

# *Earnest Christianity.*

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[NEW  
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## AMALGAMATION.

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THE event anticipated in our last issue has occurred, and EARNEST CHRISTIANITY has been amalgamated with the METHODIST MAGAZINE. The latter periodical will be sent to our subscribers for the remainder of the year without further charge. Those who already take both periodicals will, on notifying us of the fact, receive back by mail one-half of their present year's subscription to "E. C."

The above announcement will, we are persuaded, be received by our readers with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction—regret that a periodical which has become a welcome guest in many homes should be discontinued, and satisfaction that two distinct publications have united their forces, and became consolidated into one strong Connexional Magazine. The work of editing "E. C." has been to us a labour of love, and during the past three years we have had the satisfaction of knowing that no small amount of good has resulted from its circulation. Under these circumstances we confess to a feeling of regret at the discontinuance of EARNEST CHRISTIANITY; but as it was manifest that its continued publication would interfere with the success of the Connexional Magazine, we willingly consented to amalgamate as soon as we had the opportunity of doing so on fair and honourable terms. We earnestly hope that the many kind friends who have given us their support during the past three years, will now be equally cordial in the support of the METHODIST MAGAZINE, and thus aid in making it a worthy representative of the thought and culture of the Connexion.

With cordial thanks to all who have aided us by pen or otherwise, we take leave of our readers, hoping to have the privilege of communicating with them at intervals through the pages of the METHODIST MAGAZINE.

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NEW ZEALAND.

*Concluded from page 275.*

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THE year 1839 will ever be memorable in the annals of Methodism, as the centenary year when so many thousands of pounds were poured into the Lord's treasury. The Missionary Committee resolved to send a large reinforcement of missionaries to various parts of the world. New Zealand was not forgotten. New stations were commenced, and old ones were strengthened. A missionary ship, called the Triton, was purchased and despatched to the South Seas on her errand of mercy. Rev. J. H. Burnby was at this time sent out as chairman of the New Zealand district. Mr. Burnby was a native of Thirsk, Yorkshire, and was a minister of more than ordinary gifts and graces. He was greatly beloved, and had he remained in England he would doubtless have become eminent. In 1843 the writer was stationed at Thirsk, and at that time Mr. Burnby's name was like ointment poured forth. His career in New Zealand was brief, for in two years he was drowned as he was returning from one of his tours of visitation. He laboured hard while he was permitted to occupy his important post; more than once he prevented some of the tribes engaging in war, for it is a remarkable fact that the natives of New Zealand have always revered the missionaries. Their exemplary manner of acting, their devotedness to the work for which they were sent out, their faithfulness to the instructions given them by the committee, no doubt gave them much influence with the people. Mr. Burnby said in one of his communications, that "he did not know of one missionary who owned a foot of land in New Zealand." Mr. B. was the first missionary who died in New Zealand.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has always been a powerful auxiliary of missions. By the aid it has generously given in

printing new translations of the Scriptures, it has contributed much towards the world's evangelisation. From the commencement both the Church of England and Wesleyan Missionaries assisted in the work of translating the New Testament into the Maori language, and in 1835 an edition of 15,000 copies of the blessed book was scattered among the people. Then followed detached portions of the Old Testament, so that now the entire Scriptures are published in the Maori language.

Both societies also established printing presses, from which hymn books, prayer books, &c., were issued. The people became eager for books. One said: "One thing only do I desire. It is not a blanket, it is not anything that will pass away; but this is my great desire—the Word of God." Persons have been known to travel two hundred and fifty miles, and then wait several months for the arrival of a ship which was expected to have the Scriptures on board. The wife of one chief had used her copy so much that it had become defaced. She tied the fragments together, and desired the missionary to repair it. Some would say, "Our hearts are sick for the Word of God. We desire it more than axes, hatchets or blankets."

Revivals were now scenes of common occurrence. The first Methodist class meeting was held in 1831, and consisted of five Maories. One Sabbath, one hundred and twenty adults were baptised, and on another one hundred and thirty, besides forty-six children. Some of those had been notorious persons, and were amongst the number which committed such sad depredations on the mission property at Wangaroa. A missionary says of one of the converts: "He was immeasurably the worst native I ever knew, and that is saying a great deal. He was such a compound of arrogance and meanness, such an arrant liar and such an incorrigible thief—such a *tangata kino*, *wakaharahara*—that even the natives did not respect him. He took the lead in a cannibal feast which was held near the place on which the station was formed, only a little time before I went there, and pointed out to me, with a horrid laugh of satisfaction that would have well become the devil himself, the skulls of the persons they had eaten, sticking up on poles, and the teeth, which they had in some derision driven into the trees. This man was for some time a most terrible nuisance to us, who then knew nothing of the language or customs of the people. He would march into the house, and take the butter from our table and

anoint his head with it, and appropriate anything which he desired to have, at the same time pretending to be our patron and friend. He attended Divine worship—for some time, I think, because it gave him consequence to be considered the protector of the *pakcha*. By degrees, however, he came under the influence of Divine truth, became greatly distressed on account of his wickedness, and found the pardoning mercy of God in Christ. Though not far from fifty years of age, he soon learned to read the Word of God. For several years he was a consistent Christian; endured his last affliction, which was severe and protracted, with the most exemplary patience; and I saw him die full of peace and joy, and committed his remains to the grave in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.”

A missionary of the Church of England, about to return home from New Zealand, gathered his Maori converts around him in a farewell communion service. To his surprise, he noticed one man who had been kneeling at the communion-rail arise, return to his seat in the church, and after a while come back and receive the sacrament. On inquiring the reason of such conduct, the man replied that he had knelt beside a man whom he found to be the murderer of his father, and whose life he had at the time sworn to take. At first he could not bear to receive the sacrament with this converted murderer. On resuming his seat, however, he thought he heard a voice say: “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” While his unnatural feelings still rebelled against the command, he thought that he saw the cross and heard the Man upon it say, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” This overcame him, and he returned and received the communion with his former enemy.

The effects of the Gospel upon the natives were seen in a variety of ways. Polygamy, infanticide, and cannibalism disappeared. A desire for learning was manifested; the young men especially gave evidence of their desire to be taught. The Sabbath became a day of rest. Sometimes tourists would be astonished at the unwillingness of natives to travel on that holy day. Family prayer and attendance on religious duties were now common. The sound of the bell at the sanctuary would instantly cause the people to march in all directions to the place where prayer was wont to be made. Those who had seen New Zealand from the commencement of the missionary enterprise, and now beheld the blessed results, were often

heard to speak with delight on what they saw, and could not help exclaiming, "This is the finger of God."

Our limited space will not allow us to enlarge, but we cannot turn from the scenes of prosperity which we have reviewed, and contemplate the next ten years without a shudder. Alas! what scenes of desolation occurred in these years! How many homes were destroyed, what sad wrecks of moral character were to be seen, and how much the blessed work of evangelisation was retarded!

It is pleasing to record the fact that, while horrible scenes were enacted during the ten years' war, the missionaries were regarded with a feeling approaching to reverence, until towards the last, when the Maories became so infuriated that they even began to practise some of their old heathen abominations. Two missionaries were put to death during the Pai-Mariare delusion, which was connected latterly with the war. One of these, Rev. C. S. Volkner, was the first martyr in New Zealand. He was returning from Auckland when taken prisoner, and was summoned to the place of execution, under a large willow tree, on a branch of which a block and cord were fastened. His coat, vest and shirt were taken off, and worn by Kereopa, a chief of the Maketu tribe. The devoted man was calm throughout, and shook hands with the natives as they were bandaging his eyes. Without pinioning his arms and legs, they hauled him up with the block by a cord round his neck. There hung the messenger of mercy, slowly dying by the hands of the people he had come to save; a spectacle on which they gazed with feelings which outraged the worst feelings of savage life. While the body hung, and before life was extinct, his boots and pants were drawn off and appropriated. When the body was taken down, the head was chopped off with an old axe. The body was still more foully mutilated, and portions thrown to the dogs. In the evening, a meeting was convened in the Catholic chapel, and then abominable orgies were practised, with the bleeding head of the martyr placed on the pulpit before them, after which the head was taken away to be dried for future use. Thus fell honourably one whose name is embalmed among all the churches.

Another missionary who fell at this time was Rev. John Whitely. He was one of the oldest Wesleyan missionaries in New Zealand, having laboured there thirty-eight years. It was usual for him to ride into the country on a Saturday afternoon from twenty-five to

thirty miles, and early on the Sabbath morning, commencing his work, he would hold six or seven short services during the day among colonists and Maories, civilians and military men, drawing their minds away from earth to heaven ; and then, worn and weary with bad roads and crossing dangerous rivers, he returned to town in time to conduct the evening service or to listen to the sermon of his fellow-labourers. It was on such an errand of love that he left home for the White Cliffs, where he met the cowardly assassin by whom he was shot dead, and his horse was shot also. When found five bullets had pierced his body, his coat was taken away, and the saddle was removed from his horse.

Thus the two missionary societies which have laboured for more than fifty years in New Zealand have each their martyr—men who have not counted their lives dear when called to lay them down in the service of their Master. Mr. Whitely's death was especially deplored by the Maories who remained faithful to him, and they would often exclaim, "Alas! our father." The colonial Government, which had often sought his counsel, conferred a pension of £100 on his widow and unmarried daughter.

Happily the war is now over. The country is fairly at rest. Missionaries of other denominations besides those named are now zealously labouring for the good of the people. A Romish mission has been instituted with the usual display of ostentation which characterises those of that faith. The Government has become established on safer principles than heretofore. Military settlements have been made ; so that by the increase of the colonists and the great reduction of the Maories, it is not likely that such sad scenes will ever again take place as we have noticed. As the natives become more enlightened they will be less disposed to go to war. Two Maories are members of the Legislature, so that the outlook is encouraging and hopeful.

The Wesleyan societies in New Zealand have now been formed into a separate Conference, in which there are fifty ministers, some of whom are natives, and nearly three thousand members of society. The work in the southern world has been formed into a General Conference, with four Annual Conferences. The General Conference meets once in three years. The President of New Zealand Conference, Rev. Thomas Buddle, who has been forty years a missionary in that country, will be the representative of the General

Conference at the British Conference, in 1876. The review of the past leads us to say, "Now thanks be to God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us, in every place."

In preparing the above article we are indebted to Moister's History of Wesleyan Missions, Ward's Life among the Maories, Life of Rev. J. H. Burnby, and Memoirs of Rev. S. Marsden and S. Liegh. E. B.

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## ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

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A MEMOIR OF BY-GONE DAYS.—*Concluded.*

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THE domestic joy of Mr. Brockas' life seemed now to be complete but his spiritual life, ship like, was to be tossed upon the waves of a troubled sea. His zeal for God had awakened jealousy, while the faithfulness of his reproof had aroused hatred among his fellow-servants. Such was the feeling towards him, that on September 3, 1786, he received notice from his master to leave, the sole cause of which was purely on account of his faithfulness in reproofing the sins of men whose rank in life was higher than his own. We will let Mr. Brockas narrate the history in his conversation with his most intimate earthly friend, Mr. Harris, of Moreton Corbet.

B.—"So you see, I'm come over once more to see you. I have been in some trouble lately, and hardly knew what to do, or what course to take. Perhaps you heard that I had to leave Sansaw."

H.—"Why yes, friend Brockas; I heard of your being dismissed, and was wondering what could be the occasion of it. I thought you were so happy and settled that you would scarce ever leave it."

B.—"True, so I was; but you see a Christian cannot serve two masters; and my heavenly Master required me to reprove sin, and I could not let it go unproved, no matter who it was that sinned. So sometimes it would be the servants, and sometimes it would be the big gentry who were visiting at the Hall; and these all came with their complaints to my master. Then the clergy, too, found

fault at my visiting the jail. So at last my master told me if I would not give up reprovng sin, I must leave his employment."

H.—"How long have you been at Sansaw?"

B.—"It will be eight years come next March."

H.—"This is indeed a great trial for you. How did you feel your mind when Mr. G. was giving you warning to leave?"

B.—"Perfectly tranquil. I was happy to think that it was not myself, but the Lord, who has done this for me. My master did not lay anything to my charge, and offered to do whatever he could for me; and he promised to give me several books which I had been in the habit of reading. I have selected some, and particularly my old companion, the Bible, which I had long been accustomed to read. Another copy may be as good, but not to me; I have had this many years—unspeakable blessings have I gained while reading it. Its print is good, and the marginal references clear and perfect. Lord, give me my Bible, and give me the blessing it was destined to communicate."

H.—"Amen. I hope that you may yet call it your own. But what do you propose to do?"

B.—"Well, I hardly know. I am again cast upon the wide, wide world. We must now try our religion to know what sort it is. If we sink under this infliction it will be the proof we know not the Saviour. If we are joyful in tribulation we shall prove our faith by our works, and those who see us will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus."

H.—"I am very much distressed to hear of your trouble, but I have no doubt but that God will guide you, and perhaps He is opening the way by this rough wind for your future enlargement and prosperity. What would you think of taking a farm?"

B.—"I have had some thoughts of going to London to improve myself in botany; but my ambition leads me to something higher than farms and gardens. I see, however, no hope of attaining what I desire."

H.—"What might that be, pray? Is it to become a wealthy merchant?"

B.—"Ah, no; but had I a full conviction of my call to the Christian ministry, how gladly would I give up all and go to preach the Gospel of Christ. I see the difficulties of that work; but what

are crosses when the crown is in view, and when we daily see immortal spirits going to endless perdition for lack of knowledge?"

H.—"I can appreciate your motives, and believe that they can only come from the Holy Spirit who dwelleth in us, and I should be rejoiced to see you enter the ministry. But how are you off, friend B. ? do you need any help in this time?"

B.—"Well, no ; I am pretty comfortably provided for the present. I have managed to save about forty pounds."

And thus, strengthened by the manly sympathy of him whom he called his kind and very dear friend, he went on his way, lifting up his heart to God. But it was a sore trial to him to leave his situation, and he thus writes : "Farewell, my master, in whose employ I have earned my bread these many years ; farewell, my kind and tender-hearted mistress ; farewell, ye ponds of water, and pleasant walks, and shady groves, and rocks and hills ; above all, farewell, thou consecrated room, that hast often been to me the presence chamber of the King of kings. While in thee, how often have I been in the suburbs of heaven ! But why do I weep ? I take my Bible ; and He who indited it will go with me. But will the Lord in very deed dwell with sinful man ? Will He forget the evil I have done in this place ?"

It was October. The month's notice had expired. The pious gardener had lost his situation. The sole grounds of his dismissal are the complaints of his fellow-servants and of some in higher position, in consequence of the faithful and perhaps stern manner in which he rebuked them for their sins. Either they will leave or he must. The master chooses to dismiss his gardener. For eight years he had served him faithfully. It had become a home to him, but now he must leave it. We think we see him that evening wending his way to his cottage home, probably trundling his wheelbarrow, and in it the few gardeners' tools he calls his own. In it, too, is a small parcel carefully done up. His countenance, serene yet serious, says, "I must trust where I cannot trace." He has taken his last look upon the embowered retreats where he had loved to meditate—the flowers, the trees, the walks, which had been his delight ; of his mistress, who had shown the greatest respect to him, and of his master, from whose hands, with his wages, he had just received what he prized more highly, and what has remained in the family

as a most precious heirloom—the Bible he had loved so much to read, with several other books. He reaches the wicket of his home. Wife with baby in her arms meets him there. The evening sunshine dances on the shrubs and flowers, and lights up the little cottage. It never looked so lovely, never so attractive; and must he give it all up, and go he knew not where, and all because he had tried faithfully to serve his God? His heart is somewhat sad as he sits down to his ready-prepared tea on the plain three-legged deal table, and thus they chat as he takes little Sally, his baby, upon his knee.

Wife—"Well, my dear, you are really dismissed, are you?"

B.—"Yes. Master asked me if I had considered the matter fully—if I would give up talking to the men about religion and about their sins, and if I would stop going to the jail to preach to the prisoners; and I told him 'No;' it was my duty to do it, and if I stayed I must serve God."

W.—"What did he say then?"

