

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

ACROSS IT AND ACROSS IT!

No matter how earnestly a man strives in the great contest for eternity, "yet is he not crowned," Paul says, "unless he strives lawfully"—unless he strives, for this is the meaning of the word "*according to the rules of the contest*." Men in these Grecian games, (for the illustration is taken from this custom) must study the rules laid down for the combatants, and guide themselves accordingly, or else all their sweat shall end in failure and disappointment.

The word of God tells the Christian very fully and very clearly the rules of the contest as regards *salvation* work, as old writers call it, *i. e.*, the work of securing one's own salvation. One must "strive (agonize) to enter the strait gate." One must work out his salvation by fear and trembling." One must "stand fast in the faith." One must watch and pray." One must *consider* and constantly "*look* to Jesus." These are the rules of the contest as to the individual person.

The same infallible word is equally full and clear as to the rules of the contest when the work is no longer *salvation* work, but as the same old writers word it, *generation* work, *i. e.*, the work of seeking the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers. This *generation* work has its rules

according to which the contest must go on, or else we cannot count on success. We do not wait here to specify these rules, (such as "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves," "Be instant in season and out of season,") but hasten on to the Golden Rule for all Christian work. "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

Christian work is often in the Scriptures compared to the work of the husbandman or farmer. "A sower went forth to sow." "Paul may plant." Viewing therefore the contest with sin and ignorance in the light of the contest the farmer has to wage with the natural stubbornness of the soil we see lying before us, not so much spasmodic effort, but rough toil, and persevering, plodding patient effort, "across the field with the plough and across it" as Spurgeon said lately at a ragged school meeting in London. These are his words:—

"I think a great deal less than I did of great meetings. They excite; but I don't think much comes of it. If this London of ours is to be blessed, it must be by hard work. I believe if London is to be ploughed, it can only be done by taking the plough across it, across it, and across it. Sterling hard work is necessary; and so far from the Church's organizations

of a religious kind ever being dispensed with, I think they will be more wanted than ever. We must never think God will send us one or twenty men to stir the masses; the masses are not stirred that way, except for a short time. There must be work day and day, night and night, hour and hour, by earnest men in one place, and earnest men in another, and earnest bodies of men and women keeping close to them, and backing them up in all that they do." On the following evening, at a meeting of the London Baptist Association, Mr. Spurgeon spoke still more strongly on the same subject. He said "there had been a good deal of aiming at conversion lately, but he wished he could find the converts made during the last revival. There might have been converts, but they had certainly not come to their chapels to be made disciples of, and that was a pity. He denied that the best men were those who would not go in for denomination-ism. They must spread their churches all over the metropolis, not by stealing other people's members, like those who wheedle the best and most spiritual members away from churches, and "dear brother" and "dear sister" them with as much unholy honey as they can, and when they have got them sufficiently far out, indoctrinate them with a spirit as far remote from Jesus Christ as possible. He advised his hearers to stand to their guns, and to go on plodding at their old work. Revivalism might come occasionally; but it would be a bad thing if their churches wanted to be fed upon that. Much harm was done by the idea which had come into vogue in certain quarters that revivalism should be the normal condition of the churches. They might be thankful for what they had received in the shape of a revival; but they were not to think they had got anything very great, for it would take

something a hundred times greater to move London."

The pungent words of this outspoken and honest Baptist should send every man and woman that reads them with renewed energy to do revival work by ploughing across the field God has laid at his door, and across it, and again across it.

There are slothful people in this country who go about idling, and when work is to be done they send word to their neighbours to come and do their work for them—and they call this a "bee." How much better it would be for them to be up early themselves, and do their own work like men, than to be looking to others and waiting for other people's energy to supply their lack of it. Instead of waiting for a revival in the shape of great gatherings and moving speakers, let each father do the work of revival in his own family by working that great field God has given to him at his own fireside, "for" as Thomas Manton says, "a family is the Seminary of the Church and State; and if children be not well principled there, all miscarrieth; if youth be bred ill in the family, they prove ill in the church and commonwealth." Let our motto as ministers, Sabbath School teachers, parents, Christian workers be "Across, and across it," which is in homily phrase the advice of Paul.—"*Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.*"

THE CLOSING YEAR.

There has been a keen discussion among learned men as to whether we should say that 1875 belongs to the third quarter of this century, or assign it to the fourth quarter as its first year. A good deal can be said on both sides of the question. It is however generally agreed that as the seventy-fifth cent belongs to the third

quarter of the dollar, and not to the fourth, so the year that is now closing is really the last year of the third quarter of this century.

Three quarters, therefore, of this century close with the close of 1875. Those who began life with this century are like him who owns a single precious dollar (on whose purchasing power hangs his earthly all) and who has come to pay out his seventy-fifth cent. He naturally takes stock of what he has got in possession for the money he has spent, and eyes with sorrow the diminishing coins that remain of his original sum.

Three quarters of a century are now gone and what have they left us. Some of the greatest events in history lie close behind us in the portion of the century that is past. May we not call by that name the extinction of slavery, the triumphs of missions, the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope, and the reconstruction of the German empire. As long as these great events challenge our observation, who can deny that the world is moving towards a higher destiny. There are, it is true, events of a different kind, which shade the light of the picture. The power of conscience has decayed to an alarming extent in all Christian lands and on all hands: Materialism, Pantheism, Rationalism, and Sacredotalism have wielded immense influence through the press, in impregnating the popular mind, and have joined against Christ, though enemies among themselves. But for

all this the balance is greatly on the side of truth in the record of the three quarters that are past.

But what of the future. Dr. Pres- sense of Pres related once a few words which Neander once spoke to him, "Before our nation I see a deep precipice, but above the precipice appears a brightness; I don't know whether it is aurora (morning) or the evening red (night)." There is no doubt a dark precipice before us as we advance towards the end of this century—a precipice like what Paul saw as he stood on the threshold of glory bidding Timothy farewell; "Perilous time shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetors, boasters, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents." . . . "They will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves, teachers having itching ears, and they shall turn away the ear from the truth and shall be turned into fables." We almost think Paul and Neander saw a similar precipice, each according to his vision. But above the precipice there is a brightness, not of night but of the morning. Onwards now with glorious rapidity will come on us the fulfilment of prophecy. Babylon has fallen; and in the disorganized state of Turkey do we not see the drying up of the Euphrates which is to prepare the way for the conversion of the Jews, and the full ingathering of the Gentiles. It is the red of the morning twilight that gleams beyond the precipice. Let us take courage.

Living Preachers.

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY.

A Sermon on the Future Punishment of the Wicked.--(Abridged).

BY REV. J. G. ROBB, TORONTO.

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (Dan. xii. chap., 2 v.) "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Matthew xxv chap., 46 verse.

To shrink from suffering is human. True to His human nature, though unspotted with sin, the Saviour of sinners, amidst the agonies of Gethsemane, prayed, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." This was "the weakness of the flesh." But "the spirit was willing," and therefore the suppliant, though shrinking from the suffering, yet adds, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." And thrice this is done. In what a mystery is sin here revealed to us. How huge the task undertaken by the Redeemer of men. To this same Jesus, from the excellent glory the voice of the Father testified—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." And yet in doing the Father's will and in securing eternal redemption, the "holy one and the just," with troubled soul entreats, "Father, save me from this hour; but for this cause came I to this hour. Father, glorify thy name!" And responsive to this cry the heavenly voice is heard, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." Here we have suffering the most intense, agonising the spotless soul of Jesus,

and yet the meekest submission to the Divine will; suffering in conscious relationship with the Divine Father, yet issuing in the readiest compliance with the Divine purpose. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Though immeasurable the distance which separates even the holiest of saints on earth and the sinless Son of Man, let us, on approaching the consideration of this most awe-inspiring of all the subjects, which can engage the human mind, and affect the destiny of man, seek to imbibe somewhat of the Saviour's spirit, and enter into the deep solemnity our theme should inspire.

And in the outset let us guard ourselves not only against irreverence and indifference, but also against being carried away by a rebellious pride of spirit which refuses submission to the revealed will of God, or by a subtle sympathy which would lead us to substitute the longings of a finite benevolence for the unchanging requirements of infinite justice and holiness. The state of the impenitent for ever is beyond the cognizance of earthly experience, so that the truth concerning it must be sought in the unfoldings of a Divine revelation, and the true estimate of it can only correctly be arrived at as we are helped thereto by the manifestation of Him who is infinite in all his perfections, and whose ways are past finding out. The relations of future punishment to sin, to the character and attributes of God, and to the wondrous work of Divine meditation—relation not accidental, but essential—ought to preclude us alike from confiding in the dictates of our own judgment and from the traitorous swayings of that

wish which is to off father to the thought. The subject before us is one on which Scripture alone can speak with imperial authority. 'Tis our duty accurately to ascertain its oracular utterances, and humbly to receive its declared truth. In the passages of scripture to which as leading texts on this subject we have asked you to turn special attention on the present occasion, the truth of which the Holy Spirit is the author, seems to be set forth in clear and scarcely mistakeable language.

Now, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, we learn—1, that the Scriptural use of the terms everlasting, etc., does not necessarily imply duration absolutely endless, but *duration to the utmost limit of the period of which the particular subject is capable*; that where the subject itself continues but for a time, everlasting with regard to that subject means the whole time of its continuance, and where the subject itself is ever continuous or immortal, everlasting as applied thereto means endless. Thus the ordinances and sacrifices of the Mosaic ceremonial with its priesthood were to last so long as the Mosaic economy was to last—that is, to the utmost limit of the period during which the Aaronic dispensation lasted. So now we speak of land let or deeded “for ever,” not by any means implying the necessary continuance of that government and order which will through an endless duration of time give effect to the lease or deed, or that the property itself as a property will for ever in the absolute sense of the term continue, but that so long as a lease or deed can transfer or secure the property, so long as the property can be so leased or deeded, it shall be the property of the lessee or grantee. And when we speak of the everlasting hills we designate their continuance to the utmost limit of the present order of mundane things. Let us apply this principle to the future punishment of

the wicked and what do we learn from it? Unquestionably that to the utmost limit of the period during which the impenitent are capable of punishment, so long shall that punishment continue. If man be immortal in the last day, and everlasting punishment be truthfully descriptive of that immortality as regards the impenitent, there is no escape from the conclusion that the future punishment of the wicked will be endless, seeing that the wicked in eternity are capable of such punishment. Of course we are aware that annihilationists will object to this conclusion. But their objection does not lie against the endlessness of duration, but against the nature of the punishment. This raises a question which we may afterwards discuss. The point at present insisted upon is, that whatever be the nature of the punishment in itself of the wicked in the last day—whether it be annihilation, as a very few erroneously contend, or a state of conscious pain, that punishment will be everlasting, of endless duration—will last while the subjects of it last.

Comparing spiritual things with spiritual, we learn (2) that in the use of the term everlasting as applied to the punishment of the wicked, Scripture itself interprets it to mean the *duration of the world to come, and includes the whole of that period*. Thus in Mark iii. 29: “But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation,” and in Matthew xii. 31, 32. “All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come.” Here Mark proclaims the future punishment for sin to be eternal damnation, and this Matthew affirms to mean forgiveness never in this present or future, but that this condemnation shall be of endless duration. Is this our arbitrary interpretation of terms?

Have we no Scripture warrant for this orthodox doctrine that the punishment of the wicked shall not cease in the world to come?

And further we learn (3) that these are the very terms employed in Scripture to designate the being, nature, and attributes of Him who alone is God, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable. The strongest phrase employed in Scripture designating duration is that of "for ever and ever." Of frequent use in the Old Testament, we find it fifteen times in the New Testament descriptive of the glory of God; once of the throne of God as occupied by the Son; five times of "Him who sitteth upon the throne and liveth for ever and ever;" once of the "honour ascribed to the Lamb;" once to the power ascribed to God "for ever and ever;" once to the reign of Christ, "He shall reign for ever and ever:" once to the saints, "they shall reign for ever and ever;" in other two it is used as descriptive of the punishment of the wicked, "The smoke of their torment ascended up for ever and ever," and in the only other instance it is applied to the devil who deceiveth the nations, to the beast and the false prophet, that "in the lake of fire and brimstone they shall be tormented for ever and ever." Can it be fairly supposed that this phrase "for ever and ever," or through the ages of the ages, is used to indicate the endless duration of God, His glory, honour, power, and throne, and yet where used to designate the punishment of the wicked it means something else, and does not teach of it that it shall be endless. Are we not shut up to the conclusion that the sacred writers in the application of this phrase without hint of modification or limitation of any kind to the future punishment of the wicked meant us to understand it in the same sense as that in which they applied it in all other instances? God's throne is for ever and ever—so long as God lives

He reigns. The saints shall reign for ever and ever, their future shall know no change in glory and honour for them—the torment of the wicked shall be also for ever and ever. Can words more clearly, more conclusively, more definitely convey to us the terrible truth that the future of the wicked shall know no change in fearful and enduring punishment? And if the application of such a phrase to the punishment of the wicked does not imply endlessness, what of this phrase when applied to the glory of the saints? In the one case as in the other the phrase is employed—no alteration in form, no limitation or modification of any kind—and then the phrase is used of a duration after time with all its changes have ceased. It is spoken of ever and always as the last, the final scene in the drama of existence. The longest duration then possible, whether for the glory of the saints or for the shame and sufferings of the sinner, will certainly be endless, eternal. The punishment of the wicked so far as Scripture language unfolds its nature is, we thus see, designated by terms and phrases which imply duration for the longest period of which the subjects of such punishment are capable, and designated by such words and phrases as are chosen by the Holy Spirit to teach us the eternity of God and the endless reign of His saints—that is so far as language can teach us anything, Scripture language teaches the endlessness of the future punishment of the wicked.

