


THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

THEN AND NOW.

 THE publication of the Rev. Mr. Patterson's History of the County of Pictou,* Nova Scotia, in the same year with the first meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Halifax, suggests interesting points in the progress of Canada within the past hundred years in things human and Divine, in privileges material and spiritual.

In the year 1787, as a simple instance of material progress, we learn from one of Mr. Patterson's notes to chapter eighth of the above volume, that there were only four or five horses between Salmon River and Antigonish. "We have heard," we quote from the note, "John McLean, of West River, tell of the first horse he ever saw. He heard of a man in the neighborhood having got such an animal, and not long after, being down in the interval, he was struck with terror at the sudden appearance of a huge beast, which he considered must be the aforesaid horse. He retained his faculties, however, sufficiently to consider whether it would be better immediately to take flight, but concluded, that if he did so, it might lead the animal to pursue him. He therefore glided away quietly till he got some bushes between himself and the horse, when he took to his heels, and ran with all his might till he reached home."

* A History of the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia; By the Rev. George Patterson, D.D. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: Jas. Campbell & Son.

Through that district the iron horse now runs, carrying behind him, with the speed of the wind, mails and passengers from the great lakes and busy cities of the western world; and it would be interesting to know whether John McLean lived to see the advent of this black monster, and if he did, whether he kept his senses when he saw him, and how far he ran, when his horrible screech broke in on the solitude of Salmon River and Antigonish.

Changes as great as, in things material, from no horses nor roads to horses and iron roads, have come over Pictou and Nova Scotia in things spiritual. The very year (1759) General Wolfe died victorious on the plains of Abraham, there was born at the foot of the romantic Loch Earn, in Perthshire, a young man—James McGregor—who well deserves the chapter devoted to him in this interesting book, and also well deserves the name of the Apostle of Pictou. At the bidding of the supreme court of his church, James McGregor left his country, his kindred, and his father's house, to go into a land that God was to show him. In the fervor of early youth he entered on his work in Pictou in the year 1786.

"The majority of the settlers," Mr. McGregor tells us, "were in extreme poverty. . . . Their houses were of round logs, with moss stuffed in between them, and plastered with clay. Their furniture was of the rudest description, a block of wood or a rude bench serving for chair or table. Money was scarcely seen. Not a loaf could be afforded of our own bread. There was no mill to grind it. We had scarcely any tradesmen of any kind."

Such a state of things as described above may, we believe be found in the back woods in certain sections of Canada at this very moment; but it is to be hoped that no township in our broad Dominion is now in the spiritual condition in which James McGregor found Pictou. On the first Sabbath after his arrival he preached in a barn. His first text was, "This is a faithful saying," etc, and the first words he heard after pronouncing the blessing were from an old soldier calling to his companions, "Come, come, let us go to the grog-shop." On the second Sabbath he complains that the conduct of those in attendance was as disorderly as before. "Their

singing, and whistling, and laughing, and bawling, filled my mind with amazement and perplexity." During the service one man stood up, and in a loud and angry voice, told him that he was good for nothing, and did not deserve the name of a minister, and that he would never pay him a shilling as he refused to baptize his child. There were, however, among the settlers men that feared God, who rejoiced with great joy in beholding the face of a faithful gospel minister, and who cheered the heart of the young evangelist by their words and by their conduct.

With a heroic courage, which ought to be held up to the admiration to-day of young preachers in Canada, he buckled himself to the great task of checking and rebuking vice, of teaching the ignorant, of preaching the everlasting gospel, of building schools and churches, and organizing the people into fully equipped congregations, after the Presbyterian type. "I had to learn," he says, "to walk on snow-shoes in winter, to paddle a canoe in summer, to cross brooks and swamps upon trees overturned or broken by the wind, and to camp in the woods all night—for there is no travelling the woods after night where there is no road." For weeks he was from home. In the poor huts in which he had to lodge he suffered cold, and had to subsist on the poorest fare. "Often a plank was his only bed," Mr. Patterson remarks, "and a potato his fare, but never did he complain."

In wisdom he resolved, and with much prayer and pains he labored to lay deep the foundation of the temple more lasting than brass, he was raising in the woods of New Scotland to Christ our Lord. During his first winter he began a regular course of family visitation and catechetical instruction. "The purport of my visitation," Mr. McGregor tells us, "was to awaken men to a sight of their sinful and dangerous state, to direct them to Christ, to exhort them to be diligent to grow in religious knowledge, and to set up the worship of God in the family and closet, morning and evening. I did not pass a house, and although I was not cordially welcomed by all, my visits were productive of more good than I expected." That paragraph contains a great secret of ministerial success. It

is such a way of working, apostolic and thorough, that God ever blesses with solid and lasting success. We could, therefore, on the testimony of God's promise, expect to find the issue of such thorough work, as Mr. Patterson tells us: "The effects of his labor soon began to appear. The people generally began to awake to the subject of religion, many were found turning to the Lord, and a great change in their religious habits passed over the whole population. Family worship, and family religious instruction, became almost universal, and people flocked from all quarters to attend on the preaching of the word, young women even walking in summer from the West to the East River, a distance of ten miles or more, for that purpose."

Here was, therefore, a genuine and deep revival of religion, and that through the ordinary means of grace; the effects of which continue all over Nova Scotia till this day in many of its families and in some of its pulpits. Great is the power of the old-fashioned mode of preaching the gospel—"publicly, and from house to house,"—high in the esteem of God are the ordinary means of grace—"Moses and the prophets,"—and sure is the reward of pains, perseverance, and thoroughness in the kingdom of grace as well as in the kingdom of nature. We regret our limited space forbids us to write of Duncan Ross and Thomas McCulloch, the worthy successors of James McGregor in the work of God.

In the course of nine more years a century will have passed since James McGregor arrived in Pictou, and since Messrs. Smith, Cock, and Graham, along with him, organized in Truro (1786) the first Presbytery in British North America. In ninety-one years the tiny rivulet has become a great river: the Presbytery of three ministers, with Mr. McGregor invited to sit as a corresponding member, has become a General Assembly with its constituency extending from Halifax to the valley of the Saskatchewan, having under its care some twelve hundred churches, having in its service some six hundred ministers, and conducting missions in China, India, and the South Sea Islands, with five or six colleges for the training of its ministers. It is good for the young ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to have thus brought before them, as Mr. Patter-

son has done in this handsome volume, the early history of their Church in Nova Scotia, and especially in the interesting, important, one would almost say, the empire county of Pictou. The history is written with fulness of detail, that omits nothing of importance in the history of the county, and yet the array of hard facts, figures, and names is relieved by many a graphic incident, and enlivened by not a few fine touches of humor. The *then* of British America in 1786 is widely different from its *now* as we write in 1877. How vast the change between the condition of the American continent and of Europe as the eighteenth century was drawing to its close, and the state of these continents now as the nineteenth is hastening through its last quarter. Religion is now more general, and Christians are more numerous and better informed on general literature, but it is questionable whether there is in our days a corresponding increase in the breadth of theologic knowledge, in the depth of soul-communion with God, and in the fervency of pulpit utterances. The Presbyterian Church in Canada contains many able, laborious, and successful gospel pastors, but with all their advantages they must stand with uncovered heads before such men as Dr. James McGregor and Dr. Thomas McCulloch, especially on the point of lofty and sustained fervor in all the departments of the great work.

In reference to one matter suggested by the comparison, viz., the greater fervor in preaching of the older generation of ministers as compared with the younger generation, Professor Bruce of Glasgow thus spoke recently to his students:

"I remember a conversation I had some years ago with a respected minister of another church on the subject, viz., fervency in preaching. He remarked that the older ministers were better preachers than the younger, and wondered what might be the reason. I said in reply, 'They believed more than we do; we are a sceptical generation.' Yes. We want men in our pulpits who believe with their whole heart and soul, and who, believing intensely, can speak emphatically, vehemently, yea, on needful occasions, with volcanic force; we want such men because the spirit of the age is so sceptical."

Living Preachers.

SALVATION OF INFANTS: A WORD OF COMFORT TO BEREAVED CHRISTIAN PARENTS.*

BY REV. W. A. M'KAY, BALTIMORE.

"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."—Matt. xviii. 14.



THE subject to which I wish to direct your attention to-day is the Salvation of children dying in infancy. I do not, however interpret the text as referring exclusively, or even especially, to infants. It applies to all weak and lowly believers, as well as to the young. The connection in which it stands with the parable of the hundred sheep, one of which went astray, puts this beyond doubt. The text shows that our Lord Jesus Christ is a Shepherd who cares tenderly for every soul committed to his charge. The youngest, the weakest, the sickliest, of his flock is as dear to him as the strongest. It is not his will nor the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish. But while our Lord's statement applies to many adults, it undoubtedly includes children; and its language and spirit are such as to make it a suitable text for a discourse on this subject.

The question then is, Are any children dying in infancy saved? If so, are all such saved, or is it true of only some of the number that they are chosen to everlasting life?

I believe that all children dying in infancy are saved; and I believe it for the following reasons:

1. *Children are capable of being regenerated and made partakers of the saving grace of Christ in infancy.*

That they need such a thorough change, no one will deny. They cannot be saved on the ground of their natural innocency and purity, irrespectively of the electing love of the Father, the redeeming work of the Son, and the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit. No; "by nature they are children of wrath, even as others." "In Adam all die."

* This sermon is published unabridged in pamphlet form, and for sale by J. Bain & Son, Toronto.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh." The whole human race, infants not excepted, descended from Adam by ordinary generation, inherit depravity, and are liable to death and other penal evils. (Rom. v. 12.)

Children, then, need regeneration and saving grace as well as adults. But how can they receive this? I reply, that "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Our children, born in sin because of their descent from the first Adam, are heirs of grace in virtue of their covenant relation to the second. "As by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." On these words Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, perhaps the highest living authority in the Presbyterian Church, remarks, "We have no right to put any limit on these general terms, except what the Bible itself places upon them. The Scriptures nowhere exclude any class of infants, baptized or unbaptized, born in Christian or in heathen lands, of believing or unbelieving parents, from the benefits of the redemption of Christ. All the descendants of Adam, except Christ, are under condemnation; all the descendants of Adam, except those of whom it is expressly revealed that they cannot enter the Kingdom of God, are saved." As ignorance does not prevent children suffering from the sin of Adam, so ignorance need not prevent them being saved through the righteousness of Christ; for "where sin abounded grace did much more abound." If the sin of Adam has so much abounded as to kill their bodies for 6000 years, will not the grace of Christ, which much more abounds, suffice to save their souls?

"Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Doth His salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low."

How infants are made partakers of saving grace we may not be able to explain. God is not a hard taskmaster, reaping where he hath not sown, or gathering where he has not strawed. Faith, necessary to salvation in the case of adults, is not necessary in the case of infants, but in the language of our Confession, "they are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth."

2. *Children were the objects of Christ's special regard and tenderness, when he dwelt on earth.*

Isaiah says, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom." Jesus

cares for all of his flock; not one of them shall lack any good thing; but specially does he manifest care and tenderness for the lambs. Elsewhere he is represented as carrying the sheep on his shoulders, but here the evangelical prophet represents him as carrying the lambs, not on his shoulders, but in his bosom, the place of endearment and warmth. On many occasions did our Lord's tender concern for the little ones manifest itself. "Take heed," said he to his disciples, "that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 10.) When his disciples disputed among themselves who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he took a little child and set it in the midst of them, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 1-4.) To the chief priests and scribes looking with haughty contempt on the children crying Hosanna to the Son of David, Jesus said, "Have ye never read, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" (Matt. xxi. 15, 16.) Do not these words seem to imply that in heaven there shall be "perfect praise" to God from multitudes who here on earth were babes and sucklings,—little ones early torn from fond maternal bosoms? On another occasion, when His disciples were displeased at those who brought their little ones to Him, He spoke those cheering and familiar words, "suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God, * * * And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands on them, and blessed them." (Mark x. 13-16.) "Feed my lambs" was a part of his farewell injunction to Peter. "My lambs." I like that expression. The lambs belong to Christ.

"He justly claims them for his own,
Who bought them with a price."

3. *Children, according to Christ's own declaration, belong to the family of God.*

In a passage already quoted he gives us a reason why children ought not to be hindered from coming unto him that "of such is the Kingdom of God." The meaning of this expression, according to the great majority of the best commentators, is, that "of such"—of infants—heaven is

* These words "of such" indicate also that the church on earth is built up chiefly through, in, or by the children of believing parents, and such other children as are taught to know and love Jesus from their childhood. The church is built up as our Canadian forest is replenished with trees, not so much by importation from abroad as by growth, multiplication from within. It was thus the Jews grew from one family, and one son in that family—Isaac—to be, as they are at present, having had few extraneous additions, a nation of many millions.—Ed. C.O.M.

in a great measure made up. John Newton says, "In these words our Lord informs us of a fact, that the number of infants who are effectually redeemed to God by His blood, so greatly exceeds the aggregate of adult believers, that, comparatively, His kingdom may be said to consist of little children."

Such, I believe, is the true meaning of this precious passage. The disciples thought these "little ones" beneath their Master's notice, but not so the Master himself. The presence of the children reminds him of his Father's house,—the heaven from which he came, and he says "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

If it be said that the expression, "kingdom of God," or "kingdom of heaven," means the Church of Christ on earth, still the passage bears with scarcely any less force on the salvation of infants. For then we have here Christ's warrant for regarding children as members of his visible church, and the question comes to this,—Does not Christ's recognition of children as members of his church on earth imply that he will recognize them as members of his church in heaven? Men may mistake as to those who are entitled to privileges of Christ's Church. But Christ himself cannot. And therefore, I believe he will not exclude from the church in heaven those to whom he has assigned a place in the church on earth.

4. *Children dying in infancy are free from the ground of final condemnation.*

—They have original sin, it is true, but that, I think, is never presented in God's Word as the ground of condemnation. Men are lost because they reject offered salvation. But those dying before they have done good or ill cannot be said to have *rejected* salvation. Sinners will also on the last day be judged according to their works, whether they be good or bad. It is sufficient to refer to the following passages, Matt. xvi. 27; xxv. 41-46; 2 Cor. v. 10; Rev. xx. 12; xxii. 12. But those dying in infancy cannot be condemned on the ground of their works. We therefore conclude that when the Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire, there will not be an infant found who has offended, or done iniquity.

5. *Children dying in infancy possess none of the characteristics of the lost.*

Paul, (Rom. ii. 8, 9,) describing the lost, says, "They are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness;" and he tells us that to such God will render indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish. But are the sins here mentioned sins of which an infant could

be guilty? In Gal. v. 19-21, the apostle gives a list of the works of the flesh, and a black and terrible list it is. He tells us that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But in this long list of soul-destroying sins there is not one sin of which an infant could be guilty. I would refer, also, to the character of the lost, as given in Rev. xxi. 8. In these and other passages of Scripture we have enumerated a vast variety of sins, of which we are told that such as do them cannot enter into the kingdom of God. But yet none of these is ever found in an infant. From the envy, malice, lust, hatred, folly, falsehood, cruelty, injustice, impiety, madness, murder, which so blacken the life of man, infants are free. They have "not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression."

From this I do not conclude that they will be saved because of their innocence. I have already shown from God's Word that they have sinful natures and need regeneration. But they will not be condemned on the ground of possessing those fearful characteristics by which the inspired writers describe the lost.

6. *Children dying in infancy are always referred to in the Scriptures in language that is soothing and encouraging.*

In Ezek. xvi. 21, God rebukes his people for giving up their children to Moloch, by causing them to pass through the fire, and those little ones who were sacrificed, God calls "*my children.*" Already we have seen Jesus speaking of them as "*my lambs,*" and here God says "*my children.*" May we not, therefore, believe that they will never be disowned or cast away?

In 2 Sam. xii. 15-23, we have the account of the death of the first child of David by Bathsheba. While the child was sick, David prayed and fasted and wept, but when they told him the child was dead, he ceased from his grief, and said, "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Now, where did David expect to find his child? Certainly not in the grave. That would be no ground of consolation. He means that when his own work would be over, and his pilgrimage completed, he would be reunited with his child in heaven. Contrast David's calm cheerful composure on the death of this child with his agonizing frenzy of mind at the death of his adult and rebellious son Absalom. Why this difference? Ah, he could not say of Absalom, "I shall go to him." He had no hope of Absalom, and therefore, he bitterly bewailed, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" But not so with his babe; he could let him

go with perfect confidence, for he "sorrowed not as they that are without hope." Many a bereaved parent has found comfort and encouragement in this passage. A few weeks ago a mother sat weeping with her sorrowing husband and family. It was Sabbath evening, and the still solemn silence of the day seemed to give depth and intensity to feeling. Every heart in that family knew its own bitterness that Sabbath evening, for in the afternoon the remains of dear little Mary were taken away and laid in the cold grave, and there was an empty chair at the table, and a familiar voice gone. While that bereaved mother's heart was breaking, and she was giving way to immoderate grief, she sent up a silent petition for help to the God of all consolation. She then asked for a Bible. It was brought her. Opening it at a venture, the first words that caught her eye were those before us, "But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Each may put what explanation he pleases on this remarkable circumstance; I have simply related the facts. I would only add, further, that the Bible had not been opened at that particular place for months before.

7. *Children seem to be included in the vision of John, (Rev. vii. 9.) "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb."*

The nations which have passed away during the last 6000 years without the true religion must be very many. And since there will be some saved out of "all nations," and as no idolater can be saved, (Gal. v. 19-21,) who among the heathen will be saved unless those who died in early childhood?

I would not, of course, press too far a literal interpretation of these words "all nations," etc. The passage taken by itself might not have much bearing on the salvation of infants, but taken with other considerations it is at least worth pointing out. There is surely a crumb of comfort in it. To my own mind it is a welcome and blessed thought that out of every nation and country under the sun the multitudes of children, who die in infancy, are "caught up to God and to his throne," swelling the number of the redeemed, and constituting imperishable monuments of the grace and power of the redeemer.

8. *Children seem to be included in those passages of Scripture which speak of the number that shall at last be saved.*

That the number of the saved will be inconceivably great is beyond all doubt. In Revelation, the number of the redeemed is spoken of as

“ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, (v. 11,) even a great multitude which no man could number” (vii. 9.) Elsewhere they are said to be numerous as the drops of dew, as the dust of the earth, or the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered. I love to think with many that at the last, as some one has said, the number of the lost will not bear a greater proportion to the number of the saved, than do the criminals in our gaols to the whole population of our country. But of whom is this great multitude of happy ransomed ones to be composed? The number of believing adults has always been “few,” constituting but a “little flock.” What a small fraction of the world’s population to-day have even a nominal connection with the Church of Christ! And of these how many have only a nominal! Whence, then, is the vast number of the saved? May we not point to the “little ones,” and say, “of such is the kingdom of heaven?” More than a third of our race die before they are two years old, and more than half before they reach the age of five years. Five millions of precious babes, it is reckoned, die every year. If then all these are saved, we have more than half of the human family saved in infancy and early childhood. And now if to these we add the number of adults who since Adam have been saved, and the numbers that are yet to be redeemed when the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in,—when Israel shall be restored,—when Satan shall be bound, and millennial peace and prosperity shall reign,—when the whole earth shall become the garden of the Lord and a nursery for heaven, what a flood of light does such a consideration throw on those delightful promises which speak of the countless multitudes that shall at last be redeemed. Great, terribly great, as the number of the lost is, how inconceivably greater the number of the saved. It must surely be gratifying to every Christian heart to think that from the very beginning Christ has had the majority of our race. At no era has the Prince of Darkness been able to boast of the victory. And as the years roll on this shall be more and more the case. In all things Christ shall have the pre-eminence. “He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied.” But in order to this the “little ones” must be saved.

Bereaved parents, I speak as one of yourselves. Have you been tried,—sorely tried? So have I. I know what it is to sit day by day and night by night beside the couch of a dying child, to witness the pangs that shake the feeble frame, to listen to the shortening and struggling breath, to see the cherub eye grow dim in death, the countenance changing, the body sinking, the soul departing; to feel a weight of heart-grief which, though felt, cannot be described; to lay a loved one in the

grave, and then to return to a desolate home, only to see the empty cradle, cast off clothes, and useless playthings. I know all this, for I have felt it all. Our little ones are gone, and we miss them much. No longer will they gladden us by their smiles, or enrich us with their love. Let me quote to you the touching words of an esteemed minister:—

“Gone! Gone! Gone!
 We miss her night and day,—
 We miss the face of sunshine,
 And the voice of melody,
 We miss her morning laughter
 When carried down the stair;
 We miss her evening prattle,
 And smile, beguiling care;
 We miss her form at worship
 From her own little chair;
 We miss the pattering footsteps,
 The cheek, the hand, the hair;
 We miss from bed and table—
 We miss her everywhere!”

Yes our “little ones,” of whom the Good Shepherd has of late been taking so many to his fold, are sorely missed. And it is not wrong to mourn; it is not unmanly to weep. Jesus wept. Yet let our sorrow be with moderation. Let *them* mourn without measure who mourn without hope. It is well with our “little ones.” Already has God done far more for them than you and I and all the world could do in a thousand years. They are now free from all sin and sorrow, danger and death. They are gone where there is “no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;” where “the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters,” and where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” Their happy spirits peacefully repose in realms of glory; the light of heaven shines on them; their visions are unclouded, and their infant powers, so speedily paralyzed by the ruthless hand of death, are now expanding amid the untold glories of the heavenly world. Would we, then, wish them back again on life’s stormy sea? Did they not live long enough in this world? It is truly said, he hath sailed long enough that has won the harbour; and he hath fought long enough that hath obtained the victory; he hath run long enough that hath touched the goal, and he hath lived long enough on earth that hath won heaven, be his days never so few. See that you make the Saviour of your children *your* Saviour, that your thoughts be so much absorbed in him that, much as you think of your departed loved ones, you can still say of Christ, “Whom have I in heaven but thee;” and then, after “a few more toils, a few more tears,” your last tear will be wiped away,

and those for whom you now mourn may meet you on the threshold of glory and welcome you home.

"O' blissful meeting! ye seraphs bright,
How oft on such, in your home of light,
Have ye paused to gaze and smile!"

