they cut down clusters of grapes in the valley of Eschol, which received its name from this circumstance. The bunch was so large that it was carried on a pole by two men; they also found pomegranates, figs, and other fruits, which grow in this neighbourhood in rich profusion. They were forty days absent, and on their return they brought a report that the land was indeed a fruitful one; but ten of the men said that the people were so strong, and their cities so great that the Israelites were unable to go and possess the country. Caleb, and with him Joshua (*i.e.* xiv. 6) gave a different account, and said they were able to go up; but the rest laid stress upon the difficulties, and talked about the giants of the land (ver. 28-33).

Afternoon. THE DELIVERANCE. (Acts xxvii. 27-44.) Long was the ship driven about in the Adriatic Sea, when the sailors thought that they were not far from land. They threw out a line, and found that they were in twenty fathoms of water, and next in fifteen fathoms. Then, fearing lest they should be dashed on the rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day. Ships were then constructed to anchor in this way, and not from the bows. (See Smith, p. 130-2). Anxiously they longed for day, not knowing what might happen. Then the seamen, to save their lives lowered the boat, under pretence of casting anchors from the bows also, which was sometimes done; but Paul told the centurion that all hands would be wanted, and the soldiers cut the ropes, or hawsers of the boat, and let her go adrift. They then lightened the ship by casting the wheat with which she was laden into the sea, and when day broke they cut off the anchors, loosed the rudder band, hoisted the artemon, or foresail, to the wind, and made for a creek which they observed. They knew not the land, but it was the island Melita (Malta). The creek had a sandy bottom, and was in a place where two seas met, which accords with modern observations of the island; they saw the ship aground, and her forepart stuck fast on the mud, whilst the hinder part was broken by the violence of the waves. The soldiers (ver. 42-44) were awed, and would have killed the prisoners; the centurion saved them specially for Paul's sake. See the influence of one good man. All escaped, but some with great difficulty. A comment on Ps. cvii. 30, which learn.

Dec. 9. Morning. ISRAEL'S UNBELIEF. (Numb. xiv. 1-10; 26-31.) The report of the ten spies caused sad results. The people again murmured, and even proposed to make themselves a captain, and return to Egypt. Was ever such infatuation? Moses and Aaron were deeply distressed, and Caleb and Joshua rent their clothes. They sought to encourage the people, and assured them that it was a good land, and that Jehovah would bring them into it; but the congregation were disposed to stone them, when a special manifestation of the Divine glory was seen, which probably deterred them from their purpose. Moses interceded for the people; but it was now too late, and God resolved that that generation should not enter Canaan (ver. 26-29). All that were twenty years old and upwards should die in the wilderness, for they should wander in it for forty years until that came to pass; and the next generation only, with Caleb and Joshua, should possess the land. Heb. iv. 11 tells us that they could not enter in because of unbelief. They did not trust in God after

all that He had done for them; and this was the result. A promise of rest is given to us also—of the rest of faith now—of the Sabbath rest, or rest of heaven, hereafter. Let us take heed that we do not lose it through the same want of faith in God.

Afternoon. PAUL IN MELITA (Acts xxviii. 1-15.) On reaching the shore they found where they were by inquiring of the inhabitants. There is no doubt that Melita was Malta, near Sicily, which now belongs to the British crown. The islanders spoke a strange language, whence Luke calls them *barbarians*, but the word does not imply that they were a wild people; verse 2 shows the contrary. They were of Phœnician descent, and spoke a Punic dialect. They kindled a fire to warm the shipwrecked, and out of it came a viper, which the fire had aroused from its torpidity, and it fastened on Paul's hand, and probably bit him. The natives knew that its bite was fatal, and they supposed that Paul was a murderer, and would presently fall down dead; but the promise of Jesus (Mark xvi. 18) was now fulfilled, and Paul shook off the reptile, and felt no harm. It is said that there are no venomous reptiles in Malta now, but this fact is not to be attributed to the circumstance here narrated, for vipers often disappear as land is completely cultivated. Now the people thought that Paul was a god (verse 6), so soon did they pass from one extreme to another. Malta belonged to the province of Sicily, and had a Roman governor, called here the first man of the island. His name was Publius, and he received some of the party, including Paul and Luke, Aristarchus, and Julius, the centurion, as his guests for three days. He was richly repaid, for his father was suffering from dysentery, as Luke, who was a physician, intimates. Luke did not use his medical skill on his behalf, but Paul healed him by miracle. This led to many others, who were sick, being healed, and then the gratitude of the people was unbounded, and they gave their guests everything they need. The party remained in Malta three months from November to January of the year 61-2. A ship from Alexandria, having engraven on her prow the sign of Castor and Pollux, the tutelary deities of Greek and Roman sailors, had wintered in the island, but in February proceeded on her voyage to Italy, and in this ship the whole party sailed again. They reached Syracuse, S. E. coast of Sicily, eighteen miles distant from Malta; then, tacking about on account of the wind, or fetching a compass, they came to Rhegium, in Lower Italy, and thence, having a favourable south wind, they reached Puteoli in one day. This port was the most famous one in those days on the western coast of the promontory, and here Egyptian vessels were accustomed to unload their cargoes of grain. It was also the custom for travellers to proceed from here to Rome by land. Paul thought himself a debtor to all kinds of people (Rom. i. 14), and was glad to benefit all.

Dec. 16. Morning. MOSES' LAST BLESSING. (Deut. xxxiii.)—This is a grand chapter. Moses was now near his end, and, like a father (Gen. xlix), he blessed the children of Israel before his death. He referred to the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, where God came with ten thousand of saints, *i.e.*, angels (Ps. lviii. 17, Gal. iii 19), and he spoke of God's great love to His people. He had made Moses king over them, and now as their king, representing Jehovah Himself, he gave the tribes his blessing. (Ver. 6.) *Reuben* (comp. Gen. xlix. 3). He was the first born, and the prayer was, Let him live and not die, and let his people be a small number, for for this is the meaning. Simeon was next in age, but he is passed by, for he was to be scattered abroad (Gen. xlix. 7). Ver. 7. *Judah* was the royal tribe, who was to lead the way as the champion of his brethren. Ver. 8-11. *Levi* was the priestly tribe. The *Urim* and *Thummim*—*light* and *truth*—which the high priest wore upon his breastplate, are regarded as belonging to the whole tribe. "Thy holy one" is Levi himself, and the proving at Massah refers to the chiding at Meribah (Ex. xvii. 1-7). Ver. 12. *Benjamin*, the son of prosperity, would dwell between Jehovah's shoulders, and would there be safe all the day long. Ver. 13-17. *Joseph*. His blessing, as a tribe, corresponds with Jacob's on his person and his two sons. Gen. xlix. 22. The language here is very beautiful. All precious things were to be his, and the myriads of Ephraim and of Manasseh were to be like oxen with strong horns, with which they would push all their enemies. Ver. 18, 19. *Zebulon* and *Issachar*. These were the two sons of Leah, but the youngest is named first. They were to dwell on the borders of the sea, "going out" in ships, and to dwell in tents, or lead a nomad life in connection therewith. The mountain is the mountain of the Lord's house where they

