

# *Earnest Christianity.*

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VOL. 3.]  
NO. 11.]

NOVEMBER, 1875.

[NEW  
SERIES.

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## THE SOURCES OF THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE REV. C. H. PAISLEY, M.A.

THE manuscripts written by the sacred writers having long since perished, we are compelled of necessity to derive the text of those writings from other than the original sources. We are not, however, left without abundant materials from which to construct the text with almost infallible certainty, for although the originals themselves are lost, yet there have been preserved to us very many manuscript copies, made with greatest care by loving and skilful hands. These MSS., which constitute the chief and most important source of the New Testament text, are greatly more numerous, and in most cases more ancient, than those of any profane author of any country. Indeed, the writings of only very few profane authors have come down to our time in more than ten or twelve MSS., and those of comparatively recent date. A "Virgil" in the Vatican Library claims to be of the 4th century; but most of the classics are as recent as the 10th.

The MSS. of the New Testament, however, reach the large number of 1583, and range in antiquity from the early part of the 4th century to the 15th; and although Tischendorf made, a few years ago, an examination of almost all the important libraries of Europe, Asia, and Africa—being rewarded by the discovery of the "Codex Sinaiticus" (Sinai MSS.)—yet it may be possible that still further additions shall be made to our list. This large number of MSS., many of which are fragmentary, are divided into two great classes—Uncials and Cursives—according to the style in which they are written.

The uncials are so called from the fact that they are written altogether in capitals, while the cursives derive their name from the fact of their being written in a running hand like modern writing.

The uncials, which do not number more than about 127, were written prior to the 10th century, while almost all the cursives date subsequently to that period, and are so numerous as to reach 1456.

The names of the persons who transcribed the various MSS. have not with certainty come down to us; but many of the later copies especially were made in the monasteries of the Roman Catholic Church, where she had not as yet so far departed from the truth as to cause her to fear the testimony God's Word bears against her.

These two great classes of MSS. are separated into several different groups, named from the localities whence they seem to have emanated, as the Alexandrian, Latin, African and Constantinople group. Each member of a group has the same general peculiarities as all the other members in the idiom of the text and the various readings it contains; indeed, knowing the doctrinal disputes that prevailed in the countries whence a group proceeds, one can form a tolerably correct idea of the peculiar reading of certain texts. For instance, knowing the prevalence of Arianism before the Council of Nicea (A.D. 325), and indeed for some time after in Alexandria and in Constantinople, we shall be prepared for certain variations in the groups emanating from those places in texts that would seem to countenance that error, not because such readings were contained in the original, but because they gradually crept into the text, or were boldly inserted by a copyist who desired to take from it any force it might appear to have in favour of Arianism; e.g. Luke xxii. 43 is omitted by "Codex Alexandrinus" and "Codex Vaticanus" because it was supposed to favour the error of Arius.

The principal uncial MSS. are the "Codex Alexandrinus," "Codex Vaticanus," "Ephraem," "Beza," "Regius," and "Sinaiticus," designated by the letters A, B, C, D, L, and the Hebrew letter Aleph respectively. Of one or two of these principal MSS. a brief account will not be out of place.

CODEX ALEXANDRINUS.

This MS., preserved in the British Museum, was presented by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I. of England, with an inscription in Arabic to the effect that it was written by Thecla, an Egyptian princess who suffered martyrdom some time after the Council of Nicea. With regard to the place where it was written we do not know anything, but that Cyril obtained it in Alexandria is pretty certain; for this reason it is called "Codex Alexandrinus." It contains the Old Testament nearly entire, and the New Testament, beginning at Matt. xxv. 6, the previous portion having been lost, with an occasional loss of a page or two in the subsequent part. It has many marks of being very ancient, among which we may mention its being written in capitals, and its containing the Epistle of Clement, Paul's fellow-labourer (Philip. iv. 3), who wrote about the end of the 1st century. The epistle was long held by some churches to be canonical.

CODEX VATICANUS.

This MS., so called because for the past 400 years it has been in the Library of the Vatican at Rome, is a very fine one and about a century older than the Alexandrian. For a long time it was kept closely shut up in the Vatican, so that scholars found it almost impossible to get even a glimpse of it. It was carried to Paris by Napoleon I., but on the downfall of that emperor, it was restored to the popes.

In 1857 an edition of it was prepared by Cardinal Mai, under the authority of Pope Pius IX.; but it disappointed the expectations of the learned, for it was full of errors and in many places garbled. In 1868, however, Pius IX. again ordered an edition to be prepared, and a perfect and nobly executed fac-simile was soon published and given to the world. This MS. is without Philemon, the pastoral epistles, Hebrews from chap. ix. 14 to the end of the epistle, and the Apocalypse.

CODEX SINAITICUS.

This is the most recently discovered MS. we have, and is in many respects the most valuable, although it is disfigured by some marks of carelessness in the spelling of words, as Matt. xx. 19. It contains many of the books of the Old Testament, and the New Testament complete, with the addition of the Epistle of Barnabas

and part of the writings of Hermas. Most probably it is of the same age as "Codex Vaticanus," and is with some degree of probability supposed to be one of the fifty copies ordered by Constantine (A.D. 331) to be prepared by Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia, for the use of Constantinople, the eastern capital of the Roman Empire. The story of its discovery by the celebrated Tischendorf—whose indefatigable labours in the criticism of the Greek text of the New Testament deserved to be crowned by such a reward—is highly illustrative of zeal and indomitable perseverance. In 1744, when he was travelling in the East under the auspices of Frederick Augustus of Saxony, he chanced to be staying for a time at the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. There, among some waste papers collected for kindling fires, he accidentally caught sight of some fragments that his experienced eye at once perceived to belong to some very ancient MS. What was his surprise when he discovered that they contained portions of the Septuagint version of Esther, Nehemiah, and parts of 1st Chronicles and Jeremiah. He easily procured these fragments; but when the monks were told the value of them, he was refused permission even to see the rest of the work. In 1853 Tischendorf was again at the monastery, but could not find any traces of the rest of the MS. When, however, six years after he was there once more, he succeeded in finding the long sought treasure, and induced the monks to present it to Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, who placed it in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. In 1862 an edition of the MS., consisting of 300 copies, was issued as a memorial of the thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire. Thus, therefore, through the energy and perseverance of Tischendorf, the world was put in possession of this long hidden treasure.

The great body of the cursives holds a subordinate position in relation to the New Testament text. Sometimes, however, it is found that under their more modern dress they conceal an ancient text, that is, that they may have been copied from MSS. of a very much earlier date. That a MS. has been thus copied from one say of the 4th or 5th century, may be discovered from the fact of its containing certain various readings peculiar to MSS. of those centuries, and by the retention of writings held in those early times to be canonical, but in a later period driven from that position. When it is thus discovered that a MS. apparently quite modern

has been copied from one much more ancient, it sometimes renders important aid in the construction of the New Testament text.

In addition to these two great and most important classes of MSS., critics call to their aid versions or translations and quotations (from MSS.) as they are found in the early fathers of the Church. The value of versions as sources of the text of scripture is affected by several considerations, such as the following: The translator may have had only an imperfect knowledge of the language of his MS.; or he may have mistaken the meaning of the text he translated; or his MS. itself may have been an inferior one; or he may have made a free translation. In either one of these cases his translation would be vitiated as a means of fixing the text of the original from which he translated, which alone would be of service in deciding upon the words of the scriptures. Besides all this, the idiom of one language is so different from that of another, that in most cases it would be impossible from a translation to fix with critical exactness the true expression in the original. Then, too, the causes of variations in the MSS. of scripture have been at work producing similar variations in the MSS. of the versions themselves. Indeed, in some cases we know that intentional changes were made in the versions by later hands, to adapt them to the text that had then obtained the ascendancy in the Church.

The principal versions are the Peshito; Philoxenian or Harclean; the Curetonian, and some others of lesser importance in Syriac; *Vetus Latina* and the version of Jerome, which, about the 8th century, became the Vulgate of the Roman Catholic Church, in Latin; two or three Egyptian; one Gothic; one Armenian, and one Ethiopic.

Quotations collected from the early fathers also constitute a valuable source of the sacred text. So numerous are these quotations that the learned Bentley asserted, after trial, that if all the originals had been lost, the text of the New Testament could be compiled from the quotations in the fathers who flourished before the 7th century.

The value of quotations, however, for critically fixing the text, is vitiated by several facts. Among these we may mention that the same text is quoted differently in different parts of the same author; and, moreover, the work in which we find the quotation

has been liable to corruption from the same causes as conspired to affect the MSS. of scripture. Then all the quotations among the early fathers were made from memory, since as yet there were not those chapters and verses that we have to facilitate reference, and hence it would be almost impossible for a writer to search through his MSS. of scripture to verify every text he desired to quote. Of this quoting from memory we may find examples in the New Testament itself, where the speaker refers to the passage by some leading word or thought in it, and then proceeds to give the text, (e.g. Luke xx. 37; Rom. x. 5; xi. 2; Heb. xii. 26, 27).

Now of all these sources of the sacred text, MSS. occupy the most important place, while versions and quotations are chiefly auxiliary, although under some circumstances and in some kinds of difficulties they rise to the first position.

From what we have said it will readily appear that the text, having been drawn from these different sources, will have very many various readings. This is found to be the case, for there are no less than about 150,000, but nine out of ten of them are of no importance at all, being in most cases the substitution of one synonymous word for another, while of the remainder it may be said in the words of Prof. Guas,—“It may be affirmed that not one among them, even if allowed to be authentic, would introduce anything into the text of the New Testament, or displace any matter which would in the least degree disturb the truth of the facts or the truth of the doctrines which constitute the essence of the Gospel.”

If we take at random the 3rd chap. of John, following Tischendorf (ed. 1862), we find that the various readings amount to *eleven*, occurring as follows. In the 2nd verse there are *two* variations, one of which would read, instead of “the same came to Jesus,” “the same came to *Him*,” and the other would change the order but not the meaning of the words in the latter clause. Verses 4, 5, 10, would each insert the Greek article “the” before the word Jesus, but it could not be expressed so as to add force to the English. Verse 15 would change the *case* of the word (in) *Him* from the dative to the accusative, and would omit the words “should not perish,” making the verse read, “That whosoever believeth in Him should have eternal life.” Verse 16 would use a different but perfectly synonymous word for the English “so.”

Verse 19 would change the *order* of one of the words. Verse 25 would make the text read, "Then there arose a question between some of John's disciples and *a Jew* (instead of *the Jews*) about purifying." These may be taken as a fair sample of the various readings throughout the New Testament; for where there is a various reading that materially affects a text containing any of the essential doctrines of Christianity, we find the doctrine supported by so many other passages, that, even if the one in dispute were changed, the doctrine would still remain undisturbed.

These various readings are divided into two great classes, viz. : —Intentional and Unintentional. Unintentional variations seem to have arisen in various ways. Sometimes inattention, whether arising from carelessness, or from the difficulty of keeping the mind fixed for any length of time on the merely mechanical and tedious task of copying the words of another, allowed changes in the order of the sentence, in the syntax, or in the words themselves to creep in. Or the mind of an intelligent transcriber outran his pen, and entering into the spirit of the subject he had in hand, unwittingly inserted other perfectly synonymous words instead of the exact ones of the text. In other cases ignorant transcribers allowed glosses or notes on the margins of MSS. to creep into the text, or, not understanding the full meaning of words they encountered, changed them into others they did understand, without, however, designing to vitiate their copy.

Intentional variations are much more reprehensible, for they either add to the Word of God or take from it, against which the scripture speaks so strongly. Such intentional variations sometimes arose from a desire on the part of the copyist to simplify difficult constructions, to correct what seemed a grammatical error, to change an improper word, or to remove incorrect syntax. Sometimes, too, they arose from a desire to make the scripture support some favourite doctrine or discountenance that of an opponent. Celsus (Apud Orig. I. ii. p. 77) lays this charge of corrupting their scriptures against the Christians; but it is repelled by Origen, who declares that he knew none guilty of such an act except the Marcionites, Valentinians, and perhaps the followers of Lucanus; and in later times the names of a few others might be added. Such was the reverence for scripture, that only those who had already departed from the faith ever resorted to such a course.

Various readings are not confined to the MSS. of scripture, for we find them also in the text of the Greek and Latin classics, so that it is in many respects more difficult to get a correct text of Sophocles and Euripides, for instance, than of Matthew and John. This difficulty does not arise, however, so much from the number as from the character of the various readings, for the various readings of scripture MSS. are, in a certain sense, rather an advantage than a disadvantage, since they arise from the large number of different copies we possess. If we had only the one reading of every passage, we should be bound to accept that, notwithstanding the errors that might be evident on its very face, and the constructions we could not understand. But since we have many different readings of most parts of scripture, we are able to examine and weigh one against another and to investigate the causes that may have led to the variations, and, balancing all things, to arrive at the true text.

Of course God might have perpetuated in the heart of every copyist the spirit of inspiration, and so preserved all MSS. from mistakes, but He has chosen rather to commit the Word to us in such a way as that our industry and study are necessary to preserve it pure as He gave it. The thoroughness of the examination of all available MSS. by vast numbers of learned men, who have made them the subjects of life-long study, and the consistent text constructed, is a guarantee to us that we have the sacred Word, in all essential and in almost all non-essential particulars, just as it came from God to "holy men" who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The work of revision at present going on may wrest from us a few long cherished passages or may slightly vary some whose words are intimately connected with our religious experience, but will leave the Bible on the whole unchanged, as it has come down through the ages.

FLORENCEVILLE, N.B., Sept. 7, 1875.

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A SOUL cannot have a good look, nor hear a good word from heaven but Satan murmurs at it. He murmurs at every act of pitying grace, of preventing grace, of strengthening grace, of comforting grace, that God exercises toward poor souls; he murmurs at every sip, at every drop, at every crumb of mercy that God bestows.



## SACRED MUSIC.

MUSIC has generally been considered as a science or an art. So far as the cultivation of music is concerned, this view is correct enough ; but where we speak of the cultivation of anything, the previous existence of the thing to be cultivated is, of course, implied. Thus we speak of language as a science, and its proper use as an art to be cultivated, and yet language is but the expression of a hidden something which lies entirely back of the vocal utterance. There is in human nature a hidden power of speech which must find expression ; and although words may be but arbitrary sounds, governed by arbitrary rules, yet the power of speech—the soul of utterance—is something which lies far back of the domain of art. It is something deep in our nature, which seeks expression in articulate utterances ; and just as words are nature's vehicle for the expression of *thought*, so music is nature's vehicle for the expression of *feeling*.

Music, as regards its origin, is not an *invention* but a *discovery* ; not merely an art, but an inspiration. Man did not invent music, but he discovered that in all the works of nature there was a hidden soul of harmony, which required only a skilful touch to awaken the slumbering melody. And in this fact we have one phase of the mysterious connection which exists between us and the inanimate creation around us. In point of refinement and intelligence we seem to be far enough removed from the grosser forms of matter ; yet there are points where our natures touch, and music is one of them. There is scarcely a material substance which is not capable of giving forth tones of harmony or of discord, which, touching some hidden chord of our nature, will cause it to thrill with pleasure or throb with pain. And it is worthy of remark that it is not with the grosser but with the finer feelings of our nature that material things thus come into contact. We all know that as thought becomes exalted and sublime, we seek for some refined medium of expression. The commonplace occurrences of life we express in commonplace language ; but as thought becomes more emotional our words become more figurative and poetic, until a point is reached where words fail to express what we feel, and music becomes the interpreter of the heart's deepest feelings.

