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NEWFOUNDLAND

Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERILS. VOL. IV. No. 6.

JUNE, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TAKEN FROM THE EVIL TO COME.

Most of our city readers will miss the familiar face of the dear boy who gratuitously distributed this magazine for the past three years. All who knew dear Kenneth Knight loved him very much. He was only thirteen years of age, but in experience and manliness he was in advance of many twice that agc. We had the pleasure of knowing him well, from when he was four years old. We have climbed the hills, and sailed over the ponds and the harbours together in Green i Bay years ago; even then he was interesting, and quite a little man; and better still, so long ago, or so early in his life, his heart became the Saviour's, and up till his dying hour he loved and served Him. The Sabbath-school and the House of God were the places he loved most. The Bible and good books were his constant companions. Boys of his own age had no attractions for him; they were too rough. His playmates were little boys very much vounger than him-

But with his dear mother he seemed to have the greatest pleasure. He would ask no greater favour than to be allowed to remain with her. She had never to correct him for an act of disobedience. His teachers had never once to find fault with him on any account. It is seldom we have known one so young, so wise and pure.

We asked him some months since, coming out of a meeting of young Christians, if he loved Jesus. We well remember his happy face as he looked up and said, "Yes, I do." His last sickness was quite unexpected, and of short continuance, and it was of such a nature as precluded the possibility of much conversation. But when he had intervals of rest, his hands were folded, and his heart and voice were lifted up in prayer to God. He seemed to know that his end was "Is this the last?" he asked; and then taking his paralysed hand, he said, "This is only clay-only clay." Almost his last prayer was for his darling mother. He fell asleep on the morning of April 13, and was interred on the evening of the 15th. His funeral was attended by almost the entire Sabbathschool, and many of the congregation.

His death was improved before a large congregation in the lecture-room of Queen's-road Chapel, on Friday

evening, April 20, from the text, "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down" (Job xiv. 2).

OBITUARY.

Mr. Richard Matthews, aged 62, was called home on February 22 last. He was for many years an attendant in the Queen's-road Chapel, and for a short time before his last sickness he was a member of the church. His faith was feeble, but months of confinement, through illness, gave him time to consider his ways and meditate on the goodness and love of God in Christ Jesus. Before the end, all doubts were removed, and he longed and prayed to be taken to the better land. He had a kind heart, a simple mind, and an earnest desire to do right.

Mrs. Thomas Burridge fell asleep in Jesus on the

night of April 3.

Her maiden name was Newhook. She was a native of Trinity, and while very young became a member of the English church in that place. She was for many years a devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and a most exemplary Christian. Her greatest joy was to be alone with her Bible and her Saviour. She has often told me that she could not remember a time when she did not love the Lord Jesus.

For a great many years she had been connected with the Congregational Church in this place. She was very attentive to all the service, both on week nights

and Lord's Days.

Her last painful illness was of long duration, and of such a nature, as to deprive us of all opportunities of Christian fellowship; but the great question of her acceptance was settled long ago; and when the messenger came to lead her into the presence of the King, she had only to lay aside the garments of mortality, and go up to be clothed upon with the house which is from heaven.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

There have been several sudden and unexpected deaths of late in St. John's. But to most people the awful event is both sudden and unexpected. The true Christian is not surprised by the approach of the King of Terrors. But how dreadful to the unprepared soul is the announcement, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The warning voice of Providence is unheeded by the majority. May it not be the case with any of our readers? To one and all we would sound forth the word of the Lord, "Prepare to meet thy God." Make no excuse, and no delay. In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.

CONSTITUTION AND BYE-LAWS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

Instituted February 11, A.D. 1876.

Catch then, O catch the transient hour, Improve each moment as it flies; Life's a short summer, man a flower; He dies, alas, how soon he dies!

Johnson.

ARTICLE I .- Name.

This Association shall be known as the "St John's Mutual Improvement Association."

ARTICLE 1I.-Object.

The object of this Association shall be, the cultivation of all those arts, graces, and talents which give effect to oratory and force to argumentation; and by the various exercises of extempore speaking, written essay, etc., to assist the members in acquiring that knowledge and experience in the expression of ideas and the use of language which are requisite to success in private as well as in public life.

ARTICLE III .- Membership.

Any person approved by the members of this Association may become connected therewith, by attaching his name to the Constitution, and paying into the treasury the sum of One Dollar.

ARTICLE IV .- Officers.

The Officers of this Association shall consist of a President, Secretary and Treasurer.

ARTICLE V.-President.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Association, to preserve order, and to assume such other offices as usually appertain to the presiding officer of assemblies.

ARTICLE VI. - Secretary.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the minutes of the meetings of the Association, register the names of members, issue all notices required, and do such correspondence as by resolution may be required.

ARTICLE VII.—Treasurer.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep an account of all moneys received and expended, to report as to the condition of the Treasury as often as shall be required of him by the Association, to preside in the absence of the President, and during such absence to perform the duties of that officer.

ARTICLE VIII.—Duration in Office.

Each of the above officers shall hold his respective office for and during the term of twelve months.

ARTICLE 1X.—Amendments.

No alteration, by addition or amendment, of this Constitution, shall be made without previous notice of one week, when the change to be made shall be indicated by resolution or otherwise.

ARTICLE X. - Honorary Membership.

This Association, by a two-third vote at any meet-

ing, shall have power to admit persons as Honorary Members, who will be entitled to the privileges of the Association.

BYE-LAWS.

ARTICLE 1 .- Mertings

This Association shall meet on Tuesday evening of each week, for the transaction of such business as shall be up for consideration, in the order hereinafter mentioned.

ARTICLE II .- Dues.

The regular dues to this Association shall be One Dollar per annum, payable in advance.

ARTICLE III. - Fines.

Any member absenting himself without assigning sufficient cause shall be fined twenty-five cents, and no member in arrears for two years shall be permitted the rights of membership until such delinquencies are paid in.

ARTICLE IV .- Expulsions.

Any member who shall refuse to conform to the Constitution, Bye-Laws, and Regulations of this Association, may, by a two-third vote of a quorum meeting, be expelled. When such vote is taken, the member under vote shall be heard in his own defence.

ARTICLE V .- Special Meetings.

A special meeting may be ordered by the President upon the written request of three or more members.

ARTICLE VI .- Foting.

All voting for officers or members shall be by ballot—the majority ruling except in cases otherwise provided for.

ARTICLE VII .- Committees.

All committees ordered by a vote of the Association shall be appointed by the President; and all members so appointed are required to serve unless excused by the presiding officer.

ARTICLE VIII.—Amendments.

These Bye-Laws may be altered by a majority vote—notice of such alteration or amendment having been given at a previous meeting.

ARTICLE IX .- Order of Business.

The order of business for each regular meeting shall be as follows, unless by special vote or Constitutional provision a change shall be made in this order, viz.:—

- 1. The call to order by the President.
- 2. Opening ceremony.
- 3. Reading of minutes of previous meeting.
- 4. Verbal propositions for membership.
- 5. Voting for members.
- 6. Special business.
- Exercises of the evening. (Readings, Recitations, Debate, President's Summary of Debate, Decision.)
- 8. Unfinished business.
- 9. Adjournment.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RETROSPECT.

WHOEVER has entered into the venerable rank of the men of sixty years of age, and looks back on the two generations over which his life has extended, may well regard himself as having now teached the last stage of his journey. He will hardly commence any new enterprise, or enter on any fresh undertaking. Living only on that it has already gained, the soul will scarcely reckon on any farther real increase of its spiritual capital. It will rather live in the memorics of the past than dream away the brief time now remaining in hopos for which, at least here on this side, there is no longer any anchor-ground. Well is it for him who is able, with the peace of old Simeon-a peace altogether different from that which the world knows, and which it seeks to build on the described foundation of a consciousness of personal merit—to look forward into the future, as well as back into the past i Perhaps this retrospect will not only fill his soul with songs of joy, but will also hold him fast at many places which he will he constrained snew to water with the hot tears of repentance. But he will always raise himself up and take courage again, and feel his just sorrow give place to equally well-founded joy over the everlasting truth that "if our heart condomn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

TIME.

TO a thoughtful man, there is something strangely mysterious in the onward flow of that viewless duration which we call time. We living creatures seem to be a mere company of travellers, on a hurrying train. We converse, we sing, we play, we eat, we drink, we amuse ourselves, or grow weary. And all this neither hastens nor hinders. We sweep forward through the midnight and the noon.

Our practical habit is to measure time by motion. There is no possible connection between these two; for the hours float by as swiftly for a sleeping, innocent child, as for a galley-slave, the one perfectly still and unconscious, the other harrassed and hated, stringing his sinews to toil every moment. These both grow old just as fast together. But nature has set us the example; or, at any rate, given us the hint, making prophecies of pendulums in the annual and diurnal revolutions of the planet ', on whose surface we dwell. That seems to be the way in which we have been taught to force activity into registers. The standard of unchanging value in coin among all nations is derived from the worth of one able-bodied man's labour from sunrise to sunset.

We are conscious very rarely, how much we are controlled by the ceaseless pressure of moments and days. Like a staff in a stream, seeking to float upright, but resistlessly bending to the current, because it is more rapid at the surface, so we find ourselves leaning forward as we drift, inclining our heads to outrace the hours as they hurry us ever on. We are positively manufactured over in taste, sensibility, and views, by the silent rush around us, so that twice or thrice in a single life, we undergo an entire revolution. Time does all that; not abruptly, or we should resist. Those who dwell near the seashore, often remark how all the trees point their scant boughs inland, before the unseen wind. But they are not so apt to notice how we all, wherever we live, bend our topmost branches of purpose with a slant before the irresistible pressure of time constantly urging its way.—Christian Weckly.

Although the Almighty Maker has throughout Discriminated each from each by strokes And touches of His hand, with so much art Diversified, that two were never found Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all, That all discern a beauty in Lie works, And all can taste them.