would offer rich offerings to the Lord—the treasures of the sea and those of the land generally Ver. 20, 21. *God*. He was to have a wide territory in the kingdom of Sihon, and, as a lion, was to obtain the conquest over his foes (Gen. xlix. 19). The first fruit refers to that part of the country which Gad chose for himself on the coast of Jordan (Num. xxxii. 2, 6, 25.) Ver. 22 *Dan* was compared by Jacob to a serpent. Moses gives him greater strength, and compares him to a lion. He dwelt in a country—*Bashan*—which abounded with caves, out of which he sprung upon his foes. Ver. 23. *Naphtali*. His territory was situated in a fertile country in the N.E. of Canaan, reaching to the Sea of Galilee. Of the sea and the south, as the words mean, he was to take possession. Ver. 24, 25. *Asher*. A child of prosperity would enjoy rest all his life, and be blessed before the sons of Jacob. His country was to be one flowing with oil, into which, as it were, he would dip his foot. His territory reached to Lebanon, which perhaps contained brass and iron. Ver. 26—29 contain the conclusion of the blessing, and are full of rich promises which we, in a spiritual sense, may claim. Learn ver. 27.

Afternoon. PAUL AT ROME. (Acts xxviii. 16—31.) At last the apostle's long-felt desire to see Rome is gratified. He entered it by the *Via Appia*, on which was a small town called *Appii Forum*, forty-three miles from that city, and an inn for travellers, ten miles nearer, called the *Three Taverns*. Here he was met by a number of Christian brethren, who, prisoner as he was, greeted him with joy. He dwelt in his own hired house, guarded by a *Prætorian soldier*, to whose arm he was fastened by a chain (ver. 20). After three days the Jews came to her, to whom he explained his position, and how it was that he came as a prisoner. They appointed a day when they came to his lodgings in greater numbers, and he then addressed them on the claims of Jesus as the Messiah (ver. 23). Some believed, but others did not, and then he told them that he must preach the Gospel to the Gentiles who would believe it. Two whole years he dwelt in his own hired house, the Christians in Rome paying the rent of it no doubt; and he preached the Gospel to all who came to him. During this period he wrote his Epistles to the *Philippians*, *Colossians*, and the brief one to *Philemon*. Luke here closes his narrative; but there is no doubt that Paul was at length liberated, and went forth again to preach the Gospel in other lands (A.D. 62—64).

Dec. 23 *Morning*. THE END OF A NOBLE LIFE. (Deut. xxxiv.) At God's command Moses ascended Mount *Nebo*, a peak of *Pisgah*, from which he could see the whole land of Canaan. He was aged, but his sight was not impaired, and he beheld the wondrous scene here described with great joy. But he was not to go over the *Jordan* (ch. iii. 3, 26, 27). He died there, as some render, "at the mouth of the *Larq*," in the land of *Moab*. And God buried him in a valley in the land of *Moab*. Probably angels were employed in this act (cf. Jude 9), and the purpose is supposed by some to have been the preservation of Moses' body from corruption, that, with *Elijah*, he might afterwards appear in the *Holy Mount* with Christ (Mark ix. 4). No man knew of his sepulchre. He was 120 years old, but was still vigorous and strong. It was a noble end, and a glorious funeral.

Afternoon. PAUL'S LAST WORDS. (2 Tim. iv. 1—18.) After St. Paul's first imprisonment he visited several parts of Europe, probably including Spain. Six years later he was a prisoner in Rome the second time, and then wrote this epistle to Timothy. These are his last recorded words—and he first (ver. 6—8) takes a retrospect of the past, and then looks forward to the future. He then asks Timothy to come to him, for he had no one with him but the faithful *Luke*. He wishes *Mark* also to come, and he asks for the cloak he had left at *Troas*, for he was now in a cold damp cell of *Mamertine prison*, and it would help to keep him warm. The books were perhaps copies of the Scriptures; and the parchments of his own epistles. What a sad account he gives of *Alexander*, the copper-smith (1 Tim. i. 20). The words of ver. 16 refer to his first defence, when he had stood before *Nero*, accused perhaps of being a Christian, and of having had something to do with the burning of Rome, which, however, was instigated by *Nero* himself. On that occasion no one stood by him, but the Lord was with him, and he was able, perhaps in the midst of a large concourse of people, to preach once more the tidings of salvation. The lion from whom he was delivered was probably *Satan*, who doubtless tempted him in this struggle, but from whose power he was rescued. What followed? Some time after, as it is supposed, another stage of his trial came on, and he was condemned to die. There is no doubt that he

suffered martyrdom by decapitation, and the Christians of Rome probably buried his body. (See *Conybeare and Howson*, Vol. II., p. 596).

December 30. *Morning*. GOD'S MERCIES TO ISRAEL. Psalm lxxviii. 1—8; 25—39. This psalm is a recapitulation of God's dealings with the Israelites. Ver. 18 intimates the purpose for which it was written—to instruct future generations. Vers. 25—39 tell of the supply of manna, etc., of the quails, but of the murmuring of the people, and of God's displeasure with them. But when He slew them thus they sought Him, and remembered that he was their rock (Deut. xxxii. 4—15.) Their heart was not right with Him yet. He remembered that they were His, and was full of compassion to them. This is God's character still. He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust, and as a father pitieth his children, so He pitieth us. (Ps. ciii. 14.)

Afternoon. REVIEWS, ETC. Phil. iii. 7 is the memory text. They are the words of Paul, "What things were given to me, those I counted loss for Christ." It is a precious lesson for the close of the year, and of these notes on the lessons. Let us learn that nothing we can gain in this world—riches, honour, fame, or whatever else—is to be compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.

HONOUR.