“Music ! O how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell ;  
 Why should feeling ever speak  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?”

That this power of harmony resides in material things is easily proved. We have but to open our ears to the myriad voices of nature in order to be convinced that “there’s music everywhere.” Or if we call art to our aid, these ‘things without life’ will be found to be instinct with the power of melody, requiring only a skilful touch to draw it forth. Nature’s harmonies, indeed, are grander and her melodies sweeter than those of art, perhaps for this reason, that the human soul has itself been thrown sadly out of tune, and consequently whatever it touches partakes more or less of its discord. But although the power of producing a perfect harmony is thus impaired, still, in almost every human breast there is a chord which vibrates responsive to the music of nature. More especially is this realised when nature, in her grander moods, gives utterance to the music that slumbers in her breast. Byron realised this as he listened to the voices of a midnight storm among the Alps :—

“From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers through her misty shroud  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.”

Yes ! there is a chord of music in all things, animate and inanimate, which, when touched by the Divine hand, gives forth a glorious harmony. The vibrations of that chord we hear in the song of the bird and the rush of the river—in the sighing of the summer breeze and the sweep of the wintry storm. Or, more grandly still is it heard out on the dark blue sea, when the storm rolls its choral anthem, and “the big waves shout the chorus, sweeping the march of God ;” and every rocky cave gives back its echoing symphony, and the ten thousand forms of nature utter their voices, until the universe becomes

“A vast cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and stars supply.  
 Its choir—the winds and waves ; its organ—thunder ;  
 Its dome—the sky.”

The thought we wish to convey is this : Not only do all the natural sounds we hear come to us in tones of melody, but there is hid in the very nature of things a silent music that only waits sound

to become a voice of utterance to the otherwise unutterable feelings of the soul. So universal is this law that there is not a feeling that thrills the human heart but may find in music its fullest expression. It must be remembered, however, that the tones we draw from inanimate objects will correspond, more or less, to the feelings of our own hearts. The heart that is sorrowful cannot vibrate responsive to tones of joy; nor can a heart that is bounding with gladness keep time with a funeral march. Just carry out this thought for a moment. Let us imagine every human heart filled only with baleful passions, and then nature's mighty organ will give back, when struck by human hands, corresponding tones; and the cry of pain, the yell of rage, the shriek of despair, will mingle in horrible discord, till earth becomes a pandemonium of harsh, discordant sounds. But let human hearts be tuned to the melody of love, and they will draw forth from all things a heavenly music, until nature's voices shall blend in soft accord with the songs of angels, and the tones of earth be but echoes of the melodies of heaven.

We reach, then, this conclusion: there is a hidden power of music in all created things,—a power which exactly corresponds to the sense or soul of music in the human breast, and this power is so *flexible* that it can express every possible shade of feeling. With this fact before us we are able better to appreciate that distinction which separates music into *sacred* and *secular*. This distinction is not an arbitrary one. It is merely the expression of a law of our being, namely,—that every feeling has its own peculiar representative in sound, and that sounds which interpret one class of feelings fail to interpret another class. This may be seen in the different tones employed in different kinds of address. An intellectual speaker addresses himself chiefly to the understanding, and he speaks in full-tone intervals; an emotional speaker addresses himself chiefly to the feelings, and he speaks in half-tones, and keeps closer to the principles of musical notation. And it is not art but nature which teaches us to mark this distinction.

(To be continued.)

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THE Christian learns that Christ is at the right hand of God, his High Priest, to save him to the uttermost from sin, and will avail him for continuous victory.

## TEMPERANCE.

A FRENCH writer, Bruyere, says, "Let the French people thank God for difficulties, for they are the mother of miracles." No class of philanthropists ever found greater difficulties in their path than temperance men. For several years they have waged war against the giant evil, but recent statistics would almost confirm us in the opinion that nothing has been accomplished. The revenue department of the United States estimated that during the last fiscal year no less than \$600,000,000 were spent on whiskey, wine, spirits, beer and porter. This amount would pay for 100,000,000 barrels of flour, averaging two and a half barrels to every man, woman and child in the country. This flour, if placed in waggons ten barrels in each, would require 10,000,000 teams, which, allowing eight yards to each, would extend 45,455 miles, nearly twice round the earth, or half way to the moon. If the sum were in \$1 notes, it would take one hundred persons one year to count them. If spread on the surface of the ground so that no space should be left between the notes, the area covered would be 20,446 acres, forming a parallelogram of six by a little over five and a quarter miles, the walk around it being more than twenty two and a half miles. It is estimated that there are 566,000 manufacturers and sellers of strong drink, and that one in every seven of the whole population visits the saloons daily; 100,000 of the drink consumers are imprisoned every year at a cost to the country of \$90,000,000. There are twelve times as many liquor sellers as there are clergymen, and four times as many as there are teachers.

But matters are, if possible, still worse in England. A parliamentary paper lately issued shows that there are in the United Kingdom 29,929 brewers, who paid license duty in one year of £440,000 or \$2,200,000. In one year 57,245,737 bushels of good grain were consumed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. We need not be surprised that there should be 1,500,000 paupers in England. This is surely alarming; but it must be remembered that not less than £120,000,000 are spent every year in England on intoxicants, while no fewer than 600,000 families never knew the meaning of the word home on account of this sin; it is also believed that at least 60,000 persons go down every year to a drunkard's doom. Their souls are lost, while men are brutalised, women are murdered and children are starved, and the great cause of all this mischief is drunkennes.

Rev. Basil Wilberforce—grandson of the famous Wilberforce who so nobly fought the battles of the poor slave—recently said, "I venture to say if we lost as many people annually from a railway accident or fever we should have questions asked in the House of Commons about it directly. A few years ago we lost a few thousand

head of cattle by a cattle plague. What was the result? The Archbishop of Canterbury from his throne called the whole nation to humiliation and prayer. Quite right was he to do it: but do we not need a national humiliation now for the bodies and souls of those who are ruined every year? I venture to say from my experience of this sin of drunkenness, that it has ruined more young men starting in life, it has robbed of their honour more pure women, it has brought down more grey hairs with bitter sorrow to the grave, it has emptied more places of worship, and I say it has damned more souls than all the sins of the Ten Commandments rolled into one."

In one of our late issues we referred to the May meetings of London, which are a noble proof of England's desire for the world's evangelisation. Of these it has been well said, that there is something encouraging in the fact, that about two millions sterling is poured into the Lord's treasury every year; but it is only one sixty-fourth of the amount spent by the British people on wasting, woe-making and demoralising drinks, that do much more harm than the religious and moral societies do good. For every penny given to them, five shillings and fourpence are contributed to drive the machinery by which drunkenness is poured throughout the land in a slackless flood.

It has sometimes been said that Canada is in advance of England in respect to temperance. It may be so; but it is believed that at least 4,000 of our people are slain every year by this accursed traffic, so that we have nothing to boast about. The daily and weekly journals prove beyond a doubt that this enemy of God and man is making fearful havoc among all classes of the community. A correct account of a single week's ravages would be like the weeping prophet's roll—full of mourning, lamentation and woe.

Notwithstanding these gloomy pictures, we believe that the temperance cause is making progress. A recent convention was held in London, which was attended by 400 ministers of various denominations, including "the Church of England." One Sabbath was set apart as a day of prayer for the delivery of the nation from the great curse. It was stated that there are upwards of 11,000 teetotallers in the British army. The Royal Naval branch of the League has done a good work, as 5,000 of "the blue jackets" signed the pledge during the last year. The ships in the Arctic Expedition carry the League's pledge books with them. Addresses and sermons had been delivered during the year in the most notable edifices of London, such as Westminster Abbey, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the City Temple, &c. A Crystal Palace fete was attended by 38,780 persons, during which all the bars of the palace were closed.

In Glasgow, Scotland, there is an ABSTAINER'S UNION, which is doing a noble work. Several women as well as men are employed as missionaries. Mother's meetings and temperance meetings of various kinds are held, at which 40,000 attended in one year; 11,000 domiciliary visits were made, and 576 pledges had been taken. A Convalescent Home has been established, and it is out of debt.

The I. O. G. T. is perhaps doing the most of any temperance organisation. It embraces 60 Grand Lodges, nine of which had been instituted during the past year. The aggregate membership is 735,000, being an increase of 70,000, 166,708 of whom are in England; 19,594 of these were initiated last year. Grand Lodges are now established in England, United States, Australia, Canada, Malta, and many other parts of the world.

The juvenile branch of templars is especially interesting to us. Rev. James Yeames, Wesleyan minister, is superintendent of this department, and he reports that there are in England 936 temples, and 48,252 juvenile and 6,263 honorary members, being an increase of 589 temples and 23,694 juveniles and 4,806 honorary members.

There is one part of the temperance movement which is somewhat unique—the "public house" without liquor. Several have been established and are doing much good. Many of the working classes have poor homes, and some of them wretched boarding places, in consequence of which they are often compelled to seek social comfort at the taverns. *These houses* therefore are quite a desideratum. In London they are about to be established on a somewhat extensive scale. Recently, Alderman McArthur, M.P., laid the foundation stone of a new temperance hall in Blackfriars, near the Peabody block. The building is to be fitted up on the same principle as "The People's Cafes." Several influential clergymen and gentlemen took part in the proceedings.

Her Majesty the Queen has become so far interested in temperance that recently, on the reception of some literature from the Rev. B. Wilberforce, she sent, through Sir Thomas Biddulph, the following gracious reply: "I am desirous to thank you for placing in Her Majesty's hands works on a subject of the deepest importance to her and to every one in this country. It is impossible for the Queen not to be grateful to those who are endeavouring to mitigate an evil of such magnitude as the widespread intemperance which unfortunately prevails."

Much has been written respecting prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors. Sir W. Lawson has for many years attempted to get "The Permissive Bill" enacted by the British House of Commons, or, as it is sometimes called, "The Local Option Bill;" but as there does not seem to be much likelihood of such a measure becoming

law, at least for a long time to come, a movement has been started amongst some of the Liberal members of Parliament, with a view to secure the introduction of a bill which shall give the ratepayers power to grant licenses to public houses instead of the magistrates. An effort will be made to induce Mr. Bright to take charge of the new bill. This will certainly be so far a step in the right direction.

But temperance people generally are resolved not to rest until the traffic is wholly prohibited. Of course, many say this can never be, and others predict a complete failure even should such a law be enacted. The following testimony deserves a careful consideration. Speaking of the prohibitory law in Maine and elsewhere, the Rev. S. P. Hay says: "Defective as the law is, and difficult as it is to enforce in places like Portland and Bangor, it is very dear to all the true friends of temperance. It has been the salvation of very many of our towns. Where religion and morality are in the ascendant they are able entirely to suppress the traffic. Take Dix, Harricome and Vinal Hover Islands, where so much granite is cut for the western cities, as an illustration. Here are nearly a thousand men—Scotch, Irish, English and American—on each of these islands. I am perfectly acquainted with the working of the Maine law in each of those islands. Liquor is absolutely prohibited, and none can, by any cunning, get or certainly stay on these islands. No man is permitted to stay there who drinks at all. I state what I know by close observation and inquiry last week on the islands. See now the result: A thousand men, many of them of intemperate habits and of various nationalities, are perfectly orderly. The islands are small—only a few acres; yet these men, crowded together, have no acts of violence, no quarrelling, and there is no police. The owner of one of these islands—General Tildon, of Rockland, a true and noble man, who has in his employ 900 men—told me there was perfect quiet and peace all the time. He also said, 'But for the law, we could not live on the island at all.'"

There can be no doubt but that public feeling in America is largely in favour of prohibition. Dr. James Edmunds visited America some time ago, and he testified what he had seen. He was pleased to observe the almost entire absence of wine from social gatherings. He found the people wherever he went ready to declare their adhesion to temperance, and that among all classes it was looked upon as disreputable to have any connection with the traffic.

Dr. Edmunds' views can be corroborated by many facts. Take the following:—In a beautifully illustrated volume, published by Appleton and Company, entitled "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," by the Rev. D. Jones, there are numerous interesting incidents given relating to the characteristic qualities of the great and good Confederate

leader. Amongst others, there are several anecdotes respecting his abstemiousness. He never used tobacco; whiskey or brandy he did not drink, and he did all in his power to discourage their use by others. Dr. Jones says, "Stonewall Jackson, 'Jeb' Stuart, and a large number of the most distinguished of the Confederate officers imitated the example of their chief, and were strict temperance men. Upon one occasion, Jackson was suffering so much from fatigue and severe exposure, that his surgeon prevailed on him to take a little brandy. He made a very wry face as he swallowed it, and the doctor asked, "Why, General, is not the brandy good? It is some that we have recently captured, and I think it very fine." "Oh, yes!" was the reply, "it is very good brandy. I like liquor—its taste and its effects—and that is just the reason why I never drink it."

The Rev. Dr. Buckingham relates of his brother, the late Senator from Connecticut, that no man upon his staff, when he was Governor of that State, ever touched intoxicating liquor, and that at a dinner given by him to the President and Cabinet, wine was not allowed upon the table.

The new Governor of Missouri and his wife are members of the Baptist Church, and carry their religious principle and practices into public life. At the inaugural reception recently wines and spirituous liquors were banished, nor was there any dancing.

Gov. Beveridge, of Illinois, being a strict Church member, has tabooed dancing at his receptions; and Mrs. Beveridge is said to be prominently interested in the project of the ladies to inaugurate the woman's temperance movement at the state capital.

The Rev. Dr. Tiffany states that President Grant has entirely dispensed with liquor in the White House, thus setting the example to society at the capital to omit wines, etc., at social entertainments.

The woman's movement in connection with temperance has produced much astonishment and delight. The union was formed in Brooklyn only a year ago. It has an executive of 41 ladies, each representing one church. A daily prayer meeting is held. Through voluntary committees of two or three, 1,500 saloons have been visited, in none of which, high or low, has the slightest discourtesy been met with. At the request of a prominent saloon keeper, a Sunday evening prayer meeting was held in his saloon, which resulted in thirteen conversions, and the saloon was afterwards opened as a temperance restaurant, the liquor dealer voluntarily passing the keys into the ladies' hands. Sunday evening services have been held in thirteen other saloons. Of the 3,000 saloons in the city, 710 have been closed since this work began, though not in most cases through the *direct* instrumentality of the ladies. At the weekly business meetings of the



union, leaders and committees are appointed for twenty-eight meetings.

Meetings have been held for reformed men, and in one week sixty-five intemperate men and women, bar-tenders and others, requested prayers. Tracts and scriptural cards have been scattered in large numbers, and very many have signed the pledge even in the saloons. The ladies have addressed, during the year, seventy of the Brooklyn churches, the Methodist N.Y. East Conference, the Clerical Union, the Baptist Union, also fifteen camp-meetings and other religious gatherings, while committees have been sent to other cities and towns as far west as Cleveland and as far east as Boston, and been present at over ninety meetings. Delegates have also attended seven conventions, and the union has entertained in Brooklyn, for fourteen days, the Christian Women's State League.