We can go where they are, and this hope gives us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The day of our mourning shall soon be ended. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." It is but a little while, "and he that cometh shall come, and will not tarry." We will wait patiently, and when we reach our blessed home above, we shall be ready to say, "Our Father hath done all things well."

Poetry.

IDEAL'S DREAM.

THREE wanderers met at the break of day,
And here is what the first did say:
From scenes of life I scornful fled,
To hold communion with the dead;
'Midst ruins of a bygone age
Evoke the hero and the sage;
From Present times, debased and weak
I turn, and in the Past I seek
True greatness of the human mind,
Ideal's dream in dust to find!

The first did end his doleful lay;
Hear what the second had to say:
I, too, shun mortal's guilt-stamped face,
And fly to Nature's pure embrace;
In tempest's roar or peaceful calm,
Her breath to me is soothing balm;
She seems the reflex but to me
Of my own being's mystery;
By Nature's loving arms entwined,
Ideal's dream at last I'll find.

Up rose the sun from misty gray—
Then spoke the third and turned away;
Farewell! For I my steps must wend
To yonder city, there to blend
With million lives my worthless life,
And share their sorrow, grief and strife.
To aid the weak, to raise the low,
To fight the base, my soul doth glow.
With manly heart I hope to find
Ideal's dream among my kind.

Mikwaukee.

W. OTTO SOURRON.

GOD'S GREAT TEMPLE.

[These lines by the Rev Mr. Guinness will come with power to those of our readers whose home lies in or near the forest].—Ed. C.C.M.

Its beauty dims my eyes with tears,
The clustering, friendly trees,
The graceful branches swinging low,
And whispering in the breeze.

The warble eloquent, the trill
From trembling leafy spray,
The softer, fainter wood notes wild
From treetops far away.

The snowy cloud, the bending blue,
The glowing, generous beam,
The mossy shade, the smiling flower,
The gay and gentle stream.

These make a chamber, O my God,
An alcove all-divine.
Where thy worshipper may muse unseen
In the universal shrine;

For Nature is a temple vast,
A grand cathedral old,
With colour'd lights, and golden spires,
And glories manifold;

Whose floor is gemm'd with many a flower,
Whose rocky walls are hung
With waving woods and banner'd clouds,
And where the psalms are sung,

Not only by the vested choirs
Angelic, but by these,
The wild birds' note, the insects' hum,
And by the distant seas,

By everything that hath a voice!
My soul, thou too dost sing,
And all thy harp strings play their part
In the worship of the King!

For Nature keeps a Sabbath here,
And from the world doth wean
My willing spirit to things pure,
Things restful and serene.

I cannot speak it, but I feel,
O Lord, I only know
Thee in Thy works so beautiful!
And even here below

I share the worship and the joy
Which in far brighter spheres
Shall fill the measure of the days
Of everlasting years.

H.G.G.

ISRAEL'S SONG OF HOPE.

BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

We have heard the voice of trembling—
 Voice of fear, but not of peace;
 'Tis the wailing of the captive,
 As he sigheth for release:
 Shall the bondage ne'er be broken,
 Nor the sob of ages cease?

'Tis the hour of Israel's travail,
 'Tis the darkness of her night;
 'Tis the time of Jacob's trouble;
 But beyond it beams the light:
 And the star of Judah's morning
 Is arising clear and bright.

Still the city sitteth lonely
 In her twilight of the years—
 In her silent sackcloth mourning,
 On her cheeks the ancient tears;
 For her lovers all have left her,
 And her foes deride her fears.

But above the voice of weeping,
 From a harp long sealed and dumb,
 She can hear the notes of gladness,
 Sweetly speaking of a home;
 Of her ended exile telling,
 As they say, "Thy King is come."

From the dust of ages rising,
 Put on all thy ancient might,
 For to thee the crown belongeth,
 And to thee the raiment bright;
 Of the coming age the glory—
 City, dear, of peace and light!

—*Israel's Watchman.*

Christian Thought.

WHAT CONSCIENCE SAYS ABOUT THE ATONEMENT.

[We have read with intense interest and satisfaction the lectures in which the Rev. Joseph Cook refuted, before enthusiastic audiences in Boston, the fundamental doctrines of Parkerism. His scientific refutation of Universalism (April number of the *Christian Monthly*) is simply unanswerable. The following defence of the Atonement, on the ground of conscience, or natural ethics, is equally conclusive.—Ed. C.C.M.]

IT is a famous story concerning the Greek general Brasidas, that he looked out one morning upon the host that was attacking the city he was set to defend, and said: "Victory is ours, for I see that the spears in the files of the enemy are not in line. The ranks yonder are so illy trained, that their weapons will become sources of suicide before the sun shall set." Fasten your attention, gentlemen, on the quivering spears of the host who attack self-evident truth in its relations to that central Christian doctrine which we call the Atonement. My purpose is not controversial, but practical. I speak in the name of axioms, only, and I have laboured up to our present point of view over the ascent of several lectures; and now I hope that in brief space I can convince you that the converging admissions of all who are good ethical scholars prove the necessity of a great arrangement, not made by man, to secure his harmonization with his entire environment.

It was an occasion on which history will look back with interest in this city when James Freeman Clarke stood on the platform of Theodore Parker, in the absence of the latter in Italy, and criticised the system of Parker, as Dorner, the great German theologian, does, for underrating the significance of the fact of sin. James Freeman Clarke took up his position on the ground of self-evident truth. He planted himself upon axioms. Like a scholar, he made his first appeal to self-evident propositions. Now, I am this morning to put under the lenses of ethical science a few of the admissions of Mr. Clarke, which are not very unlike the propositions I have been defending here in the name of axioms, and show you just whither these self-evident propositions lead. In order that I may not be accused of misrepresenting Mr. Clarke, you will allow me to read an extract here, of the length of half a page:

"We think that if we analyze the feeling which the conscience gives us concerning the consequence of wrong-doing, it is this: First, con-

science demands reparation to the injured party ; second, it demands punishment as a satisfaction to be made to the law of right, and this suffering to be accepted as just by the guilty party ; and, thirdly, it declares that guilt should produce an alienation or separation between the guilty party and those who are not guilty. A man hitherto respected and trusted by society commits some great breach of trust, and robs the community. Conscience requires that he should make atonement to those he has injured, by restitution ; to the law of right, which he has offended, by suffering some punishment ; and to honorable men, by keeping out of their way.

" This, which the conscience teaches of an injury done to man, it also teaches of an injury done to God. The offence against man is a *crime* ; the offence against God is a *sin*. For a crime, the conscience requires restitution, punishment with confession, and alienation from the good, which is shame. For a sin, the conscience requires, in like manner, restitution, punishment, and alienation. It merely transfers to God's justice the ideas of atonement which human justice has given to it. * * *

There is, however, a difficulty in *believing* that we can be forgiven. This difficulty is in the conscience ; and

" (a) To say *there is no difficulty* will not remove it.

" (b) To say that *repentance and good works are enough*, will not remove it.

" (c) To say that *God is merciful* will not remove it ; for the *difficulty lies in the conscience*, which declares that every sin is :

" 1. An injury done to God.

" 2. An injury to the moral universe, inasmuch as it is an example of evil, and a defiance of right.

" 3. An injury to ourselves, by putting us away from God, the source of life, and alienating us from Him.

" The inward voice of conscience is always saying that God ought not to forgive us without some reparation made for the injury done to Himself, to the universe, and to ourselves." (Clarke, "Orthodoxy," pp. 246-248.)

This is not an evangelical author. This is a straightforward standing up, thus far, to the plain inferences from the great natural operations of conscience. Up to this point there is no parting company in linked scholarship all through the world, and Mr. Clarke knows there is not.

" Conscience is always saying that God ought not to forgive us." God always does what he ought to do. Conscience does not tell Munchausen tales. These laws by which we know how to harmonize our

selves with our environment, so far forth as that environment is merely human, are one and the same with the moral laws which sweep through the universe, and reveal to us, therefore, how we are to obtain harmonization with that wider environment.

But now, having gone thus far, how does Mr. Clarke escape from the conclusion which follows very naturally from these propositions of ethical science? Why, by denying the unity of the moral law! This is his language: "God's justice is not like man's." Now there is a sense in which that is true; but when you go to conscience, and find it always proclaiming that something ought to be, that is an exhibition not of man's justice, but of God's justice. I put this to any scholar—to Mr. Clark, himself,—whether Archbishop Butler, the best student of conscience in modern times, would justify him in saying that what the inward voice of conscience "always" says has not in it a revelation of God. Why, it is one of Mr. Clarke's teachings, that conscience has in it a something, in us, but not of us—something really divine. It is held by the acutest scholarship that the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world is one with the Holy Ghost, shed forth from our ascended Lord. Go to your Dorner, and Martensen, and Rothe, and all the best students of religious science from the side of ethics and evangelical truth, and you will find them rejoicing to illustrate in all detail, and with all the radiance of philosophy as well as of evangelical learning, the truth that the Holy Spirit is the present Christ; and they identify it with the innermost holiest of conscience.

Now, I affirm that the moral law is a part of the natural law; and that law is a unit throughout the universe; and that, therefore, we cannot escape from the consequences of such an admission as this, that the inward voice of conscience always says that God "ought not" to forgive us, except on a three-fold condition, by simply saying, "God's justice is not like man's." The ideas of the atonement drawn from our human experience, Mr. Clarke says, "are essentially false" (p. 247). Why, if the ideas that come to us from the moral law are essentially false, how is it that we do not fall into skepticism about the physical laws? We know that law is a unit; and that, therefore, this earth, although an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in the revelation of truth. We believe in the unity of law. The law of gravitation is the same here and in Orion, and the Seven Stars. Tell me what the moral law is here, and I will tell you what it is in the Unseen Holy. It is disloyalty of the most extreme sort to the scientific method to endeavour to escape from any proposition by denying the unity of the moral law; for the unity

and universality of law are among the most haughty and irrefutable teachings of all science.

It is admitted, then, by Mr. Clarke :

1. That science demands reparation to the injured party.
2. That it demands punishment, as a satisfaction to the law of right.
3. That this suffering is to be accepted as just by the guilty party.
4. That guilt should produce a separation between the guilty and those who are not guilty.
5. That what the conscience teaches of an injury done to man, it also teaches of an injury done to God.
6. That the offence against man is a crime, and that against God is a sin.
7. That conscience transfers to God's justice the ideas of atonement which human justice has given to it.
8. That without other light than that of conscience there is a difficulty in believing that we can be forgiven.
9. That to say there is no difficulty, will not remove it.
10. That to say repentance and good works are enough, will not remove it.
11. That to say that God is merciful, will not remove it.
12. That the difficulty is in the conscience, and that the inward voice is *always* saying that God *ought* not to forgive us without some reparation made for the injury done to Himself, to the universe, and to ourselves.
13. Theodore Parker admitted this supreme fact, as to the natural operations of conscience. (Theism, last discourse.)
14. All established ethical science asserts this fact, as an inevitable inference from intuition; instinctive belief, and the experience of man age after age.