B.—"He said he thought it was the parson's business to do that; and that the clergyman did not like my interfering, especially my going to the jail. I told him I felt it my duty to reprove sin wherever I saw it, and that the poor prisoners seemed to have none who cared for their souls, and I felt I was doing God's will in visiting them and trying to point them to Jesus."

W.—"Well, what did he say to that?"

B.—"Why, he just said he thought I was very foolish to give up a good place for such nonsense, but he could not help it if I would not stop doing it. I must go, for the other servants would not stand it, and the parson had found fault about my going to the prison and preaching."

W.—"Why, it seems strange, when you don't interfere with them; and they hardly ever go there themselves or show the least pity to the prisoners."

B.—"Ay! And the poor fellows seem so glad to have me go in and talk to them a bit. I've seen the tears run down their cheeks often when I had prayed with them, but I suppose it makes the clergy feel ashamed. And they cannot bear it that a humble gardener should show more zeal than they who are paid for their services."

W.—“ Was there nothing else except reproving the servants ? ”

B.—“ Yes. It appears what had given most offence was what I said to some young gentle folks about their sins, and who came to master with their complaints.”

W.—“ Did mistress say anything to you ? ”

B.—“ Ay. She said she was very sorry to part with me, but she could not help it ; and she asked me many questions about you and about the bairn, and what I thought of doing.

W.—“ Did master give you the books you wanted ? ”

B.—“ Yes, he gave me this Bible, which I have been accustomed to read.”

W.—“ Ah, I'm sure you must have felt very sore when you left the Hall for the last time.”

B.—“ Well, my mind has been kept in great peace ; but when I got to the garden gate and looked back to say farewell, tears would, unbidden, come to my eyes, and I could scarce tear myself away.”

W.—“ Come, my dear, thy feelings will overpower thee. Reach me thy Bible and I will read, and then thou shalt lead us in prayer.”

B.—“ Ay ; that I will do right cheerfully, for my heart is full.”

He reaches her the Bible, and she opens to John xiv., and reads : “ Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know and the way ye know. . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by me. . . . If ye shall ask any thing in My name, I will do it. . . . I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you. . . . Peace I leave with you ; My peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,” &c. Was it that the book was now all his own ? or was it the tones of his wife's voice in reading it ? or was it that the words seemed so remarkably suitable ? or what was it that gave to the reading such a sweetness, a sweetness that produced such a holy calm in the cottage, as though another had been there talking to them with His own living loving voice ? Both countenances are lit up with holy joy and peace unspeakable ; and for a few moments they listened in silence, as though expecting to hear the voice again. The silence

was broken by Mr. B. saying, let us sing and then we'll pray, and they sang together Oliver's beautiful melody:—

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ;  
 Pilgrim through this barren land,  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through ;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Bear me through the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side,  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.\*

Having sung the hymn, they knelt in prayer, and in words like these he poured out his soul to God :

“ O, thou Friend of sinners, let pity move Thee to stand by us in this trying hour. Look, O Father, in mercy upon the helpless who belong to me, and who I am about to leave for a season. Leave thou them not, neither forsake them. For Thy sake, O Jesus, have these calamities come upon us ; for Thy sake is Thy servant dismissed by his earthly master and compelled to give up his humble home, and to leave his dependent family, and to go forth for a season a wanderer and a pilgrim. Preserve my child, and enable my wife to trust in Thee, and bring Thy servant back again in safety. Let not our past offences provoke Thee to forsake us now that we are in trouble. Guide the steps of Thy servant who now prays to Thee. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah. Amen.”

Simple had been the words and brief the prayer, but great had been the strength and comfort received.

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\* It has been a matter of surprise to us that this beautiful hymn of Oliver's is not found in the Wesleyan collection. It is in that of the American Methodist Church, and it is to be hoped that when our Canadian Hymn-book is published it will find a place in it.

The tea things are removed, and the babe lies now in her cradle, as they sit again together around the cheerful fire and resume their conversation.

W.—“ Well, my dear, what do you intend to do ? ”

B.—“ To-morrow morning I start for London. Upon my way there I will inquire wherever I can for another situation, and if I do not meet with one I will get a place for a short time in London, where I can improve myself in botany, which I have so much wanted to do.”

W.—“ It seems a long way for you to go, and it will take you a long time away from us, but if it is necessary I will try to bear your absence as well as I can. Poor little Sally, though, will miss her pa so much.

B.—“ Yes. It's full one hundred and fifty miles, but that old Roman road, Watling Street, goes pretty straight there, and I shall get over the ground pretty smartly.”

W.—“ When do you think you will reach London ? ”

B.—“ Well, in about a week, but I cannot tell thee when I'll be back to my home ; but I have saved a little money and thou musn't stint thyself nor the babe, for though this seems a dark day I believe the Lord will provide for us. While I feel an assurance that I possess the kingdom of God and His righteousness, I can confidently trust in the Lord for every other blessing.”

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### IT'S HARD TO DIE WITHOUT GOD.

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NOT long since, having to supply one of the pulpits in the town of St. C——, I was asked on the Saturday evening to visit a young man, who was lying dangerously ill in one of the hotels. On entering the room, I found him stretched upon his bed, apparently in the greatest agony. He was a stalwart looking young man, just in the prime of manhood ; but there he lay helpless as a child, and evidently in a very dangerous condition.

A severe cold and its sudden settlement upon the lungs, had unexpectedly prostrated him, so that at the hour of my visit, the doctor considered him in a very critical state, and by no means out of danger.

On reaching his bedside and informing him who I was and why I had come, he held out his hand, with which he grasped mine firmly, and trying to speak, looked beseechingly into my face, as though he wanted to say, "O sir, what shall I do? Please pray for me."

I spoke to him as best I could, and remembering the Master's own words of comfort and entreaty, urged him to look to Jesus, who had promised to receive "the heavy-laden" and to "give them rest." Then kneeling by his bed, I commended him to God, and promising to call again, I departed.

On Sabbath afternoon I fulfilled my promise. He was evidently much better, though still in a weak and critical condition; I found him able to converse a little, and on inquiry, he told me his history.

He had once been a professor of religion, but was now a miserable backslider. His parents were Methodists and were living in England, from which place he emigrated a short time since and came to Canada. Three months before, he came to St. C——, seeking employment, and here he was, a stranger in a strange land, now unexpectedly at the point of death.

I shall never forget his looks nor his words as he told me his past history, and spoke of his far off home and his present condition.

Such a look of piteous despair and such expressions of sincere repentance quite overcame me.

"O Sir," said he, half-choked with emotion, "*O Sir, it's hard to die without God.*"

"Yes, my dear fellow," I replied; "it's hard to die far away from home and friends, far from mother, father, sisters and brothers, but it is far more hard to die without God."

I then pointed him to Jesus; I spoke of his dying love; I repeated precious words in verse which told of the cleansing blood; and again kneeling by his couch, I prayed, as I wept, that the broken-hearted prodigal might be restored safe and sound.

I have never seen or heard of him since, but his words I shall never forget; and they were so impressive at the time, that I made use of them by way of illustration, the very same evening, in the pulpit.

Dear reader, perhaps you carelessly picked up this magazine, and have doubtless read this simple narrative of fact with deep interest; but how is it with you? Are you *living* without God? If

so, just think how hard it would be to be cut off in your present condition and to *die* without Him!

We read in God's Word that all who are out of Christ are strangers to Him—"having no hope, and without God in the world." Are you out of Christ? Have you no hope, and are you without God? If so, then my dear dying friend delay not a moment, but now, even as you read these lines, surrender yourself up to God, and his friendship and his love will be yours for ever.

J. R.

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"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

FROM THE FRENCH OF THEODORE MONOD.

**T**HREE words only, but in those three words lies the whole secret of life.

"Looking unto Jesus" in the Scriptures, there to learn what He is, what He has done, what He gives, what He requires; to find in his character our pattern, in his teaching our instruction, in his precepts our law, in his promises our stay, in his person and in his work a full satisfaction for every need of our souls.

"Looking unto Jesus" crucified, to find in his blood, shed for us, our ransom, our pardon, our peace.

"Looking unto Jesus" risen again, to find in Him the righteousness by which alone we are justified, and are enabled, all unworthy though we be, to draw near with boldness in his name to Him who is his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

"Looking unto Jesus" glorified, to find in Him our heavenly Advocate,\* perfecting by his intercession the work of his mercy and our salvation; appearing even now in the presence † of God for us, our High Priest, our spotless offering, purifying continually the iniquity of our holy things.‡

"Looking unto Jesus" revealed by the Holy Spirit, to find in constant communion with Him the purification of our defiled hearts, the illumination of our darkened understandings, the transformation of our rebellious wills; to be enabled to triumph over all the

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\* John ii. 1.

† Heb. ix. 24.

‡ Ex. xxviii. 38.

assaults of the world and of the devil, resisting their violence by Jesus our strength, baffling their wiles by Jesus our wisdom ; sustained by the sympathy of Jesus, who was spared no temptation, and by the help of Jesus, who yielded to none.

“ Looking unto Jesus ” who gives repentance as well as remission, of sins,\* that his grace may cause us to know, to deplore, to confess and to forsake our transgressions.

“ Looking unto Jesus ” to receive from Him the task and the cross of each day, with the grace which is sufficient to bear the cross, and to fulfil the task ; patient with his patience, active with his activity, loving with his love ; asking, not “ What can I do ? ” but “ What cannot He do ? ” and relying upon his strength, which is made perfect in weakness.

“ Looking unto Jesus ” in order to rise out of ourselves and forget ourselves ; in order that our darkness may be dispersed by the light of his countenance ; that our joys may be holy, and our sorrows may be calm ; that He may humble and exalt us, that He may afflict and comfort us ; that He may strip us of our riches, and make us rich ; that He may teach us to pray, and may answer our prayers ; that, while leaving us in the world, He may separate us from it, our life being hid with Him in God, and our conduct witnessing for Him before men.

“ Looking unto Jesus,” who, having returned into his Father's house,† is occupied in preparing a place for us, so that the blessed prospect may cause us to live in hope and prepare us to die in peace, when the day shall come for meeting that last enemy whom He has conquered for us, whom we shall conquer through Him,—that enemy of whom He has made a friend—once the king of terrors, now the herald of bliss everlasting.

“ Looking unto Jesus,” whose certain return at an uncertain moment is from age to age the expectation and hope of his faithful Church, which is encouraged to patience, to watchfulness, and to joy by the thought that “ the Lord is at hand.”‡

“ Looking unto Jesus,” that He may teach us how to look to Him, the author as well as the object of our faith, and that He may maintain us in that faith even unto the end, He, the finisher of the same ?

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\* Acts v. 31.

† John xiv. 2.

‡ Phil. iv. 4, 5 ; 1 Thess. v. 23.

“Looking unto Jesus,” and to nothing else, as the original expresses it in a single word, which might be translated “looking off,” and which bids us at one and the same time to fix our eyes upon Him, and to turn them away from all beside.

*To Jesus*, and not to ourselves—to our thoughts, our reasonings, our fancies, our tastes, our desires, our purposes. *To Jesus*, and not to the world—to its lusts, its examples, its maxims, its judgments. *To Jesus*, and not to Satan, whether he seek to frighten us by his fury or to seduce us by his flattery. Oh, how many useless questions we shall spare ourselves, how many disquieting scruples, how much time lost, what dangerous parleyings with evil, what dissipation of mind, how many empty dreams, bitter disappointments, painful struggles, lamentable falls, by looking straight to Jesus, and following Him whithersoever He may guide, too anxious not to lose sight of the path which He marks out for us, to cast so much as a glance upon those in which He does not see fit to lead us!

*To Jesus*, and not to our systems, however evangelical they may be. The faith which saves, which sanctifies, and which comforts us, is not our assent to the doctrine of salvation; it is our attachment to the person of the Saviour. “It is not sufficient,” Adolphe Monod used to say, “to know Jesus Christ;”\* to which we may add that no one knows Him truly if he does not first possess Him. According to the deep saying of the well-beloved disciple, the light is in the life, and the life is in Jesus.†

*To Jesus*, and not to our meditations and our prayers, to our pious conversations and our edifying reading, to the assemblies of the saints which we frequent, nor even to our participation in the Supper of our Lord. Let us use faithfully all these means of grace, but without confounding them with grace itself, and without turning away our eyes from Him who alone renders them efficacious when through them He communicates Himself to us.

*To Jesus*, and not to our position in the Christian Church, to the family to which we belong, to our baptism, to the education we have received, to the doctrine we profess, to the opinion which others form of our piety, or that which we ourselves entertain. Many of those who have prophesied in the name of Christ will hear

\* Il ne suffit pas de *savoir* Jésus-Christ, il faut *avoir* Jésus-Christ.

† John i. 4.

Him saying unto them, "I never knew you;"\* but He will confess before his Father and before his angels the humblest of those who have looked unto Him.

*To Jesus*, and not to our brethren, not even to the best among them and the most beloved. In following a man we run the risk of going wrong; in following Jesus we are certain never to be led astray. Besides, by putting a man between Jesus and ourselves, it happens insensibly, that the man increases and Christ decreases; eventually we no longer know how to find Jesus when we cannot find the man, and if he should happen to fail us, everything fails. Whereas, if Jesus stands between us and our most intimate friend, our attachment to man will be at once less direct and more deep, less impassioned and more tender, less necessary and more useful,—a channel of rich blessing in the hands God of when it pleases Him to make use of it, and whose absence will be a blessing still, when it pleases God to dispense with it, in order to draw us all the closer to the only Friend from whom "neither life nor death"† can separate us.

*To Jesus*, and not to his enemies and ours. Instead of hating and dreading them, we shall then know how to love and conquer them.

*To Jesus*, and not to the obstacles which occur on our path. The moment we stop to consider these, they astonish us, they unnerve us, they cast us down, incapable as we are of comprehending either the reason for which they are permitted, or the means by which we can overcome them. The apostle sank as soon as he began to look at the waves tossed by the tempest; it was while he looked unto Jesus that he walked on the waves as on a rock.‡ The more difficult our task, the more fearful our temptations, the more important it is that we should look only to Jesus.

*To Jesus*, and not to our afflictions, in order to calculate their number, to estimate their weight, to find, it may be, I know not what strange satisfaction in tasting their bitterness to the full. Apart from Jesus, affliction does not sanctify, it hardens or it crushes. It produces not patience, but rebellion; not sympathy, but selfishness; not hope,§ but despair. It is only under the shadow of his cross that we can take the just measure of our own, can accept it daily

\* Matt. vii. 22, 23.

‡ Matt. xiv. 29, 30.

† Rom. viii. 38, 39.

§ Rom. v. 3-5.

from his hand, can bear it with love, with thankfulness, with joy, and find in it a source of blessing for ourselves and others.

*To Jesus*, and not to the dearest, to the most legitimate of our earthly joys, lest we should be so captivated that they shall hide from our sight the very hand that gives them to us. Looking to Him first of all, we shall receive from Him those benefits, a thousandfold more precious, because we shall owe them to his goodness, trust them to his keeping, enjoy them in his fellowship, and use them to his glory.

*To Jesus*, and not to the instruments, whatever they may be, of his dispensations towards us. Beyond men, beyond circumstances, beyond the thousand causes so justly called "second," let us reach back to the first cause—his will ; to the source of that will itself—his love. Then our gratitude, without being less lively towards those who do us good, will not stop at them ; then in the day of trial, under the most unexpected, the most mysterious, the most overwhelming affliction, we shall be able to say with the Psalmist, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth ; because Thou didst it,"\* and in the silence of our uncomplaining grief the heavenly voice will softly answer, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."†

*To Jesus*, and not to the interests of our cause, of our party, of our church, much less to our personal interests. The sole object of our life is the glory of God ; if we do not make it the supreme end of our efforts, we shall necessarily deprive ourselves of his assistance, for his grace is only at the service of his glory. Whereas, if it is his glory that we seek above all things, we may always depend upon his grace.

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\* Ps. xxxix. 9.

† John xiii. 7.

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"Lord, I believe a rest remains  
To all Thy people known ;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And Thou art loved alone :

"A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above ;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love."

THE BACKSLIDER'S TESTIMONY.  

