

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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## Editorial.

### DEEPER AND HIGHER.

There is hardly any natural object to which the Church of Christ is more frequently compared than to the tree, whether it be oak or palm, vine or olive, fig or cedar. There is one point in the comparison which ought not to be forgotten by us at the present time. There is in many hearts in Canada a deep longing, and in many closets earnest prayer that the Lord should visit the Protestant Church of the Dominion. "so that the hills might be covered with the shadow of it and that the boughs thereof might be like the goodly cedar, stretching from the sea unto the river." In our longing to see the branches grow let us not forget the roots. This is the law of God's kingdom: "Thou didst cause it to *take deep root* and it *filled the land*." The height and width of the healthy tree is always in proportion to its depth and breadth. Let the top of a tree outgrow its roots and the consequence shall be that the first drought would wither it, or the first storm would uproot it. Let our main anxiety be, therefore, that the cause of God would take *deep root*, and the upward, outward growth shall come in its own season.

One of the first things necessary to a deep and enduring work of grace in any land is that its pastors be men that *hold much communion with God*. Men

who live much at court become courtly in their manners; and ministers who hold much communion with God will carry with them that power, pathos and authority that is commonly called unction, which is of more account in the work ministers have on hand than learning or rhetoric. It was this quality in the Great Master that caused men to say of Him, that He taught as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.

Another thing necessary to a deep and enduring work of grace is that ministers of the gospel be close, careful students of the Bible, clear thinkers, and pungent, pointed applicers of the truth to the conscience. A man may produce excitement, move men to tears, and do also a great deal of good by a superficial study and defective exposition of the Word of God, as did Apollos while yet untutored in the deep things of God; but the real and lasting success of a man's ministry is always in proportion to the degree in which he knows the Word, teaches his flock to know it, to search it for themselves, and to apply it to the ups and downs of life. A remarkable instance of this is the following facts from a recent issue of the "*Liberal Christian*:"—

"We heard a very competent witness say lately that the city of Rochester—of which he was not a citizen—was, in his judgment; the most

church-going, orderly, sensible, and excellent city in Western New York, and, so far as his observation went, was not surpassed in these respects by any city in the country. Struck with his disinterested testimony, calmly and thoughtfully given, we enquired to what this was due. Was it the character of its founders or early settlers, that had given it this direction? No! he thought it due chiefly to the influence which the well known and venerable Rev. Mr. Finney, now of Oberlin, and an octogenarian, had given to it in his ministry forty years ago in that place. Mr. Finney, well known as a preacher of great power, earnestness and persistency, had the peculiarity of giving highly logical, systematic and argumentative sermons, addressed to the conscience and heart through the intellect, and in this way he got such hold of the professional men, lawyers, doctors and thinkers, that he not only compelled them to give him their serious attention, but forced them to a decision in respect to the claims of Christianity and personal religion, so that it was said that at one time not a lawyer in the place, nor a physician, was not a communicant of some one of the churches of Rochester."

"With Rev. Mr. Finney's earnest and vigorous orthodoxy, with his exalted standard of Christian perfection, every student of the religious history of the last half century is acquainted. It is not surprising that he produced the effect ascribed to him, and we can very well believe that our friend's testimony as to the permanent influence he had upon the opinions, manners and character of the city he laboured in, was well founded. We quote the case, not as evidence of what orthodoxy may do for a whole neighbourhood, but of what one serious, earnest, devoted man, aiming to convince and persuade by solid argument the best minds and wills in a community, may accomplish,

and specially by grappling with questions of personal religion in a direct, argumentative and exhaustive way."

Another thing necessary to deep and enduring work is that the Holiness of God be kept in the foreground. "The holiness of God," as Charnock remarks, "is His glory, as His grace is His riches; holiness is His crown as His mercy is His treasure." \* \* \* \* "Power is His hand and arm, omniscience His eye, mercy His bowels, eternity His duration, but His holiness is His beauty." \* \* \* His justice is a holy justice, His wisdom a holy wisdom; His arm a holy arm, His promise a holy promise. His name, which signifies all His attributes, in conjunction, 'is holy.'—Psalm 103. In proportion as this attribute is magnified will sin become hateful, the cross become attractive, the commandments become a delight, and the whole business of religion begin and be carried on on a true, a deep, an everlasting basis.

Such a way of promoting revivals may seem slow. Let it be so. The growth of all things great and enduring is slow. Weeds grow fast, and so do trees of loose grain, but the oak makes wood slowly. The reason why three parts of the good seed of the parable out of four came to nought was that the ground was not sufficiently well prepared. It was hard, or it was shallow, or it was filthy. But where the ground was well prepared the roots went down into it, and got shelter and nourishment in the deep things of the earth; then the stalk came up out of this hiding place, strong enough to defy the birds, the sun, and the thorns. The battle was fought by the little roots away down where no eye could see them. "*Break up your fallow ground and sow not among thorns.*"

## WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

In the city of Constantinople there stands an ancient tower, on whose top is stationed watchmen day and night to watch the city and its harbours. Strangers visiting the east make it a point to climb this tower, that from its commanding height they may view the city and its environs. The watchman scarcely deigns to notice the intruders as he keeps moving from one side to the other, sweeping with restless eye the whole circle under his care, from centre to circumference. In the clear atmosphere of the east, and over a city where fires are little used, his practised eye sees everything. Should a fire break out, in a moment he sees it, and from his commanding position, he quickly sounds the alarm.

How gladly would we, at the close of another year, were we able, climb a tower like this that would give us a clear and wide view of the Christian world. We climb our tower. We turn with anxious gaze to answer the question: watchman what of the city? and we see little but smoke and mist. Our position is not like the position of the watchmen on the top of the Seraskier Tower of Constantinople; but like the position of one who climbs to the top of St Paul's, London, to look out from its golden ball over a sea of fog, wherein the great city below lies buried.

There is, however, here and there a rent in the mantle of darkness, and we can see signs of danger—the smoke as of threatening fires.

One of the most gloomy and alarming sights that greets the eye of one looking out to-night over the Christian world, is the attitude taken by the Church of Rome towards Protestantism. It is not very long since we were wont to hear that Rome had changed, if not its *creed*, its *spirit*, and that henceforth it would be content to abandon its arrogant claims, and to

become after the fashion of this century, charitable and tolerant. That view of Popery has vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. From the toothless jaws of Rome we hear to-day words as proud, pretensions as lofty, and curses as deep as when all the crowned heads of Europe lay at her feet. "She has," as Gladstone says, "refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused." Her language to every Christian communion in the world save her own is "what hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me." Let not the thought for a moment deceive us that Rome has ceased to be dangerous seeing she has become old, despised, and toothless. She has lost her temporal power, but she has not lost her ambition to rule over the kings of the earth, nor has she ceased attempting it. The Jesuits are busy in every way, and in every place, using the press, making captives of silly women, catching the young, mixing in politics, seeking, as is the opinion of Disraeli and other leading politicians, to bring over England to Rome, and involve Europe and the world once more in a war of religion and race.

But out of the darkness there breaks on the watchman's eye tokens of the coming day. If Rome is becoming narrower and fiercer, Protestantism is becoming broader, deeper, and more united. The Bible is being translated into every tongue, raised to its legitimate place in the school, and in the family. The press is gradually coming under the control of Christian men that hold orthodox views on the essentials of religion. The strife and suspicion that were wont to prevail between one Protestant denomination and another, are melting into forbearance and love without degenerating into indifference to truth. The preaching of the Evangelical Churches is becoming more Scriptural, and

simple, and earnest. The people are taking a greater interest in Christian work. The young men now in training for the ministry are enjoying advantages of study superior to what ever prevailed before in Protestant Colleges. Missions to the heathen are beginning to tell, and the mighty fabric of superstition that casts its gloomy shadow over India is trembling to its base. "Missionaries laboring among the Jews in Germany," we quote the very words of our witness: "report large numbers on every hand, who, mourning over the present condition of Judaism in matters of faith, are yearning for light to arise amid the gathering gloom, and asking half eagerly, half despondently, what is truth?"

What of the night? Much truly that is discouraging, much that suggests danger, and sore conflict, saying

to us, "Brethren, the time is short; it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use the world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away." But there is much that confirms the belief that we are nearing the glories of the latter days, "when a great voice out of the temple of heaven shall say "It is Done," when after "voices, and thunders, and lightnings, and a great earthquake," there shall be heard as it were "the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thundering saying alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

## Living Preachers.

### THE CROSS AND THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM.\*

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There can be but one opinion upon the importance of union among the people of God. Were the professed disciples of Jesus united, the world could not long resist his incomparable claims. A united Christendom would be speedily followed by a vanquished world. This was the hope that filled the eye of Jesus before His agony as He prayed "that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John xvii. 21.) The divisions of Christians are the excuse and the support of the world's unbelief. Let them be abolished, and

Christ's claims will immediately become resistless.

Assuming, then, the importance of union, the question arises, How shall it be brought about? And here we are met by two methods, diametrically opposed, and between which earnest men are now divided: one, which we might call the method of *uniformity*, which hopes to secure union through the recognition of a *true Church*; the other, which we might call the method of *induction*, and which hopes to secure union by considering the different creeds of evangelical Churches, and determining what they have in common as a basis of union. The former method, I need scarcely say, errs by making Church pretention instead of God's truth the foundation of union. Christendom in its distraction is expected to return to the bosom of an infallible Church, instead of to the bosom of an infallible Saviour.

\* "The Philosophy of the Cross." London, Hodder and Stoughton.

The chief means, in such a case, "will be a restored consciousness of the personality, presence, and office of the Holy Ghost, and therein of the perpetual divine infallibility of the Catholic Church."\* The latter method, on the other hand, would make the Christian faith to pass through the crucible of the Baconian induction, that what has been happily denominated a "Baconian Christianity" may be reached. We can have little difficulty in deciding in favour of the latter method as the true one in a scientific age like ours.

Well, then, as a matter of historic fact, efforts are being made after union on both these lines. Some years ago an "Association for the Promotion of the Union of Christendom," and which generally goes under the significant initials of the A. P. U. C., was formed by Dr. Pusey and the Oxford party, membership in which was to be upon the condition of simply praying for the union of Christendom in the way these churchmen expect it. Members "are not asked to compromise any principles which they, rightly or wrongly, hold dear. They are simply asked to unite for the promotion of a high and holy end, in reliance on the promise of our Divine Lord that 'whatsoever we shall ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive,' and that 'if two or three agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven.' The daily use of a short form of prayer, together with one 'Our Father,' for the intention of the association, is the only obligation incurred by those who join it; to which is added, in the case of priests, the offering, at least once in three months, of the Holy Sacrifice, for the same intention." The latest contribution to this method of uniformity is Dr. Dollinger's "Reunion of the Churches," in

which with great candour and erudition he discusses the difficulties of corporate union in consequence of the recent dogma of the Papal infallibility.

On the other hand, we have three associations, one in Germany and two in England, who are striving after union in the opposite fashion. "The German Protestant Association," I may briefly remark, aims at uniting the people upon the basis of Christian morality as something quite distinct and separable from Christian doctrine; and under the impression that science has largely exploded dogma, the association clings to *morals* as its sheet-anchor. "He whose soul was accessible to the teaching of Christ needed no theology, no rules and regulations as laid down by the doctors of the Church, to become good and pious. To acknowledge the greatness and love of God, to do His will, to repent and pray, was all that was inculcated by Jesus Christ." Such are the sentiments as uttered by one of the leaders, and with men like Schenkel of Heidelberg at its head, we need not expect any very substantial or permanent union from a morality divorced from doctrine.\*

The associations in England that are attempting to solve the question of union go by the names of the "Evangelical Alliance" and "The Anglican and International Christian Moral Science Association." The former has long since adopted its doctrinal basis; the latter has published as its manifesto an interesting volume of essays entitled "Science and the Gospel." In this there is laid down as a likely basis of union the Creed of the Second Council of Constantinople, along with the Augustinian doctrine of free grace and the Lutheran doctrine of Justification by faith alone (pp. 199, 200), along with, of course,

\* cf. Manning's "England and Christendom," London, 1867, p. ciii.

\* cf. "Religious Thought in Germany," by "The Times Correspondent at Berlin," pp. 58-80, 92-108.

the acceptance of Scripture as the sole rule of faith. Upon the details of the proposals made by these associations I cannot of course now dwell; but there can be no doubt that their method and aim are good, and we wish them "God speed" on their career.

Yet it seems to me that we have the unifying element in the Cross of Christ. If it were possible to collect men round the Cross, to take proper views of the crucifixion, especially the purpose that it contains of making men one, then should we have round this as a centre the union of Christendom! "Truth alone," it has been said, "generates unity," unity which is something deeper and grander than union, and upon which alone permanent union can be based; and what I hope to show is that the truth which is designed to secure this unity and union is the *truth of Christ's Cross*.

The passage now before us, brethren, undoubtedly lays down the truth that Christ died upon the cross not only to reconcile men to God, but also to reconcile men to one another; not only to make God and the Jew *or* the Gentile one, but also to make the Jew *and* the Gentile one. It is an important step, consequently, towards Christian union when we appreciate this *unifying power of the Cross*."

I. CHRIST IN HIS CRUCIFIXION ABOLISHED THE JEWISH CEREMONIES, WHICH TENDED TO EXCLUDE THE GENTILES.

It was no easy matter to be a Jew. A multitude of ceremonies had to be performed, sufficiently instructive, doubtless, to a spiritual soul, yet irksome as a galling yoke to all. Think of all the details to which the Jew had to attend in the matter of sacrificial worship, and the perpetual dread in which he must have lived lest he should fall into ceremonial uncleanness. As we read the account of sin-offering and burnt-offering, of meal-

offering, and peace-offering, and trespass-offering, we are amazed at the minuteness of the regulations, and can easily understand how large an amount of attention must necessarily have been expended upon the small details of worship. As, again, we read the regulations regarding uncleanness,—how a Jew became unclean by touching even casually certain animals, by touching the unclean or even the place where they had lain, by touching the dead, and how particular he must be about washing, and the period of exile and the time of return, and the propitiatory sacrifices by which he may regain his place in the church and camp of God, we can see how exceedingly irksome the entire system must necessarily have become. No wonder that Peter spake of the Jewish ritual as a "yoke upon the neck . . . which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear." (Acts xv. 10.)

It was to deliver the pioneers of Christianity from this great difficulty, while securing other interests at the same time, that Christ died upon the cross. He died to fulfil, and thereby abolish, the ceremonies of Judaism. He abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances: to make in Himself of twain, that is, of Jew and Gentile, one new man, so making peace. The Cross abolished the sin-offering; for it was the altar on which was offered that sacrifice which put away sin. (Heb. ix. 26-28). The Cross abolished the burnt-offering; for it enabled men, when they had appreciated the sin-offering; to offer themselves as "living sacrifices," holy, acceptable unto God, which is their reasonable service. (Rom. xii. 1.) The Cross abolished the meal-offering; enabling men to present in gratitude their proportion of worldly means in consideration of their salvation through Christ's death. (Heb. xiii. 16.) The

Cross abolished the peace-offering; for it has established the real fellowship between God and man of which the feast was but a type, and has provided a simpler feast in the Supper of the Lord to symbolize this communion. (Eph. ii. 16; 1 Cor. x. 16.) The Cross abolished the ceremonial purifications, through providing an instrument of regeneration to be used by the Holy Spirit. (John iii. 14, 15.) The Cross abolished circumcision, and passover, and pentecost, and feast of tabernacles, and centralization in worship, because it led to the spirit and the truth of which these were but the transient forms. It ushered in the hour when neither in Gerizim nor at Jerusalem men would worship the Father (John iv. 21); but wherever there was the spirit and the truth inhabiting a human heart, in civilized lands or in the wilderness, there would the merciful Father stoop to receive man's homage and be his perpetual stay.

## II. CHRIST IN HIS CRUCIFIXION PROVIDED BUT ONE WAY OF RECONCILIATION FOR BOTH JEW AND GENTILE.

The point in which all religions are agreed is *sacrifice*. Hence if there had been no other object in the sacrifice of Calvary, we have therein an element of unity for the different nations of the earth. Jew and Gentile have alike been accustomed to the idea of propitiation through sacrifice; the very instinct of our nature endorses such a method of reconciliation; and we have this common instinct and longing of humanity satisfied in that sacrifice of the Cross.

Hence we find that, instead of providing a Jewish and a Gentile way of reconciliation with God, Jesus has reconciled both unto God in one body by the Cross, having slain the enmity thereby. Hence He has come and preached the one peace, His own peace, to the Gentiles that were far off, and to the Jews that were nigh.

Now it is interesting to observe how the sacrifices of God were regarded as peace-making between men. You remember how in such cases of dispute as between Abraham and Abimelech, or between Jacob and Laban, sacrifice to God was the symbol of peace. These old worshippers felt that when they rose into the sunlit height of reconciliation with a common Lord through his appointed sacrifice, they were bound to drop their enmities and be reconciled to one another as well as to Him. The one way of reconciliation by sacrifice necessitated mutual reconciliation;—man could no longer war with man, when each had been reconciled to God.

Perhaps this great principle may be rendered still clearer if we consider for a moment the effect of railway communication upon the caste of India. Britain, in providing railway transit in Hindostan, could not of necessity humour the different castes of the country with separate compartments. Brahmin, Hindu, and Dhed must "bundle in" to the same railway carriage, even at the risk of rubbing elbows with each other; and the result of having only *one way* provided is that caste is being steadily, though perhaps unconsciously, undermined, and preparation made for a vast unity and brotherhood in the not very distant future.

In exactly the same way Christ, by providing but one way of reconciliation through His Cross, is forcing Jew and Gentile to come into contact, and through contact to become one at heart. Oh, yes, there is but one royal road for sinful souls back to their Father and their God; it is the new and living way which has been consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, Christ's flesh; and as soul after soul treads the blood-besprinkled way into the audience-chamber of the reconciled Father, it is found to be a way of mutual peace-making, brother-

hood, and bliss! "I am the way," said Christ, "the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me;"—and each one that comes recognizes his brothers on the way. (John xiv. 6.)

III. CHRIST THROUGH HIS CRUCIFIXION BECAME DENATIONALIZED, AND SO CAN BE THE COMMON BROTHER OF EVERY RACE.

In an eloquent appeal on behalf of Jewish missions made lately, it was argued that because Christ *is* a Jew we should pity "the scattered nation;" and the idea was asserted more than once that Christ was sitting *as a Jew* upon His Father's throne. Had it been argued that because Christ *was* a Jew, we should do our best for His compatriots, no fault could be found with it; but that Christ *is* a Jew I most emphatically deny. And it seems to me that if there was less knowing of Christ after the flesh and more after the spirit (2 Cor. v. 16), there would be less sentimentality entertained about His kingdom and mission.

Had Christ remained upon the earth, and not died as he did upon the cross, He would not have commanded the breadth of sympathy He does this day. A Jew, as such, could not be a universal sovereign. His nationality would necessarily denude him of the cordial sympathy of other nations. Hence it has been very properly said, "The Messiah must cease to be Jewish before He could become universal; and this implied His death, by which alone the personal relations, which made Him the property of a nation, could be annihilated. To this He submitted; He disrobed himself of his corporeality, He became an important spirit; thereby instantly burst His religion open to the dimensions of the world; and, as He ascended to the skies, sent it forth to scatter the seeds of blessing over the field of the world

long ploughed with cares, and moist with griefs: and softened now to nourish in its bosom the tree of life."\*

There is something truly noble in this denationalization of Christ. Through death He resigned His nationality, and rises out of Joseph's tomb no longer a Jewish peasant, but "The Son of Man," claiming kinship with every nation and kindred and people and tongue. The man, consequently, that speaks of Jesus being *now* a Jew is mistaking altogether the genius of Christianity. It is a "citizen of the world" that sits at the Father's right hand and claims the inheritance of a universal empire. It is the Elder Brother of universal humanity that beckons His brethren through the Gospel to come up to the sacred seat in heavenly places at His side. No patriot or anti-patriot, but the Man of the World, is there, and He claims the sympathy of all He came to save.

I would insist upon this view of our risen Saviour, for it is the very kernel of the Union Question. We dare not put Him into any of the nations or the sects. Where is the soul that in a solemn hour would claim Christ as an Episcopalian or a Methodist, an Independent or a Presbyterian, a Baptist or a Quaker? You cannot coop Him up in the cage of denominationalism. No more can you nationalize Him. He is above and higher than both.

"Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they." †

Hence Christ breaks in upon every nation as a brother. No national prejudice can keep Him at a distance. To all who have come to know Him in the spirit there is a sense of brotherhood established that is above all nationality and all denominationalism.

\* Martineau's "Studies of Christianity," pp. 112, 113.

† "In Memoria."



He is the "living link" that is needed to bind the nations into one.

It must be a surpassing experience to rise into such a position as that now occupied by Christ, and to contemplate from the eternal throne the struggle of the world's peoples; to get out of the narrow circle even of imperial interests in such an empire as Britain into the wide circle of universal empire. It is to this that Christ has come, and it is better for the world's wants that He acts from such a seat than that He should become nationalized as a Jew upon any throne in Zion. The unity and union of the nations demand a much wider basis than the small ideas of "a personal reign" can afford! Hence we look to Christ's Cross as the instrument needed to denationalize our Master, and make Him in consequence the natural and common Brother of every race!

#### IV. CHRIST'S CROSS IS CONSEQUENTLY THE CENTRE AND SYMBOL OF UNION FOR UNIVERSAL CHRISTENDOM.

Through the Cross, as we have seen, reconciliation with God and reconciliation with one another are secured. The crucifixion is the unifying element in history and in religion. When Paul chides the Corinthians because of their divisions, he asks the significant questions, "Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you?" (1 Cor. i. 13.) A crucified Saviour is thus regarded as the element which should render divisions among Christians untenable. To the Cross, therefore, must men be summoned if they are to constitute a united Christendom.

It is plain, brethren, that no other symbol is at all likely to command the union desired. I suppose the most sanguine subscriber of the Westminster Confession and Catechisms hardly expects to gather the nations of the earth round that extensive and mas-

terly symbol. Nor are the Thirty Nine Articles or the Tridentine Decrees calculated to become the basis of the universal union,—nor indeed is there any creed, whether Apostolic or Reformed, at all likely to constitute the common basis upon which the union shall be built.

No more can we expect to make the sacraments of the Supper and of Baptism the symbols of a united Christendom, because around these there is the din of continual war, some insisting on the baptism only of adults and by immersion, some insisting on the baptismal regeneration of infants, some on "real presence" in the Supper and mysterious influences through the sacraments, while others contemplate the ordinances in a calmer and more rational light. How would it be possible, then, with such controversies about the sacraments, to make them the symbols of union?

In such circumstances there remains but one symbol round which Christendom may be united, a symbol which in these discourses I have tried to show is capable of distinct doctrinal interpretation, a symbol which embodies a divine and permanent philosophy, a symbol which appeals to the simplest understanding as well as to the profoundest intellect, a symbol which has all the certainty of a historic fact, and all the charm of a comprehensive system, and this is the symbol of the Cross! This is the banner under which the embattled hosts of God are to advance; this is the rallying-point for earth's alienated peoples; this is the grand unifying power that Christianity has introduced.

Take up your evangelical religions, pass them through the crucible of your most scientific method, and is not the common element in them all the crucifixion of Christ as the source of man's salvation? Your "Baconian Christianity" is the Christianity of the Cross. Every system that does not

make "Christ crucified" central will be found historically to be a failure.\* The Self-sacrifice of the Cross, as the only way of delivering man from doom, is the one rallying principle, the one rallying cry, the faith and bond of Christendom.

A time is coming, brethren, when the battle of the churches and the battle of the creeds shall be over, when "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim;" when the priest shall merge into the presbyter, the cathedral shall count kindred with the conventicle, and the Pharisaism that forbids the approach of a less worthy brother shall have given place to universal contrition; when the stick of Joseph and the stick of Judah shall be one, and ecclesiastical strifes and divisions shall pass into the museum of history. A time is coming, brethren, when the Prince of Peace shall survey a united army, out of which

the demon of mutiny has been expelled, and common purposes have inspired common campaigns and united missions; a time is coming when the good and true souls shall draw no sword upon each other, but only upon the evil, to hew it, if possible, into good: and when that happy day dawns upon a united Christendom, it will be found that the one banner that floats above the field, the one symbol that unites all sympathies, the one source of hope that inspires all hearts, is Christ's Cross!

It were well, therefore, if men allowed their eyes to be filled with this mighty and marvellous symbol. The crucifixion, not the crucifix, the tragedy itself, and not its counterfeit, the Cross of Calvary, and no imitation of it,—this, brethren, should be the study of all Christians, for it is just here that they will find the centre and the symbol of the union for which all true believers pray! God speed the happy day when we shall all be one through Christ's Cross! Amen.

\* Cf. "D'Aubigne's Discourses," p. 34.

## Poetry.

### SOWING AND REAPING.

Adelaide Proctor has written beautiful lines, but nothing more touchingly true than the following. What a lesson and a comfort they convey to every Christian:—

Sow with a generous hand;  
Pause not for toil or pain;  
Weary not through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold spring rain;  
But wait till the autumn comes  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,  
A table will be spread,  
What matter if you are too weary  
To eat your hard-earned bread?  
Sow while the earth is broken,  
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow. While the seeds are lying  
In the warm earth's bosom deep,  
And your warm tears fall upon it,  
They will stir in their quiet sleep:  
And the green blades rise the quicker,  
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow,—for the hours are fleeting,  
And the seed must fall to-day;  
And care not what hands shall reap it,  
Or if you have passed away  
Before the waving corn-fields  
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow; and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears,—  
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears.

## A VERY OLD HYMN.

The worship of the early Christians consisted largely in singing the praises of the Redeemer. In the works of Clement of Alexandria is given the most ancient hymn of the primitive Church. Clement wrote in the year 150, and the hymn itself is said to be of much earlier origin. The first and last verses rendered into English may serve to show the strains in which the happy disciples were wont to address their loving Saviour:—

Shepherd of tender youth!  
Guiding in love and truth,  
Through devious ways;  
Christ, our triumphant King,  
We come Thy name to sing,  
And here our children bring  
To shout Thy praise.

So now and till we die,  
Sound we Thy praises high,  
And joyfully sing;  
Infants and the glad throng,  
Who to Thy Church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our King.

## HAPPINESS IN WORK.

We read of one in ancient time,  
Who, weary of his mortal life,  
Resolved that at the evening chime  
He'd end the ever painful strife;  
And thus resolved to meet his fate,  
He only had the hour to wait.

This man was rich in worldly good;  
He had what others seek in vain;  
But in this sad, despairing mood,  
No pleasure found in all his gain;  
But now, while walking o'er his land,  
A stranger took him by the hand.

"Take this," to him the stranger said;  
"Bring back to life some dying men;"  
Then at his feet an herb he laid,  
And left him to himself again.  
The man went forth throughout the town  
To heal the sick, their woes to drown.

His money to the poor he gave,  
And counsel freely did impart;  
And, saving others from the grave,  
Brought sweetest comfort to his heart;  
Till in his work so strangely given,  
He found a sweet foretaste of heaven.

The stranger came once more, at last,  
And took him by the hand again;  
While at his feet an herb he cast  
To free him from his mortal pain,  
Who wished to die before,  
Now fain would live his long life o'er.  
*Boston, Sept. 25, 1874.* D. M. M.

## SILENCE.

BY PROF. UPHAM.

When, smitten, thou dost feel the rod,  
Be still, and leave thy cause with God;  
And silence to thy soul shall teach  
Far more than comes from outward speech.

When secret arts and open foe  
Conspire thy peace to overthrow,  
In silence learn the hidden power  
Which saves thee in that bitter hour.

Doth not thy father take thy part?  
Doth He not know thy bleeding heart?  
And when it seems that thou wilt fall,  
Doth he not feel it? bear it all?

Make no reply, but let thy mind  
In silent faith the triumph find  
Which comes from injuries forgiven,  
And trust in God, and strength in Heaven.

## WHEN WILL HE COME?

Will it be when the mid-day sun is gleaming  
And I am toiling 'neath its sultry heat?  
Or when at eventide I'm gently resting  
Among the flowers springing at my feet?  
Or when above my head the stars are shining,  
Brightly resplendent in the heavens' high dome,  
Or in the rosy blush and dawn of morning,  
Or in the twilight grey? When will He come?

Shall I be old, and dreary, and forsaken,  
With white hair streaming o'er my furrowed  
brow,

Gone from my life the music and the sunshine,  
Gone from my heart the love that cheers me  
now?

Shall I be sleeping, with the green grass waving  
And the winds whispering round my lonely  
tomb;

Or will he take me now to greener pastures  
And fairer, purer joys? When will He come?

Soon shall I hear—to-day, to-night, to-morrow?  
The sound I long to catch, His own dear voice,  
Sweeter than all the tones I love so fondly,  
Saying in accents clear, "Rejoice, rejoice!"

When shall I see the hands for me once pierced,  
And the brow pressed for me with thorny  
crown,

Know that for my own sake He gave his life  
blood,

Yet, that He calleth me? When will He come?

Shall I be worshipping among His children,  
And singing hymns of praise unto my God?

Or, 'mid the dwellings of the poor and needy,

Striving to follow where His feet have trod?

Or in the bustle of the crowded city,

Or the sweet, social pleasures of my home?

Or at His table, or in woods at even,

Or on the sea's blue waste? When will He  
come?

Will all the fields be fragrant with spring blossoms,

The song birds warbling in the flowery glade,

Or the bright summer sunbeams shining over

The fruitful earth which His own hand hath  
made?

Will autumn winds be rustling through the  
meadows,

Or winter snows around wheres'er I roam?

Poor, vain attempt to hide earth's sin and ruin

From His all-searching gaze? When will He  
come?

And still I wait and wait. My Lord delayeth,

My yearning heart grows troubled oft and sad

Yet through the darkest night His loved voice

sayeth,

"I'm coming soon, to make thee truly glad."

The time is short, this world is fleeting swiftly,

Heaven is nearing, my eternal home;

Oh for the wings of faith to reach unto it,

E'en while with tears I say, "When will He

come?

—*Christian.*

M.

## Christian Thought.

### OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

#### SUCCESS IN SABBATH SCHOOL WORK, AND HOW GAINED.

BY REV. J. N. CHASE, EXETER, N. H.

We are all hoping for success in Christian work. What is true Christian success? Is it the *sowing* of the seed of truth? Is it not rather the *sowing* and the *reaping*? Paul's idea of success is sharply defined, when he states that in warning every man, and in teaching every man, his object is, to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." No Christian effort can stop short of this as the ultimate end. Every stroke of labor that contributes to this issue is, so far, successful. Every stroke that bears not in this direction is in vain, or worse. This end should not be a remote one in Sabbath School work. How may we gain this success?

1. We must labor to establish *permanent convictions* as to God's truth. Impressions are easily made. How susceptible are the mind and heart to the most delicate influence! A word, a look, a smile leaves an impress that may be ineffaceable. But the question is, how to give an impression of divine truth that shall be an abiding *conviction* in the heart, evermore controlling the whole life. When Daguerre was working at his sun-pictures, his great difficulty was to *fix* them. The light came and imprinted the image; but when the tablet was drawn from the camera, the image had vanished. *Our* want is the same—a *fixing* solution, that shall arrest and fasten the fleeting impression. He discovered the chemical power which turned the evanescent into the durable. And so, fellow-workers, there is a divine agency at hand that can fix the truth in the heart—the power of God's spirit. But God so combines this agency with human effort, that heart acts directly on heart. There is such a force in

operation as *soul-power*. The living teacher is employed of God to produce abiding convictions in susceptible hearts. Faithful men may speak, as Paul did, of souls "begotten" by them through the Gospel. God commissions us to make disciples. He bids us win souls to Christ. He holds us responsible, in a measure, for the weal or woe of men. If this is so, He has given us adequate means to accomplish this work.

2. Furthermore: Successful workers must be men and women of deep convictions. We cannot hope to impress others with truths that we ourselves do not feel. Like begets like. The stream does not rise higher than its source. Elevate the fountain, and the water-pressure increases. There is power in the influence of one whose convictions are deeply rooted; and this power increases as the man increases. An obscure man rose up to address the French Convention, at the time of that nation's revolution. "Who is that?" eagerly inquired Mirabeau of one. "That man," said Mirabeau, "will yet act a great part, for he speaks as one who *believes* every word he says."

The great Apostle's success has been hinted at. We have only to follow him, as he went everywhere preaching the cross, and note his tears and his utterances, to understand his power over men. The secret appears when he writes, "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." "We *believe*, and therefore speak." Says Robertson, "Here was the difference between rhetorical thunders and the teaching of one who knew and believed the terrors of which he spoke."

Look at Whitefield, startling a worldly church from its slumbers, and calling sinners in great numbers from death to life. Wherein lay his power? Not in his oratory; not in the silvery tones of his voice; men would tire of

that; not in the force of his magnetism. No; but it lay in the depth of his felt convictions. Says one who was qualified to say it, "Whitefield spoke as if he could know nothing of the thousands before him but their immortality and their misery; and so it was that those thousands listened to him." These weighty truths lay heavily on his own heart, and he laid them unto their hearts. And so it is that we, as teachers, must hope to be successful. Having an experience of God's truth, feeling the evil of sin, and then apprehending Christ, in all the fullness of His love, we may, by the spirit of God, reproduce these convictions in others. In this lies our hope. To make Christians instrumentally, we ourselves must first be Christians. There must be something heart-deep and positive in our Christian teaching. God intends Christianity to be reproductive, and it will be, where it is real and vital. We cannot overrate this requisite to all Christian success. A prosperous merchant was asked to tell the secret of his success in business. "I put my soul into it," was the reply. That's what we want in our Christianity, and in our preaching, and in our teaching. Look where you will, in any department of influence, and you will find those making their mark who thoroughly believe, and therefore work.

A gifted author, who often puts true things in a homely way, says, "Men that do anything in the world must be men of strong convictions. It won't do to go through life like a hen, crawl—crawling, and lifting up one foot, and not knowing where to set it down next." Mr. Fields, in his discriminating lecture on Sidney Smith, explains the energy and success of his manly work, by saying, "The difference between him and others about him was, that while they had opinions, he had convictions."

How greatly is this power needed

in the Christian church to-day! We need it in the pulpit. The preacher is powerless indeed without it. We need it in the pews. We want standard-bearers, firm and true. We want leaders who dare to follow Christ implicitly. We want men in our Baptist churches who shall "seem to be pillars," men of faith and action,—men who cannot be swayed by any arguments short of the word of God. Let the teacher have convictions of truth, and feel his responsibility, and we shall have harvests of such workers.

3. But how is this teaching power to be developed? Before the prophet Ezekiel was lifted to the height of his mission, he was instructed to eat a certain "roll" that was given to him. That roll was the Word of God; and with that in his heart, he went forth "in the heat of his spirit," to move the captives by the river Chebar. It is a great mistake for one to attempt the work of teaching without diligent study of the Scriptures. As well might the preacher enter the pulpit with no preparation. To feel the inspiration of divine truth, so as to impart it, we must drink deep at the fountain. How does the artist gain the lofty ideals that he puts upon canvas? He studies the masterpieces; He holds prolonged communion with the work of a Raphael until the inspiration of the master becomes his own. There is no lack of painstaking in this process, and it is not labor lost. Yet what thoughts, what conceptions can be expressed in painting, that will bear comparison with those great truths of God and of eternity, that we seek to imprint on human hearts? And can we hope to spring into possession of this power in a moment? God does not so impart. Patient, reverent study alone is the key to these divine thoughts; and here is the hiding of this power.

Our knowledge of the truth must be experimental. God develops the

teaching power in us, by supplying our own personal, religious needs. There must be a personal working out of the Gospel in our own inner life before we can truly proclaim it. The most successful teachers are those who have had the deepest experience of the things of God. Herein we see God's wisdom, in using sinners as the dispensers of his grace and truth. It is only the enlightened sinner that is qualified to preach or teach the Gospel. A spotless angel cannot do what a converted Saul of Tarsus can do. Be it ours, then, fellow-teachers, to know the truth,—to know it as it stands related to our own spiritual life; and the truth, thus known, will be a power in us. We shall live it, as well as teach it. We shall have intelligent convictions. Others will be convicted and persuaded. And so the water that Christ gives us will be in us fountains of water, springing up to eternal life. And the prayer of the Psalmist, with its answer, will find a place in our experience: "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted to Thee."

#### THE RELIGION OF SENTIMENT AND THE RELIGION OF PRINCIPLE.

There are these two types of religion as it is exemplified in the lives of men. There is a religion of sentiment, a sort of exaltation of feeling that yet has not the root of the matter in it. Some men are taken with that which lies upon the surface of religion rather than with that which constitutes its essential strength. The religious imagination, in other words, has been taken captive, but the deep springs of the heart have not been truly touched. By no means, therefore, has the whole man been

brought under control ; if, indeed, we can say that he is under real control at all who is moved by mere imagination, or superficial feeling.

Such men expatiate on the Divine beneficence, on the universal brotherhood, on God in nature, on the divineness in humanity. Under certain circumstances they go off into the broadest of broad church views. Or if they do not go to these extremes, they are yet far from being the reliable working Christians upon whose steadfastness you can depend.

Hence, so far as they themselves are concerned, they are likely to become the prey of doubts and fears. Their religion was made for sunshine. Their hopes are eclipsed, or vanished entirely. They begin to think that religion is a delusion and a snare. It is possible that they may make utter shipwreck of the faith. At any rate, solid heart-comfort is gone. There is not that restfulness in such a type of religion which the soul craves when beset with temptation or burdened with care.

Hence, so far as the example of such persons go, it is largely against religion. Their failures and follies are so many that the world, looking on, says, "If that is religion, we want none of it." Not a religion that can talk glibly and enjoy excitement, but a religion that makes men better in all the relations of life is what men want.

Now the religion of the Bible is a religion of principle. Its fundamental position is in the ruling love of the converted heart. It is not mere emotion, though it feels the deepest emotions. It does not spend itself in ecstasies, though it rises in "the rapture of pardon" up to God. Much less does it dribble its energies away in gush, though its affections are broad enough to embrace mankind. It is a determined, settled purpose. It is the

will choosing good and God. It is the subjection of the life to the obedience of Christ. An entire consecration of being.

Such a form of religion as this can stand the shock of tempest and battle. The assaults that would overthrow weaker natures find it founded on a rock from which it cannot be moved. It is a type of religion that holds out to the end. It takes up the burdens of life, carries the cross after the Master. Having put its hand to the plough, it does not look back in vain regrets. It holds on through evil as well as through good report.

Those who have cultivated this type of piety find themselves in the possession of that good part that shall not be taken from them. They find themselves at rest—not from holy activity, but from vain conflicts and distressing fears. They can mark, and with deep gratitude to God, continual progress from day to day in their Christian walk. There is a life of joy ; thanksgiving is continually in their heart, and the voice of melody.

Their life, too, does not put Christianity to the blush. They are rather burning and shining lights in the world, holding forth the word of life. Men take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus. Looking at them the world sees that religion is a substantial reality, that it is more and better than a poet's dream. It sees that there is power in this religion to mould the hearts and control the lives of men. It sees that passion is subdued, that purity reigns, that holy energy is imparted, that the atmosphere of heaven rests upon the earthly life like a benediction.

Hence there is a value and a power in the religion of principle which the religion of sentiment can never have. It is, in a word, the only true form of religion.—*American Messenger*.

For explanation of the strangeness of this page  
see p. 48 (end) of the Jan. 2 no. for 1875 further on.

### Christian Life.

#### FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

[This chapter finishes the autobiography of Dugald Buchanan. He lived 18 years after the date to which he brings down his own story; but he has left us no account of himself. From other sources we know that he obtained a situation as schoolmaster in Perthshire in 1775, that he assisted in the work of translating the Scriptures into Gaelic, his native tongue; that he did the work of an Evangelist in a district where till this day his name is revered, and where a granite monument has been or is about to be erected to his memory. In 1766 he published his Poems, which place him in the esteem of competent judges, in the very front rank of renowned poets; but the language in which they were written, although cultivated by German, French and English Linguists more than ever, is as a spoken language slowly dying, and from that language it is impossible to transfer them to English, though several translations have been made, without inuring that exquisite adaptation of word to thought which genius alone can reach in any language. In 1768, two years after publishing his poems, the author died, retaining to the last that lofty style of piety on which he appears to enter at the time he parts company with us in this concluding chapter. At first sight this chapter may appear to some too long; well, it no doubt will be thus felt by looking at it, or even in reading it when one is in a cold worldly mood, but let any who feels an interest in *experimental religion*, which is to theology what practical farming is to chemistry, draw near on a quiet Sabbath evening, in a devout frame to read this chapter, and if he knows aught of Augustine's Confession he will be reminded of them; and he cannot rise from its perusal without feeling himself drawn to a higher spiritual life widely different from what passes for good religion in our day. Indeed the points of resemblance between Buchanan's aims and experiences are strikingly similar, though not in all points of their circumference, with much of what we read now by Mr. Varley and others on the higher Christian life.—Ed. C. C. M.]

An autobiography of last century: being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, as narrated by himself.

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CONCLUDING SECTION—CHAP. III.

(In which God's gracious dealing with my soul, from August 1842 to January 1850, is continued.)

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be held in a congregation

in my neighbourhood. I went thither and got a soul-refreshing view of Christ at His own table, both in a way of reproof and comfort. These Scriptures came before me: "*Because I am broken with their whorish heart which hath departed from me;*" Ezekiel xvi, 9. "*Behold I am pressed under you, as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves;*" Amos ii, 13—a reproof that turned my eyes to look to the sufferings of Jesus Christ the Son of God, whose love, unto death, I was now commemorating; and knowing my sins to be the cause for which he suffered, I do this day bear witness against them, and enter a protest in the hand of the Advocate in heaven, at God's right hand, that they be not heard. And I promise in the sight of God and the holy angels, and take my conscience and all about me as witness, that where I shall observe Thy will to be, that I shall not fight or pray against it, but submit. Save me from myself, for I am my greatest enemy. I bless Thee, O my God in Christ, who hath enabled me to renounce myself freely in Thy sight, and for giving me such soul submission to Thy yoke. Now, Lord, let the dedication of myself to Thee, and my accepting Thee as my God in Christ, and my being the subject of Thy spiritual work, be like the day that is past and cannot be recalled again. Let it be ratified in heaven, and I will sign it upon earth.

DUGALD BUCHANAN.



## Christian Work.

THE UNDER CURRENT—THE WAVE OF BLESSING—HENRY VARLEY'S PREACHING.

It is the impression of many ministers and laymen with whom the editor met during the sittings of the Church courts in one of our cities, that there is a strong under-current of religious seriousness setting in among the Christian people of all denominations in Canada. It is difficult to gauge the current or ascertain its strength, but to some appreciable extent it is there.

The existence of it is from the Lord who is the fountain of the Church's strength and life; but there are no doubt other causes at work in conjunction with this divine, efficient cause.

It is favourable to the growth of religious feeling and experience amongst us, that there is an absence of political strife. The intensity of our party feeling in politics, the extent to which people go in "railing accusations," the coarse language, lying, and bitter personalities in which men indulge, just to carry their favourite candidate successfully through the poll, all this, especially if indulged in by members and office-bearers of the church, is grieving to the Holy Spirit, which, though pure, yet is peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits. Christian men, though prepared to maintain truth and righteousness at all hazards, are, however, getting weary of these bitter, unrighteous personalities, which are twice cursed, cursing him that gives them and him that receives them.

It is favourable to the seriousness of the public mind, that the bitter de-

nominal war and keen rivalry, to the extent of robbing each other's folds, and building on each other's foundation, that were wont to prevail among denominations that were in history and doctrine next door neighbours, are ceasing under the influence of growing intelligence, the spread of non-denominational literature, the unions of the different branches of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, and the recent meetings of the Evangelical Alliance. Christians, without losing any of the enlightened attachment they may have to their own denomination, are beginning to understand that Christ may have other sheep which are not of their fold, and that men who say *Sibboleth* may belong to the true Israel as well as men who say *Shibboleth*.

The news that has come to us from England, Scotland and Ireland, of the intense interest in divine things that is being manifested in the great cities by men of education and social standing, and the increased warmth that is being felt by God's children, as is shown by their study of the Word of God, and their delight in prayer and praise, all this has arrested us in Canada and set us to think and to read and enquire more than we were wont as to eternal things. The father has thrown aside his newspaper for a little, and the mother the last novel, to turn aside to see this wonderful sight,—the dry bones shaking, and the bones coming together, bone to his bone, sinews and flesh coming up upon them, skin covering them, the breath entering into them, and they, now endowed with life, standing up upon their feet an exceeding great army eager for the master's service. In comparison with this,

what are politics, party, fiction, but the morning mist that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

We hope that Mr. Henry Varley's visit will fall in appropriately to the serious mood that seems favourable to his visit. He is a Baptist, in theology at least, of the school of Spurgeon, but according to the advice Spurgeon gave him in coming here, he has sunk the Baptist in the Christian. Nothing could exceed in vigour, clearness, and faithfulness, his exposition of the Pass-over as a type of Salvation through Christ, to which we had the privilege to listen onenight. It is such preaching as we need, and such preaching as God surely will bless, for its tendency is to make sin odious. God glorious, the sinner anxious, and the believer joyous and holy. Twice in that sermon we were delighted to find him quoting the puritan princes of theology, which is unfortunately not the fashion with the youthful and aspiring preacher of the day, who, forsaking the waters from the cold snow of Lebanon, lead their hearers the way of Egypt to drink the waters of Sihor. He quoted Charnock where in his treatise on the "Attributes of God," that writer magnifies Holiness as the central attribute in the divine character; and, perhaps unknown to himself, he quoted John Owen, who quotes Varinus in his reference to the dividing knife of the high priest being in the eye of Paul when he said that all things were "*naked and opened* in the eyes, &c.," Heb. xii, 12, 13. See "Owen on the Hebrews," Vol. iv, p. 364.

The following communication in reference to Mr. Varley's visit to Toronto has just reached us, and we make room for it as giving the estimate of the work going on, from the pen of one who is deeply interested in it.

MR. VARLEY IN TORONTO.

Toronto has become as Edinburgh,

a scene of wondrous working power during the past two weeks. Our brother, Henry Varley, and his dear wife, have come to us in the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus. Greatly blessed at Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston and Belleville, to the salvation of many souls at each place.

Here the Lord had given his saints great expectancy of blessing, invalids for years have been pleading, ministers united and filled with grace to stand by and see the working of the Lord by messages of power he has given his servant.

Already this country has beheld what God can do by a man wholly surrendered.

Henry Varley entered this city a stranger ten days ago, and already it is being moved to its very centre. He has witnessed to thousands daily of our Adorable Lord.

Christians have been led to realize the riches of their inheritance, and awake out of the death-like sleep brought upon many by the very formalities consequent upon our religious duties.

Aldermen, professors, merchants, drunkards, young and old, educated, unlearned, are daily testifying of the wondrous love of Jesus.

The means used have been daily a noon prayer-meeting, an afternoon meeting in one or other of the Churches, upon Holiness, and the Gospel message proclaimed to thousands every night. Hundreds of souls have been saved, and whole households made glad. There has been no excitement. Knox Church took the overflow when the large Shaftesbury Hall was packed. Indeed, it has hitherto been all Praise. Everything was prepared of the Lord. Will the Lord's people give him all the praise that another country has begun to be visited with a full shower of blessing.

Pray that this may be the most glorious winter Canada has ever

known. That the blessing may go from shore to shore, and from North to South, knowing no *lines* in this new land.

Strength is given to all who labour in this glorious harvest time. It has been an Indian Summer indeed; children are being gathered into our loved Master's fold. The following details from one of our fellow-workers will lead to praise.

As this freshet from the fountain-head of our Living God has come, we believe that our little ones will be carried in the fullness of its flood into the arms of our blessed Lord.

Will you "magnify the Lord with us, and let us exalt his name together, for the Lord is doing great things for us, wherefore we are glad." Like the keeping of the feast in Hezekiah's day, when the people "kept seven days with gladness and then consulted to keep other seven days, which they kept with great gladness," so have these past days been to the children of God in this city.

It is now more than a week since our dear brother, Mr. Varley, after a time of heavy harvest work in other parts of Canada, came to Toronto, and from the first day until now the power of the Lord has been manifestly resting upon his ministry among us. It seemed as if he came with the longing deeply engraved on his own heart, "Toronto for Christ," and now God's own people have caught up the same spirit, and heart to heart responds, "Yes, our city for Christ."

Our second seven days have now commenced, and we are "keeping the feast with great gladness." The tide of blessing is increasing every day, and most cheering is it at the daily meeting for prayer at the noon-tide hour, to hear testimony after testimony out of an overflowing heart, to the blessing received since the commencement of these meetings. Ministers of

all the evangelical denominations have rallied round this honoured Servant of the Master, and in loving rivalry place their Churches or school-rooms at his disposal.

The afternoon meetings are generally held in a different place every day, the subject being "the Christian Life," or "the Rest of Faith." The attendance has steadily increased, and to-day the congregation had to adjourn from the lecture hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle into the large building itself—seven or eight hundred people, it was reckoned, being present.

These meetings have been times of great spiritual refreshment, where not a few have entered into the fulness of life in Christ, and are testifying it, day by day, as opportunity is given at the noon-tide hour.

One morning a business man of the city stood up and testified to the revolutionary power such truth received was exercising over his whole being, and now the thought of such close union with Christ, illustrated by the closest of all natural relationships, gave power for service such as he had never known before. A devoted minister of the city also gave utterance to the same blessed realization of light and liberty, and joy, through the grasping of the truth of being "dead in sin and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" while another minister from Montreal spoke of blessed results there from like services, held by Mr. Varley at the close of the Evangelical Alliance meetings, and conveying to him the heartfelt thanks of the 1,600 people who had one evening in his own church listened to the life-giving truths then proclaimed. One blessed testimony was given by a lady present, who said she had been 35 years a Christian, but never had known before such entire trust in Jesus, or sweet rest and joy in him, adding, "if I should hold my place, surely the very stones would cry out."

### NARRATIVE OF CONVERTED FRENCH CANADIAN FAMILIES.

It has been thought, says the *Journal of the French Canadian Missionary Society* that a brief account of some of the families converted to the Gospel at the beginning of the Society would tend to strengthen the faith and redouble the zeal of its friends. The following relation furnished by Mr. E. Richard affords abundant cause for encouragement and thankfulness to the Head of the Church:—

#### CONVERSION OF THE V—FAMILY.—

In 1850 I took charge of the College of Pointe aux Trembles, in the absence of the Rev. J. E. Tanner in Europe. One day I was surprised by the visit of a priest who wished to speak with the Director. We had a long conversation in which he expressed his satisfaction with the establishment, the teaching of the pupils the Scriptures, and the Society's efforts to circulate them through the country. He said his sphere was at Quebec and neighbourhood, and that he himself strongly recommended his hearers to procure the Gospel, but that his Bishop did not approve of his course. When leaving he accepted a copy of Martin's Bible, which he pronounced before the pupils a good book, and took leave of them and myself in the most friendly way. I now come to the V—family upon whom this visit had a signal effect. Shortly before, I had given Testaments to Madam V, and her eldest son, which they read without the knowledge of the husband. Mr. V. was much respected, well off, paying considerable tithes to the priest with whom he was intimate, and very attentive to all the church services. Having learnt the visit of the priest as above related, he sent word to me, through his brother-in-law, Mr. E, who with his family had been already brought to the knowledge of the Gospel,

—that he would like to hear what had passed between me and the priest. I hastened to his house where all the family were met. The Lord seemed to have arranged everything. He began by saying he had heard of the priest's visit, and that we had parted in good friends. I related what had passed, and that on leaving the priest had expressed his best wishes for the success of our establishment and of the work we were carrying on, at which Mr. V— appeared quite astonished. His son seeing his father so well disposed to hear me, opened his Testament for the first time in his father's presence, and asked me to explain these verses, (Ephes. ii, 8-10) "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God," &c. I understood his intention, for both he and his mother well knew their meaning, and spoke at length of that precious salvation by grace. The father was so affected that I have not the least doubt, a work of grace through the Holy Spirit was then wrought in him. At length I was obliged to leave much to the regret of Mr. V, who wished to keep me longer. Before departing, with his consent, we engaged in prayer, and I gave thanks to God and implored His blessing on the family. On rising from our knees Mr. V. took me by the hand and said, "From this day my house is opened to you, and I have finished with the church of Rome and the priest; he has only taught me error and falsehood; I will write him that I now leave the Church of Rome." He sent his demission, and next Sabbath he attended our services at the College with his family, and continued to do so, until his departure for the Eastern Townships, where they settled. Several of his children have received part of their education at Pointe aux Trembles. The father died in the peace of the Saviour some time since, much respected, as is all the family.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE COLPORTEURS.

The following extracts evidence the enlightening power of the Word of God, the debasing effects of Rome's teachings, the independence of priestly influence increasing amongst her followers, the failure of her plans of French immigration, and other results encouraging to those who have so long labored for the spiritual well-being of our French Canadian people. Let us seek more and more the aids of his Holy Spirit for the extension of the work.

**TESTIMONY TO THE PRECIOUSNESS OF GOD'S WORD.**—At G. L. an old man stood up in the meeting, and addressing the unconverted and Roman Catholics present, said: "I believe that Christ died for me, and therefore I am not afraid to die. I have yet many besetting sins, but I pray God that I might be delivered from them. Why should I be afraid of death? