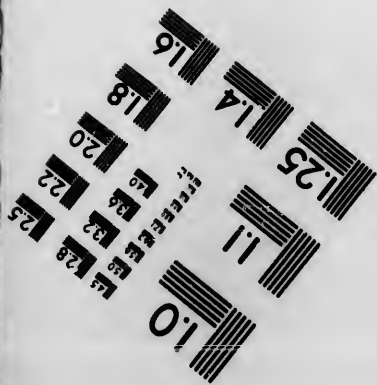
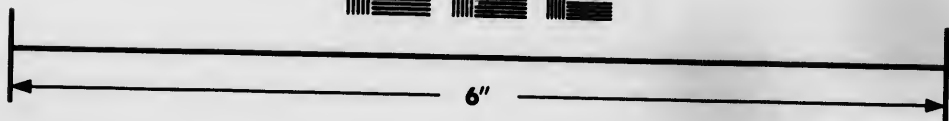
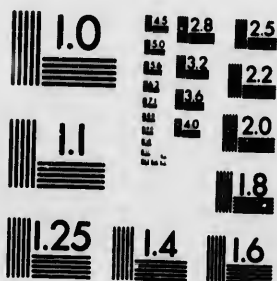


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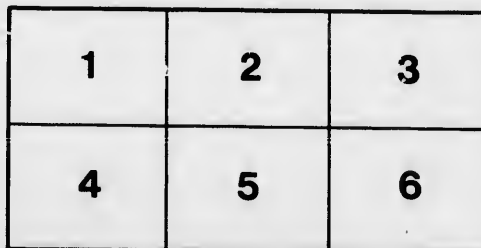
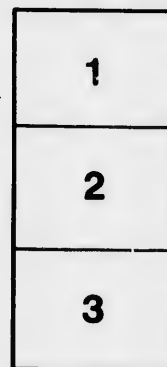
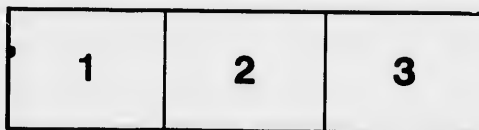
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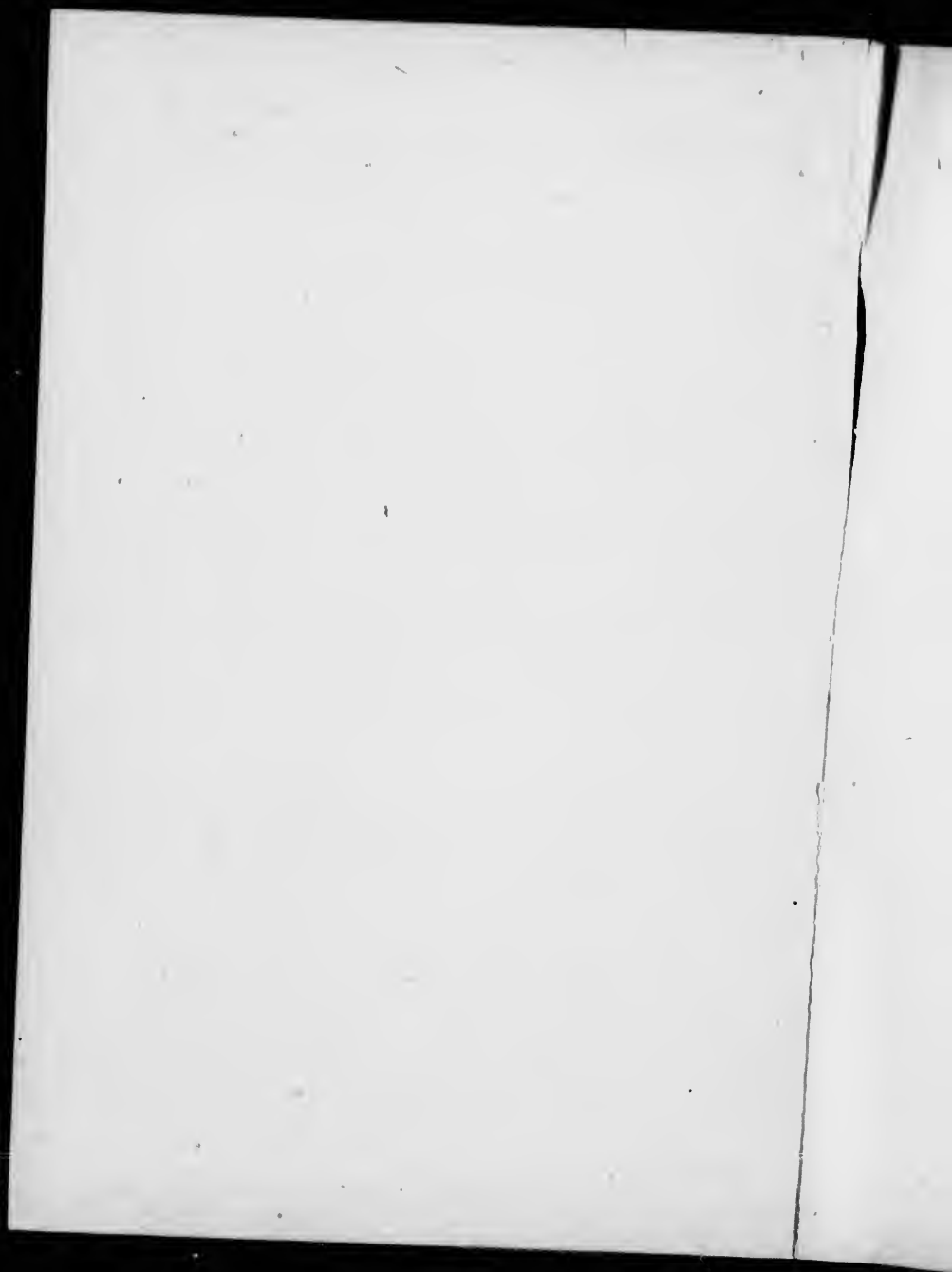
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STRAY BEAMS FROM THE CROSS.









STRAY BEAMS

FROM

THE CROSS.

BY AUTHOR OF

*"Within the Pearly Gates," "Feathers from an
Angel's Wing," Etc.*

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 AND 80 KING STREET EAST.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE. S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.

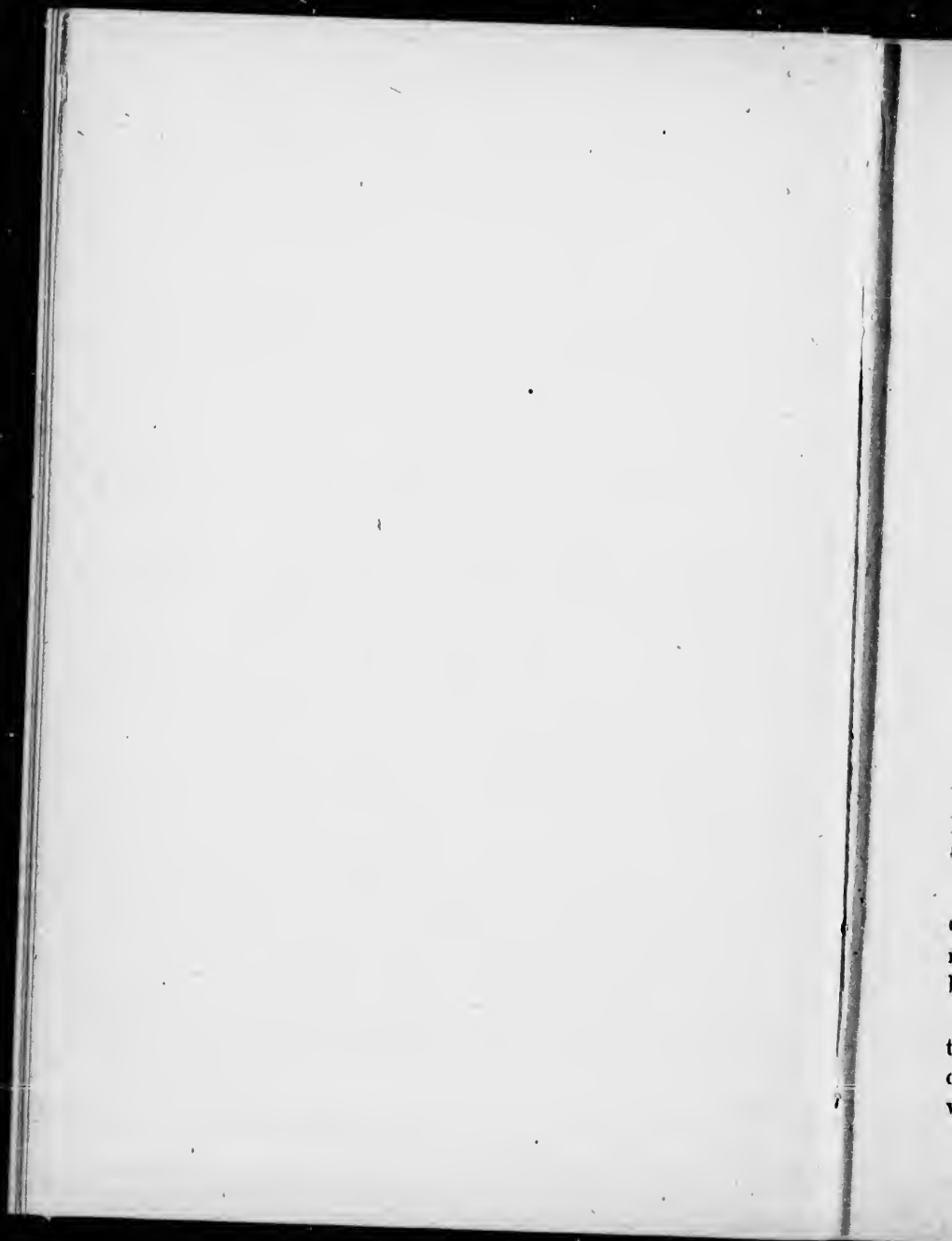
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Stray Beams from the Cross.



ROCK OF AGES.



HIS beautiful hymn, the household song of the redeemed in many lands, has been translated into elegant Latin and Greek verse by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. It was the favourite hymn of the late Prince Consort in his dying moments. Dr. Pomery, while visiting an Armenian Church, in Constantinople, saw many of the worshippers in tears whilst they were offering praise, and on enquiry he learned that they were singing a translation of

“Rock of Ages.”

General Steward, of the Confederate Army, as he lay mortally wounded, turned to the chaplain and asked him to sing

“Rock of Ages,”

the General joining with all the voice and strength he could command. After having sung the hymn he whispered to the chaplain, “I am going,” and his happy

spirit left the roar of battle for the region of everlasting peace. Some years ago one of the Fisk Jubilee Singers was on board a steamer that took fire; he had the presence of mind to fix a life-preserver on himself and wife, but in the agony of despair, when all on board were trying to save themselves, some one snatched from his wife her life-preserver, so that she found herself helpless amid the waters; she clung to her husband, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders, as he swam towards the shore. After a little time her strength was exhausted. "I can hold on no longer," she faintly cried. "Try a little longer," was her husband's agonized entreaty, and then he added, "Let us sing

"'Rock of Ages,'"

They both began faintly to sing, and the strains fell upon the ears of many around them, while they were thus seeking to comfort each other. One after another of the feeble and exhausted swimmers was seen to raise his head above the waters, and to join in the prayer. Strength seemed to come with the song, and they were able to hold out a little longer, still faintly singing. A life-boat was seen approaching, and they received strength to keep afloat till the crew lifted them aboard. Toplady, the author of the hymn, on his death-bed had days of sunshine from the presence of the Lord, and his favorite hymn was

"'Rock of Ages.'"

The cliffs that watch the sea are swept away by the

angry surges, the beds of granite grow hoary with age, and while the thrones of mighty empires have crumbled into dust, the "Rock of Ages" remains. They who stand on any other foundation are like birds which build their nests in the trees by the river side. They sing in the branches, and the river sings below, but all the time the water is undermining their foundation. But birds that hide their young in the cliffs of the rocks are undisturbed, and after every winter come again, to find their nests awaiting them, and all their life-long brood in the same places. They who build on the "Rock of Ages" need have no cause for fear when the last storm sweeps earth and sea.

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THE MYSTERY.

"The clouds hang heavy round my way
I cannot see;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His,
While all is dim;
To close my weary, aching eyes,
And follow Him.

Through many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet.
To know that He is close to me,
My God, my Guide;
He leadeth me, and so I walk,
Quite satisfied."



HUMAN life resembles a road which ends in a precipice, and advance we must. There is an irresistible power ever impelling us onward. The door into eternity is always open, and there has never been a moment since the birth of time when it could be said there is no spirit on its last journey. The path to the grave never lacks a traveller,

and as the sound of one footstep dies away, another is heard following up in close succession. Kings with their crowns, statesmen with the business of a realm, warriors with their honours, and the millions of mankind, are ever passing through the mysterious porch into the temple of eternity. The crowds we meet in our daily routine are travelling rapidly to the silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his children. The Rev. Mr. Carlyle describes man as standing between two curtains, the one veiling the infinite, the other shrouding in the thickest folds the mysterious future. This world is a changing scene. The grass that yesterday waved to the music of the wind, to-day lies shrivelled in the field. The flowers that sparkle with the dew-drop of the morning, and regale our homes with their fragrance, pale, wither and die. The majestic oak which has withstood for centuries the fierce blasts of the tempest, is in a moment riven by the lightning. The colossal palace succumbs to the hoary angel of time, and only a few broken columns mark the spot where it once stood. In like manner shall the most exalted in the ranks of mankind perish. Why so many are born, to fade so soon and die, is a problem beyond all finite conception, but it is far better to sip the cup of life than drain it to the dregs; to enjoy one hour of rosy freshness than to linger through an old age of wrinkles, cares, and decrepitude; better to gain the harbour early than to wage an uncertain warfare; to easily win the wreath than

peril it in a combat in which there are so many chances of defeat:—

“Sometimes a noble fleet we see,
In pride and splendour put to sea;
With swelling sails and hope that glows
Each vessel on her pathway goes.
But scattered soon and tempest tossed,
Full many a stately ship is lost,—
Stricken, or wandering o'er the main.
They never put to port again.”

It is a thought worthy our most serious consideration, that in our individual and personal responsibility we are alone. No friend, however dear, can become our surety. We must each and all at God's tribunal give an account of our stewardship. Let us not think too highly of our personal attractions, for we know not how soon we may become food for worms, and our earthly raiment be worn by others, or allowed to moulder away uncared for. Dark and mysterious are the ways of Providence. How difficult it is to be able to say at all times—“Just and true are Thy ways, O King of saints.” The following brief, yet too true, narrative, may serve as an illustration:—

There lived in H—, England, a family consisting of the mother and six children; Alice was the eldest. The father of this family had crossed the Atlantic, to find a new home in the United States. He prospered sufficiently to send enough money to pay their passage across the ocean, and they prepared to follow. Alice was no ordinary girl. She was industrious almost to a fault, intelligent above her station, courteous, kind,

and deeply pious. After the father's departure the greater part of the care of the family devolved upon her, and she had to provide for their necessities from wages earned at the factory. The Sabbath found her equally engaged. None were more regular in their attendance at the means of grace and Sabbath-school than she. Qualifications like these could not but win admiration. To one who sought her in marriage, she refused entirely on religious grounds. Another, against whom there was not the slightest objections of this kind, she refused, her only reason being that she must go to America. She felt the utmost regret to leave the land of her birth, endeared to her by so many associations, and there was every inducement for her to remain but one—the desire to see her father. This dear girl was engaged in the factory to the very last, as money was greatly needed. Her nights were fully occupied in the multitudinous preparations which the voyage involved, and very little time was allowed for rest. Preparations were at once made for their departure, but the arrangements were agreeably broken in upon by those who knew her best. They could not allow her to depart without some memento of their respect and affection. In the school-room of the church a large meeting was held, and several tokens of friendship were presented to her expressive of the high appreciation in which she was held. There is another circumstance which gives a kind of romance to this narrative. The first lover of whom we have spoken, with a chivalry as high-minded as ever animated

knights of old, and with a determination to win the love he sought, hearing that she was about to leave for America, preceded her, that he might welcome her on her arrival and show his determination to cut off his old habits, and, for her sake, begin a new and better life. In due time the ship "William Lapscott" sailed. Dysentery and fever, the ever present scourges of the emigrant ship, did their work among the passengers, and Alice was among those who suffered. Every faculty of her body and mind had been strained to its utmost tension, and, weak and exhausted, she became an easy prey to disease. It was on the 18th of October, 18—, when the ship anchored in New York harbour, and among those carried from the deck was Alice—fever-stricken.

The new home provided by the father was on the beautiful prairie of Illinois, and it was arranged that when they reached New York they should proceed thither. The illness of Alice detained the family a few days; but, as she did not recover as rapidly as expected, and their means were limited, they had to leave her in the care of strangers, hoping she would follow in a few days. The next day she died. The brief voyage of her storm-tossed life was ended. It would seem that the purpose of her life had been for the family only, and now that she had lived to pilot them over to their natural protector her work was done, and it only remained for her to die. Why a life so useful should so early close, when apparently there seemed to be hope of rest, none can tell. Looking at

the circumstances of human existence, there are some things far beyond the province of natural philosophy to explain, and which faith alone can reconcile with our belief in the existence of an all-wise and merciful Providence.

To those whose mind is not staid by a firm trust that some future state of being will be the complement and finish of the condition of things here, the life of this dear girl is inexplicable. Her end and the attributes of Deity are both verities, and all that we can say is, that they are somehow reconcilable in that vast circle of things, the entire circumference of which we are at present unable to discern. Like many of her people, she rests in a strange land. Time has wrought such changes in that burial ground, that her grave is lost to all human recognition. But there is One whose eye never loses sight of it, to whom her very dust is precious, and who will one day reanimate and clothe it with the splendours of immortality. Then the wherefore of a life so brief and so noble will be unfolded, and its mystery made known. Thanks be to God for the gospel of His grace, which has brought life and immortality to light! Else when the sun of earthly life sinks behind the horizon, spectral night would indeed wrap all in gloom; but it is not so. Beyond the darkness of the present we see the daylight of the future. We follow the departed spirit of the triumphant Christian, and far away from broken homes and scattered families, from graves and funerals, from sighs and tears, we see the region of eternal sun-

shine. The final home is reached. Our Heavenly Father welcomes the pilgrim; our elder brother joins the rapture of the angels; the festive board is spread, the heavenly choristers sing, and the banner of love waves over the scene! Glorious prospect! Rich consolation! Blessed beams of hope! Should not such anticipations illumine the darkness of the present, and ought not the thought of a home in heaven reconcile us to breaking up of the home on earth?

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"BILLY" DAWSON.



AMONGST some of the most popular lay preachers of Methodism may be mentioned Hick, Carvossa, Mortimer, Greenbury, Marsden, Brooks, and William Dawson, better known as "Billy Dawson," who was one of the most popular preachers of his day. He was zealous, earnest and vigorous, and in imaginative power, graphic delineation, and constructive phraseology had few equals—no superior. He was homely in his style of utterance and eccentric in his ideas, but was welcomed in all the churches. His provincialisms were no barrier to any of the city pulpits. It was a treat even for Dr. Clarke, the scholar and biblical critic, to listen to this plain, Yorkshire farmer.

William Dawson was born at Garforth, Yorkshire, England, in the year 1773. His father was a farmer, and colliery steward to Sir Thomas Gascoigne. After his conversion, he divided his time between looking after his stock and crops, holding revival services, and advocating the cause of missions and other benevolent objects. He preached and spoke in his every-day attire—drab breeches (commonly worn in those days), and top-boots, which added somewhat to the piquancy

of his ministrations. He was a great mimic, and could portray character to perfection. His voice was full, and at times startling. He used to give as a reason for his lung-power, that when a child he was such a great screamer that every person in the neighbourhood wished him dead but his mother. He never studied his sermons, except, perhaps, for half an hour before entering the pulpit; hence, being impromptu, they were rough, unpolished expressions of his thoughts as they welled up in his fertile mind, and were delivered without much coherence. He spoke in the dialect of the West Riding of Yorkshire, but this rendered him the more acceptable, as his auditors, of whatever class, understood every word he said, which was not the case when they listened to the more cultivated and polished preachers. But what he lacked in oratorical finish was amply made up in the fervency of his style, the originality of his ideas, and the boldness with which he lashed the frailties and sins of his hearers; and his popularity was such that he was in constant demand to preach special sermons, and was the means of turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. In 1836 the sum of ten thousand dollars was subscribed to purchase for him an annuity that he might devote the whole of his time to preaching the Gospel, upon which he gave up his farm at Barnbow. Had he received a secular and theological training, he would have ranked as one of the first orators of his day. His most famous sermon was "Death on the Pale Horse" (Rev. vi. 8), which he

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was frequently requested to preach, and was always listened to with bated breath and rapt attention.

I remember reading a book some years ago, which, I think was entitled "The Great English Preachers," by an American critic. In his tour through England he had the pleasure of hearing William Dawson preach. The subject happened to be "Death on the Pale Horse." The author tells us, as well as I can remember, that it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the energy of the preacher's style, the wonderful effect produced by the modulation of his voice, his fervent utterances and graphic power, which seemed almost to project a living and visible realization of the scene before the eyes of his auditors. In the closing remarks of his sermon he cried out, "Come and see! The sinner is on the broad road to ruin; every step takes him nearer hell and farther from heaven. Onward, onward he is going; Death and Hell are after him; untiringly they pursue him. With swift but noiseless hoof the pale horse and his paler rider are tracking the godless wretch. See! see! they are nearer to him! they are overtaking him!" At this moment, so perfect was the stillness of the congregation that the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard in every part of the church, and, taking advantage of the circumstance, and without any seeming interruption, leaning over the pulpit in the attitude of attention, he fixed his eyes upon those who sat immediately beneath, and, in an almost supernatural manner, continued: "Hark! hark! here they come! That is their untiring footstep! Hark! hark!"

and then, imitating the beating of the pendulum, he exclaimed in the highest pitch of his voice: "Save the sinner! save him! See! the bony arm is raised, the dart is poised! Oh! my God, save him! save him! for, if death strikes him, he falls into hell, and as he falls he shrieks, 'Lost! lost! lost! Time lost! Sabbaths lost! Means of grace lost! Heaven lost! All lost! lost! lost!'" The effect was so powerful that two of his congregation fainted, and it required all the preacher's tact and self-command to pass through the excitement which his own brilliant fancy and vivid imagination had roused.

Dr. J. R. Robinson, of Leeds, says that "it is more than fifty years since I heard 'Billy Dawson' preach from Psalm xl. 2: 'He brought me up also out of an horrible pit,' etc., and the sermon is so deeply impressed on my mind that the lapse of time does not seem to weaken the impression. The forceful, vivid language in which he described the horrible nature of the pit, and the hideous aspect of the slimy reptiles crawling about and sending out their forked tongues with hissing noises, I can never forget. The miry clay, which was so tenacious in its hold, so difficult to be drawn from, and the marvellous change when the rescued felt their feet safe on the solid rock, was exceedingly well portrayed, assisted as was his description by the most remarkable changes of countenance I ever saw."

On another occasion, when preaching on David and Goliath, his description of the mass of humanity

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called Goliath—his heavy armour; his utter contempt for the stripling that was to come out to oppose him; his threat to give his flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; the trusting confidence of David, who expressed himself in the well-known words that all "the earth may know that there is a God in Israel;"—the slinging of the stone, which was buried in the forehead of Goliath, causing the reeling and falling of the giant to the ground—was a masterpiece of vivid representation. David was then portrayed as standing with his foot on Goliath's neck, with sword uplifted, which was so graphically put that a man who was standing on the steps of the pulpit, unable to restrain his feelings, shouted, "Off with his head, Billy!"

Mr. Dawson once preached at Colne, in Lancashire, on The Flood—just the subject for such a preacher to handle. After describing the building of the ark, and the insults heaped on Noah by the scoffing multitudes, he opened the pulpit door and represented the animals entering the ark in pairs, and the birds coming on swift wings. Standing as near the pulpit seat as he could, as if to let the quadrupeds pass him, he shouted as he looked down the pulpit steps, "Here they come!" and so striking was the scene brought out, by voice and gesture, that to the people it seemed a reality. Then he described the patriarch and his family entering the ark, and no sooner had they crossed the threshold when he shouted, with a voice that startled every person in the church, and

"God shut the door!" at the same time he closed the door of the pulpit with great force. He then represented the falling of the rain, first in gentle showers, then in torrents; the wailing of the crowd outside, crying in the most pitiful tones for admittance; the angry waves chasing the terrified people from hill to hill, the roaring of the fountains of the great deep breaking up, the shrieks of the dying men and women fighting for standing room, and the waters covering the highest mountain and sweeping into eternity the last of that sinful race. A gentleman who heard the sermon told me it seemed as if he could hear the rain beating furiously on the roof of the church, and the dying multitudes appealing for mercy. It was a sermon never to be forgotten. This same famous preacher preached the funeral sermon of the Rev. David Stoner. Every seat of the church was occupied, and the aisles crowded. Leaning over the pulpit, and pointing to the floor, he said: "See! See! there is a silver trumpet lying there, who will pick it up and blow it?" Many of the people rose from their seats and looked towards the spot, as if it were a reality. It is said that the Rev. Barnabas Shaw was present on that occasion, and there and then dedicated his life to the service of Christ, and was afterwards sent as a missionary to Fiji, and found a martyr's grave early in life.

Mr. Dawson once preached in the neighbourhood of Leeds, on Dan. v. 27: "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." A person who travelled

the country in the character of a pedlar, and was exceedingly partial to him as a preacher, was one of Dawson's auditors. The pedlar generally carried a stick with him, which answered the double purpose of a walking-stick and a yard measure, and having been employed freely in the former capacity, it was worn down beyond the point of justice, and procured for him the appellation of "Short measure." Taking up a prominent position in the front of the preacher, and being rather noisy in his religious professions, as well as ready with his responses, he manifested signs of approbation while the scales were being described and adjusted, and the different classes of sinners were placed in them and disposed of agreeably to the test of justice, mercy and truth,—uttering in a somewhat subdued tone, yet loud enough for those around him to hear, at the close of each particular case, "Light-weight—short again." After taking up separate classes of flagrant transgressors of the law of God—the hypocrite and the formalist—Mr. Dawson at length came to such persons as possessed the semblance of much zeal, but who "employed false weights and measures." Here, without having adverted in his mind to the case of the noisy pedlar, he perceived the muscles of his face working when the report of "short measure" occurred to him. Resolved, however, to soften no previous expression, and to proceed with an analysis and description of the character in question, he placed the delinquent in his singular, striking way, on the scale, when, instead of the usual response, the man, stricken before

him, took up his stick from the floor, doubled his knee, and taking hold of the offending instrument by both ends, snapped it into halves, exclaiming, as he dashed it to the ground, "Thou shalt do it no more!"

William Dawson died in 1841, at Colne, in Lancashire. I have been in the room where he laid down the weapons of his earthly warfare. He had come to Colne to preach the church anniversary sermon, which he had done for twenty successive years. He was taken suddenly ill about one o'clock on Sabbath morning, and died in a few hours. He felt his end had come, and, sitting on the side of the bed, he repeated these words:

"Let us in life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care."

His remains were taken from Colne to Barwick, in Elmot, to be buried, a distance of several miles. As the funeral cortege passed through the towns and villages, thousands of people turned out to pay their last tribute of respect to him who, through God, had been the means of turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. As shine the stars in the firmament, so shines he in the kingdom of God.

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THE BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE LORD OF HOSTS.



HERE are vessels which float the King's ensign that seldom go into action, but are generally found lying at anchor in the roadsteads. We purpose to note some of the most formidable ships in the service of the King of kings.

Out on the ocean yonder, battling with the enemy, is a large and noble vessel. Her crew is composed of gallant seamen, whose deeds of valour are worthy of being had in everlasting remembrance. That ship is the EPISCOPALIAN.

One of the best equipped vessels in the fleet is the fine old war-ship, the PRESBYTERIAN. She has come out of many a battle with her yards stripped of canvas, but has never had to chronicle a defeat. Amongst the crew that manned her in other days was John Knox, the bravest of the brave; the polished and classic Welch; the massive and lion-hearted Chalmers; the heroic Candlish; the stalwart Guthrie, grand old man, his brow furrowed with more than thirty years of active service. I can see him, with form erect, on the deck, his eyes piercing through the haze that cur-

tains the sea of life, watching for the lights upon the distant shore. If her present seamen are equal in courage and nautical skill to those who served her in former times, her future is indeed an envious one.

There, gliding majestically over the ruffled waters, is an admirable vessel—the BAPTIST. In the early part of her cruise, she had many fierce storms to encounter. John Bunyan was one of her chief officers. For twelve years he was confined in a miserable dungeon, whose walls were dripping with damp, because he would not cease to recruit for the King's service. "But from that dim apartment he sent forth a book, whose original conception, grand and beautiful imagery, touching pathos, purity of style, and true to nature and experience, has given him an unrivalled fame." At present, among her noble seamen is an officer by the name of Spurgeon. His eyes gleaming with the fire of his enkindled soul, his form expanding to its utmost height, and his lips moving with energy, he paces the deck, exclaiming, as he points to the formidable batteries of Anti-Christ, "These strongholds must be taken. Quick! Clear the deck; make ready for action!" "Comrades! stand firmly by your guns, and never cease firing till you see that flag, dripping with the blood of martyrs, hauled down." The command, "Blaze away," rings like a trumpet-blast from one end of the ship to the other. Flash follows flash in rapid succession, and the roar of the cannon booms across the sea. "How goes the battle, Landels?" cries Spurgeon. "I already see

several breaches in the walls, sir," is the reply. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong and fear not, for the Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge." "Let the Armstrongs of imperishable truth be brought to bear upon them." "Aye! aye! sir." "What shouts are those I hear from the mast-head?" "They are the shouts of victory, sir. The enemy has surrendered." The mariners man the yards, and there ascend the high and joyful strains of the old Hebrew faith:

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid,
Therefore, although the earth remove
We will not be afraid."

There riding upon the billows is the CONGREGATION-ALIST. She has just come in from a cruise in the South Sea Islands, where John Williams, one of her bravest seamen, perished—a name that will live in the memory of men, when time has wiped out the names of the heroes of military fame from the sculptured marble of Westminster, and the fretted ivory of St. Paul's. Her present position in the service is second to none; and need we wonder, when she numbers amongst her crew such heroes as Newman Hall, Theodore Cuyler, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Joseph Parker, and others.

Far to the north, where the moonbeams sleep on the glistening iceberg, is another ship, the MORAVIAN. A more faithful crew is not to be found in the service, and a most glorious reward awaits these devoted servants of the King.

Coming into sight, under a heavy press of canvas, is the METHODIST. The Wesleys, Coke, Asbury, Bourne, Clowes, and other worthies, by Divine direction launched this vessel into the world's deep sea of iniquity. She has sailed through storms and tempests, among rocks and quicksands; and has hitherto surmounted every difficulty. She is made of the very best material; her timbers are branches from the tree of life; her bolts, spikes, pins, and nails are prepared by Omnipotent power; and she is planked with salvation down to her keel. Her masts are high and stately, and every stay, shroud, and rope is made of the silken cords of God's love. Hope is her anchor, Faith her cable, the Holy Bible her compass, and Christ her pilot.

She has on board millions of valiant sailors, and their Captain often gives them a glorious cheer while passing through the storms of life. He says, "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life." The crew of this vessel are in earnest, and they are determined never to strike sail, or take in an inch of canvas, till the world is conquered. They have given chase and boarded many a pirate.

This ship carries heavy guns, has an excellent furnace for making "red-hot" shot; and large mortars for sending shells into the City of Destruction.

With these weapons of spiritual warfare, she has stormed families, villages, towns, cities, kingdoms, islands, and continents. Her colours are nailed to the mast, to let the enemy see that she never means to

surrender, but determined to gain a complete conquest. Her sailors are brave in battle, calm in danger, and stand firmly by their guns. They have implicit confidence in their Captain, and give Him praise when they take a prize.

“Fill her sails, ye heavenly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along:
Hark! the sailors are rejoicing,
Glory bursts from every tongue.”

These ships are all provided with provisions and instruments of navigation—“A perfect and infallible chart, a chronometer that only needs care in winding, and a barometer that foretells all changes of weather. They have their log-books and telescopes, and, besides these, they have means, by the faithful use of which, though it needs no little skill and attention, they can detect the direction and strength of unseen tides and under-currents. They are, indeed, provided with everything likely to make the voyage prosperous, sure, and successful.”