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ABOUT thirty years ago, there travelled and preached in the western section of Ontario, a Methodist minister who was talented, popular and useful ; and who was the honoured instrument in the hands of God of the conversion of many souls. He unfortunately acquired an appetite for intoxicating drink, which so overpowered him that he is known to have carried it with him into the sacred desk. Exposure came, disgrace and utter ruin. After wandering like the prodigal, he returned to his Father's house ; became a lecturer on temperance, and was welcomed back to the Church. But alas ! The drink-demon had acquired too firm a grasp on him. His good resolutions were broken, and again he lay in the monster's chains. So terribly did he fall, that it became his pride and delight to compose and deliver before his drunken associates the most horrid oaths and impious blasphemies that ever fouled the mouth of mortal man. Time passed on, and he became tired of his associations and tired of himself, and resolved to go to the then newly explored gold fields of British Columbia. Just at that time an interesting revival was in progress at the Methodist church of the village in which he lived. While he was making ready for his departure to the far off land, it was noticed that he came regularly for several evenings. At length, the last night before his departure arrived ; and when the opportunity for speaking was given, he stepped forward to the altar, and addressed the congregation in these words, as nearly as I can recall them ; " My friends and neighbours, you are surprised to see me take this stand ; but I feel that I have a few parting words to say to you. You have known me for years ; you know what I was once ; you know what I am now. To-morrow I leave this place for ever ; you will never see my face again, and I wish to leave with you my testimony, that I know there is a blessed reality in the religion of Jesus Christ ; and though my soul may be eternally lost, I assure you that I once knew and tasted and felt the joys of salvation in my own heart." Amid the prayers and tears of many old-time friends he left the house, and next morning started on his long journey. In a few months his comrades wrote back that he had fallen a victim to fever while crossing the Rocky Mountains, and

they had covered him with logs, as there was no soil on the mountains in which to dig a grave. Thus perished poor ———, one more victim to rum; fallen from the very gates of heaven to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom.

M. C.

### BISHOP JANES ON SANCTIFICATION.

AT the recent Round Lake Fraternal Camp-Meeting, Bishop A. Janes, speaking of the life and character of the late Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, said :

“Brethren, entire sanctification is in the Bible. It is in the Bible as a doctrine. Jesus Christ is made to us wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification. No man is righteous who is not converted, and who has backslidden. If he is unconverted or backslidden—he is unconverted in either case. Sanctification is in the Bible, and is the experience of God's sanctifying grace. When we become the children of his love, we are exhorted to go on to enjoy something beyond what we have realised; and how long is the journey? Some people are a great while, but others reach it very soon; and I verily believe in my soul we may all reach that goal to-day; we may sleep there to-night. The apostle says, ‘I pray God to sanctify you wholly.’ It is done in part when we are justified; and we may have grown in grace, and yet undoubtedly some of those to whom he was writing had done so; but the apostle prays that they may be sanctified ‘soul, body, and spirit,’ and, let me tell you, we need sanctified bodies as well as souls; and the apostle adds, ‘preserve you blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ What sense is there in that prayer if we are not sanctified until we die? Preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, because we attain this perfect sanctification years before we die, if we are faithful. ‘Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.’ You have been renewed; you are more holy than you were, ‘but cleanse yourself from all filthiness of the spirit, perfecting holiness before God.’ This is our calling; it is said to us as a demand, and it is in the Bible as a promise. ‘Faithful is He who hath called you, who also will do it.’ When we come to Him for it, panting, renouncing everything that hinders us from receiving it, asking for it in the name of Jesus, believing the great promise, we

shall have it. 'Faithful is He who hath promised, who also will do it.' It is in the Bible, and all the men on the earth cannot take it out of the Bible. It will be there until we have a sanctified world, and that period is coming. It is not only in the Bible, but in the Church as an experience. Truly those who have realised it and do enjoy it, and do love it, are among us. I know there are those who doubt it—profess to, at any rate—dispute it, object to it, because they say that the profession is not an intelligent one. Undoubtedly there are those who profess it, who do not do it intelligently, and there are those who profess it who do not believe it. We are sorry that we must admit that statement. But let me say the same is true of justification and of conversion. There are those who profess justification who do not enjoy it intelligently, and there are those who profess conversion who do not live according to their profession. But is conversion to be rejected therefore on that account? I stand here to-day in this presence, and in the presence of those spirits of whom we are speaking this morning, in the presence of their God and our God, and say to you, and say to the world, there are men and women in the Church who do profess intelligently; and there are men and women who do live it consistently, and you cannot deny it. Now, what does it avail for you to say, 'I do not believe it?' Infidels say they do not believe in our conversion, and what does that avail? One man standing up intelligently and saying, 'By the grace of God I am a new creature in Christ Jesus; I know that I am born of the Spirit, and that I am in fellowship with the Infinite.' One such witness overcomes ten thousand men who say, 'I do not enjoy it.' And one single witness for sanctification in the Church, confident in sustaining it, standing up and saying before the Church and the world, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin,' is worth more than ten thousand in the Church who say, 'I do not enjoy it, and I do not believe it.' We say to the infidel, 'If you repent of your sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be converted, and then you will know it for yourself, and share with us its joy and benefits.' So we say to all in the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'If you will repent of your sins, if you will come openly and humbly to the mercy seat, if you do not believe in sanctification, pray for the fulness, and by His grace you will receive it.'

"Not only is this profession in the Church, but it is lived in the

Church ; and my belief is, that there are a great many more in the Church who enjoy it, who are really enjoying its power and are exemplifying its principles, who do not profess it, than who do profess it. I wish they all professed it who enjoy it ; but then, if they do not see it to be their duty, and the best way, so long as they have the power in its purity, God bless them and multiply them. I repeat it, sanctification is in the Bible, and it is in the Church, and men or devils cannot take it out of the Church. It is there—it will be there until the world is sanctified by the power of true grace. God multiply this experience to us here this morning. It is the greatest interest we have here on this occasion. We have a large number with us who are without Christ, but we have a larger number who are justified, and we earnestly pray that they may be washed in his blood, and sanctified by his grace.”

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PRAYER FOR HOLINESS OF HEART.

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“Create in me a clean heart. O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.”—Ps. li. 10.

**T**O Thee, I come, O Lord, my God,  
 And plead the all-atoning blood  
 Of Jesus Christ Thy Son ;  
 My native sinfulness I feel,  
 Nor can I do Thy *perfect* will  
 Till I am *Thine alone*.

Pardon Thou hast on me bestowed ;  
 Thou hast removed the heavy load  
 Of sin which I have borne ;  
 But still I feel within my breast  
 That which forbids my soul to rest—  
 My sinfulness I mourn.

Yea, still I feel indwelling sin,  
 Impure desires still lurk within,  
 Pride, unbelief remain ;  
 Ah, Lord, I humbly own to Thee  
 That I am not from sin set free—  
 Nature I still retain.

Thou know'st, O Lord, my heart's sincere,  
 I would do good, but sin is near,  
     Temptations me assail ;  
 Struggling with evil passions still,  
 I strive to do Thy perfect will,  
     But O, how oft I fail !

Doubtings and fears do oft arise,  
 And unbelief beclouds the skies,  
     And hides my Saviour's face ;  
 And thus in darkness oft I grope,  
 Still struggling on 'twixt fear and hope,  
     Yet trusting in Thy grace.

My heart's depravity I see,  
 And long to be from sin set free,  
     And made *entirely Thine* ;  
 Saviour, to me this grace impart,  
 Renew and sanctify my heart,  
     And fill with Love Divine.

Give me, O Lord, a Christ-like mind,  
 That I may never feel inclined  
     In paths of sin to stray ;  
 But may it be my constant aim,  
 To glorify Thy blessed Name  
     In all I do and say.

My evil passions be subdued,  
 And may my heart, by grace renewed,  
     Be ever the abode  
 Of *perfect love* which casts out fear,  
 And may I ever feel Thee near,  
     My all-sufficient God.

Remove, O Lord, each stain of sin,  
 And purify and make me clean,  
     From sin *entirely free* ;  
 Grant, Lord, that I may fully prove  
 The blessedness of *perfect love*  
     Thy Word holds out to me.

My *all*, O Lord, to Thee I give,  
 Henceforth for Thee alone to live,  
                   No more my own, but *Thine* ;  
 O, fill at once my longing breast,  
 And bid me enter into rest—  
                   The rest of Love Divine.

*Battersca.*

JAMES LAWSON.

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THE HIGHER LIFE:

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Consecrated to Thy service,  
 I will live and die for Thee ;  
 I will witness to Thy glory,  
 Of salvation full and free.

THE writer of the above lines has lived for more than two years this higher Christian life. Converted to Christ when but a child, living as most other Christians are living—enjoying the blessings of salvation without making any effort to diffuse the Gospel amongst those sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death—her heart yearned for something higher, purer and better. In sincerity of heart she sought this at the throne of mercy, and Jesus was revealed in all his glory as the sin-pardoning Redeemer, as One altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand ; so that the soul cried out :

“ My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine ;  
 For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign.”

The joy of this heart was now “unspeakable and full of glory,” and with the joy came the desire and determination to live for Christ. Without further following this experience, let us turn to the life of such a one.

Every burden is carried to Christ ; every sorrow and anxious care. He bears them all. And the joy of testimony for his glory, and his love in the heart, take away all fear, all timidity. This timid believer becomes strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, so that she can say : “ I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.” The joy of this heart is to bring souls to Christ, and edify and strengthen the sorrowing Christian.

Were all Christians to live such a life, how soon would the millennium dawn on this earth ! What a mighty impression would be made on a wicked world ! Be it mine then to live only such a life, consecrated wholly to Jesus.—*Christian Press.*

## NOT FORSAKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FORSAKEN.

NO : I could never tell you of the long suspense, with hope flickering about me like the will-o'-the-wisp on the swampy lands at home, till its dancing unsteady light faded into a dull, fixed fear. I will tell you what that fear was. Sometimes strangers have been lost for ever in the streets of London. Cor knew, and I knew, that there were snares and dens into which a stranger like Stephen might be beguiled, and never be heard of again. He was well dressed, and Mr. Moss said his watch and the jewellery about him, which I had not noticed, were of great value. We had no clue whatever as to where he had come from, nor where he had vanished to. It was a horrible thing to dread, but I saw it in Cor's face long before he put it into words. Not that even then I felt as if either Stephen or I had been driven out of the shelter of God's wing, but it is dark sometimes there ; and therefore it is called the shadow of his wing. All is shadow here, even the love and care of our Father ; all but a shadow, and at times it is very dark. But I had a great help and comfort in Cor. He knew the worst haunts of the terrible city, and he began to search them cautiously and closely, not often asking the aid of the police ; for he could go where they dared not, and could gain information withheld from them. For you remember the city was Cor's native ground, his birthplace ; and here and there, as he told me, he met with old crones, and miserable aged men, sunk deep in the mire of wretchedness and drunkenness, who remembered his mother, and called him by his old name of Corp'ral Bell. Poor Cor ! he suffered almost as much as I did. Yet think of what had befallen me. Stephen had come back, after many years, for a few minutes only ; and then he had been swallowed up into the same awful silence and darkness again, which seemed a hundred times darker and more silent than before. And now Cor, to seek after him, was going down, down into the horrible pit of sin, and foulness, and misery, so deep in London, from which he had been rescued himself, but where his mother had perished. I saw his face bearing the cloud of a growing sadness every time he came to tell me what he had seen. Even his love for Phoebe seemed almost to fade away before his bewildered sympathy and horror, for he had almost forgotten the misery and the crime of his birthplace. Cor's face as he talked to me was sad and pain-stricken. What was my sorrow to the wretchedness down there ? Mine was but a shadow ; but theirs was a thick darkness, a darkness that was spreading like a heavy thundercloud over Cor's soul.

I said Cor did not make many inquiries at the police; but still he found out what men were on beat about that part of the city the night Stephen disappeared; but they knew nothing of him, and had seen no one like the description we gave of him. I was afraid that Cor might pass him without knowing him, for he had not seen Stephen; and when Mrs. Moss and Phœbe said what they thought he was like, I should not have known who they were trying to describe. The spring days were growing longer, and as soon as my brief task of house-work was over I used to wander out till dusk, going along one street after another, sometimes catching a distant glimpse of a figure that looked like Stephen, and following it as swiftly as I could, until I lost sight of it in the crowd, or, overtaking it, discovered that it was a mistake. I was strong still for my age, and used to walking, and my heart kept up my power. So I wandered about like one lost in a maze thronged with people, all seeking something, and never finding it.

Most of my walks had been east of Temple Bar; for I had never expected to meet with Stephen anywhere except in the city. But one evening after tea, as I turned out of my quiet street, my eye was caught by the figure of a man, tall and large, with a thick beard, who was walking briskly in the direction of the Queen's palace. I followed him as fast as I could; but about half way across the Green Park I lost sight of him. It was a pleasant evening in May, warm and soft, with bright rays from the sun low in the west, which lit up the fresh, green leaves, that even in London were bursting from their satiny sheaths. There were not many persons about, for all the grand people had gone home to dinner; and it was too late for children to be out, excepting those children of the poor who are always free to stay away from their miserable homes as long as they will. There was a stillness and a coolness about the half-deserted place, after the stir and closeness of the streets, that seemed to soothe me, like a soft hand laid upon me, instead of the heavy load I had borne about with me since Easter.

So I strolled on along the green paths, a poor, solitary, grey-headed woman. I loitered under the leafy trees, from which the sunshine was dying away, until it was quite gone, and then finding myself near a gate opening on to that pleasant end of Piccadilly where there are fine mansions overlooking the park, I passed through it, intending to go home along the streets, looking everywhere, but now almost without hope, for Stephen.

I had not gone very far along under the houses before I came to one bright with flowers; for they were planted out on every window-sill, from the basement to the attics, and they were now glimmering in the twilight, as the flowers used to glimmer in my own garden at home. I could not help but stand for a minute against the railings opposite to it, and look at the rich colours, the

scarlet, and amber, and purple of the hot-house blossoms, so different from my own hardy flowers, but not more beautiful. It was the dinner-hour for the great folks who lived there, and the shutters were not yet closed. I had never seen any table laid so grandly, with fine white linen, and shining silver, with sparkling glass. A man-servant was lighting the gas in the chandelier that hung glittering over the centre of it, and a young lady, dressed in white, was putting the last touches to a great nosegay of flowers on the table. She was as pretty and sweet looking as Phœbe herself, and my heart yearned towards her. The fair, delicate young creature! as fair as the lilies she was touching. There are lilies in God's garden that toil not and spin not, and this was one of them.

But at this moment, just as the servant was stepping forward to shut out the pretty picture from me, the door at the back of the room was opened, and there stood in the doorway—was it possible? Could it be possible? or did my eyes and heart deceive me? There seemed to stand Stephen, my brother, who had disappeared so strangely on the eve before Good Friday! He was smiling and his face was as pleasant to me as in the days when he was a boy, and used to come home every week from school. I had to catch at the railings, for my limbs trembled, and I stretched my head forward, as if to see him more clearly; but just then the blinds were drawn down in my face, and everything was hidden from my eyes.

I wonder if any one would have stayed to think, and reason, and decide? I was as hungry for his voice and touch as ever a mother was when she knew her son was safe at home again, after being far away for many years. There was no time to think. Stephen was there in that room, with nothing between us but a thin, transparent pane of glass—he for whom I had been grieving—grieving through long sleepless nights and weary waking days. I did not ask how it was that Stephen was there alive and well. Do you think that Martha and Mary waited to ask any questions when Lazarus came back from the grave before they clasped him in their arms, and begged of him to speak, that they might drink in the sound of a voice they never thought to hear again? I could not wait. How I reached the door, trembling with gladness as I was, I scarcely knew; but I did reach it, and I knocked and rang till the house rang with the noise.

A servant must have been in waiting, for the door was thrown wide open in an instant, and I saw into a hall brilliantly lit up, and I caught the flutter of a white dress flying up the staircase. The man who stood in the doorway started when he saw me; but, as I was pressing into the house, he put out his arm to stop me.

"Hallo!" he said, "I thought you was Sir Francis and Lady Pembridge a-coming."

"Stephen Bede is here!" I cried scarcely knowing what I said.

"This is Mr. Stephen Bede's residence," answered the servant ; "but you can't see him, unless you are one of the invited guests. I thought you was one of 'em ; but I suppose I'm mistaken. I took you for nobody less than my Lady Pembridge."

He spoke with mingled contempt and anger ; but I did not care for either.

"I must see him !" I said, urgently. "I believed he was lost or dead. Tell him that I must see him."

"And pray who may you be, I'd like to know?" said the man ; but before I could speak again I heard Stephen's voice calling from the dining-room, in the clear loud tones of a master.

"Take that lady into the breakfast-room, Coombes," he said. "I will see her for a moment."

My feet faltered as I crossed the hall, and my head felt giddy. The dining-room door was closed as we passed it to reach a door beyond. It was a smaller room, and duller, with only one light burning. But at the square table in the centre there sat a little girl, with her elbows on the table, and her head resting on her hands, reading a book before her, just as I had often seen Stephen sit of a winter evening at my little round table in the chimney-corner at home. Her short hair fell over her forehead just as his had done ; and when she glanced up at me there was the same far-away look in her eyes, as his when father or I had spoken suddenly to him. But I had not time to say a word to this child, for the door opened again hurriedly, and as I turned I saw Stephen, no longer smiling and pleasant, but with a thundercloud upon his handsome face. He cried, as he came in, in a voice of passion, though very low, "Margery, whatever brings you here?" and the little girl sprang to her feet, and stood gazing at him in alarm and wonder. As his eyes fell upon her he spoke more gently.

"Run away, Maggie," he said. "I want to speak to this person alone."

She lingered, looking inquisitively at me ; but Stephen took her by the shoulder and put her out of the room, taking care to shut and lock the door after her.

"Now," he said, between his teeth, his face pale with passion, as he came close to me, yet without touching me, "what on earth has brought you here?"

"Stephen," I cried.

"Ay!" he went on, "what evil luck helped you to find me out, here and now, just at this moment? I would not have you seen and known here for thousands of pounds!"

"Have you been hiding from me, Stevie?" I asked, with a strange pain at my heart, as if life itself was being torn away from me.

"Hiding from you?" he said. "Well, I was not exactly anxious for you to find me out. Do you think you are any credit to a household like this, or to me? I was a fool to make myself known

to you at all; but I felt kindly towards you. I'll give you any money you like to keep away. I don't want to be unkind to you, Margery, but you force me to it."

"Me?" I said.

"Yes," he went on; "what did you follow me here for? I intended to come and see you as soon as I had time; and if you wanted anything I'd give it you. I wonder what my wife and children would think of you if they saw you, and heard you call me brother—my wife, the cousin of Lady Pembroke! No, it will not do. You are no more than my half-sister, and I cannot and will not have you fasten yourself upon me."

Think what cruel words those were for Stephen to say to me! I stood before him bewildered and stupefied, looking into his dear face, every word falling upon me like a blow, as if he meant to break my heart. Once I tried to stretch out my hand, as if that would ward them off; but it was my lame hand, and it fell feebly to my side.

"Stephen!" I cried, hearing my own wailing voice as if it belonged to somebody else, who was nigh unto death, "Stevie! my boy Stevie!"

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand over my mouth, "hush! Tell me quickly if you want money from me, and go? There is the dinner-bell ringing. Margery, you must go at once, and never think of coming here again."

"Never come again, Stephen?" I said.

"No, I tell you!" he answered, roughly. "If I want to see you, I'll come to you. You must go now."

I tried to move towards the door, for he had put his hand on my shoulder as he had done to the child when he turned her out of the room; but everything grew suddenly dark around me, as black as the deepest night, and Stephen's voice sounded miles and miles away, and I could not understand what he was saying. It was very chilly and cold, as if icy waters were closing over my head, and one thought was in my mind—that I had come to the dark river of death, and was going down into it. But if so, where was the light on the other shore? There was nothing but thick darkness and icy waters. Where then was "the brother born for adversity," the Lord Christ? Had He forsaken me as well as Stephen?

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE STING OF DEATH.

I THINK that must have been the sting there used to be in death. But I was not dying, though I knew nothing, thought nothing, felt nothing, until my eyelids, which seemed very sore

and heavy, lifted themselves a little, and I saw that I was in the same room; but Stephen was gone. A middle-aged woman stood beside me bathing my lips and forehead, and the child I had seen before was opposite me, looking eagerly into my face. I felt that I was shivering, and I heard myself moaning, and listening as if it were somebody else in trouble. At last my voice came back and I whispered, "Where am I?"

"You are in our house," said the child, with tears running down her cheeks. "Don't be frightened, poor woman. We will be very kind to you."

It was such a fresh, young, pitiful voice, so childish and clear that it quite roused me, and I looked closely into the little anxious face.

"Who are you, dear child?" I whispered again.

"Maggie Bede," she answered; and "you're in my papa's house. We are all come from Australia, and this is our house while we're in London."

My eyelids closed again in spite of myself, and my head fell back wearily. All Stephen had said, the cruel, bitter words, came back slowly but distinctly, one by one; and at my heart there was a strange pain, an aching pang, sharp and piercing, yet aching as well, which did not pass away. But there was some relief to me when the tears forced their way under my closed eyelids, and slid slowly down my face.

"Don't cry, poor woman," said the child, with a faltering voice; "we are going to be very kind to you. Here is nurse with some wine for you. Oh! don't cry!"

"You'll feel better when you've drunk some of this," said the woman, holding a glass of wine to my lips; but I could not swallow it, though my tongue was parched and my throat dry. It seemed too great a mockery for them to give me Stephen's wine to drink, when it was he who had forsaken me. I remembered the words in the psalm, "In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink," and I pushed away the woman's hand.

"It will choke me," I said. "I want nothing, save to rest till I am strong enough to go."

I was fighting hard against the sharpness and the bitterness of my grief; but I could not rise up again all at once from the stroke that had laid me low. Stephen had purposely forsaken me, not once but twice. In his prosperity in Australia he had wilfully kept silent, and left me a prey to many fears for his life and safety. Now he had cast me off with reproaches that broke my heart. I could hear the gay voices and laughter of him and his gay companions in the next room, whilst he knew that I was poor, and lonely, and desolate. It was a very hard moment in my life.

"I'm quite ready to go away now," I said, after a while; "it is time for me to go."

"Will you leave your name and address for Mr. Bede?" said the nurse, looking very curiously at me.

"He knows both," I answered; "but I'll leave a message for him. Tell him I shall never forget what he said, and I'll obey him. Yes, I'll do what he wishes."

"Will you come and see him again?" asked the child, whose eyes were full of tears and her mouth quivering.

"No, never again!" I cried. "Be sure you tell him that. I'll never trouble him any more; but I'll pray God to bless him and his children. Don't forget to tell him that."

"You're scarcely fit to go yet," said the nurse.

"Oh yes, I am," I answered. "I shall feel better in the fresh air. This place stifles me. I should like to go away now."

I tried to tie my bonnet, but could not, and the woman did it for me, the child looking on with wondering but loving eyes. Then she ran to the table, and fetched the book she was reading when I came in, and put it into my hands.

"I haven't finished reading it all through," she said; "but it's a beautiful fairy-tale book, and I'm sure you would like to read it when you get home. Papa says we ought to be very kind and good to all poor people."

She lifted her pretty face up to me, as if she expected me to kiss her in return; but the nurse drew her back sharply, and glanced angrily at her. Yet Stephen's child belonged to me by blood, and I felt how near akin she was to me, spite of all my anger against him. For I was angry even to great wrath, such as I had never felt before in all my life. I crept feebly through the hall, catching a glimpse of him and his party in the dining-room, and then the front door was opened and closed after me, and I stood alone in the streets.

I could not move on at first, and I stayed in the portico, leaning against one of the pillars. How many, many years older I was than when I crossed the door-sill less than an hour ago! I had not been a very old, infirm woman then; but the shock and the swoon—the only swoon I had ever had—seemed to have smitten to the very roots of my life and strength. I was very old now, very feeble, and very aged.

With the strange feeling of being stricken all at once into old age, there came a strong yearning after my home near Conover. The trees in the park opposite made me think with longing of the woods lying all around it, and of the fresh country air that used to fan me, and of the lowing of oxen and the songs of birds during the day, and of the deep, lulling stillness of the night-time. When the Lord Christ was passing along the streets of Jerusalem, thronged

by a noisy crowd, and bearing his cross, I wonder whether He thought with longing for a moment of the quiet hills round Nazareth, and of his mother's simple home?

"Come, you must move on," said a policeman, as he saw me in the portico of Stephen's house; and I gathered up all my remaining strength, and wandered painfully towards my attic. No need now to look everywhere for Stephen! No need to be troubled for him! It was a very long, very toilsome way I had to walk. All the whirl and din of London seemed to come beating against me. How hard the flagstones were to my feet! and how the street-lamps flickered in my eyes! I felt a pity for myself. What a lonely, helpless old woman! forlorn and forsaken in this great city! very infirm and poor, and her only brother had deserted her, and cast her off roughly in her old age! I wished I could crawl home, not to Westminster, but to the dear old home where Stephen had been my boy. Once there, I could die.

"Is he your only brother?" said a low, quiet voice to me, whether in my ear or in my heart I can scarcely tell. "Is Stephen your only brother?" A horror of a thick darkness was coming over my soul, like the awful thunderclouds I had sometimes seen rising behind the hill at home, making all its green and sunny slopes look very grey and wan, as if it too had been suddenly stricken with age. No. There was another brother, the Son of God, who had been made like unto us in all things, and had suffered like us, being tempted. "The disciple is not above his master; but every one that is perfect shall be as his master." Was I lonely? The Master had said, "Behold the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall leave me alone." Was I forsaken? "All the disciples forsook Him, and fled." Had my brother failed me? "Neither did his brethren believe on Him." Was I in very sore distress and sorrow? "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Was I a poor solitary woman? "The Son of Man had not where to lay his head."

"Rejoice," says the Bible, "inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." That is a hard saying. I had said to myself that I was willing to live his life, as far as a poor, ignorant, sinful woman could live it, following as closely as I could, step by step, the path that his blessed feet had trod. But I had never thought of such a grief as this. In my measure I had loved Stephen as He had loved his brethren; and now I had gone to my own, and he had not received me; nay, he had cast me out, denied me, been ashamed of owning me, would see me no more. In my measure, I say again, I was learning and sharing some of Christ's sufferings; and looking from my own grief, and sorrow, and pain to his, I seemed to see deep down into an abyss of love, deep down in his pierced heart, and read there, "All this I bore for thy sake, Margery."

I was almost worn out when I reached home, and I had no heart to kindle any light in my darkened room; but the lamp in the street below just filled it with a flickering gleam. I sat down at the foot of my bed, thinking, thinking. Oh, the cruelty, the ingratitude of Stephen! Oh! the deep love, the unspeakable tenderness of the Lord, Christ! Was it possible for me to bear to be despised and rejected, and have Stephen to hide his face from me? I remembered all I had done for him, and all the grief and love I had wasted upon him. How could I forgive him? Yet there hung the Lord, my Lord, upon the cross, forsaken and betrayed. Only his one disciple, John, and a few women, of all those whom He had loved, near to Him; and a great crowd of people staring at Him, and letting Him be mocked, though they knew there was no fault to be found in Him. And what had my Lord and Master said when his dying eyes were closing upon such a sight as that? "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### A TEA PARTY IN AN ALMSHOUSE.

THE next afternoon was the day I always took tea with Mrs. Moss and Phœbe in their little house. It had been our custom for several years for me to go and see them twice a fortnight, and they came to visit me once during the third week; for, with our small means, we had to keep a sort of balance of visiting, lest one of us should be put to more expense than the others. I did not like to surprise and alarm them by staying away, though I was scarcely fit to go out; for I was greatly shaken, and I felt a nervous tremor in my head, which I could not keep still; a touch of palsy, I suppose, though it was very slight as yet. But I knew I should never hold up my head again steady and firm, as I had been used to do. It was true that I was an aged woman now.

They saw the change the instant I entered the almshouse. Whichever it was, my ashy face and tremulous head, Phœbe's voice failed her as she was about to welcome me gladly and merrily as usual. She ran to me, and put her hands up to my cheeks, looking all the while closely into my face, and then she clasped me in her arms, and sobbed aloud. Cor was there too. It was an unusual thing for Cor to be there, but so it was; and he jumped up hastily from his seat by the fire, and came to my side, supporting us both; for Phœbe was leaning against me, and I was too weak to bear her weight.

"Oh, Margery!" she sobbed. "Margery, whatever is the matter?"

"Nothing, Phœbe," I said; "nothing, Cor—nothing that I can tell. I've been ill all night, and I'm not quite myself to-day. There's nothing the matter with me now."

"There's enough the matter," said Cor, anxiously. "I know what it is. You're fretting yourself to death about your brother; and I can hear nothing of him."

He had placed me in a chair, and I hid my face in my hands, without answering a word. None of them spoke for a minute or two; for it was so rare a thing for me to give way, that at first they could do nothing but look at me and one another.

"Phœbe, my dear," said Mrs. Moss, "you really surprise me, when there are always salts on the mantel-shelf, kept handy, and very strong, for they fetched the tears into my eyes on Sunday; and I knew the clergyman would think it was the sermon, which is not usually my custom, of course; but strong enough to bring Miss Margery to, if you hadn't taken leave of your wits, my dear."

"I'm better now, Mrs. Moss," I said. "Leave me to myself, children, and I shall be all right by tea-time. It's the spring, you know, Cor."

He shook his head, but said nothing, only sat down beside me, with his fingers upon my pulse. I seemed to see the little room quite freshly, as if it was a new place to me. It was crowded with relics of Mrs. Moss's better days. The walls were hung with portraits of her friends, cut in black paper, and pasted on white board. There was one large likeness of herself, which filled up all one side of the window, over the little dresser, where Phœbe was cutting bread and butter. There was a small work-table, with a card-basket on it, and a china cup or two, without handles. There was no doubt at all that they came of a genteel family, though Mrs. Moss was living in an almshouse; and I wondered what she would think of my poor Cor, if Phœbe was willing to become his wife.

Cor had forgotten my pulse in watching Phœbe, just as I had watched her that happy day when Stephen came in so unexpectedly. Why had he come at all, if he did not wish to own me? He might have lived years upon years in London without his path crossing mine; for I should not have known him to be Stephen if I had seen him only for that single moment through the window of his dining-room.

"It's so seldom we have a gentleman with us," said Mrs. Moss, with her best smile, when tea was ready, "that we must make the most of him, Phœbe, my dear, and not quarrel for him, though, of course, he ought to sit next to me, as lady of the house; but then you are going to make tea, and he might be expected to sit next to you and assist. So we will leave him to choose for himself."

Without a word Cor placed his chair next to Phœbe's, who was blushing deeply, as she busied herself in dipping the bottom rims of the cups in some water in the basin. I heard Cor ask why she did it, and she said it was very hot. Even Phœbe seemed nervous this evening, and I could not keep my poor hand steady as I lifted my cup to my lips.

"Why, Phœbe, my dear," cried Mrs. Moss, "whatever makes your face so red to-day! Are you well? I hope you haven't caught any fever or measles, or anything, like your poor dear uncle dying of softness of the brain, with figuring and ciphering before the bank broke for hundreds and thousands of pounds. I must ask Mr. Bell what he thinks of you, I'm sure."

The child's colour only deepened all the time Mrs. Moss was speaking; but Cor did not glance at her. I almost wished he would; for I never saw her look prettier.

"I have some news to tell you, Miss Margery," he said, turning to me as soon as Mrs. Moss ceased speaking.

"Good news, Cor?" I asked.

"I scarcely know yet," he answered. "My last examination is over, and I can practise as a doctor now; only I've got no practice, and not the smallest chance of one. I can go back to the old shop in Whitechapel any day I choose, and it's a living—only a bare living; and when a man is over eight-and-twenty, and cannot see any chance of a home of his own, it's hard lines. Not that I'm grumbling; I'm better off than I had any hope of being; but I've stepped out of my own station into one much higher, and there's always some penalty to pay."

His face was very earnest and grave, but there was a brightness about it I had not seen for many a day.

"Well," he went on, "this morning I received a letter from young Williams, a friend of mine, who is first mate on board a steamer plying between New York and Liverpool. He says he could get me the berth of doctor on board his ship, with a pay of six shillings and sixpence per day, and no expenses except on shore, besides presents from passengers, which are sometimes five pounds in a voyage. You see I should soon save enough money to begin a little home of my own; but I could not decide without asking you, Miss Margery.

"Why! that's grand news, Mr. Bell," said Mrs. Moss, before I could speak, "for a boy as was picked up out of the streets; and it's a great credit to you, and Miss Margery, of course, to see you a real doctor, and no quack, with pills that'll cure everything; only Phœbe sets her face against them, and never lets a box come inside our doors."

"So you are thinking of running away from us, Cor?" I said sadly enough, I know; for my thoughts were full of Stephen.

"I begin to think I cannot leave you, Miss Margery," he answered, his keen eyes fixed upon me. "If anything happened to you whilst I was away it would make me miserable."

"Don't think of that, Cor," I said, "don't think of that. I would not stand in your way for anything; and I long for you to have a home of your own."

"If I only had one!" he exclaimed, sighing deeply, "you would come and live in it, Miss Margery, just as if you were the dear, good mother you've always been to me."

Phoebe's face was turned to him now with a beaming look of pleasure upon it, and Cor smiled one of his old bright, happy smiles.

"I can see it as plain as can be," he said; "a snug little home, all pleasant and sunny throughout, and full of flowers such as you love, and the children playing about you, and calling you auntie. You'd like them to call you auntie, Miss Margery?"

I could not answer him a word for the thought of the children, who would never call me aunt—Stephen's children. My head and my hand trembled more than ever.

"Why! how is this?" he said, very tenderly. "I did not mean to trouble you. I will not leave you, if you are so ill as this. Half my reason for wishing for a home of my own was that you might live in it, and I could take care of you. It would be a poor home for me if you were not in it—you who have made me what I am. If I go away, it will be half for your sake, and one other's."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Moss, "I never did hear anybody speak so prettily out of a book; and it's a thousand pities Miss Margery isn't a few years younger, or you a few years older."

"Oh, aunt!" broke in Phoebe, in a vexed voice, "how can you talk so?"

"Phoebe, my dear," she answered, "it's very strange indeed if your poor aunt, that has been like a mother to you, though she is a widow, cannot open her lips, but you stop me in that rude way of yours, and before Mr. Bell, too, who is a real doctor."

She began to sob, and hid her face in her handkerchief, whilst we tried to talk of something else. But she could not recover her spirits; and by and by I said it was time for me to go home, and, as none of them gainsayed me, I put on my bonnet and cloak, and said good-by. Cor also rose to go away with me.

"Would you like me to walk home with you, Margery?" asked Phoebe, with downcast eyes. "I've had no walk to-day, except to my work, and I should be glad to come with you."

I knew she did not want to be left alone with Mrs. Moss, who was given to harp upon one string, and who would be weeping, and fretting, and bewailing herself from now till bed-time.

"Come, then," I said, "and Cor will see you safe home again." For Cor would be glad enough to do that.

## CHAPTER XVII.

CORNELIUS BELL.

PHŒBE ran on upstairs before us when we reached the house, and lit the candle, holding it over the banisters to light us as we climbed slowly up the long flight. How pretty she looked with the light shining full on her sweet face, with the red lips just parted, and showing her white teeth, and the dark eyes peering down into the shadow for us! Cor's arm trembled, and he stumbled at the next step; but I understood it very well, and said nothing. My room was dreary-looking; for I had not had the heart to set it in order that day, and the fire had gone spark out in the grate, leaving only a handful of cinders. But Phœbe flew round, setting her deft fingers to everything that was out of its place, while Cor kindled the fire again. I think both of them enjoyed it, now and then giving one another a helping hand, and seeming almost like children playing at keeping house. It was a pretty, pleasant sight, and as I sat by looking on at them I almost forgot Stephen and my grievous trouble.

Cor has always said since that he had no thought of what was going to happen after that; that he did not mean to do it, and would rather have done it in another way. When all their work was finished, Phœbe brought her little hassock to the side of my chair, sitting down by me, and laying her head on my lap, as she had been used to do when she was a child, after she had learned her lessons. Cor stood for a minute or two looking at her and at me, and then he knelt down on the other side of me, with his hand very near her bright curls. Her face I could not see, but his was all of a glow, and his eyes shone with hope and anxiety.

"Miss Margery," he cried, the words bursting from his lips as if no power could keep them back, "tell her that our home would be nothing to either of us if she is not there."

I felt Phœbe's fingers tighten over mine, but she did not raise her head, or speak, or stir; and after a moment or two Cor went on more quietly.

"I know I'm not good enough for her," he said. "I haven't a farthing to offer her; and she knows what I am, without friends or relations; alone and poor, with nobody to help me on in life; even without a name—poor Corp'ral Bell, whom you picked up in the streets, when he was graduating for a London rough. I should have been a thief by this time, most likely. No; it's no use thinking any more about her. I must give it up."

How quiet and still the room was when Cor was silent! I was listening for Phœbe to speak or make some sign; but she did neither. She might not have heard what Cor had said. Neither

was it for me to say anything, though I was longing for it to come right, as Cor wished it. They must settle it between themselves these two, whom I loved most in the world; yes, most now, since Stephen had forsaken me.

"I don't say I shall never be happy," said Cor, in a rather dreary voice, as if he felt it was all over, and there was no chance for him. "As soon as I can keep even a poor home, you will come and live with me, Miss Margery; and we shall be very peaceful and happy together after a while. It must be near Liverpool; for I shall come home every few weeks, until I can find a footing on shore somewhere. We shall find work to do there; and we cannot be altogether unhappy while we love God and each other. Sometimes, too, Phœbe will come and see us, because she loves you very dearly, I know; and how welcome she will be in our little home! Promise me, Phœbe, that you will always be friends with Miss Margery and me?"

He touched her head lightly with the tips of his fingers, and Phœbe gave my hand a great squeeze; but she did not answer his question.

"There are many men who can offer her so much more than I can," continued Cor, his voice growing calmer and stronger, "and I wouldn't have her lose one comfort or pleasure for my sake; but there is not one who can love her more than I do."

Then he stopped once more, as if hoping Phœbe would make some sign. The glow had faded away from his face, and it was looking careworn again, as it had done the last few weeks whilst he had been searching for Stephen. My heart ached for him, and I felt a little angry with Phœbe.

"Aren't you going to speak to Cor?" I asked, at last.

"He hasn't said anything to me," she answered. "He's been talking to you, Margery."

That was so like Phœbe's little contradictory ways, I could not help smiling.

"He asked you if you'd promise to be friends always," I said, "and you never spoke."

"Oh yes! I am friends, of course," answered the girl; "and I'm sure I shall never want to quarrel—never, never with you, dear old mother Margery."

That was said so heartily and tenderly, that I could not keep my anger, though I was sorry for Cor. He laid his hand again upon her head; but she may have thought it was I, for she did not stir.

"Phœbe," he said, "will you answer if I speak to you?"

"I'd rather you'd go on talking to Margery," she said.

Another of Phœbe's childish ways, which always melted away like hoar-frost in the sunshine, if you only looked at her with a

smile. . . She could not see Cor's face, for she would not lift up her own; but she could hear how pleading his voice was.

"Phœbe," he said, "you know everything about my life—who I am, and what Miss Margery has done for me—don't you?"

"Yes, everything," murmured Phœbe.

"Does it make you fear that I am not worthy of you?" asked Cor; "that it is enough to prevent you loving me? If you are my friend, tell me the simple truth, Phœbe."

"No," she whispered.

Then Cor's face grew white, like a man who is about to try his last chance.

"Do you love me, Phœbe—yes or no?" he asked.

I think I listened for her answer with almost as much anxiety as he did. There was something painful in his agitation; but Phœbe sat quite still, only giving a little petulant shrug to her shoulders, as she had done at times as a child, when she was in a naughty, rebellious mood. But she could not see how Cor's face was white and worn; and she did not say no.

"Can you love me?" asked Cor again, altering his question, and pressing his hand more strongly upon her head. Still the girl did not speak; but very softly and gently she drew his hand down to her face, and held it there against her lips.

I never felt so strange a throb of passion and tenderness as then. I knew for the first time what love really was. No one like Cor had loved me when I was a girl. True, I had had my chances; but the young men who came after me in the old farmhouse at home had never been in any way like Cor. If I did not say yes to them, there were plenty of girls that would, who would suit them quite as well as I did; and so it had always seemed to me as if I gave them no pain, and did them no harm when I said no. But you could see it in Cor's face, and hear it in his voice, that if Phœbe said no to him it would take all the sunshine out of his life, and leave it as bleak and bare as a winter's day. A film seemed to come clouding over my eyes again, and I leaned my head back in my chair, and their voices sounded low and muffled. I felt as if I must watch over myself, or I might faint away as I did yesterday. It was only yesterday that Stephen had cast me out from him and his house!

I listened to them talking to one another about Cor's plans for the future. Phœbe was ready enough to chatter now, and they made no more of me being present than if I could not hear a word; but both of them had been used to speak to me out of the abundance of their hearts. I knew that the little home Cor had been building as a castle in the air was likely to be real in some years to come, after he had worked and saved with all his might. It was a very pleasant thing to think of, and to plan for.

"I don't know however I shall tell Aunt Moss," said Phœbe with a little laugh.

"You are not ashamed of me?" asked Cor; for it was the weak point with him that he could not think of himself as he was. But then, just of late, he had been back in all the misery and degradation of the alleys and slums, and he could not get it out of his head.

"Ashamed of you!" cried Phœbe. "No, I'm proud of you, and so is Margery. We have always been proud of Cor, haven't we? Dr. Cornelius Bell! That's better than Corp'ral Bell!"

"I'm not Dr. Bell yet," he said; "but if I once get my foot on the ladder, never fear but I'll climb for your sake, Phœbe."

They did not leave me till I reminded them that it was high time to go. The big old silver watch over the mantel-shelf, which Uncle Simister used to call Margery, because it was so steady and regular, showed us it was after ten, though none of us had heard the abbey clock strike the hour. It was my turn now to stand at the top of the stairs, shading the candle from the wind, as I watched them go down hand in hand, like children. I thought of Phœbe's bright young face—and my own, grey, and wan, and sunken, with white hair about it. Was it possible that the girl's face would ever be changed like mine? The same thought seemed to strike Cor as he looked up at me; for he turned quickly to glance at Phœbe, who was smiling and kissing her hand at me. But as she grew old he would grow old at her side; it would not be an old age altogether like mine.

"God bless them both!" I said, going back to my solitary room. But how much more cheery it was again, as if the love and gladness of those two had driven away some of the pain of last night! I was not so cast down. The great sorrow was over, and at once new hopes and new joys were springing up in my path. Cor's simple little home lay before us somewhere in the future, please God. And even if it should please God that I should never cross its door-sill, it would be a home full of faithful and loving memories of me; for if I never entered into it, it would only be because my feet had already passed over the golden threshold of my Father's house.

Yet still the agony had been there in my life, and had become a part of it. Even so Calvary was in the mind of the Lord Christ in the midst of the gladness of his return to his disciples after his resurrection. "Reach hither thy finger," He said, "and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side!" Ah! the marks of the nails and the spear remained there; and the memory of Gethsemane and Calvary is in his heart still, though now He is upon the throne of God. What would his joy have been if He had come unto his own, and his own had received Him!

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

## ROTTEN ROW.

IT was soon all settled that Cor was to leave us, and become a ship's doctor, crossing the stormy sea to and fro in all kinds of weather, whilst Phœbe and I at home watched the clouds and the winds, and often trembled for his safety. There was a good deal for us to do to get him ready to start; for he was going to be with rich people as well as poor, and he must look like a gentleman. But it was a poor outfit, after all our pains, though I pawned the old watch Margery, without telling Cor, and bought some linen with the money, that he might be something like the grand folk who might be crossing the sea to America. Phœbe made some collars, and hemmed and marked some pocket-handkerchiefs, sometimes singing over them and sometimes sighing; for the child's heart was divided between joy and sorrow.

June was half over before Cor left London, and the last evening he came to see me alone. He had been giving me some medicine, and been looking after me as my doctor. That night his face was anxious again, and his manner full of care for me.

"Miss Margery," he said, "you cannot get over that trouble."

No; my head was palsied a little, and never would be quite still again; and my hands, especially my lame hand, were nerveless and feeble. The strength I had lost in Stephen's house would never be mine again, until I became young once more, after drinking of the river of life where it flows out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

"You keep fretting about your brother," continued Cor, hesitatingly; "you cannot shake off your dread of some evil having befallen him?"

For I had kept my secret, and never said a word about Stephen since that day. How could I tell any one but God what had passed between us?

"I scarcely know whether I ought to tell you," said Cor, taking my shaking hand between both of his. "It will give you pain—great pain; but it will set your mind at ease upon that point."

"Tell me, Cor," I said, eager to hear all he had to say.

"Why, your brother Stephen is alive and well," he answered; "but he's unworthy of the name of brother. I've seen him and spoken to him. There, keep yourself calm, Miss Margery, or I'll tell you no more."

"Tell me everything," I said.

"I was going along Whitechapel," he went on, "and I saw a bill, posted up by the Emigration Society, announcing a lecture upon the Australian colonies by Stephen Bede, Esq., of Talbot Downs,

Melbourne. The chair to be taken by Sir Francis Pembridge, M.P. Stephen Bede! I thought, that's Miss Margery's brother, though the name was spelt Bede, not Beade. It was very near the time of the lecture, and I went straight on to the place. He was like you, Miss Margery, tall, and very upright, with hair like yours used to be, and he brought you back to my mind as I saw you first on Pilgrim Street. His voice sounded like yours too. The lecture was a very good one. He said once that he had been very prosperous, though he had gone out with few means, or else I might have thought he was perhaps getting his living by lecturing; though he did not look like it. He looked as if he had come there as a favour, and they thanked him for his lecture, as if he was not paid for it.

Cor paused, and sat still, pondering it over in his mind, as if he did not know in what words to tell me the rest.

"Go on," I said; "tell me everything."

"I think that's best," he answered, "though I hardly know how to do it. When the lecture was finished, I went up to the platform sharply. Mr. Bede was shaking hands, and talking with some gentlemen, Sir Francis Pembridge amongst them. I stepped on boldly, though they stared hard at me, and I said, 'Are you Stephen Bede, who went out to Australia when you were a boy of sixteen?' 'Yes, I was about that age,' he said. 'Have you a sister Margery?' I asked. 'I've no sister at all,' he answered; but he looked taken by surprise and confused. 'Bede is not a common name,' I said; 'and I know a Miss Margery Bede, who had a brother Stephen, and he went out to Australia when he was sixteen.' 'I know nothing of such a person, my good fellow,' he said impatiently. 'Australia is a large place, pretty nearly as large as Europe; and I may have a namesake there for all I can tell; but I know nothing about him, or his sister Margery.' Yet I am certain it was your brother Stephen."

"Yes, Cor, it was Stephen," I said.

"He did not stay to say any more," continued Cor, "but just turned on his heel and walked off with Sir Francis Pembridge. There was a handsome carriage and pair waiting in the street, and they got in, and he called out, 'Home!' to the coachman. He must have come home a rich man, Miss Margery."

I did not say anything, for I had resolved to keep my secret about Stephen. Cor watched me steadily, and was relieved to see how calm I was. For I was calm; it seemed to have happened so long ago, and such a profound peace had come to my soul since I had forgiven Stephen, and prayed for him. Cor's story did not disturb me. I almost wished at times that that much of my trial, the palsy in my head, might be taken away; yet it was but a thorn in the flesh, not a messenger of Satan to buffet me; and if my Lord could keep the marks of the nails in his blessed hands, why should

I not bear this slight thing, till my head lay at rest on its last pillow? "Miss Margery," said Cor, in a persuading tone, "promise me only one thing."

"Anything, Cor," I answered.

