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NEWFOUNDLAND

Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. Vol. V. No. 5.

MAY, 1878

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The Editor thankfully acknowledges the following sums for the Bazaar Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
W. Crossfield, Esq., Liverpool	5	0	0
Capt. T. Griggs, Newcastle-on-Tyne	1	0	0
Mr. John Neilson, Motherwell, Scotland	1	0	0

ANNUAL MEETING OF NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

On February 27th the Annual Meeting of the Society took place in the Lecture Room of Queen's-road Chapel. The President, Hon. P. G. Tessier, occupied the chair, and in an able address presented the past and present condition of the Home Mission, forecasting also its probable future. He referred to his interview with the committee of the Colonial Missionary Society in London last year, and conveyed the cheering intelligence that they were willing to render this Society further assistance when the state of their funds would permit. The speaking on the occasion was good throughout.

It will be seen by a reference to the treasurer's account, that notwithstanding the depressed state of business in this community a considerable increase in the local subscriptions has been made during the year. We have reason to hope that the coming year will be marked by a further increase. The necessity of increasing our missionaries in this country was strongly urged, and before long it is hoped other labourers will be added.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Society has been quietly but successfully prosecuting its work during the past year. Under existing circumstances we must be satisfied to progress slowly; the means at the disposal of your committee is small, and the labourers are few. It is no easy matter to enter upon new ground, and in the face of strong opposition, both plough and reap. This can only be done by years of patient and persevering toil. But the work is the Lord's, and already many tokens of his favour have been experienced both by the committee and the devoted agents of the Society.

The Great Head of the Church has raised up faithful men to labour, and He has graciously provided the means to carry out the work through their instrumentality. Mr. Harrington, in Trinity Bay, has been working with his usual energy and zeal. In his last report he says:—"I am now in the seventh year of my labour in this country. When I commenced my work here the people were without any educational or religious privileges. Now I have two day-schools in operation and also two Sabbath-schools, well attended. There are fifty children in the school at Randal Harbour, and thirty in that of Burgoyne Cove. The Sabbath-schools are attended by a much larger number of adults. The schools are of the greatest importance in this locality, as there are no others in the whole neighbourhood. They are supported by a yearly donation from the Newfoundland Home Missionary Society and private subscription from Christian friends. I have also Divine service on Lord's Day, both morning and evening, in the chapel school at Randal Harbour; and at mid-day, weather permitting, at Burgoyne Cove, about two miles across the Sound. These services are well attended. I visit from time to time all the families who live in the different coves around me. I give God the glory that He is daily making me useful and prospering my feeble effort. I am happy and contented in my work, and for a man of my age enjoying excellent health. I am grateful to your Society for its support, and to the Colonial Missionary Society for a donation of £30 to my stipend last year."

The committee rejoice in the successful efforts of Mr. Harrington to carry on his schools, and regret that they are not able to do more to assist him. The Fortune Bay Mission has been worked by Mr. J. B. Thompson, who gives proof satisfactory that your committee were divinely guided when they appointed him to that station. Mr. Thompson writes:—"It is cheering to note the steady progress which the blessed Gospel is making among the hitherto almost neglected population of this bay. Much of the prejudice at first manifested against both the Messenger and the Message seems to have died away, and the darkness which has long beclouded the mind of many is being gradually dispersed by light from the Sun of Righteousness.

"During the summer nearly the whole of the Bay was visited. To my joy, I found that the labours of my predecessor, Mr. Saer, have not been without blessed results. The people are so scattered, and the means of religious instruction is limited, that I was not surprised to find so much carelessness and irreligion. As a rule, I hold religious services whenever and wherever the people can be induced to come together, and when this fails I visit from house to house. Every means is made use of to spread the glad tidings—the distribution of copies of the Scriptures in whole or in part, magazines, tracts, and hymn books. In every instance they have been thankfully received. One result in particular, I think worthy of notice here. A little girl having obtained a New Testament, a number of the inhabitants of the settlement came together on Sabbath afternoon, and listened while she read some of the precious contents.

"The old, old story was new to them, and some of the company, though unable to read, were anxious to possess a copy, that when anyone passed that way they may get that Word read to them again. It is pleasing to record, too, that the easily learned sacred songs and solos are fast superseding the low songs, to the singing of which the young people were before addicted.

"One interesting part of the work is among American and Newfoundland seamen, who visit this bay twice a year in quest of herring. The fruit of this labour we cannot expect to reap or to see in this world; we saw the seed, and, no doubt, the reaping-time will come by-and-by.

"The little church at Bay de North, my headquarters, is still progressing in faith, and knowledge, and love. The members are walking worthy of their vocation still prove Christ to be precious, and His Gospel to be the power of God unto their salvation. The believers' meetings are well attended.

"The Sabbath school is very interesting, and well attended; so is the Bible class and the regular services. The day-school is maintaining its well-earned fame, and the way the children acquitted themselves at a public examination recently held was highly gratifying to their parents and friends, as well as reflecting great credit upon their painstaking teacher, Miss Radford. The difficulties attending missionary labour in this Bay are many and great, but not insurmountable. The Gospel is sadly needed, and I address myself to the delightful task of propagating its glorious truths for another year, if the Lord will. I earnestly ask an interest in your prayers."

Early last year your committee engaged the services of Mr. Wilson, who had been labouring in connection with another society in the island. In the month of May he proceeded to Twilligate, Notre Dame Bay. This large and flourishing town had a strong claim upon your society, the first missionary being sent by this church many years ago. Quite a number of families and individuals are attached to our principles, and have frequently expressed a desire to have a missionary settled among them; besides being the capital of

one of the richest and most prosperous districts in the country, it has a population of nearly four thousand Protestants, with only one Episcopal and one Methodist church. Mr. Wilson received a very cordial and hearty welcome, and has since been working faithfully and with success beyond our most sanguine hopes. The Rev. Mr. Hall visited the station in September, and was highly pleased with what he saw and heard. Mr. Wilson writes:—"It is impossible to give a correct report in figures of any kind of labour and its results in the realm of religion and morality. I might point to one and another as having been converted since my arrival here, and many other tokens of success, but I will not. I will content myself with informing you respecting our present position, without detailing the steps of the journey. When your energetic vice-president was with us in the fall, we were able to form a building committee, appoint secretary and treasurer; then we arranged to select a site for a new church, to adopt the weekly-oiling system, and other means to raise money for the erection of a suitable place of worship. By means of special collections, supplemented by donations from members of the committee, we defray the expense of the hall in which we conduct our service—over £20 per annum. After meeting all expenses, we found at our annual meeting, held the 11th January, that we had a small balance in hand for the building fund.

"Our services are all well attended. We have had several well-attested conversions; all are very attentive during our meetings for worship and preaching. We are having a series of lectures on week evenings on the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Our Sunday-school is making good headway. We had a splendid picnic for the little folk, when Mr. Hall was here; everything around us is most encouraging." Your committee is under deep obligations to the Colonial Missionary Society for their assistance, and, relying upon their promise of increased help, they are encouraged to go forward. Our esteemed president had an interview with the committee of the Colonial Missionary Society in September last; his presentation of our claims and necessities resulted in renewed assurances on their part that they would assist us to the utmost of their ability. They would embrace this opportunity of impressing upon the friends of the mission-cause the importance of increased liberality. No doubt many have given nobly, but might not more be done if all would give, as God prospers them?

To the Juvenile Missionary Association our very warmest encomiums are due, for the zeal with which they collect for the society, and for the handsome sum which during the past year they have added to our funds.

There is much to encourage us in the noble work; the experience of the past; the present hopeful state of our mission stations; the courage and zeal of the agents in the midst of hardships, toils, and trials. And above all the promise of help from the God of missions.

In the fall of last year, your devoted young missionary, Mr. Saer, left for Montreal, with the full concurrence of the committee, to pursue his studies for a few years in the Congregational College of British North America. When his course there is completed, we hope to have him again labouring in this island.

As an important auxiliary of your mission, the committee have much pleasure in referring to the St. John's Training School, conducted by the Misses Good. In addition to the very large number of pupils receiving a sound education in that institution, there are a number of young people receiving a suitable training to qualify them to become teachers. Thus this establishment is rendering valuable aid to your home missionary society.

In concluding the report, your committee would urge upon the friends and supporters the importance of increasing zeal, liberality, prayer, and faith, and they earnestly pray that the ensuing year may be crowned with signal success in the glorious work to which we are called. We are living in remarkable times. Superstition, and error, irreligion, and vice, indifference, and unbelief are wrapping men's minds in thick darkness, and sweeping multitudes into wretchedness and misery. The day of the Lord is at hand. It behoves us to stand upon our watch-tower, and so live, that when He shall appear, He may say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

RICHARD NEXLE, Secretary.

1st Resolution, moved by Mr. Seymour, seconded by Mr.

W. Barnes: "That the reports now read be adopted, printed, and circulated."

2nd Resolution, moved by Mr. Cruickshank, seconded by Mr. Beer: "That this meeting is devoutly thankful to Almighty God for His guidance and blessing in the affairs of the Society during the past year, and resolve to be more faithful during the ensuing year."

3rd Resolution, moved by the Rev. Thos. Hall, seconded by Mr. Robert Winton: "That the best thanks are due, and hereby tendered, to the Colonial Missionary Society for past aid, and that they be strongly solicited to increase their grants to this Society."

4th Resolution, moved by Mr. Robert Barnes, seconded by Mr. L. T. Chancey: "That the best thanks of this meeting be given to the juvenile collectors for their continued zeal and valuable aid."

5th Resolution, moved by Mr. Furneaux, seconded by Mr. Parsons: "That the following be the officers and committee for the ensuing year:—President, Hon. P. G. Tessier; vice-president, Rev. Thos. Hall; treasurer, James Howe, Esq.; secretary, Richard Neyle, Esq.; committee, Messrs. W. H. Seymour, R. Chancey, L. T. Chancey, R. Barnes, J. H. Martin, J. Beer, A. Cruickshank, J. Calver, Wm. J. Barnes, J. N. Finlay, R. Winton, Parsons, Gale, E. Thomas, H. Furneaux, Captain Davis.

NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN ACCOUNT WITH THE TREASURER.

Dr.

1877—To paid Missionary Harrington, half-year's salary to 1st November	£30 0 0
Half year's salary to 1st May, 1878	30 0 0
Donation to Schools	10 0 0
Paid Missionary Saer—Donation	25 0 0
Amount of Special Collection	12 14 0
Paid Missionary Thompson—Three quarter's salary to 31st December, 1877	45 0 0
Paid Missionary Wilson—Three quarter's salary to 31st January, 1878	45 0 0
Paid for publishing Annual Report	4 0 0
Paid for Collecting	0 11 0
Balance at the Commercial Bank	46 2 10
	£248 7 10

Cr.

1877—By Balance of last Account at Commercial Bank... ..	£30 15 11
Proceeds of Children's Concert, per Miss Chancey	15 11 0
Proceeds of Tea Meeting	10 0 0
Amount specially collected for Mr. Saer when leaving for College... ..	12 14 0
Drafts on Colonial Missionary Society, London, for £68 15s. sterling	82 10 0
Amount Collected by the Juveniles at Christmas, £37 18 8	
Less £10 sterling to support Daniel Spencer Ward	12 0 0
Juvenile Missionary Meetings	4 15 5
Miss Good's Class Box	1 15 10
Miss Chancey's Class Box	0 6 0
Monthly Prayer Meetings	0 6 6
Miss Radford's Class Box	0 7 3
Subscriptions from:—	
Rev. Thomas Hall... ..	1 5 0
Mrs. Hall	1 5 0
Hon. P. G. Tessier	2 10 0
Do. account Missionary Wilson's salary	5 0 0
Mrs. P. G. Tessier... ..	2 10 0
Mr. Howe	2 0 0
Mrs. Howe	2 0 0
Mr. Neyle	3 0 0
Do. account Missionary Wilson's salary	5 0 0
Mr. J. H. Martin	5 0 0
Mr. J. N. Finlay	5 0 0
Mrs. Robert Knight	5 0 0
Mr. H. W. Seymour	3 2 0
Mr. John McDonald	1 15 0
Mrs. William Murray	1 12 0
Miss Good and Sister	1 0 0
Mr. L. T. Chancey	1 0 0
Mrs. L. T. Chancey	1 0 0

Mr. Joseph Beer	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Barnes	1	0	0
Mr. P. D. Knight	1	0	0
Mr. James Hutchings	1	0	0
Mr. John Hutchings	1	0	0
Captain Debrix	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Shaw	0	18	0
Mr. Richard Knight	0	15	0
Mr. Lewis R. Tessier	0	10	0
Mr. Richard Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. William J. Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. Charles Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Chancey	0	10	0
Mrs. Robert Chancey	0	10	0
Mrs. Jackman	0	5	0
Mr. Cruickshank	0	5	0
Mr. Hodder	0	4	0
Miss Bulley	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Gale	0	2	6
Mr. Alexander Parsons	0	10	0
Mr. William Radford	0	10	0
Interest on Bank Deposits	0	13	9
E. U. Sabbath-school, Motherwell, Scotland (too late to appear in account)	3	12	0
			£248 7 10

Audited and found correct,

RICHARD NEYLE.
JOSEPH BEER.

J. HOWE, Treasurer.

St. John's, Newfoundland, Feb. 27th, 1878.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

TEACHING CHILDREN.—He who would teach children must study children. He must acquaint himself with their modes of thought and their manner of speech. Not only the scholars of his class in the Sunday-school, but other children should be studied by whoever would become a good teacher. To study children wisely and thoroughly a man must be with them elsewhere than in Sunday-school. He must watch them in their plays. If he can play with them, so much the better. He must talk with them familiarly, and draw them out to talk with him. He must get them to tell him what they have read and heard and thought. He must question them and let them question him. If he does this, he will be surprised at the new lessons he is learning continually. He will come to teach differently and to teach better. If he fails to study children, a man will not be a successful teacher of children, whatever else he may be able to do well.

I AM VERY WELL SATISFIED.—One evening, during a series of religious meetings in the town of B.—there being interest manifested upon the subject of religion—a busy man of the world, a blasphemous, stepped into church. Toward the close of services, after a most powerful appeal from the preacher, he was asked if he would not come to Jesus. His reply was, "I am very well satisfied." That evening he left the house of God apparently unconcerned, but afterward he regularly attended the meetings, and could have been seen with others bowing for the prayers of Christians, being under deep conviction of sin. He soon found that he was not satisfied. Reader, if you have not already, I ask you now, with all earnestness of my soul, to come to Jesus. Will you, or will you not respond that you are very well satisfied? If you do not feel concerned about your soul, and feel delight in the things of the world, banishing serious thoughts from you, you show to others, although you do not acknowledge it, that you are satisfied. Oh, my friend, let not anything upon which you have set your affections stand in your way and cause you to fail of eternal life.

TRIALS SENT OF GOD TO SAVE THE SOUL.—1. Earthly worries are heavenly blessings, not curses. Coming from the oldest book in the Bible, we behold in Job the representative man of trouble. The fact that afflictions were sent upon him only proves that God had not let go of him yet. Darkness was but a proof of light, just as the shadow on the sundial proves the existence of the sun. The best friend the Alpine climber can have is the faithful guide, who arouses him from fatal drowsiness by blows, harsh and painful. 2. The second step is, God's rule in visiting sorrows upon us is purpose, not

simply permission. He does not merely permit troubles to come upon us, He sends them. Any other idea implies that somebody is stronger than God. If one must be punished, he prefers to be whipped by his father. If any one chastises us, let it be our Heavenly Father. 3. God worketh. The heathen have a god, Brahma, who rests in an eternal sleep. We have a God that worketh. He saves us as the surgeon, by earnest, resolute work—cutting off a limb, or taking away an eye. Caught in the grip of Providence, we can say nothing. The fountain cannot be constructed without demolishing much that is beautiful; the grass, the soil upheaved, the unsightly debris, are all processes of necessary work. At last all is put back again, the green soil is restored, and a fountain is the result. So it is with the fountain of the new life.

"LOVING TO GIVE."—"I was once attending a missionary meeting in Scotland," said a minister in making an address. "There it is the custom to take up the collection at the door as the people go out. A poor woman in going out dropped a sovereign into the basket. The deacon who held the basket said, 'I am sure you cannot afford to give so much as that.' 'O yes, I can,' she said. 'Do take it back,' said the deacon. She replied, 'I must give it. I love to give for Jesus' sake.' Then the deacon said, 'Take it home to night, and if, after thinking it over, you still wish to give it,' you can send it in the morning.' In the morning I was sitting at breakfast with the deacon, when a little note came from this woman, but the note contained two sovereigns. 'You won't take them?' I said to the deacon. 'Of course I shall,' said he. 'I know that good woman well. If I send them back she will send four next time.' This was, indeed, "loving to give."

GOD THE BUILDER.—When we look at the wonderful cathedral at Cologne, and remember that for seven centuries the click of the workman's hammer was heard, or at the cathedral at Canterbury, which is a spiritual poem, we think how all that began in a thought to honour God which was in someone's mind. What a work an earnest man can do! A shoemaker starts the mighty work of foreign missions. Yes, remember God is the builder, but He works through and with men. Let us learn—1. That God selects His workmen. His a strange thing that Joseph an Niodemus buried Christ, and not the disciples. Nehemiah, whose character is still ploughing fresh furrows in the hearts of men, felt the burden of his mission on him, etc. 2. We have a work as Christians to do. Said a woman at the inquiry meeting, "For years I hung around the church, and nobody questioned me concerning my soul." When God takes us He *ploughs* us. 3. Think of the honour to be chosen of God, a *living* stone. I want to be honoured by being chosen of God above all things else. No honour its equal on earth. 4. What is the lamentable state of those whom God passes by? To be nothing in one's own mind is excellent but to be nothing in God's mind is *woe* indeed. Out of His mind is out of salvation. Has he a place for you?—*Dr. Fulton.*

RELIGION NOT A HINDRANCE TO A HILL. It is worthy of our note that eminence in the Christian life does not hinder, but rather helps us to eminence in any one point in the life that now is. If a person were to give his attention to two or more worldly pursuits, he would in a measure, perhaps, fail in both; but he may be a good physician, or a skillful farmer, and none the less so because he is a good Christian. Nay, there is no honest calling in life in which a man will not be helped to eminence by true and deep piety. Everything good grows in the growth of religion. Let the man of business work on Sundays, neglecting religious duties, and his broken health will tell him his mistake; or, from over eagerness in grasping at gain, let loss after loss come upon him, and he will be taught that the moderation which the Gospel inspires was needful for him. Many a worldly man may say at the close of life that he has gained nothing by neglecting religion. The Christian physician may say, "I might have been eminent in mere professional matters without piety, but I doubt whether I should have been so successful, certainly not so happy." Every one that has truly sought to serve the Lord will acknowledge that godliness is profitable for all things, for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come.—*The Churchman.*

It is better to be thinking of what God is than of what we are. This looking at ourselves, at the bottom, is really pride, a want of the thorough consciousness that we are *good for nothing*. Till we see this, we never look quite away from self to God.

THE STARVED LITTLE INFANT SCHOOL.

SOME years since a very fine church was built in an American city, in exact imitation of one which was erected in England several centuries ago. The architect was particular in copying all the details of the model church, from steeple to coloured glass, and the building committee faithfully carried out his directions. But when the expensive pile was nearly finished it was discovered, to the great embarrassment of all concerned, that there was no door by which to reach the coal cellar! Whose fault was it? The carpenters and masons had done all the building committee had told them; the committee had followed the directions of the architect; and the architect had drawn his plans in exact copy of the church which was to be imitated, adding only the cellar itself. The fault was with the ancient persons who built the mediæval church; no coal being used in those days, there was no necessity for a coal cellar, and consequently none for a cellar door. The omission was quietly made good, and the architect has since made it a rule not to copy an ancient structure with such Chinese exactness.