(4) And further, the Scriptures invariably use such terms in other references to the sufferings of the wicked which but confirm the direct testimony on this point. Peter says (II. chap. ii, 12) of them who speak evil of the things they understand not, "They shall utterly perish in their own corruption." The distinction here spoken of is absolute. It is either annihilation, which is endless; or punishment, conscious torment, endless. The former we know from

other Scripture it cannot be; then the latter it must be. Our Lord Himself says of Judas in Mark xiv., 21, "The Son of Man, indeed, goeth as it is written of him; but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed, good were it for that man if he had never been born," Judas died a suicide. In any other way can we give effect to the meaning of our Lord's words here, than to understand them as implying the endless duration of the punishment of the betrayer? Do they not mean, and unmistakeably mean, that so long as Judas exists his punishment shall exist? Suppose it possible that Judas, though suffering for any period of limited duration, should subsequently be happy through eternity, the words of our Lord could at no time be properly applied to him. For the happiness which shall be eternal, though but beginning at the end of ages, would as much outweigh the punishment of those ages as eternity itself exceeds any period of limited duration. In Ecclesiastes ix., 10, the preacher says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor desire, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." Do not these words definitely shut out the operation of any influences which possibly could bring a change of state to the impenitent in their punishment? And is not the truth here confirmed by what the apocalyptic angel said to John: "He that is unjust let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still; and he that is holy let him be holy still." Here, then, are states not only corresponding to characters—an unjust state suited to a filthy nature, and a righteous state suited to a holy nature—but these states are continuous; as their corresponding natures are continuous; and as the Preacher tells there is no work, device, wisdom, or knowledge beyond the pre-

sent life which could change the character of the departed from earth, so the condition of the departed saint or sinner is one of changeless glory or endless pain.

Why, in conclusion, did Christ in such fearful terms teach us in His word the terrible nature of future punishment? Why did he not content Himself and His servants with the proclamation of His Gospel, and remain wholly silent regarding the fate of the impenitent? Brethren, there is not a wicked man on earth but desires in his inmost soul that what God's Word says about the future punishment of the wicked may be untrue. Let us be assured that what the unrenewed heart desires, in opposition to the word and will of God, is sure to be not of God but of Satan. Ask the unbeliever, the murderer, the drunkard, the unclean, the profane, whether they would wish there was no hell, or that the punishment there should not be for ever, and the answer is unmistakable. And enquire of those who partake not in the passions of the outwardly immoral, under the ban of society, the same question, and in their heart of hearts the same answer will be returned. "Ye are of your father the devil, who was a liar from the beginning." Christ said to the unbelieving in His day, And this desire is not of God, but of Satan, who of old proclaimed this self-same untruth in order to deceive, when to the woman he said, "Ye shall not surely die," Christ by living voice and in His Word teaches the endlessness of future punishment of the wicked because he teaches only truth. And he makes this truth prominent because it bears upon the state and fate of men with eternal interest. The Gospel, he proclaims, is not that sin is so trivial in the sight of God that men, apart from repentance and faith, may hope to escape from it. The mercy he offers is a mercy founded upon righteousness and consistent with all the claims of

infinite justice. Satan's gospel was "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." But Satan's gospel makes men fit only for companionship with devils and, seduced to sin, secures their fate—that of the blackness of darkness for ever. But Jesus speaks of wrath to come that he may urge men to flee to him for refuge. He with all the urgency of his infinite love, and with all the knowledge of the endless future commissions his heralds to proclaim, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation," and in the deep agonizing sympathy of his soul, weeping, wails

over lost Jerusalem, saying "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace, but now are they hid from thine eyes." As ambassador of the Prince of Peace, as herald of the cross, we proclaim to the enemies of God the gospel of a free, full, present, and perpetual salvation upon the terms of repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned; these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

Poetry.

[In Canada there is little thought given to God's ancient people and little done for missions among them. It should not be so. Israel is God's first born, and till this day in intellect and in many points of morality he shows features of a royal race, not doomed to extinction, but destined to exercise a greater influence on the future than on the past of the world. These pieces following have been recovered from books long out of print (one published in 1834) by the *Jewish Chronicle*.]

TELL ME OF JUDAH.

- "Tell me of Judah! Judah's lot
 In every land is cast;
 And over Salem's palaces
 The Roman plough hath pass'd.
- "Canaan a desolation lies,
 And on *Moriah's* brow
 The symbols of another faith
 Are proudly gleaming now.
- "But will the children of the land
 Inglorious ever sleep?
 And ne'er will Judah's lion forth
 From dark oppression leap?
- "Aye, listen to the certain voice
 Of prophecy divine;
 Again the splendour of the Lord
 Shall rest on David's shrine.

“ Before the reassembled tribes
 Blasphemers shall retreat;
 And harps that long have silent hung
 Shall once again sound sweet.

“ Virgin of rescued Israel,
 Thy days of grief are gone;
 Rejoicing come thou forth, and put
 Thy vest of beauty on.

“ Start from thy narrow prison-house,
 And fearlessly advance;
 List to the murmur of the lute,
 And lead the holy dance.

“ Daughter of Salem! quit the dust,
 And burn thy servile chains;
 Again on Judah's head descends
 Thy Sceptre—Shiloh reigns!”

HARTLEY LLOYD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Jewish Herald*.—Dear Sir: As I often see in the *Jewish Herald* that the Editor is glad to receive any contribution to add to its contents, I venture to enclose to you two hymns on “the Jews,” which were written some years ago by a relative, and were published in a small volume of hymns, which is now out of print. You may, perhaps, like to publish one or other of them in the *Herald*. The author of them was the originator of the Chelsea branch of the Parent British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, in whom he took a lively interest. I would have sent you the little volume of his hymns, in which these two are included, but have only two of them, and no more of them are to be had, and they are very precious to me, for the writer is now “with the spirits of just men made perfect.” I remain, dear Sir, yours truly, E. D.]—(These hymns are not generally known.)

LOVE TO ISRAEL.

“ Beginning at Jerusalem ”—Luke xxiv. 47.

Christian, love thy brother Jew,
 God the Father loves him too;
 Lov'd him, when in Sarah's womb
 Slept the nation yet to come,
 Countless as the stars or sand,
 Lord of Canaan's promis'd land:
 Murmuring 'mid the desert wild,
 Still He lov'd His wayward child.

Groaning 'neath the conqueror's chain,
 Still he pitied all his pain;
 Lov'd him, when on Jesu's head
 All his chastisement He laid;

Lov'd him then, and loves him still,
 Israel's God through good and ill.
 Christian, love thy brother Jew,
 God the Father loves him too.

Christian, love thy brother Jew,
 God the Saviour loves him too.
 Yes, the lowly Saviour came
 From that race of sin and shame;
 Deign'd in childhood's hour to rest
 On a Jewish mother's breast,
 Lamb-like, lov'd in life to dwell
 'Mid thy sons, O Israel;

Blew the Gospel trump for them,
 Wept o'er lost Jerusalem;
 Still from Israel's rebel land
 Chose His faithful witness-band,
 Bowing on the cross His head,
 Still for Jewish murderers pray'd;
 Christian, love thy brother Jew,
 God the Saviour loves him too.

Christian, love thy brother Jew,
 God the Spirit loves him too.
 Yet shall Israel's pardon'd race
 Melt beneath the Spirit's grace;
 Yet beneath His sovereign sway
 Cast the heart of stone away;
 Yet on David's promis'd throne
 Hail Jehovah's glorious Son.

Yet, behold the Gentiles bring
 Gifts to grace their Jewish King;
 Preach the faith they once denied,
 Bless the Lord they crucified;
 Bear His name from shore to shore,
 Kings and priests for evermore.
 Christian, love thy brother Jew,
 All the Godhead loves him too.

W. D.

COME TO JESUS.

Come to Jesus, do not linger,
 Do not still delay;
 For our time doth, like a shadow,
 Pass away.

Put not off until to-morrow ;
 Do not bid Him wait.
 Some have done so, but they find it
 Now too late!

Satan tells us, if we tarry
 We may then be strong.
 But alas! we know, too surely,
 He is wrong.

God invites you in his mercy;
 Hearken to his call.
 By his love He offers pardon
 Free to all.

Now, His promise is Salvation
 From your every sin.
 Only trust Him—to his kingdom
 Enter in.

Peace and pleasure, rest and blessing,
 Then shall be your store;
 And in heaven we shall see Him.
 Evermore.

—
 "BIDING TRYST."
 —

When thou pray'st at morning,
 Pray for me.
 Ask for me strength to live my life,
 Ask inward peace in outward strife,
 Grace still to see and walk God's ways,
 A thankful heart to sing His praise,—
 As I will ask for thee.

When thou kneel'st at evening,
 Pray for me.
 Pray God the errors of the day
 May be forgiven and washed away;
 That I His perfect rest may feel,
 And blessed sleep my eyelids seal:—
 So I will pray for thee.

So pray we for each other—
 Parted now.
 And though we ne'er should meet below,
 Though each alone to death must go,
 Though we must live our lives alone,
 We'll meet each day before the throne—
 I and thou.

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

Christian Thought.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN PALESTINE.

It was while Biblical scholars such as George Grove were preparing the article on Palestine for *Smith's Bible Dictionary*, that they realized, with feelings akin to shame, how much Bible lands remain still unknown and unexplored. To remove this stigma from Christian scholarship, "to help people to read their Bibles intelligently, to throw light on obscure texts, and to narrow the bounds of controversy," the Palestine Exploration Fund was established in 1865, and scientific persons, competent in each branch of research, were sent out to bring in reports which might be accepted by all parties as trustworthy and satisfactory documents.

As the result of the work of exploration there have been issued two volumes, the *Recovery of Jerusalem*, and *Our work in Palestine*, besides the *Quarterly Statements* issued each quarter since 1869.

It cannot be said that these volumes and journals relate discoveries as startling and brilliant as those that have rewarded the explorers in the valley of Euphrates. There are reasons of this deficiency: Palestine never possessed such mighty structures (if we except Solomon's temple) as were erected by the Egyptians and Assyrians; and further, the land of Israel has been more accessible to travellers, and its spoils, in the shape of archaeological and topographical discoveries, have been coming peace-meal to us since the time of the crusaders. But though the discoveries are not startling, they are important, and although in importance they are

not entitled to the name great, still in number and usefulness they are worth all the trouble taken, and all the expense incurred, which for 1874 has been, we see by last statements, about £5000 sterling.

Among the recent discoveries of great interest and importance is the identification of the mysterious Kurn Surtabeh in the valley of the Jordan, with the great witness altar of *Ed*, erected by the two tribes and a half on the occasion of their recrossing the Jordan to their own possessions after the conquest of the western side of the Jordan under Joshua. It was at Shiloh, directly west of Kurn Surtabeh, the head quarters of Israel were, when the two and a half tribes departed for their eastern home. From Shiloh they descended through the wild and desolate defiles, that mark this region, to the Jordan; but just before crossing the river by the fords they erected their *Altar of Witness*. Here are the words of the sacred historian (Joshua xxii. 9, 10) "And the children of Reuben, and the children of Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh returned, and departed from the children of Israel out of Shiloh, which is in the land of Canaan, to go unto the country of Gilead, to the land of their possession, whereof they were possessed, according to the word of the Lord by the hand of Moses; and when they came unto the borders of Jordan, that are in the land of Canaan, the Children of Reuben, and the Children of Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh built there an altar by Jordan, a great altar to see to."