Over two hundred licenses to sell liquor have been revoked for violation of the Excise law on the Sabbath, through the efforts of Mr. Cotter, a saloon keeper, who was one of the first fruits of the Union.

These are certainly very interesting items, and while it is to be hoped that prohibition will become an accomplished fact, it is gratifying to find that the principle is prevailing. In various parts of the world bills are being introduced into the Legislatures which embrace this important principle. In Kaffraria, South Africa, the *Government Gazette* of March last contained the drafts of nine bills, which the Ministry intended to submit to Parliament at the ensuing session. One of them is a bill to amend the law relating to the sale of wines and spirits, and proposes that from and after the 1st of January, 1876, no quarterly courts or licensing boards shall be held, but only a yearly court. No license to sell by retail is to be granted if three-fourths of the registered electors resident in the ward or field-cornetcy where the premises are situated petition against it. Penalties for selling without a license range from twenty-five to one hundred pounds. Persons selling to any one visibly intoxicated, or to children under fifteen years of age, are to be punishable by fine or imprisonment, and the pains and penalties to be inflicted for selling without a license are to be extended to those who adulterate liquors, or sell them knowing them to be adulterated.

On the whole, the outlook of temperance is favourable. Let all who espouse the cause of temperance steadily maintain the practice, and they know not how much good they may accomplish. Dr. Guthrie, whose fame filled the civilised world, became a temperance man through the consistent conduct of a poor Irish car driver. The Doctor gives the account in his own graphic style. "When travell' g through Ireland in 1840, we reached

a small inn and were soaking with water outside; and as these were the days, not of tea and toast, but of toddy drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whiskey inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to the car-driver, we called him in; he was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander'—but the car-driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. *He would not taste it.* 'Why?' we asked, 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Plase your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and I won't taste a drop of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart, and (in another sense than drink, though) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated, Roman Catholic carman; and I said, if that man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister? I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

E. B.

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THE Lord places Himself not only between us and our sins, but also between us and our circumstances. By doing the former He gives us peace of conscience, by doing the latter He gives us peace of heart. That the two things are perfectly distinct, experienced Christians know. Many have peace of conscience who have not peace of heart. They have through grace and by faith found Christ, in the divine efficacy of His blood, between them and all their sins; but they are not able in the same simple way to realise Him as standing, in His divine wisdom, love, and power, between them and their circumstances. This makes a material difference in the practical condition of the soul, as well as the character of one's testimony. Nothing tends more to glorify the name of Jesus than that quiet repose of spirit which results from having Him between us and everything that could be a matter of anxiety to our hearts.—*McIntosh.*

## ALLEGED SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

IN the study of the Bible, we must never forget that it is an organism; that it is not a thing that has been made, but something that has grown; that, like all other organisms, it is the product of an informing spirit, a life; and, moreover, that it has only reached its maturity by successive stages of development. It is not a mere mushroom growth,—something which, like Jonah's gourd, grew up in a night,—but the growth of a long succession of ages. This tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and whose precious fruit gives life and strength to the souls of men, strikes its roots down deep into the history of the past; but while its life is God-given and divine, it has attracted to itself, and incorporated with its own being the elements of the soil in which it has grown. It has not only a divine but a human element in it; it is indeed a revelation of God, but it is at the same time a revelation of men—it presents to us the divine revealing itself in the human—God making Himself known to man in His own nature.

If this view of the Bible be correct, it follows that we have no right to expect perfection even in it, except in the mature result, when the whole process of its development has reached its completion. And even then perfection is not to be sought so much in the body as in the soul of the book. There is a striking similarity between the Bible and the other volume written by the same hand, the book of Nature, which lies open around us. What does the careless observer see in the world in which we live, or the great system—the *cosmos*—of which it forms a part? Just as little does the careless and irreverent reader find in the Scriptures. Nature does not yield up her secrets except to such as love her and assiduously wait upon her; neither does the Bible impart the sublimest and most spiritual lessons which it is designed to teach except to such as are animated by a sincere and ardent love of the truth, and study it with reverence and humility. Knowledge of any kind must be courted before it is won. It is to this fact that we are indebted for the word philosopher, which means a lover of wisdom—not one that merely likes it or who even sets a very high

value upon it, but one who has taken it for his mistress, and pursues it with all the ardour of a lover. The grand old thinkers, in the hoary days of old, did not regard a man as fit for the successful study of philosophy or science without this; and how much more necessary is this for the successful pursuit of that divine wisdom which is revealed in the Bible. It is not in the external facts of Nature that the great lessons which it is capable of teaching are to be found, but in those laws or principles which underlie those facts—laws which are entirely beyond the reach of the senses, and which are only apprehended by the reason; neither is it in the mere letter of Scripture that the deepest lessons are to be found which it is the mission of the Bible to teach, but in that invisible and divine spirit which pervades it. This external revelation was not intended to make us independent of the direct communication of light from the Sun of Righteousness Himself. It was intended rather to bring us into direct communication with Him whose very being is Light. The eye can see every letter in the Bible, the ear can hear every word which these letters represent, and the heart can imagine every material fact which these words express; and yet, "Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But He hath revealed them unto us"—*us that love Him*—"by His Spirit." "If any man will do my will"—literally, wills to do my will—has a fixed purpose, a settled determination to do it—"he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." It is only in the way of humble loving obedience that the truth of revelation, the divine science of religion, is to be learned. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember that even the philosophers of ancient times required their disciples to be purified by fasting and other rigorous forms of self-denial before they were admitted to the Porch or the Academy. When any body asked Socrates any question touching the subject of philosophy, it is said he never answered him until he had first questioned him in respect to the character of his past life, and satisfied himself that he had been addicted to the practice of virtue.

These observations suggest both the method and spirit with which this discussion should be conducted. The unity of the Bible must never be lost sight of, and its earlier utterances must be read in the light of those which are later. The Old Testament

must be read in the light of the New. The subject must be approached not only without prejudice, but with an humble, reverent and ardent desire to know the truth. We should indeed bring to their consideration whatever of intellectual power we possess, and exert all the faculties which the Creator has given us in order to the solution of the questions which are to engage our attention ; but, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that the heart has even more to do in leading us to a right understanding of the profounder and more spiritual truths of religion than the intellect, and that even the most richly endowed and highly cultured mind will fail in this matter except it be accompanied by right dispositions. And, finally, if our inquiries are to lead to any really beneficial results they must be prosecuted in the spirit of prayerful dependence upon the promised aid of the Holy Spirit.

*(To be continued).*

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### CHRIST'S COMPASSION FOR THE TEMPTED.

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“And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat : but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.”—LUKE xxii. 31, 32.

**O**F all the sayings of our Saviour, none perhaps brings to our view more clearly the weakness of poor, self-reliant human nature, and, on the other hand, the tender solicitude which Christ feels for his followers under temptation, than the above memorable words. Simon, the oldest of the apostles—Simon, who was the first one honoured with a call to follow his Master—Simon, who had seen so many manifestations of his leader's divine power—Simon, who had been favoured with a view of the glories of the transfiguration mount—Simon, who had acknowledged to his Master, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God”—Simon, who declared himself ready to die with his Lord—this Simon, so soon, basely denied his Master, and with a curse. “How are the mighty fallen !” Well did the impressive declaration of Christ, whose all-seeing eye beheld the machinations of the Evil One, warn him of his danger ; but Peter, ever confident, heeded it not till the pitying glance of his Master convinced him of all, and he went out

and wept bitterly. But this dark picture has its bright side in Christ's assurance, "But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Jesus, notwithstanding the great trials which He was about to endure; though He saw the agony, the scoffs, the scourging, and the accursed cross just at hand, forgot not to pray for His erring one. And He is Jesus still. His voice still pleads, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." Oh, ye tempted ones; you who feel as if Satan were sifting your inmost soul; you who oft have occasion, like Peter, to weep bitterly under the stinging lash of conscience; Christ hath prayed, is praying for thee, that thy faith fail not. Cheer up, desponding one, "For if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;" and like repentant Peter, you may yet testify, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation."

M. CAMERON.

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### CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

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PATIENCE is often regarded as a merely passive virtue. The man is patient who bears trouble without complaining. It is a virtue, as well as a comfort, when a man can quietly submit to the evils and disappointments of his lot. He would have to bear them whether he were patient or not, but we admire the self-control which enables him to bear them quietly. But it is a far higher quality when a man bears what he need not bear, for the sake of some good end he is labouring for. A man may cease to murmur because his spirit is broken. But when a man goes quietly forward to his work, without regard to the difficulties and burdens of it, he gives evidence that his spirit is unconquerable. The man who strikes for a good cause and continues to strike, notwithstanding disappointment and failure, opposition and misrepresentation, exhibits in himself the elements of strength and victory. His strength does not appear so much in the weight of his blows as in his quiet acceptance of the recoil on himself. It is a "patient continuance in well doing" that wins the prize, and the "*patient continuance*" is the most important part of it.

Patience thus is an element and evidence of strength. Impatience betokens weakness. He who frets continually at the annoyances of his course proves himself a weak man. He who storms and bustles and foams is not a strong man, nor a man for large and reliable results. The man who storms in speech is not the man of

wise counsels, or even of strong convictions. The profoundest thought and the deepest convictions incline a man to subdued utterance. So the impatience that cannot wait for results is weak. Strength plans for its results, works for them, and then waits for them. It is neither indifferent nor indolent, but interest and labour are guided by wise counsels, and sustained by consciousness of strength. He whose faith is strong enough can always "wait patiently for the Lord." Thus Christ could quietly submit to the indignities of his lot, as a weaker than He never could have done. He who was so high could afford to stoop. He who was so mighty could afford to restrain his might. He who could have the praise of angels could afford to bear the taunts of men. He who had the power of life could afford to die. He who "thought it not robbery to be equal with God" never shows his full confidence in his power more than when He consented to "be made of no reputation." He who was "in the form of God" never showed the inalienable grandeur of his divinity so unmistakably as when He was "found in fashion as a man." Nothing else could so show his serene confidence in the essential dignity and glory of his being as his submission of Himself to human conditions and limitations. We see his power shining through his weakness, his dignity shining through his degradation, his eternal blessedness shining through his sufferings and death. He never showed himself more gloriously the God than when He revealed Himself as the "Son of Man."

What was true of Christ is true of men; power never seems grander than when it holds itself in check for wise guidance and high results. Calmness and patience are elements of strength, and evidence of confidence and power. The engine of the tug-boat puffs and spurts and sputters, and plunges and splashes, and yet can hardly make head against the stream. But the polished beam of the ocean steamer moves with a stroke steady and quiet that we can scarcely hear its motion, and we never suspect its power till we come to estimate its results. Yet the noble ship turns not from her course and scarcely varies her speed, through calm or storm, headwinds or favouring breezes. There are men like the little tug-boat, who are always busy and in haste, and who are always talking of their work, the results of whose *busy*-ness are pitifully small. There are also men like the ocean steamer, who always seem quiet and at their ease, every movement of whose thought, and every stroke of whose hand, is an advance towards the result they are seeking.

We need to learn this lesson of calm confidence and patience in all our Christian work. We need no less energy, but more of the "patient continuance," and more calm reliance on the truth and on God. We need to learn to wait as well as labour. For results do not always come at our bidding, nor are they always shaped to our liking. We are working among men, to lift them up to God. They

are not angels, nor even "just men made perfect." If they were, they would not need our Christian ministrations. They are imperfect, sinful men, in whom the fruits of the spirit mature slowly. Jesus came to save just such men. He knew what was in man, and hence what to expect. Therefore He waited patiently for the results.

### BIBLE STUDY AND BIBLE WORK.\*

**I**N the earlier years of Mr. Moody's work for Christ, his sermons and addresses, though often founded upon a text of Scripture, were largely made up of personal incidents, arguments drawn from surrounding scenes and circumstances; fervid personal appeals to Christians, inciting them to greater activity; and earnest calls to sinners, urging them to repent and believe in the Gospel.

When at a loss for a subject, he would go to his friends, at their offices or homes, and converse with them, until some remark started a train of thought in his mind; when he would rush with it to his study, or sometimes even to the platform. If he met any one from whom it seemed probable he might obtain an idea for use in his pulpit, he would salute him with—

"Give me something out of your heart. Tell me something about Christ."

But there was something still better in store for him; even the inexhaustible treasures of the Holy Scriptures. These he already read with intense delight, and on their promises he relied for his daily bread, as well as for the maintenance of his spiritual health and strength. But to the divine art of expounding them he had not yet attained.

"The words which I speak unto you they are Spirit and they are Life," said the Saviour.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," said Paul.

"Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live," said Moses, in his dying charge to Israel.

God was about to reveal this hidden wisdom to His servant in a manner at once loving and impressive; and to a degree which should make him one of the most successful Bible teachers of his times.

One Saturday, as he was about leaving home to spend the Sabbath at a distant convention, he said to his wife, "I have received a letter from Harry Moorhouse, an Englishman who calls

\* From the very interesting volume, "D. L. Moody and his Work," just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.



himself the 'Boy Preacher,' saying he will be in Chicago to-day, and will preach for me if I wish it. It is too late to get any one else, and I suppose we must let him try it in the morning; but if he makes a failure, you must tell the deacons to find some one else for the evening, or let them hold a prayer-meeting."

On his return the next week Mr. Moody anxiously inquired what sort of a preacher Harry Moorhouse had proved to be.

"He is a wonderful preacher," was the reply. "On Sunday morning he preached from the text, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The people were so much interested that a crowd filled the church in the evening, when he took the same text again; and so wonderfully did he explain it that the deacons have asked him to preach every night this week."

That week was a memorable one. Night after night Mr. Moorhouse preached to immense congregations, taking the same text every time; until he made the love of God appear the central truth of the whole Bible. At the close of the seventh sermon from the same words, he said—

"If I were to die to-night, and go up to heaven, and there meet Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God; and if I were to ask him how much God loves sinners, this is what I think he would say: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

When the meetings were over, Mr. Moorhouse said to Mr. Moody—

"You are sailing on the wrong tack. If you will change your course, and learn to preach God's words instead of your own, He will make you a great power for good."

The other results of these seven sermons from one text cannot now be reckoned up; but to Mr. Moody they were a revelation from heaven. He began to see that the Word of the Lord giveth light: he began to understand something about comparing scripture with scripture: the wonderful panorama of divine truth, which he had seen unfolded, opened to him a new world. From this time he began, as never before, to study the gospel of the grace of God, and to search for the hidden mysteries of His Word. The exhortation of Paul came home to him with tremendous force—"I charge thee, therefore, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom; **PREACH THE WORD.**"

But the great question was how to acquire such a knowledge of the Word as should enable him to preach it. He had no time to study books, neither had he the books to study.

His learned and faithful friend, the Rev. Dr. Patterson, had some time before advised him to commence a course of reading, and had made a list of books which should constitute a kind of short course in exegesis and theology, but he had never found leisure to begin it; and the longer he waited for the time to come when he could conveniently do so, the farther it seemed away.