How many there are who have their names on the service list, but that is about all we can say about them. They may reach the shore with their lives, but it will be at midnight, surrounded by roaring tempests, full of bitter remembrances and most tormenting fears. They may gain the port, for “the Lord is good, and His mercy endureth for ever.”

But who shall describe the condition of those who refuse to be saved—driven out to sea in all their wickedness, not even allowed a quarantine within

sight of the heavenly Jerusalem, but obliged to drift about, dismantled and disabled, amid the darkness of eternal storms? Oh! to be forced from their moorings at midnight, when they cannot see a hand-breadth before them; the thunders rolling; the lightnings flashing: strange voices of wrath mingled with every blast; and the great bell of eternity tolling a funeral knell for the lost through all its dismal, solitary, and everlasting voyage! Let us flee for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us, which hope is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, grasping the Rock within the veil.

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OUR UNSEEN GUARDIANS.

WE are indebted to Divine revelation for our knowledge of the existence of our angelic guardians. Not less than sixteen of the inspired writers unite in giving us a clear and consistent account of their existence, dignity, and employment. The crude ideas which the heathen had of this order of intelligent beings was doubtless derived from tradition—broken rays of light from God's original communications to man, scattered over the world. This order of beings they place between God and man—forming a link of mysterious connection—a kind of graduating scale between the grandeur of the Godhead and the imperfection of humanity. Man occupied a place at the head of God's visible creation, and served to connect the intellectual offspring of the Creator, as separately found in heaven and earth—two widely different orders of beings, and yet constituting the one great family of God and the Father of all. The Greeks called them *demons*, or knowing ones; the Romans *genii* and *lares*. Socrates had his good angel that gave him notice in the morning of any evil which would befall him during the day. On

the day he was condemned to drink the fatal hemlock, he says: "My angel did not give me notice this morning of any evil that was to befall me to-day; therefore I cannot regard it as an evil my being condemned to die." There is in this scrap of profane history a strange and deep spirituality that must be interesting to a reflecting mind. It is one of the most wonderful sayings of uninspired man. Who but an angel of God could have been the *knowing one* that revealed secrets to the mind, of that great philosophic sage, honestly struggling for light amid the surrounding darkness. What a blessing the Bible would have been to such a man. Revelation alone supplies us with information concerning these rational beings which we have not seen. Although the Bible does not reveal enough on this subject to gratify our insatiable curiosity, yet it reveals sufficient for our faith and comfort. It teaches us that the burden of their songs is praise to God, and that they are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation, battling under the clouds of earth and time. As to the nature of angels, they are essentially spiritual, not burdened with flesh and blood as we are. Their bodies, if they have any, are not earthly, and gravitating like ours, but of finer substance, ethereal, resembling flame more than anything else of which we have any knowledge, as intimated by the Psalmist: "He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire." They either have bodies, or power to condense atmosphere, to collect vapour around them,

or in some way to make themselves visible to mortals, for they have been seen of men. They are endued with understanding, with affections and liberty. These attributes are essential to the existence of spirit, if indeed they do constitute its essence.

What should hinder the angels from seeing our very thoughts, as they are being formed and developed in the mind? The thin veil of flesh cannot intercept the sight of an angel. Massive walls are no more an obstruction to their gaze than unopposed space or open air. How amazing must be their knowledge! What information they must have at their command, gathered from the boundless resources of the visible and invisible world. Yet there are seas of knowledge in the infinitude of the Godhead they cannot fathom, mountains of Divine thought they cannot scale. As to the date of their creation Divine revelation is silent, and for us to try to solve this problem by theory would only reveal our ignorance. We might as well attempt to fix the time when those "eternities of silence" which shine in peerless beauty above us were created, as offer an opinion as to the date of angelic birth. No doubt they rank among the earlier, if not the earliest, of divine creations. We read that when the foundations of the earth were laid, "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." If so, they must have pre-existed, and, for aught we know, may have done so for half an eternity, if we may be allowed to express ourselves so. The angelic was an anterior creation. It had long pre-

ceded ours. The angels are the elder children of eternity, the firstborn of God's creation.

"'Twas when the world was in its prime,
And the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young time
Told his first birthday by the sun.
When in the light of nature's dawn,
Rejoicing men and angels met
On the high hills and sunny lawn,
E'er sorrow came or sin had drawn
'Tween man and heaven her curtain yet."

We are told of the angels who kept not their first estate, but fell through disobedience. It is evident that they were once in a state of probation, or trial. St. John tells us that there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and his angels. The dragon seems to have been the leader of the hostile forces. It is supposed by some that the word *Dragon* means the Pagan Roman empire, and *Michael* the Christian Roman empire, and *Heaven* the throne of the Roman emperors, and *War* the many conflicting counsels which took place between the Pagan and Christian powers. Without attempting to settle the mystical, or prophetic import of the passage, let us consider it as an event which literally took place—the subjugation of the rebel forces. I am inclined to the thought that the angels who kept not their first estate, were never in the realm of unsullied bliss, the present abode of the holy angels, but were assigned a place of purity like that of Eden, and placed there on probation; and had they

retained their original purity, they would have been exalted to the higher abode of holiness, in which it is impossible to fall. What the sin of these angels was we are not told, yet it is safe to say that they threw off their allegiance to God, openly resisted His authority, and He made use of His agencies to punish them. God's laws are just, holy and good, and require a loving obedience. There was nothing unreasonable in this. It was due to their Sovereign. He had created them and crowned them with glory and honour, and had taken them unto His service. Why then did they become disloyal and refuse to obey Him? Was there anything in His character they could impeach? Certainly not; He is absolutely perfect. Was there anything in His government they could condemn? By no means, as it is founded on the principles of infinite wisdom and eternal rectitude. Was there anything in their own circumstances to create discontent? No, for they dwelt in heavenly places. Then why did they begin a war of ingratitude against their Creator?—a war against their own interests and happiness? We cannot assign any just reason, except they were influenced by some evil power to rebel—to set up a government of their own—resolved to rule or ruin. The secession of the French from Monarchy to Republicanism was one of blood and slaughter. The American rebellion, which brought brothers face to face with brothers in deadly combat, was enough to make angels fly back appalled. But these secessions only relate to time, and good may come out of them, but the angelic rebellion involved

the eternal destiny of the rebellious. They gained nothing and lost all—the favour of God—His moral likeness and every celestial virtue and grace. The apostle Peter says: "They are reserved in chains of darkness until that day," when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and the destiny of all will be pronounced.

The angels have always been distinguished by extraordinary physical power, in relation to the operations of nature and providence, with which their agency has been variously and more or less immediately connected. They are said to be "mighty," "strong," of "great power." A cherubim guarded the way of the tree of life at the eastern gate of Eden! What had nature's laws to do with that unapproachable barrier of flame—the fiery barrier protecting the passage to immortality against the approach of man? An angel was sent to stay the hand of Abraham when about to sacrifice his son. Two angels were sent by God to rescue Lot and his family from the impending overthrow of Sodom, and while the house of Lot was surrounded by the evil-minded Sodomites, in reckless violation of all the rights of home and hospitality, the angel-guests within the dwelling, unaided by any known law of physical force or influence, inflicted the curse of instant blindness on the assailants without, and left them to grope their way to utter darkness. An angel was sent to destroy the first-born of the Egyptians. "It was midnight! A deep silence rested on the vast city. The tumult of the day and evening

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was over. The crowds had forsaken the streets, across which dim lights were swinging, and naught broke the solitude save the measured tread of the sentinel going his nightly rounds, or the rumbling of a chariot as some late reveller returned to his home. Here and there was seen a light in a sick chamber, giving to the gloom a sadder aspect, and out from a narrow alley would now and then burst the sounds of folly and dissipation. All else was still, for the mighty population slept as the sea sometimes sleeps in its strength. But suddenly, as the 'All's well' of the drowsy sentinel echoed along the empty streets, piercing shrieks rent the silence, and passing rapidly as lightning from house to house, and blending with each other, rang out on the night air with strange and thrilling distinctness. Then came a wail following heavily after, and rolling up even from the palace," "for there was not a house where there was not one dead." An angel of God was charged with the exodus of Israel, and threw an embankment of cloud between them and the Egyptians, so that a caravan of three million Israelites could not be seen by their pursuers. When the King of Syria heard that Elisha was in Dothan, he despatched a whole army with chariots and horsemen to arrest him, which surrounded the city by night, so as to make his escape impossible. The next morning Elisha's servant was startled as by an apparition at the sight of a mighty host, and, divining their purpose, he cried out in terror: "Alas, my master! What shall we do?" "Fear not," said the prophet, "there are more with us

than with them." The man of God knew where his strength lay, and he prayed, "Lord, open the eyes of the young man;" and suddenly the mountain, just before unpeopled, and reposing calmly in the early light, was full of careering horses and chariots of fire.

When Sennacherib laid siege to Jerusalem, to all human appearance the city must go down before his embattled host. As Hezekiah looked upon the hitherto invincible cohorts of the Assyrian king his heart sank within him, and he rent his clothes and went into the temple, and laid the insulting and threatening letter he had received from the haughty invader before the Lord. He also sent for Isaiah, and told him his fears. The prophet assured him that there was no cause for alarm, that Jehovah would defend the city, but in what way deliverance would come was not revealed, and it was not necessary it should be. Trusting in the prophet's word, the king returned to his palace to await results. Night came down upon the city, and nothing was heard but the neighing of war-horses and the tramp of the sentinels on duty. As the Assyrian army lay down to sleep in apparent security, the angel of the Lord swept through the camp and slew the Assyrian host.

To punish the sin of David in numbering the people an angel was sent, and David lifted up his eyes and saw the angel of the Lord standing between heaven and earth, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem. How terrible and sublime was that sight! Around the offending monarch lay the

Holy City, its inhabitants slumbering in supposed security. The pale moon was throwing its silvery beams upon the battlements and domes of the palaces, and the stars calmly looking down on the plains, mountains, and gardens of Judea; while over the city stood this bright and powerful being, grasping a glittering sword. A single stroke from that sword and the city would have become a vast tomb, with no signs of life or beating heart within its walls. Do we wonder that David and the elders of Israel fell on their faces and earnestly pleaded with God that the dreadful sword might be returned to its sheath?

When Daniel was cast into the lions' den he sat securely amid the harmless brutes, while the king passed the long night sleepless and agitated. In the morning he hastened to the den, and, in a voice full of sadness, called out, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?" "O king, live forever," came calmly back from the gloomy pit; "God has sent His angel and shut the lions' mouths." When the enemies of the prophet were thrown into the den, the angel having left, the brutes with all the ferocity of their nature, fell upon them and break their bones in pieces. When the doomed children of the captivity, the heroic confessors of Dura, were thrown into the fiery furnace, which was heated sevenfold beyond all former occasions, and was expected instantly to consume them, an angel of God was seen walking with them in the midst of the fire. An angel appeared to Gideon to

incite and encourage him and said, "Go in *this* thy might and save Israel." Elijah, after the defeat of the false prophets, fled into the wilderness in a state of utter want and destitution; when in this condition he laid himself down to die, an outcast under a juniper tree. In this extremity an angel of God awaked him from his sleep of despair and exhaustion, and said, "Arise and eat;" and, in the strength of what the angel furnished, he went forty days and forty nights until he reached the mount of God in Horeb. As the great prophetic teachers and reformers, Elijah and Elisha, journeyed and communed in the valley of the Jordan near Jericho, Elijah revealed to Elisha his approaching departure; and about to leave with him his blessing and his mantle, suddenly the angels of God appeared for him, and, with "chariots and horses of fire, in the path of the whirlwind he ascended to heaven." When the vision of cherubim burst upon the gaze of Isaiah, and he felt himself undone, an angel touched the lips of the dismayed prophet, and said, "Thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin is purged."

An angel was specially commissioned by God to go through Jerusalem and "set a mark" of distinction and favour upon the foreheads of the people. Gabriel said to David, "Unto thee am I sent: peace be unto thee; fear not, be strong." In the vision of the horsemen, seen by Zechariah in the valley of myrtles, an angel accosts the prophet and proposes to inform him who his associates were—"These," he says, "are they

whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro in the earth." An angel announced the birth of Christ, and the shaking of celestial wings and music were heard by the shepherds. Angels attended our Lord in His weary march from the cradle to the cross. When Peter was cast into prison the Lord was not unmindful of him. As he lay on the floor of his dungeon, a soldier chained to either arm, suddenly the gloomy apartment became light as day, and Peter, opening his eyes, saw an angel radiant with brightness standing over him. "Arise up quickly," said he, and the chains fell with a clank on the floor; and, after bidding him gird up his loins, said, "Follow me." As they walked along the corridor of the prison the ponderous gates flew back at their approach, and when they reached the street the unknown guide suddenly disappeared. An angel was sent to Paul while being tossed upon the stormy bosom of the Mediterranean Sea. What inspiration and divine trust we have in Paul's appeal to the despairing crew: "Be of good cheer; I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me."

Angels are interested in the salvation of man. He who spake as never man spake has told us, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"—that his repentance sends a wave of delightful sensibility throughout the mighty throng of their legions. I know of no higher benevolence than rejoicing at good in which the rejoicing one has no share. When we rejoice at blessings which bestow benefits on ourselves there may be something

selfish in our joy ; but when we rejoice at blessings enjoyed by others and denied to us, our benevolence rises from being human and becomes almost divine.

Angels have no share in the benefits of our restoration. They never felt the need of repentance, and can derive no benefit from it, yet they rejoice at the spiritual birth of their younger brethren. The reason why the angels rejoice over the repentance of a sinner, is they know of the value of the soul. Here is a thought, the weight of which we all ought to feel. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that the greatest of all created beings is man. Think of his capacity for good or evil. It is said that Jeroboam made all Israel to sin. What may not one regenerated man do in the way of good ?

Angels never manifested half so much interest over worlds just called into existence, as they do when a sinner is brought to repentance. They know if the sinner does not repent he will be eternally lost. Robert Hall, in one of the most beautiful, and yet most awful, of his conceptions, says, "What, if it be lawful to indulge in such a thought, would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul ? Where should we find tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle, or could we realise the calamity in all its extent ; what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion ? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness, to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth ? or were the whole fabric of nature to become animated

and vocal, would it be possible to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude and extent of such a calamity? Oh! my friends, should this loss be yours, this catastrophe happen to you, and your soul furnish by its destruction that which no language can describe. How awful the reflection!

On one occasion while George Whitefield was preaching, with his graphic powers, he represented the angels hovering around the congregation awaiting the results of the sermon. The assembly seemed to see them, so vividly was the scene portrayed. He described the celestial messengers on the wing, about to return to heaven with the report of the sermon which had been blessed by the conversion of a few sinners. The good man, his heart swelling with holy ambition to be instrumental in the salvation of still more souls, stamped his foot upon the floor of the pulpit and cried: "Stop, Gabriel! stop! Wait for another and another soul, that still greater joy may be created in heaven." I have not the graphic powers of a Whitefield; but I feel something of his anxious desire that souls may be saved. Sinner, as you sit in the sanctuary listening to the word of life, remember that near you are the angels of God, waiting for the spiritual uprisings in your soul, that will lead you to repentance. Will you make glad the angels, and the heavenly mansions ring with hosannas of joy, or drive them forever from your presence? The angels bending over you are waiting with holy anxiety for

your decision. How long will you halt between two opinions? Decide now while the Holy Spirit is at work, and the angels crowd your path. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The ministration of angels is a revealed truth. Do you require scriptural evidence of this? In the Word of God, we read, "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." Ex. xxiii. 20. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him." Ps. xxxiv. 7. "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him, and when he saw them, he said, This is God's host, and he called the name of that place Mahanaim." *Two hosts or camps.* Gen. xxxii. 1-2. "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh unto thee, for He will give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Ps. xci. 9-11.

What a consoling thought it is to the Christian to know that the holy watchers are ever winging around him in their protecting flight. When in danger, they cover him with their feathers, bear him up in their hands, and when flesh and heart are failing, whisper comforting words to his departing spirit, and bear it on their bright wings to the region of eternal bliss. "And the beggar died," says Jesus, "and was carried into Abraham's bosom." The flaming escort is leaving the gates of the Holy City. Like a constellation of stars they cleave the air. They pass by

the royal palace, not giving it even a passing glance; purple and fine linen have no attraction to them. They pause at the gates of a rich man's mansion. What meaneth this? On the ground lies a dying pauper, his body covered with ulcers, and his only support the crumbs, or sweepings from the rich man's table. Though contemptible to man, he is precious in the sight of the Lord. How patiently they wait for the loosening of the silver cord. How they bend over him with loving tenderness, and point to the fadeless glories awaiting him. As the spirit leaves its cumbrous clay, they fold it in their bright wings, and bear it to the inheritance of the saints. Is it too much to say that the angels throng the chamber where the good man dies?