A common omission, of similar character, yet involving more important interests, is often made in the erection and furnishing of our churches. The people who built the Christian churches of several hundred years ago, made but slight provision in them for the care and instruction of their little children. And we, though we may provide in abundance for the larger ones, too often neglect to provide for the babes such things as suit the wants of their tender years. A good infant school is more important to some of the interests of the Church than even a good coal cellar. Spiritual life and warmth are often kindled into a flame in the hearts of the lambs, while the old and hardened sinners refuse to be moved by the preaching of the word, which they have heard all their lives. We must not neglect our babes, even if it was the fashion to do so several hundred years ago.

The Starved Little Infant School is held in a far corner of the gallery, or in a small and unventilated room, which is considered to be good enough for little children. Pews, hard benches, or second-hand chairs, are furnished for the young disciples to sit on. Some of them are so high that the children have to be pushed up to them, or lifted on them. It is as if grown persons were made to sit on pianos or mantel-pieces, with their lower extremities dangling in the air. Somebody says that would be ridiculous, and somebody else says it would be uncomfortable. It would be both; and it is both ridiculous and uncomfortable to let little children's feet dangle and kick between bench and floor. And the more negligent the Church is in providing suitable seats for the little ones, the more unreasonable we often find the teacher, in requiring that they should sit with the grave solemnity and perfect silence maintained by elderly persons who are comfortably seated. If we were made to sit on a piano, or something the height of a piano, during a sermon an hour long, would not these heels knock together?

The singing in the Hungry Little School is lean enough. Only a few children are present (the teacher tells us that there are not many children in the neighbourhood, but we know better), and these children are without the wholesome stimulus which a good crowd imparts. They sing somewhat as the grown-up people in many congregations do, that is to say, with a very feeble sound, and with perfect gentility and finished propriety. There is no soul to the singing. It does not make anybody feel *good* to hear it. It does not act as bait to bring the children of the neighbourhood to the school.

The children know but little. Some say that is because they are little children. But there is another reason, namely, that they have not been taught much. It has been considered that teaching has been thrown away on people under sixteen years old. The main object of the enterprise has been to keep the children quiet. That has been a success, to a reasonable extent. If the teacher will try a little energetic communication of Scriptural knowledge to them, she will be astonished to find how much they can take in, and how quickly they will take it. If she will tell them how Jesus Christ died to save their souls, she will find that they can comprehend the story of salvation as readily as their grandmothers and grandfathers.

The library of this little school is a "peculiar institution." As many of the children wear the cast-off clothing of their parents, cut down and altered to suit them, so the cast-off

library of the larger school has been presented to the infants. But no adaptation of it to their want has been made, as is generally made in the case of the clothing. It comprises a miscellaneous selection of back-broken and dog-eared books, principally to be valued according to the waste paper in them. Among the lot are "A Treatise on Parental Training," and "Butler's Analogy." Economy which is praiseworthy as to clothing, is reprehensible as to books. The bookcase may be sold for firewood, and its contents, at three-halfpence a pound, delivered to a dealer in waste paper; and the money invested in a nice library would be found to be well spent.

Keep a good heart, little children. You will grow up some of these days, and be as big as anybody. Make the best of it now, and hope for better when you are strong enough to push for yourselves, and to make the Church and the world acquainted with your wants.

WAR.

BY ARTHUR MURSELL.

"WHAT a colossal curse is war! It is a hoary giant, grown grisly with the rime of ages, throned among a million tombs, impatient of 'the common lot,' and precipitating death upon the noblest and the bravest of mankind. It is a never-tiring sexton, digging graves for myriads in unconsecrated soil, and hurling their uncoffined dust to the carion vulture, or into the hungry sea. It is a hireling priest, lusting for burial-fees and despatching his minions with grist to his great charnel-house, without the boom of passing-bell, the cadence of a requiem, or the flutter of a shroud. It is a hot-lipped salamander, drunk with the fever-flame of passion and the molten lava of unholly hate. It is the vampire fiend whose beverage is blood, and whose daintiest draughts are drawn from the 'dearest veins' of brothers, fathers, sons. It is the demon-mocker who laughs at orphanhood and flaunts the widow's weeds as his flag of choicest triumph. It is the delirious hulk-babe who dances gleefully amidst bleaching dead, paddling his feet in slippery gore, brandishing the bones of patriots as his *bâton* to the diapason of the death-groan, and snuffing the thick and sickly death-reek from a battle plain, as though it were the fragrance of a garden, or of some Pactolian stream. It is the stalwart labourer who stalks into the fields to mow down human flesh as if it verily were grass indeed, and gambols amidst the fresh-cut harvest as children gambol in the new-mown hay. It is the pale despoiler who darts in between a lover and his bride, or a mother and her son, and tears away the fondest hope of a household, snapping his flaccid fingers at the tears he causes, gloating at the sweet melody of a young widow's wail, and shaking his matted locks in maniac ecstacy at every moan of misery and every pang of pain. Yes, such is war. The blight that mildews the whole earth, and preys upon the liberties, the laws, the loves of every nation of the world by turns. Belching paralysis upon the commerce of the globe, and binding the willing hands of industry in a coerced inaction, it becomes the handmaid of famine, the minister of starvation and of want. It speaks its sardonic fiat, and a fatal numbness falls upon our nimble machinery in its liberal work of grinding food for the hungry myriads around us. Oh, verily, there is no fire out of hell which flames with a more cruel fierceness than the fire-brand of war. What, then, shall quench that brand, except the gospel of love? What shall cause its lurid torch to hiss away to flaky ashes save a baptism in the Lethe of universal love? When *this* gospel's conquests shall be achieved, and not till then, the conquests of the sword shall be at an end, the gory scroll of martial victories shall be folded up for ever, and the contending kingdoms of this world shall become the harmonious kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

Beware of making for your love only certain formal tests or emotional tests. Give it room to grow. It is not enough that you find delight in feeding a hungry beggar; an atheist might do as much. It is not enough that you shall be always at church; a sinner may do as much. Your whole heart, soul, might, mind, are to be in the service of Jesus. Putting them there is the first duty. An act of will does not suffice; an act of faith falls short—both are but beginnings. Work out your salvation. Renew the consecration every day, and make, if possible, some sacrifice, or do some work, as a sign to yourself that your consecration cuts to the quick, and binds to the bone.—*Methodist*.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY REV. H. B. RIDGWAY, D. D.



Abraham's Oak.—Hebron.

AFTER visiting Abraham's Oak, of which, with the above sketch, the reader will not require any further description, we entered Hebron on its northern side, and passing along its principal street between the solid stone houses (the narrow street reeking with filth), went into a glass factory, where are manufactured rings of various colours, which are used as ornaments by the native women. Thence we strolled through the Bazaar, which, to us so long in solitude, was doubly attractive because of the stir and business which seemed to be going on. From the Bazaar we passed up a narrow street directly in the rear, or at the north end, of the celebrated mosque which covers the Cave of Machpelah, the burial-place of the patriarchs. (See Gen. xlix. 29, 30, 31.) We turned around the enclosure to the east side, whence, from a slope near the wall, we could look into an open yard between the exterior wall and the mosque. Here was pointed out the tomb of Esau—wholly apocryphal, of course. Returning through this narrow and filthy passage, we came back through the Bazaar, and thence approached by another street the main entrance on the west and south. We could go no nearer than the steps leading into the open court. No infidels or Christians are allowed to pass beyond the threshold. We had to be content with putting our hands through a hole in the wall near the south-west corner and touching the sacred rock of the cave, and gazing at the massive, perfect masonry of the solid Jewish wall, built, as is supposed, in the days of Solomon. From the sedulous care with which this shrine has been guarded through so many ages, it is not improbable that when its vaults shall be opened at least the embalmed body of Jacob will be found. There is a peculiar interest in being so near the spot where the undecayed body of even one of God's ancient worthies may lie.

Emerging from the town at the south-west, we passed again the great southern pool. It is a large basin or reservoir of water of one hundred and thirty feet by fifty feet, inclosed in solid limestone masonry. On the east side is a row of bath-houses, accessible to all the population, distinct and regular hours being fixed for the men and women. At the northern end there is another reservoir not quite so large, but the southern one is probably that which gave to Hebron its first importance. A great natural spring fixes a location in these countries with a precision which scarcely any other one feature does. Ecce, then, with an assurance very satisfactory, I could imagine Abraham moving about around this spacious fountain, as a favourite permanent camping ground. From his first lighting upon the spot he dwelt in friendly relations with the proprietors of the soil, Mamre, Aner, and Eschol; thence he sallied forth with the armed servants of his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and discomfited Chedorlaomer and his confederates; thence from the brow of the adjoining hill he besought God for Sodom and Gomorrah, and afterward, when his petition availed only for Lot's safety, he saw thence the smoke of the doomed cities rising up like the "smoke of a furnace;" here he was when Sarah died, and in the cave of the field secured by purchase to him and his pos-

terity for ever he buried her out of his sight; and here, too, he was when he gave up the ghost and died in a good old age, an old man and full of years; and here his sons, Isaac and Ishmael—the brothers long estranged reconciled at the father's grave—"buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre."

April 14.—At half-past seven this morning we were in the saddle, our faces towards Jerusalem. I had become so used to the slow, long, and measured tread of the camel, that I really found the short, quick step of the horse disagreeable. My pony was a rough goer; he had a hard trot, hard gallop, and a slow walk. We followed up the Valley of Eshcol nearly to the point where the road turns to Abraham's Oak, and bearing directly north, left the ruins of Rama on the right. We then turned eastward to visit Jonah's Tomb (Noby Yumas), which stands on a high hill, behind which is the little village of Hallul. Josh. xv. 58. Three hours more brought us to the ruins of Jedur, the Gedor of Joshua xv. 58. Vast heaps of broken stones lie around, and the adjacent fields are under cultivation. This valley sweeps eastward under the names of el Arub, or Jehar, and el Shar, through the Wilderness of Judea, and terminates in the vicinity of Engedi. It was often traversed by David and his men. From this onward there was nothing but an irksome monotony of rugged hills till we descended suddenly upon Solomon's Pools, situated in a beautiful little valley, now called el Burak—"Valley of the Tanks." Across the field to the west, at the base of the mountain, is a little house covering the entrance to the springs of water, whence is the principal supply of the pools. Having no torches, we lighted pieces of brush, and descended into the vaulted cave about twenty-five steps down. The size of the cave is fifteen by eight paces. The water issues from the side of the hill in a channel at least six inches wide, is caught in two reservoirs, and is passed thence underground about three hundred yards to a point near the north-west corner of the upper pool, where it is divided, part running into a vault twenty-five feet by five, and thence into the upper pool, the other part being conducted around the north side of the successive pools, and below them, till it flows into the main aqueduct, which ends at Jerusalem. By this method it was sought to accomplish the double purpose of obtaining a fresh supply of water directly from the fountain-head, and also keeping the reservoirs filled from the overflow, so as to have on hand a perpetual reserve. The construction of these reservoirs is usually attributed to Solomon, though there is no decisive proof that he built them. Their extent, massiveness, and boldness of conception furnish reasonable ground for ascribing their formation to his long, peaceful, and magnificent reign.