For the trying hour we need a living Saviour. For the time of joy we need his company.

Sorrow and distress follow close on the heels of wilfulness,

and the wilful sin is hard to pardon.

Tell the world you have no troubles, O child of God! and have them not! Let Jesus have them all, and carry them Himself alone. For the sorrows of the world far outweigh thine own, while this Lord could say, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me."—Lam. i. 12.

BLOWN FROM A GUN.

BY SERGEANT LAVERACK.

W HILE stationed at Fort Attock, which is situated on a rocky eminence, and almost surrounded by ravines, and reaching down to the Indus, on the banks of which it has stood for nearly 300 years frowning upon invading forces who have endeavoured to cross the deep and rapid stream, to invade the fertile plains beyond, a dreadful accident happened to a poor tellow of my regiment by the name of Morris.

My regiment being an antry one, we had not been instructed in big-gun drill out as there was a pancity of artillery at this place, a party of my comrades received in-struction in this art, so as to be able to act as artillerymen in the case of necessity. And on the occasion to which I now refer, the general commanding the division of the army in the Peshawur Valley, Sir Sidney Cotton, R.C.B., was coming to inspect us, and a salute of thirteen gurs was being fired by my comrades in honour of his visit, and I distinctly remember hearing two rounds fired at regular intervals, and then a third discharge followed too rapidly, and it struck me that an accident had happened, and so it proved to be. While Morris was ramming home the third charge of powder, it appears that he had but imperfectly sponged out the chamber of the gun, or perhaps it was honeycombed and some portion of the wadding which was still burning ignited the powder, and there was an explosion, the poor fellow being blown some distance from the muzzle of the gun; both his hands and arms were broken and shivered into splinters; the face, and especially the left side of the heck, was much burnt; the hair was burnt off the fore part of his head, and his clothes, which were set on fire, had to be extinguished with water. The poor mangled fellow was picked up by kind and loving hands, and at once taken to the hospital, which was close by, and everything done for him that was possible. It was discovered that his chest was the most seriously injured; as he groaned very heavily and spit much blood. After his arms were amputated I talked with him, and tried to point him to Josus, and then knelt down and prayed with him, but I was afraid there was not much hope. He lingered on for two days and then expired.

The general, who had a warm and generous heart; sent a message to the poor man to say "how sorry he was that the accident had happened." It was very kind of him to think of the poor fellow; there are people who are so wrapped up in self, that they have no time to think of or care for others; whether the world is lost or saved is nothing to them, and it was kind of Sir Sidney to think of poor Morris; it was kinder still to send a message to him hoping that it might cheer him somewhat to remember he was not forgotten; but it would have been kinder still if he had communicated the message personally.

Ah! my dear, dear brother, thou art wounded and bruised by the fall, left by the enemy, naked and dying, but the "Good Samaritan" comes to pour into thybruised soul the consolation of His grace. Not inerely to send a messenger to say how sorry He is that thou art in this dreadful plight, but He comes. He comes in the fulness of His love, not only to speak loving words coming from His heart gushing with sympathy for thee, but to bind up and heal thy soul of its fearful maladies. Art thou "greaning heavily"? art thou "lingering on"? and thinkest thou art "forgotten" by thy Saviour and thy God? Never. No penitent's groan was ever unheard, or unanswered. Hark! 'tis the voice of inercy speaking to thee, 'tis the footstep of the blessed Jesus, coming to thee. His right hand is put beneath thee, His loving arms press thee to His bosom, whence the crimsom tide flows right into thy wounded heart, restoring thee to health and strength again. Hang thou upon His words, cling to His cross, rest in His finished work, trust in His bleeding mercy, and although every bone were broken, every joint dislocated, every sinew shrivelled, every muscle powerless, every fibre diseased, every sense deadened, every hope blasted, every joy withered; every sense deadened, every hope blasted, every joy withered; every sense deadened, every hope blasted, every joy withered; every sense deadened, every hope blasted, every joy withered; every sense deadened, every hope blasted, every joy withered; every sense deadened, every those blasted, every joy withered; every sense deadened, every those blasted, every joy withered; every sense deadened, every those blasted. Every joy withered; every sense deadened, every those blasted in Hum a sure refuge, where thy heart can safely rest until the storms of life be overpast. His words will cheer thee. His bleeding mercy wil lpity thee, His finished work will atone for thee, His cross will save thee.

GETTING READY FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

By REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

W E hear much about the preparation which the Sandayschool teacher should make for his late. school teacher should make for his labours in the class. He should be amply provided with a stock of well-digested Scriptural knowledge; he should be well practised in the art of imparting it. He must take a prescribed course of teachers' meeting, well shaken together with home study, and seasoned with all attainable improvements.

But it is, with many good people, a matter of secondary importance whether or not the superintendent makes any preparation for his work. Some superintendents seem to suppose that the management of a school is like the running of a railroad train. They jump on, like a conductor, at the station whence the train starts, expecting to find all hands aboard, and in readiness for their duties. It is truly possible for a man to get through with his duties, after a poor fashion, without special preparation; but it is in a limping, wooden sort of a way, with no after feeling of joy, or even of satis faction. There are duties in connection with a Sunday-school which none but the superintendent can properly perform. There is a fatherly oversight which none can exercise as well as he can. It is a mistake for the superintendent so literally to "take no thought for the morrow" as not to busy himself at least as early as Saturday with some preparation for his Sunday duties.

Most of our superintendents who are good for anything, Their week-day time is fully occupied. From the hurry and bustle of business, they can snatch a few spare moments for study and thought, and they can exchange occasional words concerning their Sunday-school duties and privileges with others whom they are constantly meeting who are situated just as they are. But the close of the week generally brings relief even to those who are very busy. Saturday evening is generally accepted as a semi-reliigous breathing spell. Many people study their lessons then, who seldom look at them at any other time. There are fewer teaparties, or great entertainments, or business meetings, or ancerts, or lectures, on Saturday evening, than on any other

evening of the week. Saturday evening is a grand time for the superintendent to make ready for Sunday's work. If his lesson is to be studied, and his memory is very short, there is less chance of his forgetting what he learns, than if he had learned it on Monday. It is well to have a teachers' meeting for concerted study of the lesson; to have it as early in the week as possible, and to have the superintendent conduct it. But we cannot always have all we want, and in spite of our best endeavours, both superintendent and teachers must often resort to solitary

study.

The quiet of Saturday night affords good opportunity for the superintendent to look over his roll of teachers and scholars, with a view to the relief of difficulties, the supply of wants, or, perhaps, the change or amalgamation of certain classes. If he comes to his school on Sunday with his mind made up about these things, he can attend to them much more successfully than if he does them on the spur of extemporised thought.

The selections of hymns to be sung, of chapters to be read, of persons to be invited to offer prayer, and of sundry other of the incidentals of the services, can be made better on Saturday night, than when the superintendent has taken his stand before the school. Very often do thoughtless superintendents blunder into the announcement of something which is entirely foreign to the lesson, simply for the want of this timely forethought. I once heard an unprepared superintendent blunder through the whole of the sixth chapter of John, which has seventy-one verses. It had no connection with the lesson, and he read it horribly. He then commanded the children to sing the fifty-first Psalm. Their singing was worse, if possible, than his reading. He had not spent Saturday night in preparing for his Sunday labours.

One of the most profitable exercises of a Sunday-school is a review at the close of the lesson. If the superintendent is a man of good sense, and of some acquaintance with Scripture, he can profitably spend five or ten minutes in such an exercise. memoranda, bearing on what to say and how to say it, with a Iviii. S.

view to reviving the school. Even if a teachers' meeting has been held, or if the superintendent has carried lesson helps in his pocket for wayside reference all the week, Saturday night is a good clinching time to fasten the nails of truth which may have been somewhat loosely driven.

And as the superintendent retires to his rest on Saturday night, he can offer such a prayer as on no other night of the week, for a coming day of joy and ascfulness, of sunshine and success. Thus working and thus praying, he can go to his Sunday work with a wealth of furnishing for it which will make it all delightful, profitable, and triumphantly successful.

JOHN ROGERS'S GRAVE.

BY REV. JOHN BARDSLEY, M.A.

OHN ROGERS was the grandson of the first martyr under Queen Mary, who washed his hands in the flame as though in cold water. He looks at us fully in the face when we enter the parish church of Dedham in Essex. He is in the act of preaching with his Bible in hand, resting on the cushion the attitude in which he generally stood. When preaching, no Boanerges thundered more loudly, and when conversing, not a Barnabas spoke more sweetly; he ran and laboured for heaven. The following circumstance related by the Rev. John Howe, respecting Mr. Goodwin is an instance of this. "He (Dr. Goodwin) told me, he, being in his youth a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, purposely took a journey to hear him preach on his lecture day; a lecture so thronged and frequented, that to those who attended not early, there was no possibility of getting into that very large and spacious church. Mr. Rogers was at that time discussing the subject of the Scriptures; and in that sermon he expostulated with the people about their neglect of the Bible. He personated God to the congregation, thus addressing them: 'I have trusted you so long with my Bible, you have slighted it; it lies in your houses covered with the people about the result of the people about the result of the people as the people about the people about the people about the people as the people about their neglections are people about the people about the people about their neglections and people about the people about their neglections are people about their neglect of the Bible. He personated God to the congregation, thus addressing them: 'I have trusted you so long with my Bible, you have slighted it; it lies in your houses covered the people about their neglect of the Bible. He personated God to the congregation, thus addressing them: 'I have trusted you so long with my Bible, you have slighted it; it lies in your houses covered the people about the people abo with dust and cobwebs; you care not to look at it. Do you use my Bible so?-well, you shall have my Bible no longer. He then took the Bible from the cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it, and carrying it from them, but immediately turned again and personated the people to God, fell down on his knees, cried, and pleaded most earnestly: O Lord, whatever Thou doest to us, take not Thy Bible from us; kill cur children, burn our houses, and destroy cur goods, only spare us Thy Bible; only take not away Thy Bible.' Then he addressed the people as an answer from God. 'Say you so? 'Nell, I will try you a little longer; here is my Bible for you, I will yet see how you will use it; whether you

will value it more, whether you will observe to more, whether you will practise it more, and live according to it."