With the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, a scholar, whom I suppose to be the best representative of the learning of unevangelical Christianity in this country, a professor who lives not a hundred miles from here, said to me in the Boston Athenæum lately, without any cross-questioning from me: "There is a difficulty in conscience as to our peace when we once have sinned; and that difficulty in the structure of human nature has sustained the doctrine of the vicarious atonement, before the attacks of philosophy, century after century." He seemed to think that he was pointing to a proof-text of not much consequence; but to me this human nature, the serious volume he thus put aside in order to read some more authoritative proof-text out of the Scriptures, was itself the oldest Scripture; was that Scripture in harmony with which all other Scripture must be interpreted; was, in short, the supreme revelation of

God, by being a revelation of the unity of the moral law, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

15. All these admissions point to the necessity of an atonement.

16. But Clarke and Parker, and the schools of thought they represent, deny this necessity.

17. They do this, and they can do this only by denying explicitly or implicitly the universality of law.

18. *The affirmation is made that the ideas we draw from what conscience is saying constantly are essentially false.*

19. We must give all the intuitions supreme authority in our religious science. The intuitions of conscience which prove the philosophical accuracy of distinctively Biblical evangelical ideas must have no authority in our religious science !

Here is the supreme self-contradiction of Theodore Parker's system, and in every similar scheme of thought. Such systems evade the challenge which Julius Muller and Dorner accept, to follow up this inner voice of conscience and receive the testimony of all intuition, instinctive belief, and experiment, whithersoever they lead. It is admitted that conscience affirms that God ought not to harmonize us with our entire environment without a great arrangement which exhibits at once His love and His justice! What ought to be, will be. By and by it will be seen that we ought not to deny the unity of the moral law, and so we shall not! The philosophy is coming that will be true to all self-evident truth, north, south, east, and west; and will be liberal enough to look into the thirty-two points of the azure before it decides on any proposition, great or small. When that day comes, this inner voice will be left to its proper authority, and the necessity of the atonement will be an inference from exact ethical science. Mr. Clarke says implicitly that the ideas we draw from what conscience is saying to us ought to be essentially false. I affirm that this denial of the authority of conscience in its innermost voice is unscientific on Mr. Clarke's part, and on the part of all that school of theology which will not harmonize itself with the supreme fact of the atonement.

I maintain that to say that the ideas we draw from the inmost holiest of conscience here mislead us in religious research is to deny the unity and the universality of law, and to shut the eyes to a part of the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and so is at once unscientific and irreligious. Here orthodoxy and the Scripture part company with loose thought, and keep company with conscience and science.

Christian Work.

MISSION TO THE WORKING MEN OF PARIS.

[Who knows but the mission work here described may be the beginning of better gospel days for poor benighted France.—Ed. C.C.M.]



EW fields, even among the heathen, presented some years ago a more discouraging aspect to the Christian Evangelist than Paris, with its two and a half millions. It is easier by far to break up virgin soil, and cast the good seed into fresh furrows, than to set to work to clear away a jungle of creepers, and parasites, and noxious weeds, and decaying stumps, the living ruins of centuries of neglect.

Ages of Popish superstition and corruption, of ecclesiastical tyranny and oppression, had robbed France of any feelings save those of disgust and contempt toward a religion which they knew only under the disguise of Roman Catholicism. To this day "religion" to the Parisian poor means Popery and priestcraft. A lady friend of ours had once been visiting the patients in a hospital, and speaking to them of Christ and salvation, and the love of God to sinners. She was suspected of "propagande," or proselytizing to the Protestant faith. An official entered the ward, and inquired before her face from the patients, had she been talking "religion" to them? With one consent, and in all honesty, they said, "No! not a word about religion! only *la morale*." So our good friend Mr. McAll styles his meetings for the working classes of Paris, not "*religious services*" but "*réunions morales*."

Shortly after the war, the present mission to the working men of Paris was begun by Mr. and Mrs. McAll. It was, like the foundation of the Vernacular Education Society in India after the mutiny, an illustration that, "the bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower." It was a great and permanent good, arising out of a temporary though frightful evil. Those poor ignorant, misled, fierce, cruel, but suffering, "communists" of Belleville, attracted the compassion of these dear friends, who resolved to go and settle down among them, and teach them the Gospel of peace and love. And now their fifth report, just issued,

tells how richly they have been rewarded, and proves that faithful labor, even in the most hopeless soil, is never in vain in the Lord.

One room after another has been opened as a place for evening meetings, in different quarters of the city, till now there are *nineteen*. Three thousand seven hundred sittings are provided in these rooms, and five thousand five hundred adults, besides two thousand children, attend the services on an average each week. The meetings held are simple and social in style; music and singing, and earnest little Gospel and Biblical addresses form the attractions. Pure literature is distributed, and conversational Bible-readings are conducted. A member of the Institute of France, M. Rosseoco, St. Hilaire, who has from the first been one of Mr. McAll's best helpers, says:—

“ You ask me what new features strike me in the meetings. First, then, as to the speakers; their interest in this work increases from day to day. Last year, on seeing your *reunions* constantly advancing in number and in size, I will now frankly say that I was disquieted; I feared that, soon, it would be the speakers and not the hearers who would be lacking. This year, on the contrary, not only has their numbers increased, but, once enrolled in our little army, pastors and laymen alike are evidently happy in the service of our glorious captain! The laymen accomplish here *their apprenticeship as speakers, in the best of all schools; the pastors leave behind them at our doors as they enter the phraseology of set sermons in order to speak the language of the heart, which alone is understood by the masses of the people. In laboring for the good of others, we find blessing for ourselves. All are happy in feeling ourselves carried back to the days of the primitive Church; in seeing men, indifferent or hostile to religion a few years ago, partaking in haste their evening meal on leaving the workshop, and abandoning the wine shop and politics in order to hear peaceful Christians make known the Saviour.*

To speak to our *ouvriers* of Paris is, truly, a pleasant task; for I do not know any audience more intelligent, more attentive, more sympathetic,—not even that of the *Sorbonne*, or the *College de France*. Even their want of culture insures their attention;—they do not come in order to criticize or discuss, but to feel and to be moved. It is to their heart that one has need to speak; and you will always be far better understood when you do so than if you address yourself merely to their intellect.

Another sign of God's blessing resting upon these *reunions* is that the number of MEN frequenting them is constantly increasing; the men are better hearers than the women, because all that they hear is new to them! All their preconceived notions are overthrown; surprise is seen on

their countenances; they feel that they are entering as into an unknown world, of which even the language is foreign to them. So that one needs some other word than *listen* to describe their impassioned attention when we speak to them of the Gospel. Its tender appeals go straightway to their heart; and then they feel that they are loved. There lies our power over them; and it is the only power we possess, we, who are but poor worms of the earth, in dealing with these momentous realities, which we could not take upon our lips without trembling, unless we felt that Jesus is with us, and that the Holy Spirit dictates to us what we should speak.

Another feature of progress is in the size of the mission-halls, which increases along with the number of attendants. Most of the insignificant shops which, in the beginning, were sufficient for the purpose, have given place to larger rooms, which are, with equal ease, filled. It is well known that in these large gatherings of human beings there is a sacred contagion which no one can resist, and which is spread around by those who have felt it. Then it is that people feel themselves brought nearer to each other, and more happy, and they desire to share with others what they have received. Our large rooms will contain—Belleville, 400; St. Antoine, 370; Ornano, 320; and the new hall opened this week in the Rue de Rivoli, 270 persons when filled.

The Bible-classes for adults are also making progress, and the Sunday schools are more and more numerously attended. As to music, among these people, generally far from musical, it has become quite a passion. At the last meeting I attended, when a singing practice was announced to follow it, no one went out, the whole assembly joined in the hymns, in unison generally, but with considerable correctness, I assure you, and without any harsh discord."

MISSION TO LAKE TANGANYIKA, CENTRAL AFRICA.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting was lately held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, to bid God speed to six missionaries about to leave England for the purpose of planting a Christian Mission at Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa. Tea was served in the Library, and the meeting held in the large Hall.

What is it that throws around these Central African Missions a peculiar interest? Is it that in them the work of the Missionary is more blended than usual with that of the explorer? Is it that the regions for whose benefit they are organized have so recently come into existence (as far as our knowledge of them goes) that they have almost the romance of a new

world? Is it that memories of the heroic Livingstone give a charm to undertakings he longed to see inaugurated, and which would have rejoiced his wide and tender heart? Or is it rather that in these missions *two* objects are sought, supremely dear to us both as Christians and Englishmen, the proclamation of the Gospel to tribes who have never heard it, and the proclamation of liberty to captives who have long groaned under the curses of slavery. Be the cause what it may, certain it is that no missions have evoked more noble Christian liberality, or been adopted with heartier sympathy by the Churches than the three great Central African expeditions to Lakes Nyassa, Nyanza, and Tanganyika.

The Presbyterian Churches of Scotland united to take possession in the name of Christ of the shores and islands of the first, the most southerly, Lake Nyassa.* The Church Missionary Society, the pioneer in East African Mission work, whose agents had long since acquired and reduced to writing the Kishuhili and other languages, which will now be found of immense value, has selected the great Northern Nyanzas, and undertakes to evangelize Uganda and Uruguay, and now the London Missionary Society, with the cordial sympathy and good wishes of both these, its fore-runners in the work, is sending forth its band of ambassadors for Christ, to the great inland sea, TANGANYIKA, which occupies a position central between the two.

It was by a singular coincidence that this meeting was held on the same day on which there appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. Stanley's interesting letter, giving particulars of his remarkable discovery in connection with this lake. If his explanation of the phenomena of the great African Caspian be the true one, if it be a fact that this sea is rising in level, year by year, and has been doing so perhaps ever since the flood, until now it has just about reached the *brim* of the vast volcanic basin in which it lies, and is on the verge of an overflow through the Lukuga, which will unite its waters with the great Lualaba and Congo; if this be so (and Stanley's opinion has not been lightly formed), we can only say it is a marvellous providential coincidence, that makes the planting of the first Christian mission on the lake coincident with a physical event which may open up a comparatively easy water-way to its shores, and to the tribes that inhabit them, from the near *Western Coast* of Africa.

It took one hundred years of hard work to crush and extinguish slavery on the Western Coast of Africa. It is only about ten years ago

* We gave an account in a recent number of the *Christian Monthly*, of this mission, established so auspiciously by the help of Mr. Young.—Ed. C.C.M.

that any sustained and vigorous efforts were made to put a stop to East African slavery, and already the task is in a sense accomplished. The Sultan of Zanzibar has prohibited the trade, and every Mission station that is planted, and every Mission boat that is launched on these African Lakes, is more efficient as an anti-slavery power than a dozen cruisers off the coast, whose officers see nothing of the immense and horribly cruel inland trade, but only watch for slave dhows at sea.

The Arabs understand right well that English influence and slavery cannot co-exist: the Portuguese are ashamed that English eyes should witness, and English pens publish, their enormities and guilt in connection with the cursed traffic. The mere presence of Englishmen is a protection to the slave; and this alone is enough to make us rejoice in the establishment of these English Missions.

But when we remember that these oppressed and cruelly ill-used African tribes have never heard of Christ, that Mohammedanism is the purest faith with which they have ever come in contact, we rejoice still more. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me to the uttermost parts of the earth." The Gospel must be preached to these tribes, that from every kindred, and nation, and people, and tongue, some may be gathered out to join the great multitude before the throne! These Missions are hastening the coming of the fast-approaching day of Christ; for "this Gospel of the kingdom must first be preached among all nations, and then shall the end come."

Every effort has been made by the Directors of the L. M. S. to make their new Mission a success. The selection of the Rev. Roger Price and the Rev. J. B. Thompson as its leaders, augers well for its future. The former, the son-in-law of Moffat, and the brother-in-law of Livingstone, has spent seventeen or eighteen years already in South Africa, and has made besides a preliminary journey in East Africa, to test the possibility of travelling there (as in the south) by ox waggon.

The Rev. J. B. Thompson is also an approved South African missionary. He said that when first asked by the Directors to come home and join this new Mission, he had regarded it as an every day affair, and it was since he had been at home and had heard people talk about the difficulty and danger of this enterprise, that he had begun to think there really must be some difficulty and danger in it, adding, that whatever the difficulties and dangers, *they had to be overcome!* He strongly urged the *colonization* of Central Africa, and rightly remarked that if half the money that had been spent on the Arctic expedition had been spent on African colonization, it would have given an infinitely greater result to science, to civilization, and to Christianity.

The Rev. A. Dodgshun, of Cheshunt, and Mr. E. O. Hore, of the East End Training Institute, are two of the junior members of the Mission, and it is expected that Mr. Elber: S. Clark will join the party at Natal. Mr. Price and Mr. Dodgshun left England first, going round by the Cape to buy the oxen and to engage from the native Christians of the South African Churches, drivers for the expedition. The remaining members of the party are gone *via* the Suez Canal. They are to meet at Zanzibar, (D.V.) at the end of June, and are timed to start for the interior, July 1st. It is hoped that they will reach the lake in October or November. The cost of the expedition has been met, but a permanent charge of over £2000 per annum will be added to the expenditure of the Society by this Mission, which it will be needful to reinforce speedily, and to supply with a steamer for the lake. The elder Missionaries have to leave wives and children at home, and this is the worst trial in the matter to them. But the presence of ladies would have added seriously to the difficulties of what must at best be a toilsome and dangerous pioneer expedition, over a country which is destitute of any semblance of a road. They have to travel 200 miles over hills and slopes of mountains, and then 400 or 500 miles over a vast rolling country 4000 feet above the sea level, in one part of which, Ugogo, they will have to contend with considerable lack of water. Unfriendly Arab settlements will have to be passed, but the native villages are as a rule friendly.

Mr. Hutchinson, secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. C. T. Perks, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, both gave addresses full of cordial sympathy.

We need hardly urge on any Christian the duty of bearing often before God in prayer this important and interesting Mission. Let it be followed with a cloud of intercession for its safety and success, and may the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, do, for it, and by it, more than we ask or think!

MEXICO.

PROTESTANTISM in Mexico, as the result of ten to fifteen years' work, has 125 congregations and churches, twenty-eight free day-schools, twenty-eight night-schools, two theological seminaries, five orphanages, and six religious periodicals. Its yearly expenditure is about £20,000.

Rev. Mr. Hutchinson writes:—

Five days ago I was delighted to welcome back a Bible-worker, who left us six months ago, and of whose fate we knew nothing. He is an

humble, prudent, and useful worker (one whose wife was killed at Aca-pulco). Six months ago I provided him with a horse that I thought the *pronunciados* would not covet, and a supply of Bibles, and sent him in the direction of Chilpamingo. We soon learned that his horse and many of his Bibles had been taken from him, and that he had narrowly escaped with his life. I had hoped to gather from him full details of his half year's work, but a favorable opportunity presented itself for another month's trip just after he came in, and so I only had one interview with him. It seems that a part of the Bibles are in the hands of the officials of a town, the name of which I do not now recall. His work has been almost entirely Bible reading. As a result, he brings the names of twenty-six adults, of whose true conversion he feels quite confident. Many of these are heads of families. He was several times obliged to escape by night from those who were resolved to kill him, was imprisoned twice, and at one time he was taken with four others by a band of thirty armed men, who tied their arms together and marched them out to the mountains to kill them. After some delay it was decided that only M—— should be killed. After passing one night in the mountains, all were taken back to town and four were set at liberty. Poor M—— was kept in constant expectation of being shot by the thirty (who called themselves *pronunciados*), but at last some of the townspeople interceded for him and he was allowed to escape under cover of night.

One of the places visited was Zumpango. One of my students came from there, and, after a few months of Bible study, returned to work for a season. Among those who had opposed the Bible work at first was one of the judges of the town. Now the same judge keeps a Bible on his office table constantly, and if he is not sure that he has rendered a just decision in any case, he at once looks for some Bible passage bearing upon the point in question, and this he recognizes as the highest possible authority. I do not know what it may have cost the Society to place that Bible upon that office table, but I do know that you will rejoice that it is there. Oh! what a land this would be if all the rulers would enquire, 'What saith the Lord?'

ITEMS OF THE GREAT WORK.

THE Council of the Cree Nation has agreed to give the Baptists of the Southern States of America \$6000 a year and a quantity of land, if they will agree to build the houses for a Mission School and educate one hundred Indian children.

A BIBLE Colporteur in Brazil has been furnished with a waggon by Virginia Presbyteries, and with Portuguese Bibles and Testaments to fill it by a friend in New York.

ONE of the rooms in the Young Men's Christian Association Building in San Francisco is in future to be used by the French Reformed Church, the first of this denomination ever established in California.

THE Union Theological Seminary in New York has closed the fortieth year of its existence. It has sent out 1178 students, including 104 Foreign Missionaries.

A YOUNG Japanese of high rank, in the family of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, has lately joined the Christian Church in Fairhaven, Connecticut, her parents and the Japanese Government having given their consent.

A NEW and larger church is to be built at Geneva, Switzerland, to accommodate the increasing number of attendants at the American Chapel, of which Rev. Leonard W. Bacon has been several years pastor.

THE Baptist Ministers of New York have been trying to raise money to buy an elephant for the use of their missionary brethren in India. The sum required was about 500 dollars.

MR. BRUCE has experienced stern Mohammedan opposition at Ispahan, but discussions which have been publicly held have attracted much attention to Christianity and done great good.

THE statement is made that there are now 500 Roman Catholic ecclesiastical teachers, and 2000 Sisters of Charity at work among the colored people of the Southern States of North America, visiting them from cabin to cabin.

THE BIBLE IN TURKEY.—Dr. Bliss's letters from Constantinople contain frequent allusions to the embarrassments due to the disturbed condition of Turkish affairs, and the apprehensions which are felt in respect to Bible distribution in the immediate future.

A STEADY and dreadful decrease is taking place in the population of Fiji, apart from the awful plague of measles which swept over the islands some two years ago. There are three deaths to one birth! But spiritually, large numbers have lately been born to God. The Rev. J. Waterhouse, writing from Navuola, describes a series of special services held by him in a large number of places in which a great number were converted. A native minister is also holding revival services with marked blessing.

It has been suggested that the Palestine explorers should visit Mount Nebo in search of the valuable treasures of the Temple, which, according to the book of Maccabees, Jeremiah was instructed to deposit there. They included the Tabernacle and the sacred Ark, with the Tables of stone, on which the Ten Commandments were written.

REV. DR. VAN LENNER informs the *Evangelist* that the Jesuits in Syria are untiring in their efforts, with plenty of men and money at their command. They have been compelled to undertake a new translation of the Bible. On Lebanon, where the Papists have the majority, Protestants find it hard to secure justice in the courts.

SYRIA.—Rev. H. H. Jessup, of the Syrian Mission, writes of the outcoming of an entire town of 500 inhabitants, six miles from Beyrout, from Maronite darkness to Protestantism. A chapel and schoolhouse have been hired, and a native teacher and preacher established there. A great proportion of the people attend the services held by the Missionaries.

It is not in European Turkey alone that the work of evangelization is impeded. There is a great deal of disquiet in Syria. Christians are grossly insulted in Damascus, and terror reigns in many places. *The destruction of the shops in Van was a loss of Christian property of half a million pounds; evidently premeditated; soldiers not restrained by their officers.* The American corvette *Vandalia* is at Constantinople for the protection of the American Missionaries. The upsetting of all currency here is working mischief with receipts from sales of books. The lira fluctuates in paper at the rate of forty, sixty, and eighty a day.

Four university men have lately offered to the Church Missionary Society, and been appointed, three to India and one to Japan. Bishop Crowther, of the Niger Mission, is now in England. Lieut. Smith, of the Nyanza expedition, was, in December last, within 100 miles of the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, and had received reliable information that Col. Gordon had two steamers on the lake, and that King Mtesa had received the Society's letter, and was prepared to receive the teachers. Long ere this we may trust the party have safely reached their destination. Capt. Boys, of H.M.S. *Philomel* lately visited Mombasa, and says of the C.M.S. settlement at Frere Town, "It is a noble work and is sure to prosper. I only wish the friends of the C.M.S. could have seen what I saw. They would have been more than pleased, and must have felt with me that God's blessing was resting upon this work."

Practical Papers.

THE FOE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY THE REV. DAVID WINTERS, PHILADELPHIA.



HE midnight hour had passed. The members of the household were locked in the embrace of sleep. Some of them revelling in happy dreams of pleasure, fortune, and fame. No thought of danger disturbed their repose. Suddenly they are aroused by the watchman's cry of "Fire! Fire!" They open their eyes to behold the fire-demon devouring their dwelling. All through the hours of evening the foe had been working in secret, unobserved and unsuspected, in the form of a little seed of fire; and now it has burst out into an unconquerable flame, and is consuming the home which was the fruit of years of industry and economy. The foe was an *internal* one.

This physical illustration will serve to assist us in illustrating and developing the moral lesson of our Lord's words:—A "man's foes shall be they of his own household." These words have a lesson which oftener than other quotes itself in every-day life. It applies in a great variety of ways to the domestic household. It is in the home that a man meets with his greatest help or hindrance to success in life. Economy there usually means success in business. Extravagance there means financial failure and embarrassment. The old adage is true, that a wife can throw as much out at the window as a husband can bring in at the door. In more than half the cases where married men fall into gambling or swindling, they are pushed on to it either by an unprincipled mistress who governs them as with a rod of iron, or an extravagant wife and family. A wife is either a man's best friend or his worst enemy. The worst sore which disturbs the heart-peace of a man, and strips of its lustre his success and promotion in life, is the worm which eats into the root of his domestic life. What to him is success in his business, on his farm, in his office, or his pulpit, if he have not happiness at the domestic hearth. He can far more easily bear the neglect and social injustice of a whole neighborhood than he can endure to be neglected or unkindly treated by those on whom he lavishes his purest, strongest affection. A woman can

bear to be scorned by her neighbors, and to have all the long-beaked vultures of gossiping and lying come around her to devour her, if she has a husband who is loyal and true, and who exalts her in his affection and esteem. But the cold neglect and cruelty of a man who solemnly pledged himself that he would love and cherish her under all circumstances is a dry disease which drinks up every drop of her heart's blood. There are no wounds so deep or painful as those which are made by a hand which ought to be stretched out to bestow blessings upon us. The poison which consumes a man's vitals, the reports which are most damaging to his reputation, are often transmitted from some long, limber, busy tongue under his own roof.

And does not every one know that religion meets with its worst stumbling-blocks and greatest hindrances in the household? The Saviour said, "I came not to send peace upon earth but a sword; to set a man at variance with his father, and the mother against her daughter, and the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." He knew that the character of the truth which He proclaimed was such that whenever a part of the household should receive it and attempt to reduce it to practice in their life, they should have to breast the tide of opposition raised by the unbelieving portion. Here it is that many who desire to live godly in Christ Jesus meet their most dangerous foes. Besides, as the piety of a Christian parent is often reproduced in the life of his children, so the irreligion and vices of an ungodly father are often perpetuated in the life of his off-spring for generations. I have known among my acquaintances pious parents who had godless children; but I have seldom seen the sons of ungodly parents growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The example of an impious father can do more to drag his children down to perdition than the minister of the gospel can do to lift them up towards holiness and heaven. If he be a drunkard or sensualist, it will be a marvel if he do not transmit the moral poison to the blood of his children. I know of no way of accounting for the rapid increase of drunkenness in our times, except on the principle that the children of drinkers inherit the appetite of their parents for strong drink. I knew a girl of ten or eleven years old, to go to her mother and persuade her to give her ten cents. She hastened out with it and spent it for whiskey. She put the bottle which contained it to her mouth and before she stopped she drank the last drop of it. In spite of all the physicians could do for her she died the next day. How shall we account for the existence of such a raging appetite for strong drink in one so young? To me the explanation

is short and simple. I was acquainted with her parents, and knew that they were both confirmed drunkards.

Again, if the father talks "Money, money," is it any wonder if the sons grow up to worship Mammon? If he talks constantly about dogs, and horses, and races, and games, it is not to be wondered at if he shall one day find that he has brought up a family of sportsmen. Is fashion the altar set up in the household? Then the children will be offered up as victims to the goddess of fashion. If the father spends his evenings in the club room, or the theatre, it is almost certain that his sons will spend their evenings in the drinking saloon or the gambling hell. If he puts the bottle on his table daily, or keeps it on the sideboard, it is no marvel if his son rushes in at the front door wild with delirium, pursued by imaginary demons and the real demon of rum which is devouring his vitals. *As a rule*, a man bequeaths to his offspring his character and habits, whether good or bad.

And now, what is true of the domestic household, is equally true of the inner household of the heart. In the Bible a human being is often compared to a "tabernacle," a "temple," a "house." We do not carry the use of metaphor beyond its proper limits, when we say that the inmates of the heart are its household. And, oh, what a family of faculties, thoughts, impulses, passions and desires it shelters! Every heart which has not been twice-born is a home for Satan, and a train of evil thoughts and unhallowed desires which sin has generated there. Every new heart is a reformed household, filled with pure and holy thoughts, suggested by the Holy Ghost, and in which the Saviour has his abode: Regeneration is a spiritual house-cleaning, by which our internal foes are driven out and new occupants come in. An inspired writer has said:—"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," and we may with the utmost truth add, "Out of it are also the issues of death."

Who ever heard of a man or a woman being ruined by the circulation of rumours about them which were literally false? Opposition and falsehood are often, in the providence of God, turned into head winds which fan the fires of our furnaces to generate a head of steam which will propel us forward more rapidly to proud success. No man was ever put down, and kept down, who was true to his conscience and his God. When character is destroyed it is never murder, but suicide which causes the death. The only enemy in the world that can really injure us, is one which dwells within us. And the only person who can drive that enemy out, and keep him out, is the Lord Jesus Christ. If we give our heart to him, he will take care of it.

Little Jimmie was the son of a poor widow. His mother was forced to send him to be a sailor boy while he was quite young. She gave him a Bible and her blessing,—the only gifts she had for him. She told him he must read his Bible and pray to God every day. Jimmie did not forget his pious mother's counsel; but when he prayed, his ungodly ship-mates laughed at him; when he read the Bible, they scoffed. But Jimmie did not mind them. When they asked him to do anything which his conscience and the Bible told him was wrong, he refused, and gave as his reason, "Thus saith the Lord." One day, one old sailor whose name was Jack, told his companions he could manage Jim. He went to him and ordered him to do something which Jimmie believed would be a wrong thing for him to do. He refused to do it. When Jack urged him, he again refused, and quoted, as his reason for non-compliance, a text of scripture. The old tar, foiled in his design, went back to his ship-mates, and said, "You may as well let Jim alone. You can do nothing with him. He is choke-full of the Bible." If we desire to be saved from internal foes we must get our hearts so full of Christ that there will be no room for the enemy to live in them.

As our only real safety is from an indwelling Christ, our only danger is from an indwelling sin. The world cannot harm you as long as you keep it out of your heart. If your constitution is perfectly sound, you may go where plague is raging without much danger of being smitten by the contagion. And if your heart is in a sound moral condition you can go with safety wherever God and duty call you. The reason why Joseph came off unscathed when tempted, was that he kept the door of his heart shut against the enemy. The reason why David fell was that the fuel of sin was in his heart and ignited when the spark of temptation was applied.

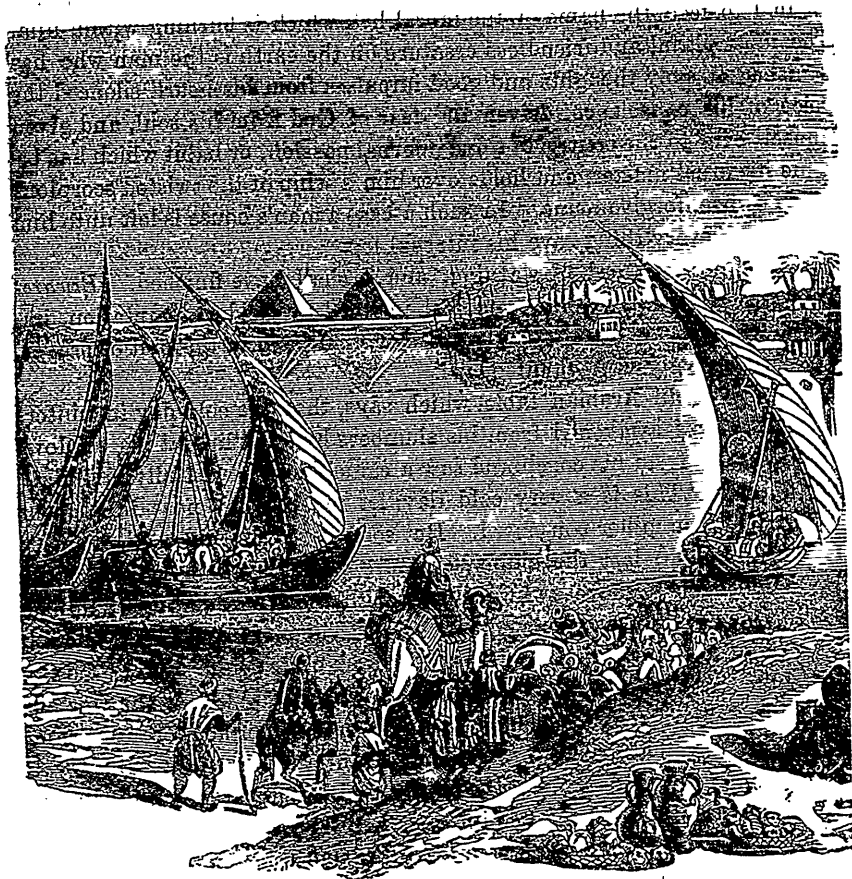
There is a pretty practical sermon in the old fable of Æsop, about the country man who found a frozen snake in the field. He took pity on it, brought it into his house, and placed it before the fire. But when it got thawed out, it rewarded him for his kindness by sliding about and biting and poisoning his wife and children.

It is the sin men take into their hearts, and warm and cherish there, that stings, and poisons, and kills them. It is the foe within that betrays the garrison into the hands of the enemy. It is in this way a man becomes his own worst enemy. You have seen this truth repeated many a time in the life of some one who came to your door with bloated face, and haggard look, and shabby and ill-flavoured garments. You knew him, perhaps, in better days. He asks you for help. He tells you a sad tale of how he lost his situation; how friends forsook him, and enemies

plotted against him; and how he is left alone to bear the brunt of life's storms. Poor man, how true it is that he is friendless when he has resolved to be his own worst enemy. Even he who wills to be his Almighty Friend cannot help him while he is bent upon destroying himself. Even the gracious Saviour will not save a man from hell while he keeps piling on fuel to feed the flame of the moral hell which is burning within him. The most pitiful and friendless creature on the earth is the man who has banished all holy thoughts and good impulses from his heart, silenced the voice of his conscience, driven the fear of God from his soul, and given himself over to the control of some infernal passion, or habit which has become his cruel master, and holds over him a whip of the twisted scorpions of his own unforgiven sins. In such a case a man's house is left unto him desolate of every thing save his internal foe.

And now a word of warning, and I shall have finished. *Beware!* Be on your guard. When you feel inclined to yield to temptation, imagine you hear the devil trying your door, and push in the bolt of prayer. That will prove your best safeguard.

There is an Arabian fable which says, that one cold day in winter, the miller was awakened from his slumbers by a rattling at his window. He looked up from his couch and saw a camel looking wistfully in. Said the animal, "This is a very cold day, let me put my nose in at your window." The miller consented. But soon he put in his head, then his fore feet, and at last the clumsy creature drew his whole body through. He soon began to move awkwardly through the room, and upset things. At this his host felt incommoded, and said, "The place is not large enough for both of us, one of us must leave." "I am quite comfortable," said the camel, "if you are not satisfied you can withdraw." This is the way sin comes and knocks at the door of your heart, and pleads for admission. It appears to you at first to be but insignificant and harmless. But if you admit it, virtue will fly away; the fear of God will depart; pure thoughts will be driven out; and the vile intruder will take possession of the throne of the heart; and then shall you learn the moral lesson of the words of Him who spake as never man spake. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Christian Miscellany.*THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.*

AGES before the celebrated monuments of Greece and Rome were reared, the temples, pyramids, and palaces of Egypt stood. The old Egyptians were famous for their learning, as well as their industry and skill; and the learned men of other countries visited the land of Pharaohs, that they might add to their store of know-

ledge. The strange marks which cover the face of their monuments, called hieroglyphics, were the earliest form of writing; and the first paper in the world was made from the papyrus, which grows on the banks of the Nile.

But that which gives to Egypt its chief interest in the mind of the Christian, is its close connection with the sacred story. Abraham, the friend of God, and the father of the faithful, sojourned here, and found food in times of famine. Here the pious lad Joseph was brought, and in this land the poor captive boy afterwards ruled as chief minister of state. Here, too, the children of Israel were sorely oppressed, in making brick, and building treasure-cities for Pharaoh, till God's set time for deliverance came; when Moses was raised up, preserved, and at length, at the Divine command, led the Hebrew children forth from bondage, and through the waters of the Red Sea. And in latter times Egypt was a land of refuge for the infant Jesus. Hither Joseph and Mary fled from the cruel Herod, and here they remained till Jehovah told them the danger was over; and thus was fulfilled the prediction, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."

The scene which our artist has engraved, is from seven to eight miles distant from the Pyramids. It is a ferry at old Cairo, a town that has had many names, and is the place, some say, from which Peter wrote his first epistle. Here the Nile is crossed by those who purpose visiting the Pyramids, and in the centre of the river, at this place, there is a small island, on the banks of which, it is said Moses was found. The curious looking little boat just put off from shore will cross the river, and that turbaned crowd, in whose midst there may be a few Englishmen and Americans, is anxiously waiting another boat to take them over to El Geezeh, a small town on the opposite bank, from which the Pyramids take their name.

THERE are three kinds of death set forth in the Scriptures: *first*, Spiritual death, which gives languor and indifference to religious truth, whereby the understanding is rendered impervious to the impression of God's word, the sensibilities are blunted, and the will is perverted into the ways of sin. *Second*, The destruction of the body, as we all know the ends of dissolution begin to germinate as soon as life begins. Many sins eat up a man's health, and impose disease resulting in death. *Third*, Eternal death in hell, where the soul is ever active, but active in misery. God's wrath, ungratified passion, remorse, despair, and bodily afflictions make up the sinner's portion forever.—*Embra.*

ARROWS SHOT AT A VENTURE.

THE BEST ACCOUNTANT.—He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—*Nevins.*

LIFE.—Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.—*Archbishop Whately.*

COMPANION SINS.—When one sin is admitted, it is generally found that it hath a companion waiting at the door ; and the one will work hard to gain admission for the other.

CHRIST OUR HOPE AND EXAMPLE.—We cannot build too confidently on the *merits* of Christ as our only hope ; nor can we think too much of the *mind* of Christ as our great example.—*Cecil.*

REPENTANCE.—True repentance consists in the heart being broken *for* sin, and broken *from* sin. Some often repent, yet never reform ; they resemble a man travelling a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops, but never turns back.—*Thornton.*

SIN'S WAGES.—The wages that sin promises to the sinner are life, pleasure, and profit ; but the wages it pays him are death, torment, and destruction. He that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin must compare its promises and payments together.—*South.*

THE LOVE OF GOD.—The righteousness of God was most eminently glorified in the reconciliation wrought by Christ, when he made atonement for us in His blood. All after-actings of God towards us are indeed full of love ; but they are all streams from this fountain, or rivers from this ocean.—*Owen.*

THE BEST GUIDE.—It should cheer the steps of a servant of Jesus Christ as he journeys, to know that even in darkness his Guide is still with him, and that *that* Guide is the king of the country through which he is travelling.—*Foster.*

THE SAVIOUR.—The Lord Jesus Christ is such a Saviour as became the grace, mercy, love, wisdom, holiness, righteousness, justice, and power of God to provide ; and such a Saviour as became sinners' needs and desires, and therefore deserves their acceptance, as fit, suitable, sufficient, to save all that come to God through him, and that even to the uttermost ; his blood being able to cleanse from all sin, his power being able to subdue all things to himself, and his spirit sufficient to lead into all truth.—*Haliburton.*

BITTERNESS OF SIN.—There is more bitterness following upon sin's ending than ever there was sweetness from sin's acting. You that see nothing but *weal* in its commission, will suffer nothing but *woe* in its conclusion. You that sin for your profit, will never profit by your sins.—*Dyer.*

SERIOUS INQUIRIES.—Are you a Christian? If not, do you ever *expect to be*? If so, *when*? If God should soon call you to your final account, what reason could you give for being impenitent? Might you not be a Christian *now*? Delay not, then, to seek salvation, lest you should put it off too late. Think seriously; think prayerfully; think *now*.

WHY DELAY?—Many men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just about going out of it, they bethink themselves, and step back as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgot—namely, the main business for which they live in the world, to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity.—*Abp. Tillotson.*

VANITY OF THE WORLD.—Its vanity appears in this, that a little cross will embitter great comforts. One dead fly is enough to corrupt a whole box of the world's most fragrant ointment. There are so many ingredients required to make up worldly felicity—as riches, health, honour, friends, good name, and the like—that if any of these be wanting, the whole composition is spoiled. You may as soon grasp a bundle of dreams or take up an armful of your shadow, as fill the boundless desires of your soul with earthly enjoyments.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

WHAT CAN I DO?

No question, perhaps, is more frequently asked by the sincere Christian than this. And it is one of the defects in our church and pastoral work that a clear, concise answer to this question is not more readily furnished.

But, what can *I* do? is the urgent inquiry. You can maintain a consistent walk. Every Christian should be satisfied, first of all, that he does no harm. True, we can do nothing without God's grace assisting us. Yet we are exhorted to "keep ourselves in the love of God," and to "abstain from every form of evil."

You can be in your place at the stated meetings of the church. The pastor is expected to be there; why can't you? The Lord may not

have given you any special talent for singing, or for speaking and praying in public. But he has given you a talent for listening, and that talent you have no right to hide in a napkin. You can cheer the hearts of your pastor and of your brethren by manifesting sufficient interest to be always in your place.

You can be cordial with men. There is no one thing, perhaps, in regard to which the majority of Christians are more sadly deficient than in the cultivation and use of our social powers. We are too stiff, staid, formal, conventional.

But unhesitatingly we pronounce it as our solemn conviction—a conviction that is the result of many years close observation—that no one thing stands more directly in the way of the enlargement of the borders of our Zion than the suppression of the social spirit. Men want sympathy, friendship. They crave warm, cordial, unaffected greeting. And if we win them to our sanctuaries and hold them there they must have it. But they come to our churches, sit through the service, and go away oftentimes without a word of welcome from any one, unless it be the pastor or one of the deacons. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. Each member of the church ought to regard himself or herself as “a committee of one” on invitation to welcome the strangers, and to urge them to turn in and worship with them again. The atmosphere of every church ought to be made so pleasant, cheery, warm, home-like, that men will naturally, irresistibly be drawn—not by the brilliance of the pulpit, but—by the magnetic power of Christian hearts. Thus drawn, they will be held.

You can invite men to the Saviour. This may be to you, doubtless is, the most difficult work to which you are called. Yet we are persuaded that every Christian can do this work. You may not do this as well as others; neither may you pray as well as others. This, however, does not excuse you from either of these duties. And we are satisfied that no work yields so large returns as this personal work for the salvation of men. Preaching may be regarded as professional; so may general pastoral work. But when the Christian, from the general ranks of the Christian army, comes to his fellow with the message of salvation, it carries with it a potent influence for good.—*Western Recorder.*

THE Presbyterian Mission is making encouraging progress in Oromiah and Teheran, where they are surrounded by a population of about five millions. The Missionaries appeal for two more labourers and funds for a Training School.

"ONE BODY AND ONE SPIRIT."

REV. ALLEN WINDLE, of Liverpool, said that as there was an outward man and an inward man, so there was a Church visible and a Church invisible,—a Church within a Church. The outward Church was possessed of *gifts*; the inward Church was manifested by *graces*. The inward Church was a living body *connected with a living Head*. That connection was lost in Adam and restored in Christ. Then it was a living body, possessing *living communion in its different parts*. To illustrate this, he told of a scientific friend of his, who painted a top with all the seven prismatic colors; when the top was rapidly whirled, all these colors blended together, so that the whole appeared perfectly white. This living body also has *union in work*. Let them cease from pulling each other to pieces, and go to work among the poor and perishing. Let their hair-splitting differences alone until they get up to heaven, and let them go after the lost that were on every side.

Captain Moreton, to illustrate the concord that came from union in work, related an incident he had heard from Mr. Macgregor (Rob Roy). He was walking one day on the southern English coast, and fell across some seafaring men quarreling about the way in which a button had been sewn on one of their coats. They were on the point of coming to blows, when a cry was raised that there was a ship on the Goodwin Sands, and that the life boat was needed. Instantly the trumpery quarrel was at an end, and all were heartily at work doing their best to save their shipwrecked brethren. The illustration was very apt, and as told by the chairman, was well received.

THE COST OF DISSIPATION.

Not the least of the evils resulting from dissipation and intemperate habits is their costliness. It is not only that the American people pay hundreds of millions annually for the worse than useless luxury of drink itself, but those who do not drink, as well as those who do, must subtract from their earnings a certain sum every year, to pay for the sad results of drink; to keep the police courts in motion; to keep the jails and State prisons doing their work; to maintain alms-houses; to support reformatory institutions; to pay judges and jury in countless suits of the State's prosecution of crime. A large percentage of these expenses, variously estimated at from one-half to nine-tenths, is the result of

intemperance, so that a large share of our taxation goes to a poor and unavailing attempt to repair the damages of the drinking-shops. The statistics of crime are as sensitive to drink, as the needle to magnetic currents. A thermometer does not register heat more accurately than the tables of crime respond to the drinking habits of the people; and the cost of crime and pauperism, and vice and sickness, as the result of intemperance, is hardly yet properly estimated.

Suppose the five hundred millions spent on drink in this country every year were spent in converting the world to the Christian religion, or on works of art for the National and State capitals, or in scientific and literary lectures, concerts, and libraries made free to the poor; or that all the money spent in courts of law, on police, on jails, on almshouses, on prisons, on prosecutions for all kinds of crime, on inebriate asylums and reformatory institutions, on the care of orphans and neglected children; and all the other public expenses which are the direct result of drink, were expended to put a library and a newspaper in every man's home, and to endow our institutions of learning so that they should be free of all tax on parents, or expense to students; or suppose that all the time wasted in dram-shops, all the time lost in sickness arising from dissipation, all the time lost by the shortening of life through intemperance—in short, suppose that all the vigor of mind and body wasted on drink could be gathered up and devoted to honest industry, and the purchase and adornment of homes for those who are now in want through improvidence and drink, would not our world be a different world from what it is to-day?
—*Am. Exchange.*

A FEW days previous to his death the Rev. Dr. Belfrage of Falkirk, hearing his infant son's voice in an adjoining room, desired that he should be brought to him. When the child was lifted into the bed, the dying father placed his hands upon his head, and said, in the language of Jacob: "The God before whom my fathers did walk, the God who fed me all my life long to this day, the Angel who redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad." When the boy was removed, he added, "Remember and tell John Henry of this: tell him of those prayers, and how earnest I was that he might become early acquainted with his father's God."

Children's Treasury.

JOHNNY FLAXMAN.



VERYBODY said that Johnny Flaxman would never be anybody: by which they meant he never would be a bright or shining light in the world, or distinguished for his intellect; yet, when I said everybody, I ought to have left out Johnny's mother, the teacher, and the preacher.

Johnny's mother was naturally partial, but then she knew him better than any one else could, and she was ready to maintain against the town that her Johnny had as good a mind as any other boy or girl.

I will tell you one reason for her faith in Johnny. Mrs. Flaxman bought one of Mr. Vicks' papers of verbena seeds, and they looked so much like very tiny sticks that she said she would not "putter" with them, and giving them to Johnny, along with a piece of ground for a bed, told him to see what he could make of them. Time went on from May till August; then Johnny's bed of verbenas was the admiration of the village, and strangers passing often stopped to look at it with surprise and pleasure.

Johnny's duties and little tasks were always done in time. The cows were in the milking yard precisely at half-past six; the chip-basket was always full and in its place, so that Mrs. Flaxman never had to call, "Johnny—chips—chips."

The minister said he liked Johnny because he had such a good and honest heart, and besides this he said that Johnny Flaxman learned his Bible verses perfectly, never jumbling up the small but necessary words—to, of, with, by,—as many careless children do; so that it was a pleasure to hear Johnny's Sabbath school lessons.

His teacher declared, that although it took a long time to get any thing through Johnny's head, when it was learned he knew it forever. I suppose if you could have seen the struggle he had with the multiplication table you would have smiled. Nobody knew how long he had studied it; but little Betty Tattle used to plague poor Johnny, and say that he began to study it as soon as he could talk and hadn't got it yet.

But the multiplication-table was nothing to long division. He had a discouraging fight with that. All summer the teacher went over it again and again; but Johnny could not comprehend how to get the dividend. One afternoon, toward the close of the term, a wonderful light came into Johnny Flaxman's face. He had conquered long division at last. Until he was twelve years old he was always at the foot of the class in spelling; after that any one that got Johnny's place at the head of the class had to work very hard for it.

The fact is, Johnny was a plant of slow growth. The morning glory creeps to the gable and roof of the homestead in one short summer, hanging all the way along its delicate blossoms. It is very easy to coax a willow sprout to take root; a little sun and a little rain fulfil the conditions of its growth; in two or three years it gives in return for a little care yards of silvery, spray-like boughs. But it takes an acorn many summers and many winters to become an oak.

When Johnny was about eighteen years old a trustee from a district on the hill came down to the valley school to hire a teacher.

"Our district is a rough and a tough place," said Mr. Eyre, "as to wind and weather I mean. The snow-drifts cover the tops of our fences; the winds seem never to tire of blowing up our way; but we have wood enough and food enough and good horses and sleighs; and we want a young man that can really give us a lift. Our big boys can't be spared to go to school in the summer; but they are very anxious to learn all they can in the winter. If," continued Mr. Eyre, "we could get a young man who knows all about algebra and arithmetic, and who can give us a lift in our Debating Society and prayer-meetings, we shall esteem it a favor and will pay liberal wages. But our teacher must board around, as it is the desire of the boys on the Hill to have him for company; and as our living costs us nothing, we can't pay money for his board."

Unanimously the verdict of the teacher and school was, "Johnny Flaxman is the one to go."

When some one asked Mr. Eyre, in the spring, how they liked Johnny up in his district, he replied:—"A more faithful young man never drew the breath of life. The learning that the big boys of the Hill school acquired under the teaching of Johnny Flaxman was something like a miracle. You ought to see the neat writing, to hear the correct spelling, the parsing, and especially to see the way the boys did those puzzling problems in Partial Payments."

"Johnny, how did you like teaching?" inquired his mother.

"I think it did me more good than to go to school a year."

"Johnny Flaxman is off to college," said the minister to pretty young Miss Betty Tattle.

"Why, Johnny was always the dullest boy in school. How did it happen?"

"He prepared his Greek and Latin with me; he does seem rather slow, but when his mind grasps any science it is with the precision of a master."

The career of Johnny Flaxman in college was similar to that in the district school. The brilliant young men laughed at his slowness. They spent the time in boating and boxing that Johnny spent over the classics; when examination came they found many things learned so easily had slipped out of memory, but Johnny Flaxman stood like a rock. He passed through his studies with honor and took the highest prize in mathematics. On the day that he graduated the president had a letter from the trustees of a young college out west. They wrote:—"We want a young man, that you can recommend to us, for Professor of Mathematics. Our school is in its infancy, has its reputation to make, and we want the very best instructors."

Mr. Flaxman, as we now must call him, went to them, and did—as all his life he had done—admirably.

This narrative is given particularly for the encouragement of boys who think they are dull and slow. Patient determination will remove every obstacle from the path at last.

One Sunday not long since, I was in the city where the Rev. Mr. Flaxman preaches, and went to hear him. The sermon reminded me of a green oasis in the desert of Sahara. He was as much in earnest when he told the story of Christ, the Divine Master, as he had been all his life in his various undertakings. There were no heresies in his heart; he was orthodox as the Bible itself. The gray of Time was gathering in little flakes on his hair; there was a small bald spot on the top of his head; he looked like a strong oak tree, and my mental comment on him was:—"I wish that through the length and breadth of this land scores of boys would grow up to be such men as Mr. Flaxman."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

SOME weeks ago, a gentleman walking in one of the metropolitan cemeteries, observed kneeling beside a tombstone a little girl about ten

years of age. In her hand she held a wreath, which she placed on the grave. Going up to her, he asked if any one very dear to her lay there.

"Yes," she said; "my mother is buried here."

"Have you a father, or sister, or brothers?"

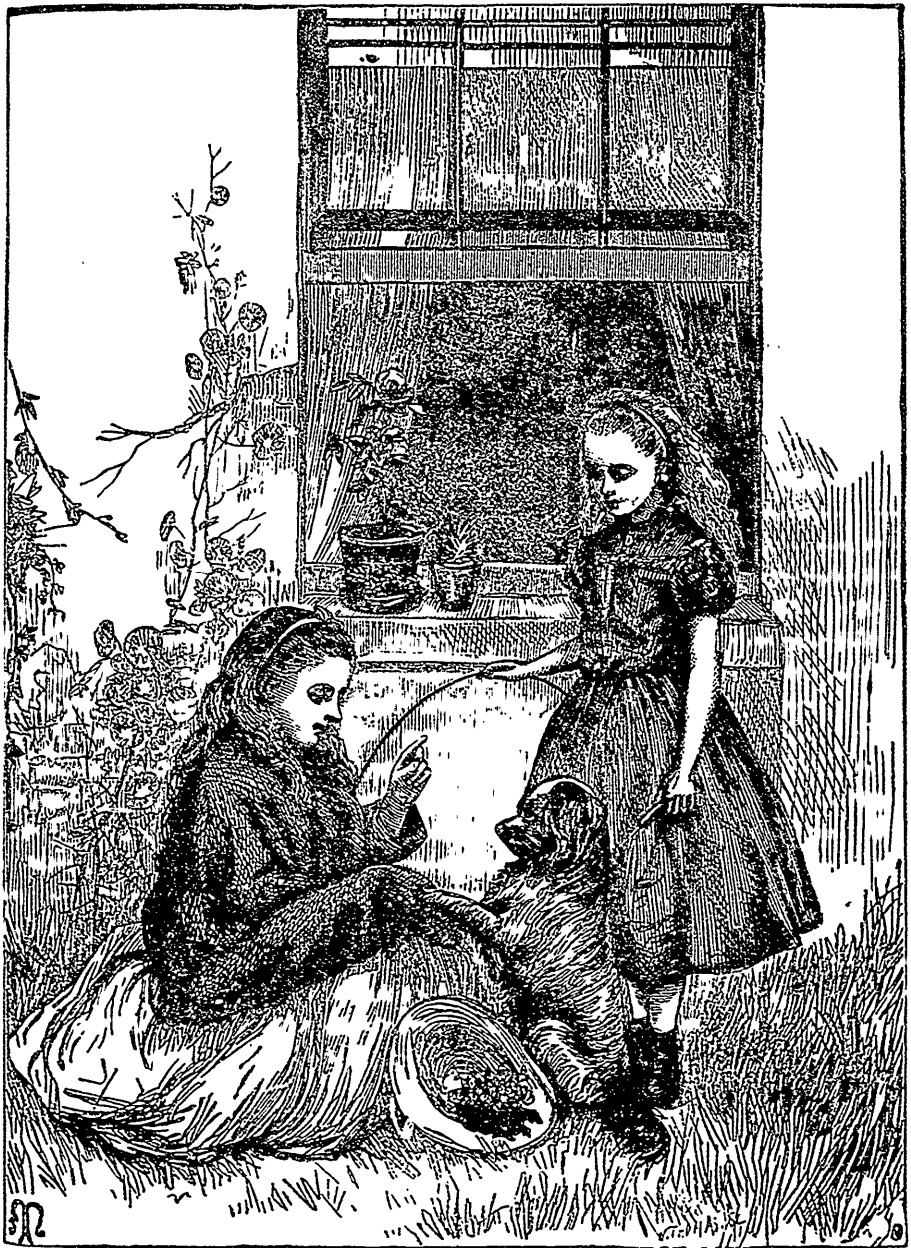
"No; they are all dead, and I am the only one left. Every Saturday afternoon I come here, and bring flowers to lay on mother's grave. Then I talk to her, and she talks to me."

"But, dear child, if she be in heaven, how can she talk to you?"

"I don't know," was the artless reply; "but she does, and tells me to be truthful, and to do what is right, so that Jesus will take me to live with her in heaven."

OUR DOG DASH.

Of all the pets of our childhood none ever afforded us so much amusement, or was ever so great a favourite as little Dash. He had long glossy hair, bright beautiful eyes, long drooping ears, and was one of the funniest and most affectionate creatures imaginable. We had trained him to perform a great many curious tricks, and never tired watching his pleasant gambols. As he was one of the prettiest, so he was one of the most gentle of all the canine race. Yet he did not want spirit, and could when occasion required, show that he could hold his own, if on anything like equal terms. He was, however, seldom tried. His was a pleasant, happy life, with as few of the troubles and trials of existence as any dog could wish for. It was a sad day for both of his little mistresses when Dash died. Nor had his been a useless life. His gentle winning ways were not without their influence on all the household. He might be thought to be only a child's plaything. But he was something more. Kind words, and kind deeds too, in coming years have been, I doubt not, insensibly prompted by the kindly affectionate winsomeness of our children's dear little playmate, Dash. We loved him dearly, and have ever since, though but a dog—thought better of many dogs, and perhaps of some men and women as well—for his sake.



OUR DOG DASH.

Book Reviews.

EYES AND EARS; OR HOW I SEE AND HEAR. By Aunt Yewrownckie.
Rev. Andrew Kennedy, London, Ont.

We have here a book of about three hundred pages, with twenty nine illustrations, teaching important physiological facts in an easy conversational way. The art of making these interesting truths still more interesting to young people, is certainly to be seen in Aunt Yewrownckie's treatment of them. She begins with a little talk with Master Robert Feaster, her nephew, on the wonders of human sight; and awakens his curiosity and secures his attention by making a few assertions which seem, in Bob's eyes, to be rather paradoxical. However, he begins to understand things, and takes such pride in parading his knowledge before his sister Caro, that she also is persuaded to attend next conversation. Thus the course goes on day by day for twenty-one lessons, treating pretty minutely of the eye and ear, and even of optical instruments. As agents in mental development, and as cultivating habits of observation, where so much is to be observed, we cannot over-estimate the value of books of this kind, compared with those of the sensational type—tales, novelettes, and fictitious biography not the less baneful because forming the greater part of our Sabbath School Libraries. Our young folk need more of those works, which leave permanently beneficial traces of their perusal, and fill the mind with fresh material for thought and contemplation. What is more suited to this end than such rudimentary treatises on Natural Science as we have here a specimen of? What better suited to show the infinite wisdom of the Great Master-Builder than a reverent study of His works? On these grounds, then, we heartily recommend this little volume; we know of no other on the subject so interesting to young folk, and which will do them more good.