THE true basis of distinction among men, is not position or possession; it is not in the circumstances of life, but in the conduct. It matters not how enviable a position a man occupies, nor how much wealth he has in store, if there be defects in his behaviour he is not entitled to that consideration and respect due to one who is his superior in a moral point of view, though he possesses neither riches nor honour. It is not that which gives us place, but conduct which makes the solid distinction. We should know no man above us but for his virtues; none below us but for his vices. Entertaining this view, we would seek to imitate the good, though it would be found under a coarse exterior, and pity the evil though it be clothed in the finest garb and dwell in luxury. We would never become obsequious in the wrong place.

Call no man mean, low, or vulgar because he tills the soil or stands before the work-bench, for in point of true worth and real manhood he may be much superior to the president of some bank, some eminent liquor dealer, or Wall-street broker, or rich nabob who dwells in his palace.

The virtuous and right-minded sons of toil are nature's noblemen; they are lovers of good, lovers of nature, lovers of each other; they were not born to shine, nor to be the recipients of empty honour; but they were born to be men and a nation's bulwark.

GET THAT YOU MAY GIVE.

IS there any such proverb as this?

There ought to be. Surely it will be one of the proverbs of the millennium!

"Get that you may give." It is simply the condensation of what Paul was inspired to say to the Ephesians, when he directed the convert to "labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

Amos Lawrence once wrote to one of his partners:—"I am sick, and denied the sight of most of those who call; but not of the privilege of reading their papers, and giving them money. In short, I have more use for money when in the house than when able to be abroad." And again he wrote:—"The good there is in money lies altogether in its use; like the woman's box of ointment, if it be not broken, and the contents poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ in His distressed members, it loses its worth. He is not rich who lays up much; but who lays out much."

And many a man who has had hundreds of thousands of pounds less to give than that princely man, has discovered that it is a joy to toil for money, not in order to hoard but to scatter it; has even found out that the common world was made for common folks, and that the dear luxury of doing something for others may be felt just as really, and just as richly, by the little pauper, who, with a kind heart and a love smile, gives a cup of cold water to the thirsty wayfarer, as by the millionaire among his money-bags.

BEACON LIGHTS.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

LINKS FROM THE CHAIN OF LIFE.

"Open not thy door to a little sin, lest a greater one should enter."

IT was early morning, that is to say, the summer sun was far from its mid-day height, and as yet it was pleasant to be out. A boat lay motionless on the bosom of one of the smaller of the Cumberland lakes; its occupant was reading, as could plainly be seen from the volume which he held in his hand. The sky was very blue, and so was the water—nay, the very air itself seemed of the same tint; for a light bluish haze encircled the mountain tops like a sort of summer glory. Ah, it was grandly glorious! and by-and-by, when a human voice, clear and soaring like that of the lark, rose upon the summer air, it seemed but in keeping with the sweet scene around. There were no abrupt quavers, rises or falls in the song which was being sung: no, the voice was simply sweet, powerful, and clear, seeming almost as though it would in its clearness pierce the very heavens.

Where was the singer? The boatman had dropped his book, and was listening; as yet he had not seen her, although for days past he had heard the same voice at the same hour, and so well did it seem to accord with everything around him, that he had almost grown to think of it as a part of the beauty which seemed to thrill his very soul, turn which way he might. Ah, there she was, seated in a huge cavity of the mountain side, and the boatman dropped his book, while his whole countenance kindled with interest at the sight. Presently another figure came round the turning—a girl too—carrying a sun-hat in her hand, the counterpart of one she herself wore. She seemed to offer it to the other girl, and then, the moment after, a peal of light laughter floated away over the water to where the boatman still lay at his ease, watching and listening. After that they both strolled along by the edge of the lake, the newcomer still carrying the sun-hat in her hand. Never perhaps had the morning sun shone upon a fairer face than that of the singer. Not that her beauty would have attracted great attention amid others of her sex; but there in the full sunshine, her lithe, tall figure standing out so clearly amid the

grandeur of nature, her golden hair flashing back the rays of light as they fell, and the purity of her complexion, together with her clearly-cut features, contrasting so strongly with those of her companion, I say she possessed a charm and fascination rarely if ever found in scenes of home life or common intercourse.

At length they turned away in the direction whence the second girl had come—the fair one had donned her hat; the boatman also had rowed in close to the land and stepped noiselessly ashore. Altogether the scene was changing in more ways than one. Up the green slope he walked, and the girl

who had proved so lovely in the fair sunlight glanced back over her shoulder once and again as she moved away. The other turned as well, but he did not notice her: she was not graceful even, when compared with her companion, and if he made no mistake her face was very ordinary both in feature and expression. The words she spoke might have altered the whole of his after-life had he only heard them; such was not the case, however, seeing that the distance between them was too great for even Love's ear to catch the sounds; therefore the sequel still remains to be told.

"Rose," the dark sister said, "I believe the gentleman from the boat is following us."

"Well, never mind," and once more the other glanced carelessly back.

"I should like, Rose, to take a peep at poor George. I wonder if he is thinking of us just now," continued the first speaker.

"Poor George! One would think that I had forced him to go away. You make me angry, Belle. Of course he went as much for his own good as for mine."

"Yes, I know," Belle said softly; "but, Rose, dear,

you mean to be true to him, don't you?"

"True to him! Oh, yes, of course." But Rose's cheek crimsoned, for she well knew that in thought, at least, she had been wavering and unsteady towards this George, her lover, who had gone away to make a fortune for her; and for the last few days Belle had heard but very little from her sister's lips when alone together, save of this same gentleman of the boat, who now appeared to be following their steps.

After that, time still flowed on, bearing events with it, and I think Rose was one without deep feelings, else the lover across the seas making a fortune would not have been forgotten for the one who came later with it already made;



still it was so, proving to the full the instability of women's hearts.

Far away over the broad ocean a different scene was being enacted. Stretched upon a bed a man lay, to all appearance sick unto death. Females are scarce in the Australian bush; therefore one of the man's own shepherds was his sole help in this his dire need. It was weary work, the sitting there with nothing to do but to listen to the restless moans and broken sentences of his delirious charge. Then it was winter time as well, and for the last day or so it had been raining almost incessantly. Sometimes the man wandered into the other apartments for change. The house was rude in its outward appearance, but the inside seemed as though much care had been bestowed upon its general arrangements. One room was especially pretty. A bedstead hung with white stood there, together with toilet requisites equally dainty; and to hide as far as possible the rough board partition, some bright prints had been framed and hung, then here and there brackets were fastened, one of which was actually wreathed with evergreens, as though some one had wished to see the effect. So the weary nurse went from room to room, sometimes sighing heavily, but more out of pity for his sick master than for his own loneliness; indeed, he really cared naught for the latter, so long as the sick man recovered. But as the days passed by without improvement he began to lose heart and grow more melancholy than ever. The nurse did not know that the turning-point was near; still he was very tender and pitiful to the man who lay helpless as a child before him; and oh! he hoped and prayed earnestly in his poor way that it might not be death which was coming on. The rain ceased at last, but the master was no better, and the watcher grew fearful in the dark hours of the night, and sighed anxiously for the morning. It came by-and-by, and the sun shone gloriously forth; then later in the day one of the shepherds arrived laden with necessaries which he had been to the town to fetch, and the other man had half a mind to ask him to stay with him and share this night's watch. Among the things, however, which the new-comer had brought was a letter, which took Harvey's (the nurse's) attention at once. He took it up carefully, as his master might have done, "Poor fellow! all through the beginning of his illness he wor a axin' for letters; but I'm afraid now he'll never come to enough to read this 'un."

"Is it so bad?" questioned his fellow.

"Aye, come and see;" and together they stole on tip-toe to the inner apartment. Both men started back. Was he dead? No, not dead, and Harvey murmured a "Thank God" under his breath, for to all appearance the fever had spent itself out; at any rate the man whom they had spoken of as dying lay sleeping as quietly as a little child.

A month or two later, and the sick man was almost himself again. Careful nursing, a good constitution, and, above all, the blessing of God, had rescued him from the gates of death; yet he seemed strangely different in his ways, and his face appeared older than his years warranted. Spring came, and trees and plants unfolded their buds, while here and there bright patches of colouring appeared, rendering the scene glorious to behold. The skies, too, grew more and more intensely blue, and one day out in the deep solitude he so much sought, George Hallem came to a determination—he would return to England.

Down in Cornwall stands an old-fashioned manor-house, whose grounds slope down to the very sea. It is out of repair now, and it was out of repair then, for what I am about to relate happened in the self-same summer in the which Hugh Endors had trifled away his precious time amongst the Cumberland lakes—the same summer, too, which, being winter in the Antipodes, had witnessed George Hallem's illness and subsequent recovery. In a vine-covered arbour sat an ancient lady, and, as her eyes wandered over the calm sea, a tenderness seemed to engross her whole being. Once or twice she sighed deeply, and when a slight noise caused her to withdraw her gaze, and she beheld at a distance a tiny, girlish figure, she raised her weak, quivering voice, and called, "Olive! Olive!"

Instantly the girl was at her side. Oh! she was so small, and looked so woe-begone as well, that no one could have helped pitying her.

Then came pouring from the girl's lips the oft-repeated tale of love which has not been love; of how she had waited day after day, hungering for some little word; how that she had given her whole heart's store and could not recall it, and that

life now seemed to her but as one long trial and disappointment. Yet, as is generally the case, hope was still alive within her; so at the end she said, as though hoping that granny would endorse her words, "But, oh, granny, he will come! he must! Don't you think he will, granny dear?"

"My child, I cannot tell. You must hope and trust, dear; and, in the meantime, strength will come to bear it, even should the worst be as you say."

But as the summer grew old and autumn tints began to glow and kindle, no word came; and the old woman and the young sat for hours apart from the others of the household, while granny told over and over again of a disappointment of her own early youth, and of how as time passed it had cured her aching heart, and that, after all, "grandfather had been very kind, and the best husband in the whole world."

But Olive never smiled nor took heart, her cry was still the same: "If he does not come my heart won't ache, granny, it will break. I almost think it is broken now."

It was pitiful to see how weak, thin, and spiritless she had grown; and yet she had used to be the light and life of the whole country for miles round. Everyone knew Olive Bright. "Bright Olive" her friends had been wont to call her; now, however, the name seemed but as a mockery; and when they called to see her, in the hope of wounding her back to her old self, she but craved to be left alone—alone with granny. Granny was so soon to leave earth, and was, without, so unearthly in her way of receiving the girl's confidence, that somehow the two were well-nigh inseparable; and all the while time and events were hastening—events of which they were in utter ignorance, but which were, nevertheless, connecting them in the long chain of life to others whom on earth they were destined never to know.

So Christmas drew on apace, and among the lakes, as in other places, preparations were being made to keep the festive season. So beneath the genial glow of "Father Christmas's" friendly smile hearts beat high with expectant joy, and Rose Drummond's tongue chatted blithely of the great things which he was working for her happiness alone.

It was Christmas Eve at last, and Hugh had just arrived; so amid the bustle and confusion which followed, Belle slipped quietly away. A sort of restlessness had engrossed her whole being during the day, so out into the quiet moonlight she stepped, and there, pacing backward and forward, strove to nerve herself into a kindly feeling for the new comer. All at once, somewhere out of the shadow, a tall figure advanced, and, hearing his footstep, Belle turned sharply round. A stifled cry burst from her lips, then she went forward, although the pain at her heart was well-nigh unbearable.

"George, I did not expect you," was all she said; nevertheless she held his hand tightly within her own, as though either to give or receive strength.

"I arrived in London last evening, and have run down here to-day to spend Christmas with you. Why don't you bid me welcome?" His tone was light, and he seemed anxious to leave her and go on to the house.

She guessed of whom he was thinking, and passing her arm through his, said, "Don't go in yet, George. I have much to tell you; so we will first walk up and down out yonder, then you shall please yourself."

She led him, against his will, to the moonlit lane beyond, and while he inwardly chafed at the delay, she cast over in her mind how and in what way she had best tell her sad tale. At length she began. "I did not think you would have come after receiving my letter, George."

He could feel how she tremble, although her voice was steadfast and true. Nevertheless, his tone was sharp and harsh, as he replied, "Did you, then, expect me to believe what you had written? Pardon me, Belle, but it cannot be true! I will not believe it of her!"

"Has Rose written at all?" Her voice was scarce above a whisper.

"Not since you; indeed, I had started for England before another mail was due. Her last reached me while I was ill." Belle looked up quickly. "Yes, I have been ill, very ill; has not Rose told you? I wrote her a long letter as soon as I was able; but, as I was saying, her last reached me during that time, and, poor darling, she said that she was losing heart, that the engagement had better be broken off, as so long waiting was hurtful to us both. As though I had not written for the last six months past, saying that I had now prospered sufficiently to warrant my offering you both a home as soon as you liked to come. You see, Belle"—he was growing earnest, as though to talk away the slight mistake which had

arisen like a cloud to dim the horizon of his future—"you see, if I had come for you, it would have been at a great risk and loss; and as you were both to share my home, I thought it better that I should meet you at the landing-place, then get married in town, and after that take you on to my little place. Still I suppose *she* did not like the plan; every woman likes to choose her own way of being married."