Hundreds of dying testimonies confirm this. Have you ever watched in the chamber of sickness the light of life fast waning away, and have you not felt as you stood amongst sorrowing friends, that other beings were present, fanning with their wings the exhausted frame, and directing the eye of the spirit to the sunlit borders of Canaan?

Enter this cottage; here upon a bed of death is a dear child. A friend bending over her asks if she knows that she is dying. She replies in a sweet voice, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." A few moments pass in silence, then she says, "Father, I am cold; lie down beside me." He lies down beside his dying child, and she twines her thin arms around his neck, and in a dreamy voice says, "Dear father." "My

child," says he, "does the flood seem deep to thee?" "O, no, my soul is strong." "Seest thou the further shore, my child?" "I see it, father; the banks are green." "Dost thou hear any voices?"

"I hear them, father, as the voices of angels, they call me. My mother's, too—her voice, too, father! O! I heard it then."

"Does she speak to thee?" "O, yes! she speaks in words most sweet. I am cold, cold, cold, father; there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, you'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my child."

"Thank God!" she replied; her eyes closed, and she slept in the arms of Jesus.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Child of sorrow, remember that He giveth His angels charge concerning thee.

"Hail! happy day! that breaks our chain!
That manumits, that calls from exile home,
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand of elder
brothers, to our Father's house."

Some years ago, there was a dreadful epidemic on this continent. The beloved pastor of a church and his wife fell a victim to the plague. A few moments before he expired, he exclaimed, "They are coming! they are coming!" His wife was in the other room; she happened to be dozing. The friends who were watching heard a voice coming out of the room; she was saying, "Is he gone, is he gone?"

They replied, "Yes, triumphantly;" "When did he die? Was he triumphant?" "Yes, triumphant." "Now I am ready and happy, my work is done, I will follow; farewell!" and she closed her eyes in Jesus.

The Rev. Thomas Lowe describes the last moments of his beloved wife in the following beautiful language: "While I and my sister were sitting up with the dear sufferer, watching with painful interest the last wave of life ebbing to and fro, we heard a rich strain of heavenly music and song—soft, sweet, silvery voices, singing in chorus—like notes from 'harps of gold;' and as we eagerly listened, rapt with the celestial melody, the heavenly strain mysteriously floated away in faint, rich, angelic echoes. Heaven was very near that chamber of death. On another occasion, she exclaimed, with ineffable rapture, 'Glory! hallelujah! I see Him! 'Tis Jesus that's come for me. Hallelujah! beautiful! beautiful! There's a home in Jesus. No more weariness.' The last words she uttered, faintly but audibly, were 'Glory! Glory! Glory!' And then in a sweet calm, unruffled by a pang, soft and gentle as an infant's slumber, her happy spirit passed away to that beautiful land on high." Oh! what a blessed thing it will be to have such holy beings to gladden with their presence our last moments. Even so shall it be if we are faithful unto death. Our blessed Lord will not leave us comfortless.

THE IMMORTAL HYMN.

"Jesus, lover of my soul."
* * * *



HIS hymn expresses so correctly the views, feelings, and desires of the Christian, that it has become a favourite with all believers. "About the time that Isaac Watts was writing his earliest hymns at Southampton, in the south of England, two brothers were born at Epworth, who were destined to be known through all time. While their godly mother, Susanna Wesley, was dying, she said to her family: 'My children, as soon as my spirit is released, sing a song of praise.' In the group that joined in that holy song were John and Charles Wesley. John Wesley was the man who laid the foundation of Methodism, and hewed out the pillars of the new tabernacle; but Charles Wesley was the Asaph who filled it with melody. Methodism was builded rapidly, but the walls never would have gone up so fast had they not been built to music. Charles Wesley was born a poet. Like Toplady he was all nerve, fire and enthusiasm; and God gave him a musical ear, intense emotion, ardent affections, and a glowing piety that never grew cold. He must have been the author of at

least four thousand hymns. He found his inspiration on every hedge, and threw off hymns like sparks from the forge. When he was preaching to a number of rude stone-cutters and quarrymen at Portland, England, he turned his appeal into metre, in which occurred the vigorous lines :

“Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.”

Standing once on the Land's End of England, and looking down on the waves as they came rolling in on each side of the cliff, he broke out in these solemn and thrilling words :

“Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
’Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.”

For every scene and circumstance in life he had a holy, impassioned lay. But like Watts, Cowper, and Toplady, he had his masterpiece. The Lord bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honour of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English language. If the greatest song of the cross is “Rock of Ages;” that on providence—Cowper's “God Moves in a Mysterious Way;” and the grandest battle-hymn—Luther's “God is Our Refuge and Our Strength;” it may be said that the king of all lays is “Jesus, Lover of My Soul.” It

has awakened unspeakable rapture in the Christian, as the lamp of life was flickering in the dying frame, and soothed the sorrow of the bereaved, as they took their last fond look of loved ones as they lay shrouded for the grave. Whatever may be said of Charles Wesley's doctrine of "Christian perfection," there is no doubt that he attained to that high state of grace when he wrote this hymn. The one central and all-pervading thought is the soul's yearning for its Saviour. The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one verse we have a storm-tossed mariner crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another, a timid, tearful child, nestling in its mother's bosom, with the words faltering on its tongue:

"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Two lines of this faultless hymn have often been breathed out as the shadows have settled down on the newly-made grave:

"Leave, ah! leave me not alone."

We do not doubt that tens of thousands of bereaved and wounded hearts have uttered the piercing cry:

"Still support and comfort me."

The history of this hymn can never be written; but permit me to mention the consolation and rest of soul it has imparted to a few of the many of our fellow-sufferers. An intelligent young man from the State of Virginia, while residing in the Western States, became an infidel. A lingering and fatal illness led

him to reflection and prayer. Three Christian friends used to spend the tedious hours with him in singing hymns. One day they entered his room and began to sing,

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

After they had done singing he said, “There is nothing I so much love to hear as the first hymn you ever sang to me,

“Jesus, lover of my soul.”

They sang it again to the inimitable tune of “Martyn,” and found the solemnity which had reigned in the room while singing the former hymn was changed to weeping. When they struck the very touching strain or the second stanza—

“Other refuge have I none”—

the weeping became louder. The heart of him who had reviled Christ was so broken they feared to sing the rest of the hymn in consequence of the prostration of the sufferer. A few days afterwards he said, “I do not think I can ever bear that hymn sung again; it so excites me that my poor body cannot stand it.”

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, describing the last hours of her distinguished father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, says: “The last indications of life on the day of his death was a mute response to my mother repeating,

“Jesus, lover of my soul.”

Many years ago a vessel was driven on a reef off the coast of Africa. The life-boat was launched, and,

with almost supernatural effort, all the crew, as was supposed, reached the shore. But, to their dismay, they found that they had left behind the cabin boy. They could see him in the rigging beckoning them to rescue him; but they saw it was impossible, as the sea was running too high. Sorrow blanched the cheeks of the brave fellows as they stood upon the shore watching the vessel breaking up, and many a "God bless the lad!" went up to Him who rules the winds and the waves. As the vessel was sinking in the greedy waters they heard the poor boy faintly singing,

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past."

The great evangelist, the Rev. Charles Finney, was walking about his grounds not long before his death. In the church where he had preached for forty years the service had just begun. Presently he heard the hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

floating to him from the distance. He caught it up, sang with the invisible congregation, and joined in their praises to the end. Before the next morning he had joined the choristers in the Holy Temple.

A chaplain in the American army during the last great war found Tom, the drummer-boy, sitting alone under a tree. At first he thought he was asleep; but as he drew near, the boy lifted up his head, and he saw tears in his eyes. "Well, my boy, what's the matter?" "Why, sir, I had a dream last night which I can't get

out of my mind." "What was it?" "You know my little sister is dead—died when ten years old. My mother was a widow, poor, but good. She never seemed like herself afterwards. In a year or so she died too; and then, having no home and no mother, I came to this war. But last night I dreamed the war was over and I went back to my home, and, just before I got to the house, my mother and little sister came out to meet me. I didn't seem to remember that they were dead. How glad they were! O, sir, it was just as real as you are real." "Thank God, Tom," replied the chaplain, "that you have such a mother, not really dead, but in heaven, and that you are hoping, through Christ, to meet her again." The boy wiped his eyes and was comforted. The next day there was terrible fighting. Tom's drum was heard all the day long here and there. But as night came on, both armies ceased hostilities. Tom, it was known, was wounded and left on the battle-field. In the evening, when all was still, they heard a voice singing away off. They felt sure it was Tom's voice. Softly and sweetly the words,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

floated on the wings of the night. The first stanza ended. The voice began the second faintly:

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

The voice stopped here, and there was silence. In the

morning the searching party went out and found Tom sitting on the ground leaning against a stump—dead. His soul went up to God with the song.

Blessed death song! Thousands of God's redeemed ones have sung it as the haven of rest opened its glorious portals to their view. If we could choose the manner of our departure, who would not desire to die singing or repeating the words of this blessed song? May that Saviour who is the central thought of this hymn be ours, and, amid all the tossings of life's ocean, may we rely upon Him. He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." May the shadow of His wing cover our defenceless head as the last storm sweeps around us, and on His bosom may we eternally repose.

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TRAVELLING HEAVEN- WARD.

IT is said that the Canadian Pacific Railway is one of the finest in the world, and its equipment the most complete. When we are resting quietly in our graves, the great North-West, mostly uninhabited, will be peopled by millions of our race, and the cars pass through magnificent cities, and smiling villages, freighted with the treasures of commerce from all parts of the world. But it is not of such modes of travel, important as they may be, that I purpose to write, but of another line—"The New and Living Way"—which was laid in the far distant past, on "the ruins of Eden." It was an immense undertaking, and required the resources of infinite wisdom and love to accomplish it. The architect of this line is Jehovah, and the builder the PRINCE OF PEACE. "He bridged the rivers, threw up the embankments, bored the tunnels, swung the gates, opened the depots, made the rough things smooth and the crooked things straight, and laid the track," that He might rescue the outcasts and those who are ready to perish. He has published a "Guide"—the Holy Bible—which contains full particulars

of the main line and its branches, also when and where the train starts, and the instructions are so plain that a wayfaring man need not err therein. It is beautifully illustrated with the scenery which lies along the way. There is to be seen the birth-place of the Prince—the stable in which He was cradled—the mountains on which the shepherds were watching their flocks when the angel of the Lord appeared, to announce the glad tidings of His birth. Nazareth, the home of His childhood, the cities and villages in which He toiled, the stormy sea He calmed, the hill-sides on which He preached, the multitudes He fed, the wilderness where He was tempted, the persons whom He restored to reason, health and life. Bethany, the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus—the garden of Gethsemane, where He prayed and agonized in spirit—the Judgment Hall, where He was condemned, the place where He died—the sepulchre in which He lay and rose from the dead, and the mountain whence He ascended to heaven.

A FREE PASSAGE is given to all who desire to travel on this New and Living Way. A devout and earnest application is only required, without which you cannot gain an entrance through the Strait Gate to the Dépôt. Through it passed the patriarchs, prophets, disciples, apostles, and those blessed women who stood by the cross on which their Redeemer died, and were the first to herald the joyful news of His resurrection.

One night as the deep shadows were resting on Jerusalem, a "Master in Israel," unseen save by the

holy watchers, started for the Depôt, and after a brief enquiry as to the nature of the road and the necessary qualifications for the journey, sought and found admittance. He was followed by an unfortunate malefactor whose crimes had brought him to the gallows, who came trembling to the gate, crying, "Lord, remember me!" and he was allowed to enter and at once started for Paradise. There came also men stricken with palsy, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the leper, the publican, the jailer, and the three thousand Pentecostal converts, and an entrance was administered unto them. Since then multitudes have boarded the cars and reached the Better Land. None who come are ever turned away, if they comply with the conditions, forsake their sins and live a life of holiness. But in order to get a first-class seat, you must make a first-class start.

THE ENGINE IS THE CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS. Some of these are elegantly finished, artistically decorated with great head-lights and brilliant reflectors; but too many of them have more show than power. A great many people prefer the old-fashioned GOSPEL ENGINE. The others suit some people, but they travel too slowly. Give me an engine with plenty of boiler-power, good safety-valve, pipes, piston, cylinder, connecting-rods, cranks and flanged wheels in perfect order; so that sufficient power can be had, to distance the world, the flesh and the devil.

THE CARS ARE THE VARIOUS PLACES OF WORSHIP. Some of these are superbly fitted up with plush-

cushioned and réversible seats, sun-lights, and other improvements to suit the modern taste; but many prefer to travel in the plain car, in which John Bunyan, George Fox, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Rowland Hill, John Nelson, William Clowes and other blessed men and women rode, which is cushioned with Divine love, filled with the Divine presence, songs of praise, and where nothing is heard or talked about but Christ and Him crucified.

THE MOVING POWER IS THE HOLY SPIRIT. The nature of this mysterious power we cannot explain, yet its mighty energies are both seen and felt. The supply is inexhaustible. Its capacity immeasurable. There requires no additional engine to climb the higher grades, the power is ample and sufficient for all emergencies. But in order to make good time, the passengers must be continually adding fuel to the fire—"praying without ceasing."

There is no BAGGAGE CAR attached to this train. No encumbrance—"must lay aside every weight." The love of money, ball-room trappings and all worldly amusements must be left behind, as light has no communication with darkness. There must be a complete surrender of everything that would interrupt the intercourse between the believer and his Saviour.

These CARS pass over the rough road of persecution—the burning sands of affliction and through the wilderness of temptation; but the trials in the way are only light when compared to the happiness enjoyed. It is a way of pleasantness and peace. There is a re-

freshment room in each Car—"a feast of fat things," to which all are invited; also a well of living water, springing up fresh from the Eternal Fountain.

This HIGHWAY OF SALVATION crosses the DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS. Isaiah says of this part of the line: "A highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." On these mountains Moses stood, when Jehovah spread before him the vine-clad hills, the olive groves of Canaan; but his spiritual eyes caught a glimpse of a far more glorious land, where winter never strips its trees, flowers never fade, and day never dies into night. On these mountains of beatitude Enoch communed with God "and was not, for God took him" to a more endurable inheritance. Here Elijah and Elisha were walking, when the chariot of fire parted them asunder. Only the pure in heart dwell here, as it is

"Beyond the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

At this point the line descends into a deep gorge, called the "Valley and the Shadow of Death," at the entrance of which stands the King of Terrors, but his presence causes no fear, as the pass of each passenger

bears the royal signature. As the cars enter the valley, the Conductor shouts, "Keep your seats—keep praying—keep believing—fear no evil—I am with you." As the deep shadows of the valley gather around them, they sing:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

"The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on their eyes, their ears
With sounds seraphic ring."

The whistle blows—the brakes are put on—the train stops. What a change! No mortal eye ever beheld such transcendent loveliness. High on the hills of bliss stands the Holy City. "Its gates of pearl, its streets of pure crystalline gold, its walls of twelve foundations; the Jasper streaked with many a tender dye; the Agate, once Chalcedon's peerless boast; the fathomless repose of Emerald; the Ruby and blood-tinctured Sardonyx; the Chrysolite, like amber-sheathing fire; the Beryl, emulous of ocean's sheen; the opal-tinted Topaz, clear as glass; the soft pale purple of the Chrysoprase; the Milibœan Hyacinth; and, last, the lucid violet of Amethyst." There are also seen fair troops of shining ones flocking around the City gates, whose crowns and circlets corruscate the

self-same radiance. The portals are of pearl, and the robes of those who throng them are of spotless white. The passengers are enraptured and overpowered with the grandeur of the scene. They seem to have forgotten the trials they had to endure on their journey. The Heavenly Depôt is crowded. Loved ones are there, who once gladdened earthly homes, who were taken from them in childhood; the glory of manhood and womanhood, and in the decrepitude of old age—their heads hoary with the frosts of many winters. How different they look to what they did when their friends last saw them, wrapped in their shrouds and confined for the grave. As the passengers alight from the cars, they receive a Welcome! from their Heavenly Father; Welcome! from Jesus; Welcome! from the Angels; Welcome! from the Patriarchs; Welcome! from the Prophets; Welcome! from the Apostles; Welcome! from all. On either side of the way leading to the City are valleys “flowing with milk and honey,” and the River of Life, the banks fringed with the foliage of the Tree of Life, whose laden branches bend with the weight of twelve manner of fruit, and beneath its shade are groups of angels warbling hallelujahs of eternal praise. How beautiful are those letters, each sparkling like a diamond—H-e-a-v-e-n on the gates—H-e-a-v-e-n on the walls—H-e-a-v-e-n on the robes—H-e-a-v-e-n on the palms—H-e-a-v-e-n on the crowns—H-e-a-v-e-n everywhere. The newly-arrived saints now leave for the Higher Courts of Bliss; Cherubic legions

lead the way, chanting their songs of triumph. As they pass beneath the pearly arches, the choristers on Mount Zion strike up the song of jubilee. The procession winds its way through the capacious streets, on either side are mansions of inexpressible felicity, flushed with an effulgence brighter than the noonday sun. They approach the throne of the Infinite, around which sublimely sit the four-and-twenty elders, like a starry belt, and on their heads are kingly crowns—and in front of them is what seemed to be a sea of glass mingled with fire. They prostrate themselves at the feet of Jesus, and He puts on their heads the crown of life and welcomes them into His presence with smiles and the words, "Well done, good and faithful servants." Their joy is unspeakable, and as with one accord, they cast their crowns at His feet, there is heard from the hosts of angels ranked in endless files, like the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings, the pealing coronation hymn: "Crown Him for ever, crown Him King of kings; crown Him Lord of lords; crown Him the glorious Conqueror of hell; crown Him the everlasting Prince of Peace; crown Him Jehovah, Jesus, Lamb of God. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen."