"By these actions he put the congregation into so strange a posture, that the place was a Bochim, the people generally being deluged with their tears.

Dr. Goodwin himself when he retired to take his horse again, was fain to hang for a quarter of an hour upon the neck of his horse, weeping, before he had power to mount, so great was the impression upon him on having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of his Bible."

The crowds which attended Mr. Rogers's ministry have passed away, but there are two names which must not be forgotten, those of George Dunne, who erected this monument of

sincere regard, and Robert Alefounder.

On a shield beneath the monument is the following inscription, translated,-"John Rogers is waiting the resurrection which he here preached. He died on the 18th October, in the year of our Lord 1636; in the sixty-lifth year of his age, the forty-second of his ministry, and the thirty-first of his ministry in this church."

The way in which William Burkitt and John Rogers died is not told, but one thing we know, that if they lived the life of the righteous, they would die the death of the righteous. -From " Personal Visits to the Graves of Eminent Men."

Pray for thine enemics, and they that smite thee. So shall thy captivity soon be turned (Job xlii. 10); and though thy It is well for him occasionally to secure the services of the pastor, or of other good friends, for this, for the sake of variety. Saturday night is a very good time to jot down a few house, so shall thy light break forth as the morning. Isa.

ONE OF HIS IEWELS.

BY A. RYCROFT TAYLOR.

CHAPTER II.-(Continued.)

OTHER BROWN'S" is a sort of private hotel if you will, where many of the will, where many of the youngsters who scour the streets at noon and night with papers, fusces and matches, are wont to put up, lacking homes of their own.

A night's lodging can be had for a few coppers, and supper and breakfast at an equally cheap rate. Mother Brown is, as many of her boarders are always ready to admit, "not a bad sort," when payments are regular and money plential: when this order of things is reversed, she is apt to be anything but agreeable in her behaviour. Scud, however, is an exception: he is her prime favourite, and does pretty much as he likes. She never turns him out, as she frequently does the others when short of money; but trusts him, knowing he will pay up as soon as he is in funds again. He is the smartest of them all. and has earned his name from the manner in which he thes about the City, darting in and out amongst the vehicles and crowds of people who block the main thoroughfares, making his voice heard everywhere.

He has got a round amongst the warehouses and offices for the evening papers, and delivers them earlier and quicker than any of his competitors. He is about Mattie's age, bright-eyed, with sharp, intelligent features, despising caps and caring little for the state of his garments, which are usually ragged and torn. Somehow he has an influence over the youngsters with whom he comes in contact. At first they objected to Mother Brown making a favourite of him, and resented it; but Scud soon but down popular clamour, and it became apparent to all, that those who wished to gain the good will of "Mother," must be on friendly terms with Soud.

She never refuses a night's shelter to any one Scud brings home, and many a poor little waif, when hard up, has sought him out and through him obtained food and lodgings for the night.

When Soud returns that night, he climbs the ricketty stairs with Mother Brown and enters the room, where in a "shakedown" as he appropriately terms the apology for a bed, Matt'e and her brother are fast asleep.

"They looks wery nice and comfortable, Mother: I means to stick to 'em, I does; so jist see after 'em well, will yer, Mother?" he says, holding the candle over the two little pale

"Wery well, Scud, I'm quite agreeable, I'm sure," says Mother Brown.

Next morning they go downstairs, and find Scud waiting for them. After breakfast of hot coffee and thick bread-andbutter, Scud proposes to take them with him and show them about the city.

"In course ye'll 'ave to do somethink for yer livin'.

yer any money left?"

Mattie has just sixpence-halfpenny.
"Wery well? yer had better spec in a dozen fusees, that's tuppence : yer sells 'em three boxes a penny-that's tuppence pront; then when news time comes yer can buy thirteen for fourpence a'penny, and yer makes another tuppence: that's the way to make money, and I'll show yer where to stand."

"Are all the boys and girls Mrs. Brown's children?" askes Mattie.

"Niver a one of us. We're none of us nothink to her, but she's all of us mothers in a way yer know, and yer can call her Mother too, if yer like" says Scud, anxious to place her on the best possible footing. He shows them all the ins and outs of the city in the course of the day, and fairly puts them in the way of earning their own living. Mattie is sliy at first, but soon gets used to it. Willie is the most trouble to Scud, he is so timid and frightened at the noisy traffic, that it takes all the patience Scud can command to bear with him, and it is only after a deal of trouble he can be got into something like trim. In a few days they get accustomed to the streets and way of selling their matches and papers, and Soud, with some pride finds he can trust them by themselves. Day by day they carn sufficient just to keep them in food and lodgings, and thus the winter wears on, and they continue at Mother Brown's, where Mattie becomes a great favourite, not only with that preuliar lady, but with everyone about her. Her and a warm muffler apieco and you girls a tippet, last gentle di position and kindly lighle ways win over to her the Christmas? That's him, it is."

roughest and most unruly of them, and there is scarcely anything they will not do for her. She belps Mother Brown in the household work, and makes the place look cleaner and more comfortable. She is handy with her needle, and does her best to keep the general wardrobe in a decent state of repair. Willie continues weakly, shy, and timid, and searcely ever leaves her side. It takes Scud nearly all his time to keep in check the exuberant spirits of the various youngeters. who conceive the idea of making sport out if him, and enjoying themselves at his expense.

CHAPTER III. - (and last).

One evening Mattie and her brother are returning home earlier than usual; a dense fog has set in, spoiling the sale of papers, the streets being dark, and people glad to hurry home as quickly as possible.

They have nearly reached Jacob's Ladder, which by this time has become as familiar to them as the steps of the old wagon, when a lady in a waterproof and veil stops them, and

asks if they attend any school.

Mattie says they do not, but would like to do, so the lady offers to take them to one close by, provided for poor boys and girls, and quitefree. The lady takes them by the hand, and after walking a short distance and taking many turnings, they reach a low, shabby-looking building, resembling very much

an old, disused mill or workshop,

A narrow flight of stairs leads to a somewhat spacious room, where are assembled a goodly number of children of pretty much the same class as Mattie sees in the streets every day. They are singing as they enter, and the lady takes them to a class, and opens her hymn-book and lets Mattie look on. She can only read a very little, so cannot make out very well what it is they sing. Every now and then she catches the words, "I want to be an angel," and soon learns the tune. She thinks she has never heard anything so beautiful before. After they have sung they all kneel down, whilst a gentle-man says something which Mattie does not understand at all. Then they begin to work ; some do sums, some writing, whilst others do knitting and sowing.

Whilst they are working, the lady, who is called Miss Bird, tells them a story. It is of one called Jesus, who, poor Himself, was very kind to poor little boys and girls; who does not mind them being poor and ragged, but loves them as much as He does the rich and well-dressed; who clothes and feeds them, and watches over them day and night; who, if they are good and do not tell stories, nor steal, will make them shining angels like those they have been singing about.

When the work is over, another gentleman gives out a hymn about "A day's march nearer home," which they sing, and afterwards kneel down again. This gentleman does not say much. He asks God to bless them all, especially little children; to keep them honest and good; to give them food clothing; to bless their fathers and mothers. and to help those poor little ones who have none; to forgive all their sins, and afterwards take them to Himself for Christ's sake.

Miss Bird writes their names in the class-book, and telling them the school is open on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, hopes they will attend regularly.

It is nearly nine o'clock when they reach home. The noisy group are clamouring for their supper.

"Hallo, Mattic!" cries Scud: "thought yer must's got lost in the fog. Where 'as yer bin to?'

"We've been to school, and oh! they sang so beautiful," says Mattie, taking off her old hat and tippet.

"Singing, 'as yer ?-what about?" says Scud.

"Oh' it was so nice-something about angels and nearer home."

"Oh my! what else?" asks a youngster, a twinkle in his eye, as he thinks he sees some fun in prospect. "Well, such a nice lady told us about Jesus."

"Who's he?" ask several at once.
'I don't know," she said; "he was very good to poorlooys and girls, and gave them food and clothes.

"Oh! I know," exclaims a voice.

"What does yer know?" asks Scud.

"Is he a held show?" asks Scud.

"Is he a hold chap?" asks the first youngster
"I don't know," says Mattie.
"In course he is. Didn't he give us a feed at the 'Thatch'

recollections which serve for general conversation until bedtime, so no more is said about the school that night. Mattie cannot go to sleep for thinking of this wonderful l'ersonage she has heard of. "The Name, the dearest, sweetest Name, the Name the angels sang," occupies her thoughts. Somehow she cannot associate this Name with a supper at a publichouse, and determines to ask her teacher more about it when next she goes to school. Poor child! she has never heard the name, except from profane lips, and little dreams of the influence it will exert over her hereafter.

It seems to Mattie a long time to the next school night, and she eagerly looks forward to it. She manages to find her way there, and each night the school is open finds her and her brother "present and early." An attachment soon springs up between Miss B. I and Mattie; the child's quiet behaviour and willingness to learn anything trught her raising her above the level of those who surround her ... Her auxiety Her auxiety to learn more of the Swionr interests her teacher deeply; her simple, childlike questions receive ample replies, which soon enable her to comprehend the marvellous love which God displayed towards a fallen world in working out the scheme of salvation.

Always gentle and loving, she is doubly so after this knowledge comes to her. Always ready to perform kindly little actions, she becomes more anxious to render every little service she can now. A prayer she has never said in her life; her teacher teaches her a simple little one, embracing all that is needful for a child to utter in the presence of its God. This she soon learns, and repeats night and morning at her bedside, with her brother's hand in hers, and her eyes raised toward heaven.