They had reached the gate of the enclosure surrounding the white cottage, and George Hallen made as though he would have entered. "And how came you to risk leaving now?" Belle had laid her hand on the gate while speaking, so that he could not well do as he wished. "Because I could not do otherwise. I knew Rose was pining for a sight of me, and it was too much to expect her to come all the way to Australia for me." Poor fellow, he loved her so, this fair, false woman with the hollow heart!

"George!" There was deep anguish in the tone of Belle's voice. "George, it is true, what I told you."

He had removed her hand from the gate, and was already some steps up the gravel walk. "George, you believe me, don't you? God knows I would not pain you for nothing! Come away, George, dear George. I am sorry you are here at all, and by-and-by she will be sorry too. Oh, George, speak to me." She had tried all along to be quiet, and not to grow excited; but now she scarcely knew what to do or say. "Tell me all, Belle." His voice was so cold and harsh that it made her shiver.

"It would take a long time to do that, and would only pain you. Won't you go away and forget it?"

"Forget it! That is just like you, Belle. Besides," and he again grew fierce, "I won't believe it. You don't understand her. You have never known what it is to love and grow tired of waiting. I will see her for myself."

The curtains were not down in the parlour, so, poor girl, what could she do but lead him on. The room was all aglow with rosy light, and the others, as Belle had guessed, were gone away, so as to leave the lovers to themselves. There, standing just where the light fell strongest, they stood: Rose sweetly bashful to the outward eye, Hugh all tenderness and adoration. They were to be married on the morrow, so what would-r? George turned away with a groan. He had come from Australia for *this!* He scarcely noticed Belle as she clung to his arm, for oh! it seemed that she could not let him go. Yet he turned from her, this girl to whom he had said that she knew not what love was. Did she not know? She had loved him all her life; but what of that? He had preferred Rose, and now in his great trouble he drew no nearer, took no comfort from her lips, nor recognised the worth of her heart's best offering.

Years after, when Rose had grown mantrously, news came of the good which George had wrought on his Australian farm, and Belle, who still lived on in the white cottage, with the maiden aunt who was to have shared her brother's home (had her two nieces left England, as had been thought likely), smiled as she remembered how silly she had been to give her love all unasked. George had not wasted his life; nevertheless, how much more noble it might have been, blessed with a true woman's affection, is yet unknown.

Down in Cornwall, where the blue sea washes up high upon the land, and the tide rises to the very graves, in a tiny churchyard, is a little mound, and "Bright Olive," though dead, still speaks; for all her sunny looks and words are remembered, while the sad weariness of her last days are put aside for ever.

Alexander Cruden, author of that invaluable book, the Concordance, died on his knees while praying. He was a man of remarkable industry and fervent piety. His heart beat warmly for the poor and suffering. He consecrated the entire profits of the second and third editions of his book to relieve the poor. It was his soul's delight to minister to their wants. He was a fine illustration of that Gospel precept: "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The first copy of the Concordance he presented to Queen Caroline, wife of George II., in 1737. The Queen was so well pleased with it, she promised to reward him; but sixteen days after, she finished her brief life. Poor Cruden's hopes were disappointed. He kept on his back store, in London, in the Royal Exchange. When nearly seventy years old he was missed. Search was made in his lodgings, and the man of God was found kneeling by his chair, with the open Bible before him—his face calm and peaceful. Thus he died alone! Yet, not alone. He who says: "Lo, I am with you always," was with him. How blessed thus to fall asleep in Jesus!

THE FROST-BITTEN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

WHEN the cold weather of winter sets in, many a weak country Sunday-school wraps itself as it were in a winding sheet of dejectedness, calls its friends together for a funeral meeting, and prepares to go into winter quarters. It continues in a state of suspended animation until the winter is over, and the worst of the mud has dried up from the roads. Then, as bears, snakes, and alligators arouse from their winter sleep, and come from the nooks, crevices, and caverns in which they have hibernated, so does such a benumbed concern half-confidently open its eyes, stretch its limbs, look around to survey the situation, and begin to manifest signs of vitality in a very moderate way.

There is little use in scolding the people who close their schools in winter. There is a set of well worn arguments in favour of keeping open throughout the year. We are told that the public schools and blacksmiths' shops are open all winter, and that the whisky-shops never close their doors on a customer, except when he is too drunk or too poor to pay for his stimulants. When these arguments fail, somebody gravely comes along and asks if the devil gives holiday in winter. The sum of the matter seems to be that, if all these agencies can carry on their operations all winter, the Sunday-schools ought also to go as steadily on.

Well and good, as far as the theory goes. All the schools ought to keep open. Every teacher ought to come with his lesson well studied, even though the school is seven miles from his home, and he must ride on the back of a hard-trotting mule. Every child ought to come with bright eyes, clean face, and a light heart, though he need to tramp through snow-drifts, or trudge through saturated clay, one pound and a-half of which cleaves to each foot at every step that is taken.

But we cannot have every thing to please us. Beautiful as the theory is of plodding through wind, snow, rain, sleet, ice, and mud, there are a great many people who, much as they desire it, cannot accomplish all they would. Some of them have really wearied themselves in the work of the week, and to such an extent that they must rest on the Lord's Day. It is comparatively easy for city folks to walk to church over well-cleaned pavements, or ride thither in street-cars, and on the way legislate concerning country Sunday-schools, and declare that they should be kept open all winter. Some of the self-same consider themselves guilty of no inconsistency when in July (when there is neither snow nor mud, and all the ice they see is in the form of ice-cream; when there is no biting blast, nor pelting storm, nor slippery walk, nor any obstacle greater than hot sunshine) they declare themselves unable to continue their Sunday-school till the middle of September.

If this matter were thoroughly investigated, there would be startling revelations, disclosing the fact that there are a great many schools which have been closed during winter which might as well have been kept open.

A frost-bitten Sunday-school deserves pity, just as we pity a man who suffers with rheumatism. It would be better if the man were free from it; but he has it, or, rather, it has him, and let him make the most of it. A man with no rheumatism can do a great many things that a rheumatic man cannot. A school which has vitality enough to keep open all winter can do a great deal more than one which hibernates.

Welcome to you, O ye frost-bitten, as ye wake from your winter slumbers! The spring-time has come; the coldness is over; the vigour of new life is felt; the bustle of returning activity is astir; there is now no show for the sleepers. Let everybody be in his place, and awake to all his duties and all his joys.

Open the damp old schoolroom, and let the light of heaven come in. Throw up the window-sashes, and let the health-giving May breeze sweep through. Whitewash the walls, and mend the broken hinges, and clear away the ash-heap, and wash the sooty panes of glass and the muddy floor. Arrange the seats in the coziest pattern, and deck the sides and corners of the room with neat Scripture mottoes. Bring all the flowers the neighbourhood can afford, and give to each poor child who has no flowers at home a bunch to cheer the house. Gather the children, reconstruct the roll, and let the house be full.

Then go on with your spring and summer work in such a way that, by the grace of God, you will have enough vitality next November to keep you going all winter.

FADING LEAVES.

BY REV. J. H. M'CAULEY.

ISRAEL'S sweet singer said, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Oh, this ripened, this completed manhood! There is an aroma of heaven in the breath of the better land; a cadence mournful, yet lovely, in the murmurs of the river, to whose brink this ripened and beautiful manhood or womanhood comes.

Is not the beautiful leaf, then, a striking picture, a true lesson of our life—marking the steps from prattling infancy to hoary age?

We have a tendency to shrink back from age. Why is it we dread this growing old? Does the corn dread the heat that ripens it, and bid it delay its coming? Does the vine shy off from the season that ripens the clusters of luscious grapes? Does the tree of the forest seek a deeper and cooler depth in the tangled wild-wood, that it may lift its crown of verdure into the very snows of winter? Would it not be a strange sight to see the green leaf quivering in the winter's breeze? Dread growing old! when age is the ripened life of man; and when the doors of the city of God are opening to give the soul an eternal home. Dread growing old! when age is so lovely.

We know these departing years write their wrinkles on the brow of mortals. Time's hand is heavy, and under its pressure the strongest man must sink earthward. The life and vigour of youth die out as the leaf fades. All this life must pass away. The blush of youth and the strength of manhood, like the blossoms of summer go away for ever. Others come upon the stage; but these come back never. The tottering footstep, the dim eye, the silvery lock, are inevitably born of time; and are indices which point to the grave and tell of immortality. But still there is something in old age as lovely as the drooping, mellow autumn of a rich and glorious summer.

The old man is majestic. In him is something heavenly; for he stands on the boundary-line between two worlds. Nature in him has achieved her mission; and, when the sun of life is about to set, she comes to load him with her fruits—fruits of a rich experience, of matured wisdom. Old age is the fruit-gathering time of life. Happy is such a man or woman thus rocked to sleep—the last long sleep of earth—by the loving hands of children's children.

The fading, falling leaf carpets the earth for the "Indian summer." So old age is the Indian summer of life. How lovely are the bright and jewelled autumn days—days of haze, mellow beauty—when we seem to live on some enchanted island midway between this world and the next! And such is our life—an enchanted island, where we live and learn and feel, ever looking for some hidden treasure, ever waiting for some opening doorway, or some crevice in the shattered wall, through which floods of light shall break on the soul, and bathe it in love.

Old age is the transition period of human life, when the pictures of life below begin to dissolve into the pictures of the life man is to live above; when the mortal grows toward the immortal, and becomes it; when the music of earth begins to lose its charms of softness and of beauty, and the soul catches the whispering melodies of the better land. Earth, with its beauty, its love, and its charms, recedes from the vision of the soul; but heaven draws near, with its wealth of love and beauty and immortality.

The leaf which has fallen to the earth is not lost; there is a richness stored within it which creates other leaves. The rich mould of the forest is but the accumulated matter of the foliage which bloomed, faded, fell, in the ages gone by.

We, too, are leaves, going down into dust. Oh, the very earth is made richer by the ashes of the sainted dead! The dust of our departed is holy; the spot where they sleep is one of the most sacred places to us.

The leaf, decayed, produces itself in the living leaf again. So the good of all ages are speaking to the living. The tomb cannot hold from the sight and hearing of the living the deeds and words of the dead. There is an immortality in moral worth which survives the stroke of death. Men die, and

turn to dust, but their names live. They, being dead, yet speak.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

THE POWER OF THE BIBLE.

THE chief duty of Protestantism is with the Scriptures. It is clearly to declare and publish them abroad. The Bible does not need any defence, so much as it needs proclamation. It defends itself wherever it is known. Keep in every soul there dwells for ever a witness to the truth, whose clear eye and steady voice will see and respond to it wherever it is known. We do not need to implore men to believe the truth. We only need that they shall apprehend it, and then we may defy them to deny it. And thus the Bible, as eternal truth, needs no other argument for its support than itself clearly preached. There are defenders of the truth who think it otherwise. They treat the Bible as a weakly infant, which must be bolstered up and carefully sustained, lest it fall. And so they bring together their learning and philosophy, their human reasoning and research, which they use as proof to keep the Bible up, trembling all the while lest one of these should fail, and the truth, unsupported, sink to its hurt. But the Bible disdains all these appliances. It is no weakly infant. It has more than a giant's strength, and can not only stand unaided, but can walk forth alone, conquering and to conquer.

THE GRANDEUR OF FAITH.

A NEW ENGLAND friend relates this suggestive incident: "We recently called on a lady of culture and refinement, who, having just taken possession of a new house with elegant surroundings, had suddenly been called to face the approach of a fearful disease that seemed beyond human power to avert. With a loving husband and winsome daughter, with a home filled with evidence of wealth and taste, encircled by warm, true-hearted friends, with everything earthly to make life glad and joyous, we remarked: 'You have everything to live for. Does it not depress you to think that all this must be given up if this disease is not stayed?' The reply, simple, earnest, truthful: 'Why, I have everything to die for!'"

O the grandeur and the beauty of that faith which sees through the rifted clouds the glory beyond, which can say, amid deepest darkness, "The morning cometh"; that faith which, with "things seen and temporal," most beautiful and attractive, can raise one up into a full appreciation of "the things that are unseen and eternal"; that faith which bridges over the river, enabling the believer to treat with firm footstep and along the way that leads to the unknown land; that faith which will lead one encircled by richest earthly gifts to say, "I have everything to die for!"—*Advance.*

WHEN THEY CALL I WILL ANSWER.