The expression "to see to" means that could be seen from every quarter, and this is an important point in the

identification, for right in the very line of march of these returning tribes, there runs out into the Jordan valley the long, high, rocky ridge of *Surtabeh* which, according to Dr. Robinson, divides the Jordan valley into the lower and the upper Ghor, the former, mostly desert, and the latter fertile. Towards the eastern extremity of this ridge and on its highest part is a remarkable horn (*Kurn*) which some travellers have compared to the horn of a rhinoceros. On this horn which is visible far and wide, was, according to the Talmud, the station next after the Mount of Olives, where signal torches were lighted and waved to announce the appearance of the new moon. So conspicuous a point, indeed, is this horn in the landscape, that Dr. Robinson, looking northwards from Jericho, describes it as "a sharp conical peak, far in the north, standing out like a bastion from the western mountains, and called by the Arabs *Kurn Surtabeh*." And again, the same traveller, looking eastward from the top of Gerizim, says, "beyond the south-east part appeared the high peak of a mountain looking towards the Jordan; this was *Kurn Surtabeh*, which we had so often seen from the neighborhood of Jericho." When passing within two or three miles of it in 1852, Dr. Robinson, not dreaming of the historical associations connected with this place, was content to view the *Kurn* through a

telescope, by which he could discover no ruins, although the people told him of ruins there. It was reserved for Lieutenant Conder, of the Palestine Survey Party, to propose the opinion in a recent number of the Quarterly Statement, that on this lofty summit, to be seen from every quarter, the *Altar of Witness* was erected. His opinion is undoubtedly correct. The very striking appearance of this horn, (as shown in wood-cut of Quarterly Statement for April 1875) suggested to the two and a half tribes, probably, the idea of erecting on its top some monument to commemorate the connection of the retiring tribes with the conquest of Canaan. The hands of a few thousand men could bring that summit to present the striking and artificial appearance that draws, even to-day to it, attention after the waste of ages, as a striking object. In the landscape its position is exactly where the book of Joshua places the *Altar of Witness*—"over against the land of Canaan, in the borders of Jordan, at the passage (or ford) of the children of Israel," Joshua xxii. 11. And the frontispiece to the Quarterly Statement, drawn from a water color sketch, to which we have already referred, by the late Mr. Trywhitt Drake, representing the peak, confirms very much the argument in favour of this conclusion arrived at by Mr. Conder.—*B. A. Presbyterian.*

Christian Life.

A HERO'S LAST MOMENTS.

PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

The *Pittsburg Gazette* contains the following account of the last moments of Commodore Goodenough, of the

British Navy, who was recently killed by the savages of the Solomon Islands:—

We have just received particulars, and while they make us mourn that such a man should have been lost to the world, they are a refreshing con-

trast to the sickening catalogues of blunders and accidents and crimes of which we usually read. It seems that the Commodore was one of those grand men, such as Havelock, Pattison, and Selwyn, who seem to be created to render faith in the early Christian heroes easy for us in these degenerate days. Every one loved him, and his secretary, Mr Perry, like a second Queen Eleanor, sucked the poisoned wound, although he had a sore mouth at the time, in hopes of extracting the poison. For this he has received the rank of Paymaster in the Royal Navy. One of the officers of the Commodore's ship, in a private letter, has recounted some particulars of the good man's last hours that I have copied here, at the risk of seeming tedious: "Everything was wonderfully calm yesterday, and all on board the ship quiet but for the noise of the engines. Shortly before 4 o'clock these were stopped, and the Commodore sent for all the officers to bid good-by to them. He spoke calmly of his approaching death, and begged them to remember his earnest advice to them to trust to the infinite love and wisdom of God, and to find happiness in doing that which they knew to be right and abstaining from evil. He then bade each one good-by, each one kissing him at his request. He then, although much too weak to stand, and although every movement gave him pain, had himself carried out on the quarter-deck, where all hands assembled to meet him. He was laid on a bed on the deck, his first words to the men being, 'Don't look frightened; smile.' When laid down he said, 'If the men will sit down * * * I can see the faces, * * * I want to see all your faces to bid you good by.' Then, after a considerable pause, he called out, he being almost the only man not in tears, 'My men, * * * I have come out on to the quarter deck to say good by to you * * * because I

am going to die. Dr. Messer tells me I am going to die, and, as we all know, he is the best judge. God is very good to me; everything is made easy to me; I have many kind faithful friends around me. The reason why I have come out on the quarter-deck to bid you good-by before I die, besides good-fellowship, is to impress upon you the love and goodness of God for you. His infinite love, His infinite wisdom. He repeated this more than once about the goodness and love of God. He then adjured the men to remember these, his last words, when tempted to commit sin, that they would think of him and what he was saying to them and put the temptation from them. His voice grew weak as he said, 'I love you all. I have always loved my men. There is a foolish weakness in my voice which makes it sound as if I was crying. But I am not crying, and I want you all to hear me. I hope you all can hear what I say to you.' He went on to address the commander as a young man advanced to command, and begged of him and all others who were in any way leaders to never hesitate in their daily life to step forward and say, 'This is right,' or 'This is wrong' 'Will you do this? It will be very kind of you if you will.' * * * * * As for the poor fellows who gave me this wound, what their reason, their object was, I don't know: no one knows. They may have been injured by some of us, by some other ship, at some time; we don't know. It's no good talking about it. I hope at some future time, it may be twenty or thirty years hence, some good Christian man will go among them and find out what it all means. I love you all; I have always loved you all, but in carrying on duty we sometimes make mistakes. I have made mistakes, and if any of you think of anything where I have been wrong, I want you to forgive me. Don't ask how much I was wrong, how much you were wrong, but just forgive

me.' He asked them to join in saying God bless him, and then said he would like to shake hands with the petty officers, nearly all middle-aged men, who came up to him sobbing."

A BRAVE WOMAN MISSIONARY.

No woman, and but few men, have been able to do as much for Protestant missions as Miss Melinda Rankin. It is seldom indeed that a single life has accomplished such great results as have been obtained in Mexico through this woman's labours. She was born and educated in New England, but since 1840 her time has been spent in missionary work among the Catholics of Mississippi, Texas and Mexico. The story of her life, as she has told it—simply, modestly, and unaffectedly—has an interest and a lesson for all. In 1840 she felt that she was called to labour among the Catholics of the Mississippi Valley, who were rapidly increasing in numbers and influence from European immigration. While engaged in this work, the war with Mexico broke out; and learning from returned soldiers something of the spiritual condition of the poor Mexicans, her sympathies were enlisted in their behalf. Failing to interest others by tongue or pen in the evangelization of Mexico, she resolved to devote herself to the work. Although she could not preach, she could teach and circulate the Bible. Her self-imposed mission was not an easy or a pleasant one. Texas was then overrun with outlaws and robbers, and a lone woman might well shrink from the dangers of life in their midst. Miss Rankin went, however, and opened a school at Huntsville, remaining there until 1852. She then went to Brownsville, on the bor-

der of Mexico, which for several reasons was not likely to be a pleasant place to live in. The next morning after her arrival in the town she gathered five children into a school, soon increasing the number to forty. Although the laws of Mexico forbade the introduction of Protestantism in any form into the country, Miss Rankin managed to have Bibles secretly carried over to Matamoras. She found that the people were ready to receive the truth everywhere, and they treasured their Bibles and studied them with great care. Hearing that a party of French nuns were about to establish themselves at Brownsville, Miss Rankin resolved that she would have means to compete with them in the education of the children. So she came North, and after hard work and many discouragements, raised enough money to build a seminary. She opened it in 1854, and made many converts of parents through their children. She diligently circulated the Bible and publications of the Tract Society, for which a demand was soon created, orders with money coming from as far as Monterey. She saw the opportunity opened to a Bible distributor, and endeavoured to secure the services of one through Dr. Kirk. Disappointed in this, and still undaunted by persecution, sickness, discouragements, and many perils, Miss Rankin prepared to go herself. Her life in Matamoras, her experience in Brownsville at the breaking out of the rebellion, her ejection from the seminary by Southern authorities, her trips to the North to obtain money to forward the evangelical work in Mexico, her attempts to interest men in her enterprise and to obtain helpers, are striking features of her story. After engaging several colporteurs to travel in Mexico, two of them became faint-hearted when about to start out. Miss Rankin, equal to every emergency, put courage into their hearts, and inspired them with

**Twenty Years Among the Mexicans: A Narrative of Missionary Labour. By Miss Melinda Rankin. Cincinnati: Chase & Hall, 1875.*

zeal, and these young men eventually carried the Gospel to Oaxaca.

Thousands of Bibles and tracts were circulated, many sermons were preached, and converts multiplied. Miss Rankin superintended the work and organized the fruits of the mission into congregations. She fixed the headquarters of the mission for Northern Mexico at Monterey, and by her own exertions raised \$15,000 at the North to buy a suitable building in that city.

At last, when this brave woman had established the mission securely, worn by disease and incessant labour, she turned it over to the American Board, with regret that she could no longer aid and direct it.

She now retires from missionary life with the satisfaction of seeing several societies laboring for the evangelization of Mexico. She sees an independent evangelical church, with fifty-six congregations, established in the centre of the republic, while zealous missionaries are carrying the Gospel to the distant and dark corners of the country. It must rejoice her to know that the years she consecrated to Mexico were not spent in vain, but resulted in planting Protestant Christianity firmly in that country, and in drawing the attention of the Christian world to so promising a field of missionary enterprise.—*The Methodist.*

Christian Work.

A NIGHT IN A LODGING-HOUSE

—
BY DR. BARNARDO.
—

Bosanquet, in his book upon London, published in 1868, says that no Act of Parliament has ever gone more directly to the root of the evil at which it was aimed, than did Lord Shaftesbury's Common Lodging-House Act of 1851. This I can well believe; for assuredly, the stories which have reached us of the lodging-houses of thirty years ago, find no parallel in the state of things now existing. The registration of the lodging-houses, and the appointment of inspectors duly commissioned to examine into and report upon their sanitary condition, struck a blow at that vile and demoralizing condition which writers of thirty years ago so often and vividly described. But things as they now exist, are sufficiently awful to make us wonder in amazement when we

think of what they must have been in "the good old times." The promiscuous commingling of the sexes in these houses is, happily, a thing of the past; but in far too many of the existing lodging-houses are the keepers permitted to exceed the number of lodgers which a consideration of the commonest sanitary laws would have prescribed. The police are easily baffled, and, unless some striking event occurs, or some epidemic arises, lodging-house keepers in some quarters of London contrive to evade the regulations made and provided in the Act of 1851.

AN EXPERIMENT.

I have been a visitor at lodging-houses of all sorts during the past nine years, and have had peculiar opportunities of observing the habits and modes of life of those who take up their abode in them. Only once have I dared to seek shelter in one of these

hotels of the poor, and no inducement which I can conceive would, I think, prevail sufficiently to cause me to repeat the act. The remembrance of that night is something to be wondered and shuddered at, and, if possible, to be forgotten; certainly not to be revived by a repetition of the experiment. Indeed, I must have been almost mad to have attempted it; and nothing but the inducement held out by a little Irish lad, who had often accompanied me on my nightly peregrinations, could have succeeded in causing me to make the experiment. But, of course, Mick Farrell understood but few of my scruples, and, besides this, was not a little proud of being my *chaperone* upon occasions when he felt I could not have done without his help. He had often urged me to "to make myself up" and have a regular night of it, but I was afraid; however, his arguments and statements prevailed at last. He knew of a "ken" where only "swell chaps" went; fellers as did a big business and no mistake; "where you paid fourpence for your "doss" and got "lilly-white" sheets. The "sheets" turned the scale, and I resolved at all costs to go with Mick to K— street, and enjoy, for one night at least, the shelter of the "swell ken."

OBJECTS IN VIEW.

The objects I had in view, when contemplating this visit were—First, to obtain by experience a truer and more exact knowledge of lodging-house accommodation and habits; second, to influence, if possible, *at once* any young people whom I might meet in the house, and whose mode of life would appear to be depraved or approaching the criminal; and third, to obtain an introduction into other lodging houses through any chance acquaintance which might be formed during my visit. In all this, the main desire of my life—to save poor boys

from the life of the streets, and bring them under the sound of the gospel—was, of course, uppermost in my mind.

PREPARATION.

After much reflection, I was persuaded that it would never do to go in my ordinary *role* as an observer. I felt that I must, for once, lose my identity, and become one of the great class known as tramps. There were difficulties, to be sure; but I resolved to meet and overcome them as they might arise. First and foremost, what about the clothes? The worst I possessed would be far too good for the character in which I meant to appear; and to put on others, borrowed from some filthy lad, was abhorrent in the extreme.

Squeamish fastidiousness certainly would be adverse to such a task as I was about to attempt, so I resolved to lay aside the very little that I possessed. A few precautions were, of course, necessary, and these I took. First, as to my *physique*. Having allowed a few days to pass away without shaving, one's trim appearance became somewhat altered; and then, a suit of ragged nondescript clothes, taken from a lad which had just entered our Home, were, although, still horribly unpleasant, not quite so bad as they might have been, if the process of baking had not first of all destroyed the life which infested every shred. The boots were wonders! The hat was admirable—an old and battered billycock, whose dilapidated rim could be conveniently slouched over the not too well disguised countenance. A little dust and mud judiciously distributed over face, head, and hands, removed any appearance of habitual cleanliness, which was inconsistent with the character I assumed. The greatest difficulty remained yet to be overcome. Without my spectacles I would be a blind man; and yet, to enter a lodging-house, not only with spectacles,

but with such a pair as mine, would at once awaken suspicion. So we managed after this fashion—I was to retain my glasses until I reached the door of the house in which we were to pass the night, then I was to remove and secrete them, keeping very close to my young companion until we had reached the room in which we were to sleep.