Instead of keeping the direct road over the hill to Jerusalem, we followed the Wady el Burak by the line of the aqueduct to Bethlehem. The valley grows narrower and deeper as it descends, and is irrigated by streams from the pools. Our route was above the little village Urta, believed to be the ancient Etham, which sits nestled on the hill side. On rising the next hill, Bethlehem all at once stood before us, perched on a shoulder of the mountain along which we should have travelled had we gone directly from the pools to Jerusalem. Bethlehem seemed, in its clear outlines and its white, flat houses, like an old friend, so familiar had pictures made it to me from my youth. Crossing the head of a valley which slopes to the eastward, known as the Valley of the Shepherds, we mounted the hill, and wheeling suddenly to the right, entered, amid new and old buildings, the main street, and stopped not until, having gone the whole length of its narrow, slippery pavement, we dismounted in the open area in front of the Church and Convent of the Nativity. We immediately went into the Latin Convent of St. Francis, and were courteously received by a monk, who, after refreshing his guests with lemonade, conducted us through the series of buildings which cluster over the supposed place of the Nativity. Passing through a great hall we entered the Latin Chapel of St. Catharine, where services were being conducted; then into the Greek Chapel, by far the most imposing, where also services were being held; then into the Armenian, where no service was going on. Through a door on the left of the Greek Chapel we descended by a few steps into the cave beneath it, a low, narrow, vaulted room, thirty-eight feet long by eleven feet wide, lighted with burning lamps. This is the Chapel of the Nativity. Just to the left on entering, we were pointed to the *apostol*, a vaulted recess being with sixteen silver lamps, almost wholly destitute of ornament, with a marble floor, in the centre of which is a silver star, with a hole

in it about six inches in diameter, surrounded with the words in Latin, "Hæc Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." I was a little startled at the suddenness with which I had come upon the spot. I was not prepared to take in its deep significance. We were in a crowd. The next day I went back again. I stood quite alone at the sacred shrine. A woman crept up, and bowing her face to the stones, lavished upon them her kisses. What could I do otherwise than kneel and drop a tear as I reached over and put my hand through the hole, and upon the very spot where first the Lord of glory touched the earth! Let those stand idly by who may, my faith shall pierce the dim shadows of superstition, and bow down at the point where the Divine Saviour first met humanity in his coming to meet me.

The Basilica, or Church of the Nativity proper, stands in front of the four main chapels; indeed, they occupy what in other great churches is the choir. It is said to have been first built by the Empress Helena, A. D. 327, and is claimed to be the oldest Christian architecture in the world. From the top of a house south of the church I looked over the eastern and southern valley. All its sides are well terraced and planted with olives and vines. I had also previously walked around on the north side, and had a thorough view of the valley in a north and north-east direction. Here the sides of the hills were alike terraced and planted. The two valleys meeting below the convents, and running into one down toward the Wilderness of Judea, were unquestionably the scene of the exquisite pastoral of Boaz and Ruth. There, too, the shepherds watched their flocks by night when the holy song of the angels, heralding the Saviour's birth, burst upon them. Up and down these hill-sides the ruddy, athletic David often ran while, yet a youth, he tended his father's flocks. The whole topography is so natural, that with the utmost vividness the imagination can rehabilitate the ground with these and other scriptural occurrences.

In the morning, as we rode out of the town, we deflected slightly to the north-east, along the continuous ridge on which the city stands, to see "David's Well." The well is about fifteen to twenty feet deep, and the water is cold, clear, and pleasant to the taste. This is called David's Well, because of the incident in his life mentioned 1 Chron. xi. 17, etc. We turned from the well without entering the house of Jesse, and after a few minutes' ride on the main road were in front of Rachel's tomb. This is a little mosque of the roadside, and is regarded with great sanctity by the Moslems. The spot it occupies, whether the exact one or not, cannot be far removed from that where Jacob buried his beloved Rachel. Genesis xxxv. 16, 19, 20. While we stood at Rachel's Tomb we were pointed directly westward to Beit Jala (Zelah), the scriptural Zelah, where Saul, after his anointing by Samuel at Mizpah, met the men who, according to the prophet's word, assured him of the safety of his father's asses, of which he had been in search. 1 Sam. x. 2. Mounting our horses we rode up the hill, which was now the last obstacle which kept us from seeing Jerusalem. The brow of the hill reached, the convent gate passed, a few steps farther, and lo, the capital of the religious world was full in view! For a moment conversation was checked, and onward our horses walked with quickened step. The plain of Rephaim stretched out its broad sweep of green and gray on right and left, while, distinctly visible, the walls, domes, and minarets of the city, glittering in the sunlight, with Mount Olivet on the East, stood out boldly in the landscape. From the city to the mount the eye alternated, divided between the two, not only from the force of a thousand associations, but from the rivalry of claims to physical beauty presented by each. Most familiar of all objects in the Holy Land, and yet most welcome! Here is Jerusalem, God's holy city; here Jehovah dwelt among his people; here Christ died; here the Holy Ghost was given; and here that religion was first planted in the faith of which millions have lived and died, and which is destined to fill the whole earth! It stands alone in the history of cities, and at this very hour is the centre of more thought and affection than any other city in the world.

Thus I was musing when, in the distance, we descried on the horizon a horseman riding towards us. As he came nearer we saw that he was dressed in Frank costume—high-crowned beaver hat, English coat, and mounted on a superb Arabian steed. Immediately I recognised the Rev. Dr. De Hass, the American Consul at Jerusalem. Anticipating our coming, he had ridden out to meet and welcome us. A warm grasp of the hand was extended to all our party, some of whom he

already knew personally, and under his kindly escort we rode on till we found our camp pitched near the Jaffa gate.

WALKING WITH GOD.

BY BISHOP SIMPSON.

"And Enoch walked with God."—Genesis v. 24.

LET us see whether there may be this walking with God on our part.

We may not have that same firmness of purpose which Enoch had; and I fear many of us fail just here. How often you have been turned aside! How frequently have we erred! What sad mistakes have we made, and how often have we lost our firmness of purpose! It seems to me there is a ladder, like that which Jacob saw set up from earth to heaven, and while Enoch would have been away up yonder on those higher rounds, almost ready to pass into the invisible, we linger yet on the lower rounds of the ladder, not having ascended, having travelled a little step up and then a step down; and there are some of us, I am afraid, to-day, no higher in our ascent toward glory than we were twenty years ago.

My dear brother, to-day, in the sight of God, are you more like Jesus than you were twenty years ago? Have you more of the enjoyments of religion? What have you been living for? God has graciously spared you, and given you His Word and Spirit and all needful helps, and yet no better all the twenty years? Oh, how sad it is for us! If we keep on in this way, oh, what is the prospect before us?

But there are others, who, I trust, have been gaining. You look back to your early experience, and it is sweeter now to pray than then; heaven is more attractive now than then; Jesus is nearer now than then; it is easier to lean on His arm; it is more delightful to think of death, and triumph, and glory. The angels seem to be lovelier; the friends who have left us seem nearer. Sometimes the veil seems to grow so thin that the whole family in heaven and earth seem to surround us. If such is the case you are ripening for glory—walking, to some extent, with God.

But then, in this walking now, how are we succeeding? We may never know, in the sense of visible knowledge, that we walk with God; and yet there does come the Divine assurance to the heart, the conviction that God is with us. And how unlike earthly company is this walking with God. Usually we love to go to the house of friends when everything is cheerful; and if we meet a friend on the street, we love to walk with him if he is in good spirits; but when he is sad, and clouds gather around him, and he is in distress, and all forsake him, how prone are we to keep away from him. But the peculiarity of this privilege of walking with God is that just in such ways we seem to have the greatest opportunities of walking with God. Is a man in trouble? It seems to afford our blessed Saviour, if I may use the phrase, a kind of delight just to draw near when the shadows gather, to touch our arm, and say, "I am with you." Do deep waters of adversity rise around us, and are we likely to be submerged? How sweetly the voice sounds from heaven: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the waves they shall not overwhelm thee, I will be with thee, and the flames shall not have power over thee." Oh, how sweet in hours of danger, and sadness, and gloom, that Jesus can come near! When friends forsake, when old age approaches, and affliction comes, then the voice sounds from heaven, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." How sweet the promise! Jesus walks with us in time of calamity, in time of danger, in time of sorrow, in time of sickness. Oh! He is with us on a dying bed, there to put in our hands His rod and His staff; there when the eye grows dim to touch it by His heavenly omnipotence, and open it to look to the land that is afar off, and that we may see the King in His beauty.

We may walk with God. Have you tried it? Oh! have you ever, when walking on the street all alone, or in deep affliction, felt in your heart there was One with you? Christ never forsakes His followers. It was necessary, for the purpose of showing the sufferings of Christ for us, that there should be the moment of gloom to Him on the cross; but when the follower of Jesus comes to die, he looks up and sees Jesus at the right hand of God. He is with us, and we may walk with Him.

But if we are to walk with God, there are a few things requisite. In the first place, we must go nowhere that Christ will not go. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." Christ is not there. "Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Christ is not there. "Nor standeth in the way of sinners." Christ is not there. If you would walk with Christ, keep out of all evil company—from every place where you cannot go in the Spirit of Christ. If you go out of the territory where He would go, you need not expect to find Him.