A DUTCH preacher one evening held a meeting in a strange city. While he was preaching and enforcing upon the hearts of his hearers the doctrine of the Cross, a police-officer came into the room and forbade him to go on. He even commanded him to leave the city. As he was a stranger in the place, and the night was dark, he wandered around the city gates. He was not, however, without consolation; for he remembered Him who had said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

He had long been in the school of Christ, and had learned to watch for the slightest intimation of His will. While he was thus wandering around, suddenly he saw a light in the distance. "See," he said to himself, "perhaps the Lord has provided me a shelter there," and in the simplicity of faith he directed his steps thither. On arriving, he heard a voice in the house; and as he drew nearer he discovered that a man was praying. Joyful, he hoped that he had found here the home of a brother. He stood still a moment, and heard these

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Arranged by FRANK C. DENNIS.

I. There is a Name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth, It sounds like mu - sic in my ear—The

CHORUS.

sweet-est Name on earth, The dear-est Name in earth or heaven, . . . Is to our Lord . . . and Mas-ter

The dear-est Name, in earth or heaven, Is to our Lord

given . . . On Him a-lone . . . my hopes de-pend, . . . On Him our best and near-est friend.

and Mas-ter given, On Him a-lone my hopes d d.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free,
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
The dearest Name, etc.

Jesus the Name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
The dearest Name, etc.

words, poured forth from an earnest heart: "Lord Jesus, they have driven thy persecuted servant out of the city, and he is perhaps wandering at this moment in a strange place of which he knows nothing. Oh, may he find my home, that he may receive here food and lodgings."

The preacher, having heard these words, glided into the house, and as soon as the speaker said "Amen," he saw his prayer answered. Both fell on their knees, and together thanked the Lord who is a hearer of prayer, and who never leaves nor forsakes his servants.—*Christian Era*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THOSE well-known publishers, Messrs. Griffith and Farran, have sent us quite a pile of books for notice this month. Their eightpenny series (1) of books for the young is an exceedingly good one. Each book consists of about 130 square pages, and is well illustrated and prettily bound, and the list of authors includes some well-known names. The books of the series before us are *Brave Nelly*, a very pathetic and inspiring story, by M. E. B.; *The Three Wishes*, by the same author, and written very much in the same strain; *Featherland*, by G. Manville Fenn, both instructive and amusing; *Angelo*, by Geraldine Jewsbury, reciting the career of the celebrated painter; and *Playing at Settlers*, a miniature "Swiss Family Robinson," by Mrs. Lee.

The Heroic Wife (2), by W. H. G. Kingston, though not in the series, is published at the same price, and is well worth reading, full of adventures and teeming with moral lessons, as all Mr. Kingston's books are.

Yet another series, by the same publishers, and one of which we cannot speak too highly. The *Taking Tales* (3), unpretentious in their character, are just the books to place in the hands of the humbler classes; well-written tales, in large type, with bold illustrations, and at a marvellously low price, they ought to sell by thousands, and the dissemination of this class of literature would do much to elevate the taste of our agricultural population. Further particulars of the above-mentioned series will be found in our advertising columns.

(1) Griffith and Farran's New Eightpenny Series.

(2) *The Heroic Wife*. By W. H. G. Kingston.

(3) *Taking Tales for Cottage Homes*. 4d. each.

[London: Griffith and Fa

We have always greatly admired Miss Havergal's writings, but she seems to improve with every successive production. Her last two books are perfect gems. *Royal Commandments* (4) is a series of morning readings for every day in the month, and very beautifully and completely is the idea which the title expresses carried out, while the value of the readings is greatly enhanced by their being for the most part in the very words of Holy Writ. *Royal Bounty* (5) is a similar volume for evening reading, and we heartily recommend our readers to procure these dainty and inexpensive companions.

For a small poem, by an unknown author, to reach a circulation of half-a-million, is presumptive evidence there is something good in it, and we are glad to see *No Sect in Heaven* (6) reproduced, with other poems by the same writer, in a very attractive and elegant volume.

Dr. Newton is well known and appreciated as a writer for children, and his book on *Giants* (7), though an old favourite, is as welcome as ever. The characteristics of *Giants* Covetousness, Selfishness, Ill-temper, and Intemperance, are portrayed in a brisk, vivè style that cannot but interest while inculcating the best of lessons.

The great African explorer, *Livingstone*, forms the subject of a very interesting little gift-book (8). The author has selected his facts with much discrimination, and the illustrations are profuse, the whole forming a welcome addition to our Sunday-school libraries.

The Prophet of Germany, as Martin Luther is well called, has formed the subject of many a volume, but we can yet find room for the little biography before us (9). The author has ransacked all the writings on the subject (having the rare honesty to quote his authorities), and our younger, and perhaps our elder readers, would do well to see this concise, impartial, and interesting little book.

Missionary stories always fascinate us, and the author of the book before us (10) knows well how to tell them. The greater part of the volume is a narration of personal expe-

(4) *Royal Bounty*. By Frances R. Havergal. 1s.

(5) *Royal Commandments*. 1s. By Frances R. Havergal. [London: Nisbet and Co.]

(6) *No Sect in Heaven, and other Poems*. [London: Provost and Co.]

(7) *Giants, and How to Fight them*. 1s. By Dr. Newton.

(8) *David Livingstone*. 1s. 6d. By Rev. J. Marrat.

(9) *Martin Luther*. 2s. By Rev. J. S. Banks.

(10) *Missionary Stories*. 3s. 6d. By Rev. W. Moister.

[London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

rience, and very thrilling some of it is. Mr. Moister has done much good in heathen lands, and had many wonderful deliverances, and we heartily thank him for his homely, yet interesting book.

A minister said to us, yesterday, "I would sooner, in those busy times, be without half my library than lose 'Comper Gray's Notes.'" We are inclined to agree with him, and if readers will examine for themselves his last volume (11) on Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, we think they will endorse the opinion. The notes are thorough, simple, impartial, and interesting, and no biblical student should be without them.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1878.