THE LOCALITY.

I will not pause to describe K—street, remarkable chiefly from the fact that it was narrow and very foul; that at many a half opened door evil-looking men and lads lounged, smoking, talking, and in a few cases fighting, and that there were in it a number of dingy-looking shops, the glass of whose windows was covered with a kind of semi-discoloured paper or white-wash, bearing the words coarsely written or printed “Beds for single men, 3d. ;” or, perhaps, “Good accommodation for lodgers, 4d. ;” and I think I saw on the window of one house “Couples only.” Into none of these did we enter, but continued right down the street until we came to one quieter, and perhaps a little better than the others. The dull glass door had upon it an inscription in a straggling, flourishing hand to the effect that therein might be obtained “Beds for single men, 4d.”

THE HOUSE AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

“Here we are, sir,” said Mick; and removing my spectacles, and giving the leaf of my hat a slouch over my eyes, and hitching up my trousers, which were only secured by a piece of rope which passed outside the coat and round my body, we entered. It was quite twelve o’clock, for Mick had told me that there would be less chance of discovery if we went when most of the boys were in bed. For, although it was a fourpenny lodging-house, Mick said that nearly all its occupants were

boys. Two of these lads were still in the kitchen when we entered. They had a sickly, sallow look about their faces. One, his hair drenched in some greasy fluid, made some little pretensions to gaiety, and I gathered from his talk that he had been out with his “gal” to the “Vic” (the Victoria Theatre).

We did not linger long there, but quickly paid our money to the Deputy, who knew Mick very well, and greeted him with “Hullo youngster! where ‘ave you bin to all this time? Stopping at your country ‘ouse, I shouldn’t wonder. Where’s you to sleep? Why, in the long ‘un to be sure. Yes, we ‘ave two of the werry splendidest beds, close to each other, where you and your pal may go. Go up; yer knows the way; where Gladstone alway sleeps when he wants to be fashernable. Number 17 and 18. Take care you doesn’t wake the *crab*! ‘or he’s been a-drinking, he has, and cum in to-night werry cross, and if you rouse ‘im up he’ll be making a pretty row. I never see’d such a chap as he is when he’s got a drop too much!”

We went up stairs. As we approached the first floor, Mick said “Whist” and, creeping on tiptoe, we passed the door of the room in which the formidable *crab* lay sleeping, fearful lest the creaking stairs would arouse this bully, who, Mick afterwards told me, was a great strapping fellow of nineteen years of age, frequently under the influence of drink, and at such times cruelly ill-treating any poor boy who ventured to disturb his slumbers.

OUR DESTINATION

was an upper room, or as the Deputy had said, “the long ‘un.” It was on the second floor, and we reached it quietly enough, ascending by a few stairs. The gas was lighted low as we entered the room, and when I reached “No. 17” bed, which Mick told me was to be my “doss” for the night, I quietly put on my glasses to inspect the scene.

The room smelt abominably, and was nearly filled with boys from ten to seventeen years of age, so far as I could judge. Many were sleeping, but some were still awake and I had to be careful, lest while looking about me they should observe my spectacles. In all, there were thirty-four boys in the room, in as many beds. It seemed to me as though there ought not to have been more than twenty. The bedsteads were iron, whilst a straw palliase formed the couch itself. The "lily-white" sheets were made of tick-like-looking calico, as yellow as they well could be, and covered with indelible marks, that suggested many a past conflict with insect life. My pillow was a flat one, but Mick generously gave me his, which was "fatter" than mine. Two of the lads in different parts of the room lay smoking whilst in their beds. This, of course, was contrary to law, as a spark carelessly falling on bed or floor would subject all in the house to great danger; but who would notice or care for a breach of rule in such a place? The lad on my left-hand side had a rough head of red hair, being frightfully pitted with small pox; whilst Mick my companion slept in the bed on the right-hand side.

A STRANGE WARDROBE.

But the mystery to me was, where did they put their clothing? For I could see no trace of any garments hanging about; and that they did not get into bed with their clothes was quite certain, for many of the boys had their arms, shoulders, or chest exposed, and on none of them could I see even a shirt; they had all evidently *undressed* before going to bed. Mick solved the difficulty. All their clothing was put under their "pillers" or bolsters, whichever it might be, for one bed had a "piller" and another a "bolster," and their clothing was placed there for security. When this is not

done a new boy often loses his garments, or wakes in the morning to discover that they have been exchanged for others in a far worse condition. Even the boots, when such luxuries are possessed, are always taken into the bed with the sleeper. But why did they take of their shirts? This, Mick assured me, was to prevent them from being infested with vermin. The shirt was taken off, rolled up tight into a ball—Mick showed me how to do it—and in some cases poked under the bed between the slips of iron that formed the bottom of the bedstead, or put tight under the pillow. In a few minutes Mick had divested himself of his clothing, and, with a "Here goes!" jumped in between his "lily-white sheets." That is what I call a proper 'doss,' that is, and no mistake," said Mick with satisfaction, as he rolled around him his bed-clothes, and nestled himself down for slumber.

BROKEN REST

I was, however, slow to follow his example. My intense unwillingness to commit myself to such a couch was barely overcome, and, although I did remove the greater part of my clothing, I could not follow Mick's example, and do without my innermost garment. At last I, too, sought the shelter of the sheets. Faugh! When I think of it, it makes me almost sick. At first I could not lie upon the bed. The smell of the sheets and pillow was overpowering; but still, knowing the advantages of my position, I overcame my unwillingness, and lay quite. Alas! my miseries were only just beginning. I was very tired, and in a few minutes, notwithstanding my resolution to remain awake, the closeness of the room and my weariness induced a kind of slumber. How long I slept I do not know; not, I think, more than an hour, when I awoke suddenly out of an horrible dream, in which I thought I had been discovered by my

bedroom companions and denounced as a spy, in punishment of which they had each inflicted vengeance on me by pricking pins all over my body, and then rubbing in pepper. I appealed against their cruelty; I struggled, but in vain. And now the pins came to my face, and it seemed as though in eyes and nose the pepper was pushed, smarting, burning, and maddening me! Aiming a blow at my assailants, I rolled out of bed, and found it was but a dream.

A dream, did I say? No, something more than a dream—a dream with a horrible reality involved in it; for while I lay now quite wakeful in the bed to which I had returned, the sensations which I had previously experienced in my sleep, were found to be realities. The gas was still burning; I looked at my hand and arm, which were pricking and smarting intolerably. They were covered with blotches and wheals. Alarmed, I sat up in bed, and then understood it all. Dear reader, do not accuse me of exaggeration as you peruse these lines; for the simple truth is that the sheet was almost brown with myriads of moving insects, which seemed to regard my bed and my body as their rightful property. What was I to do? I called to Mick. He did not hear me. Leaping from the bed and turning the gas-jet on full, I noticed that the floor, the walls, the ceiling were equally discoloured. In fact, the place teemed with them. I was now suffering frightfully; many of the creatures were perambulating over my person, feasting upon me at leisure. I could have shouted in my agony. I scraped up from my bed a handful, which I crushed, threw upon the floor, and repeated the operation, until I grew sick. Reaching Mick's bed, I shook him lustily, and shouted as loudly as I dared, "Get up; get up at once! I must go out, or I shall go mad!" With great difficulty I aroused him.

He asked what was the matter. I told him. His reply was, "Why, sir, 'taint nothin'! I've see'd 'em some of these nights when it was hot, and there wor twice as many!" However, I had seen and felt enough, and even then was almost beside myself with irritation, pain, and nervous fear; so I insisted on Mick's withdrawing with me without delay. We dressed hastily. I put on my wretched rags as quickly as I could, and drew them around me without any fear of discovery. Assuredly my face, as I afterwards found when I reached a looking-glass, was so altered as to be unrecognisable. I could scarcely see, my eyelids being so swollen from the bites that it was with difficulty I groped my way to the kitchen. Here Mick and I stopped for a moment to appease the Deputy, who was wrath at being disturbed, and suspicious of our motive for withdrawing. Mick, however, said that "his pal turned sick and could'nt stop there; that was all; so as we had paid our browns he had no call on us! so he needn't give none of his jaw."

ESCAPED!

After many a muttered oath from the Deputy, we were permitted to depart, and at last reached the clear outside air. Oh! how delicious it seemed! How my lungs inspired again and again fresh draughts of the night air! The street was narrow, and the atmosphere there not particularly pure; but it was paradisaic as compared with the steaming fumes of the vile den which I had left.

And yet my readers must not suppose that this lodging-house was by any means a bad one. Of its sort it was particularly good, its worst feature being, of course, its "B flats," as Mick facetiously called them. "I forgot to tell you about 'em, sir," he added in apologetic explanation, "but it's werry fierce in Fletcher's! always 'as been ever since a Russian party lived there,

as was said to 've brought 'em there for hisself. They may white-wash and all sorts o' washes, and it 'aint no use! Why, Sir, I've know'd 'em to be that cute that they'd run up a wall and get on the ceilin' and drop down handy on a feller when they couldn't climb up a bedstead."

PERCEPTIBLE RESULTS.

When I reached home my first act was to obtain a warm bath, which was deliciously refreshing and soothing; and then, for the first time, I looked at my altered visage in the glass. I write soberly when I declare that I could not recognise the face I saw reflected. Puffed and swollen, red and livid—I had scratched myself pretty freely during my uneasy slumber and on my way home—a more professionally belligerent-looking countenance could scarcely be imagined. Quite three weeks elapsed before I was in a state to be visible, during which time I might have passed for one who was suffering from an incipient attack of variola. So much for my adventure as an amateur tramp; not a very encouraging one truly. But ever afterwards I understood what a boy once said to me when I expressed wonder at finding so few boys sleeping out in the streets at night during winter, and so very many in the summer. "You see, sir," said my informant, "it's like this ere: in winter, if we's got tupence 'tis so awful cold and bad out side as a feller would rather have his doss nor a supper. But in summer 'tis terrible hot in them lodging-houses, and lively, too, I tell yer! Most chaps prefers to have a good blow-out of a supper, and to doss out on the lay, rather than indoors. It's more cool and refreshin', and you've got more of your own blood in the mornin'."

Although this visit to a lodging-house was so unpleasantly interrupted, often since then I have passed many hours in visiting, inspecting, and

examining both houses, keepers, and inmates, and from among the latter have rescued some hundreds of boys and girls from misery and sin, whilst not a few adults, originally holding superior positions in society, but who had lapsed through misfortune or vice, have been aided or encouraged to make another effort to redeem their lives from destruction.

But as regards this last class, I feel it my duty to add that I have never known a really hopeful case of reclamation and restoration to society, except in such individual instances where Christ, the sinner's Friend, was received in faith and trembling confidence into the heart. As far as my experience goes, all other cases of attempted restoration among adults who have lost their original foothold in society have been utter failures.

AMONG THE FRENCH.

For over a third of a century the French Canadian Missionary Society has prosecuted its evangelistic work among the French Canadian people. It is therefore entitled to confidence and support. The following is the latest summary of its work:—

1. In EDUCATION, at the Mission Schools of Pointe-aux-Trembles and other stations, over 2,000 pupils, mostly of Roman Catholic parentage, have received a spiritual education, resulting in many cases in their conversion to Christ. Of these it has been shown that over twenty have become Ministers of the Gospel, about seventy have taught school, and forty have colported for various seasons, whilst a large number have risen to usefulness in the ordinary walks of life. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this department of the Society's work in the evangelization of the French Canadians, and to

every true friend of the race and of the Gospel, the Committee should surely not appeal in vain.

The session of 1875-6 at Pointe-aux-Trembles has commenced under most favourable auspices with 120 pupils, a large number of whom are of Roman Catholic parents, being a fifth more than last year, while as many have been refused admittance for want of funds.

There are four other schools supported in whole or in part by the Society.

2. In the COLPORTAGE department thirteen labourers are employed amidst great difficulties in circulating and expounding the Word of God from house to house in the cities and country parishes. This work is essential to the prosperity of the schools, and of the churches which are largely recruited by the labours of these devoted brethren.

From the depository last year were issued about 3,000 copies of the Scriptures in whole or in part, and 60,000 books, tracts, and illustrated papers, most of which were circulated by the Colporteurs. This year the issues will be as large. Since the formation of the Society in 1839, the circulation of the Scriptures in whole or in part, is estimated at 40,000, and about 450,000 of religious publications small and large. Besides the Scriptures and publications suited for Colportage, the Committee import largely of standard French evangelical works, which are sold at low rates at the depository.

3. In EVANGELIZATION, additionally to the departments of mission work, the Society has hitherto supported the Pastors of the *Synod des Eglises Evangeliques* in their important work, ministering last year to the spiritual wants of ten churches and forty other mission stations, where meetings for worship are occasionally held.