But Mr. Moorhouse said, "You only need one book for the study of the Bible."

Mr. Moody responded, "You must have studied a great many books to come by your knowledge of it."

"No," was the reply. "Since I began to be an evangelist I have been a man of one book. If a text of Scripture troubles me, I ask another text to explain it; and if this will not answer, I carry it straight to the Lord."

Here was a new scheme of education for the pulpit; every man his own theological seminary; the only text-book, the Bible; instead of Greek and Hebrew, the language of prayer; for professors and teachers, the apostles and prophets, with Christ and the Holy Spirit as Head over all. In this school even he might become a scholar.

Mr. Moorhouse had been surprised to find that Mr. Moody's congregation did not bring their Bibles to meeting. "You should have God's own Word in your hands," said he; "so that you may know whether my words are right and true"—and during his short stay with them he introduced the fashion with which he was familiar at home, and which has been kept up by that congregation ever since, of a constant use of the Bible, not only in the pulpit but also in the pew.

Mr. Moody was so much impressed with the power of this "man of one book," that he asked him to show them to study it as he had done. Accordingly, Mr. Moorhouse appointed a meeting at Mr. Moody's house, at which fifty or sixty persons were present, and there held the first "Bible Reading" of which there is any record in America.

He had no idea of inaugurating a revolution in the method of preaching in America; but that was what he actually did. The beginning was small enough; but already the method of Bible study and Bible work which he showed to Mr. Moody and his little company of delighted friends that night is coming into high favour and extensive use, not only by evangelists and lay helpers, but by the ministers themselves.

Everyone had brought a Bible, as directed. After prayer for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, who had at first inspired the writing, and must now inspire the understanding, of the Scriptures, the "boy preacher" led them on a voyage of discovery from Genesis to Revelation; tracing the promises, prophecy, and history of

REDEMPTION. On this theme they found the Word of God to be especially rich and full ; it was, indeed, the centre around which all the Scriptures revolved ; and so wonderfully did it become impressed upon their minds that it seemed to them like a new revelation. Text after text was found and joined to the wonderful series until they appeared like links of a long golden chain, holding a broken and ruined world together, and binding it fast to God's mercy seat. This was Mr. Moody's first lesson in systematic 'heology.

But so great a revolution in his habits of study and preaching was not to be brought about all at once. He saw the land from afar, and desired exceedingly to go in and possess it. He gave up his plan for a course of reading, and, a second time in sight of the shores of learning, put boldly out to sea. His old habits generally ran away with him when he stood up to preach ; but in his study he followed the new method.

His world was so full of wonderful and instructive scenes, that the stories of them seemed almost to tell themselves. It was hard for him to find time for a great deal of the Bible in his hailstorm harangues ; but he kept sturdily at it, trying to acquire the biblical method of preaching, in which was the hiding of the power that was to be revealed to him in days to come. From that time he ceased to urge people to begin their religious life by finding something to do for Christ ; but insisted that, first of all, they should let Christ do something for them. If they would only believe, Christ would help them to *be* and to *do*.

He began to understand the privilege and duty of entire consecration and perfect love. He ceased to teach that a holy heart must be attained by a life-long struggle with self, the world, and the wicked one ; but urged sinners to accept it as a gift from the Lord Himself. Conversion was instantaneous ; the warfare was to come afterwards. This, he discovered, was the doctrine preached by the prophet Isaiah :—

“A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.”

He began to study the Bible on his knees.

In this he made rapid progress.

There were very few practical and saving doctrines in the Word of God through which he could not pray his way. Like his friend Moorhouse, he became a “man of one book ;” that is, a Bagster's Bible. This he carried about with him continually, in order to use his leisure moments in studying it. His sermons began to be rich in the wealth of the Scriptures ; and, beyond all doubt, it was this new acquirement which, with God's blessing, opened out before him his career of almost boundless usefulness, and placed the keys of the kingdom of heaven in his hand.

The Rev. Dr. Roy, his former pastor at Plymouth Church, mentions a sermon which he heard Mr. Moody preach on "The Compassion of Christ," in which he seemed like a man inspired, and under which the great audience were moved like the forests swept by the winds.

When it was over the Doctor inquired of him how he had prepared such a sermon. He answered, "I got to thinking the other day about the compassion of Christ, so I took the Bible and began to read it over, to find out what it said on that subject. I prayed over the texts as I went along, until the thought of His infinite compassion overpowered me, and I could only lie on the floor of my study, with my face in the open Bible, and cry like a little child."

The visit of that great English preacher, the Rev. Dr. Punshon, was another godsend to him.

The Doctor preached for him in Farwell Hall several times. His great sermon on "Daniel in Babylon" was especially blessed to Mr. Moody. The vivid picture of that fearless prince and prophet showed him that the characters of the Bible were actual men and women. It was not their different circumstances which made them different from other men, but only their perfect faith in God.

A new field was thus opened to him; and through that whole summer, after making the acquaintance of this hero, Mr. Moody studied and preached the biographies of the Bible. Abraham and Moses, Daniel and Paul, Noah and Samuel, David and John, one after another were called to rise before his vision, and show themselves to his amazed and delighted congregations. Far and wide he preached these sermons; and all the time he tried to impress this truth upon his hearers; "Whatsoever YE shall ask in faith, believing, YE shall receive." "God is no respecter of persons; but IN EVERY NATION he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

"Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

"Daniel was taken out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

He insisted, with the greatest emphasis, that the central power in religion was faith—faith in Jesus Christ—faith in the Christ of the Gospels; and so thoroughly did he give himself up to this great truth, that he began to feel the force of the "boy preacher's" prophecy, and to say to himself in his closet—"If I can only learn to believe as those men believed, what is there to hinder God from laying some great work on me?"

*(To be concluded next month).*

## RELIABLE MEN.

**S**TRONG men are needed—men of faith ; men who are not always backsliding. Some such men are usually found in most communities. We look upon their stability as almost a certain thing. If others doubt, waver, and even fall, we are not surprised, but these men are not expected to falter. They are known to be fixed and firm, and men have no thought of their being moved away from the hope of the gospel. Ah ! such men are not always prized as they should be. They are men of whom “the world is not worthy.” What protection they afford to the young and weak ! How to the faint and feeble are they like “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land !” Under their instruction and defence, many hold on to Christ, who otherwise would let Him go ; and others who would be fearful and fruitless grow brave and strong, and become pillars of virtue and righteousness.

But let us not forget that these men, now so strong, have had trials and temptations ; that by struggles and victories have they attained their present strength. Let us remember, too, that such experience and power are within the capacity of all. Not that all may become mentally great, or get large stores of knowledge ; but even the humblest in human attainment may become rich and mighty in faith. Every real Christian may, as a moral force, be influential for God.

The need of the Church is men and women of faith—of fearless, undaunted faith—prevailing, conquering faith—a faith which, seeing the invisible and eternal, shall trample on all scepticism, and conquer all sin !

## A CAUSE OF SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

“**A**LL over this land,” says Rev. J. C. L., “there are churches—cold, shivelled-up, dead things called churches--no efficiency, no activity, scarcely any symptoms of life ; prayers, if there are any prayers at all, are so dull and heavy that they never rise to heaven ; sermons are unheeded and unappreciated, and fall as water spilled upon the ground ; no impression made on the world, no conversions, no growth in Christian life, no enjoyment of religion, no comfort, no assurance, nothing to distinguish professors from the world, except that their names are on the session-book, and they are sometimes seen at the communion table. \* \*”

But why such scenes—why this dearth and famine, and mildew and death, where all ought to be vigour and joyous life ? Would you like to have the answer—would it interest you to have the matter explained ? Here is the explanation, whether you want to hear it

or not. There is *no meat* in God's house. \* \* \* God will not, God cannot bless a church with an empty store-house; the heavens are brass; no prayer goes up, and no Spirit comes down, while that ugly record stands on the register above.

People tell us they cannot afford to give. Can they afford to do without giving? Can they bear the consequences of attempting to rob God? No church under the heavens can have its welfare and efficiency advanced—no church can have the elements of real prosperity, that does not honestly and fully meet its pecuniary obligation. No meat, no blessing.

The Assembly rightly observes "that to the ministry of the word, above all other agencies, the Lord looks for the enlightenment of His Church, and her growth in this as in other graces." And if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who is prepared for the battle? "When the believer's mind and conscience are tenderly but fully enlightened, he will respond to the Master's voice. Giving to Christ a thank offering will become a part of his worship, as spontaneous and delightful as prayer or praise."

The people need faithful, patient, tender instruction on this point. But few of them have any intelligent idea that giving to Christ is an essential act of worship and service, suited to promote their spiritual growth and comfort, and indispensable to subduing the selfishness of the heart, and resisting the encroachments of the world. This view of the question is seldom more than casually alluded to in instructing the people on the duty of giving, whereas it is the chief point upon which they need instruction. If these wise counsels of the Assembly shall be heartily accepted, and faithfully put in practice by the ministry—the doctrine preached and the machinery worked, an important reform will have commenced, and valuable and increasing fruits may be looked for. But the machinery without the doctrine will be as powerless as the engine without the steam.

THERE is no better method of growth in grace than the habit of constant communings with the Father of our spirits. It is the secret of progress heavenward. It explains the difference in the rate of advance of different Christians. One halts along, another runs. One is of comparatively little use in effort, another is abundant in every good work. The reason is, one is content with simply offering few and feeble petitions, the other holds communion with God, pouring out his soul before Him, and there comes to him an elevation of spirit, a heavenliness of mind, that makes him joyous and strong and effective. In numberless instances has the promise been fulfilled—"they that wait upon the Lord renew their strength, they mount up with wings as eagles, they run and are not weary, they walk and do not faint."

## HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

“**A**RISE, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” Never in the history of the Church of God has the great subject of personal holiness received the attention, or stirred the breast of Zion, as during the last two or three years. More than ever before, “Holiness to the Lord” is becoming the great central idea, in prayer exercise, in sacred song, and in Christian testimony. In England, France, Germany, and, in fact, in all sections of Europe, hundreds of thousands are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and multitudes are believing and entering into the rest of freedom from inbred sin.

The obvious fact is, Protestant Christians throughout the world are feeling the need of a brighter and more intensified spiritual life, and sympathize with every wholesome effort in that direction. The great felt want of the Church is for purity and power. This stands out on every hand.

There is a happy disposition, generally prevalent, in both ministry and laity, to dispense with needless speculation and controversy, and seek by consecration, prayer and faith, the cleansing power of Jesus’ blood. How blessed is this! How glorious the victory achieved! How rich and precious the baptisms of love and power which are now falling on the saints of God in many sections of Europe? How many are now walking, in both the Old and New World, in the clear light, and on the high ground of established holiness! Let God be praised! Let his saints shout aloud for joy.

This great revival of personal holiness will carry with it everything desirable and lovely in the unity, efficiency and aggressive power of the Church. Christian holiness has in itself intrinsic excellence and glory. In it are riches and honours, like the source whence they emanate, glorious as heaven, and lasting as eternity. God is the infinite model and source of holiness, and to secure it in man is the grand aim and object of the gospel economy. For this purpose Christ died, the Holy Scriptures were given, the means of grace instituted, and the work and agency of the Holy Ghost furnished.—REV. J. A. WOOD, in *Christian Standard*.

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“BE YE HOLY, FOR I AM HOLY.”

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**M**AN is sinful, and naturally prone to wander. So it is written: “There is none righteous, no, not one.” Many may appear to be righteous, but are as whited sepulchres, full of corruption. “If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us,” we often hear quoted by the larger portion of the professed Church, who, seemingly, are willing to forget that

God has said, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Does not our heavenly Father mean here what he says? All will answer, Yes. Then let us stop and reflect a moment, and see well to it that we do not lower the standard, and by so doing, cause many to fall from the grace they have already received. We are not only commanded to be standard-bearers, but to lift up the standard. Our heavenly Father is not pleased with us in any other way.

This daubing with untempered mortar is an abomination in the sight of God. Is this the better way? We say, No. Is there a better way? Can we be holy? Can we be pure in heart? We answer, Yes—or it would not be required of us.

Jesus says, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Is there rest in sin? All will admit at once that there is not. What is sin? Jesus says that for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. Would Jesus have admonished us in regard to idle words if it had not been sin? We think not. If we speak evil of our neighbour, and backbite with our tongues, we commit sin, for such things are of the flesh. There is no rest in them; they bring death.

We do not wonder that the apostle Paul cried out, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But he was led to see a better way. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." He thought he was doing God service when he was putting to death the followers of Jesus. Hatred and malice were in his heart, notwithstanding he was a professed follower of the commands of God. Jesus he did not know. But how marked the change! We soon hear him declaring a full and free salvation through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."

"Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid!" there is a better way. Glory to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! All admit that if our hearts condemn us, there is no rest, neither have we confidence. But if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence; and peace flows like a river, mingled with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Have we found that rest? It can be obtained now. But how shall it be obtained? Simply by resting in faith in the Son of God, who has assured us that He would give us rest. When faith takes hold, then peace and joy come, and that beyond description. Are you holy? If you belong to Jesus, and He is in you, you can be no other way, because the Christ that is in you is holy. Faith in the cleansing blood of Jesus washes us from all sin.—L. C. R., in *Token of Truth*.



# The Home.

## THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

### *PART III.—FAITHFUL IN MUCH.*

#### CHAPTER V.

##### IN A FAR COUNTRY.

EVER from that night I knew that we could not keep Philip at home, with the idea of his father's sad captivity brooding in heart and brain. The perils of the search, the uncertainty of its issue, only fired the boy the more. There was his scholarship to give up—for it was granted only for purposes of study—and that grieved him a little; but it did not shake his resolution for a moment. Very soon the only question was, how money could be raised to send him out to the western coast of Africa, with even a remote chance of success. We had no spare funds, George and I; for we had been accustomed to live up to our income. At last I insured my life, and borrowed a few hundred pounds upon the insurance. We obtained all the information we could, and procured a few letters of introduction to European missionaries and traders dwelling in that unhealthy region; and when that was done, nothing seemed left to George and me but to sink back into the dreary stillness of our former life.

I accompanied Philip to Liverpool, where we saw Mrs. Brown again, who was loud in her protests against the fruitless expedition; but she could tell us no more and give us no better clue than we had learned from her before. Until we were on the deck of the steamer, which was to carry Philip away from me, I could scarcely believe that I was not in a dream. But the parting was too near at hand now for me to doubt the truth of it; and once the vessel had sailed away there could be no return for him. But he had no wish to change his mind—that was evident. Whatever lay before him of peril, or pain, even unto death, he was prepared to meet. His face seemed to have lost forever the last expression of boyhood, and to have taken the resolute, self-contained aspect of manhood. Yet the tears stood in his blue eyes, and he clasped my hand fast in his own, as we leaned over the bulwarks, our faces turned away from those who were standing by, looking at each other for the last time.

"Aunt Milly," he said, "God sent me to you."

"Yes, Philip," I answered; "but He is taking you away again."