- HITS AT HAP-HAZARD, FROM A BOW DRAWN AT A VENTURE**
By **QUINTUS QUARLES**, author of "Nestleton Magna," etc., etc. A series of short, homely sketches, blended with a strain of proverbial philosophy, so much of the lightness as is necessary to give feather to serviceable arrows of social, moral, and religious truth.
- BEACON LIGHTS** (Illustrated).
By **EMILIE SEARCHFIELD**, Author of "Cloister Laach," "Christmas Chimes," etc., etc. Twelve stories of every-day life, each complete in itself, and accompanied by a large, appropriate illustration. Interesting, without flippancy; earnest, without cant, fearless, without being offensive; and moral, yet true to life.
- THE LORD'S LAND** (Illustrated).
By **REV. H. B. RIDGWAY, D.D.** Pen and pencil sketches of the Holy Land, its people and their customs, gathered from actual and recent observation.
- EVROMANTIC RAMBLES.**
By **OUR OWN COMMISSIONER.** A faithful record of personal excursions at all hours, in all sorts of weather, in all kinds of company, and through all manner of unattractive scenery—especially that of the courts, alleys, and rookeries of the great City.
- OUR MONTHLY PULPIT.**
Each number will contain the substance of a thoroughly practical sermon by some eminent minister, regardless of denominational distinction.
- THOUGHTS FROM THE FATHERS.**
Choice extracts, every month, on various subjects, from the writings of the Puritan Divines.
- TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN** (Illustrated).
By **ALAN MAY** Twelve short, pleasant stories, on subjects that children will appreciate, and written in a style that will readily win their attention.
- OUR MUSIC ROLL.**
A new piece of music, by the very best authors, will be given monthly under this heading.
- OUR NOTE BOOK**
Will continue to be, as far as possible, a reflex of the doings of the times.
- MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES,**
SHORT SKETCHES, POETRY, NOTICES OF BOOKS, etc., will be found in every number, and other features will develop themselves as the year goes on.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE Council of the Evangelical Alliance has delegated the Hon. and Rev. E. V. Blyth, M.A., the Rev. William Arthur, M.A., and the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., to visit the principal cities and centres of Christian work in Italy. The object is to obtain full information of the operations now in progress on the part of Evangelical Protestant Christians throughout the Italian peninsula, and to endeavour to promote the increase of brotherly love and friendly co-operation in their common work.

At a meeting of miners, at Oldham, Mr. Macdonald, M.P., referred to the sad colliery disaster at Blantyre, near Glasgow, by which so many poor fellows were hurried into eternity, and stated that he intended to bring forward a measure, in the coming session of Parliament, to secure a greater degree of safety to miners.

A public hall, the foundation-stone of which has been laid by the Marquis of Hartington, is in course of erection at Chesterfield, to the memory of George Stephenson. The hall will be devoted to social, literary, and educational pursuits. The estimated cost is £13,000.

The Mansion House Committee has decided to make no further appeal for subscriptions to the Indian Famine Fund, as the prospects of the Madras Presidency are rapidly improving. There has been a decrease of nearly a million in the number of persons employed on the relief works during the

past month. The amount subscribed to the fund may be broadly stated at about £500,000.

A new college is being erected by the Wesleyans in St. Stephen's green, Dublin. The cost is estimated at £14,000, of which amount about one half is already in hand.

At a meeting of the clergy of the Established Church, at Sheffield, it was resolved to invite the Church Congress to hold its next year's meetings in that town.

The Irish Presbyterian Church is gravely concerned at the dearth of candidates for the ministry. Last year there were only nine licensed to preach, though about thirty were required to fill up vacancies.

The health of the Pope is such as to require constant medical attendance. Consequently, Dr. Ceccarelli has taken up his permanent abode at the Vatican. The weakness of His Holiness is such that he cannot, without assistance, sit in an upright position.

Lord Shaftesbury presided at the inaugural meetings in connection with the opening of the new buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association at Liverpool. His lordship stated that there were now in England and Scotland 700 associations, and in the world 2,043, with a million and a half of members.

The Wesleyan choirs of the counties of Durham and Northumberland have held their annual festival, or service of song, in the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The united choir numbered 850 voices, and the service, which is now an established institution of the two counties, is said to have been of a high-class character.

Mr. Gladstone, during his recent tour in Ireland, received the freedom of the City of Dublin. His visit was characterised by a studious abstention from anything bordering on the domain of party politics.

A week of united prayer was held during the second week of November, at all the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world, for "the outpouring of the Divine influence upon the Church and the world, and especially for the conversion of young men to God." The week following, the Rev. H. S. Paterson conducted a series of evangelistic meetings at the Y. M. C. A., Aldersgate street, London. Young men were specially addressed.

Lord Leconfield has added still further to his former gifts to the Irish Church, making a total of £25,000.

Dean Stanley has held a service, in the nave of Westminster Abbey, for the members of Working Men's Clubs. A large congregation assembled, and the Dean preached from the words, "Seek those things which are above." He exhorted his hearers to rise above the low, grovelling, small, paltry view of things human and Divine, to which there was in these days such a prevalent tendency.

Dr. Ziemann has sent the following telegram in behalf of the Bosnian refugees, amongst whom he is labouring:—"Plead earnestly for warm clothing. Frost commenced; thousands nearly naked; poor little children shiver and die; a quantity of warm second-hand clothing most acceptable."

Dr. Laceron also, to whom and a staff of sisters, etc., the German Government has granted a free pass, and the Governments of the Netherlands and Austria are expected to act with similar generosity, has also appealed for supplies of quinine, chloroform, carbolic acid, lint, luen, bandages, blankets, and warm clothing.

A WORD ABOUT SAYING "No."—One thing I would like to impress upon the minds of mothers in general, and that is—Don't be too ready to say "No" to your little children. Stop and think, before you deny a request, whether it is not the very thing you would have liked to do when you were a child, and if it is reasonable, grant it, even though it is childish. Remember that you can follow out your taste and fancies without opposition, in nine cases out of ten, and don't be too hard on the little one who comes with a timid, "May I do this, mamma?" or, "Couldn't you let me have that?" Sometimes the granting involves a little discomfort, it is true—noise, or a littered floor, or some other grave derangement of household rules—yet still I say, put yourself in your child's place, and see if you cannot give the permission which will wreath the little faces with smiles and gladden the little hearts.

The lifeboat may have a tasteful bend and beautiful decoration, but these are not the qualities for which I prize it; it was my salvation from the howling sea! So the interest which a regenerate soul takes in the Bible, is found on a personal application to the heart of the saving truth which it

(1) *The Biblical Museum.* Old Test. Vol. II. By Rev. J. Comper Gray. [London: Stock.]

contains. If there is no taste for this truth, there can be no relish for the Scriptures

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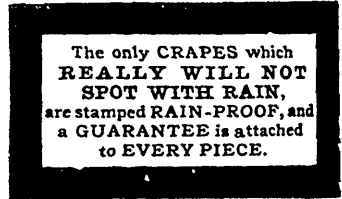
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