Should any of our readers feel inclined to assist this excellent Society

they may remit their subscriptions to Mr. DAVID ROSS, Annan P.O., Ont., who will acknowledge receipt and forward all monies received to headquarters, Montreal.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN PHILADELPHIA.

To the sore disappointment of thousands in Philadelphia, Sabbath morning, the 21st of November, was ushered in with a dark, drenching storm. Great expectations had been indulged, and great preparations made. For weeks previous, twice a week, large union prayer-meetings had been held to pray for an outpouring of the Spirit of God on the coming evangelists and their labours. The vast hall, corner of Market and Thirteenth streets had been secured, floored, carpeted with matting, seated with ten thousand two hundred chairs, painted and lighted. A permanent Committee of fifteen ministers of all evangelical persuasions had been appointed, also an Executive Committee, and a very large choir, and a large band of Christian workers organized.

Under these circumstances it were not surprising if many a heart sank when the much-looked-for Sabbath morning brought with it the gloom and chill of a cold November storm! Discouragement, however, gave way when, through the pouring rain, long lines of people were seen crowding towards the place of meeting, and at length some eight thousand souls joined in the services of the hour! Before the time arrived for the afternoon services the clouds had withdrawn, and allowed sunbeams to take the place of rain-drops, and more than ten thousand souls gathered within the hall, while at least fifteen thousand were shut out!

Mr. Moody's voice is not remarkable for sweetness, but it is one which,

with comparative ease, finds way over an audience of eleven thousand souls. His utterance is rapid and his manner very earnest, and though free from anything like rant, it is at times quite impassioned. His discourse is a steady, almost impetuous flow from beginning to end. His principal gesture, mostly with his left arm, is like the action in snapping a whip, in which he, as it were, flings off from the end of his extended forefinger electric discharges into the audience.

Perhaps the best idea of the actual character of the movement thus far, in Philadelphia, and the best basis for anticipation of what yet may come, would lie in a narrative of one day's services, say, those of Wednesday, the fourth day of the work in this city.

The morning prayer-meeting was held in the Chamber's Presbyterian Church, on Broad street, near Chestnut, beginning at eight o'clock. As early as seven the people began to assemble, the time up to the commencement of the regular services being spent mostly in singing.

At eight precisely, the church being now compactly filled, Mr. Moody gave out the hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

A clergyman present was called on to lead in prayer, after which the hymn was sung, "I need thee every hour."

Mr. Moody then read from the twentieth chapter of Second Chronicles, interspersing his reading with sharp, incisive, practical comments.

We now joined in silent prayer, during which Mr. Moody said, "If any here wish an interest in our prayers let such make it known." All heads were bowed, and the silence like that of the grave was broken now by the tones of a manly voice saying, "Pray for me," and then by the tremulous voice of a woman, and then by that of a young man asking prayer for a sister, and then by a pastor asking for

himself and his people, and so on for some ten minutes. The service was intensely solemn, and every one on retiring from the church said in his soul, "surely God is in this place."

By five o'clock in the afternoon the people began to gather in the great hall. By half-past five there were a thousand people assembled. At seven o'clock the doors were shut, shutting in nearly eleven thousand souls, and shutting out thousands more. Precisely at half-past seven o'clock the service began, and what a scene was spread before us!

To the other end of the hall the eye ran over a space of 338 feet. From side to side the audience extended 184 feet. Long lines of chandeliers reached from end to end. The ceiling, low on either hand, rose in the middle into a clere-story, giving space for large windows moving on pivots, and, to regulate ventilation, easily opened and shut by cords falling within reach of the ushers' hands. Somewhere near the middle of the hall the floor begins to rise toward the northern end, lifting that portion of the audience to full view of the platform. And spread over that vast area was an expanse of human faces, through whose eyes more than ten thousand immortal souls gazed on the speaker. There were black faces and white, intelligent and stolid; here that of the wealthy lady, there of the seamstress; yonder of the servant-girl, the clerk, the apprentice—all classes of society. And when the marvellous voice of Sankey rolled its billowy tones over that expanse of human life in the words "Nothing but leaves," emotions stirred that could not be repressed, tears started from thousands of eyes.

The sermon was on "Five one things"—each illustrated by some pithy or touching fact. First, "One thing thou lackest." A beggar lacks wealth, a sick man health, each one

thing. But he that lacks Christ lacks all! Second, "One thing is needful"—sitting at the feet of Jesus. This is God's college! Third, "One is your Master." Public opinion is the master of one, and self of another, but Christ is the only Master of the soul. Fourth, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see! Be sure of your salvation. Fifth, "One thing I do!" This was Paul's motto and life! These points were enforced with an energy of utterance and gesture, and a fertility of illustration that by the blessing of the Spirit produced an evident and profound effect.

From the place of preaching, the young men present were invited to withdraw to a neighbouring church, and there a most impressive service was held. A profound solemnity prevailed. Experience was narrated, exhortations delivered, and many of the unconverted rose to ask the prayers of Christians in their behalf.

Among the phenomena of the movement here is the marvellous harmony of view prevailing among the pastors and people of all denominations, while the secular press, with rare exceptions, treat it with studious respect. This spirit of harmony is due, we think, among other things, to Mr. Moody's soundness of doctrine, and modesty of utterance and deportment. He came here only on condition that the pastors would sanction the movement, and no word or act of his has indicated a want of respect for the pulpit and the ordained ministry of the church of Christ.

One the whole, whatever may be in the future, we have a present blessing, and there is an audible sound of abundance of rain.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT BELFAST.

The 27th Annual Report speaks encouragingly of the work and prospect

of the Alliance. We give an extract from the address of the Chairman, Lord Waveney:—

"I have said that this moment is especially favourable, when the whole world is in the throes, we may say, of some great change. It is not only amongst the Churches of Europe that a spirit of investigation and careful thought has been elicited, and which forty years ago had no such place, but wherever man reasons upon his origin and upon his instincts. In the very deserts of Arabia the Mohammedan is moved by some striving after an improved faith. The Wahab, the Puritan of the Mohammedan, is already extending his power amongst them; and as I have already given you one illustration, let me give you another. I spoke of the streams of thought passing eastward and westward as two mighty rivers. Is it not true that this great upheaving of thought may be likened to the tidal wave, which starting from the Antarctic regions, fill all seas and harbours—aye, and even pestilential lagoons—with its beneficent motion and influence? And so from the recesses deeper far than those of the unknown pole, which shall never be known but to One alone, may come and does come, that influence which is upheaving the great oceans of thought for good, because both on the material mass of waters and on the mind of the man the breath that comes is the Spirit of God. And not alone in these mighty matters, but with reference to our home searches after truth, is the influence of such a body as I have spoken of to be traced. I have before me the proceedings of the Congregational Union of England—limited, I presume, solely to the Churches of the Congregationalists of England. It contains in the remarks of one of its ministers a broad and general sentiment which I am sure will find acceptance with all of you. After some remarks on the possibility

of interchange of thought between Churches, he says: 'But I should not object to have one whole year of the meetings of the Union devoted to the work of celebrating the virtues instead of the vices of other Churches.'"

THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.

At the meeting in Dublin, the Rev. Auguste Fisch (of Paris) said his intention was to speak to them on three points connected with France. First, what is the state of their Churches in France? secondly, what is the religious state of the country? and thirdly, what are the hopes and prospects of the country? As regards the first point, he might say that the state of their Churches was very encouraging. They had not been visited with revival, such as had taken place in England and Ireland under the instrumentality of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but the Churches of France had been greatly benefited by that revival. The faith of the people was, in a great measure, strengthened by the good tidings of the revival work in England and Ireland. When the people heard of so many souls being converted, and so many Christians revived, they began to be ashamed of themselves. Throughout the country various meetings were held, which were very encouraging, and by these meetings the Churches began to be moved. Many Christians began to be occupied by the question of the revival, and the preachers of the Gospel began to preach with more power than ever they did before. The spirit of union was spreading everywhere in France; Protestants of various denominations were becoming more and more united—they loved each other better than they did. The Government of the country was Republican, and it did everything it could (to please the priests) to stop their work in many departments. In Paris the constitution was different

from what it was in the departments. In a large city like Paris the power of Rome was not so great as in the small towns or cities of the country; and so in Paris they had carried on their evangelistic work with greater liberty than in some other parts of France. He thought that they might look to the future with hope when he told them that one-half of the 7,000 children in their schools formerly belonged to the Roman Catholic Church.

PROGRESS IN ITALY.

The Rev. Teofilo Gay (Rome) was the next speaker. He said that the Evangelical Alliance had taken root in Italy. That might seem not to be true, but still it was a fact. At Rome a committee had been formed, and they had there welcomed, with all their heart, the Rev. James Davis, the Secretary, when he came out to see whether it was possible to establish a branch of the Alliance there. He spoke of the change which had taken place in Rome. They had got as a convert a man far more important than any of those converted here in England. He alluded to Dr. Lana, who had been professor of philosophy in the private seminary of the Pope at the Vatican. He was the first priest that had come over from the Vatican, and let them look for success when from the very headquarters of the enemy they were receiving help. The rev. gentleman then proceeded to speak of the various Churches at work in Italy. He alluded first to the Vaudois Church; secondly, the Free Italian Church; thirdly, the Church which was called the Apostolic Church; fourthly, there were the American Baptists; and fifthly, the Wesleyan Methodist Church. That Church had what none of the other Protestant Churches had—a village in Italy converted to Protestantism.

THE SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF THE WORD OF GOD.

The International Series of Bible Lessons is on the whole well planned. Its great merit however is that it leads people to a deliberate systematic study of the Word, not only in the Sabbath School, but also in the Sanctuary and in the family. Our readers will find it useful to have beside them in the December number of the *CHRISTIAN MONTHLY* the whole scheme of lessons for 1876.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1876.

First Quarter.

1. Saul Rejected1 Sam. xv. 10-23.....Commit to memory vs. 17-23.
Golden Text.—When he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected.
Heb. xii. 17.
2. David Anointed King1 Sam. xvi. 1-13.....Commit to memory vs. 7-13.
Golden Text.—And the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward. 1 Sam. xvi. 13.
3. David and Goliath1 Sam. xvii. 38-51....Commit to memory vs. 45-49.
Golden Text.—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.
Phil. iv. 13.
4. David in the Palace.....1 Sam. xviii. 1-16.....Commit to memory vs. 1, 12-16.
Golden Text.—When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. Prov. xvi. 7.
5. David and Jonathan.....1 Sam. xx. 35-42.....Commit to memory vs. 41, 42.
Golden Text.—There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. xviii. 24.
6. David Sparing Saul.....1 Sam. xxiv. 1-16.....Commit to memory vs. 9-15.
Golden Text.—Recompense to no man evil for evil. Rom. xii. 17
7. Saul and his Sons Slain.....1 Sam. xxxi. 1-6.....Commit to memory vs. 3-6.
Golden Text.—The wicked is driven away in his wickedness. Prov. xiv. 32.
8. David Established King.....2 Sam. v. 17-25.....Commit to memory vs. 17-21.
Golden Text.—Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established.
2 Chron. xx. 20.
9. The Ark Brought to Zion.....2 Sam. vi. 1-15.....Commit to memory vs. 6-11.
Golden Text.—The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for his habitation. Ps. cxxxii. 13.
10. God's Covenant with David...2 Sam. vii. 18-29.....Commit to memory vs. 27-29.
Golden Text.—Of this man's seed hath God, according to his promise, raised unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus. Acts xiii. 23.
11. Absalom's Rebellion.....2 Sam. xv. 1-14.....Commit to memory vs. 1-6.
Golden Text.—The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it. Prov. xxx. 17.
12. Absalom's Death2 Sam. xviii. 24-33...Commit to memory vs. 29-33.
Golden Text.—He that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death. Prov. xi. 19.
13. Review; or, A Lesson Selected by the School.
Golden Text.—Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it. Ps. cxxxvii. 34

Second Quarter.

1. The Ascending Lord.....Acts i. 1-12.....Commit to memory vs. 6-11.
Golden Text.—And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. Luke xxiv. 51.

2. The Day of Pentecost.....Acts ii. 1-12Commit to memory vs. 1-6.
Golden Text.—He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.
Matt. iii. 11.
3. Peter's Defence.....Acts ii. 12-28....Commit to memory vs. 16-21.
Golden Text.—Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched
diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto
you. 1 Pet. i. 10.
4. The Early Christian Church.....Acts ii. 37-47.....Commit to memory vs. 37-42.
Golden Text.—Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.
Rom. x. 13.
5. The Lame Man HealedActs iii. 1-11.....Commit to memory vs. 1-7.
Golden Text.—And his name, through faith in his name, hath made this man
strong. Acts iii. 16.
6. The Power of Jesus' Name.....Acts iii. 12-26.....Commit to memory vs. 12-16.
Golden Text.—There is none other name under heaven given among men,
whereby we must be saved. Acts iv. 12.
7. Christian CourageActs iv. 8-22.....Commit to memory vs. 8-13.
Golden Text.—The righteous are bold as a Lion. Prov. xxviii. 1.
8. Christian Fellowship.....Acts iv. 23-37.....Commit to memory vs. 31-35.
Golden Text.—We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one mem-
bers, one of another. Rom. xii. 5.
9. Lying Unto God.....Acts v. 1-11.....Commit to memory vs. 1-6.
Golden Text.—Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God. Acts v. 4.
10. The Apostles in Prison.....Acts v. 12-26.....Commit to memory vs. 17-23.
Golden Text.—If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but
let him glorify God on this behalf. 1 Pet. iv. 16.
11. The Apostles before the Council Acts v. 27-42.....Commit to memory vs. 27-33.
Golden Text.—If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. viii. 31.
12. The Seven Chosen..... Acts vi. 1-15.....Commit to memory vs. 1-7.
Golden Text.—They that have used the office of a deacon well, purchase to
themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith
which is in Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. iii. 13.
13. Review; or, A Lesson Selected by the School.
Golden Text.—Arise, shine, for all thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord
is risen upon thee. Is. lx. 1.

Third Quarter.

1. David's Charge to Solomon.....1 Chron. xxviii. 1-10. Commit to memory vs. 6-10.
Golden Text.—Know thou the Lord of thy father, and serve him with a per-
fect heart, and with a willing mind. 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.
2. Solomon's Choice.....2 Chron i. 1-17.....Commit to memory vs. 7-12.
Golden Text.—If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to
all men liberally. James i. 5.
3. Solomon's Temple.....2 Chron iii. 1-17.....Commit to memory vs. 1-16.
Golden Text.—Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee;
how much less this house that I have builded. 1 Kings viii. 27.
4. The Temple Dedicated.....1 Kings viii. 5-21.....Commit to memory vs. 5-11.
Golden Text.—I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that
ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto
God. Rom. xii. 1.
5. Solomon's Prayer.....1 Kings viii. 22-30.....Commit to memory vs. 27-30.
Golden Text.—Arise, O Lord, into thy rest, thou and the ark of thy strength.
Ps. cxxii. 8.
6. Solomon's Prosperity.....1 Kings x. 1-10.....Commit to memory vs. 4-9.
Golden Text.—She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the
wisdom of Solomon; and behold a greater than Solomon is
here. Matt. xii. 42.

7. The call of Wisdom.....Prov i. 20-33Commit to memory vs. 20-26-
Golden Text.—Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. Rev. iii. 20.
8. The Value of Wisdom.....Prov. iii. 1-19Commit to memory vs. 1-7.
Golden Text.—It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be paid for the price thereof. Job xxviii. 15.
9. Honest Industry.....Prov. vi. 6-22Commit to memory vs. 6-11.
Golden Text.—Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord. Rom. xii. 11.
10. Intemperance.....Prov. xxiii. 29-35Commit to memory vs. 29-35.
Golden Text.—Be not drunk with wine; wherein is excess; but be filled with the spirit. Ep. v. 18.
11. The Excellent Women.....Prov. xxxi. 10-31Commit to memory vs. 25-31.
Golden Text.—This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. Acts ix. 36.
12. A Godly Life.....Ecclesiastes xii. 1-14Commit to memory vs. 8-14.
Golden Text.—Godliness is profitable unto all things. 1 Tim. iv. 8.
13. Review; or, A Lesson Selected by the School.
Golden Text.—Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. iv. 23.

Fourth Quarter.

1. Stephen's Defence.....Acts vii. 1-19Commit to memory vs. 1-7.
Golden Text.—Whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever, Amen. Rom. ix. 5.
2. Stephen's Defence.....Acts vii. 35-50Commit to memory vs. 44-50.
Golden Text.—Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second. Heb. x. 9.
3. Stephen's MartyrdomActs vii. 51-60Commit to memory vs. 54-60.
Golden Text.—Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. Phil. i. 20.
4. Simon the Sorcerer.....Acts viii. 9-25Commit to memory vs. 18-24.
Golden Text.—Thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Acts viii. 21.
5. Philip and the EthiopianActs viii. 26-40Commit to memory vs. 34-39.
Golden Text.—He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. Mark xvi. 16.
6. Saul's Conversion.....Acts ix. 1-18Commit to memory vs. 1-6.
Golden Text.—A new heart also will I give you. Ex. xxxvi. 26.
7. Saul's Early MinistryActs ix. 19-30Commit to memory vs. 20-25.
Golden Text.—He which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. Gal. i. 23
8. Dorcas Restored to Life.....Acts ix. 31-43Commit to memory vs. 36-40.
Golden Text.—The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. Ps. cxii. 6.
9. Peter's Vision.....Act's x. 1-20Commit to memory vs. 17-20.
Golden Text.—God is no respecter of person. Acts x. 34.
10. The Gentiles Received.....Acts x. 34-48Commit to memory vs. 44-48.
Golden Text.—The Gentiles shall come by thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Is. lx. 3.
11. Spread of the Gospel.....Acts xi. 19-30Commit to memory vs. 21-26.
Golden Text.—They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them. Mark xvi. 20.
12. Peter's Release.....Acts xii. 1-17Commit to memory vs. 1-7.
Golden Text.—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. Ps. xxxiv. 7.
13. Review; or, A Lesson Selected by the School.
Golden Text.—A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation; I the Lord will hasten it in his time. Is. lx. 22.
14. Annual Review, or Selection.

Practical Prayer.

GATHER OUT THE STONES.

Christian people sometimes suffer certain stumbling stones, which they might remove, to remain in the gospel pathway. As a consequence, some, perhaps many, are hindered from walking in the way of life.

There is the stone of *Indifference*. We rejoice to believe that there is a growing desire and expectation of a religious awakening in our land. But it is also true that very many professed Christian people have very languid desires in this direction, if they have any. They may pray in words, "O Lord, revive thy work." They may sing, "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove." But they have nothing that can be termed *longing* for the coming of Christ's kingdom.

Now this indifference is a hindrance in the way of the manifestation of the Divine power. God can of course work in spite of the coldness of his people; but it is not the rule of his providence to do this. If Christians would see the power of the Almighty displayed in the conversion of men, they must gather out all the stones of indifference to the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom.

There is the stone of *Indolence*. Spiritual apathy and spiritual laziness, indeed, go hand in hand. The indifferent Christian is the indolent Christian, and the indolent Christian is the indifferent Christian. One of the greatest obstacles in the way of a general revival of religion is the fact that comparatively few Christians put forth anything like the activity that ought to characterize them. If all

would work as a few do, we should soon see the Millennium.

Gather out the stones of indolence, and you will soon see the indifference disappearing, and the gospel highway will speedily be made smooth.

There is the stone of *Imperfection* in Christian living. To a far greater degree than ought to be the case, there is a wide gap between Christian profession and Christian practice.

Now every man must give account of himself to God, and those who stumble into hell over the faults of Christians will have only themselves to blame. But it is the duty of Christians nevertheless to remove every such obstacle in the way of any soul. It is the duty of every Christian to make his practice tally with his profession.

Gather out these stones of imperfection, that you at least may not be found with your brother's blood on your skirts.

There is the stone of *Disagreement* among brethren. A personal difficulty between only two members of a church has been known before now to keep the Holy Spirit at a distance. One of the most pitiable things in the world, a sight to make angels weep, is the quarrelsome spirit that professedly Christian people sometimes allow to rankle among themselves.

We may not limit the divine grace. But we may be very sure that into a quarrelsome church the spirit of God is not *likely* to come. Gather out these stones, men and brethren, if you would see God by the Holy Ghost come into the midst of you with saving power.—*American Messenger*.

Christian Miscellany.

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS, AND THE YET-MAY-BE.

The MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS! the MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS!—they stand, in long array,
Haunting my steps with cruel voice, and bitter words they say:
I see their gaunt forms cluster round with dark and gloomy brow—
“This—this you might-have-been—this done; alas! how is it now?”

Ye MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS, ye MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS, set thick from childhood's hour!
Are ye not *dead*? then why come back with cruel useless power?
I cannot clothe you *now* with flesh! *your* time is passed away;
Back to your graves, ye restless ghosts, nor flaunt the face of day!

Dread MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS, pale MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS, how sad ye are to me,—
Dark phantoms of the dead, dead past; a barren fruitless tree.
Once ye showed buds and blossoms fair:—no blessings on you now;
“Lo! I have cursed your blessings” is stamped upon your brow!

The YET-MAY-BE! The YET-MAY-BE! how fair its young life seems!
After the fearful Might-have-beens, it comes like angels' dreams;
It comes with healing on its wings, with hope for you and me:
Oh God! I thank Thee that Thou giv'st us still a Yet-may be!

Sweet YET-MAY-BE, so pure and bright! I'll bind thee to my heart,
And guard each day thy beauty, lest its glory should depart:
But, lest *thou* too should'st wither to an unblest Might-have-been,
Dear Jesus! keep me near to Thee! Keep Thou my conscience clean.

M. W. J.

AFTER THE STORM.

After the storm, a calm;
After the bruise, a balm;
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew;
After the cloud, the blue;
For the sky will smile, in the sun's good time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
 Dawn is the child of night,
 And the rolling change of the busy world
 Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
 Many a cup doth fill.
 And many the patient lip, thought it drinketh oft,
 Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep,
 Blessings so slow to reap,
 Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,
 And the courage is hard to keep!

Nevertheless, I know
 Out of the darkness must grow,
 Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
 Since the heavens have willed it so.

—*Advance.*

THE HOLY EMERALD.

[The following exquisite sonnet is from a volume of poems recently published by Charles Tennyson, the brother of the poet Laureate. The "Holy Emerald," is said to contain the only true likeness of Christ:]

The gem, to which the artist did intrust
 That Face which now outshines the Cherubim,
 Gave up, full willingly, its emerald dust,
 'To take Christ's likeness, to make room for Him.
 So must it be, if they would'st bear about
 Thy Lord—thy shining surface must be lowered,
 Thy goodly prominence be chipt and scored,
 Till those deep scars have brought his features out:
 Sharp be the stroke and true make no complaints;
 For heavenly lines thou givest earthly grit:
 But oh! how oft our coward spirit faints,
 When we are called our jewels to submit
 To his keen graver, which so oft hath writ
 The Saviour's image on his wounded saints!

THE SAVIOUR'S FACE.

I.

The Master vanished, but his Spirit swept
 Across the East, and stirred to eloquence
 The sad disciples in the truth's defence
 But year by year the Lord of Silence crept

Into their midst, and one by one they slept.
 Till no man lived who had with reverence
 Looked on the Lord Christ's shining countenance,
 Or stood anear Him while he prayed and wept !
 Yet still His purifying Spirit reigned,
 And filled remote souls with light sublime,
 And conquered kingdoms by its tender grace !
 Then many eager, thankful eyes were strained
 To pierce the mists which touch the skirts of Time,
 To gain one glance of the Redeemer's face !

II.

And there were those, severe of soul, who said :
 " Think not the Spirit of the Lord was vain,
 And clothed itself with loveliness to gain
 The wretched homage of the knee and head ;
 Nay, rather with uncomely front, he plead
 For grace of soul ; with heavy brows of pain
 And shadowed cheeks, rebuked their fierce disdain
 Whose pomp disturbed the spirits of the dead !
 Thus by pure force of virtue men believed,
 And gilded priestcraft wondered and was wroth ;
 So was the triumph of the Lord achieved,—
 He scorned the brilliant raiment of the moth,
 Chose the rough pathway to the eternal goal,
 The least in form, the mightiest in soul ?"

III.

A chilled red rose, deprived of sunlight, dies,
 And souls, for lack of Beauty's warmth, despair ;
 So there rose a cry : " The earth was bare
 Till Christ appeared like a Divine surprise,
 With God's light glowing in His rare blue eyes,
 And on His brow, like poured-out wine His hair
 Fell, a smooth current to His ears, and there
 Rippled, like sunny clouds in summer skies !
 Tall, with majestic presence, calm and strong,
 The splendid possibilities of life
 Were perfect in Him, and to the ken
 Of troubled nations, struggling under wrong,
 And vexed with petty ceremonial strife,
 The Christ revealed humanity to men !"

IV.

The controversy spread from race to race,
 But no authentic vision blessed mankind ;
 Each from the subtle substance of his mind
 At some strong moment, shaped a marvelous face,

And called it Christ's, and for a blissful space
 Bent low before it ; thus were many blind
 To his soul's beauty, in their haste to find
 Some rapturous glimpse of transitory grace !
 Still, with a reverent desire, they dare
 To seek the Master's presence, knowing well
 That though they found His features less than fair,
 The splendours of His Spirit would compel
 The mask of flesh to fall, and they should see
 The perfect blossom of humanity !

—*William J. Milligan in Spectator.*

GOD WANTS YOU.