No sooner has she learned to love the Saviour as her own than she is auxious to exert an influence over those around her.

A difficult task for a little girl to take in hand a lot of rough, rude, utterly ignorant boys and girls. She invites some of them to accompany her to the school, and is refused, and ridiculed, and jeered at for her pains.

If she could only get Scud to go with her, he might be such a help to her, if it did him good, and she feels sure it will. She ventures to ask him one evening before leaving the strects for school.

"Oh, I don't like, Mattie-I ain't got no cap," says Scud.

scratching his rough head uneasily.

"I'll buy you a cap, Seud; I've long wanted to give you something; I've saved a little money," says this little missionary.
"Oh, it ain't only that, look at my duds—I be 'shamed,"

glancing at his old trousers, out at the knees.

"Never mind, Send, I'll mend them for you beautiful; besides there's worse clothes on some of the boys at our school," pleads Mattie "Come, Send, just to please me; let's go home and wash us, and I'll mend your clothes, and I know of some nice caps near our house."

"Wery well-yer knows I doesn't like to go agin yer, Mattie, I niver did see sich a one for gitting over me as yer

is," casting almost a loving glance at her.
So they go home and wash themselves. Mattie buys him a cap at one of the houses in the Jews' settlement near them, and mends his clothes as neatly as the ragged state of the material will allow, and they set out for school.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Surely this child has got this Spirit, which she exerts

over this boy.

Meekly he goes; the novelty of the scene interests him.

As they go home, Mattie anxiously asks how he likes it.
"I likes it wery well, the singing's great; that's a nice chap wot does the spouting. He's a customer o' mine he is; I takes him his evening 'dition regler."

Mattie is highly delighted, and makes up her mind to follow

up the vautage ground gained to-night.

Scud soon gets to like the school, and learns the hymns with great rapidity, especially the choruses, which he sings at home with much gusto, for the editication of Mother Brown and the assembled joungsters. He seldom misses a night when the school is open, but expresses a preference for Sun-

days, because there is more singing and no sums.

About this time an epidemic breaks out in the street at the bottom of Jacob's Ladder. The weather for the time of year is bad, and the atmosphere at the bottom of the Ladder is unwholesomely heavy and oppressive. The sanitary arrange-

The thought of that famous supper brings up a host of scrupulous in keeping their persons and dwellings clean. Scarlet fover breaks out amongst the children, and several deaths take place. Send, the liveliest and smartest in all the neighbourhood, suddenly becomes dull and quiet; instead of flying about the city, he finds it hard work to get about

Mattie misses him during the day, and at night, as she near home, sees him leaning against the wall at the top of Jacob's Ladder. He is resting his head on his hands against the wall, and does not look up.
"What's the matter, Send?" asks Mattic.

"Nothink; I feels wery bad."
"Which way, Send?" sympathy in her eyes and voice.

"It's my head - it aches, it does; I feels smothered, and then I shavors."

She puts his arm in hers, and helps him down the steps and into the house.

Mother Brown makes him some warm tea, her one panacea for all adments of body and mind, then puts him to bed. All night he burns and tosses about, and next morning is too ill to go out. Mattie bids him keep warm in bed, and offers to go his round with the papers, promiting to come home

When she goes home he is worse. Mother Brown gets him some medicine from a benevolent doctor, who keeps a dispensary and mission-house in the neighbourhood, and keeps the room clear of the other youngsters. Mattie only remains. She insists upon it, and constitutes herself his nurse, and if gentleness, watchfulness, and patience form any part of the qualification of a nurse of the first order, Florence Nightingale never had a worthier successor. Through days and nights she watches over and tends him, administering his medicine in regular doses, feeding him as a mother does a little child, reading him the choicest stories out of her Bible, cheering and com-forting him, until at last the fever burns itself out, and he is atle to sit up.

"Mattie, yer a angel," he says, when he is getting strong again and thinks of all she has done for him. An! poor child, she will be soon; her wings are ready, and wait to bear

her up beyond the stars.

Before Scud is fairly well, she takes the fever, and in her turn is put to bed. In a worse form she has it. Her limbs burn with the consuming fire from head to foot. Her tongue is parched to an extent which renders the drop of cold water

a lūxury.

For days she suffers, patiently and meekly bearing with it, limiting her wants as much as possible to avoid giving trouble. Willie is kept from her, lest he, too, should take the lisease. Send cannot be kept away. He climbs the ricketty stairs every time he comes in, and asks how she is getting on. Tears stand in the lad's eyes, as he looks pityingly on, and says:"Oh, Mattie, it's all along o' me as yer took it."

"Never mind, Scud, I am very happy," she says softly, "Do you think Miss Bird would come to see me?"

"I don't know, but it's school night, and I'll go and tell her ; p'raps she might."

Send keeps his promise, and about nine o'clock mounts the creaking stairs, and shows Miss Bird the room where Mattie

She has grown rapidly worse in the meantime, and the doctor has been sent for.

He says the fever will reach the height about ten o'clock, when there will be a change for the better or worse, as the

case may be. Miss Bird and Scud join Mother Brown at the bedside.

Mattie is unconscious of their presence, and raving in delirium. She rambles sadly in her talk, and in the course of hald-an-hour goes over the chief incidents of her brief life Here and there words fall on her teacher's ear, which the eagerly listens for-bits of Gospel stories and mention of the Saviour's name.

The time creeps on; the anxious group stand breathless, waiting the change. She ceases to ramble, and sleeps calmly and peacefully. Miss Bird takes out her watch; it is ten o'clock. Not a sound is heard. The watchers hold their breath. Each is wondering if, daring to hope, the sleeping child will awake to newness of life.

Her eyes open, a luminous light gleams in them, suggestive of a beautiful vision: a sunny simile spreads o'er her face: her lips open: she is going to speak. Hush! Listen! The group ments are defective, and the inhabitants not particularly leans over the bed, hushed in dread suspense. She speaks:-

"Willie — Scud — Jesus — Saviour Nearer home—" her Spirit takes its flight; her fevered body is at rest. Waft her, angels, through the skies, on downy pinions boar her, ye angels of light, this poor little waif on earth's highway. Ignorant! ragged! poor! Nay, wise in the highest sense; clothed in the spotless Christ-purchased robe of righteon mess; richer than the greatest monarch, child of God, joint heir with Christ. Up! through the star-lit skies: over the jasper sea; through gates of pearl and streets of gold; over plains bathed in the sunlight of the Eternal King; through the throng of prophets, martyrs, priests, and kings; bear her ye ministers of His, until ye set her—this precious jewel—in the unfading diadem on the Seviour's head.

There is weeping on earth another voice helps to swell the authem of the Imperial Choir; the everlasting song goes forth, and

"Heaven's eternal arches ring With His beloved name."

She was buried in a neighbouring churchyard. Miss Bird, Send, Mother Brown, most of the ragged-school children, and many of the children of the streets, attended the funeral. Her death was regretted by the whole noighbeur. hood; her gentle spirit and kindly actions had gained for her the love of many. And Willie? Scud faithfully kept his promises and looked promises and 100Ked afterhim, and "stuck to him," as he phrased it, until he gradually grow stronger and better able to take care of himself. They both continued to attend the school, where the teachers took a new interest in them, and they became steady, trathful, hard-working lads. And Scud -poor, honest, truehearted Scud, where shall we leave him? Where can we better leave him than at Mattie's grave, which he is never tired of visiting? It is a pouring wet night, and nearly dark; Scud has finished for the day, and goes to look at Mattie's grave before

going home. He takes his cap off reverently, hee lless of the rain (it is the cap she gave him); as he sorrowfully reads the inscription on the tombstone in the dim light of the lamp, his grief bursts out afresh, and falling down upon it, he lays his face against the cold, wet stone, and sobs as if his heart would break.

"Oh, Mattie! Mattie! I wish I was with yer, I does; if it hadn't 'a' bin for me, yer would niver 'ave died."

Patience, Scud, poor boy! Tread in her footsteps, trust in her Saviour, and thou, too, shalt in God's good time go to make up "His Jewels."

"Like stars of the morning
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown."

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

BY REV. JOSEPH COOK.

You remember that is the old story, one ship's crew went by the Isleof the Sirens and heard the songs of the women who were fair in the upper part, and whose forms below were like the snake. Ulysses went by, and he filled his cars with wax, and bound his crew with matted thorns, and fastened himself to the mast. Thus he went by safely. But afterward a man named Orpheus came by the same island, and as he was a famous musician he set up a better music than that of the sirens. He passed them with deflance and in triumph. The ancients knew the difference between morality and religion. That man who went by with his cars filled with wax, bound to the mast, was a man of mere morality. The man who went by gladly and a little proudly was the religious man. His heart was changed by histening to a more ravish-

ing melody than the sirens could produce. Ulysses rather wanted to land, and so the men of morality want to sin. Do you suppose mere morality will save you? If it be mere morality, you have wax in your ears and you are bound to the mast, and I will give you a certain amount of credit for good judgment and the right effort of the mind to avoid sm. Heaven forbid that I should underrate morality, but it cannot make a man at peace with himself. It is not enough to make men and the plan of men walk together in peace. Religion always can do that. Morality is going by as Ulysses did. Religion is going by as Orpheus did.

Until your similarity with God does not involve painful self-denial, you have not got it. You are living in mere morality, and in the nature of the case you cannot be safe. But suppose you have attained the love of what God loves, and the hate of what God hates, there is still that record behind you. I do not know

how you are to get similarity of feeling with God. except by looking on the Cross. When I regard God as my Redeemer, I am gla I to take Him as Lord. The direction, therefore, that I would give to those who are seeking God is, look upon God as Redeemer, trust him as Saviour, and then it will be easy to take Him as King. When you have taken Him as both, then you have saving faith, and not till then. Until men do that they cannot be at peace. The central truth of the Scripture is that in the nature of things two cannot walk together except they be agreed. God is Saviour; look upon Him. Now, trust Him as Saviour, and you will gladly take Him as Lord, and thus you shall have attained the two things necessary to your peace. Fear for the penalties of past sins shall have gone away. You look to God to forget them for the sake of the chastisement His Son took upon Him when He bore cur iniquities that He might lead many sinners to glory.