"Only for a little while," he said. "I begin to see now that a whole lifetime is but a little while. We shall talk about this in heaven. If I should never come home again, I shall tell you all about it there."

"Oh, my boy!" I cried, "it will be more than I can bear if you don't come back to me, and I never know what is become of you. Life is very long, Philip; and what am I to do through all the years, if you are lost to me as your father has been lost to you, and I do not even know whether you are happy in heaven or in horrible slavery on earth?"

He answered me only by repeating in his low, pleasant voice a verse from one of my favourite hymns:—

"Christ leads us through no darker room  
Than He passed through before;  
He who into God's house would come,  
Must enter by the door."

"But it is darker than I expected," I cried; and so it was. There was a dense darkness over that moment; and as I looked into the future I could not see a ray of light. I was sending my boy out upon a wild mission, into unknown dangers, which could not be exaggerated, and with no brilliant result to follow upon a successful ending. The most he could do was probably to satisfy himself of his father's death, amidst a savage tribe of native Africans. If I could have been sure that he would have found his father I could have let him go more willingly.

"It seems to me," he said, his voice faltering a little, "as if I could almost feel Christ's hand clasping mine. He can lead us through any darkness."

Those were the last words he spoke to me, except a hurried good-bye as he left me in the boat, which was to separate us. I looked up, and saw his grave, loving face looking down upon me from over the bulwarks—as I was to see it once more in after years—and a smile came across it, as he met my eyes. So we gazed, until we lost sight of one another in the increasing distance.

There is one burden, one oppression in life to me; the stern, inexorable regularity of time—the unceasing, unlingering beat of the moments, which pause for no fever of our pulses, or hurry for no dreary languor of our hearts. When I reached home again the loud ticking of the timepieces in the quiet house harassed me more than I can tell, now there was no need to watch for the hour when Philip would be coming in. Oh! the countless rounds those hour-hands must make before they pointed again to the moment of his return!

There were not many opportunities of hearing from him. He wrote when he landed at Sierra Leone, telling us he should join a caravan going south for the Ivory Coast as soon as one started.

Then we heard, again, three months later, that a rumour of a white man kept in captivity, who was still alive, had decided him to go on with a few adventurous traders, who were venturing farther into the interior than the rest. After that all was silence, month after month. The African mails came in, and I waited, sick with hope deferred, for the coming of a letter; but there was none. Think of that; and remember that we had no personal interest in his father; he was of no kin to us, was altogether unknown to us; so that there was no special affection for him to counterbalance our anxiety for Philip. Moreover, if he found his father, he would belong to us no more. It was difficult to reconcile one's self to this.

Yet George did it. Whether men are less exacting and less selfish in their love than we are, or whether he had entered more fully than I into the spirit of Christ, I hardly know. He waited with a patient hope, month after month, for tidings; and he spoke of Captain John Champion as if he were willing to give up Philip for him.

"The boy could do nothing else," he said, one day; "would you have had him remain at home in comfort, while he believed his father was in captivity among savages? Better a thousand times for the lad to perish in his brave enterprise than own such a selfish spirit as that."

"But it is very hard upon us," I answered "after all we have done for him."

"Milly," he said, quietly, "were we bringing him up for ourselves or for God?"

I had no answer to give. My conscience spoke out loudly, but my voice could not. I had been bringing him up for myself; and centring all my love, and hopes, and pride in him. It was a hard struggle to pass through. I had looked upon myself as one of Christ's disciples; and so long as Philip's faith in him, and loyal service to Him, had not crossed my own plans, I had rejoiced in both. But now that these were broken through and scattered, I could almost have wished that the boy had been less faithful to his Master.

Two years had gone by; more than twelve months had passed bringing no tidings of Philip. Our hopes had long since grown faint; though I had learned at last to reconcile myself to the will of God. June was come again; and once more George and I sat with his window open, watching the flickering of the sunshine through the leafy trees. A chart of the western coast of Africa, on a large scale, lay within reach of my brother's hand, though he knew every line upon it. We seldom spoke of Philip now. But as I leaned back in my chair, with half-closed eyes, my thoughts were far away, in those strange regions which had grown familiar to me. I heard Thomas knock at the door, and open it only the space of

an inch or two; and his voice came to my ear as if from a long distance.

"Miss Carr is wanted," he said.

What there was in his tone, or manner, I cannot describe. My heart gave a sudden, great throb of expectation. I sprang from my chair, pushed past him as he tried to speak a few words to me, ran towards the dining-room, and caught Philip in my arms as he stood watching for me in the doorway.

I look back upon that day as perhaps the most gladsome of my life. He was changed; it was no boy who had come back; but there was the same voice, and the same sunny smile upon the face. The story he had to tell was so foreign to our life at home that we listened with wonder and with trembling. His father was with him; but now, after the lapse of years, the recollection of him, as he sat by silent and almost melancholy, has faded from my mind. I see only Philip; I hear his voice; and once more the conviction deepens upon me that all the perilous journey through he had felt, as he said, Christ's hand clasping his. So close had grown his communion with Him in the dangers he had confronted that never more could he be satisfied with the low level of the Christian life where we were dwelling. As I looked at him, and listened to him, these words came to my mind,

"Faithful they are, but not for Paradise;  
 God's will the only crowning of their faith:  
 And not for seething hell flee they from sin,  
 But that their will must serve the Will Divine.  
 It is not struggle; 'tis not discipline,  
 Wins them a will so restless and so blest:  
 It is that God, from his heart-fountain, ever  
 Fills up their jubilant souls."

## CHAPTER VI.

### CAPTAIN JOHN CHAMPION.

AND now that Captain John Champion was in England again, what was to be done with him? He had brought home with him a small store of ivory and gold-dust, sufficient for his own immediate wants, and to pay for Philip's training in the hospital for a year or so; but he was not a man willing to be dependent upon others. His health had suffered severely during his long captivity, with its innumerable hardships, and George urged him to get the best medical advice in London. Philip went with his father to consult the physician recommended by George's doctor, and we waited with some anxiety for their return.

They came in at once to my brother's room ; their faces graver than they had been since the day they had come home. Yet Captain John Champion's was the saddest ; for Philip's wore an expression so like the one I had seen when we parted on board the steamer at Liverpool, at once tender and resolute, that I felt a vague foreboding in my heart.

"Well?" said George, for neither seemed inclined to speak first.

"Bad news! bad news!" answered Captain John Champion ; "I'm little better than a useless old hulk."

"No," interrupted Philip. "Dr. Croft says my father may live many long years yet, and be in tolerable health. But he must not leave the sea ; and, if possible, some one belonging to him must be with him, for his death might be sudden and perhaps very painful."

"That cannot be," said the father, looking sorrowfully at his son ; "I cannot have anybody belonging to me with me."

"That must be," said Philip cheerfully ; "I have no calling or profession. I am as free to study navigation, and become a seaman, as I am to study diseases, and become a doctor. And what is more, uncle George, we met an old friend of my father's in the City ; and when we told him the doctor's verdict, he offered my father on the spot the command of a ship, chartered for Madeira, with a first-class mate, and a capital crew. I've made up my mind to become a sailor."

"But, Philip," I cried, "you will throw away all your talents, and your prospects ; even your own wishes."

"That's what I say," resumed his father, half eagerly ; "I cannot consent to his sacrificing everything for me. No, no, my boy, God has given you great gifts ; and He looks for you to use them in His service, not to follow the sea, with a broken-down old man."

"His father!" added Philip.

There was silence among us for a few minutes after that. Captain John Champion sank wearily into a chair, and leaning his head on his hands, concealed his face from us ; but the light fell upon his hair, which was growing white and thin. The firm loving expression on Philip's face strengthened as he looked at his father. As for me, I could not bear the thought of his becoming a sailor.

"Philip is right," said my brother's feeble voice, breaking the silence at last.

"Thank God you think so!" exclaimed Philip. "Why, did not our Lord Jesus Christ take up Joseph's trade for some reason or other? Though it seems to me—it is only a fancy, you know—but it seems to me just now it could not be exactly what He would choose. I think, perhaps, He would rather have been a shepherd, like His forefather, David, and have led His flock about from pasture to pasture, carrying the lambs in His arms. That has been in my mind since I've been thinking of going to sea with my father."

And, Aunt Milly, I daresay His mother would be very much disappointed and grieved when her wonderful child had to go into the workshop, and busy His hands with the carpenter's tools. It would seem to her as if He were thrown away, with all His marvellous gifts. If ever I begin to weary of the sea I will think of His weariness in the carpenter's shop."

What could Captain John Champion or I say against that? Surely, a shepherd's life, with its lonely communion with nature; its silent, peaceful days, and nights of solemn watching beside the flock; its careful love, and gentle leading of the sheep, would have been more in harmony with our Lord's spirit than the commonplace, busy labour in the workshop, amid the gossip of a little village, with no higher end than the manufacture of household chattels. It was no light self-denial to pass years and years in such a manner. I had never thought of that; but Philip had quickly caught sight of the almost effaced footsteps where Christ had gone before, and now there was no other path for him to tread. His father and I were dumb before his truer discipleship.

And I found, when he was gone away again, there was not the same blank there had been before. We heard from him pretty often. Letters came dropping in unexpectedly, posted at distant ports, or forwarded by vessels that had crossed their course upon the sea. Their voyages were not very long; and sometimes there would be the pleasant bustle of expectancy and preparation for their arrival, and sometimes the almost pleasanter surprise of their unforeseen return. They seemed to bring fresh sea-breezes into our town-built house; and we had scarcely lost the sense of new life and vigour that one visit gave, before another followed. Philip was studying navigation with nearly as much ardour as he could have studied medicine, that he might pass an examination in it, and get appointed as mate to his father's ship.

I understood then how Mary "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart;" the message of the angel, and the songs of the whole host of heaven over her child's birth; the sayings of Simeon and Anna in the temple, and the astonishment of the doctors and elders at His understanding and answers. How these memories would hush her spirit into patient, silent waiting, when Jesus was called to fill up some gap in Joseph's workshop! She knew that this was not the end. And I also resolved to wait until I saw what God meant to do with my boy Philip.

He had been between four and five years on the sea, when one wild December evening, just as I was thanking God in my heart that he was safe ashore and his father's ship in the Liverpool docks, Philip suddenly burst into our quiet room with an unusual vehemence, which startled both George and me.

"Quick! quick! Aunt Milly," he cried, breathlessly; "put on your bonnet and cloak in a moment, and come with me! I've a cab waiting at the door. Come quickly; for it is a wild night, and people may die out of doors if they do not find shelter soon. Wrap yourself up warmly, my dear."

Of late Philip had assumed a masterful tone towards me, which amused me; and now he hurried me like a whirlwind out of the sitting-room, and upstairs to my chamber-door, while he continued speaking, without giving me an opportunity for asking a question. He ran back to George whilst I dressed myself; but he stayed at the open door, and at the first sight of me closed it, and, as if eager not to lose a moment, hastened through the hall to the cab at the door. He helped me in, sprang in after me, and the next instant we were rattling along the street, through the storm of rain and wind.

"But where are you taking me, Philip?" I asked, with increasing anxiety.

He did not answer; and there was something in his silence, and the wildness of the night, that stirred me to the heart. An almost pleasant apprehension awoke within me. During all my stagnant, uneventful life I had never been out of doors in such a night, and such a storm as this. The streets were deserted, and sudden, violent gusts of wind roared along them, with driving showers of rain and hail. Great masses of black clouds, torn into long and ragged pennons, drifted across the dark sky. I wished he would tell me where we were going, and what he wanted me to do; but I felt almost afraid of asking him.

"My dear little Aunt Milly!" was all he said; "the best little woman in the world!"

We sopped at length before a dark and narrow passage, not far from the river; for I could just catch the gleam of distant lights twinkling across its troubled current. He led me down this passage to an open space beyond, where I could distinguish the strip of sky overhead only by the little rifts in the black clouds which covered it. He paused for a moment, and listened beside an old door, but there was not a sound to be heard; and, with a hurried exclamation of fear, he lifted the latch and opened it. There was no glimmer of light; but Philip drew out a little pocket-lantern from under his rough seaman's coat, and turned it full upon the interior of the place.

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While we receive all that Christ *offers*, we must give ourselves up to all that He *demands*.

## THE LAW OF CHRISTIAN LIVING.

“**O**WE no man anything but to love one another,” is the text ; and the sermon is all around us. Are you in debt ? Then you hold in your possession that which is not yours. You shine in borrowed feathers ; you are rich on other men’s property ; you are generous of other men’s earnings ; you have influence which other men have won. Your life is an elaborate sham. Men call you rich, when you are poor. You live in a fine house and are supplied with every luxury, while you are really poorer than the beggar without a crust or a shelter, if he owes no man anything. Men come to you for money, and you must give it liberally, though every dollar you give belongs to other men who may never get their pay, and who may curse you as a rascal for cheating them. People come to you to borrow, you loan money that is not your own—perhaps you lose it, and so your friends or creditors are cheated out of it. You buy things which you do not need because the money is in your pocket ; but you dishonour Christ because you do not pay your debts.

You may put your property out of your hands ; you may convey it to your wife ; you may give it to your children ; you may invest it in life insurance policies for the benefit of your friends ; but do what you will with it, it is not yours, nor theirs, nor will it ever be, until you pay your debts. Your debts may outlaw in man’s courts, you may slip out of mortgages, win lawsuits, and defy executions ; but still you can never stand square and honest before God and man till you pay your debts, or until you are freely and fully forgiven, after an honest and frank uncovering of the *entire facts in the case*. Any forgiveness obtained by falsehood and deceit is a sin and a crime, and will not pass muster in the judgment.

Pay your debts. Pay them in full. Live poorly, till you pay them. Work hard till you pay them. Dress plain, till you pay them. Sell the property you got in debt for if need be, and pay them. Stop pleading poverty till you *are* poor. Do not get in debt and make an excuse for being stingy and robbing God in tithes and in offerings ; but sell, pay up, get clear and square with the world, and then shout, Hallelujah !

Do not spend other people’s money. Do not lerd other people’s money. Do not give away other people’s money. Do not live on other people’s money. Do not squander other people’s money.

Debt has made many a man a rascal, by giving him an opportunity to cheat, which he was too weak to resist. Debt has ruined many a Christian’s reputation, when otherwise he might have been



honoured and respected. Debt has destroyed many a minister's usefulness, for who wants to hear a man preach if he does not pay his debts? Debt has made many a man a hypocrite, because few men who are in debt dare tell their creditors or the world the exact truth about their property, and often money is borrowed, or debts are incurred under false representations, and then all sorts of lies and shams are palmed off to blind the minds of the public and stop the mouths of the clamorous creditors. Debt has brought condemnation and sin upon many Christian women, who have had their husband's property put into their hands to hide it from creditors, and who have been obliged to deceive, lie, cheat, and perjure themselves to conceal and keep their ill-gotten gains. Debt has swept all that men had, in thousands of instances, where people have risked and lost other men's money for uncertain gains, and have been compelled to make good the loss with their own. Debt has hindered the work of God, and many a man who had been accumulating money, hoping by and by to do good with it, has had it swept away in a day to pay the debts of others whose notes he had indorsed or in whose transactions he was involved. Debt has separated chief friends, for when a man has borrowed money from a friend and fails to pay it, then he feels meanly and sneaks around and dodges his creditor and avoids his presence, and so the money is lost and the friend also. Debt has impoverished many a widow who once had every luxury, through her husband's earning and the money he borrowed, and who now, robbed of her husband's support, is obliged to strip herself of everything to pay the debts that he needlessly contracted when able to live without. Debt sends many orphans to poverty and ruin. Taken at once from the comforts of affluence and sent adrift on the world; accustomed to spend the money they never earned, they try dishonest courses and go headlong to destruction.