O, men and women, God wants you! A mighty conflict is in progress. It is the war of the centuries, between truth and falsehood, holiness and sin, good and evil, God and the devil. This conflict deepens. There is not a soul on earth who does not bear a part in it. Each and every one is for or against ; neutral positions in this war, there are none. He or she that is idle is against God, and to be against him is to be in peril of irretrievable loss, for Jehovah will at last certainly win. There is so much to do, and so short a time in which to do it, that to do nothing is a crime of the deepest dye. Besides, to sit down and sit still is personally perilous. Resist, or be swept away. All may, and should work. Wisdom cries, Work well. Some can do much ; others but little ; each can do something ; all can do more than they dream.

Mankind are treading the verge of a wonderful age. Mighty foes heave and toss society. Mighty activities accelerate its masses to a pitch of speed absolutely headlong. Rest or calm there is none. Hurry, hurry, haste, haste, goads on all men. A trumpet-call sounds, "To arms!" Under a blood-stained banner or beneath a black flag all are ranging. What are you doing? Where is your

place? Come out of your hiding, come into the light. Report for active service. You are wanted in the King's grand army. Cling to the evil, and you will go down in the swift-coming struggle. Awake! Bestir thyself. Fold not your arms in lazy lock. At the foe. Dare to do right, dare to be true. Do your own work. No other can do it for you. The conflict intensifies as the age's end approaches. It is the last age of sin's reign on the earth. The sinful cherub rages, and his dragon voice roars hideously. His day of doom is fast nearing. Men may well be alarmed at his fury and power, but God is not alarmed. God's hour of eternal victory cometh. The storm will end in glorious, ceaseless calm. All that sin has disjoined and marred, shall return sweetly into its assigned place, and be restored to its old-time beauty. The conqueror shall rest from toil, and wear the laurels of the hard-won fight.

Once more I charge you that you are wanted in this sacred war. Again, I say, Do something for God. Do it, even though it is but a little. Enlist, not for a day nor an hour, but for life. Join the thinned ranks of the holy. Inquire reverently, "Lord, what more can I do?" Do nothing rashly nor impetuously, but in the calmness of assured hope and conscious salvation. "Be strong in the Lord, and in the

power of His might." To the warriors on Time's battle fields, Eternity's day will be long, its throne will be sure, and its rest will be sweet. The King cries, "Behold I come quickly, to give to every man according as his work shall be." Then work, O reader, work for your Lord; he wants you!—*D. T. Taylor.*

A LITTLE WORD.

There is a little word in our language that, in one brief monosyllable—*sin*—gathers up all the woes of the world. All human history is one dark commentary upon it. All revelation is burdened with its bitterness. It is a thing so horrible that Omnipotence cannot look upon it, and God himself turns from it with averted face. Its very beginning sounds like a sibilant echo from the tempter who gave it birth; its ending is a sorrowful hint of the perpetuity of its primal hurt. It is a word for silence and for tears. Though often carelessly spoken, yet no man has ever looked thoughtfully down into the shadows of his own heart without feeling that in its slightest utterance there is a whispered terror, and, in our sanest and soberest moments, it comes to us like an indwelling hiss from the old serpent whose poison still rankles in the wounded soul.

God pity those of us who know something of the darkness of its meaning, and who have felt the bitter agony of the struggle that its conquest cost! More than all, God pity those who care for neither. It may be that heaven mercifully withholds from some men, Christians though they be, a near view of their own hearts, and that only to the best and the bravest eyes is it given, like Paul, really to look upon the dead body which men daily carry with them. "Ye cannot bear them now," was the sorrowing comment of Him who knew what was in man, and who tenderly

withheld from the shadowed gaze of His earliest disciples truths that, if clearly seen, would only blind and burn. Let us be thankful that the infinite love of the Redeemer saves us from the terrors that must come with a perfect vision of the evil of our own hearts, and that the rays of the Sun of Righteousness shine with such a tender glory, and ever while they teach us a deeper lesson of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, leave its darker features unveiled, and make it possible for us still to struggle with a burden that, if clearly seen, would possibly smite us with infinite and eternal despair.—*Western Recorder.*

THE CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION SOCIETY.

Mr. Moody's work, owing to its magnitude, has naturally called attention away from the work of others in the same great harvest-field. But let me notice the work of the above-named agency, which is comparatively little known outside of London, though it has existed for the last fifty years, and has this year held its jubilee meeting in the place of worship where it was originally founded. The name of the society by no means indicates the chief object it has in view in its mission, which is the evangelization of London and its vicinity by drawing out the working power of the churches themselves. For this purpose the agents of the society visit congregations to hold meetings that they may stir them up, when inactive, to engage in the work of evangelization, and to aid and encourage them when already engaged in this work. They seek in this way to "promote the observance of the Lord's Day, the preaching of the gospel, the establishment of prayer-meetings and Sabbath Schools, the circulation of the Holy Scriptures,

religious books and tracts, the systematic visitation of the sick and destitute poor in hospitals, workhouses, and prisons, or at their own abodes." Other and later agencies have taken up much of this work; but still this society has a specific field of labour for itself, and the work done last year in visiting congregations was very encouraging. As might be expected, nearly all the original members of the society have been called home, and are resting from their labours. Among the founders we find the names of Drs. Burder, Andrew Reed, and Pye Smith. During the fifty years of its existence there can be no doubt it has accomplished no little good in setting many to work, and in aiding those who were at work in the Lord's vineyard.

PRAYER IN THE PEWS.

The hour of prayer ought to have an element of solemnity. It is not possible to draw consciously near to our Master without soberness of spirit. It is true that this tone of mind may be imitated by a formal and habitual manner, by a species of studied stupidity, which we believe no one has ever succeeded in describing, but which is often found in Christian assemblies. We are not suggesting that we should merely seem to be serious-minded in church. Even that is better than levity; but the real seriousness of spirit is of vastly more importance. It is through it that we shall reach the values of worship, and without it we shall be somewhat worse for a pretence of worship.

The responsibility for failure to attain a serious temper in our worship must rest upon each worshipper. His listlessness and heart-wandering in the place of prayer are his own. His neighbours are decorous, at least; no rudeness or levity is presented to him unless he happen to have a clown for a pastor. But how often does the wor-

shipper leave his mind to drift at will, or wait to be moved by others towards heavenly thoughts and spiritual desires?

The first duty of the worshipper is personal prayer. It is not necessary that he should kneel to pray; even the bowed head may be a poor substitute for the bowed and waiting heart. All forms fail; nothing but the personal outreaching of the mind and heart after God will meet the deep want.

If it be a personal matter, how can it be reached unless each of us attends to his own work? Who can make you pray? How can you hope for the supreme satisfactions of worship if you do not yourself, for yourself, seek the God of all grace? This is the great failure, we fear, of public worship; it is not intoned and sanctified by private worship. There is prayer enough in the pulpit, but too little prayer in the pews. Each seat should be a mercy seat, an altar rail, a holy place, in the most spiritual sense. The worship is a perfect success only when every worshipper comes believably to God in Christ.—*Methodist.*

ROME.

PROTESTANT WORSHIP IN ROME.

The number of Protestant places of worship within the walls of Rome is constantly increasing. Trinity Church, which was recently dedicated, was built by the Evangelical party in the Church of England, at a cost of about £8,000. It will accommodate 800 persons. An American Episcopal church, capable of holding nearly 1,000 auditors, is being built near the railway station. Both of these are designed for the use of English speaking visitors and residents. The Waldensians have bought a palace at a cost of £12,000, in which to hold services. The Free Church of Italy has in Rome several preaching places. The Baptist Missionary So-

ciety of England employs a missionary, the Rev. James Wall, who has a church of sixty members, called "The Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ in Rome." The English Methodists have a mission under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Pigott. The American Methodist Episcopal Church has a mission under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Vernon. The American Baptists conduct day and night schools, which are under the control of the Rev. W. C. Van Meter. Dr. Taylor, of the Southern Baptist Church of the United States, is sta-

tioned at Rome to superintend its missions in the capital and the provinces. He and his associates have opened a large place of worship in Rome, and have formed churches at Bari, Bologna, Modena, Civita Vecchia, and Milan. An American Union Church works among the Italian soldiers. A Young Men's Christian Association has been started by it. Altogether it has been estimated that the sum of £100,000 has been spent upon the Protestant churches and missions in the capital of Italy.

Facts and Opinions.

A DEPUTATION from the society to procure the closing of public houses in Ireland on Sundays waited upon the chief secretary for Ireland, in Dublin, October 19. The deputation, which was headed by the lord mayor of Dublin, included clergymen representing the Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, and other denominations. It was stated that the existing laws were laxly administered. The secretary promised to lay the memorial presented before the premier. The memorial declared that public opinion in Ireland agreed with the views held by the association.

THE *Catholic Review*, in an article on the Catholic church and its present and future prospects, quotes Lord Macaulay as saying in his essay on Ranke's "Lives of Popes:" "It would not be surprising if a great revival of Catholicity took place in the last half of this century." And it further argues the subject in this favourable way: "Five years ago, the words pilgrim and pilgrimage were considered mediæval and almost obso-

lete. Who imagined that it would soon become as common to speak of man as a pilgrim as it was before the reformation? The revival of pilgrimages to holy places is justly considered one of the most wonderful events of the century. Millions now visit sacred shrines and spots which a few years ago were almost entirely neglected. But this is not the only sign that Catholicity is reviving. Conversions to our faith from the ranks of nominal Christians of every shade of misbelief are taking place in very large numbers, and those who enter the fold are not the poor and ignorant alone, but among them are some of the foremost men of the age."

MR. VAN METER, formerly of New York city, has a girls' school in Rome, Italy, where about a dozen or more advanced scholars are trained for teachers, and forty or fifty younger ones are taught as in an ordinary school. Besides this, he has another school with nearly 100 children—boys and girls—close by the Vatican. He is thinking of establishing another school in the Ghetto, the Jews' quar-

ter of the city. He has meetings for conference and prayer at his own house on Saturday evenings, and Americans often attend this service.

AH! we would have our dear ones chosen of God, yet strive to shield them from the storm that would drive them to Him. We wish then to be not merely saved, but precious and lovely in His sight, yet shrink from the sharp stroke which must shape their characters into beauty, and from the hard rubs that must polish and refine.

A FAMILY meeting of all the descendants of the Rev. John Eliot, the apostles to the Indian of New England, will be held in Guilford, Conn., during September. The editor of the *Pacific*, San Francisco, says that he is a lineal descendant of this apostle. According to his record the son, the grandson and the great grandson of the first Rev. John Eliot, were all ministers.

THE English Church Union, the association which promotes and defends Anglo-Catholic views, now numbers 12,000 members. Of these 2,370 are clergymen, 5,224 laymen, 4,480 women associates and 578 ordinary associates; 818 members joined during 1874 and the first five months of 1875. It has 186 branches, 23 district unions besides the church unions of Scotland, Bombay and Calcutta.

If you aspire to be a son of consolation—if you would partake of the priestly gift of sympathy—if you would pour something beyond common-place consolation into a tempted heart—if you would pass through the intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact which never inflicts pain—if, to that most acute of human ailments, mental doubt, you are ever to give effectual succor, you must be content to pay the price of the costly education. Like Christ, you must suffer—being tempted.—*F. W. Robertson.*

It is stated that a site in rear of Victoria Street, Pimlico, and adjoining Tothill Fields Prison, has been secured for the Romish cathedral of Westminster. The building will it is said, be one-third larger than Westminster Abbey, of which it is to be a reproduction in design. Its cost is estimated at £800,000, and is anticipated that at least a hundred years must elapse before its completion.

On a recent Sunday morning the Vicar of St. John's, Bethnal Green, introduced candles upon the communion-table. As soon as the members of the choir perceived the novelty they refused to conduct the musical service, notwithstanding that for the harvest festival and the special services that had been advertised, a large congregation had assembled. After service the choir-master informed the Vicar that the choir would not return until the candles were removed, which was therefore done before the evening service.

Of the *Codex Sinaiticus* discovered in the Monastery of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai by the late Constantine Tischendorf in 1844 and 1859, and edited by him at the cost of the Russian Emperor Alexander II, in 1862, nine different hitherto unknown portions have been found by Professor Brugset, who accompanied the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in an excursion to the Hill of the Divine Laws. It is understood that the Professor's illustrious patron, following the example of the Czar, will bear the cost of publication, and that the discoverer will edit this important memorial of the expedition. As an MS. of the fourth century, and perhaps one of the fifty copies of the Scriptures ordered by Constantine the Great in 381 to be prepared by Eusebius of Cæsarea for distribution among the churches, this *Codex* is of Sacred interest to Bible students.

It is stated that the old Catholics have decided in favour of the marriage of priests.

The conversion to Protestantism is announced of a Jesuit priest at Mysore, the Rev. Father Manuel Ignatius Ceria.

The minister who divides his discourse into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

Nowhere is conversion better taught than in the words, "A great number believed and turned unto the Lord." To believe and to turn to the Lord is the very essence of conversion; it is what the word means.

An Irish Roman Catholic Synod (the first convened since that at Thurles, in 1850) has been held at Maynooth. Ecclesiastical discipline and education were, it is understood, the chief subjects brought under consideration; but the decrees of the Synod will not be published until they have received the assent of the Pope.