"Now it is summer," he said, "the streets will be too hot and sultry for you. You are much feebler than last year, and you want fresher air; promise me you will spend most of every day out of doors in the park, instead of going about the close alleys and courts. We want you to live many years yet, and you must not throw away your health; promise me this." After some hesitation I did promise it, for just then I felt as if I could not bear any longer to see the great mass of sickness, and pain, and poverty that lies hidden in the back streets of London; especially now that I could not lend a helping hand to any one. So after Cor was gone—Phoebe, and Mrs. Moss, and me going with him to the station, and watching the train that was carrying him away, whilst he leaned through the carriage window to see the last of us, until a curve in the line took him out of our sight—after he was gone I fell into the way of spending the most part of the hot summer days under the trees in the parks.

It was like going into a foreign country, and seeing foreign ways; sometimes I could hardly believe I was still in London, where I had lived about twenty years by this time, only I had been chiefly among poor people, and I had seen but little of those who were very rich, and grand, and fashionable. Now that I was set aside from the hard, real work of life, simply looking on, I used to wonder if it was true all that was going on in the narrow, dirty, crowded alleys I knew so well. The rich and grand folks, gorgeously dressed, would pass by in a long procession, which had no break in it, till my brain whirled with the mere sight of it. There they were, in all the pomp and splendour of great wealth, hundreds after hundreds, and thousands after thousands, with dresses whose cost would have fed and clothed many a poor child for years. The horses, beautiful creatures, with skins as shiny and smooth as satin, were cared for after a fashion that would have saved the lives of hundreds of our fellow men and women. But it was another country altogether, and a foreign people; with a sea deeper than the ocean rolling between them and the unknown regions of London. What could they know of the noisome fever, and grinding poverty, and brute ignorance worse than either, always skulking about the streets within a few minutes walk of their grand mansions? I was as sad at heart here as ever I had been in the worst alley in London. The bravery of their ornaments made me mourn the more for the grinding of the faces of the poor. When the Lord saw the city, He wept over it; not over the publicans, and the harlots, and the sinners only, but over all! "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace!" Thou! To each one of us

separately, as well as to all the great city in itself. And how many of these, any more than the drunkards and thieves of the streets, knew the things which belong to their peace?

Yet some knew peace, no doubt. The Lord had disciples even in the city He wept over. I tried to find them out by their faces; for the servants of God are sealed in the forehead, though the mark is plain only to the eyes of the angels. Now and then I fancied I saw a face shine with it; and the mere sight of such a face, in a gay and splendid crowd like that, filled me with gladness.

One day I saw a fair, noble, simple-looking girl ride past me, on a beautiful horse, and her face had something familiar about it, which made me look at her the more earnestly. But I did not know who she was until a gentleman rode up to her side. That was Stephen!

I looked out for Stephen and his daughter many times after that, and saw them often. Generally there was a young man riding with them, with a frank, open face, that pleased me well. But how far away they were from me! They belonged to this foreign people and this other country, and could know nothing of my country and my people. I saw how almost impossible it must be for Stephen to stoop down to take my hand in the face of all his world, and say, "This is my sister." Yet there is one higher than the highest, who is not ashamed to call the lowest his brother.

I saw Stephen's other children also, for my heart hungered for the sight of them, and I began to seek those places in the parks where I was most likely to see them. There was the young girl Maggie, and two little children just learning to walk and play about by themselves. How my heart leaped at the thought of them playing about my knees, and talking their pleasant prattle in my ears! But that could never be. I might watch them, and follow them at a distance, wondering at the hard, careless ways of their hired nurses; but I could not take them in my arms, as my Lord was wont to take little children. A great gulf separated me from them all; me, a poor, shabby almswoman, with a black dress brown and rusty with long wear, and these rich, gay young children, my nephews and nieces.

One evening, when Phœbe was sitting beside me in the park, we saw Stephen's eldest daughter coming towards us, with the same young gentleman I had noticed with her before. She was tall, and held her head well up, and trod with a stately, quiet grace. Phœbe's eyes were fastened upon her, and they passed us so closely that her rustling silk dress swept against mine.

"I like that girl!" said Phœbe.

So did I; I loved her, and longed to speak to her only once, and hear her voice.

"She made me think," said Phœbe, in a quiet voice, "of the young ruler who came to Christ."

"Why?" I asked.

"You remember the words?" she answered. "'Then Jesus beholding him, loved him.' I don't think there are many people here whom He would love when He saw them. He would not like the faces of most of these people about us, would He, Margery? but I think He would like hers."

I liked those words of Phœbe's, and treasured them up in my mind. But as the summer passed on Stephen and his eldest daughter disappeared; only the younger ones and their nurses were left in town, and I saw them almost every day in the park.

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### THE VOICE OF JESUS.

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"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon my breast."  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary and worn and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold I freely give  
 The living water: thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 'Till trav'ling days are done.

—Bonar.

## CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE.

IF Christianity be a life and not a theory, a living power and not an empty form, is it not time that its power should be more fully manifested and more widely felt? To-day with many men, the Gospel is a side issue, and the service of God is a mere byplay, instead of being the main business of an active earnest life.

A man puts ten cents, or ten dollars if he is very liberal, into the contribution box or on a subscription list for the work of God, and dismisses the subject without further care, hoping that it may do a little good, but if not, it is no great loss. That same man puts ten thousand dollars of his spare money into a railroad, a manufactory, a vessel, a hotel, or some other business operation, and then he alone or with his associates, watches the investment night and day, nurses it, shapes everything with reference to its interests, heads off rival enterprises, distances competitors, circumvents adversaries, fosters his own undertaking, rakes in his dividends, enlarges his operations, and by and by takes a fresh start in another direction, risks every dollar he is worth, perhaps loses, alights on his feet, and bounds off again in the race; or if more cautious, he settles a competence upon his family, or "salts down" a snug fortune where it will be safe, and then gathers up his resources and throws the surplus of his fortune into some new enterprise which promises public advantage or private emolument, and so drives onward till his race is run.

This men call enterprise, and they approve it; and ten thousand active, earnest, whole-souled men are engaged in this kind of work to-day; and ten thousand more are looking on, and waiting, watching for a chance to "pitch in." And this notwithstanding the experience of the vast majority is ultimately an experience of disaster, ruin, and defeat; and the most successful are obliged to leave their gains at the gate of death, to be possessed, used, and squandered by friends, or strangers, or even enemies who rejoice when they are gone, and fatten upon their spoils.

Now, why should not some of these Christian men who witness or participate in this mad struggle for wealth, turn their attention to the work and cause of God, and invest their thousands and hundreds of thousands in such a work as that? If they did business for themselves as they do for the Lord, they would be bankrupt in six months; and if they pushed the Lord's work as they do their own, it would soon exhibit grand results.

During four months in the spring and summer of 1875, nearly thirty thousand pounds, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were collected and expended in London in carrying on special religious services. Immense halls were built, theatres were hired, advertisements and posters were scattered by millions, and as a result,

hundreds of thousands heard the word of life, and thousands of souls were hopefully converted to God. The money was given freely, and in all sorts of sums, from pence to hundreds of pounds. That looked like business; and yet are there not hundreds of Christian men, any one of whom could have borne the entire expense of that London campaign, and that without the loss of one comfort or the sacrifice of one reasonable enjoyment? Are there not thousands of Christian men who have lost more money than that by some ill-planned adventure, or disastrous speculation? Are there not hundreds who will lose as much money as that hereafter, and who will lament that they had not put their wealth to better and more profitable uses?

Christian men, why not do business for God? Why not have enterprise in His work? Why not risk one or five, or fifty thousand dollars in the work of saving men? Why not seek out, not only the inventors, and projectors, and schemers of the day for consultation, but the men who hazard their lives for the gospel, and whose trumpet-voices are calling a lost world to Christ? Why not say, I have twenty thousand dollars I want to spend for God this year,—not in bricks and mortar, nor in pomp and show; not on dead institution fossilised officials; but in earnest work, done by earnest men and women, who will work if they have no money, but who will do more work if they can have funds to aid them? Why not call in,—not the seedy, religious dead-beats who cannot dig but are not ashamed to beg, but genuine, active, God-fearing men and women, who know what it is to labour themselves and sacrifice for Christ and for humanity, and with their help plan a campaign and organise a warfare that will tell in glorious victories for time and eternity? Why not put your experience, and brains, and business tact into such a work, and brush aside the red tape of ecclesiastical inefficiency, to make room for Christian enterprise and business-like faith in God.

And while some men could plan and support such a campaign alone, others could do it by combining in blessed partnerships of twos or threes, and others still on a smaller scale could use their money for God and his cause; and even poor widows could bring their mites, even all their living, and perchance He that sits over against the treasury and weighs and watches every gift, might say of such an one, "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all."  
—*The Christian*.

IT is a great comfort to faithful ministers, to think that Jesus Christ is mightier than they; and that he can do that *for* them, and that *by* them, which they cannot do;—that his strength is perfected in their weakness.

THE work of the ministry is so great and awful, that it is fit to be entered upon by steps and gradual advances.

## TEMPERANCE REVIEW.

THE Hon. A. McKenzie, Premier, startled the country when he told the temperance deputation last winter, that the consumption of liquors was on the increase in Canada. On a careful examination of the statistics in the public accounts, it was found that the statement was founded on fact. Respecting spirits there has been an increase in all the provinces; in the item of beer an increase in Ontario and Quebec, a slight decrease in Nova Scotia, and no change in New Brunswick, while in the item of wine there is an increase in all the provinces except Nova Scotia. This latter province may therefore claim to be the most temperate in the Dominion, and New Brunswick stands second. Ontario shows a sad record indeed in all three items, but the *Globe* suggests that the increased consumption may be due to the greater purchasing power of the people, on account of general material prosperity, while the number of drinkers may not be any larger in proportion to the augmented population. In the consumption of wine it is noteworthy that the province of Quebec is far ahead of all the others, its people consuming *per capita* about five times as much as those of Ontario. As the French Canadian *habitants* are generally too poor to afford wine, the consumption must be almost entirely in the wealthy cities of Montreal and Quebec, and among the Roman Catholic clergy of the province, who furnish very few cases of total abstinence. On the whole the exhibit does not afford temperance men any ground for discouragement. It is to be observed that the temperance propaganda during late years has been directed towards the political end of prohibition, rather than as in former years to preaching and teaching total abstinence, and there is no doubt that, on the broad question of the expediency and desirableness of prohibition as a national measure, the public mind is very far in advance of the position it occupied a score of years ago.

Temperance people have often been blamed, very unjustly we think, for the limited extent to which the Dunkin Bill has been enforced, but we are gratified at the recent victories achieved in this respect. Mississiquoi county, in Quebec, has adopted the law by a sweeping majority. A neighbouring county intends to follow suit. Lennox and Addington and Prince Edward counties in Ontario, have declared in its favour by a large number of votes. The township of Chatham and that of St. Lambert have also adopted the measure. The question asked by some now is, how will the travelling community be accommodated, but no doubt the demand will soon regulate the supply. We are glad to hear that in Prince Edward county, some of the hotel-keepers have resolved to keep their houses open as before, minus the liquor.

The Provincial Legislature of New Brunswick has decided that groceries and liquors shall not be sold in the same shop, and it is stated that a test case is to be prepared for decision as to whether or not the law is constitutional. If the Legislature has power to regulate the selling at all, there can hardly be much doubt but that it can regulate the conditions and uses of the building in which it can be sold, however embarrassing the regulations may prove to grocers, who may have to make a choice between what should

be their chief business and the liquor trade, or to their respectable customers, who might not like to be seen much around a grog shop, but have not the same objection to an intemperance grocery.

In Halifax, N.S., the licenses have been cut down from 210 to 100, while in Montreal, P.Q., the number of licenses is actually increased 46. Last year the Government limited the number, but this year the commissioners were allowed to use their discretion, with the above lamentable result.

It would be well if temperance people would try their strength in other counties in respect to the Dunkin Bill, and no doubt, by a vigorous effort, they could in many instances carry the day. It must never be forgotten that every county thus secured is a powerful argument for prohibition. In all temperance lodges and divisions, we would strongly urge that means be adopted to create a healthy public opinion in favour of the Dunkin Bill, so that when it is enacted there may be a greater probability of its being enforced. This should be done rather than having so many exhibitions and dramatic entertainments which have a tendency to beget a liking for the theatre, which is a hot-bed of corruption rather than a school of morals. Recently Cardinal Manning, when speaking at a temperance meeting in London, denounced all establishments for dramatic performances, "from the costly performances of the rich to the penny gaff of the poor," as one vast scale of corruption, and strongly advised all his hearers "never, on any account, to set their feet in one of them."

The new bill adopted by the Ontario Legislature, which came into force on May 1st, has created no small stir among the army of liquor sellers, and we understand that the Victuallers' Association has employed eminent counsel to test the legality of the bill before the Superior Court. This will not alarm temperance men, as we shall thereby be sure to get a legal opinion as to how far each provincial legislature can act in respect to prohibition. Loud complaints have been made in those places where the number of licenses has been reduced, and attempts have been made to convey the idea that the commissioners have not acted as impartially as they should have done. Such as have been refused license are sure to complain. We are glad that the number of such houses as retail intoxicating liquors has been so much reduced. We would be glad to have all shop licenses cut off, and we trust that our temperance friends will seek to accomplish this at the next-session of Parliament.

Some journals have advocated that compensation should be given to those whose licenses have been withheld, but no doubt the commissioners had good reasons for acting as they did, and so far from awarding compensation to those who can no longer deal out their "liquid fire and distilled damnation," the commissioners have really conferred a benefit upon them. One of these at least should be thankful, as it is stated that he is an old man and has kept a tavern for *seventy* years, and yet he is not content, but desired to have continued in "the traffic" a little longer. Surely his account at the bar of God of seventy years demoralisation will be dark enough, and he ought to rejoice that a little space is given him for repentance. All lovers of their country should do their utmost to encourage the commissioners in their work of restricting "the traffic," to the utmost limits allowed by law; and as the number of licenses may be still further reduced in future years, there is good

reason to believe that those engaged in "the traffic" will do their utmost to keep within the limits of the law.

Temperance reformers have not by any means arrived at that stage where "they may rest and be thankful." The evils of "the traffic" are becoming more and more manifest as years roll on. The sad case of murder at Peterborough, perpetrated by a man said to have been a respectable citizen; and the fearful case of butchery by McEwen, in Toronto; and the suicide of a woman in Hamilton, and other sad cases, are sufficient to excite our disgust, and prompt the question, "How long! O Lord, how long?"

The *Victoria Colonist* publishes the following, which will apply to other places beside the one referred to: "The whisky saloon is a hell-house. Why does the law permit the owner of the shop to demoralise simple savage maidens by inducing crowds of them to appear as decoy ducks at the bar? The law should allow no man who sells intoxicating liquors to sell flash calicoes and gaudy ribbons; his liquor license should be taken away if he permitted an Indian woman into his whiskey shop or any portion of such establishment. If a man robs another of his purse, the law will punish him; if a man robs a simple Indian woman of her senses, then of her chastity, and then makes a public strumpet of her, what does the law do? Nothing."

The connection between drink and crime has been established again and again, but still there are those who refuse to see the connection. Mr. W. Hoyle, of Manchester, who is an able and sound statistician, has lately published a valuable work on "Crime in England and Wales in the Nineteenth Century," which deserves the careful study of all reformers. In this work he shows that during the present century crime has increased and is increasing, notwithstanding the expansion of trade and higher rate of wages, the diminution of the hours of labour and improved dwellings and sanitary arrangements, the extension of the suffrage, the spread of education and a cheap literature, the operation of reformatories and industrial schools, and the influence of a large body of police on the repression of crime. The author next inquires how this increase of crime comes about. To answer this question he consults Government blue-books and other authorities of the highest class. The result is that he finds that between 1860 and 1874, while the population increased 18 per cent., the cases of simple drunkenness and of being drunk and disorderly increased 110 per cent. In forty years the number of places for the sale of intoxicating liquors has increased from 50,442 to 135,720, and these feeders of drunkenness have produced their natural effects. Not less remarkable are the results of the comparison between the populations of London and Lancashire. The latter county has a population of 2,822,495, while London, within the metropolitan police district, has a population of 3,885,641. London has 10,750 police, and 9,709 public houses; 104,646 persons were brought before the magistrates, and there were 741 known thieves. Lancashire has 3,685 police; its licensed houses are 16,272; the number of persons brought before the magistrates were 140,292; and there were 1,113 known thieves. It appears, therefore, that though the police are thrice as numerous in London as in Lancashire, the number of persons brought before the magistrates is 34 per cent. greater, and the number of known thieves is 50 per cent. greater in Lancashire than in London. The author traces this anomaly to the fact that there are 67 per

cent. more licensed houses in Lancashire than in the metropolis. Also the grosser crimes of personal violence are 71 per cent. higher in Lancashire than in London. More than a score of her Majesty's judges have in their charges to the juries attributed this increase of crime to intemperance. Forty years ago there was a public house to every 270 persons; now, to every 149 persons, or one to every 30 houses throughout the country. From the beginning of 1869 to the end of 1874, the sum spent in drink was £763,587,064, or £40,000,000 more than would pay off the national debt. The losses resulting from intemperance are considered equal to the money actually spent; and if this be so, the annual cost of intemperance is £280,000,000. In the light of such statements it need not create surprise if the English workmen should be deteriorating. For some time past there has been a growing conviction in the public mind that before long the Government will be obliged to take some action in this matter, and that the number of licensed houses will have to be considerably reduced.

There are places where drink is not sold, and there crime is all but unknown. No liquor is sold in Vineland, New Jersey, U.S., a town of 10,000 people, and the account stands thus: Almost nothing paid for relief of the poor; one indictment for a trifling case of battery during the year; one house burned in a year; yearly police expenses, \$75. There is a New England town with 9,500 inhabitants, with 40 liquor shops, and it kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, and six policemen; it costs over \$3,000 a year for a fire department; support of the poor, \$2,500; debt of the township, \$120,000. In one of our Canadian towns of similar size will be found nearly as many saloons, hotels, and liquor shops, with abundance of crime and a costly police department.

There are 1,000 parishes within the provinces of Canterbury, England, in which there is not a single public house, and there are at least 700 in Scotland which enjoy the same boon. The following are some of the testimonies respecting the advantage of the exclusion in Canterbury. One clergyman says: "We have not a single drunkard in the parish." Another says: "The constable's office is a sinecure, and a drunken man a very rare sight." A third says: "The public house was done away with eleven years since, shortly before I became incumbent. I am assured that when there was such a house, it was the occasion of riot, intemperance and disorder, and of much poverty and distress."

Boston, Mass., is a large city which has sometimes been under the direction of a council that was elected by the rum power, and then again by a council elected by the temperance party, and the following is the result: "The commitments to prison while license prevailed were 322 per year; but under four years prohibition, during one of which there was no law against the sale of beer, the average commitments were only 182, so that license laws caused nearly twice as many imprisonments in three years as four years prohibition."

A minister in Nova Scotia, writing to his friends in England, says, "Berwick is in King's County, N.S. which is about forty miles in length by twenty in width, and in the whole of the district there is not one licensed house. There are those who sell liquors, but they are liable to a heavy fine. We have no police, no jail or workhouse, and I have not seen a drunken man since I came to the place."

Being fully convinced of the connection between drink and crime, we behold with pleasure the adoption of any measures which in the least curtail the drink power. The temperance friends in Ireland are very hopeful that they will be able at the next session of the English Parliament to secure the adoption of a law which will close all public houses in the "Emerald Isle" on the Lord's day. We pray that they may succeed.

The fact that England, which is the most foremost nation in the world in all philanthropic movements, derives much of its revenue from the license of intoxicating drinks, must we think seem very anomalous to those nations which are reclaimed from barbarism mainly through English missionaries. Some of these very nations afterwards set an example which the mother country would do well to imitate.

Here is an excerpt from Madagascar which the rulers of Britain and her colonies would do well to imitate. "The Government of Madagascar is compelled by treaty stipulations to admit French spirits; but since the Queen renounced idolatry, six years ago, it levies its duties in kind on those imports, and then publicly destroys this tenth part by emptying the barrels into the ocean." The *Congregationalist* well says that here, certainly, is a conscience that would do honour to a Christian government anywhere.

The poor drunkard deserves our pity. The celebrated Thomas Carlyle is somewhat sarcastic when he writes thus: "No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! But does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy wet—this can and does. Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this sour dish of liquor. And thou protest of thy 'liberty,' thou entire blockhead."

How true are the words of Chaucer:

"Wine and drunkenness  
 Is full of striving and of wretchedness.  
 O drunken man, disfigured is thy face;  
 Sour is thy breath, foul art thou to embrace.  
 But hearken, lordlings, one word I you pray  
 That all the sovereign acts, dare I say,  
 Of victories in the Old Testament,  
 Through very God that is omnipotent,  
 Were done in abstinence and in prayer:  
 Look into the Bible, and there ye may it learn."

The sentiments enunciated by S. D. Waddy, Esq., Queen's Counsel (son of Rev. S. D. Waddy, D.D., the eminent Wesleyan minister), when speaking at a temperance meeting, ought to be carefully pondered. He says: "I want you to look at the question of protection from the other point of view for a moment. Is there no protection due for anybody else? Is all the protection one-sided? Is there to be no protection vouchsafed by a kind and paternal Government to those people whose own strength of mind may not be sufficient for the purpose of keeping them from evil when they themselves are willing that that protection shall be afforded them? Is there to be no protection for a man who is prepared to say: 'I know my weakness is destroying me, and I pray you to preserve me from it; I pray you to help me in the effort I am making to leave those paths in which I have hitherto walked, in order that I might become a useful and respected citizen. I pray you to help me, and

not scatter all around me the temptations which shall lead me down to bitterer darkness and woe.' Is there to be no protection for a man under these circumstances? Let us go farther. Is there to be no protection for that man's wife? Is there to be no protection for that man's babies? Have they done harm? Have they sinned? Is it their fault that their father is a drunkard; that the weekly earnings are, by means of these temptations which you scatter around him, wasted, and that they starve and die at home? Is there to be no protection for them? If we are to have protection, to whom will you give it—to the gin-palace, or to the poor starving babe? I am prepared to go further still, and I will ask, is there to be no protection for other people? Are they to be everlastingly offended and outraged with the blasphemy and filth that is turned out of these public houses? Is there to be no protection for decent folks who do not seek to go where these places are, and then have them planted at their very doors? Is there to be no protection for us? I claim that there should be."

#### RANSOM FROM RUM'S REVENUE.

BY REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

Dear people all, what must we do  
To cut off red Rum's revenue?  
A dragon in our land appears,  
O'er bleeding hosts we shed our tears;  
But if the monster is to die,  
We must resolve on victory!

By George, in former days, 'tis said  
A dragon soon was smitten dead!  
But now men wink amid the slain,  
And sell good lives for paltry gain,  
Rum's dragon foul, protected lives  
By the blood-revenue he gives.

While many trim, good people rise  
With vengeance flashing in your eyes,  
Our country has no sure defence  
Until we sweep the monster thence,  
Rise! all as one, your foe pursue,  
And strike to death Rum's revenue!

How long shall this red dragon stay  
The glory of a better day?  
No George comes forth to strike the blow:  
Then let the people lay him low!  
Aim at the heart, and strike him through,  
This cursed red Rum revenue!

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Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii. 29-32.

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

## MISSIONS--THEN AND NOW.

**I**N 1789, at a meeting of Baptist Ministers in Northampton, Mr. Ryland, senr., called on the young men around him to propose a topic for discussion, on which Mr. Carey rose and proposed for consideration, "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel among the heathen nations." The venerable divine received the proposal with astonishment, and springing on his feet, denounced the proposition with a frown, and thundered out, "Young man, sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine."

Seven years after the above a proposition was made in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to establish a foreign mission. It was treated not only as an unnatural, but a revolutionary design. A minister named Hamilton asserted that, "To spread abroad the knowledge of the gospel among barbarous heathen nations, seemed to him highly preposterous, inasmuch as it anticipates, nay, reverses the order of nature." Men must be polished and refined before they can be properly enlightened in religious truth! Several other ministers coincided with these views, and recommended that the General Assembly give the overtures asking for the establishment of foreign missions its most "serious disapprobation, and its immediate and most decisive opposition."

In 1812, the India Government ordered two missionaries to be expelled the country, and then all others brought to their notice, excepting those at Serampore. Messrs. Judson and Newell having reached Calcutta, were soon followed by six others, three of whom were British subjects, and three Americans. Of the five Americans three were forthwith expelled the country; two of these escaped to Bombay, but were followed by an order for their deportation to England. One of the three English missionaries was sent back to England, at an expense to the mission of two thousand dollars.

According to a recent report in the Journal of Evangelical Missions, there are in the world about 1,559 stations, and 2,132 missionaries. England leads with over 1,000 workers, Germany and Switzerland with 500, America with 400, Holland with 43, France with 22, and the Scandinavian North with 45. England spends the most money in the cause, America comes next, then Germany, Holland, France, &c. According to this report there are in Asia 449,170 converts, over 20,000 in China, and 25,614 in Turkey and Egypt; Africa counts a large number of converts on account of the great numbers now to be found in Madagascar, where there are 283,204, according to the statistics; South Africa numbers over 124,200, while there are about 65,000 in West Africa. In America the West Indian missions are given at about 308,206 converts, while 47,723 are put down for North America.

At no time has the work been more prosperous than at present. Never before have heathen men and women been more willing to listen to the preaching of the gospel, and everywhere the preaching is accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost. At the full tide of success the work is checked by a decrease in the income for its support.

"Circumnavigate the ball,  
Visit every soil and sea;  
Preach the cross of Christ to all,  
Jesus' love is full and free."

## BRAZIL.

The emperor is visiting America and other foreign lands. Christians should pray that his visit may be the means of causing him to grant greater religious liberty to his subjects. As a Roman Catholic, he has long been regarded as somewhat tolerant, and while he was staying at New York, he went one Sabbath evening to hear Moody and Sankey. Some time ago, certain bishops in Brazil set the laws at defiance, but the Emperor, like Bismarck, ordered them to prison. The Jesuits, however, instigated the Emperor's daughter to vow that she would perform the most humiliating penances until they were pardoned, and accordingly she began to sprinkle and sweep all the churches in the neighbourhood. Her mortified father's heart was so touched that he relented and released the law-defying bishops. During the Emperor's tour the country will be in the hands of this daughter, who will control affairs as the Jesuits please.

The truth, however, spreads. At Atri, the headquarters of the Jesuits, a tailor began to read the Bible, and a padre took it from him and burned it. The tailor bought a Testament, and while one day reading it, the padre came upon him and demanded the book. The tailor answered, "First, I want you to tell me, are these words truly of Christ, 'I am the way, the truth and the life?'" "Yes, I suppose they are." "Then, thank you; I'll keep the book and dispense with your mediation. Good day!"

Not many months since a man rode on horseback from the extreme western borders of the Province of Minas Geraes to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of eight hundred miles, to connect himself with a church there that he heard was founded on Bible principles, having come to the conclusion, from reading the Scriptures, that the Roman Catholic Church, the only one about which he had any previous knowledge, had no such foundation. About the same time a messenger arrived at San Pavlo from a town in the remote province of Rio Grand de Sul, to ask that a Protestant missionary might go there and organise a body of forty or more persons into a church on Bible principles, the reading of the Scriptures having had the same effect as in the previous instance.

Rev. A. L. Blackwood, of the Presbyterian Mission to Brazil, says deliberately, out of a steady conviction arising from his fourteen years experience, that "if the Church of Christ will furnish the necessary men and means, in ten years Brazil may be converted to Christ, and in less than twenty years will cease to be a foreign missionary field."

## MEXICO.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, who took the place of the murdered Stephens, were in great perils during their six days journey by diligence from the city of Mexico to Guadalajara. At one place the coach was stopped by revolutionists, the names of the passengers were demanded and three of them were shot. Mr. Edwards feels much encouraged, though there is much persecution to endure. In the city and neighbouring villages the gospel truth excites earnest attention. Meetings are full, sacrifices are freely made for the new faith, books eagerly read, and enthusiastic workers raised up.

A missionary of the American Board writes: "I see you have ordered twice the number of books asked for. It is not one-tenth the number we

need, but it would be like imposing upon you to ask for more just now. Yet it is our duty to let you know how things stand. We have not a single Bible on hand ; we need at once a thousand Bibles ; there is a demand for them. Please send as many as you can at once."

At a later date another missionary writes: "We had a thanksgiving meeting for the Bible. To know how these people appreciate such a gift one could have needed only to be here then. He would have found the meeting room crowded, and many a heart overflowing with praise to the Lord. From what was then said, one could infer that the Bible has been the means, under the blessing of the Spirit of God, of changing many a heart, pacifying many a conscience, and establishing happiness in many a family. Some of its readers are still troubled by their families and relatives. When they are anxious to peruse its pages and drink its sweet words, they have to seek a secluded spot, or a circle of friends who value and read it like themselves. The word, however, is gone out ; it will not return void ; knees bow to the Lord, and tongues confess Him."

"The Church of Jesus," which was begun in 1869, has about sixty congregations, several schools, an orphanage, and a printing press. Two bishops have been consecrated by the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, one of whom is the Rev. H. E. Riley, who was the first missionary sent to Mexico.

Great changes have taken place in a few years. In 1854 the city of Mexico alone contained twenty-nine religious houses, with about 500 monks and nuns. All the religious orders have now been abolished, and the extensive buildings which formerly belonged to them are used as barracks, schools, &c. Some of them are magnificent specimens of architecture, and the scholar especially may congratulate themselves on the spacious quarters which have been assigned to them in the finest monasteries of the country. They have large halls for lectures, court-yards surrounded by galleries, gardens and fountains. The Palace of the Inquisition, which is one of the finest buildings in the town, is now occupied by the Medical School, a magnificent convent by the Law School, and the large Jesuit monastery, or San Ildefonso, by the so-called *Escuela Preparatoria*, or Training School. Several of the churches are used for Protestant services, and some are already falling into ruin.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, both North and South, have missions in Mexico, the former under the superintendence of Rev. W. Butler, D.D., who was also the founder of the missions of that denomination in India. Dr. Butler's mission in Mexico has been eminently successful ; \$63,500 worth of property have been secured. There are three churches, four parsonages, thirteen preaching places, eight Spanish preachers, four missionaries, eleven local preachers, three of whom preach in Spanish. There is also an orphan school, and a hand printing press. Of the latter Dr. Butler writes, "Our joy was great when it came to hand. In three days we had it unpacked and at work." The first words that were printed was the 14th verse of the 2nd chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke : "Gloria en las alturas a Dios ; y en la tierra pas, buena voluntad para con los hombres."

This iron missionary will do more for God and Methodism in the days to come than any two men who can be sent out. Dr. Butler is much encouraged, though the difficulties which surround them are great. He thinks that

the surest way to promote Protestantism is to avoid all bitterness and theological discussions, and simply preach the gospel. The result has been most gratifying. He urges also the education of a native ministry, and has laid the foundation for a theological seminary which may in time become a power for good in that benighted land.

#### LIVINGSTONIA.

Since the death of Dr. Livingstone there has been continued and increasing interest felt by Christians of Great Britain in missionary work in Africa. The Free Church Mission called Livingstonia is at the southern end of Lake Nyassa. The commencement has been all that could be desired. Mr. Young, who is in charge, says: "I think the whole affair is a great success, and the prospects for the future seem as hopeful as the past has been prosperous. There is not a single native we have met with, but is rejoiced to see us. We are a wonder and astonishment to all the Arabs and natives. The former shake their heads, no doubt, fearing that their game is up. While on the lake I came up with one of the slave dhows (boats), but she was empty: she was on her way for a cargo. *Before we got near her she lowered her sail, and the master, who hailed from Zanzibar, at once said in broken English, 'Me no got slaves in!'*" These sentences are surely significant. The people for whose benefit the mission has been commenced have given it a hearty welcome and the slave-dealers are alarmed.

The Church Missionary Society is about to occupy Karagné and Uganda on the Victoria Nyanza. A gentleman has given \$25,000 as the nucleus of a fund to defray the necessary expenses. Three missionaries are already on their way to take possession of the field.

The London Missionary Society, in whose service it will be remembered Dr. Livingstone began his career as a missionary, are about to establish a mission at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. This lake is three hundred miles in length, and twenty in breadth. There is a multitude of people within easy access. Ujiji is peculiarly connected with Livingstone. His headquarters, during all his last expeditions, were here. Here also in the hour of his wants and his distress, in God's loving providence, exactly at the right moment, he was found by Stanley; here his work and life were once made known to the world, which was watching intently for him. The gentleman who so generously contributed to the commencement of the Church Mission, is the same who devoted a like sum to the London Missionary Society. Rev. R. Price has been despatched to Zanzibar to make the preliminary arrangements, and the committee is endeavouring to raise an additional amount equal to that given by the generous donor.

#### METHODISM.

AUSTRALASIA.—The receipts for the year ending 1875 amount to \$70,220. Mr. Henry Reed of Launceston, has contributed \$2,000 for the purchase of a steam launch for the new mission. A gentleman in Tasmania has given a legacy of \$5,000 to the society.

One of the Fijian teachers, who accompanied Rev. George Brown to the

new mission in Polynesia, writes thus concerning it : " We have built a house with the assistance of John Wesley's crew and some of the aborigines ; men and women came to look while we were building. A great chief is well disposed to Christianity, with two inferior chiefs. They have given a lot of land, on which we reside. This is a small island, situated between New Zealand and New Britain. These islands are very near. My soul rejoices because I know the set time has come for the evangelisation of these islands. It is not at all like the words of people in Fiji, and other places to which we went, where we were told we should not be allowed to live, but would be eaten. We have come here, and lo ! we find God is here, and it is his work to prepare the way for his religion, and He will bring to pass that for which we pray.

Our fathers in England have recently held missionary meetings at Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, the heads of three districts, all of which were seasons of no ordinary interest. The President of Conference was at Manchester, and Dr. Punshon attended the others. From the speeches we learn that one result of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, is the conversion of some forty of the marines belonging to one of the royal vessels, which delightful event occurred in connection with a revival at the English Chapel, Calcutta. The meeting which was held on the last evening of the royal visit was a most extraordinary one, inasmuch as it was not broken up until after midnight, and the men said that it was like leaving home rather than returning home, as they had found the Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. G. T. Perks has by this time, we trust, returned from Africa. In one of his last letters he says : " So far my impression of the mission work in South Africa is highly favourable, both as to the breadth of its operations and the thoroughness of its results. In private intercourse with the local preachers, leaders, native ministers, &c., I found them to be a class of godly, earnest, and devoted men. Our schools here are an invaluable blessing to the country, and our brethren are using the press with great success. The first copy of a revised edition of the New Testament has just been presented to me."

Dr. Punshon says : " As regards Italy, I want to take you to Naples. You know the custom in continental nations in Catholic churches. Men go in and stay for five or ten minutes and then go out again ; and they have been doing the same thing as regards our Wesleyan chapel. Our missionary thought he could utilise this, and so he got gospel leaflets printed, and every person that entered had one put into his hand containing some truth calculated to bring to his mind the knowledge of his sins, and of Christ as a Saviour, and it has been ascertained that 6,000 have gone into our chapel. That cannot be without its results, and ultimately there must accrue therefrom a harvest of spring blade, the bursting ear, and a mighty harvest, which shall be worthy of the sickle of the reaper. A periodical has been started by the cardinals against the Methodist one. They would not do that unless we were making a ripple upon the waters. During the last month, six young men—men of culture and social position—have applied for membership in the Methodist Church. . . . I see from your report that Turkey, ' the sick man,' is down. He was sick at the Crimea, and has been getting ' sicker and sicker.' I find he has had a wonderful doctor lately, and he made a prescription, and the first ingredient was religious liberty, and the patient swallowed it—I cannot tell you with what contortions of countenance, I was not there. And the report tells us we have not a missionary in Turkey ; I am

sorry for it, but we are on the way. We have been in Vienna some time, and by and by we shall be in Prague, and then it will not be long before we get a tilt with the false prophet in his own land."

**THE WESLEYANS.**—The Wesleyans have issued their Home Missions and Contingent Fund report, from which it appears that they have 121 ministers engaged in home mission work, six in village evangelistic work, 15 in the army and navy, and 100 in circuit stations. Two hundred and sixty-nine circuits received aid from the fund, in addition to those receiving special grants. About 600 regular services have been commenced in home mission stations; 99 are held every week; 700 classes of Church members have been formed, 153 Sunday schools have been instituted, with an average attendance of 10,226 children; while 99 Bible classes and 28 day schools are in operation on the mission stations and have been incorporated into ordinary circuit arrangements, and 74 ministers' houses have been provided in connection with the mission stations. Ten chapels are being built, or are projected, to accommodate 5,310 persons, at the cost of £30,085. In 1856 the income amounted to £10,990. The Wesleyans take no State pay for their army chaplains.

Of the Methodist work in Canada, we presume our readers are well acquainted. It is pleasing to record that while there has been great monetary pressure, yet several new churches have been built, with their lofty spires pointing to heaven, and, mainly by the skill of Rev. Dr. Ives from New York, the entire debts have been provided for.

Great sympathy has been felt for the society, and also the family of our beloved brother, Rev. George Macdougall. Funeral sermons have been preached in various churches, and a fund has been started on behalf of his family. Respectful mention has been made of our heroic brother, both in the councils of the nation and in the organs of sister churches. All deplore the calamity. To the society the loss is irreparable, but Jehovah carries on his work, even though the workmen fall.

Our Japan mission grows in interest. Our brethren there have long been appealing for additional labourers, and at length their wish is about to be complied with, as Rev. Messrs. G. M. Meecham and C. S. Eby will shortly proceed to Japan, and thus strengthen the hands of our noble brethren who have been honoured in the inauguration of the Church in that empire. We are sorry that owing to the lack of funds more agents cannot be sent into the North-west, where numerous openings are presenting themselves, and the tide of emigration is setting in very rapidly. We regret that proselytising agencies are also at work in that distant field, and that the natives now see a division in Protestant ranks, inasmuch as representatives of other societies are planting their altars near those which have been erected for many years. While we are the friends of all and the enemies of none, we cannot but mourn over the fact that the various bodies of Methodists should be found in apparent antagonistic position to each other.

We commend especially to the sympathy of our sisters, the female teachers of our missions. The loneliness of their situation and their devotion to their work should prompt all to remember them in time of need. The Orphan Asylum, in the formation of which Mr. Macdougall took such an active part, should receive liberal support. Some friends in Montreal and other places have rendered very efficient aid, but the generous everywhere can here bestow their gifts to great advantage.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

WESTERN CAVALIERS. By DR. REDFORD. Southern Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

"There were giants in the earth in those days." This quotation receives apt illustration at various periods of the history of the Church of Christ, when heroism has characterised those who have been the standard-bearers of truth. Men who have gone to the dark parts of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty, for the purpose of rescuing their fellows from the bondage of superstition, have achieved for themselves an honour which is imperishable. They will be had in everlasting remembrance.

The annals of Methodism are full of such names. The founder of Methodism once said, "Give me one hundred preachers, who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God; such alone shall shake the gates of hell, and set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth." It has again and again been the delight of the historians of Methodism to detail the deeds of Wesley's sons, which show that the Church which he was honoured to establish has ever had within it such preachers as he here prayed for.

It may seem somewhat egotistical on the part of those who belong to the Methodist Church to speak in terms of eulogy of those who are of the same organisation as themselves; but it must be remembered that in thus writing, Methodist authors are not unmindful of what has been done by those of other communities. We rejoice in their prosperity; we praise God for their success; and if we did otherwise we should not be the true descendants of our illustrious sire, who was "the friend of all and the enemy of none."

As Methodists we are, as a matter of course, most familiar with what is transpiring in the bosom of our own community. The heroic age of Methodism may, with some, have passed away, but there are still to be found those who can brave dangers, endure hardships, and perform exploits that would compare favourably with anything that ever transpired in the early days of Methodism. There is a necessity, as we conceive, that the present generation should understand what works their fathers performed, how they made the wilderness to blossom, how they levelled the mountains, heaved the valley, and prepared a highway in the desert for our God. This can only be done by publishing to the world what they have done. History has been defined philosophy teaching by example. The names of the illustrious are thus recorded in the history of the Church, and from these records we learn what pleasant places we occupy compared with those of our fathers.

Tyerman and others have told us the life story of John Wesley, whose career is now a subject of careful investigation by the philosophical of many lands. Stevens—the Macaulay of Methodism—has given us the most charming history of the people called Methodists. Others have also showed their opinion, so that our libraries need not be without books which contain the history of the Church to which we belong. Sabbath school libraries especially should contain the best works on Methodism, so that our young people may familiarise themselves with the way in which the Church has grown to its present status.

There is one section of the Methodist Church which for many years has dwelt comparatively isolated from the other portions of the great family ; we mean "the Methodist Episcopal Church South." Ever since the year 1844 it has moved in its own orbit, and we believe that less is known of its operations than is probably known respecting any other section of the Methodist Church. Various reasons, no doubt, could be assigned for this. The civil war produced fearful desolations. The country, especially in the South, was paralysed, and but for the wonderful recuperative power which it possessed, the Church could not have survived the fearful throes through which it had to pass. The sufferings endured by our brethren must have been painful in the extreme. Truly they sowed in tears.

Of late years poverty and distress have, in a great measure, passed away. Facilities for travelling have increased. There has been much interchange of views and feelings between the North and the South. International camp-meetings have been held, in which ministers of all sections of John Wesley's great family have taken part, and they have been charmed with the family traits that have there been exhibited ; the strong have been disposed to help the weak, tears have been shed over the past, and hopes have sprung up respecting the future. The outlook is more pleasant, and our prayer is that no storms may arise to disturb the fair horizon.

In the midst of this quietude our brethren in the South are becoming better known. Shortly before Dr. Punshon returned to England, he made a tour in the South, where he met with the venerable Dr. Pierce, the senior Bishop of the Church South, and is reported to have said to that octogenarian, that he would be glad to welcome representatives of his Church in England. We all remember how the members of our General Conference welcomed the genial Dr. Sargent, who came from the South, though not in a representative capacity ; yet the Conference appointed Dr. Douglas and Judge Wilnot to convey its greetings to the next General Conference of the Southern Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church in the North sent a delegation to their southern brethren four years ago, and at the coming General Conference of that Church the chivalrous South will be represented by some of its noble sons.

The time is very opportune for the South to be studied. Some of us who have read the Life of Dr. Olin, and "Ten Years of Preacher Life" by Milburn, had some knowledge of what our southern brethren are ; but the little we knew made us desire to know them better. We have been accustomed for more than a year past to read the *Christian Advocate*, published at Nashville, Tenn., of which our noble countryman, Dr. Summers, is the editor, and no "advocate" is more prized by us than this organ of the southern Church. We were therefore prepared to welcome Dr. Redford's "Western Cavaliers" as a book with which we anticipated being much pleased. Nor were we disappointed, for we have been both convulsed with laughter and affected to tears. Dr. R., though a man of dollars and cents (he is the agent of the Publishing House)—and as such we suppose he is sometimes very hard upon delinquents—still possesses a genial heart. He published a memoir of Fred. Brennan, which had an extensive sale. He also some years ago sent forth the "History of the Organisation of the Methodist Episcopal Church South," neither of which we have seen, but they are highly commended.

The "Western Cavaliers" bears some resemblance to our beloved brother Carroll's "Case and his Contemporaries," a sort of biographical history of the men who laboured as Methodist preachers in the wilderness of Kentucky from 1832 to 1844. All are mentioned. The deeds of some are necessarily dwelt upon at great length, as they were, like Saul, higher than any of the people. During the years here particularly narrated, the Church in Kentucky made rapid progress, inasmuch as the ministers increased from 114 to 174; the membership (white) from 22,308 to 42,608; (coloured) from 4,698 to 9,456.

Our limited space compels us to refrain from making such extracts as we would have been glad to make for the edification of our readers. Josiah Whitaker belonged to the class whom we call "the morally sublime." At one conference a brother said something which touched the old warrior, and he rose and launched forth as follows: "I have never asked any favour of your bishops; I have left old Sukey Honey (his wife) to scratch for the children, and have travelled a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles from home, to serve your roughest circuits for almost nothing. These thirty years I have been serving the Church, and in that time I have never complained. I have never located, nor stationed, nor supernumerated, nor superannuated, nor presiding elderated, and I have no favours to ask of any of you."

It has been said that the history of Methodism is a history of revivals. May it ever be so. Here is a brief excerpt of a revival in 1862. The presiding elder writes, "We are now in the midst of the most glorious revival I have ever witnessed. In the bounds of this district there have been, the present year, about two thousand souls converted to God and added to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The aged and the young have been brought in. One man, said to be one hundred and five years old, was powerfully converted to God. The wise and sage philosopher, with the humble African, has found peace in believing. We have but little opposition; all heads, hands, and hearts, unite in carrying on the glorious work. It would delight you to witness the glorious work, as it moves on to victory; to see the wily politician, the crafty lawyer, the stern judge, the industrious planter, the busy merchant, the towering orator, the military chieftain, with the young men and maidens, all coming to Prince Immanuel, and passing on their way to "the rest that remaineth to the people of God." All will agree with us that this extract has the right ring.

Some of the names in this volume have long been well known to all readers of Methodist literature, as Dr. Ralston, whose "Theological Lectures" had an extensive sale; Dr. Bascom, who afterwards became bishop, renowned for his eloquent orations and versatile talents; J. N. Maffitt, whose fame as a preacher far outshone most of his compeers. The account of this noble man is the most extensive we have seen; but surely few can be so stoical as to read the closing sentence without a tear. A *post mortem* examination was made of Maffitt's body, when the sad fact was revealed that, "on one side of the heart there were three holes, the other side had literally burst." Dr. Redford says, "His persecutors broke his heart."

No one can read "Western Cavaliers" without wishing to be better acquainted with the writer, and praying that "the bright succession may ever run."

E. B.



## MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon.....6th, 7.00 p.m. | New Moon.....21st, 4.59 p.m.  
 Last Quarter .....14th, 9.57 p.m. | First Quarter.....28th, 9.56 a.m.

1	Th	Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law.—1 <i>John</i> iii. 4.
2	F	All unrighteousness is sin.—1 <i>John</i> v. 17.
3	S	The heart is deceitful above all things.— <i>Jer.</i> xvii. 9.
4	S	He that winneth souls is wise.— <i>Prov.</i> xi. 30.
5	M	All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.— <i>Rom.</i> iii. 23.
6	Tu	The wages of sin is death.— <i>Rom.</i> vi. 23.
7	W	How then can man be justified with God?— <i>Job</i> xxv. 4.
8	Th	Not by works of righteousness which we have done.— <i>Tit.</i> iii. 5.
9	F	A man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.— <i>Rom.</i> iii. 28.
10	S	The just shall live by faith.— <i>Gal.</i> iii. 11.
11	S	They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.— <i>Dan.</i>
12	M	They that are in the flesh cannot please God.— <i>Rom.</i> vii. 8. [xii. 3.]
13	Tu	Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.— <i>Gal.</i> v. 16.
14	W	If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit.— <i>Gal.</i> v. 25.
15	Th	He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.— <i>John</i> xiv. 17.
16	F	Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost— <i>Acts</i> i. 5.
17	S	The fruit of the Spirit is in all gladness and righteousness.— <i>Eph.</i> v. 9.
18	S	A bishop must be blameless as the steward of God.— <i>Tit.</i> i. 7.
19	M	Know them which labour among you.—1 <i>Tim.</i> v. 12.
20	Tu	Esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake.—1 <i>Tim.</i> v. 13.
21	W	Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.— <i>Gal.</i> vi. 2.
22	Th	Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.— <i>Eph.</i> vi. 10.
23	F	Take unto you the whole armour of God.— <i>Eph.</i> vi. 13.
24	S	Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men.—1 <i>Cor.</i> xvi. 13.
25	S	It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.—1 <i>Cor.</i> iv. 2.
26	M	Let the word of God dwell in you richly.— <i>Col.</i> iii. 16.
27	Tu	Let your speech be always with grace.—1 <i>Thess.</i> iv. 6.
28	W	He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.—1 <i>Cor.</i> vi. 17.
29	Th	For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.—1 <i>Cor.</i> iv. 20.
30	F	Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children.— <i>Eph.</i> v. 1.