"They shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Who would not like his end to be like theirs, to dwell


in a world where there is no night, no tears, no sorrow, no death? Why should it not be so? The same provision is made for you as was made for them. "God is no respecter of persons." The heralds of the cross are still crying, "Come." A free passage is offered to all. The Gospel cars are waiting to receive you, and the Holy Spirit has engaged to carry you safely through, if you will only comply with the conditions laid down—"shun that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good." Will you still turn a deaf ear to the offer which Christ so graciously makes, and refuse to travel on the "New and Living Way?" Oh, come before the gates of the Depôt are closed! Night is coming on apace, but God still keeps open the gates of mercy. His loving voice, so full of tenderness and compassion, is still calling you. How can you remain indifferent to so kind an invitation? If you do not accept His offer, soon He will close the gates, and, when once shut, they will be opened no more forever.

The morning of life is the best time to start for the Better Land. It was at this period that Joseph, Samuel, Josiah, David, and Timothy commenced their heavenly journey. In the busy time of life, with the cares and perplexities that crowd upon us, it requires more effort to enter upon the way. In the eventide of life, the number of passengers fall off, and they who do take the cars have many sad reflections, and lament they did not start sooner. Through the infinite mercy of God, there is a train that leaves at

the eleventh hour, to allow the aged straggler to get on board, but few travel with it. The Gospel bell, in solemn tones, announces its departure, but seldom a passenger is seen to board the train. We remember once, and only once, hearing of a man of four score years, whose tottering steps had to be steadied by an oaken staff, asking the way to the Gospel Dépôt. So bound are they to their old habits that they seldom, if ever, start for Heaven, and they are left to perish in their sins. "Come, for all things are now ready. Will you perish within sight of the way of life?"

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BROKEN RAYS OF LIGHT.

HE earth we tread upon, the rocks we build with, the metals we use, and all animals, are composed of minute and imperishable grains of matter. A grain of gold can be divided into fifty million parts; an atom of soap requires twenty-two figures to express its size; a hundred yards of raw silk thread weigh one grain; it takes four thousand threads of a spider's web, spun together, to form one gossamer line; a million animals take up no more room than a grain of sand. The cities of Berlin, Richmond, and St. Petersburg are built on beds of fossil animalcules, so minute that a handful contains billions of them, each distinct, and possessing organs of digestion, motion, feeling, and reproduction. Who can place a limit to divisibility?"

"There is a voiceless eloquence on earth,
Telling of Him who gave it wondrous birth;
Whose hidden but supreme control,
Moves through the world a universal soul."

There is a power, unseen, that keeps the universe in motion—the source of all life and thought. It is not necessary that we should know how it operates on nature and universal being. You may have stood on

the dock of a harbour of the sea, the heavens were cloudless, and the atmosphere as calm as the flush of morn; presently the vessels begin to roll, and the waters to heave. What is the cause of this elemental pulsation? Far out on the ocean there has been a storm, the effects of which are felt a thousand miles away. You could not see the power that set the waters in motion, but you know it has been at work.

This may be taken as an illustration of the presence of God in nature. We know He is ever present by the many evidences around us. "The blushing beauties of the rose, the modest blue of the violet, is not in the flowers themselves, but in the light which adorn them. Order, softness and beauty of figure are their own, but it is light alone that dresses them up in their robes, which shame the monarch's glory."

"How charming is divine philosophy?
Not harsh and crabbed as some dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectarial sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Robert Stevenson tells us of a little spider on a twig of laurustinas which was placed under a glass. In a short time it made ropes, fastened them to the laurustinas, and drew it to the top of the glass, a weight several hundred times heavier than itself. "The seeds of the fungus are so fine that they cannot be discerned by the human eye. Worlds are aggregates of infinitesimals. Every star is a brilliant point varied in magnitude. The comets are the scavengers of the universe, collecting the waste of suns to return the same whence they

came. All is unrest, the nebulæ are ever in motion, guided by Infinite Wisdom through boundless cycles. Space is soulless ; but God gives it worlds which may have life," or in the far beyond, may contain only balls of fire, and worlds unformed, rushing onward in wild confusion. "Matter is a chemical laboratory of mystery light, electricity and polarization, attracted, centralized, crystallized, carbonized, and subject to change. Fire may consume it, but can never annihilate it." What a mystery is the organization of man. The body and the soul—blood life, nerve life and muscular life are corporeal ; but the spirit is the intellectual life—immaterial and immortal. "The brain, the seat of reason, is covered with a dovetailed shield or cranium, beneath which is a small space, or vacuum, so arranged that the bone cannot touch the underlying delicate substance. In that material sanctuary dwells the spirit life. We cannot locate the seat of consciousness, or even explain the mental calamities which befall man. A little while ago, the eclipse of memory fell upon a bright-minded young lady, which compels us to think that different faculties occupy different parts of the brain tissue, and thus the catastrophe to this lady casts light upon the physical basis of intellectual action. She awoke from a sleep, and did not know her own sister, or the other members of the family. Her mother lingered upon the borders of some well-known being, but to her sister, brother and father she spoke as to strangers. Her language, her reasoning power, her happiness remained, but the world of persons had vanished, to be succeeded by interesting people, who

were unknown. Upon some part of the brain a disease had fallen, and the faculty which had for twenty years occupied that apartment had been evicted. It may be, there is some part of the brain which is the seat of consciousness, and that the little nerve which leads from the memory of persons to the citadel of consciousness had been injured, and that no communication could be made from the suburb to the central city. Blindness results from paralysis of a little thread which runs from the eye to the brain, and while the eye itself may be faultless, and the consciousness perfect in ability, yet, owing to the injury to the intermediate nerve, the image of the retina cannot pass over to the consciousness. Seeing takes place in the dark caverns of the brain, but the image cannot travel in the dark if the bridge be down between, for the abyss is bottomless. In the case of the young lady to whom I have alluded, the injury may only have been in some nerve delicate as a spider's web. Nature may repair the injury, and the persons all return as suddenly as they departed. I look into the eye of one who loves me, and whom I love, and we see each other's spirit. I shake the hand of friendship, and the spirit responds to the touch, and electrifies the trinity of man.

"The mightiest words known, are—Universe! Space! Eternity! God! *Universe*—worlds created and uncreated, and life in all its endless varieties. *Space*—immeasurable, boundless, square of all squares, circle of all circles, the triangle and plummet of immensity. *Eternity*—the endless past, the endless future; no beginning, no end. The strongest mind is appalled at

its magnitude. *God*—the Eternal of eternity. Eternity has no priority, neither has He. The eternity of God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, is the arch that spans all space, and encircles it with Omnipresence. On the blessed Son of the Highest rests the stability of all things. Withdraw His shining face and power one moment, and the universe would become a wreck." Some men who parade before the world as philosophers, tell us that nature is God.

What a soulless divinity! To accept such a theory would sink us below the level of the brute. Matter is distinct from God, was created by Him. "He is the origin of all things—light, life, joy, beauty and harmony. His arm the unmeasured universe surrounds. It is upheld by Him. How ineffably glorious in majesty and power is Jehovah. Man is a camera, a contradiction, the guardian of truth, yet an uncertainty. He is the glory, as well as the scandal, of the universe." Had not God revealed Himself to man, he would have been a pandemonium of evil; he could never have known his relationship to his Creator, and his sun would have set in eternal darkness. But blessed be God, He has made Himself known to us—His character and His purposes. He sent the Son of His love, the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, to be offered up as a sacrifice for sin, that He might open a way by which we may approach His infinite Father, and when life's toils are over, rest with Him in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

THE TWO HOMES.



LARGE percentage of the poverty that exists may be attributed to intemperance. I am reminded of a family that resided in Toronto. The husband was a worthy and industrious man, but his wife was an inebriate. As he felt anxious for her reformation, he pressed me to try and persuade her to give up her dissipated habits, which were making life to him a burden. It was a winter's evening when I made the call. The air was cold and piercing, and the wind sighed amongst the branches of the trees which stood on each side of the street. The house was situated in a large, uncultivated plot of ground. The frosts of many winters had stripped it of much of its rough-cast covering, the window-panes were patched with paper, and the door as destitute of paint as the shingles on the roof. A girl about fourteen years of age, thinly clad, answered the door. I asked if I could see her mother, and she led me into a small room almost without furniture. Against the window was an old trunk, on which was a candle dimly burning. The woman was in bed, in a state of utter helplessness, and an infant by her side. Her uncombed hair rested loosely upon

her shoulders, and her eyes were wild and piercing. As I entered the room she uttered some terrible curses, no doubt intended for her husband. I spoke to her a few gentle words, which seemed to calm her excited spirit, but she soon grew violent again; and I left the house with the sad impression that she was irretrievably lost to habits of sobriety. How often have such women driven men to dissipation and crime! Finding no comfort at home, they have sought it, where it is not to be found, and they, too, have fallen, and the green grass waves over the graves of many who might have been now living had their earthly homes been more attractive. How difficult it is to restore a woman when once she has become an inebriate!

I call to remembrance another case, but far different from the one I have just described. One evening, while looking over the columns of the *Globe*, I saw the advertisement: "A Beautiful Quilt for Sale, by a Destitute Family. Address 39 — street." Previously I had heard of a respectable-looking man calling at a woodyard in the city to purchase a stick of cordwood. Mr. M——, being favourably impressed with the man's appearance, inquired into his circumstances, and was told that he was an immigrant, had a wife and two children, and had been so long out of employment that his scanty means were exhausted. It was a stormy night when I started out to find this family. The snow was falling heavily, and a strong northeaster whirled it into heavy drifts. After some little

difficulty I arrived at No. 39. It was a two-story rough-cast house, and was occupied by two or three families. The one I was in search of, lived in a room in the back part of the house. I introduced myself to the poor woman, and told her the object of my mission. I perceived that my visit was unexpected. After the momentary surprise, I inquired into their temporal circumstances. This was unnecessary, as the very surroundings responded to my interrogations. The word "poverty" was written on every article of furniture—if such things may be called by that name. Wherever I turned my eyes those silent witnesses appealed to my sympathies. The woman was the very model of neatness, and from her appearance I concluded she had been brought up well and tenderly. There were two objects in that room which brought the tears to my eyes. On a straw mattress in one corner were two beautiful children, their flaxen hair in natural curls lay on their fair, clean foreheads. Their father was out in the cold toiling for bread, and, although they had been put to bed without their supper, they did not forget to pray for him, as they had been taught to do from early childhood. I thought of the many children in the city who had bread enough and to spare, while these poor little ones were starving. During our conversation the father came, carrying a stick of cordwood that he had bought on his way home, and it was to last them for the night. He looked cold and haggard, and his clothes were ragged. He told me his feet

were frozen, and I was not surprised when I looked at his boots. I learned from him that he had held a respectable position in the "Old Land," and had been so reduced in circumstances that he was compelled to emigrate. After relieving their wants, and commending them to the care of Him who keepeth Israel, I bade them good night, praying that we might meet where such distress is unknown.

Although there are many unworthy objects of charity, there are others deserving help. What nobler mission could any lady desire than to seek out and relieve the destitute? The concert and the ball-room may give momentary pleasure, but deeds of charity are like precious ointment poured out, and which we may always recall with profit. Let us not despise the poor, but try to render less painful the bed which poverty has made. If an angel were sent from heaven to find the most perfect man, he probably would not find him composing a work on divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a workhouse, whom the county wishes dead, or a beggar dying alone by the way-side, the night dew falling on him and the northern blast chanting a requiem to his passing spirit. Away above this poverty-stricken world there is a home where poverty is unknown, and there is bread enough and to spare.

In an American almshouse there was a poor but pious man, who had once been wealthy. In conversation with a gentleman, he said, "You see, sir, I am poor, but I have seen better days. I am sixty-five years of age. I had once a large amount of property, but it

is gone. I had children, too, but they are dead. A wife"—he paused to wipe the tears from his eyes—"yes, a wife; but six months ago she departed to her eternal rest; and on the eve of her departure, though in a poor-house, she sang:

“‘Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.’

There is no delusion here. Many would persuade me that faith in Christ is a delusion, but it is not. Property is a delusion; I had it, but it has vanished; my children have departed, my dear wife is gone, but Jesus remains." In the beautiful land on high there is no poverty, no Elijah by the brook, no Lazarus at the rich man's gate, no Bartimeus by the wayside. It is a land without a tear. Here graves, like wavelets, rise on life's ebbing shore; but in heaven there is no sorrow, sighing nor death. Such visitations would mar all the felicity of the tabernacle of God. The rigid limb, the silent pulse, the bloodless lip, the pale cheek, and the fixed and darkened eye, are there unknown. Blessed Father, lead us to that home when the struggles of this life are over.

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NEBO.



HE fleecy clouds of morn were hovering over the top of Nebo when Moses gave his dying charge to Israel. The last word had scarcely left his lips, when there arose a deep wail of lamentation, which made the heart of the great law-giver tremble. Josephus says, "Amidst the tears of the people, the women beating their breasts, and the children giving way to uncontrollable wailing, he withdrew." Alone he ascended the untrodden mountain, mournfully watched by his sorrow-stricken people. When he reached the place which Jehovah had chosen for him to die, may we suppose the current of his thoughts were these: "And are these rocks to be my dying pillow, and this barren mountain my resting-place, where thunder-clouds spend their fury, the lightnings shoot their fiery darts, and the eagle builds her eyrie? Have I carried the bones of Joseph these forty years in the wilderness, and they are to rest in the Promised Land, while mine lie bleached upon this mountain? Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight. Thy will—thy holy will—unerring Guide of all my steps, is right, and wise and good. Within the folds of thy unchanging love I find my

soul secure! O breathe the breath of endless life upon me now, and let mortality be left below on this bleak spot! I come to thee! O let me taste the pure ethereal joys that beam forever in the open vision of thy face! O blissful hour! sweetest moment of my life! I yield—I give up all to thee! I wait! I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore; waiting till thou shalt bid me rise and come to the glory of thy presence, to the gladness of thy home."

"A weary path I've travelled, 'mid the darkness, storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But the morn is breaking, my toils will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door."

When the deep gush of feeling had passed away, Jehovah bade him behold the inheritance of his people. Jordan went sweeping by, its bright waters sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, and the vine-clad hills of Canaan arrayed in smiling beauty; while the sea of Galilee slept in its mountain cradle, the gentle murmur of its waves falling upon his ear.

His last mournful gaze was turned on the thousands of Israel below, and then the great lawgiver laid down to die. The manner of his death is not revealed to us. There is one circumstance in it which requires particular notice. It is said—*He died—according to the word of the Lord.* Dr. Clarke says, the original words *al pi Jehovah*, signify literally, *at (or upon) the mouth of Jehovah*: which *Jonathan ben Uzziel* interprets, "by a kiss of the word of Jehovah;" and this has given rise to an ancient tra-

dition among the Jews, "that God embraced Moses, and drew his soul out of his body by a kiss." When it was over, Moses lay a corpse upon the mountain, and "God buried him."