"HOLD THE FORT."

A MEMORIAL SKETCH OF THE LATE P. P. BLISS.

RIDAY, December 29, 1876, was the last day that daymed upon the earthly life of "The sweet singer of Israel." P. P. Bliss. On the day previous Mr. Bliss and his wife left their mother's home, Rome, Pa., where they had been making a Christmas visit, and started for Chicago, when Mr. Bliss and Major D. W. Whittle were to continue, in the great Tabernacle, the evangelistic work begun by Moody and Sankoy. As he rode he busied himself with Bible and paper,

composing a now song which perished

with him. When within about twelve hours' ride of Chicago, the train on which they were t-avelling was wreck-ed by the fearful "Ashtabula disaster," words that will ring like a funeral knell in many lives for years to come. By the giving way of the bridge which spanned the Ashtabula River the whole train was precipi-tated into the icebound stream below. The cars were soon in flames, and the devastating elements of fire and water. adding their fury to the wild storm that was raging at the time, rendered the scene one of untold horror. The only circumstance connected with the death of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss that can be ascertained is that Mr. Bliss, after escaping out of a window of a car was burned to death on going back to rescue his wife.

At the time of his death Mr. Bliss was in the very prime and vigour of manhood, being thirtyeight years of age.

His boyhood and early manhood were spent in northwest Pennsylvania.

In the year 1864, Mr. George F. Root, of Chicago, the wellknown music pub-

lisher, learning of his musical ability—both as a composer and leader, engaged his services. Mr. Bliss then removed to Chicago, and for nearly ten years went out into different parts of the West to conduct Normal Musical Institutes. He was also engaged during this time in composing Sunday-school music, the first of which appeared in 1870 in a book edited and published by Mr. George F. Root, entitled "The Prize."

These were days of beginnings and of trials in the life of

Mr. Bliss and his wife. Yet they styled their humble home "The Kot o' Kontent," and gave a cheery welcome to the friends who visited them.

In 1871, Mr. Bliss's first book, "The Charm," appeared, and at once gave him a place among the favourite composers

Sunday school music. About this time he was elected to the position of chorister in the first Congregational Church of Chicago (Rev. Dr. Goodwin's), of which he had become a on coming to Chicago, having previously been a Methodist. He was also chosen superintendent of the large Sunday school of that church, very many of whose members were led to Christ by his influence. Frequent demands were were led to Christ by his influence. Frequent demands were now made upon him to sing at dedications, anniversaries, and Sunday-school gatherings. On these occasions he gave his services whenever time would permit. His Normal Musical work still continued, and in 1872 he published a collection of new songs, duets, trios, and quartets, entitled "The Song Tree." Subsequently appeared "Sunshine," a book for Sunday - schools, and "The Joy," for

classes, choirs, and conventions.

Mr. Bliss at length resigned his position as chorister, and his work as a musical leader, with much pecuniary sacrifice, in order to give himself wholly to evangelistic work. In July, 1874, he wrote to a friend:—"Ma. jor Whittle and I are holding protracted meetings. God is wonderfully using us in every way. Help us to praise Him for it."

Since then, Mr. Bliss was engaged earnestly and almost constantly in evangelistic work in connection with Major Whittle, and held evangelistic meetings in company with him at Mobile, Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, Chicago, Peoria, Kalamazoo, Jackson, and many places, and always

with great success.
Mr. Bliss sang as carnest ministera preach, not for artistic effects, but to express and impress the Gospel.

His songs in these "Gospel meetings" were frequently prefaced with a short and carnest prayer by himself or by the reading or repeating of Scripture passages in the audience.

Mr. Bliss is known even more widely as a composer of

sacred song than as a singer, being the author of both words and music of the following popular songs: "Jesus loves even me," "Almost persuaded," "Hold the fort," "Pull for the shore," "What shall the harvest be?" "More to follow," "Hallelujah, 'tis done," "Free from the law," "Let the lower lights be burning," "Whosoever heareth," and "Only an armour-bearer.

In all these and his other hymns Mr. Bliss showed a remarkable skill in versifying evangelical doctrine in the very phrases of Scripture.

As to personal appearance, Mr. Bliss is thus pictured by one who knew him well:—"He was tall and well-developed in his physical frame, with clustering black hair and a hand-



THE LATE P. P. BLISS.

From a Photograph published by F. E. Longley.

some face, possessing easy and polished manners, and a very joyous temperament, together with a wealth of sympathy.'

Many are not aware that Mr. Bliss, as well as Mr. Sankey, gave up the royalty upon the "Bliss and Sankey Song Book," (not "The Moody and Sankey Song Book," as it is sometimes thoughtlessly called) and thus sacrificed about thirty thousand dollars, putting the royalty into the hands of Mr. George H. Stuart, Mr. W. E. Dodge, jun, and Mr. John V. Farwell, to use it for charitable and evangelistic purposes. "Gospel Hymns, No. 2," which Mr. Bliss with Mr. Sankey had just completed when he was killed, was sent forth under the same self-eacrificing and benevolent arrangement on the part of the

This sketch would be very incomplete without some record of Mrs. Bliss, whom her husband was pleased to style "My faithful assistant Lou." Mrs. Bliss herself was the composer of several choice pieces of music, both hymns and tunes; one of them a very beautiful tune to the words of "Rock of Ages," which was impressively sung at their funeral services. Whenever circumstances would permit, she attended her husband in his public work, aiding him by her voice and by playing accompaniments. It is said that from her he received his first lessons, both in singing and playing. They were indeed of "one accord" in their noble life work. When the sudden summons came she was on the Lord's errand with her

Mt. Bliss leaves a widowed mother, of whom he was the only son, and two little ones, Paul and George, aged four and two years. Mr. Moody asks the people of God to take them in charge with their money and their prayers. He himself has raised ten thousand dollars for their support and educa-tion, and other free-will offerings have and will come to them from many a Sunday-school where Mr. Bliss's songs are sung, and prayers will rise from many hearts that God will keep them in His sheltering care.

The memorial service in honour of these two Christian workers in Chicago was the largest meeting ever held in that city, showing the loving esteem in which he was held. monument will be erected to Mr. Bliss's memory, as is most befitting, but the most enduring monument of his life will be "the good he has done," and is still doing, by his music and his life.

[This sketch is mainly compiled from the "Memoir of P. P Bliss," just issued by Mr. Longley, and to which we would specially direct the attention of our readers. The book is written by Mr. Bliss's fellow-labourer, Major Whittle, and contains contributions by Dr. Goodwin and Geo. F. Root, with an introduction by Mr. Moody. In contains a very striking portrait (photograph in the best edition), the last song of Mr. Biss, and a very expressive memorial hymn, entitled, "Angels met him at the gate." The book is handsomely got up, and sells at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., and we should strongly advise all our readers to get a copy.]

GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

JUNE 3rd. Morning, JESUS BEFORE PILATE. (Matt. XXVII. 11-25). The Jews could not put Jesus to death without authority from the Roman governor. Christ is now, therefore, at his bar. On the question of Pilate, and what gave rise to it, see John xviii. 29-33. The answer of Jesus was a declaration that He was the Messiah. To the accusations of the chief priest, Jesus answered nothing; but compare John xix. 10. The Passover was the feast of the Jews when it was customary to release some one prisoner whom the people chose; but the origin of this custom is unknown. Some say it was introduced by the Romans. The notable prisoner is said by some to have been called Jesus Barabbas, the latter word meaning the son of hisfather, and perhaps he had pretended to be the Messiah. The false Jesus is, then, set against the true. Pilate wished to release Jesus; and appealed to the people (ver. 17,-19) but They chose the murderer, and killed the prince of life. Pilate's wife, was, according to tradition, called Claudia Procula, and is supposed to have been a proselyte of the gate. She calls Jesus "a just man." Her dream was a morning one, -after midnight, and she sent to tell Pilate of it. It was his last warning. This dream was probably from God. Pilate tried to save Jesus, but he gave way to a weak and ignoble fear | ground. He was nailed to it as it lay on the ground, and

of the Jews. "Let Him be crucified, they replied, again and again. They demanded Pilate's active co-operation and "Let Him be crucified," they replied, again not merely his permission to put Jesus to death (con.pare John xix 7). He yielded, but washed his hands of the deed ; (ver. 24), and the people said, "His blood be on us," etc. . 't was on both. Pilate could not thus get out of the crime; and the imprecation of the Jews was terribly fulfilled. (Acts v. 28.) On them and on their children fell the anger of a just and boly God, when Jerusalem was besieged by Titus, and its temple utterly destroyed. Isaiah hii. 7. is the memory text.

What an example of patience under suffering!

Afternoon. The Lamentarion of Amos (Amos v.-15.) Amos was a herdman of Tekoa, but, in the days of Uzziah, king Judah, n.c. 787, was called to be a prophet. Here he utters a solemn wail on the fall of Israel, or the ten tribes. Four times in this paragraph he calls on the people to seek God. (ver. 4, 6, S, 14). The word lamentation (ver. 1). means a dirge, or mournful song, and the virgin Israel (not of Israel), is a poetical personification of the ten tribes. When they marched out to war, instead of a thousand there would be but a hundred, etc. Hence they would certainly perish (ver. 3). But Jehovah said, seek me, not Bethel, etc , and ye shall live. Both places here mentioned had become scenes of idolatrous worship, hence the warning. Bethel and Gilgal were within the territory of the ten tribes and would therefore fall ;- Beersheba was in Judea, and is not therefore included in the captivity. Turning right into wormwood, a bitter plant, means that their conduct was indicative of the state of their mind (Deut. xxix. 18). In ver. S is a description of God's empipotence. He made the seven stars, or the Pleiades; and the giant or Orion (cf. Job ix. 9, xxxviii. 31). He turns the thick darkness of night into morning, and changes the bright day into the gloomy night. He calls to the waters of the sea, and they flood the earth and sweep away its ungodly inhabitants. There is an allusion to the flood in the days of Noah, and to other catastrophes occasioned by water. Ver. 9. means that no strong man or mighty fortress can stand before His power, hence the folly of such conduct as is described in ver. 10-12. Taking "a bribe" means taking the atonement money for the life of a murderer, contrary to the express command of Num. xxxvi. 31. The ungodly judges did this. But all talking is useless (ver. 13), and the prophet calls on the people to seek good, and to hate evil, that God might show favour to them (ver. 14, 15). It is a lesson for all, and ver. 14, is therefore to be committed to

memory. Happy those who practise the lesson
June 10th. Morning. Jesus scourged AND CRUCIFIED.
(Matt. xxvii. 26-44.) Jesus was scourged. O think of that.
The upper part of His sacred body was bared, and He was cruelly flogged with thongs, in which probably were pieces of bone, or iron teeth, which cut into the flesh and caused intense pain. This was the Roman scourging, and it was done at Pilate's command. (Comp. Isa. liii. 5.) From John xix. I it appears that Pilate thought by this means to satisfy the Jews and to awaken sympathy for Jesus; but this was doing evil that good might come. The Roman soldiers inflicted this scourging, and then they led Jesus into the practorium, or guard house, and there stripped Him again of the white dress which Herod had put on Him, and, instead of it, they put on Him a scarlet military cloak, and on His head a crown of thorns, some think made of the supple twigs of the Sinai acacia, which had thorns a finger-length long. The reed was probably the Cyprian reed, and this was put into his hand as a mock sceptre. Then they bowed the knee, and with a feigned homage said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Nay, they spit upon Him, and mocked Him, and then led Him away. At first, Jesus bore His cross Himself, but sinking under it, Simon of Cyrene, in the African Lybia, where many Jews lived, and who had come to the Passover feast, was compelled to carry it for Him. What an honour! He had probably manifested some sympathy for Jesus (ver. 32). Golgotha means a skull, the place of the crucifixion being a hill of that shape, not because skulls were laid there. It was outside the Holy City, but where has not yet been determined. The question has given rise to much controversy (ver. 33). On the traditional site stands the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but Robinson and many others deny its identity. The wine they offered (ver.34) Him was a stupe fying draught, called by the Romans Sopor; but Jesus refused it. The cross was a beam of wood, with another beam nearly at the top-the one called the staticulum, the other the It was not so high as pictures often represent it. antenna. The feet of the sufferer were not more than two feet from the

hen it was raised and the end fell into a hole dug for it. Both the hands and the feet of Jesus were nailed. (Luke xxiv. 39.) On a small tablet, called titulus, was inscribed, "This is the King of the Jews," and this was put over His It was a title of honour, and the Jows objected to it (comp. John xix. 20), but Pilate would not alter it to please them. Ver. 38 speaks of the two thieves, or rather robbers, who were crucified with Him. (Isa. Iii. 12) According to ver. 44) they both reviled Him; but if so, one of them soon relented, and was saved (Luke xxxiii. 42, 43). The passorsby reviled Him; but they knew not what they said. He saved others because He would not save Himself. 2 Cor. v. 21 is the memory text, and teaches us the great doctrine of substitution, or the innocent one suffering for the guilty. He was made a sin-offering for us.

Afternoon. THE PROMISE OF REVIVAL. (Hesea xiv. 1-9) This is a call to conversion. There is no salvation for man without a return to God. Sin is a false step by which we have fallen, and we must seek forgiveness in prayer. For this, not sacrifices but words are needed—the words of confession and entreaty. The calves of the lips are the prayers resum and thank-offerings presented in the stead of young oxen and thank-offerings presented in Assyria and Egypt They will do this no longer. Riding upon horses refers to military power (Isa. xxxi. 1). Now they were learning that God alone could help, and that in Him alone the orphan could find com-passion. Ver. 4-8 announce the answer to Israel's prayer, Here we have (1) a promise of healing, (2) of loss, (3) of abundant blessing. Jehovah will be as the refreshing dew, causing Israel to grow like a lily—the fragrant white lily of Palestine, Jehovah will be as the refreshing dew, causing which often produces fifty bulbs from a single root; and to strike his roots like Lebanon, which means not merely the forests of Lebanon, but the mountain itself. The smell of Lebanon was very sweet on account of its cedars and other trees (Song of Sol., iv. 11). This fine line has been thus explained:—The rooting means stability; the spreading of the branches, propagation, etc.; the splendour of the olive, beauty and glory; the fragrence, hilarity and leveliness. In ver. 7, Israel becomes a tree beneath whose shade the people flourish. The wine of Lebanon was celebrated for its excellence from the earliest times. Ver. S is an address to Ephraim. God says to Ephraim, "What have I to do any more with idols?" and Ephraim wishes to have nothing more to do with them. God is like a fresh green cypress tree, and from Him alone can the nation find the fruit which nourishes its spiritual life. Ver. 9 points back to Deut. xxxii. 4. The ways of Jehovah are straight, and lead those who walk in them to life. But transgressors stumble in them to their own destruction. Learn xiii. 9, which is this lesson in a few words.

June 17. Morning. DEATH AND BURIAL OF CHRIST. (Matt. xxvii. 45, 61.) The sixth hour was twelve at noon. the darkness began, and lasted three hours. It could not be occasioned by an eclipse, as the moon was full. It we doubt supernatural; and it covered the whole land. It was no before the close of it, Jesus uttered the bitter cry, "Eli," etc.; given by Mark in the Syro-Chaldaic dialect, "Eloi, Eloi," etc. What did it mean? Not that He was actually forsaken, for he could still say, My God! but that the grown of His mind was such that that the agony of His mind was such that it seemed, for the moment as if he were forsaken. "Some said He called for Elias," the conscience of some Jews perhaps bringing to their memory that Elijah was to appear on the day of vengearce. Previously Jesus had said, "I thirst" (John xiv. 28); and one, probably in compassion, ran, and dipped a sponge in the posca, or sour wine, of the Roman soldiers, and put it on a hyssop reed, and gave Him to drink. Jesus drank it, and then cried with a loud voice, "It is finished!"—the victor's shout (John xix. 30); and then, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"—the joyful assurance that He had fulfilled His Father's will; and the darkness passed away; and there was light at evening time. He did not die under a cloud. And the veil of the Temple was rent (verse 51); this veil was the one which hung before the Holy of Holies (Heb. vi. 19; ix. 6; x. 19). Doubtless the earthquake which rent the rocks rent this veil also; and several graves in the neighbourhood were laid open; and after Christ's resurrection many bodies of the saints arose, their spirits having been delivered from Hades. Some say they ascended with Christ to heaven; but the difficulties cannot be explained, and the fact is mentioned nowhere else. The centurion (verse 54) was presiding over the executions. ing meant, according to St Luke, "a just man"; but he knew soin thing of Jewish opinions, and may have supposed that for repetition. Christ rose as the first-fruits of them that sleep.

Christ was a Divine Being, or as the heathen would have said. a kind of demi-god. The women (verse 56, cf. Luke viii. 2, 3) were faithful to the last; but the virgin-mother had been taken home (John xix. 27). The even was the decline of day the first even. The bodies must be removed before the second evening, or the nightfall (Deut. xxi. 23). Joseph was a scoret disciple of Jesus, and a rich man. Arimathea was probably Rama-Ramathaim, in Ephraim (1 Sam.i. 19). He went into the pretorium, and begged the body of Jesus (cf. John xix. 38). It was a bold act; but it succeeded; and with Nicodemus, as John says, he wrapped it with spices in a clean linen cloth, rolling it around the limbs separately. He then laid it in his own new tomb, which John says was near, and in a rock, and he closed the mouth of it with a great stone. Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, i.e., the wife of Joses, beheld where He was laid. But where was the sepulchre? We do not know, though conjectures have been many. Mr. Fergusson maintains that it was under the dome of the present Mosque of Omar, where there is a cave entered by a flight of steps.

Afternoon. THE CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL. (2 Kings xvii, 1-23.) Shalmane cr, or Salmana ar, was the Sargon of Isaiah AA. On the monuments of Assyria his name is spelt Sargard. He first made Hosha a subject, compelling him to pay tribute, but Hoshea rebelled, and sought assistance from So, or Shelick, king of Egypt. Then Shahatuser took Samaria, Hoshua was cast into prison, and the Israelites were carried captive into Gozan was a fortile tract of land watered by the river Halor, or Khabour, which is one of the tributanes of the Tigris. Halah, or Kalah, was probably the Gla, one of a line of hills on the upper Khabour (see Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon," pp. 300-313). In ver. 7-23 the causes which led to this catastrophe are given. The people had set up images and groves-yolden calves and asherim, or sacred idols, or calves-masses of stone, as gods, against the express commands of God. (1 Kings x. 16-23.) They made two golden calves, and Asherah (a grave), i.e., idols of Asharte, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Bud (ver. 16), Baal was the sun-god; Astarte, or Ashteroth, the moon-god (see I Kings xii. 28). The ten tribes (ver. 22) walked in all the sins of Jeroboam until Jehovah removed them from