The London *Tablet* reports that the second son of the Grand Lama of Thibet has arrived in Paris. He is accompanied by a French Catholic missionary, and will, it is said, embrace Christianity.

"Ask my wife if I don't live like a Christian," was the well-put challenge of a candidate for church membership, as he saw the brethren were hardly satisfied with his personal experience.

The *Methodist* opposes a forced union of the white and coloured races in its churches, but advocates the establishment of separate or mixed churches, as the people concerned in each instance may elect.

A pious cottager residing in the midst of a lone and dreary heath, was asked by a visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in winter?" He replied, "O no, for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning."

Children's Treasury.

"DIG A WELL."

It is related that a disciple of Mohammed came to him one day, and said, "O, prophet, my mother is dead, what is the best alms I can bestow for her good?" The prophet replied, "Water. Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty." The man did so, and said, "This well is for my mother."

The idea was an excellent one. Not that the well could do the mother any good; but in that thirsty desert land it would be the best monument for her that could be erected; it would

answer the twofold purpose of perpetuating her remembrance and of giving water to the weary and parched travellers. Thus "Jacob's well," for so long a time, has not only reminded pilgrims of the patriarch, but refreshed them with water.

The world is a spiritual desert. But there is a Fountain from which every soul may quench its thirst. Our Saviour said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me." This is the Fountain; and they who labour to bring souls to Christ "dig a well."

Would you perpetuate the remembrance of a precious mother? "Dig

a well." In her name set apart a fund for the advancement of the Saviour's kingdom.

Would you rear a monument to your own memory? "Dig a well." Paul and Howard and Henry Martyn and Harlan Page each "dugged a well." They are Artesian wells. They are laying up for themselves enduring riches, building monuments which time will not crumble. S. S.

HINTS FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

The Spirit of God searches us, and knows our thoughts. He washes us with the blood of Jesus (Titus iii. 5).

"Holy Spirit,
Look within,
Cleanse my soul
From all its sin."

The Spirit of God is God Himself, equal with the Father and the Son, a Divine Spirit. The Spirit of God loves to dwell in the hearts of His children.

"Holy Spirit,
All divine,
Dwell within
This heart of mine."

PRAYER.

Holy Spirit, come and dwell in my heart. Cleanse me from every sin. Search me and know me, and try my thoughts. Tell me about the truth of Jesus. Give me life and light and liberty. Make me holy, and drive away all that is unholy.

THE STRANGE RECOGNITION.

A Hindu and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a Missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ; but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled in each other's faces; but that was all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindu. With sudden joy he exclaimed: "Halleluia!" The New Zealander, in delight, cried out: "Amen!"

Those two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

THE MILLER AND THE ASS.

As a miller and son to the market one day
Were driving their donkey along,
They agreed to walk thither on foot all the way,
That the ass might arrive fresh and strong.

They had scarcely proceeded a mile on their way,
When some travellers happen'd to pass:
"Mighty careful you seem, neighbour Goodall," say they,
"Of your pampered and indolent ass."

"Methinks one of you might take a lift at the least,
Nor the donkey sink under its load;
'Tis a comical plan that a lazy young beast
Is to choose its own pace on the road."

With this rational council and friendly advice
 The good-humoured miller complied ;
 So, bidding the animal stop, in a trice
 He mounted upon it to ride.

About half a mile further, perchance, they had gone,
 When some others began to deride ;
 And in a more saucy, impertinent tone
 His hard-hearted folly to chide.

“There’s a selfish, unnatural wretch, if you please,
 Who lets his son wade in the mire ;
 While he, like an Alderman, sits at his ease ;
 Does he merit the title of Sire ?”

The kind-hearted miller dismounted again,
 And lifted his son up instead ;
 But each fresh endeavour to please seemed as vain,
 The same spiteful censures were made.

“You idle young fellow who taught you to ride
 And canter along at this rate ?
 Is your poor aged father to limp by your side,
 While you are to journey in state ?”

“Well, my son,” said the father, “I’ll get up behind,
 And bodkin to market we’ll ride ;
 Maybe to this plan no objection they’ll find ;
 At all events it can be tried.”

But now one more noisy by far than the rest,
 The donkey espied with his load,
 And with loud exclamation, his wonder exprest,
 As they pass’d him along on the road.

“Upon my word, now, if that isn’t a shame
 To load a dumb animal so !
 I declare, if it isn’t already too lame
 Another mile farther to go.”

Then said one to the other, “If that be the case,
 We’ve done the poor donkey a wrong ;
 Let us make amends to the creature, apace,
 And bear it ourselves now along.”

“Here’s a novelty for you ! a strange piece of fun !”
 Said those who the sight chanced to see :
Two donkeys, behold you are carrying *one*—
 The *least* donkey-like, sure, of the three.”

The complying old man would have yielded again,
 But now by experience taught,
 He discover'd that human opinion is vain—
 Its favour too dear to be bought.

Let a conscience enlighten'd teach what should be done,
 And caution us what *not* to do;
 Instruct us what habits and customs to shun,
 What course we may safely pursue.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

Glory to God the angel said,
 Good tidings lo! I bring;
 In David's city is a babe,
 Your Lord and Saviour King.

Glory to God, and peace on earth,
 Good-will to men is shown;
 Let heavenly joy at Jesu's birth,
 Be through the nations known.

Glory to God, let man reply,
 For Christ the Lord is come;
 Behold Him in a manger lie,
 A stable is His home.

Glory to God, for love so mild!
 How wonderful the plan!
 That Jesus once became a child,
 To save rebellious man.

Glory to God! let all the earth
 Join in the heavenly song;
 And praise Him for the Saviour's birth,
 In every land and tongue.

Personal.

The following letter, received from Mrs. Kennedy, was not intended by her for publication. She will not, however, we believe, quarrel with its insertion here inasmuch as it will serve the purpose of a general letter to her numerous friends scattered over the Dominion, several of whom have been longing to hear of her welfare. These friends will all be greatly gratified to find that Mrs. Kennedy is well, happy and busy; her children well, and that the

assistance that was given her at the time of her bereavement has enabled her, as was the intention, to make a start in providing a decent maintenance for herself and little ones. Help given in season, how good it is! Having furnished her house, Canadian friends may now feel glad that, with the blessing of God, and the kindness of Scotch friends, she is able to pay her own way.

The letter, further, is an honourable discharge to the editor (without his seeking the missive) of the responsibility that came (unexpected and unasked) on his shoulders. His only regret is that at present, with few arrears of subscription coming in, there is little prospect of being able to hand anything to Mrs. Kennedy as the proceeds of two years and a half of the publication of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY. We are not without hope, however, that as the season advances the arrears will come in, and that something yet may be sent to Saltcoats as the result of the publication for two years and a half of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

SALTCOATS, Sept. 1875.

I received your very welcome letter of 19th August, with the enclosed P.O. order for one pound, for which I desire to thank you.

With regard to your last letter which you refer to I also received it all safe, but I am ashamed to think I never acknowledged it. But the truth is my time is so much occupied; and just about the time I received your letter in spring, Willie had a serious illness which engrossed all my spare time and attention, and as I have been fulfilling the duties of a Scripture reader since the beginning of the year, what with my domestic and public duties I have completely neglected all my Canadian correspondence, not willingly, but from physical inability to meet all the demands on my time and strength. My conscience has often upbraided me for not writing you, but it seemed the longer I delayed the more difficult it seemed to write. I was so glad to receive your last letter, for I was afraid you would feel so angry with me you would not write again. I am afraid more than you among my Canadian friends will have seeming cause to be making me out neglectful, for I have not been writing any of them for a long time. I have so much walking during the day, and visiting, that by the time I get a little quiet in the evening I am so wearied that I feel I would rather do anything than write. However, now, since the time for letting my house is over, and the busy season past, I expect to have a little more leisure, and will try to redeem my good name by renewing my correspondence. As I know you are interested in me and how I am getting on, I must tell you the Lord has been wonderfully kind to me, fulfilling to the utmost His promise that He would be a husband to me. The summer after I came here a few ladies and myself formed a Mothers' Christian Association, and then the need of a Bible woman was felt, and they asked me if I would accept the situation, which I did, and we have been working very harmoniously together, and I trust good is doing. We have a prayer meeting of mothers once a week, and well attended, and now we are forming a Young Womens' Meeting. We are very highly privileged in Saltcoats. We have many precious meetings. We had a Christian Conference last week in Mr. McNab's Church, when we had the extreme pleasure of seeing and hearing that eminent servant of God, Mr. Muller, of Bristol. And lately we had Mr. Darling addressing us, and such a spiritual feast as I enjoyed then. Although I have a good deal of work one way and another, still, I enjoy it, and when I see any fruit of my labour I forget the cost. I have got my house very well

let this summer, but now the strangers have all left. Willie, too, is now so far restored to health that he is able to go back to school, and the rest of the children are all well and getting on with their education. Eva is studying for a teacher. I, myself, enjoy good health, and am wonderfully sustained both in body and soul. The Lord is truly good to them who put a child-like trust in Him—so much for myself. Now let me tell you how much I sympathize with you in your present circumstances with regard to the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY. I think you have done all you can to keep it afloat, and I can offer no other suggestion but just to say if you see it your duty to stop it at the end of the year I will be quite satisfied. If it cannot be put on a paying footing, I don't think it is your duty to carry it on. Of course, you know, when I gave over the publication to you at my husband's death, it was just that you might do the best you could with it. And I am quite sure you have done so. All I am sorry for is that you have been so hard wrought these last three years, and perhaps be out of pocket after all. However, we have this happy reflection it was in the Lord's work, and I can scarcely doubt that so much Gospel truth should have been circulated without making a lasting impression on many souls, and may be the means of doing good to others yet, and thereby you may get your reward. As for the kindness you have shown to myself and family, and the sympathy you manifested towards me at the time of my dear husband's death, and the great help you gave me in settling up my business affairs, I will never forget, and I know that He who only can reward you will not forget either. I spoke to my brother-in-law about the magazine, but he was just of the same opinion as myself; if it did not pay, better to stop it, and not harrass yourself with it. You kindly mention, if you can give up the publication, and can call in all that is on the books, you might have a few dollars to send to me. If the magazine had proved a profitable speculation I would have been very grateful for a few dollars, and I thank you very much for your generous offer, but I could not, for a moment, think of accepting anything in the present circumstances, when the publication has not been even paying expenses. So I trust you will understand that matter settled. When you have made final arrangements I shall be glad to hear from you. I am in receipt of the August number of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY and also the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN. When one looks at that Magazine, and sees so much valuable matter in it, it makes one feel sorry to see it go down. However, we must submit to God's will in the matter.

If you happen to be writing to Mr. Fenwick, who sent me the five dollars, will you kindly return him and his mother my best thanks with kind regards. I intend writing Mr. Kennedy, of London, shortly.

I have not seen any one from Canada for a long time. My thoughts are often going out to you all. The children all thank you for your kind interest in them and desire to return you their kind regards. Willie had an abscess in his side, which was the cause of his illness in spring. He has got over it and keeps ordinarily well, but far from what I would call strong. But the others are very robust.

My brother-in-law desires to be kindly remembered to you, and with kindest regards from myself both to you and Mrs. Cameron,

I remain, yours very sincerely,

AGNES KENNEDY.

Editorial Note.

The Christian friends who are henceforth to care for the financial affairs of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, have thought it best to put the Magazine into the hands of a regular publisher. They have chosen James Bain & Son, King street, Toronto, for this work. Correspondents, therefore, are requested to notice that all communications in regard to subscriptions for 1876 are to be addressed to James Bain & Son, Booksellers, King street, Toronto. Communications from persons who are willing to act as agents, or who wish to obtain gratuitous copies of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY for poor families or public institutions, are requested to communicate with Mr. Ross, Annan P. O.

Accounts for subscriptions for 1875 not yet paid, will be enclosed in this (December) number; and all in arrears are kindly urged to remit as soon as convenient. If any error has been made by the parties to whom has been assigned the work of making out the accounts, the error will be at once rectified when duly pointed out. Communications and remittances for 1875 and preceding years to be addressed as directed on the cover of the Magazine.

Contributions for Mrs. Kennedy's family :—

Amount formerly advertised.....	\$86 13
A Friend.....	0 50
H. L. Hastings, Boston, (less discount on part in American currency).....	9 16
Rev. Mr. Scott, Napanee.....	1 00
H. Ross, Owen Sound.....	2 00
Total.....	\$98 79

The indulgence of readers must be claimed for the January number, which may be somewhat late of appearing. After that month, however, Messrs. Bain & Son will see to it that both editor and printers are up to time, thereby ensuing punctual publication on the first of the month.

The Christian friends who are interested in the success of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY are sending out a few young men of piety and zeal to do colportage work in some districts of the country. The young men, who are furnished with credentials, are commended to the sympathy of Christian people among whom their way may be directed.