"Was ever such distinction conferred upon a mortal? Did ever human dust receive such honour? We may speak of the magnificence of human obsequies—the pomp and pageantry that gather round the hero's funeral car; the city hushed into a holiday of grief; the long procession of the nation's chivalry; the booming guns; the bell's dull clang; the crowded minster; the organ's wail, and the solemn requiem—shuddering round the walls, and quivering to the dome, like a nation's sigh;—but earthly funeral pomp fades beside the one brief record of these unimaginable obsequies!"—"The Lord buried him in a valley in the land of Moab." Who can describe the grandeur of that funeral? The pomp of imagery utterly fails. The potentates of the earth and the pageantry of kingdoms formed no part in these obsequies. The equipage of royalty, and the decorations of human art, would have been lost amid the splendours of that funeral cortege. No drooping banner hung in sable folds over the heads of that funeral train; no muffled drum sent forth its dull monotonous sounds; no sigh was heard, or tear fell: none wept save Israel. No mortal eye saw that funeral train go forth. It descended into a lonely valley over against Bethpeor, and "Jehovah dug the sepulchre and laid the dead man there." What a burial! Who will venture to conceive the spectacle.

The sun scarred and cloaked with mist; the night falling on the landscape like a pall; the hills gathering up their solemn mantles; the sad moon rising silently and pale; the faces of the mountains smit with her ashy light; and the Lord himself, in solitude and silence, laying the venerated dust in the mystery of the hills, while He bids the eternal mountains be its monument, and writes the epitaph with lightnings on their brow! Where now is the pomp of human sorrow? Let your urns and your pyramids, your gorgeous mausoleums and monumental marbles crumble into the dust, as they surely will, poor perishable mockeries of human pride, and own that this death of loneliness and dishonour was marked by a glory unparalleled and alone, though the clouds were the only curtains round his death-bed, and the mountains the only mourners round his grave. Such honour have *not all* His saints. Not for them is a grave opened by Omnipotence, and the "gates of the hills charged with the secret." "And no man knoweth of his sepulchre until this day."


Rest on in thy unknown grave, thou servant of the Most High God! Though no monument marks thy resting-place, thy memory is precious to all the Israel of God! Though denied an entrance into the earthly Canaan, thou hast entered the land of heavenly promise, which God has given thee for an everlasting inheritance. Where thou art there is no agitation, fear, or alarm: thy crown shall never lose its lustre, thy robe its purity, and thy harp its rich and seraphic

cadence. How unlike thy wilderness journey, chequered
as the twilight of morning. It is past! Thy sorrows
are vanished like a cloud, to re-appear no more! Bright
and changeless is the hemisphere of thy spirit! Thou
hast met with those who were thy companions in the
wilderness, and ere long we, who are still on our
pilgrimage, hope to meet thee in the goodly land.

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THE BRIDGE AND ITS NINETEEN ARCHES.

T is more than a quarter of a century since I heard Mr. Thomas Cooper deliver his masterly lecture, "The Bridge of History and its Nineteen Arches;" or the historical evidences of Christianity. It is my intention to indicate some of his leading thoughts, which, I trust, will be helpful to the reader.

Mr. Cooper said the London sceptics are very fond of a book called "The Diagesis," written by Mr. Robt. Taylor, an ex-clergyman of the Church of England, who deserted Christianity, and lectured at the Rotunda, calling himself the Devil's Chaplain. In that book Christianity is said to be only paganism slightly altered. Christ is the same as Apollo, or the sun; and the twelve signs of the zodiac are represented by the apostles. Strauss, the German infidel, in his "Life of Jesus," does not deny that Christ lived. He was a man of too much learning to do that,—he might as well deny that Cæsar, or Constantine, or any other historical personage, ever existed. He admits that Christ lived at the time He is said to have done, but,

instead of being Divine, He was a man of great intellect and large benevolence, who, seeing the sin and error in which men were involved, groaned over their wretchedness, and longed to see them delivered from it. He was brought up in the old learning of the Jews, and, believing in the prophets who had foretold the advent of a Messiah, from long brooding over it, He came so strongly to expect Him, that eventually He believed Himself to be the promised One. It was a strong delusion, but, on the strength of it, He went about, as teachers in those days were accustomed to do, teaching His beautiful doctrines, and by virtue of a species of animal magnetism performed a number of extraordinary cures on sick people. Those things were multiplied by His disciples; great marvel was excited concerning them, until, from the tendency in human nature to the marvellous, they were regarded as miraculous. Strauss grants that the Greek gospels, as at present received, were in existence in the year 173, but contends that between the death of Christ and that period there had been ample time for the growth of fable and mythical stories. He admits that the apostles wrote books, but maintains that no one knew who wrote the books now received as theirs, for as the admiration of the disciples of Christ grew upon them after His death, they attributed to Him all the miraculous things which they considered the Messiah ought to have done. Mr. Cooper, in his reply to the strictures of Strauss, endeavoured to prove by a mode of reasoning the most conclusive, that Christianity is

a historical fact. He asked, Was there ever such a person as Christ? Did He live in the land He was said to have lived in? Had He twelve apostles? Did He cure the sick, give sight to the blind, and raise the dead to life? Was He crucified? Did He rise from the dead? If those things were true, then Christianity is true; and to show that they are true he asked us to accompany him along the bridge of time, from the present century to the origin of Christianity. This bridge has nineteen arches, and those arches are the nineteen centuries, and in order that the facts of each may be more easily remembered, he gave to each arch a name:

The 19th century, in which we live, he called *the Arch of Science*. This is pre-eminently an age of science, but it is also an age in which Christianity is more widely extended than it has ever been. There are upwards of 400,000,000 nominal Christians in the world, differing, it is true, in many respects, but all having the same historical basis, and each and all believing that Christ was born and was the Messiah. Whence came this basis? Is it a fact or is it a fiction?

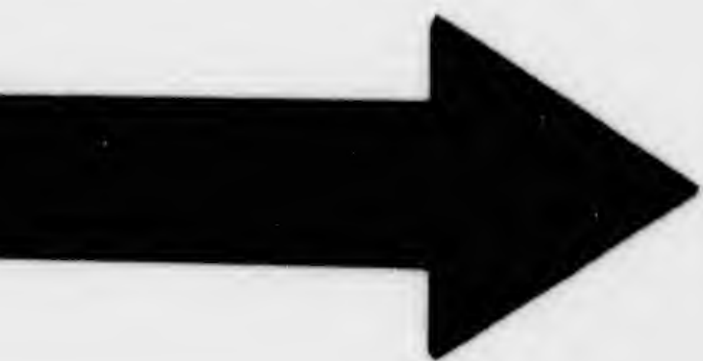
The 18th century is *the Arch of the French Revolution*. Some perhaps might say, "Oh, but the French abolished religion." It is quite true they attempted to abolish it, but before they could do that there must have been a religion to abolish. Great men in France wrote against religion, but equally great men defended it; and in England, also, men were very earnest about it. Whence did it come?

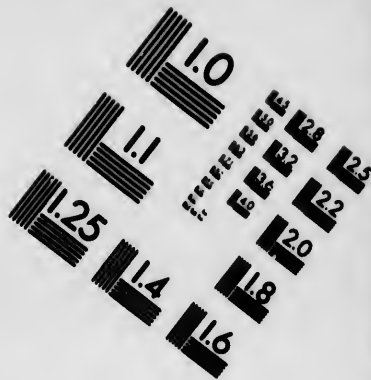
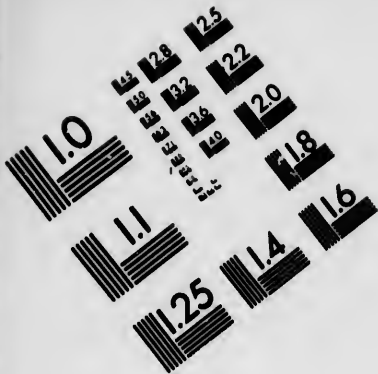
We pass to the 17th century—*The Arch of Cromwell*. Do we not find Christianity there? Old Noll preached as well as fought. Noll fought with the Bible in one hand and the pistol in the other. Jeremy Taylor, Stillingfleet, and other great divines in the Church of England, with Baxter, Owen, Howe, and the inspired tinker, John Bunyan, amongst the Dissenters, preached and wrote about it, and suffered for it and believed it to be true. How came they to believe in it?

We come to the 16th century—*The Arch of Luther*. Leo X. sat on the papal throne. Luther was a monk, but he had read the New Testament, and when the Pope, who wanted to make St. Peter's the grandest Church in the world, sent indulgences into Germany for sale, Martin Luther opposed him, and said none but God could forgive sins. When called before the Diet at Worms, and urged to recant, he said: "Since you don't convince me I am wrong, so help me God I can't retract." Before he died, he saw Protestantism divide Europe with Popery. Even Gibbon admits that in every age men had contended for a purer Christianity. How came the Pope to be acknowledged by any portion of the Christian world as the vicegerent of Jesus Christ or the successor of Peter? Where did Christianity come from?

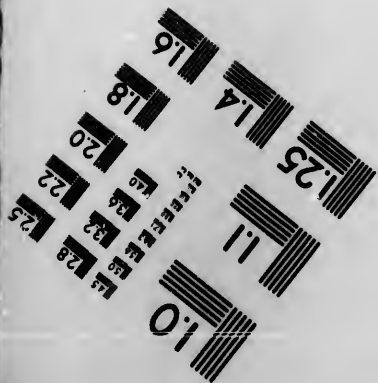
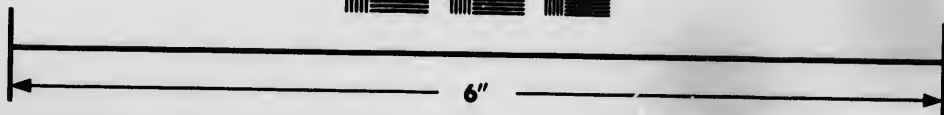
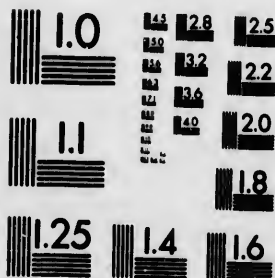
We reach the 15th century—*The Arch of Printing*. In this century the Bible was first printed with metal type. John Huss and Jerome of Prague contended for the faith, and what became of them?







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They were burned to death! The Albigenses and Waldenses tried to uphold the Gospel in its purity, and what became of them? They were stifled in the caverns, in which they had taken refuge from their enemies; their women were thrown from precipices, and their children's brains were dashed out against the rocks. How came they thus to suffer for their faith? Was it that they were all fools and idiots, or was there, indeed, 1,400 years ago, a Christ in whom they believed?

We arrive at the 14th century—*The Arch of Wycliffe*, who lived scores of years before Luther, and translated the Bible into the English tongue. Protected by John of Gaunt, he died quietly in his bed, but afterwards his bones were taken up and burnt. In his days there was a struggle between a true Christianity and a false one, but where did that Christianity come from?

We now visit the 13th century—*The Arch of the Magna Charta*, and as a proof that Christianity existed then, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was among the barons by whom that great bill of rights was wrung from the tyrant John. There was historic faith in that century.

We journey to the 12th century—*The Arch of the Crusades*, when innumerable hosts perished in the attempt to recover the Holy Land, which the feet of Christ had trod, and His sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. The Crusaders were, no doubt, wrong; but men must have believed in Christianity, or kings

would not have forgotten their feuds, and warriors unsheathed their swords, and millions of people left their homes to die in such a cause. Men were in earnest. Were they believing in a fiction, or did the feet of Jesus ever tread the land they sought to recover?

We proceed to the 11th century—*The Arch of William the Conqueror*. In that age Pope Hildebrand, Gregory the VII., who made Henry IV. of Germany kiss his toe, and who asserted the claim that all princes held their crowns from him, sent to England for the contributions called Peter's pence. William snapped his fingers at the Pope, and set him at defiance; but the question is, how came the Popes to be so powerful that kings would submit to them as the vicars of Christ? Their power was based upon an idea, but where did it come from?

We enter the 10th century—*The Arch of Darkness*. It was a darkness that might be felt. The priests were beheld with awe. It was the day of relics and pilgrimages, but even in those days of darkness and superstition, pure Christianity existed in Europe, although its professors were hunted to death. Where did it come from? Was it a fiction, or was there a Jesus who had lived and was crucified and had risen again?

We hasten to the 9th century—*The Arch of Alfred the Great*. A king who adorned the diadem more than the diadem adorned the king, and who said he would Englishmen were as free as the air they breathe. Englishmen loved freedom. It was a noble thing, and

we have often thought of its birth, and how King Alfred smiled on the child in its cradle. It has a strong constitution. Tyrants have struck at it, and it has been often down on its knees, but has always got up again. Who was King Alfred? He was a Christian king. He ordered the Scriptures to be translated into the language of the country, and he himself translated the Psalms. He originated schools, and would have the people taught. There was Christianity in those days. Men were cleaving to it, and it is an important question,—Did Alfred believe in something that did not exist? Were all the martyrs mistaken?

We arrive at the 8th century—*The Arch of Charlemagne*. On Christmas-day in the year 800, Charlemagne was crowned emperor of Germany by the Pope, and he ordered a translation of the Scriptures to be made. At his invitation Alcuin went over from England to France, but Bede refused to go. There was therefore, Christianity in the days of those men. How came they to be Christians?

We step over to the 7th century—*The Arch of Mahomet*, of whose existence no doubt can be entertained. Mahomet admitted the existence of Christ; for he said, God had sent three prophets before him. First Moses, then Elijah, and afterwards Christ, by whom it was told the Comforter should come, and he (Mahomet) was that Comforter.

We advance to the 6th century—*The Arch of Augustine*, and the Christianization of the people of England. Converted by the preaching of the humble

monk, King Ethelbert was baptized and the Saxons gave up their idols and became Christians. Even before that time there were Christians in Wales who would not submit to the Pope. Whence did that Christianity come?

We make our way to the 5th century—*The Arch of Clovis*, and of the Christianization of France. A missionary spoke to Clovis of the sufferings of Christ. Clovis wept and said, "If I had been present, I would have revenged his death." The nature of Christianity was explained to him, he was baptized and the Gauls became Christians.

We come to the 4th century—*The Arch of Constantine*, who was the first emperor that patronized Christianity. In the year 329 he called a council at Nice, which was attended by 300 Christian bishops. It is calculated by Gibbon that at the time of Constantine, there were 6,000,000 Christians; and if Christianity was regarded as true by such a number, whence was their faith derived? Mr. Cooper recommended young men, if they should ever be in London, to go to the British Museum and see the surprising number of books that have been written by the early fathers in defence of Christianity.

We cautiously approach the 3rd century—*The Arch of Persecution*. Sometimes the Christians were at rest, but every now and then the rage for persecution burst forth, and they were martyred for their faith; but still they triumphed. Porphyry wrote a book against Christianity, and what did he say? Did

he say that Christ never existed? No, he said the doctrines could not be practised; that men could not forgive their enemies. He did not even deny that Christ wrought miracles, but said He did it by magic. So we have the testimony of this philosopher that Christ did exist.

We arrive at the 2nd century—*The Arch of Trajan*. As to Christianity existing in this century we need not stop to inquire.