His sight. (Hos. i. 6, ix. 16, etc.) June 24. Morning. THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH. (Matt. xxviii.) At the dawn of Sunday, or before sunrise, came Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, etc., together with Salome (Mark avi. 1), and Joanna, etc. (Luke xxiv. 1) to see the sepulchre, and to amount the body. There had been an earthquake, and an angel had rolled away the stone, and now he sat upon it. The women were afraid, but their fears were hushed (ver. 5, 6). By His disciples (ver. 5) are meant all the Galilean disciples, and the grand manifestation of Himself to them took place in Galilee (ver. 16). With mingled feelings they ran quickly whon Jesus met them. He first met Mary Magdalene (John xx. 14), and, she having bounded off, the other women a little later. What a message she gave them (ver. 9, 10). The soldiers brought their account, and the chief priests were alarmed (ver. 11-14). And they gave the gaard large bribes to tell a falsehood. What will not some men do for money? The guard would be charged with a neglect of duty; but they were promised protection, and the matter was "talked over" with Pilate, and the matter was thus arranged, perhaps privately. How absurd the story, yet some believe it to this day. The event narrated (ver. 16-20) did not take place until after those narrated by St. John (xx. 19-29), but perhaps before those of ch. xxi. The mountain is supposed by some to have been Tabor. Here he met 500 brethren (1 Cor. xv. 6), and they worshipped Him, but some were in doubt whether it was really Jesus whom they saw. He, therefore, drew men to them, and specially to the doubting ones, and said, "All power is given to Me, etc." They were therefore to go and make disciples, baptising them into, not in, the name of the Father, etc. All limitations, such as in ch. x. 5, are now removed, and their commission is a universal one. After baptism comes teaching, that is, more full and complete instruction in the things of GoJ. Jesus adds the glorious promise, "Lo, I am with you," always. In the person of the Holy Spirit, as well as in His own personal agency in or through His Word, He would remain with His Church to the end of time (John xiv. 16-26). The word always is emphatic, meaning literally every day, even the darkest, so that on this promise we may rest in the midst of the most untoward events. 1 Cor. xv. 20, is the text Afternoon. REVIEW. - The text is Nahum i. 3. What a precious one !- "The Lord is slow to anger," etc., but will not acquit the wicked. His way is in the whirlwind, etc., and the clouds are the dust of His feet. Such is the poetical and ranguage which describes His power and majesty. This declaration is preparatory to Nahum's prophecy again Nineveh.

LABOUR AND ITS REWARD.

THE Divine prescription which says, "Six days shalt thou labour," means that we must be systematic in all our energies; commence Monday morning, and keep it up our thing; have some good end in view. Work for ourselves; work for others. Do good to everybody. Drop a kind word here, and do a kind act there. Be saving of time, never wasting it in idle deeds or idle conversation, for-

" Time destroyed Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

Labour has its reward. The toiler toils not in vain. the man of work, there comes the sweet consciousness that labour wears the crown in this busy world. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne." labour enthrones us in more senses than one. It develops us. What would the world be without it? Labour in the mine brings forth the rich treasures of the earth; the labour of the soil gives us bread. The labour of the shop places at our disposal the implements of our high civilisation. For all we have, we are indebted to man as a labourer somewhere.

This world is full of mutual dependencies. Everywhere, whether we realise it or not, man is his "brother's keeper. The productions of one clime are developed by the toiling hand, and by the hand of our brother man they are transferred, over land and sea, to other and distant parts of the

world.

The Creator has rendered the different parts of the earth unlike in their fruits, grains, and minerals, for the very purpose of affording man employment, and of harmonising the race and showing its unity. He has hid beneath a veil the series of science, that the brain may labour to bring them forth to light and use. He has hid the treasures of gold and labour to bring them forth. All our luxuries, all our necessies, come to us with the stamp of human genius and industry. The hat upon your head; the coat on your back; the rich and costly fabric you wear; the shoe that protects your foot from the frozen earth; the pin with which you fasten your collar or cuff, so small and simple; the tiny needle, that emblem of household conomy; the food you eat; the bed on which you repose; the walls that ward off the chill blast of a wintry night; the roof that catches the falling rain; the coach or car in which you rade for profit or pleasure; the watch on whose dial-plate you take your reckoning of time; and the whole list of your wants, all are stamped with the seal of human industry.

But the highest reward is that which labour gives the labourer in personal development. Man is only and truly man when he spends his energies of soul and body on some grat enterprise, worthy of the genius and power of himanity. Hence, he who does not labour in some way is a

Labour enriches. Property is one of the rewards of industry. Some obtain more than others; but, then, inequality affords the opportunity of benevolence. If all had eaough, then none could know the blessedness of giving. Thus the poor have a mission as well as the rich; the one to receive, the other to give-while blessings come to the

giver above the receiver.

Let us labour, then, for the development of the treasures of wealth and of science, which are laid up in store for all who will have them. Seek diligently for the highest perfection of manhood and womanhood. Put forth your best exertions, that you may lay up something to provide for your wants when the heart beats slowly and the eye grows dim with age. Labour, that you may have a dollar to put into the hand of a suffering, needy brother or sister, that may be reached out to you as you go along the journey of life. Labour, that you may be atrue man, that you may be go llike; and never give up, but labour on. If you fail now, try again; keep on prayed. The prophets trying. Success will come; if not in this world, then in the Even God, made man, next. Your labours, your disappointments, your poverty Advocate and Journal.

even, shall all work together for your good. Your labour, f performed in the right spirit, shall not be in vain.

Work on, but do not worry. It is worry that eats up our lives-the worm of the soul, whose sting is fatal. Robust labour of hand or head makes us strong, and adds years to life. It is hard to put more on a man than he can bear. The mind, like the arch, gains strength from pressure. It is not the revolution of the wheel that destroys the machine, but the friction. As rust will cat up the blade, so worry will cat up the soul. Someone has well said, "Fear secretes acid, but love and trust are the sweet juices of life."

Then, too, consider that all of our activities should be directed toward one single end—our high spiritual destiny. All should be laid at the feet of Christ, the world's Redeemer. Everything we do should have about it the aroma of goodness. Our life-calling, whatever it may be—whether profession, mechanic art, or tiller of the soil—all should be made in some way contributory to our high interests, our moral uplifting and development.

Then, gird on the apron; make bare the stalwart arm; seize the sledge, the saw, or the plane; strike the heated iron; shape the oak or pine; mould the plastic clay; fashion the liquid metal; measure the costly goods; weave the useful fabric; drive the shuttle at the loom, the pen at the desk. Let our streets echo to the heavy wheels of industry; let our valleys resound with the scream of the locomotive; let our lakes, rivers, and seas be alive with the white-winged ships of commerce; let our marts of trade keep up their busy hum, but let all these energies be consecrated to the good of humanity. Thus shall we fulfil our life mission, and work out the true destiny of the world.

"God bless the noble working-men, Who rear the cities of the plain; Who dig the mine, and build the ships, And drive the commerce of the main! God bless them! for their swarthy hands Have wrought the glory of our lands."

J. H. M.

DO YOU PRAY?

AVID did. His circumstances were indeed unfavourable. A crown was upon his head. The care of a kingdom pressed him. He might have said, "I have no time." But he prayed. He prayed much. Prayer formed one of his most influential habits. What proofs and illustrations abound in those wonderful writings—the Paalms. How touching, exmest, often sublime, were his cries unto God!

Daniel did. He was indeed a statesman and courtier. He

lived in the midst of idolaters. To them his religion was offensive. The king bade him not to pray unto the Lord. If he did, it was a mortal peril. The great men of Babylon conspired to make this very thing the means of his ruin. Still he prayed. He did it, not ostentationally, but without conceal-ment. His religious principle was stronger than his fear of Three times a day he kneeled, and prayed, and gave

thanks before his God, as aforetime.

St. Paul did. It was the first pulse and expression of his new life in Christ. "Behold, he prayeth!" said the Spirit. The fact was the surpsssing but conclusive proof of his spiritual change. From being Saul the persecutor, it was thus shown he had become Paul the saint. However, after that event, his life was one of prayer, as well as heroic labour; of prayer for himself, for his countrymen, for the Gentile world, for the blood-bought Church. Holler, more intense, sublimer aspirations probably never ascended from a human

Our Lord Jesus Christ did. This is a most impressive truth. It ought to be pondered by all who do not pray. The Saviour was perfect. He was Divine. He had no sins to be forgiven. There were in Him no evil pars' ns to be subdued. He was subject to no temptations that He could not resist. He was assailed by no enemy whom He could not conquer. He had life in Himself. He had creative power. He had infinite merit. But He prayed. He prayed earnestly, and with His

disciples.
"Cold mountains, and the midnight air,

Yes; David, Daniel, St. Paul, our Lord Jesus Christ, all prayed. The prophets and the saints were men of prayer Even God, made man, prayed for you. Do you pray!- safe

Iy.

onTHE ROCK.



 lid

Rock,

What though winds are howling round me' What though darkness now surround me, Threatening utter desolation? Christ the Rock is my salvation! Calm amid the wildest shock, On the Everlasting Rock.

Rock;

On the Rock,

the

3 With my Saviour, what can harm me? All hell's legions can't alarm me! Jesus' mighty arms enclosing, Sweetly is my soul reposing, Safe amid the fiercest shock, On the Ever blessed Rock.

safe

on the

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

X/E are at a loss in the small space at our disposal to express our satisfaction with Mr. Wray's last work (1). A glorious book it is; and we have not for many a year read any Old thing that so thoroughly entered into our very soul. Adam Oliver, Master Phillip, Nathan and Lucy Blyth, Black Morris, and many others, seem to stand before us now, and the touching relation of the grand triumphal entry of the dying patriarch into the land of His God, is indelibly impressed on our memory. Mr. Wray aimed high; he started to write, not a goody-goody, namby-pamby story, but a picture of real living life, with all its vicissitudes and dangers, fiction (as far as the plot went) pure and simple, but with no impossible heroines, or ultra diabolical villains. Hight well has he succeeded, and whoever has not read this book should do so; it will repay them.

Though "Uncle Tom" has gone, his "Life" seems to so'll as well as ever. To meet a generally-expressed wish, Mr. Lobb has issued a new illustrated edition (2) especially suited to the young, and a very tasty little book it is. Pleasantly written, and very effectively bound, it ought to have a very

large sale.
Whether we take into consideration its historical value, its exhaustive character, its interesting minutia, its scholarly dissertations, or its great catholicity, the "Bible Educator" (3) is by far the best and most useful work of its kind that has ever seen the light. We are not surprised that Messrs. Cassell have so soon beer compelled to re-issue it, and we predict for this new series a success fully equal to that of its predecessor.

had the Mr. Banks deserves our warmest thanks for his very useful "London Church and Chapel Guide" (4) which has now reached its seventeenth year of publication. Thirtyhas now reached its seventeenth year of publication. four pages of very closely printed information most exhaustive

(4) The A.B.C London) Charch and Chapel Director, (London: Re Lanks, 2d.)

and interesting in its character; a complete list of the May Meetings; a guide to all the religious organisations in the metropolis, and all for twopence, is surely good value for money. Every one should have it.

Sunday-schools have not long obtained a recognition of the place to which they are entitled in religious economy, but m 1877 no one will deny the immense support which a good, healthy Sunday-school is to a church. Robert Raikes, at whose memoir we are looking (3), was a keen sighted man or business, and did, perhaps, more for the Church of Claust, by the establishment of Sunday schools, than any of his conteaporaries. The memoir before us is exceedingly interesting and exhaustive, and will well repay the reader.

"They are sure to be good." Thus we exclaimed on being presented with a packet of Mr. Pearse's tracts (6). And so they are. Errnest, sincere, logical, humorous, quaint, and devout, these tracts are well worthy of the author, and we intend that to mean a great deal. They are wonderfully

A second edition has been called for of the Rev. J. Marratt's Sketches of Scottish Worthies (7), and the book has been considerably cularged, biographies of Livingstone, Norman Macleod, Dr. Mossat, and several others being added. Good men and true speak to us by their lives in these pages, and the author has performed his task with much discrimination and impartiality.

The last resting-places of our country's heroes have for us an absorbing interest, and we heartily welcome Mr. Bardsley's account of his wanderings in search thereof (8). It is a pleasant, chatty narrative, with its divisions just long enough to interest The author has done his work without wearying one. conscientiously, fairly, and well.

The Rev. Charles Stanford's name is a guarantee of something good, and the re-issue of his two most popular works

⁽¹⁾ Nestleton Magna; a Story of Yorkshire Methodism. By Quintus Quarles. (London: Stock: 5s.)
(2) Young People's Illustrated Edition of Unc'e Tom's Story of his Life. (London: Christian Age office, 2s. 6d.)
(3) The Bible Educator. Part I. New Series. (Indon: Cassell, 7d.)

⁽⁵⁾ Robert Raikes, Journalis: and Philanthropist, By Alfrol Gregory. (London: Hodder, 38. 6d.)
(6) Traus (12). By Mark Guy Pearse. London: Wesleyan Conference,

⁽⁷⁾ Northern Lights. By Rev. Jabez Marratt. (Iondon: Wesleyar

⁽Conference Office)
(8, Personal Visits to the Granes of Eminent Mea. By Rev. J. Bardief.
M.A. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

(9) in a cheaper form will be a boon greatly appreciated. The publishers deserve great credit for the exceedingly neat and

inexpensive reprint.

The beautiful legend of St. Christopher has given the text for the initial poem of a dainty little volume by Maurice Baxter (10). The poems are unpretentious, but read well, and entirely devoid of that straining after effect so often evinced nowadays. The opening poem and "What think ye of Christ?" are, to our mind, the best in the book, taking except the other in the latter, Or Virgin with the Doll Divine," which to our ears sounds crude and offensive.

Medical literature is hardly within our province, but we think ourselves justified in recommending the pamphlet beforeus (11). Its subject is cancer -that loathsome and insidious disease-and the author claims to have discovered an almost infallible method of cure without even the pain and danger of of an operation. We have seen original testimonials which appear most convincing, and many of our readers would do

well to examine the pamphlet for themselves.

Mr. Edgar Brinsmead has succeeded in writing a very interesting book on the pianoforte (12) that is well worth perusng. A volume that professionals would not despise, and yet erceedingly simple, it conveys a remarkably clear idea as to the management of our popular instrument, with many interesting details of its history.

WORK.

WORK is necessary for its own reflex influence. The man who does not work, dies Waith work to the man W who does not work, dies. Faith may be the breath, but work is lung expansion. The blood may be the "life" of the flesh, but blood is nothing without heart-beats, and heartthrobs are work.

So is it with the individual, the local church, and the denomination. Much of the life of the future depends on work. Christ left a glorious Gospel, but it will not propagate itself. The waters of salvation must be utilised if they pro-

perly refresh the thirsty earth.

Every man, woman, and child who professes to be a follower of the Lord should seek to win another soul to God. The one talent should thus win one more, and the five talents should gam other five talents; and such work would soon convert the world.—American Wesleyan.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

MOHAMMEDANISM is not free from sectarianism. There are two great divisions the Shift Atter Mahomet's death, a division arose as to the choice of leader; Abu Beker, father-in-law of the prophet, being the choice of one party, who receive the "Sonna, a book of tradition, and are thus called Sonnites; and Ali, husband of the prophet's only child Fatima, being the choice of the other party - hence the name of Fatimites, or Shiites, signifying sectaries. The most rancorous spirit prevails between the two sects. T. Sonnites are strongest in Turkey, and the Shines in Persia.

It is interesting to learn, during the present crisis, that Christianity has been spreading for some time past in Asia Minor. At the anniversary of the Turkish Missions Aid Socity, it was stated in the report that, while twenty years ago not one Protestant dared avow himself as such in the Ottoman Empire, the Protestant denomination is now freely acknowledged. There are 150 missionaries in the field, and 50 native pastors, with 20,000 enrolled Protestants. There are seventeen theological boarding-schools and 234 common

In the Holy Land there are now 520 Protestant congrega-

tions, and 7000 children attending their schools.

A Wesleyan church has been opened in Rome, almost under the shadow of the Vatican. The Rev. Richard Green, of liverpool, preached the opening discourse, and while dwellingon the mediation of Christ, deplored the exaltation of the Virgin to a participation in that office as detracting from the

Cassell, 3s. Gd.)

merit of the Atonement and from the honour of the Saviour. The pastor of the church, the Rev. H. Piggott, afterwards conducted the Italian service, and defended the introduction of Protestantism into Rome; and while pointing out the difference between the Protestant and the Romish creeds, and asserting his attitude as a Protestant, declared his resolve to

abide by the Pauline maxim, faith in love.

The British and Foreign Bible Society's annual meeting was presided over by Lord Shaftesbury. The report showed an income for the year 1876-7 of £206,978, while the outlay was £212,408. The issue for the year was 2,670,742 copies, making a total during the seventy-three years of the society's existence of 79,103,465. Several able addresses were given by Church dignitaries, Nonconformist ministers and others; and many evidences and illustrations were given of the blessed results following the operations of the society, both at home and abroad.

The Religious Tract Society's receipts during the year were £152,529 7s. 9d., and the issues 51,958,571, of which 25,014,462 were tracts. The total issues since the society

commenced amount to 1,720,000,000.

The Rev. Authory Wilson Thorold, M.A., vicar of St. Pancras, is announced as the new Bishop of Rochester. Mr. Rogers has had twenty-seven years of metropolitan clerical work, and will thus be well fitted for the duties of his diocese, a large and populous portion of which will be composed of the south side of London.

An interesting meeting was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Monday evening, May 7, in connection with the Colportage Association. Mr. Spurgeon presided, and was supported by several colporteurs. It appears that the latter are distributed in twenty-seven counties. During the year nearly £6,000 was realised by the sale of books. There have been 400,000 visits to different families, with many conver-

The income of the Church Missionary Society during the year was £190,693; that of the Society for the Propagation of Year Was £150,035; that of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts £136,906; that of the London Missionary Society £109,000: that of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society £146,231; that of the Baptist Missionary Society £38,359; that of the Methodist Free Church Home and Foreign Missionary Society £17,042; and that of the Wesleyan Home Missionary Society £39,919.

A new chapel and schoolroom have been opened recently in procession with the Children's Home, Bonner-road. The connection with the Children's Home, Bonner-road. connection with the Children's Home, Ronner-road. The opening was accompanied by a festive gathering on the 1st of May. A public meeting was presided over by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., and an address was given by Dean stanley. A bazaar followed, and was continued over four days. Two lectures were given on the subject of "Memory," by Mr. W. Stokes. Sermons were preached each evening by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, M.A., Archibald G. Brown, and H. Allon, D.D. The nett proceeds were about £950.

Services were held early last month in the West London Tabernacle for the purpose of bidding farewell to the pastor of the church, Mr. Henry Varley, who is proceeding to Australia, and thence round the world, on an evangelistic tour. Mr. Varley's friends mustered in large force, and addresses were given by Dr. Raleigh, Charles Graham, Adolpho Saphir, W. Jerrold, Vicar of St. John's, Notting-hill, The Tabernacle was erected for Mr. Varley in 1872, and he has hitherto declined to receive any stipend. On the above occasion he was presented with a purse of gold, in token of the esteem and affection with which he is regarded by his congregation and friends.

At the annual meeting of the Church of England Incumbents' Sustentation Fund, presided over by the Marquis of Lorne, the Dean of Lichfield stated that out of 14,000 bene-

fices the incomes of 3800 were below £200. The Ragged School Union's annual meeting, over which

Lord Shaftesbury presided, was packed to overflowing, and was brimful of interest from beginning to end. Ancedote, humour and pathos, and hard and dry facts, followed a report which told a tale of good done which cannot well be over-estimated. The singing and the speaking alike aroused and kept up the enthusiasm of the meeting to its close.

At the conferences of the Sunday-school Union, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 2 and 3, papers were read on "Piety in our Scholars," by Mr. B. P. Pask; "Sunday-school Management," by Mr. R. Barling; and "Young Women's Classes in Provincial Towns," by Miss Marianne Farningham. The annual meeting was held in Exeter Hall,

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