And yet I do not say you must not go among wicked people, Christ went among them. If you go for the purpose of doing them good, you may go to the very edge of the pit of darkness to rescue men, and you are perfectly safe; for Jesus says: "Lo, I am with you alway." But if you go for pleasure and amusement, then you are forsaking Christ, and a cloud will gather around your vision. If you walk with Christ, you must have no conversation that is unbecoming the Gospel. Let no unholly word proceed out of your mouth; it would grieve Him. Young man, when you are sitting beside your mother, there are a great many things you would not say which you do sometimes say in company. Shun all such conversation. Remember Jesus is near—the character of purity, and truth, and love, and holiness; and, if you would walk with Jesus, let your lips be guarded, and your words be cared for. If you would walk with Jesus, be careful of your spirit. If you hate anyone, the love of God cannot be in you. Christ does not reveal His presence to a soul that does not love. But you may say: "The man has done wrong." That may be true, but yet you ought to love him—not for his wrongdoing, but to do him good. You may say: "That man has treated me badly; I will never speak to him." Yes, and while you retain that spirit Christ will never speak to you. Did that man offend you? Never, as you have offended Christ. You can't pray for forgiveness unless you forgive. And unless you have the spirit of love in your heart, you may try to be a Christian, but you are not like Christ, and you are not with Christ, and will never feel the glowing emotions of love in your heart. If you walk with Christ, you must be like Him; your spirit must partake of the heavenly; you must be willing to forgive; and you must be kind, and prayerful, and earnest, and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Oh! there is sunshine for the soul; it is found under the cross! Oh! there is communion with God; it is found by being like Him and walking with Him.

But you may ask, possibly: "Suppose we walk with God from early youth, can we be translated that we shall not see death? Some have thought so, but there is no ground for such an opinion. Translations were to be a proof that heaven was near. Enoch lived in an age of material science. The earth was full of inventors; and men were saying, "No God." When Enoch prophesied that the Lord would come with ten thousand of His saints to take vengeance, they said, "It is not so." And just then God let down His chariot, and let them see there was an invisible world. And so in the day of Elijah. But it is not necessary for us now. There is a heaven, and we know it; and it makes very little difference how we close our eyes."

And now, my dear friends, oh! how my soul yearns that some of you may begin a higher life to-day. Young people, aim at this walking with God. Christians of age, you know something of the sweetness of it; cultivate it more. My heart has often burned within me when I have thought of the last view we have of Jesus, walking among the golden candlesticks, taking care of the churches. He is in the churches, and if you want to walk with Jesus, walk in the churches; take care of them; do all you can for them; labour for their good; try to save souls. Mothers, set about it to-day; teach your children more of Jesus. Fathers, set about it to-day; let your sons see you are more like Jesus. Men of position, consecrate yourselves to Christ, and let the world see that you are living as seeing Him who is invisible. All of you, gather around the Church, for Jesus has said: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It is on a rock. And oh! to-day, as you go home, may you walk with Jesus! When you go to your homes, may you find Him there! May He impart bliss to all your domestic life! May He elevate your thoughts!

Oh, how sweet to walk with Jesus! If you knew that to-day would be your last day on earth, how would you walk with Jesus to-day!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY D. L. MOODY.

HARD UP.

WHEN I first went to Boston my money was soon gone, and my circumstances were getting desperate. Although there was but one mail a day, I went three times a day to the post-office to see if there was a letter from my sister, and I was awfully glad at last to get it. She had heard that there were a great many pickpockets in Boston, and a large part of that letter was an exhortation to be very careful not to let anybody pick my pocket. Now, this was rather a good joke, for, at that time, I had first to get something in my pocket before it could be picked.

HUGGING THE BURDEN.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Glorious, is it not, to know we have such a Saviour? Can you believe that He has lifted your burden off your shoulders on to His own? Then you will feel light in heart. On one occasion, after I had been talking this way, a woman came forward and said: "Oh, Mr. Moody, it's all very well for you to talk like that, about a light heart. But you are a young man, and if you had a heavy burden like me, you would talk differently. I cannot talk in that way, my burden is too great." I replied: "But it's not too great for Jesus." "Oh," she said, "I cannot cast it on Him." "Why not? Surely it is not too great for Him. It is not that He is feeble. But it is because you will not leave it with Him. You go about hugging your burden, and yet crying out against it. What the Lord wants is that you leave it with Him, to let Him carry it for you. Then you will have a light heart, sorrow will flee away, and there will be no more sighing. What is your burden, my friend, that you cannot leave it with Christ?" She replied: "I have a son who is a wanderer on the face of the earth. None but God knows where he is." "Cannot Christ find him, and bring him back?" "I suppose He can." "Then, go and tell Jesus, and ask Him to forgive you for doubting His power and willingness; you have no right to mistrust Him." She went away much comforted, and I believe she ultimately had her wandering boy restored to her!

COMFORT IN BEREAVEMENT.

A friend of mine, who had been in Eastern lands, told me he saw a shepherd who wanted his flock to cross a river. He went into the water himself and called them; but no, they would not follow him into the water. What did he do? Why, he girded up his loins, and lifted a little lamb under each arm, and plunged right into the stream, and crossed it without even looking back. When he lifted the lambs the old sheep looked up into his face and began to bleat for them; but when he plunged into the water the dams plunged after him, and then the whole flock followed. When they got to the other side he put down the lambs, and they were quickly joined by their mothers, and there was a happy meeting. Our great Divine Shepherd does this. Your child which He has taken from the earth is but removed to the green pastures of Canaan, and the Shepherd means to draw your hearts after it, to teach you to "set your affections on things above." When He has taken your little Mary, Edith, or John, accept it as a call to look upward and beyond. You, mother, are you weeping bitter tears for your little one? Do not weep! Your child has gone to the place where there is neither weeping nor sorrow. Would you have it return? Surely, never.

Faith is the only bunch of hyssop that applies the blood of Christ to us and our spiritual sacrifices.

We fear evils because we apprehend they will be too hard for us, and overmatch us; but God's presence apprehended, dissipates these fears, because we know that God can overmatch all our dangers and distresses.

As the strings of an instrument make no melody till they be struck, or as the birds in spring sing most sweetly when it rains most sadly, so sufferings draw forth the activity, beauty, and fragrance of a Christian's graces.

When the wind blows hardest, the traveller girds his cloak to him the closest; when temptations are most violent and impetuous, we cling fastest to Christ lest we fall, and Christ clasps us fastest because we shall not fall.

FRANCIS ROBERTS, 1679.

"BEACON LIGHTS."

GRANNY'S LAST WORDS; OR, HOW A LESSON WAS LEARNT.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

"Take Faith as your handmaid, and Hope as your guide."

THEY were rare company for each other, granny and little Meg—granny so old, withered, and feeble, little Meg all sunshine, fairness and winning ways.

--just at this evening hour, when the red light was gleaming in the west even as now. Little Meg was the youngest child of her who had once been granny's "little Meg." Now she had come on a visit to the home of her mother's childhood, and was doing the work of a sunbeam in the old, old cottage on the common.

"Granny, granny, don't you see the bees out there saying good-night to the flowers? Oh, granny, I'd like to be a bee and sip honey all day long, wouldn't you?"

"My little dearie, it's just honey as you brings granny all day long, with your sweet looks and pretty ways; so you



"Oh! I love the common dearly, dearly, Granny; don't you?"

"Oh, granny, only look out on dear common! See, how bright it is, granny! Oh, I love the common dearly, dearly; don't you, granny?" and the little speaker raised her glowing face, framed in its tangled mass of yellow curls, close to granny's, whose scant locks were grown so rough and grey.

"Aye, aye, dearie, that's why I have my chair set just here, where I can look out," and then granny went off into a dream of days which were gone by, when little children of her own had gambolled amongst the heather blossoms, and when she had watched as well for her "good man's" coming

can't expect to give it away and keep it for yourself as well." The child paused awhile to consider; then she said, "I see, granny, and I believe I sip honey too, for 'tis nicer than being a bee to make folks glad. But, granny, you see the bees, don't you?"

"No, I don't," and granny's voice was just a little sad. "You see, pet, granny's eyes are a'most worn out, and she can't see so well as she could."

"When things are worn out we mostly throw 'em away and have new, don't we, granny? but,"—and little Meg seemed

puzzled—"you can't do that with your eyes, can you, granny?"

Then granny laughed, yes, actually laughed; and little Meg laughed in her pretty, blithe way, after which granny felt her heart grow warm within her, and then she explained to the child, in her homely fashion, all about the resurrection, and the glorious body which she, granny, should put on when the old worn-out shell of this present time should be thrown away for ever. But while Meg wooed granny into such sweet, blissful joy, another tale was being told at the open window of which she knew nothing. Young Rachel, the grandchild whom Ben, her eldest son, had spared her ever since the girl had grown old enough to be of use to his aged mother, was standing there, while the golden sands of her young life fell all bright and shining in the balance. She loved Will Darrell, honest, faithful Will, and he loved her; and so the tissue of her young life was woven. But the girl was a coquette, with her bright smiles and winsome ways, and others among the village lads, hung about as she passed to and fro on granny's errands, and right proud were they if only Rachel favoured them with a glance from her merry eyes. Still she encouraged none but Will, for she was true to her own heart, if he had but known; although in her childish foolishness she loved to "plague him," as she deemed her simple teasing. So summer passed, with its rich store of beauty; and autumn, richer still in its fruits and gorgeous colouring, came gliding on apace. Little Meg had gone away to her own home, and granny and Rachel were left again to themselves. But one thing was sure and certain—granny was altered. Granny, who had used at times to complain discontentedly of her increasing infirmities, and to be just a little bit selfish with regard to other folks' cares and anxieties, was growing more and more gentle and peaceful each day, more and more observant of what was going on around.

It often made Rachel wonder to hear her talk, as she sometimes would of an evening when the door was shut and the candle lighted, of the time when she, granny, should have put off this life, with its carking associations and weakened powers—to listen to her, one would have thought that the new life was spread out before her very sight, and that even here on earth was vouchsafed to her a foretaste of the quickened sense and the eternal youth awaiting her beyond. But if granny grew more and more happy, such was not the case with Rachel; she seemed, on the contrary, to become spiritless and weak as the days went on. Granny observed in as she would not have done a year ago, and back to her faded remembrance came the griefs and trials of her own early youth. But when she questioned the girl upon the matter, the only answer she received was a loving caress and an assurance that all was right; if it was not, why of course she, Rachel, would tell at once.

And so October came, with its golden showers of autumn leaves, its clear, sweet days and starlit nights; but one evening, when the girl had been absent for a long time to procure bread and groceries for their little household, she returned at length, and having deposited her purchases in the proper place, came and sat down on a stool at granny's feet and wept as though her very heart would break.

"What is it? What is it?" and granny stroked the young head tenderly.

"Oh, granny, granny! I have been wicked and foolish, and Will has gone away, nobody knows where, and I have done it all! Oh dear, oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Hist, darling; softly, poor dear," and still the withered hand touched lovingly the bright brown hair, which somehow never would stay smooth. "Tell granny all about it, dearie; mayhap she can help you."

For awhile nothing was heard but the girl's sobs and the ticking of the old clock; but by-and-by the whole story came, and a pitiful tale it was. Lately Rachel had talked a good deal to Will's cousin, Arthur Darrell, who was a sort of handsome, witty "ne'er do weel," and of whom it was said that he flirted with all the pretty girls in the country-side. She had meant no harm, so she said, and to Arthur's credit be it affirmed that he had had no intention of angering Will, till the latter met him one day and openly accused him of stealing away Rachel from him just for the fun of casting her off, as he had so many sweethearts before. Then Arthur, being very angry, denounced Will's words as lies; and said, moreover, that he should walk with Rachel if he chose; for that he liked the girl better than any he had ever seen, and that he meant to make her like him, in spite of Will or anybody else.

Poor Rachel! and she knew no word of this, till—but

there, we must wait awhile. Will, however, told her plainly that she must give up either the one or the other of them; but she had only smiled one of her rare, bright smiles, and called him "silly," and when next Arthur came in her way she strolled by his side the same as usual. Indeed, only the evening before, she had walked with him so far as the pond on the common; and when she had come back home, Will had been waiting for her at the gate. To be sure she had thought him looking white and strange, she who was miserable at time herself, for the very same reason, and he had said that if she did not promise to speak no more to Arthur, he (Will) would go away and never seek her again. Rachel looked off into the distance to where Arthur's figure was yet visible in the misty shadow, and—well, then she made reply that she should please herself in the matter, for that it was all as nothing to Will. But she did not mean it; for oh, it was something to them both. But she had believed so in Will's love for her, and now she should never, never see him again. She had run indoors, and left him, too, without a "good-night" or anything, and it all came before her, making her misery more intense than granny, or you, or I, can fully understand.

This was what Rachel told to granny, amid choking sobs and blinding tears, granny, whose early love was so misty and subdued as to be quite a thing of the past. Yet even she could sympathise with the girl, for Meg's words had unlocked granny's faith, hope, and love, in a wonderful way. She had learnt that there remains ever an interest in life, even for the old—for are they not hoping for and getting ready for the life to come? "And who told you," she asked, "that Will was gone, and that he had quarrelled with Arthur, dearie?"

"Will's sister, Grace, and she says that I mustn't go there again, now that I've behaved so shamefully, and brought this trouble upon them—not that I shall ever want to, granny, now that Will isn't there."

"Dearie, you love him, don't you? Will, I mean."

"Yes, granny—oh, yes!"

"And you don't care for the other at all?"

"No, not like I do for Will. Oh, granny, granny!"

"Then, my darling, you must wait awhile, and say naught to the other one. You must trust in God as well, for He can bring it all right, if He sees that our poor way is right."

So they waited and waited, for granny was interested in the affair, and it was sweet to watch the two sitting and talking, as the young and the old seldom do, or can, when left to themselves. But when stern winter came, and the cold winds whistled across the plain, granny felt that she should never more see the sunshine in all its spring gladness, never see her darling's hopes realised if Will did not soon come. Very gently death came to her; little by little she was weaned from earth—the earth which even the aged cling to, so dear has it grown to them through the years of their sojourning. But during the days when she lay waiting for her summons hence she talked over Rachel's grief, and it seemed to the girl as a voice from the borderland of the Invisible. "My dearie, if Will never comes, and you've got to give him up, and give up hoping as well, you must try to be as though it had never been. If you marry him by-and-by it will soon seem calm and quiet to you, for married life seems a sort of settlement, and not like courting at all, as young folks think; so you see there isn't much difference really between the two, losing or winning. Quiet comes after both—quiet and rest. Only, dearie, there's always a something to live for, remember that; life can be loving, free, and happy for you, even when you have put Will and his love aside. You can hope still—hope for light and happiness in the days to come—and even if love never comes to you again, you will be perfectly satisfied with even that, when you are near the great end, as I am now."

Dear granny! she was but putting into simple prose the words of the poet who said—

"For granny, she says that when all is lost, it's the same as if all were won;

For we sit down and know that the end is come, and there's nothing else to be done."

But one evening, just before Christmas tide, as Rachel stood at the gate for a few minutes thinking sadly of Will, herself, and dear, dying granny, Arthur Darrell came along and stopped a moment to speak. It was the first time since Will had left, and now he asked, in a somewhat injured tone, why Rachel had avoided him. She told him of granny's illness, and then her tears began to flow for more reasons than one. Arthur spoke kindly, for he was touched at the sight

of her grief: nay, more, he told her there and then that she was dear to him, dearer than ever now that he had thought of her for so long, and never seen her; he promised to be all she could wish, to love her all her life, and—but the girl, glancing up at the bright stars, remembered Who was listening, and knowing how truly her heart belonged to Will, said him Nay. She confessed to him how foolish she had been, and Arthur listened, wondering the while at the perfect innocence and truth which had prompted her to speak. He was not heart-broken, and yet I think he loved her more than than he ever had thought to love any one. Perhaps, too, he learnt a lesson from Rachel's simple words; at any rate he never sought her again, and granny, who was dying, knew nothing whatever of the matter.

Well, the end came for granny soon after the new year had dawned. Her children were all there, but to Rachel, who had shared her joys and sorrows in the last years of her life, she now turned more than to them. They were alone when the messenger came to call her home, and with her eyes resting even then upon the glass of eternity, she saw perhaps more than those who have many years to live. "It'll all come right, dearie," she whispered to Rachel, who, having summoned the rest, came quickly back to her dying charge. "It'll all come right! I can see it, and—peace will come."

Rachel was back once more in her old home; but the freshness which for a time had seemed to satisfy her was now wearing off, and again her life was becoming colourless and sad. Old thoughts and feelings would crop up, and fresh and bright before her came the evening when Arthur Darrell had come with his kind words and promises. It seemed almost to her that she had made a mistake then. His love seemed to her as a great thing now—partly, I suppose, because she had put it aside, and partly as compared with the trouble she had undergone. And yet she had been true; but then, was she not treating him even as Will had treated her? Still, Will had an excuse for his conduct; she had none, and tears burst out afresh as she remembered how foolish and heartless she had been. True, she was young and could afford to wait; but still, with her sorrow fresh upon her, life seemed just then to be very dark and drear. Then granny's words came back—her dying ones I mean—and so she took heart again, and performed her present duties quite bravely.

Granny's dog, Spot, had accompanied Rachel to her father's house; and the girl clung to the animal, and loved it more and more, for it alone seemed a connecting link between the past and the present. She and Spot went for rare long rambles in the shady lanes, as spring and summer advanced and came in turn, and Rachel's smile was bright with the gladness and hope which a clear conscience brought her. Many a village lad smiled upon her, and—well, never mind! Rachel took no heed of them whatever; she was learning to be true and steadfast, and this it was which cast a new light and glow about her path. She would wait and hope, and if, by-and-by, Will's image faded from her memory, well, then she might perhaps think of another; but not while she loved him, not while there was a chance of his loving her as well.

It was a sweet evening in summer, and Rachel, having performed her accustomed home duties, was free to do as she pleased; so, calling Spot to her side, she sauntered forth towards a secluded lane; for, truth to tell, her heart was full of Will this evening—she could not forget him, turn which way she would. And yet it seemed not a sad remembrance; it was as though he were near—near with the old love which she had now learned so dearly to prize. Spot ran in front of her till there came a turn in the lane, then he sprang forward with a joyous little bark, and the next moment Will and Rachel were face to face.

"Oh, Will, Will!" was all she said—it had been her cry inwardly all through the dreary time of waiting, and now her lips could frame no other.

"Rachel, I have been home, and Arthur has told me all; but—but you love me, don't you, Rachel?" and he kissed the happy face upturned to his.

"Yes, oh, yes!" And there and then it was settled that each should remain true to the other for a while, and that then there should be a merry wedding, ending all doubts for them for ever.

And during the waiting time the girl had learnt a mighty lesson, even the same which granny had learnt from little Meg—that if we but trust and hope, if we but keep our hearts alive, warm and pure, we need never grow desponding or weary of life; for somewhere the sun is shining for us, somewhere a glory awaits us, and a loving smile will greet us.

One dream after another may fade and grow dim, may even utterly pass from our sight; but *somewhere* is a sweet reality, *somewhere we shall be satisfied*. So *faith* and *hope* triumphed, as they ever do, if only duty is close by and nobly performed, for—

"Ho that hath light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day."—*Milton*.

THE LAW OF GIVING AND RECEIVING.

THERE is a sense in which no man can live to himself; indeed he can no more live without air than he can without influencing his fellow-creatures, whether he will it or not. He is a link in the great chain, and can't wholly sever himself from the other links. The hearty and devout Christian does not wish to isolate himself from those around him, or to retain what he has, he willingly and lovingly gives to others what he receives from God; he obeys the *law of giving and receiving*, and hence he is distributive, as well as receptive. There are laws planted in the constitution of things, and obedience to them is the condition of life, progress, and happiness. Temperance is the law of health, industry is the law of competency, thought and truth is the law of intellectual progress, faith is the law of moral excellence, love is the law of happiness, and prayer is the law of Spiritual blessings. God has not created anything in vain. Some end is answered in all things, they hold a more or less intimate relation to, and are dependent upon, each other, and one condition of life, usefulness, and happiness, is *obedience* to the law of giving and receiving. It is worthy of note that all the orders of created beings known to us form a kind of scale or chain, wherein the lower is always related or linked to that above by something common to the nature of both. The nature and qualities of lifeless matter are found in plants, the vegetable life of plants in animals, the appetites and senses of animals in man, and the reasoning faculty of man in angels, and thus he becomes the connecting link between the irrational creature on one hand and the angel on the other. And this relationship is sustained among higher beings in the world of spirits, and ascends higher and higher to the archangel, or the Being that always basks in the radiance of the Divine throne. The material creation may be compared to a complicated piece of mechanism having a great number of wheels of various dimensions, the revolutions of each contributing something to that of the other, all dependent upon the moving power, and under the constant superintendence of the Great Constructor. The elements, air, water, light, and heat, operate upon the earth, and the earth gives itself to vegetation, and vegetation gives itself to the animal, and the animal gives himself to man, and man should give himself to God; thus the end of the creation would be answered. The law of giving, as well as receiving, must be obeyed before harmony, peace, and substantial happiness will be secured. The non-observance of this law will result in discord, misery, and death. God never designed anything to live to itself. This is manifest in the *realm of nature*. On the fourth day He lighted up the sun, fixed him in the firmament, made him the focus of all light and heat, and ever since a flood of light and heat has emanated from him, and this, year by year, has quickened nature, roused it out of the sleep of winter, made it smile with all the freshness of youth, and vocal with the thoughts of God. The sun does not confine his light to this world; he gives it to the moon and the surrounding orbs, and those orbs catch his rays and throw them further. What so beautiful as a beautiful flower? And why?—"Because it is God's thought of Beauty taking form to gladden mortal gaze." It does not retain what it has; it gives of its beauty to the eye, and of its delicacy to the touch, and of its smell to the scent; it gladdens the eye, refines the taste, and perfumes the air with its sweet fragrance. The grain is deposited in the earth—placed in a developing condition—and though it dies in the struggle, it gives what it has, and multiplies itself twenty or thirty fold. The bosom of the earth is a repository of gold and silver, copper and lead, coal and precious stones, and it gives these invaluable treasures to man. How kind is nature! It gives its outer garment that teams with life to the creatures that tread its surface, and these again are made means of human subsistence; indeed, almost everything enjoyed by man is made up of Nature's cast-off clothes. Thus law is seen in the *realm of the irrational creation*. The sheep

THE LAND JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

T. C. OKANE

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where-

CHORUS.

my pos-ses-sions lie. We will rest in the "fair and hap-py" land, Just a-cross on the e-ver-green by and by,

shore e-ver-green-shore. Sing "the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb," by and by, And dwell with Je-sus e-ver-more

O'er all these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away
We will rest, etc.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
We will rest, etc.

gives its wool to be a garment for man, to protect him from the inclemency of the weather; the buffalo gives him his tightly-fitted coat, to be a covering for his feet, to prevent them being cut by sharp stones and perforated by prickly thorns; the cow gives him her milk, and this is made into butter and cheese to supply his wants; the hen gives him her eggs, to nourish his frame, and her feathers to be a soft bed for him, upon which to rest his weary bones; the horse gives him the agility of his limbs and the strength of his body to carry him and his from place to place; the peacock and the ostrich give their beautiful feathers to adorn and beautify the naturally beautiful faces and graceful heads of the fairer members of the community, and, moreover, most of these creatures (perhaps not willingly) give their flesh to whet man's appetite and feed his hunger. This principle or law is not less manifest in the *realm of mind*. Good and great men of past ages obeyed the law of intellectual progress. They were inspired with the love of thought and truth; they studied the various branches of literature; they applied themselves to the subjects presented to their minds, and solved many of the secrets of revelation as well as nature; they read, studied, thought, committed these thoughts to writing, sent their manuscripts to the press, and handed them down to coming generations. Thus it is, that this age is furnished with the profound thoughts of Newton, Bacon, Butler, and Hamilton; and thus it is that the immortal Milton gave us his "Paradise Lost," and the sainted Baxter his "Saint's Rest," and the godly and allegorical Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress," that by them, the present and coming generations may be made wiser, better, and happier. God gave thoughts to our forefathers, and they have given them to the world. This law is plain again in the *realm of spirit*. Holy men now in heaven who were not weary in well-doing, who toiled and prayed, laboured and loved, gave their all for the good of man and the glory of God, left behind them the odour of sanctity and many standing monuments of their broad sympathies, noble-mindedness, and benevolent hearts. They were almoners of Divine charity and channels of Divine influence. They poured into the world a tide of benevolent thought, religious sentiment, and influence, that will continue to vibrate the heart of ages. When many who are now men and women were children in the Sabbath-school, with little or no thought of the stern realities of life and its sublime mission, they gave to them their experience and their counsel, and prayed most fervently on their behalf. What

they received of God they gave to the church and the world, and they have laid both under a lasting obligation to them. Man is made to live in this realm: it is his native sphere—his normal home, where he is to give to God, and for the well-being of humanity, what he receives from every department of the creation. Here he is to be a priest, receiving what the lower creation gives him, and giving that and himself to God and to man. His mission is distributive as well as receptive. He is to give to the world the fruits of moral nobility of soul, incorruptible honesty of heart, self-sacrificing philanthropy of spirit, and adoring worship of being. Dear reader, this is the only way to obey the law of giving and receiving. Thus Christ did, who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." Rich in generous thoughts—rich in true sympathies—rich in spiritual experience—rich in the wealth of faith—rich in the energy of a hope brightened with the effulgence of heaven—rich in the spirit of devotion to God, and rich in the sacrifice of all that will do the world any good. Spiritually, your receiving will be just in proportion to your giving. Who ever gave like Christ, and who ever will receive like Christ. He not only became poor, cast aside His royal robes, vacated the seat of heavenly splendour, and freely retired from the company of the illustrious beings that waited upon His throne, to live for a period in the midst of the corruptions of humanity, made poor by sin; but He thought and worked, loved and prayed, suffered and died, gave His life, His all, for you on the cross, that you may give yourself to Him, and in return be made to participate in all He has. Can you be indifferent to His claims? Blessed be His name! He is willing to receive you, and give you what you most need, even the moral excellence of God, which is worth living for, toiling for, praying for, and dying for. The chief end of all is that you may give yourself to Him, dedicate your life to His service, surrender your entire nature to be swayed by an all-absorbing love to Him, His cause, and His people. He gave His sympathies, His tears, His prayers, His self-denying work, His blood, and His everything for you. Is it possible that you can delay complying with the condition of salvation? *Giving yourself* to the loving Saviour, and receiving of Him the untold wealth of spiritual goodness, may I beg of you to think of the danger and loss of delay, and to avoid both by an immediate surrender of yourself to Christ and to His people? He and they will receive you, and give you the privilege of participating in all they have, and grant you a place and a home, not only in

the sanctuary of earth, upon which the hand of time leaves its impress, but conduct you to "that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," upon whose shining splendour and fadeless bloom time does not breathe, where earth and all its checks and changes, its gloom and gleams, will find no place; where the Godhead presides and commands by all representations of His spiritual perfections the sublime adoration of every worshipper; where everything is clothed with the placid beauty of our Lord, and consecrated by all that is imposing, impressive, and imperishable; and where all who have given themselves to Him, and have received what He has to bestow, shall be crowned with all that is fadeless, faultless, bright, and blessed.

DORA'S TRUST.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."



"CHEEP, cheep!" and Dora looking out saw the little birdies waiting for the breakfast of crumbs she always scattered for them when they came. So out she ran with the bowl, into which the stray bits were emptied each day for her pets, and very glad she was to see them hop about and eat, even as she stood there it seemed that the birds knew how kind and gentle she was, and so did not fly away or feel in the least afraid.

"I suppose that God tells them to come," she mused to herself as she watched them, "or else—yes, I have it, He tells me; for if they came and I didn't feed them they'd be hungry still."

In the afternoon Dora went with her mamma to pay for some needlework, which a poor widow without friends had done. "And how are you getting on?" inquired Mrs. Maitland, as she counted the money into the woman's hand.

"Better, thank you, ma'am. Much better, since, I've tried to do as you said, 'trust in the Lord.' Last week I was sorely tried, for my rent was due and I had no money to pay it; but I just told God and waited, and upon the very day I most wanted it, there came a letter and a sovereign from an uncle of my poor husband, that I had never known. He had heard of me and of my trouble, and had at last found me out. I was thankful, but still, ma'am, if he hadn't helped me, God would have put it into the mind of someone else.

I have learned to trust Him now, for He has so many ways of helping—ways, we cannot understand."

Then Dora thought of the birds—they must have trusted in their little way, and so God had provided. If she had not fed them, someone else would have done so, and surely, surely she might trust him too. If God cared for birds, He would care for her, little girl though she was.

It was the evening of the same day, and Dora was alone down by the sea. Her mamma had told her not to go near "Robber's Cave," for there the tide washed up, and quite barred the way back to the safe part of the beach, and many a little child had been drowned if its nurse or mother was not by to keep it from straying to this dangerous spot, or else to rescue it before the tide was risen very high. Dora forgot. She had not meant to be naughty and disobey; but she went there and played that she was a robber in the cave, looking out for poor wrecked ships, from which she would take all sorts of pretty things and hide in the cave till she could find a chance of selling them. She often played this all by herself in the day time between the tides; but then her mother always sat near, and called her when the waves began to roll in upon the sands. To-night—for the shades of night were gathering—she played so long, and thought so many wild things about the robbers, who had lived there years and years ago that she forgot, how long she had been there, till at last she grew frightened at the darkness. She ran out into the open air, but oh! the waves were beating up close to the rocks where she should have to walk to get back to the safe part of the beach—and—and her mother was gone to sit up with a dying friend, and Lucy, their servant, knew nothing of where she, Dora, was.

It all came back to her as she stood; she knew that the water would not come into the cave, although it came up close to the rocks in which it was formed; they were dashing over her feet now, as she looked this way and that in her great fright. So she went in, and sitting down, cried as though her heart would break. Presently it seemed that a little voice came to her saying, "Trust in the Lord." She looked up but there was no one near, the voice had been the voice of God's Holy Spirit who speaks to us all at times, only Dora did not know: still she knelt down and prayed, and after that she did not feel so lonely and frightened. She thought of the widow and of the little birds, and by-and-by she thought that perhaps God was sending help to her in taking away her great fear, for if she stood there till morning she seemed to feel that He was with her, and that she would be safe. At last she dropped asleep, so calm was she, and then the moon arose, and then a boat came gliding over the waters, and the one who was in it rowed up close to the cave and called, "Dora, Dora!" Why, it was her father's voice, her father, who always stayed in London from Saturday till Saturday—he had come home when nobody expected him, and finding Lucy crying at Dora's loss, he had rowed off to the cave and found her. "God sent him," Dora said.

FOUR SERMONS.

BY REV. PROPHET EZEKIEL.

SERMON I.—TO PREACHERS.

SO thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man thou shalt surely die, if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it, if he does not turn from his way he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Say unto them, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

SERMON II.—TO CHRISTIANS

Therefore, thou son of man, say unto the children of thy people, "The righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression. As for the wickedness of the wicked he shall not fall thereby in the day that he turneth from his wickedness; neither shall the righteous be able to live for his righteousness in the day that he sinneth. When I shall say to the righteous, he shall surely live, if he trust to his own righteousness, and commit iniquity, all

his righteousness shall not be remembered; but for his iniquity that he hath committed, he shall die for it."

SERMON III.—TO SINNERS.

Again when I say to the wicked, "Though shalt surely die, if he turn from his sin, and do that which is lawful and right; if the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life, without committing iniquity, he shall surely live, he shall not die. None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him; he hath done that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live."

SERMON IV.—TO OUR WISE MEN.

Yet the children of thy people say, "The way of the Lord is not equal; but as for them *their* way is not equal. When the righteous turneth from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, he shall even die thereby; but if the wicked turn from his wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall live thereby; yet ye say the way of the Lord is not equal. O ye house of Israel, I will judge you every one after his way.—Ch. xxxviii. 7—20.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* By Rev. J. Fleetwood, D.D. In monthly 1s. Parts.
 (2) *The Art Workman.* In monthly 1s. 6d. parts. [London: James Hagger]
 (3) *Memorials of an Earnest Life.* By I. Dorricott.
 (4) *Light in the Jungles.* By Rev. W. Bailey. [London: Elliot Stock.]
 (5) *Eternity.* By a Banker. 1s. [London: Haughton and Co.]

FLEETWOOD'S *Life of Christ* (1) needs no introduction or eulogy; it is known throughout the Christian world. But a word of appreciation is undoubtedly due to the *edition de luxe* of this celebrated work now issuing from the press of Mr. Hagger. It is a volume which should adorn every library table, whether on account of its magnificent whole-page steel engravings, which are scattered with such rich profusion throughout the work, the large number of well-executed wood engravings, the beautiful clearness of the type, or the voluminous yet compact explanatory notes. In every way this edition can hold its own with, if not surpass, any other contemporary issue.

Published by the same firm is the *Art Workman* (2), a valuable work for amateurs. The wood engravings are exquisite, and some of the coloured illustrations beyond praise, notably that of the ewer in glass from the Minutoli Museum, in Part VIII. We should like to see more of the English and less of the German style of art, and feel confident that the enterprising publisher would do well to take our hint.

Mr. Dorricott has written an unpretentious but useful little work (3) which many will read with interest.

"Light in the Jungles" (4) is undoubtedly written for a good purpose, but is exceedingly dry.

A Banker's effusion (5) condensed into tract form might have been very useful, but we certainly do not think it worth a shilling.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

"COMING events cast their shadows before," and so it is with the "May meetings." Already several which come under the category have been held, though in April, and the speaking has been good. Notwithstanding the gloomy financial atmosphere, from the reports we have seen, the subscription lists have been well sustained; but it is feared there will be a falling off in the amounts raised by some prominent societies.

Sir G. Gilbert Scott is no longer amongst us. His death has left a gap in the ranks of our great architects, amongst whom he held a high place. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey on Saturday, April 6. Dean Stanley (who has recovered from his recent illness) read the service at Sir Gilbert's grave, and preached a memorial sermon on the following Sunday. Sir Gilbert was grandson of the Rev. Thomas Scott, the commentator.

The Irish branch of the Evangelical Alliance seems to have had a successful year, the first of its existence. Its report has just been issued. The country has been visited in various directions by ministers and laymen of the several churches who form the Alliance, and who, as deputations, have been well received, and the result has been the formation of new branches, while old ones have been resuscitated.

At the twenty fourth annual meeting on behalf of Wesleyan education it was stated by the chairman, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M. P., that the Wesleyan Methodists had more than 6,000 Sunday Schools, about three-quarters of a million Sunday scholars, and 115,000 teachers and officers. They also had 572 day schools, with 176,000 scholars, and an average of 119,000 in attendance. The increase last year was 2,500 scholars, and there was an increase of 4,300 in the average attendance.

The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown will be president of the Baptist Union for the coming year, 1878—79.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has been in treaty for the purchase of a large site of land contiguous to Cumberland Market, for the erection of dwellings for the poor, many of whom have been ejected from their dwellings in Somers Town, and have suffered much in consequence. The new buildings are intended to accommodate 10,000 persons, and will be built on the "flat" system. The rent of a suite of rooms is not to exceed 4s. 6d.

The Indigent Blind Visiting Society is doing a good work among the blind poor of the metropolis. Upwards of seven hundred are regularly visited and relieved according to their necessities, by the society's Scripture readers. The latter are nine in number, and all are blind! There are thirteen classes in different parts of London, and in these a large number are receiving education.

Sergeant Laverack has been preaching for a week in the Wesleyan Chapel, Tuxford. He has drawn large numbers; in fact every night the building has been inconveniently crowded, many standing outside. On Sunday morning he delivered an interesting address to the children. In the afternoon he again preached to a large congregation, whilst in the evening the chapel was regularly besieged. A good deal of curiosity was aroused at seeing a soldier in the pulpit in full military uniform, with four medals and clasps.

Mr. John Ruskin, who has been seriously indisposed for some weeks past, is reported to be recovering. His literary and other labours, including the editing of his periodical, have been suspended.

Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield, died on the 11th ult. In the year 1841 he was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand, and for twenty-six years he retained that see. He did much pioneer work in the colony, and braved many perils. Visiting England in 1867, a vacancy occurred, by the death of Dr. Lonsdale, in the see of Lichfield, to which Dr. Selwyn was appointed, and in which he has laboured with great zeal.

The famine in China still continues, without any report of improvement. It is said that "thousands are dying for lack of food." For three years past, it appears, no heavy rains have fallen, the crops have failed, and the resources of the district have been gradually exhausted. Last autumn "whole families committed suicide rather than face the hardships of the coming winter."

The Butchers' Festival has been held at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, as usual. It is needless to say that it was crowded. Tea and its accompaniments were provided for 2,000 men and masters, after which the meeting proper was held. Mr. Varley being in Australia, Mr. Spurgeon presided, and inculcated the virtues of civility, truthfulness, honesty, and humanity, but more especially urged his hearers to accept the blessings of the Gospel. An affectionate letter was read from Mr. Varley; and other speakers followed.

Dr. Sexton, for many years one of the leading Secularists, has been giving a course of lectures at Reading. These have been arranged for by the Christian Evidence Society, with the object of counteracting the effect of certain lectures recently given at the Unitarian Church in that town by the Rev. C. Voysey.

A meeting of ladies and gentlemen was held recently at the residence of Mr. W. Martin Smith, Cedars-road, Clapham, at which Lord Shaftesbury, Canon Girdlestone, Dr. McEwan, the Rev. J. G. Rogers, Mr. N. B. Downing, Mr. Lloyd Harris, Mr. Sawell, and others were present, and spoke concerning the work that has been prosecuted at the theatres, halls, and other places during the past winter. At the Pavilion, White-chapel, an audience of 2,000 people, on the average, has attended the services, and several other places have been similarly crowded, according to their capacity.

It has been stated that the distress in some of the districts in South Wales seems to increase rather than to diminish, and appeals are still made for charitable donations.

THE moral standing of a community is indicated by the character of its religious press. If it is thoughtful, sagacious,

steadfast to the faith it professes, unswerving in adherence to principle, liberal in spirit while uncompromising in doctrine, bold in defence of what it deems the truth, of broad culture, welcoming progress and improvement in all human efforts, and ready to adapt itself to the ever-changing phases of human life, it becomes a beneficent moral teacher, imparting a higher moral tone to society, impressing itself upon all classes, restraining evildoers, and assisting the well-disposed to a higher and better life. I do not impute to the religious press any supernatural or marvellous power, or over-state its influence. Within my remembrance it has grown from small beginnings to be a power in the land. With rare exceptions, it has been a constant, increasing, persistent, permeating force on the side of law, order, virtue, intelligence, education, liberty, good government, and human well being for half a century, and how dwarfed would now be all our benevolent societies, our humane and reformatory institutions, and all the sweet charities of life, but for its encouragement and help, none know and few comprehend.

IRREVERENCE in worship is one of our national sins, and the sooner we repent of it and forsake it the better. We have no right to go in and out of a church when we will. The place has a peculiar character which demands from us a peculiar acknowledgment, and when we enter it we should go not like sight-seers to look at the building, or like those of itching ears to hear the preacher, but as worshippers to meet with God. Let us have this thought uppermost, and then all will be well, for He hath said, "I will be sanctified in them that come nigh Me, and before all the people I will be glorified."

Our crosses are not made of iron, though painted sometimes with iron colours; they are formed of nothing heavier than wood. Yet they are not made of pasteboard, and will never be light in themselves, though our Lord can lighten them by His presence.

A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used Bunter's Nerve, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience."

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