We finally reach the 1st century—*The Arch of Christ*. We may term this the triumphal arch through which all the redeemed pass on their way into the grand everlasting future. Strauss grants that the Greek gospels existed in the year 173, but says that between the death of Christ and that period there had been ample time for them to be falsified. He says also that nobody knew by whom they were written, when or where. How is it known that commentaries were written by Cæsar or orations by Cicero? It is known simply through the reputation of all time; and giving credit to the testimony of all ages, that it was so. It was not necessary to inquire at what time or in what place those works were written. Fortunately, however, even this information can be supplied with reference to the Gospels. Matthew wrote his gospel at Jerusalem for the use of the Christian Church there; Mark wrote his at Rome, at the request of the Christians there, and, it is believed, from the dictation of Peter; Luke wrote his at Philippi, in Greece, and the gospel of John was written by him at

Ephesus. Strauss says, however, they were probably not the gospels as written by the apostles, but they had been falsified by the addition of such tales for instance as the restoration to life of Lazarus. That would be impossible. If, according to Gibbon, there were not less than 6,000,000 Christians in the Roman empire in the third century, in the year 173 there would not be less than 3,000,000. Allowing one copy of the gospels to every fifty Christians, there would be 60,000 written copies. Now was it possible that such a number could be falsified? If a book was out of print and a new edition was about to be published, no doubt it could be done; but as there was no printing press and everything had to be written, it was an absolute impossibility. Now, for instance, would it be possible to get 60,000 people to consent to it? And if one was altered at Jerusalem there would be another at Corinth, another at Rome, another at Alexandria, and so forth. Irenæus, a native of Syria, and bishop of Lyons, said he received his gospel from Polycarp, and he had often heard him speak of the apostle John, whose disciple he was. Polycarp told him that St. John's knees were as hard as a camel's knees from frequent prayer; and that he had often heard him repeat Christ's last discourse with His disciples. Now is there not a clear chain of evidence? Suppose the story of Lazarus had been inserted during John's lifetime, he would have discovered it, and if it had been attempted during the lifetime of Polycarp, he would have said, "It is false, it

shall not be done; I am in danger daily of death, and shall I go about lying to teach virtue?" It could not be done. The sceptic says the histories are one-sided; they would have liked it better if they had not been written by Christians. Whom did they expect would write them? Who would write the life of a secularist? A bishop of the Church of England would not write it; a Methodist minister could not be expected to do it. No; a secularist, of course, would write it. The life of Christ would have been of no value if not written by one who had been with Him, and had been an eye-witness of what He related. The truth of the Gospels are also confirmed by Paul's letters, the genuineness of which the Rev. Robt. Taylor admits. Paul could not have believed in a myth, for he beheld the death of the martyr Stephen; and saw James, and John, and Peter, the men who had been with Christ. There could be no mistake. Peter's testimony as to the Divine mission and character of Christ is conclusive to all unprejudiced minds. Hear him:—"For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when he made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of His majesty. For He received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

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"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"



WHAT we may show the superiority of true religion over all earthly greatness, let us follow the supposition of Christ, and in brief give the history of a man who has gained the whole world, enjoyed it a thousand years, and lost his soul. Hark! the bells of every city, town and village are ringing out their merry peals, and the winds of heaven waft along the joyful tidings. What is the cause of all this joy? A prince is born destined to rule the world. He has descended from an unbroken line of illustrious kings. The dignitaries of the state are in attendance to hail his birth, water from the memorable Jordan has been brought to baptize him, and the prelates of the realm attend the imposing ceremony. The prince grows fair and beautiful, and astonishes the men of letters with his learning. He speaks every language fluently. In sculpture, music and fine arts, he rivals the sons of Greece, Italy and Rome. In oratory he surpasses Demosthenes, in diction Cicero, in poetry Homer and Virgil. He is wiser than Solo-

mon, fairer than Absalom, and stronger than Samson. The joy attending his coronation far exceeds that which hailed his birth. He is given in marriage to a princess, every way suitable to be his consort. They are blessed with children fair, wise and virtuous. Peace and prosperity pervades every part of his kingdom. He is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day. He is enriched with every enjoyment except saving grace. At five hundred years of age he feels healthy and strong, and at nine hundred and ninety-nine he experiences no infirmity or symptoms of decay. The last year dawns, but he knows it not. His courtiers have so long shouted, "O king, live forever!" that he seems to have entirely forgotten his mortality. Shall we commission some angel to enter the palace to tell him that his days are numbered? No, let it be kept a secret till the last hour, that will be long enough for him to know his doom. The seasons of the year rapidly succeed each other and the last day arrives. The sun rises and unfolds his strange beauties, the lakes repose in placid loveliness, the birds warble their joyous melodies, and the heavens look down for the first time on a monarch a thousand years of age. The king has proclaimed that this day shall be a public holiday. The bells chime merrily, banners float in the breeze, and every hill and valley seems vocal with music. In the evening a banquet is given in the palace in celebration of the event. The king is surrounded by his illustrious family, his nobles, and the ministers of state. Hark

what singing and music! What dancing and mirth! "O king, live forever," shout the jubilant guests; and what says the king. "Soul take thine ease, for thou hast a store laid up for many years." At that moment there is heard a voice from heaven, repeating with slow and measured accents: "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee, and whose shall these things be." Death enters the banquet hall, stamps his image on the king and wipes the bloom of a thousand years from his cheeks. He struggles, groans, fears! The cathedral clock in deep, solemn tones strikes the midnight hour, and the king utters a loud wail. The ministers of state, the chief captains and the mighty men shout, "O king, live forever!" but it is of no avail. He sees the gates of heaven closed, and hell open its flaming portals to receive him, and he shrieks, "Time is gone, I have gained the world and lost my soul." He is dead. Take off his crown, wrap up his royal robes, lay by his sceptre. Hang a bell in the dome of heaven, and let an angel ring out the death knell. Embalm his body with the sweetest spices, make his shroud of the finest linen, and his coffin of polished ivory, with breastplate of gold, embellished with precious stones. Build him a mausoleum such as no mortal ever beheld; encase it with granite, roof it with silver, and front it with fine brass. Let his funeral obsequies be such as becometh the occasion—the earth craped with emblems of mourning, banners drooping from every tree, mountain and rock. Let the winds roar, the floods lift up their voice, and deep call


to hollow deep, and have it inscribed on the canopy of heaven, that a man has gained the world and enjoyed it for a thousand years and lost his soul. The day of interment arrives, millions attend the funeral! Their measured tramp is like the march of an earthquake. The cortege move *en masse* to the place of burial, and while the choristers are chanting the *Te Deum*, the body is placed in the vault. On the huge gates of the mausoleum let there be written the history of his prosperous reign, and at the bottom inscribe in large capitals, so that he that runs may read, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" We now leave the body and follow the undying spirit. Where is he whom Jesus died to redeem? Is he with the elders and shining ones? No! He is lost! Do you ask me to tell you what it is to be lost?

"'Tis more than angel's tongue can tell,
Or angel's mind conceive."

That you may have some faint idea what it is to be eternally lost, let us follow the lost king into the region of everlasting despair. Come thou guardian angel, lead us through this eternal prison, as we are afraid to descend alone into this great darkness. Whence come these lurid flashes? What is that I see? A spirit seeking rest, but finding none. Who is he? Hark! A voice: "I am he who gained the whole world and lost my soul." What an exchange! Shall we attempt to weigh his gain and his loss? His gain

was only for a thousand years, his loss an eternal one. A man may lose his health, property and character, and have them restored. Job lost his property, and had it returned to him two-fold. Nebuchadnezzar was driven from his throne to herd with the beasts of the field; but God gave him back his reason and his kingdom. But in hell there are no such cases. If the soul is once lost, it is lost forever. The lost may be permitted to see, as Dives did, the glories of heaven, and hear the hallelujahs of the glorified saints; but there is an impassable gulf between heaven and hell, which no bridge can span, or angel's pinions cross. The vulture of despair will fasten its talons of eternal death in the souls of the lost, and flap its wings in triumph over their blasted hopes, and the great clock that never runs down will peal out in solemn tones, "Eternity! Eternity!" What would the lost king give in exchange for his soul? What has he to give? On earth he had only to ask and have; but now he is an eternal bankrupt. What would he give if he had it in his power? Ten thousand times ten thousand worlds if he possessed them. But why do I inspire a hope, when every gleam of hope is dead. God forbid that we ever learn by experience what it is to lose our souls.

TRUSTING.

O," said the lawyer, "I shall not press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you may withdraw it, just as you please." "Think there is any money in it?" "Probably there would be some money in it, but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies; but I do not want to have anything to do with the matter anyhow." "Got frightened out of it, eh?" "No, I was not frightened out of it." "I suppose the old man begged hard to be let off?" "Well, yes, he did." "And you caved in likely?" "No, I did not speak a word." "Oh, he did all the talking, did he?" "Yes." "And what did you do?" "I believe I shed a few tears." "The old man begged hard, you say?" "I did not say anything of the kind; he did not speak a word to me." "Well, may I respectfully ask to whom did he speak?" "The Almighty." "Ah! he took to praying, did he?" "Not for my benefit in the least. I found the little house easily enough, and knocked at the door, which stood ajar, but no one heard me; so I stepped, unnoticed, into the hall. I saw through a crack in the door a small room, and there, on a bed of sickness,

with her silvery head raised high on pillows, was an aged woman who looked as my mother did the last time I saw her on earth. I was on the point of knocking again, when, down on his knees by her side bent a white-headed man, older than his wife I should judge, and I could not have knocked then for the life of me. In his prayer he reminded the Almighty that they were still His submissive children, and, no matter what He should see fit to bring upon them, they should not rebel against His will. It would be hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with his poor wife so sick and helpless. How different it might have been if only one of their boys had been spared to them! Then his voice broke, and a thin white hand stole from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy head. He went on to say that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with their three boys, unless he and his wife should be separated. The Lord knew that it was through no fault of his that they were threatened with the loss of their home, which meant want and the alms-house—a place he prayed to be delivered from, if it were God's will. He then referred to a number of promises concerning those who put their trust in the Lord. It was the most thrilling appeal to which I have ever listened; and the most surprising thing to me was, he closed his prayer by asking God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice; and, to tell you the truth, sir, I believe I had rather go to the poor-house myself to-night than stain my hands in the blood of such a

prosecution as that." "Rather afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?" "You could not defeat it," said the lawyer. "He left the whole case subject to the will of God, and he claimed that we were told to make known our desires to Him. You see, I was taught that kind of thing in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I do not know; but, anyhow, I hand the case over." "I do wish," said the prosecutor, uneasily, "that you had not told me about the old man's prayer." "Why so?" "Because I want the money the place would bring; but I also was taught the Bible in my youth, and I would hate to run counter to what you have just told me. I wish I had not heard a word of it; and another time I would not listen to petitions which were not intended for my ears." "My dear sir," said the lawyer, "they were intended for my ears and yours too. My dear old mother used to sing, 'God moves in a mysterious way.'" "Well, my mother used to sing it too," said the claimant, as he twisted his claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell the old people the claim has been met." "In a mysterious way," responded the lawyer.

THE GOOD SHIP IMMANUEL.

IT was a beautiful morning, just before day-break, when the good ship IMMANUEL entered Bethlehem with the flag of redeeming love floating at her mast-head. Night sat enthroned, solitary and sublime. The stars shone with their usual brilliancy, but there was one star brighter than the rest. It stood in mid-heaven, pouring down its silvery beams on the plains and mountains of Judæa. And immediately there appeared an angelic host, whose fadeless diadems lit up the heavens with unearthly splendour, and one of them announced to the shepherds watching their flocks the glorious advent of the Prince of Peace. Strange events are passing in the capital; a band of pilgrims has entered Jerusalem, and having obtained an interview with the king, they put to him the startling question, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him." Herod is alarmed, and requests the wise men to call on their return and tell him where the child is to be found. Leaving the king, the star, which guided the illustrious foreigners across the desert, again appears. They follow it till it stands over the birthplace of the young child. They enter and present unto him offerings of gold, frankin-

cense, and myrrh. Meanwhile the news of the advent spread, which becomes a source of anxiety, alike to the Jew and the Roman. There sits a venerable Hebrew sage, perusing a highly treasured copy of the books of Moses and the prophets. He is reading the dying declaration of Jacob, and calculating the number of years recorded by Daniel. As he reads and calculates, his eyes glistened with hallowed joy, and his heart bounds with rapture, and he thanks the God of his fathers that he has been allowed to see the advent of the Deliverer of Israel, whom many righteous men desired to see, but were not permitted. And yonder sits a proud Israelite repeating with emphasis, those prophecies of the ancient seers, which speak of Messiah "as mighty to save," and tell of His achievements—how He shall go forth from conquering to conquer, until, in his mind, he beholds his native soil again unpolluted by the foot of the uncircumcised alien, his race free from foreign domination, and Jerusalem become again a praise in the whole earth. And pursuing the exciting theme, he pictures to himself the expected One as a martial chief, with garments dyed with blood, leading the troops of Israel from victory to victory; the Roman eagle flying before the Jewish standard; the mistress of the world humbled in the dust, and his countrymen, perchance himself among the number, taking a fearful retribution for the sufferings and insults of many generations.

Herod gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, that he might learn the nationality

and object of the IMMANUEL. He is told that she is a Judæan craft, and her mission is the restoration of Israel. His wrath is kindled, and he commands her to be seized; but one of the officers, being secretly warned of the King's intention, gave orders to weigh anchor and take refuge in Egypt. After the death of Herod, she entered the port of Nazareth, where she was thoroughly equipped for service. While cruising along the coast, she picked up Peter, James and John; also called at Bethany, and took on board Mary, Martha and Lazarus. As she was entering the city of Magdala, the look-out saw a strange looking craft belonging to a person named Magdalene. Seven pirates had possession of her. Her condition was most perilous; sails rent, masts gone, rudder unshipped, and compass lost. The captain of the vessel ordered a shot to be fired across her bow, which brought her to. He then called upon the enemy to surrender, which they did unconditionally. While at Calvary, she had a severe engagement with the rebel forces. The great battle opened, the sound of which shook the earth, hushed into profound silence the celestial harmonies, and made hell quiver from centre to circumference. Mount Sinai also smoked and rocked as the battle surges swept around it. At length a combined attack was made upon the IMMANUEL, and so terrible was the conflict that the earth seemed encircled in a sheet of flame, but she stood the shock of battle unharmed, defeating the enemy at every point. After an engagement of six hours, a voice

was heard from the deck of the victorious ship, which thrilled every heart: "It is finished." Down went the black flag; the enemy surrendered; and the world's redemption was accomplished. As the smoke of the battle cleared away, the flag which never shrank at the approach of any foe, was seen fluttering in the breeze, bearing this device, which was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the polished Greek foolishness: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; in whom we have redemption in His blood, even the forgiveness of all our sins."

As the IMMANUEL was making ready to leave the scene of action, a marine, belonging to the allied forces, who had been severely wounded during the engagement, was observed clinging in the agony of despair, to the ship's cable, crying aloud: "Lord, remember me." "Throw him off," shouted voices from beneath; but the Shipmaster, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them, gave him a look of tenderness, and said: "To-day, shalt thou be with Me when I enter into Paradise." Fully manned, and with a commission as wide as the world, she again started on her cruise. She entered Jerusalem on the morning of Pentecost. A vast crowd were congregated to see this noble ship, just from the heat of battle, enter the port of the capital; many of whom had not only witnessed the engagement, but had taken part on the side of the enemy. Having made ready for action, Peter stood up, "not to hold a dry argument with the people about duty,

but spoke to them of free grace. And before his address was ended, three thousand rebels were seeking to be reconciled to their king, crying: 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Peter had anticipated such an inquiry, therefore his reply was prompt, 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted every one of you, and ye shall obtain the forgiveness of all your sins.' There was no need to despatch envoys here and there to obtain information: Peter was enabled by his commission to settle the matter at once." The good ship then left Jerusalem for Damascus. During the voyage she fell in with bad weather; both the wind and the sea raged furiously, injuring many of the crew, some of whom fell victims to the storm, and exchanged time for immortality.

As they were entering the harbour of that ancient city they closed with a rebel of stately build, from Tarsus of Cilicia, owned by Saul, an aristocrat of the old Hebrew faith, who had seized and imprisoned many of the King's officers. The Captain, seeing she meant mischief, opened upon her a terrific fire, which threw her on her beam ends. Having no desire to treat the rebel unmercifully, or even to retaliate for the injury she had done the service, He bore down upon her, and took possession saying: "Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me; arise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have chosen thee to be my minister, delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee to turn them from the service of Satan unto God, that they

may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are justified by faith that is in me." The IMMANUEL then entered Athens, where Plato lived, and Aristotle taught the light of science. Here she met with much opposition. The two forts of the city, Philosophy and Reason, opened upon her a heavy fire; though Paul, the master-gunner of the ship, made a powerful impression on the enemy's batteries, he could not silence all of them. "Some mocked," while others deserted the service of the enemy, and sought refuge on board the IMMANUEL; among these were Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris. She left Athens, and called at Corinth, a celebrated city in Greece, on the southern part of the Isthmus between the Ægean and the Ionian seas. Here they found a "person named Aquilla, born in Pontus, who had lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla." They were also joined by Silas and Timotheus, who had come from Macedonia, having been there on the King's business. Paul went on shore, and reasoned with the Jews and the Greeks, testifying that Jesus was the Christ; but they received not his testimony. Then Paul shook his raiment and said unto them: "Your blood be upon your own heads, I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles." And he departed thence, and entered into a certain man's house, named Justus, one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue. And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, with all his house, and many of the Corinthians

sought admittance, and were accepted into the King's service.

They left Corinth and came into Galatia. Here an unpleasantness arose among the crew, many of whom were dissatisfied with the restraints of the service, and they applied for their discharge, which the Captain gave them; it being contrary to the laws of the ship to retain anyone against his will. The mutineers were at once put on shore, and their names struck off the service list. This occurrence produced a painful feeling among the crew. Many were moved to tears when they saw the men leave; and not a few affectionately urged them to acknowledge their faults and re-enter the service. Even the Captain, whose authority they had defied, spoke kindly to them and entreated them to turn from their evil ways; but they paid no heed to his exhortations.

After leaving Galatia, they set out again for Jerusalem. The day after the arrival, Paul and James went out to meet the elders of the city, who received them graciously. Paul now made known to them the things which God had wrought. And when *they heard it they glorified God*. Then Paul and certain others entered the temple, and when the Jews which had come from Asia saw him in the temple, they stirred up the people, and laid hold on him, crying out: "Men of Israel, help; this is the man that teacheth all men, everywhere, against the people, and the law, and this place, and further, brought Greeks also into the temple, and hath polluted this holy place;" for they

had seen with him in the city, Trophimus, an Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple. And all the city was moved, and the people ran together, and they seized Paul, and drew him out of the temple, and closed the doors. They would have killed him, but tidings having reached the chief captain that Jerusalem was in an uproar, he took a band of soldiers and centurions, and ran down unto them, and when they saw the centurions and soldiers they left off beating Paul. Then the chief captain came near, and took him, and commanded him to be bound with two chains and conveyed to the castle. The next day Paul was brought before a Jewish council, thence taken to Cesarea, and finally to Rome to appear before Augustus Cæsar. On his arrival in the imperial city, the centurion delivered him to the captain of the guard, and he was allowed to dwell in his own house, with a soldier to keep him, and he received all that came in unto him. We have no account of his trial before Cæsar, but he was released in the spring of A.D. 62 or 63, having been fully acquitted. After his release, it is said, he preached the gospel "to the utmost parts of the west." Now began the first general persecution of the Christians. An immense multitude were put to death by the most horrifying means which savage cruelty could invent. During this fiery trial it is supposed that Paul came to Rome to encourage the Christians to bear with patience and resignation their trials. Such a distinguished leader could not long escape the fury of the emperor. He was apprehended, and was

cast into prison. We learn from the last epistle he wrote to Timothy, that almost all his companions had forsaken him except Luke the physician, whose affection for Paul continued. At length he was led out of the city for execution. As he marched along, says an historian, several of the soldiers who formed the guard were converted by his conversation. He was beheaded, and thus passed from the publicity of the scaffold, to the crown of a martyr, one of the greatest heroes of the Christian faith. When the news of the death of Paul reached Jerusalem, the officer in command of the IMMANUEL summoned all hands on deck, and communicated to them the great loss they had sustained in the death of their illustrious companion. Each man retired to his berth, and poured out his soul unto God, for grace to enable them so to triumph should they be called to suffer death for Christ's sake.

They left Jerusalem and came to Ephesus. Here they found John, the beloved disciple, who afterwards was apprehended by order of the Emperor Domitian, and banished to Patmos, a lonely island in the Ægean sea, and there left to chant the name of Jesus to howling winds and booming waves. John, while at Ephesus, had been pre-eminently useful in persuading many to enter the King's service; one of whom was Polycarp, who afterwards perished at the stake for the testimony of a good conscience. During the reign of the Emperors Trajan, Antoninus, Severus, Maximus, and Decius, it would seem as if Satan and his imperial confederates put in force every means that their infernal

minds could invent, to exterminate the followers of Jesus. Houses, full of Christians, were set on fire, so that no less than 100,000, in one year, passed through the flames of martyrdom to that city which hath foundations. About the close of the fourth century, the IMMANUEL entered France, and the Gauls became Christians. Early in the sixth century she sighted the coast of Albion. Augustine, one of the officers, was despatched to Ethelbert, the King, who explained to him the nature of the Christian religion, and he was converted, and the Saxons gave up their idols and became Christians. Even before that time there were Christians in Wales, who would not submit to the Pope. She then sailed into Germany, to Burmah's shore, and India's coral strands,—to Polar seas, and sunny Africa; and ere long, her ensign shall wave over every land, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God, and of His Christ.

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



PRAND and imposing stood Pompeii in the shadow of Vesuvius. The mighty city slumbered, and there was nothing in the aspect of affairs to create alarm. The inhabitants lay down to sleep that night as free from fear as on any previous night; yet this was the very hour when ruin, with a swift and silent foot, was approaching their doors.

Suddenly an unnatural gloom came down upon the city, and a rumbling was heard that was followed by a tremor of the earth, which had scarcely aroused the people from their slumbers, when a stream of burning lava burst from the volcano which lit up the heavens with lurid splendour. Clouds of ashes filled the air, and made it difficult for the people to flee from the ruin that awaited them.

Terror-stricken they ran to and fro in wild confusion, seeking in vain for shelter. The governor's daughter, refusing to leave the city, perished, and eighteen hundred years after her remains were found. Not a vestige of her costume, except her jewels, was found. The prisoners incarcerated in the jails had no means of escape. They tried desperately to

open the gates of the prison and break their chains, but those massive barriers could not be forced or broken by ordinary means. They watched, in the agony of despair, the fiery stream as it swept down the mountain, till death put an end to their misery. A few years ago they were found still manacled in their cells.

The groaning of the mountain became more and more terrific. Strong men, as they ran along the streets, were dashed to the earth by the fiery embers, which were hurled by volcanic force for miles. Mothers sought in vain for their children, and children staggered out of their homes to die in the streets. The aged, the sick, and the dying made no effort to escape, but resigned themselves to their fate. The temple was crowded with people, who frantically implored help from their deities; but the gods were powerless: both they and their worshippers perished.

"The Roman centurion still kept watch at the gate which looked towards the burning mountain. Amidst the confusion, the guard had forgotten to relieve him. There he stood, defiant of the volcano; for he it known, that Rome taught her sentinels to hold their post till set at liberty by the guard; therefore he had to choose between death and dishonour. Thick and fast the ashes fell around the sturdy Roman, whose polished helmet reddened in the flash of the fiery mountain. Higher and higher the ashes rose, till they choked his breathing. After the lapse of seventeen centuries, they found his skeleton standing

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erect in a marble niche, clad in rusty armour, the helmet on his empty skull, and his bony fingers closing on his spear." He was faithful unto death.

Would that every Christian was as true to God and His cause as this brave Roman was to Cæsar. Like ancient Rome, the Church has ever had her heroes. What a "coronet of stalwart storm-defiers" graced the summit of God's Zion in the Reformation days. Wickliffe, the Elijah of modern times; Luther, the German monk; Zwingli, of Switzerland; John Knox, whose terrible denunciation alarmed Mary Queen of Scots and her courtiers; burly Latimer, who marched singing to the stake; John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, whose matchless allegory has been the guiding star of thousands thronging the dusty paths of life; George Whitefield, whose life-work was the salvation of souls; John Wesley, who toiled as only few men toil in the vineyard of the Lord.

These men were "storm-proof, gold-proof, and temptation-proof." While other sentinels slumbered, these faithful watchmen manned the walls of Zion. With their hands upon the hilts of their polished and two-edged swords, they bade defiance to the enemies of the cross; and when the grim guard came to relieve them, like the Roman of old, they were found watching. So watch ye, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.

HOPE.

“ — what is Hope? A wandering fire,
Whose wild flame shines, delights, deceives;
Or guiding star, that bids aspire,
Where toils repose and conquest lives.
Hope, earthly, is the wandering flame,
The gaudy dreaming of imagined joy,
Of honour, health, and happiness, and fame,
Youth's *ignus fatuus* and manhood's toy,
A meteor dancing in the vale of tears,
That serves awhile to gild the murky stream,
Pains ready soothing and a charm for cares.
A brilliant, gay, enchanting dream.
But hope eternal is the guiding star,
For ever hung upon the gates of heaven,
That they who wander may behold from far
A sign of home to wanderers given.”



ALEXANDER the Great, when setting out on an expedition of conquest, distributed his gifts so profusely as to lead to the question, “What has he reserved for himself?” His reply was “Hope.” Hope shines on the palace and on the cottage. There are none so exalted as to be above its reach, and none so low as to be beneath its grasp. It lights up the wigwam of the Indian, whose desires never pass beyond the boundary of the forest, and opens the asylum to the beggar on his midnight tramp. It is the parent of enterprise, the impulse of ambition,

the nerve of resolution. It inspired Columbus, in his voyage across unknown seas, and encouraged Luther when called to defend the truth,—once delivered to the saints,—before an assembly which, for pomp and power, was never equalled in ancient or modern times. It leads the philosopher along paths where lion's whelp never trod, or eagle's eye penetrated. It fires the warrior in conflict, and heralds him to victory. It lit up the path of the immortal Havelock, as he led his brave troops against the rebellious Sepoys. But Sir Henry Havelock had a hope to which many of his companions-in-arms were strangers, that shone upon him as the battle of life was drawing to a close. Hope is the guiding star of the missionary in the home and foreign field of labour, lighting up with its silvery beams the dark valleys of moral death. When apparent insurmountable difficulties present themselves, it cheers him with the precious promise, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not," and when his work is done and he lies down to die in the lone forest or plain, it uplifts the veil that hides the fadeless glories of an eternal day. Hope is a never-failing companion; friendship may change as circumstances change, but hope never changes. It is the same in prosperity and adversity. It calms the agitated culprit as the hour of doom approaches, and bids him trust in an ever merciful Saviour. It follows its subjects to the very verge of ruin, and throws a bridge across the yawning chasm. Diogenes says, "Hope is the last thing that dies in man." "It stays around the bed of death when physi-

cians leave, and lingers in the bosom of beloved friends while there is breath to move a feather." The hope which nature kindles in its votaries cannot be valued too highly, but it is incomparable to the Christian's hope, without which this world would be a starless one. Genius might flash its coruscations, but its sparks would be profitless. Egypt, Greece, and Rome might summon from the shades of death their heroes, philosophers, and statesmen, and send them forth with lighted torches to point the pathway to eternal life, but their brightest light would only be like the *ignus fatuus*—deceive and bewilder us. It is otherwise with the believer's hope. It is to him what the pillar of fire was to Israel. It lights up his encampment with a divine radiance, and while his enemies grope in darkness, there is light in his dwelling, and when his frail barque is being swept by the last storm, and every human prop is giving way, hope in Christ alone can bear him up.

Some years ago a ship was wrecked on the stormy coast of Cornwall. It was a time of great danger, but the Lord, in His infinite mercy, allowed no lives to be lost. On the following Sabbath the rescued sailors attended Divine service in the nearest parish church. The clergyman who officiated was aware of the circumstances, and endeavoured to improve them to the benefit of his audience. At the conclusion of his sermon he spoke with great earnestness of the sinner's danger, and the readiness of Christ to save. Among other things, "Imagine," said he, "the situation of a drowning man, who feels that all his own efforts are

unavailing, and that he is fast sinking beneath the overwhelming waters; imagine what would be his feelings if suddenly a plank floated within his reach, and if, taking hold of it, he found that it would bear his weight. My fellow-sinner, that is your case and my own. We are like the drowning mariner; Christ is the plank of safety. This plank will bear; O refuse it not; delay not to seize upon it." The Sabbath passed away, and the incident was erased from the good man's remembrance. Fourteen years afterwards he received a message, couched in language irresistible, summoning him to a death-bed scene in a village at a considerable distance. He, having a strong desire to save a soul from death, obeyed the call. On entering the room he was directed to the bed of the sufferer. For a few moments he stood and watched the poor man, who was a perfect stranger to him, struggling with his stern and powerful adversary; and, seeing his moments were swiftly passing away, he knelt down beside the bed, and said, "My brother, you have sent for me, and I am come: you are on the verge of that awful transition which awaits us all; will you tell me on what hope you are resting for eternity?" The dying man was evidently conscious, but the power of speech seemed gone. "My brother," continued the clergyman, "if you can no longer speak, will you give me a sign, a token to tell if your hope is now in Christ." The poor man made a mighty effort, and with a tremulous voice, just audibly whispered in the ear of the messenger of mercy, "The plank bears." These words sent a thrill of rapture through the

clergyman's soul—that long-forgotten sermon had not been preached in vain. "The plank bears," cried the dying man, as he floated away on the waves of the last river. "It bears," he softly articulated, as he vanished from the gaze of weeping friends who stood around him. Yes, sinner, the plank will bear; venture on it, grasp it firmly, for on it, and it alone, depends your everlasting welfare.

"Hope in Christ hath brought life and immortality to light." The most crude and barbarous nations cherish the hope of a second life. It is a star that shines in every horizon. Its light is dimly seen in the burial of the forest-cradled Indian and other heathen obsequies. But what is to the heathen a probability, is to us a grand reality.

Hope sits enthroned upon every tomb, and waves her sceptre over the dominions of death. She writes on the graves of those who sleep in Jesus the epitaph—not that which the infidels of France wrote over the gates of their cemeteries—"Death, an eternal sleep," but, "Thy flesh shall rest in hope." When the arch-angel's trumpet shall peal out the dead-awakening blast hope will cease to reign.

"Eternal Hope, when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
'Twas then thy joyous youth began—but not to fade
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou undismayed shall o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile."

THE APPEAL OF JESUS TO THE SINNER.

AS it nothing to you all ye that pass by. Behold, and see if there is any sorrow like unto My sorrow. Come nigh unto Me; I am thy Redeemer. For thee I left the glories of heaven and the adoration of angels; clothed Myself in the garments of shame and misery, became a Man of sorrows, and spent My days in toil and My nights in prayer. For thee I bled beneath the piercing thorns, My hands and feet were torn with iron, and the spear plunged deep into My heart. Come nigh unto Me; I am not an officer of justice, but a messenger of mercy. Behold, I bring thee glad tidings of great joy. If My humility in the manger does not move thee, behold My vesture dyed in blood. If My tears do not melt thee into tenderness, come and see the anguish of My heart. Have not My wounds a voice? Shall none but unhallowed feet tread around My cross? None but enemies behold My agonies? Shall inanimate nature only sympathize with My sufferings? Shall the dead rise from their slumbers, and their pale cheeks blush at My wrongs, while thou, poor sinner,

turnest away from Me? How is it thou countest Me thine enemy? Come and let us reason together; bring forth thy strong reasons for rejecting Me. My love to thee is written in blood. I thought about thee when thou wast in the house of bondage; I saw thee in thy shame and nakedness, and threw over thee the skirts of My righteousness. I call upon the heavens and the earth to bear witness of My sincerity and attachment to thee, and I challenge Satan to disprove the fervour of My affections. Come unto Me, and I will lead thee into green pastures, and show thee where I make My flock to rest. If thou wilt enter into a covenant with Me, I will be thine forever. I will fight thy battles and conquer thine enemies. When foes would invade thy dwelling, I will smite them with blindness, so that they shall not be able to find the door of thy peaceful retreat. My Spirit shall guide thee; My providence shall defend thee; My angels shall guard thee; My arms shall succour thee, and when thy flesh and heart shall fail, I will be the strength of thy heart and thy portion forever, and make thee heir of an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. What sayest thou?"

I stood on the banks of a stream; the waters flowed rapidly by, and no power could stop them. Standing on one bank was a man who wore a shining crown and royal robes. But, oh! upon His radiant brow were scars as if a crown of thorns had some time or other rested there; and on His outstretched hands

were marks, as if, some time or other, they had been pierced with nails. But, oh! His face was lovely beyond description, and wore a look of tenderness and compassion. A little farther down the stream was what appeared to be a beautiful temple; its lofty domes and parapets, its glittering pinnacles and gorgeous inscriptions, were splendid in the sunlight. Just over the main entrance was written, "Worldly Pleasure," and over the entrance on either side were the words, "Fame, Honour, Riches." There it stood, beautiful and more costly and gorgeous than was ever Grecian temple erected to the gods. Just then an airy skiff came floating down the stream, bearing a youth, who stood erect, his strong hand upon the helm, to guide the boat. He looked upon one picture, and then upon the other. There was Jesus on one side, and the world upon the other. He hesitated a moment, and then pushed on for the alluring temple in the distance. But, as he came near it, the vision vanished, the glory departed, until what appeared to be more than a regal palace became worse than a gloomy dungeon, and, instead of pleasure's shout, was heard the wail of disappointment and remorse; and, instead of mirth and gaiety, the moans of the dying. The cheat was discovered when it was too late. How many such cases are met with?

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