Man of God, pay up! Live within your means, if you eat nothing but roasted potatoes and corn cake. Do not roll in comfort and luxury on other people's money while you live, and then slip out of the world, leaving your children to brave the storm of adversity, and your wife to meet the creditors you have cheated, or face the responsibilities you have dodged. Come down where you belong. If you are in debt, pay up. Sell out, and clear matters up. You can settle your business a great deal better than your executors will be likely to when you are dead. Come down to hard-pan. If you are poor, own it. "Afraid of impairing your credit?" Let your credit go to the winds. It is a sham, a lie, a curse, a cheat. It would be better for you if you had never had any credit; your credit has been your ruin. Come out of the chief seats in the synagogue, and sit with the poor. Let your name drop out of the list of big donations, and instead cast into God's

treasury an honest widow's mite. Live in a poor man's house, or in the corner of a house-top. Be poor as Lazarus, if need be ; but don't die mortgaged to the devil for more than you are worth ; if you do, when the angels come they will not carry you to any very good place.

Pay up ; square up. The day of judgment will be spent settling accounts. You had best settle your debts beforehand. And be quick about it, for times are troublous, and life and health are uncertain ; and when once out of debt make it your unalterable decision to "owe no man anything but 'o love one another."—*Christian.*

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### JESUS SAVES ME NOW.

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**N**O more in the border-land faint and weak—  
Nay, lift up each downcast brow ;  
The Lord waits to guide to the rest I seek.  
Jesus saves me now !

He waiteth to lead o'er the Jordan-tide ;  
Then, heart, to his promise bow,  
Onward ! for He will the waves divide.  
Jesus saves me now !

With conquering shout is the Red Sea past ;  
His by the blood and the vow ;  
He wills no wandering in wild and waste.  
Jesus saves me now !

He asks for the touch of a trusting hand ;  
Faith's step where the waters flow ;  
He wills I should enter the Promised Land.  
Jesus saves me now !

To His power yielded—not that of sin ;  
No need for these falls, I trow,  
When He fights for all who will enter in.  
Jesus saves me now !

Oh ! type and shadow ; thou glorious land  
Of rest, that I too may know ;  
Let us cross our Jordan at Christ's command.  
Jesus saves me now !

What ! saved from Egypt, to wander and weep,  
In fear of a broken vow !  
"Able to save !" yea, and "Able to keep !"  
Jesus saves me now !

To walk in the joy of the joyous land ;  
 No more before foes to bow ;  
 Who can fall when held by the Saviour's hand ?  
 Jesus saves me now !

Away with the doubts that have marred my past,  
 The cares that furrowed my brow ;  
 I have found the secret of peace at last—  
 Jesus saves me now !

The shout of a King in our midst is heard ;  
 Before One shall thousands bow ;  
 For I *have* "stepped out" on the Saviour's word.  
 Jesus saves me now !

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### THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.

**A**N aged gentleman was on a visit to one of the noted American watering places. Whilst taking a draught of water one morning at the spring, a lady had come to take her usual glass at the same time. The gentleman, turning toward her, in a pleasant yet thoughtful manner, asked, "have you ever drunk at that Great Fountain?"

The lady coloured and looked surprised, but turned away without a word of reply.

In the following winter the gentleman was in Rochester, when he was invited to attend a meeting for religious conference and prayer. At the close of this meeting he was asked to visit a lady who was dying. As he entered the sick room the lady fixed her eyes very intently upon the gentleman, and said with a smile, "Do you know me?"

"No; are we not strangers to each other?" was the reply.

"Do you not recollect asking a woman at the spring last year, 'have you ever drunk at the Great Fountain?'"

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I do remember."

"Well, sir, I am that person. I thought at the time you were very rude; but your words kept ringing in my ears. They followed me to my chamber, to my pillow. I was without peace or rest till I found Christ. I now expect shortly to die, and you, under God, were instrumentally the means of my salvation. Be as faithful to others as you have been to me. Never be afraid to talk to strangers on the subject of religion."

What a blessing was granted on this short but faithful word! Little do Christians know how God may own His truth. Let us faithfully scatter the precious seed, and He will give the increase.

## THE THREE WATCH-WORDS.

TO watch, to wait, to work ;  
 Ah, me ! the fiery sun,  
 The level, treeless, barren, dew-drained field—  
 I would the work was done !

To watch, to work, to wait ;  
 Ah, me ! the tedious roar.  
 Of wreck-strewn oceans roofed with sombre clouds—  
 I would the watch was o'er !

To wait, to work, to watch ;  
 Ah, me ! thou absent Friend,  
 Comest thou quickly ? So Thou saidst ; I would  
 The waiting had an end !

My soul, be still and strong ;  
 Sight follows after faith.  
 In all advancement of the true and good,  
 He cometh as He saith.

My soul, be still and strong ;  
 Here, on thy Lord's estate,  
 No place is useless, no experience vain :  
 Work on, watch on, and wait.

—*Alfred Norris.*

## LITTLE BOY BROWNIE.

SEATED at her window, where great snow-flakes went dropping past, Mrs. Martin saw, out on the pavement, the funniest figure she had ever seen: a very small boy, wrapped in a grown-up water-proof cloak—just a roly-poly bundle, with brown leggings, and tiny overshoes sticking down, and a brown cap sticking up; the cap perched on a brown, curly head; two brown eyes looked out, and a red dot of a mouth was saying something, the lady could not hear what—so she raised the window.

“Want your pavement cleaned off?”

“You little absurdity,” answered Mrs. Martin, “you can't clean my pavement.”

“Yes, I tan;” and out from the water-proof's folds came a scarlet-gloved hand grasping a coal-scoop.

“Wait a moment,” said Mrs. Martin; and she ran out to question her would-be labourer. “Where do you live?”

“Dust round the corner.”

"I must get my hat and sack, and take you right home," said Mrs. Martin.

"No;" and he started to march away, greatly offended. "I tleans pavements."

"Wait a minute. You take me to your mother, and if she's willing, you may clean my pavement."

"Her said so."

"Said you might clean Mrs. Martin's pavement?"

He shook his curly head. "No."

"Then we'll go and ask her."

They went around that corner, the other corner, all the corners, but the funny little bundle couldn't find where he lived. Evidently he had taken many turns in his wanderings. Mrs. Martin asked his name.

"Ittle Boy Brownie," he answered.

"Little Boy Brownie! You're a little brown boy, that's very certain, and you'll be a little white boy dusted all over with snow if I don't get you home soon. You're lost; do you know it? I must take you to the station-house."

Little Boy Brownie wouldn't go to the "tation"-house. "Bad mens" went there; he was "dood." Mrs. Martin explained how it was that dear little lost children were taken there; but Boy Brownie sobbed so heart-brokenly the kind lady was obliged to take him to her own home, and sent word to the station that he could be found at her house. He was quite content after that, helped to get himself out of the water-proof, and laughed to see the "snow-beads," as he called them, rolling off on the floor.

"How do you think your mother's going to find you?" she asked.

"Dod tell her."

"Who will tell her?"

Brown fringes shut over brown eyes; two little rosy palms are pressed together: "'Our Faser, who art in heaven; He tell her.'"

"Blessed baby! may He tell her very soon; for, with such a treasure out of the house, she is of all women to be pitied," said Mrs. Martin.

Time passed, and the good lady grew more and more anxious; but Boy Brownie laughed and played with two poodles to his heart's content. Nothing could shake his faith in God's letting his mother know where to find him. By and by there came a three-fold ring at the door-bell, which Mrs. Martin, in her eagerness, answered herself. There stood a lady with a white, worried face, and eyes like Boy Brownie's. She held a coal-scoop with a bit of red zephyr tied round the handle.

"Can you tell me anything about—?" she began, when a whoop and a shout from Boy Brownie rang through the hall, and in an instant he was in her arms.

She had given him permission to go out with an older brother and clean their own pavement. The child, not understanding he was to stop there, wandered away in search of another job. His brother, thinking he had gone in, went sledding, while those inside, taking for granted the pair were together, gave themselves no uneasiness.

"After an absence of three hours I returned to find my darling missing," continued his mother. "Starting at once for the station, I saw this red string in the snow, and remembered he had asked me to tie one just like it around our coal-scoop. The moment I got hold of it, I felt that he must be here."

"I never noticed his having dropped it," said Mrs. Martin.

"Well for me you did not. His father being out of the city, there was no one else to go to the station, and I really believe I should have died before reaching there. You little truant, how do you suppose your mother was ever going to find her baby boy?"

"Dad tell her," answered Brownie.

"Yes, God did tell her," replied Mrs. Martin, remembering the red string lying out upon the white snow.—*Selected.*

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### LOVE'S LESSON.

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**S**TILL in loving, still in loving, more than being loved, is joy :  
Here there lurks no disappointment, here is peace without alloy.

Not in having or receiving, but in giving, is there bliss ;  
He who has no other pleasure ever may rejoice in this.

Be it health, or be it leisure, be it skill we have to give ;  
Still in spending life for others, Christians only really live.

What in love we yield to others, by a charm we still retain,  
For the loved one's acquisition is the lover's double gain.

Yet we know in love's increasing is increase of grief and care,  
For the pains of those around him, pain the loving heart must bear.

Love and sorrow dwelt together in the blessed Saviour's breast,  
And shall we, His lowly followers, wish that they should be apart ?

Love and sorrow walk together o'er this sin-beclouded earth :  
Love and gladness sing together in the country of our birth.

Wheresoever sorrow wanders, love should go and raise her up ;  
At the many wells of Marah love should stoop and share the cup.

Let the careless seek their pleasure, give, if e'er they give, their  
self ;

But the loving, truly loving, gives, and loves to give himself.

Happy if, by his endeavour, by his suffering, others gain—

If some comrade o'er his body may a wished-for height attain.

Secrets here of love and sorrow, if in meekness, we shall learn ;

Secrets soon of love and gladness we in heaven shall discern.

In the light, so all-pervading, of the Spirit's home above,

We shall trace the perfect meaning of the saying "God is love."

And transformed to His likeness, we—oh, blessed thought!—shall be

Loved and loving, loved and loving, through a bright eternity !

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## REALITY OF RELIGION.

BY ANNIE B. MANLY.

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WHO that has been permitted to stand by a dying bed, and witness the strength and the beauty and the reality of the religion of Jesus, has not felt himself strengthened and girded anew with faith which rises above this mortal life, a faith which sees Jesus who has trodden this pathway before us ?

Such were our thoughts as we entered a hut where lived a poor and suffering man ; his life would soon be ended ; consumption had now settled upon him, and there was no hope of recovery. Three little helpless children stood near the bed ; their scanty covering was little protection from the cold, wintry day. A wife, who was a strong Romanist, looked wonderingly upon her husband as he talked so calmly of death. But a few months before, this poor man was a stranger to the truths of the gospel. Now, he was filled with that inner peace which God alone imparts to those who truly trust Him. The Bible had been unknown to him, but now it was of priceless value ; he asked all who came to see him to read a few verses. A short time before his sickness the Spirit of the Lord entered his heart, telling him there was a judgment to come, and that he was an impenitent sinner, unprepared to live or die ; he was in agony of mind for some time, with not even a glimmer of light to cheer his darkened mind. Many Christian people came, and talked and prayed with him, telling the story of Jesus' love and mercy. The way of life was opened to him ; and he said one day, to a lady who had plainly told him how the "blood of Jesus clean-

seth from all sin," "How strange, how strange that I have never known this before. I believe. 'Lord, help Thou mine unbelief.'" He called upon the Saviour himself, and soon found peace and joy in believing. He was a surprise to all, for he had been untaught in the truths of the Bible; but he learned fast now, for God was his teacher. He was joyful, for he placed all his reliance upon Christ, the Saviour of sinners. While he longed to die, he was willing to wait God's time, and in the midst of great suffering he would exclaim, "What are my sufferings compared to Christ's!" He prayed most earnestly for his helpless family, that God would provide for them. Many comforts were sent to him each day, and the children were provided with warm clothing and food, for which the dying man expressed his thanks, saying, "It is all of the Lord."

We went again to the little house, which had long been the home of the suffering man, and we saw that the angel of death was at hand. The weeping wife stood by with the Bible—her husband's Bible—in her hand, which she had promised to read. Peacefully the man waited to be released from his sufferings. How the light shone out in this humble dwelling now! How many a rich man would give up all his treasures to possess the sweet peace and joy which now filled to overflowing the heart of this poor man! Christ was his theme, nothing but Christ. Thus he died, and we are led to exclaim, "Oh, the depth and power of Jesus' love! How it lights up the darkened ways, and bids us still labour for Him, and in His own good time we shall see those whom we least expect bow in penitence and faith at His feet."

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### POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

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ARRAYED in beauteous green  
 The hills and valleys shine,  
 And man and beast is fed  
 By Providence divine;  
 The harvest bows its golden ears,  
 The copious seed of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,  
 "My Gospel shall descend—  
 Almighty to effect  
 The purpose I intend;  
 Millions of souls shall feel its power,  
 And bear it down to millions more."

—*Philip Doddridge.*



## DRINKING CHURCH MEMBERS.

JOHN B. GOUGH recently gave utterance to some rather ultra views in regard to disciplining church members who drink. He says a man kept a store in the village where he lived, and started one November afternoon into Worcester amid a drizzling rain. He took a glass of brandy when he got there to keep out the cold, and when he got his load out he took another. As he came to the village square, he got off his waggon. Some one said, "What is the matter with you?" He rubbed his head and his hat fell off, and he said, "I don't know." Some one else said, "I do; you are drunk—a church member drunk." He was one of the young converts in a revival. There were young men who did not like the revival, and eagerly said, "Ah! there is one of them." The church had a duty to do, and it did it. They disciplined that man and brought him up before the church for drunkenness. Such was the condition of that young man's mind at that time, it only ruined him. He gave up his store, and neglected his home, and asked me to give him work on a bit of a farm I had. What did the church discipline that man for? Because he could not stand two glasses of brandy. They did not discipline him because he drank, but they disciplined him because he could not stand up when he drank. He could help drinking, but he could not help the effect when he drank. They never touched him for drinking; they disciplined him because he could not stand it. I know men in that church, I can name them, who drink more than two glasses. I would like to see the church deal with them. Would there not be a row? The church does not touch them because they can stand it. You may consider me very ultra, but I hold that a church has no right to discipline a man for drinking that does not discipline a member for drinking. Drinking he can help; getting drunk he cannot. I can help bending my elbow, and bringing a glass to my lips and swallowing it, but when I have swallowed it, my control over it is gone. Suppose I go staggering, babbling, talking and singing, you say I am drunk, and you discipline me because of the effect upon my brain and nervous system. You say such men are weak-minded men. But did you ever see a man fighting the drink?

WHEN a person means to erect a handsome edifice upon the site of a great number of decayed buildings, it never once enters his mind that he can convert them into any use for this purpose. "No," he says, "let them all be pulled down, and taken away." So the natural rubbish of the heart must be taken away, for it never can be employed in the erection of a holy temple to the glory of God.

## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

## INDIA.

THIS country, containing as it does more than 200,000,000 of human beings, must for many years form an important mission field. The Churches of Britain and America have long taken deep interest in the work of God there ; we can only give a few instances. The M. E. Church has a Conference, with a church membership of more than 2,000, about 200 of whom are converted Hindus and Mohammedans. The great hope of the Missions is in the young, 5,500 of whom are attending Sunday schools. Great efforts are being put forth in training native preachers. In several of the large centres of population, the missionaries of the various churches meet together in council. Several missionary conferences have been held, which were productive of great good. Rev. J. Messmore, well known to many of our readers, is stationed at Lucknow, and has organised a grand evangelistic work, both Hindustani and European, which promises to be of great service. Mr. Gülzar Shah, who is the minister of a Baptist congregation at Calcutta, and at the same time clerk in a Government office, devotes his spare time to evangelistic work among the Hill people at Simla. A short time ago he baptized four converts in the chapel at Simla, the service being one of unusual interest. Amongst those present were the Rev. J. Fordyce (Presbyterian) and his entire congregation, who adjourned, after morning service at their own church, to the Baptist chapel. The audience also included representatives of all churches—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Baptists, and of all ranks, from Sir William Muir, Sir H. Norman, Mr. Chapman, (financial secretary), and others, down to the poor sweeper, who gets 8s. a month in service. The service was in Hindi, and the hymns were sung to the wild native airs. Mr. Fordyce addressed the congregation in English, and said there was a great work to do among the Hill men, and recognised the great advance which has been lately made by the Baptist Mission, and also by the Church Missionary Society.

The missionaries perform much itinerant labour in the cold season, when they leave home for several days and preach in the Bazaars, or in tents, or under the shade of trees. One missionary, in giving an account of a tour he had made, states that he found music to be a powerful instrument in enabling him to retain the attention of his congregation. He had sung more hymns during this tour than usual, and the utterance had not only been better, but the people, in anticipation of the song, would listen more attentively to the sermon. Another missionary describes a tour which he made to the Himalaya mountains in the hot season.

For seven days he was occupied some six hours a day in preaching, singing, and conversing with multitudes. The labours were most exhausting, especially as he had much trouble with some Brahmins. He was accompanied by some colporteurs, who distributed hundreds of tracts every day.

It was the bathing season in the Ganges, which continued seven days, and during nine hours in one day some three hundred thousand persons bathed. The scene cannot be described. Brahmins and thieves were present in great numbers, the former to exact a fee from all who bathed, and the latter pilfering from the people while in the water, particularly jewellery, smaller pieces of which they would even swallow for concealment. The police had to attend in great numbers, otherwise there would not be the slightest protection for the women.

One intelligent young man of high caste, came three hundred miles to bathe and to pay the Brahmin a sum of money for his grandfather who had died some years ago. He listened to the preaching for three days, and then finding that the Brahmins could not tell him whither his grandfather had gone, he refused to be led by them any longer; he begged for a copy of the Scriptures, and the missionary had good hopes that he had found peace in believing. A fakir, also, whose appearance was not prepossessing, as he was covered with ashes and was almost naked, yet listened and became convinced of the truth of the Gospel, which he then embraced.

A missionary of the London Society, while on a preaching tour in Eastern Bengal, met with a community who, all unknown to the outside world, have been under Christian teaching. Some years ago a Brahmin pundit—that is, a learned Brahmin—obtained a copy of the Bible and Church of England Prayer Book, which he studied in private. After some time he began to tell others of the wonderful things he had found in the Scriptures; and thus he went on expounding the Word of God, and when the missionary came to the village, his joy was great as he found more than forty persons who for years had regularly met together for Bible reading and prayer.

An American missionary at Bombay gives a strange account of a pundit who had recently been baptized. He is one of the best Sanscrit scholars in that part of India, and for thirty years had rendered valuable assistance to the missionaries in their studies. Though familiar with the Bible, he would argue that Christ was an incarnation of Vishnu. He became afflicted with rheumatism, and suffered so severely that he was bent on committing suicide. At last he vowed that if Christ would save him from suffering he would henceforth confess Him before all men as the Saviour. Almost immediately the pain began to subside, and next day he

went to the nearest missionary and acknowledged himself as a disciple of the Lord Jesus. Does not God adapt himself to the weakest faith and the most prejudiced mind ?

Recently a few gentlemen in England formed the Anglo-Christian Union, whose object is to send out a few ministers to India, who are to itinerate during the winter months, and mingle with the missionaries of every denomination. A meeting was held in London a few months ago to hear the report of Rev. Mr. Somerville, who had just returned from such a tour, and said that he had been 156 days in his mission, during which he had held or taken part in 351 services, so that he had not been idle. He was pleased with his visit, and said that he believed the union of Christians would remove one great barrier out of the way of the conversion of the Hindus. The missionaries had much to endure from the dissolute lives of Europeans, not a few of whom are of worse morals than the poor heathen. Mr. S. eulogised the system of education, which he was sure would do much towards removing prejudice from the native population. The Society intend to send out a still larger number of such ministers in future years.

Those who undertake to preach in India need to be men of understanding, as many Hindus, with the Bible in their hands, will insist upon asking such questions as these : " If God be impartial, why did He make known His Gospel to a few Jews only ? Why did he not preach it to the whole family of men ?" " If God forgive sin, how can He maintain his authority over men ?" " If He forgive, is He not unjust ?" " What evidence have you that by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ your sins are forgiven you ?" " Tell us some of the benefits that in the present life you obtain through exercising faith in the Lord Jesus Christ ?" " Where are the proofs of Jesus Christ's divinity ?" " Where does He proclaim himself to be divine ?"

The education of the female sex will be one grand means for the salvation of India. All the churches feel this. From a census taken of one district within fifty miles of Calcutta, it was found that of 18,000 women, only six were able to read and write a little. In another of the same population, not one could do either. In Bengal, there are now 4,000 women and children attending schools. There are 600 zenana houses opened in Calcutta, which are attended by 1,109 married women, who are being educated and learning the story of the cross. A graduate of Calcutta University married a woman who did not know a single letter of the alphabet, and said to a gentleman who was labouring for the education of women, " Sir, we thank you for the work you are doing, for before our ladies were instructed, we educated men were doomed to perpetual widowhood."

From necessity the missionary societies must raise up a native ministry; we are glad, therefore, to record the fact that thirty-one young men of much promise are attending the M. E. Theological Seminary in India.

## CHINA.

This vast empire has for many years been accessible to the missionaries of the cross, and now, "more than three hundred mission stations have been established in different parts of China, by twenty-two different societies, and the number of Church members added to the fold of Christ is variously estimated at from 6,000 to 10,000." Still there are vast portions which they have not been able to reach. The Province of Shensi contains a population of fourteen millions, and the neighbouring Province of Shensi, ten and a quarter millions of people, and in neither of these vast areas, which abound with human beings, has there been any continued effort to make known the way of salvation.

The truth which is scattered in small seeds is often found after many days. In 1835, Dr. Medhurst went a voyage from Batavia to the western parts of China. He visited an island called Lam Yit and distributed a large number of books and tracts, which the people gladly received. When the missionaries of the M. E. Church commenced their labours at the port of Foochow in 1847, several of the islanders went to inquire if the doctrines were the same as those they had been taught, when they found that they were the very same. The missionaries inquired how they became acquainted with Christianity, when they described Dr. M.'s visit twelve years before. Thus one soweth and another reapeth; for Lam Yit became a successful station of the M. E. Church, and some of the islanders made such proficiency in Christian knowledge, that they were soon made native preachers.

The mission of the M. E. Church employs a variety of agencies, such as colporteurs, Bible women, &c., which are the means of doing great good. They are likewise doing much towards raising up a native ministry. Agents are also at work under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society, who look especially after the female sex, for whom they have established schools and hospitals where females who have studied medicine are employed. Great hopes are entertained respecting these varied agencies.

The use of opium has always been a bane to the Chinese, and, like intoxicating drinks among ourselves, often is the precursor of various maladies. A medical missionary at Hangchow reports that in a single year he had discharged 234 opium patients from the hospital cured, and had treated no less than 3,300 general cases (out patients.) Besides attending to the restoration of their health,

he daily held religious services in the hospital, so that a considerable number were thus brought under the sound of the gospel.

Another medical missionary reports that about 7,000 patients had been treated during the preceding year. Upon many of these surgical operations had been performed, and as but few cures are ever made by the Chinese medical men, the effects produced by the operations of the medical missionaries are of the most salutary kind. They behold how the missionaries resemble Him who went about doing good.

In the city of Peking there are twenty-three Mohammedan mosques. A young man belonging to one of the mission schools visited most of these, and sold a large number of copies of the New Testament in Arabic.

A poor Chinese servant became a Christian, and, having learned to read, was poring over one of Paul's Epistles, during intervals of her work. "What would you sell your Bible for?" asked one who noticed her work. "Other things have their price, but the things taught here are beyond all price," was the quiet reply.

In 1868 a widow, Mrs. Yiang by name, entered the service of the China Inland Mission. The love of the Heavenly Father compared with her own affection for her only son was the means of fixing her faith in Christ. Her father-in-law threatened to kill her, and on one occasion was about hanging her to a beam when some of her relatives interfered, for fear of getting themselves into trouble. Her sister's doors were closed against her, and, last of all, her son was completely alienated from her. In the midst of these afflictions she had been a daily witness for Christ, has borne her poverty patiently, and remained steadfast in the faith.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It is well-known that the gold fever drew many Chinese to Australia, California and British Columbia. In all these places special means have been used with a view to give them the gold which never perishes, and not without some success. There is a Chinese Sabbath school in one church in San Francisco, and to every scholar a teacher is assigned, so eager are the scholars after the truth. Eighty persons have become members of the church through the agency of this school. Recently a gentleman visited the city and spent the Sabbath afternoon, when the well-known hymn, "Shall we gather at the river, &c.," was sung in the Chinese language with great effect.

A Chinese Mission has been established at Victoria City, British Columbia, chiefly by means of the liberality of W. E. Sandford, Esq., Hamilton, Ontario. Several adult Chinese are in daily attendance. In addition to the day school, a Sabbath school has been formed. The Chinese are anxious to learn.

Rev. E. P. Hammond some time since visited British Columbia, and in one of his letters gives a noble testimony to the Methodist Mission there. An Indian woman attended Sabbath school at Victoria, and became converted. She then entreated her people to attend, and many of them did so and received like precious faith with herself. She became concerned for her son, who was 600 miles away with his tribe and was a very degraded heathen, but she prayed for him and agonized on his behalf. He came to Victoria, not knowing why he did so, but no doubt it was in answer to prayer, where he found the Saviour, and insisted that a missionary should be sent to his people. This was more than a year ago, and still the work goes delightfully on. Rev. W. Pollard has in his possession a great number of the idols which the people formerly worshipped.

This mission (Fort Simpson) was established by Bro. Crosby. He and his devoted young wife, the daughter of our old friend, Rev. John Douse, have been in labours more abundant for the good of the poor Indians among whom they toil, and, from what we can gather from various sources, few missions have been more successful than this has been. Several of the poor people who had been brought to the Saviour, sent through the missionary little epistles to the people of Canada expressing their thanks for the Gospel. One says, "I shake hands with you in my heart. You love Jesus and have the light—do help us: We want a very large church, for we hope people will come from other places. Please send us your words back to let us know what you think."

The day school numbers near 300 pupils, while there is an attendance of 600 at the Sabbath school, and about the same number at the Sabbath services. Mr. Pollard visited the mission lately and was much pleased with the state of things. The change among the people is simply marvellous. The missionary pleads hard for books and Sunday school papers to be sent to their assistance. Could not our Sabbath school friends spare a few volumes from their libraries to aid such noble brethren as the Rev. T. Crosby, who have great difficulty in obtaining a sufficiency of books for their mission Sunday schools?

The lay treasurer of the Methodist Missionary Society, John Macdonald, Esq., M.P., spent some days in recreation during the last summer at Couchiching, not far from the Indian Mission, Rama. The devoted missionary, Rev. T. Woolsey, was much cheered by the presence and help of Mr. Macdonald, who with his family attended the quarterly meeting and some other religious services. Mr. Macdonald was much pleased with his visit, and recommends all persons to visit Rama who may have any doubts respecting the success of our Indian missions. He recommended the Indians to enlarge their church and make some other needful improvements, promising, of course, some substantial help. He

also authorised the missionary to offer prizes to the mission school, for sewing, cleanliness, good conduct, punctuality, &c., &c., hoping that such offers of reward will have a good effect. All prizes will be forwarded to Mr. Woolsey for distribution as soon as he furnishes the kind donor with the names of those entitled to receive them. Mr. Macdonald pays a highly deserved compliment to the young lady who has charge of the school at Rama. Could not others of our friends imitate the example of Mr. M. in paying an occasional visit to our mission stations, and assist the missionary in his labour of love, in some way similar to that now named?

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

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### ROMANISM AND ATHEISM.

THE signs of the times even here in Canada are not altogether assuring. There are disturbing elements at work among us which may give us serious trouble in the not very distant future. Romanism, that wily and determined foe of both civil and religious liberty, is manifesting even more than its wonted activity. The provincial council recently held in the city of Toronto, under the presidency of that audacious and unscrupulous ecclesiastic, Archbishop Lynch, was not held for nothing; judging from the past, we have but too good reason to look for serious mischief. No stone will be left unturned, we may be well assured, in order to effect the ruin of our common school system, or, failing in that, to cripple it as seriously as may be. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and in the presence of such an insidious and powerful enemy as the Romish Church, it is the price of everything upon which the security of our liberty depends. Through the agency of the Catholic League, Romanism aims at holding the balance of power between the two great political factions of the country, and it knows very well that so long as it succeeds in this, it may ask what it will from the Government and it will not be denied. The attitude which it has assumed in respect to the Guibord case shows how strong it believes its position to be. And if the Lieut.-Governor is the nominee of Archbishop Lynch, as is whispered to be the case, and as there is good reason to believe the former occupant of the Government House was, we need not wonder that he has had the audacity to turn the principal thoroughfares of this Protestant city into a theatre for the exhibition of the superstitions and semi-pagan mummeries of his Church. The fact is, he has been pampered to such an extent by weak-kneed and time-serving politicians



that he has come to look upon himself as complete master of the situation, and seems to think that he can act as if the country were his own. Much has been said of the disgraceful conduct of the mob that attacked the procession of the pilgrims the other Sabbath—and probably it deserved all the censure which was heaped upon it—but it is remarkable how little has been said in condemnation of the audacious proceeding which provoked it. What would be said if an Orange procession attempted to parade the streets of Montreal on the Sabbath? Is it reasonable to believe that the whole police force of the city would be put in requisition, with the "Catholic" mayor at its head, to protect the Orangemen from violence? Would not the procession be more likely to be summarily suppressed on the ground that it would be likely to lead to a breach of the peace? And if, after due warning, or probably without any warning at all, the processionists persisted in claiming their right to act in defiance of the public sentiment of the majority, would they not have to do so at their peril? Who are these papists, then, and what claims have they which do not belong to other people? We are willing to accord to them the full measure of liberty which we claim for ourselves; but until we learn that their loyalty and devotion to the throne and person of Her Majesty, and to the Government of the country, is more hearty and sincere than that of others, we are not disposed to give them any more. Few in this province would be disposed to favour recourse to violence even for the purpose of setting limits to Popish insolence; the order-loving people of Ontario are quite willing to leave the use of all such questionable tactics to Bishop Bourget and his *moutons* in the province of Quebec; but the Protestant people here may find it necessary to combine at the polls to protect themselves from further encroachment upon their rights. Even from Archbishop Lynch and his Catholic League they may be able to learn a lesson which may be turned to practical account.

The twin brother of Romanism is atheism. The transition from the one to the other seems to be natural and, one would think, almost inevitable. It is a well-known fact that the most vigorous intellects in so-called "Catholic" countries are sceptics. And who can wonder that it is so? What transition is more natural than from a petrified dogmatism, the fossilated letter which killeth, from which the life-giving spirit has been separated for ages, to pass over to a state of blank and absolute unbelief. Even atheism itself, hideous and appalling as it unquestionably is, is scarcely more so than the creed of this apostolic church; for it is difficult to decide which is the most dishonouring to God, to deny his existence altogether, or to identify with him the weak and drivelling old man of the Vatican, not to speak of the blasphemous and degrading mummeries of the mass. It was not, however, for

the purpose of tracing the connection between these two appalling forms of error that they were mentioned together here, but to call attention to the fact that scriptural and living Christianity in this country is assailed from both of these quarters. The debate which recently took place in the Temperance Hall in this city is in itself a significant fact. That in a Christian city like Toronto a congregation could be gathered together to listen to the man who undertook to make good the assertion of the fool who said in his heart "There is no God," is sad; and that a Christian minister could be found who would stoop so low as to treat the existence of his Maker as an open question, which, after a loose and rambling discussion, might be submitted to the decision of such a nondescript gathering, will to many minds, we doubt not, appear sadder still. The defence of the truth is no doubt an important part of the duty of every Christian minister; and even the private Christian should be ready always to give to every man that asketh him the reason of the hope that is in him with meekness and fear; but that the irreverent treatment of such awful subject, such as this received in the debate between Messrs. Underwood and Marples, can lead to any beneficial result, we cannot believe. Even if the disputants had both been first rate men, capable of presenting their respective sides of the argument in the strongest form, it would have been vain to expect any very valuable results from the debate. It is in the quiet of a man's own closet that he is likely to hear the still small voice in which truth is most commonly whispered to the heart, rather than amid the noise and excitement of a public discussion. The attack of "Laon" upon evangelical Christianity, in the *Canadian Monthly*, has, as might have been expected, been followed by a subsequent article, in which the writer reveals his evil animus towards Christianity in every form. The replies on the Christian side which have appeared in the same periodical, so far as we have examined them, though well intentioned, have been weak; but it will be something new under the sun if the Lord does not raise up in due time champions of the truth, who will be more than a match for the mightiest of its assailants. When the foundations of the Christian faith are so openly and boldly assailed; when the very existence of the moral Ruler of the universe is called in question; when the doctrine of a future life is treated as a myth, and the idea of a state of reward and punishment beyond the grave is taught to be a mere invention of priests and rulers to keep the ignorant in awe,—it is scarcely matter of astonishment that crime in its most revolting forms is frightfully prevalent. "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" If the very distinction between right and wrong be obliterated, and the very idea of the moral government of God, which is the basis of all authority, be destroyed, what is there to prevent chaos coming again? Many a blatant infidel who enjoys the security of that civilisation which is the

outgrowth of Christianity, little dreams of the consequences which would come upon himself and his children if his principles should but be generally adopted by mankind. We have quite enough of that kind of thing already. There is quite little enough security for life and every other human interest amongst us. The rowdiness in our own city is something terrible. The number of murders throughout the country is sufficiently alarming. The number of cases of aggravated crimes against the persons of females, notwithstanding the stern discipline of the lash, is a revolting feature in the current history of crime among us; and the heartsickening case of Arthur Paul Davis and the wretched partner of his crimes shows that murder in one of its most abominable forms has even been adopted as a trade in the midst of our community.

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#### THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

But "at the eventide there is light." The darkest cloud has its silver lining. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." With all these discouraging indications there are not wanting others which are full of hope. The Board of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada met in Cobourg the other day, and the annual report of the Society will be in the hands of its patrons in a few days; and though it will contain the record of one fact which will at first no doubt have a stunning effect upon some timid folk, even that, when properly considered, will be felt to be matter of thankfulness to God. The society is in debt. The treasurers have been under the necessity of overdrawing their account, we understand, to the extent of about *thirty-seven thousand dollars!* That this has not been done without due consideration, will be sufficiently apparent to any one who will carefully examine the composition of the large and carefully selected "Committee of Consultation and Review," by and with whose knowledge and advice these large payments have been made. How then did it occur? How? Why, the Church, at the bidding of its divine Head, has been praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest; and in answer to their prayers the field has been enlarged and the labourers have been multiplied. The large measure of success which has been vouchsafed has made this increased expenditure necessary; and surely the temporary inconvenience of being in debt will not restrain our gratitude to God, or prevent us from rejoicing. The Lord has accepted the offerings of his people, and we confidently expect that they will show their grateful appreciation of the honour which he has conferred upon them by pouring a larger amount into the treasury this year by many thousands of dollars than was ever contributed in one year before. The anni-

versaries which have been held up to the present, so far as we have been able to learn, have been such as to justify the hope of a very considerable advance upon the income of former years.

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#### CHURCH EXTENSION.

The work of church extension goes bravely on. Beautiful and commodious churches are going up in every part of the country. Our friends in Woodstock have been devising liberal things in this regard. They have just laid the foundation of an edifice, which, when completed, will be one of the finest in the country. The new church at Aylmer, which was opened some time ago, is a noble monument of the good taste and Christian liberality of the Methodists of that circuit. At Selby, Montreal Conference, a fine church is approaching completion. In Peterboro' and Port Hope the work of church building is going on on a truly magnificent scale. The churches in course of erection in both of these places will be among the finest structures of the kind in the country.

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#### A REVIVAL NEEDED.

There is just one thing, the want of which is deeply felt by the most devoted of the Methodist people of this country, and we doubt not it is felt by the members of other churches, and that is, a wide-spread, far-reaching and powerful revival of religion. These pages bear testimony to our thorough appreciation of the influence which our own church and the churches generally are exerting, and the work which they are doing ; but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that a larger measure of divine influence in connexion with the ordinary services of the sanctuary, and the social meetings of the church, is at this hour the grand *desideratum* of the Church. This want is deeply felt by thousands, and the earnest prayer is going up daily from thousands of devoted souls, "O Lord, revive Thy work." A little more united earnest prayer, and a little stronger faith, and the showers of blessing will surely descend. Let but the whole Church be of one accord, like the infant Church on the day of Pentecost, and we may expect to see the scenes of Pentecost repeated on a scale commensurate with the extent and the requirements of the Church of the present. May the Lord hasten it ! "Even so, Come Lord Jesus." Amen.

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TRUTH and liberty go hand in hand. A lie enslaves, and that which may seem to be liberty, if it be based on falsehood, is really slavery. We need never fear truth, for truth always emancipates, as certainly as enslaves.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

## FATHER CHINIQUY ON THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE city of Montreal for some time past has witnessed a succession of exciting scenes, one of which, the Guibord case, is likely to afford matter for many leading articles in the daily papers for some time to come. Surely if anything can teach the people of Canada the intolerance of the Papacy, enough has transpired in this city for such a purpose.

The little duodecimo which the Rev. C. Chiniquy has just issued has increased the excitement, not only in Montreal, but has created quite a sensation throughout the Dominion. Mr. Chiniquy is no ordinary man. He was born of Roman Catholic parents near the city of Quebec, and as there was no school in the neighbourhood, his mother taught him to read. Like several of the better informed French Romanists, Mr. C.'s parents had in their house a French Bible, which the boy used frequently to read. In due time he became a priest, and acted in that capacity twenty-five years, and was a zealous son of the Church. Being an earnest advocate of temperance, he was often called the Father Matthew of Lower Canada, and frequently went forth on temperance excursions. He was very popular as a priest, and often visited parishes to preach a retreat (a kind of revival). As there had been a large emigration from Lower Canada to the United States, the Bishop employed Father Chiniquy to visit the settlements where they were located, and on his recommendatic an attempt was made to gather all the habitants together at Kar'kakee, near Chicago. It was while he was at this French Canadian colony, that he left the Roman Catholic Church, and many of his people followed him. Now began a series of persecutions more befitting "the dark ages" than the nineteenth century; but he has survived the whole, and, by his consistent deportment, has so far won the esteem of all true Protestants.

Since renouncing the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. C. has connected himself with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and is appointed by that denomination to labour as a missionary at large among his countrymen, having his headquarters in the city of Montreal. He often travels abroad and lectures on the dogmas of the Romish Church, and never fails to produce a sensation, wherever he may open his mouth to declare what he knows about the Church of his fathers. Some have complained that his lectures are too discursive, and that, occasionally at least, his denunciations are too severe; but those who have seen the workings of the system of Popery, especially such as have been behind the scenes, think that it is hardly possible to exaggerate its evils.

No doubt when a lecturer is under the influence of excitement, he may speak warmly, and some of his statements may seem to be

highly coloured ; but, when the lecturer becomes the author, and writes his sentiments in the calmness of the study, we necessarily then look for precision and correctness. Mr. Chiniqy has written the book bearing the significant title "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional," and in doing so, he has related his own experience. He testifies that which he has seen. He professes to deal with facts. There is no attempt at embellishment. True, some of the narrations are simply horrifying ; but, are they true ? We believe they are, and in consequence of the indifference of some Protestants at the rapid strides of Popery in our own midst, it is well that this little book has been published and sent forth as a thunderbolt to startle us from our slumbers. The author proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the "Confessional" is an instrument of deadly evil. It is the upas tree, which is spreading its poison through the length and breadth of the land, and ought immediately to be plucked up by the roots. When we read of the way in which the priest interrogates the female sex, it is difficult to retain our equilibrium, and we are led to wonder how men can act thus and so ; but then, the author shows that as true sons of the Church, the priests are compelled to pursue the course which is here stated. He quotes the standard authors of the Romish Church, such as Dens, Lignon, Debreque, &c., how that every priest must follow the directions therein stated. Of course, Mr. Chiniqy does not insinuate that the Church authorises the scenes of immorality which arise from the confessional, but he points out how that the celibacy of the priesthood, in connection with the confessional, produces such results as constantly occur where these exist. No one can read the book without feeling a degree of pity for those poor ignorant dupes who are enslaved by the Romish priesthood. This production of the pen of Father Chiniqy deserves the widest possible circulation. Scatter it broadcast throughout the Dominion.

E. B.

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A WRITER in the *Baptist Weekly* says: "A very hard-hearted clapper in an old church-tower professed the intensest distress because its bell was hopelessly cracked. Many people thought it a pitiable position, and wished the sad-hearted clapper a better bell. But just then the ghost of ancient Diogenes, the sage, floated in through the window, and whistled most angrily: 'Master Clapper, cease your noise, and remember, in the first place, *you* cracked the bell; and, secondly, nobody would have known it had you not told them.' I have often observed that those who bemoan divisions in a church are they who make them; and I also observe sometimes that they who make them are most ready to publish the fact; I have observed another fact, *viz.*, that all clappers are not of as good metal as the bells they crack."



## CALENDAR.

Prepared for *Earnest Christianity* by Rev. GEO. H. CORNISH.

### PHASES OF THE MOON.

First Quar. 6th day, 4hrs., 34min., A.M. | Last Quar. 19th day, 7hrs., 17min., P.M.  
 Full Moon 13th " 4 " 13 " A.M. | New Moon 27th " 6 " 26 " P.M.

November in the Old Roman Calendar was the ninth month, and was so named from the Latin "Novem," nine; the ninth month from March. As passes away the year, so pass away the generations of man: and the figure is common in both sacred and secular writings. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Pet. i. 24, 25.

1	Mon.	Rev. Matthew Whiting died, aged 80 years .....	1868
2	Tue.	Mrs. Phoebe Palmer died in New York .....	1874
	Wed.	Rev. Dr. Coke first landed in New York .....	1784
3		{ Rev. Robert Brown died, aged 45 years .....	1863
	Thu.	{ Rev. Horace Dean died, aged 68 years .....	1866
4		{ Rev. John Hutchinson died in Hamilton, aged 78 years .....	1874
5	Fri.	Samuel, eldest brother of John Wesley, died, aged 48 years .....	1739
6	Sat.	Rev. Hezekiah C. Wooster died, aged 28 years .....	1798
7	Sun.	"Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."—Exodus xx. 8 ...	
8	Mon.	Peter Jones com. work translating Wes. Hymns into Ojebway lang	1828
9	Tue.	Albert Edward, Prince of Wales born .....	1841
10	Wed.	Battle of Williamsburg, Canada .....	1813
11	Thu.	Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock .....	1620
12	Fri.	Rev. Thomas Campbell died in Hamilton, aged 55 years .....	1866
13	Sat.	Montreal taken .....	1775
14	Sun.	Peter Jones com. translating Scriptures into the Ojebway language.	1828
15	Mon.	"We spend our days as a tale that is told."—Ps. xc. 9 .....	
16	Tue.	"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Matt. v. 8.	
17	Wed.	Rev. James Hughes 2nd died, aged 30 years .....	1862
18	Thu.	Missionary ship "John Wesley" wrecked .....	1865
19	Fri.	Rev. Francis Chapman died, aged 37 years .....	1855
20	Sat.	Rev. William Williams died, aged 32 years .....	1861
21	Sun.	Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal, born .....	1840
22	Mon.	Missionary Williams killed at Erromanga .....	1839
23	Tue.	Rev. James Evans died, aged 46 years .....	1846
24	Wed.	"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you."—1 John iii. 13.	
25	Thu.	Sir Henry Havelock died .....	1857
26	Fri.	"Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks."—1 Thess.	
27	Sat.	First Eddystone Lighthouse destroyed .....	1703
28	Sun.	"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—	
29	Mon.	(30) Rev. Ezra Adams died, aged 84 years .....	1871
30	Tue.	Rev. Joseph Hugill died at Farmersville, aged 46 years .....	1868

## RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.

Joyfully.

Ring the bells of hea-ven! there is joy to-day. For a soul re-tur-ning from the

wid: See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Welcoming His weary wand'ring child

Chorus.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, how the an-gels sing; Gio-ry, gio-ry, how the loud harps ring;

'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled;  
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
And is born anew a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,  
Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain!  
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!  
For a precious soul is born again.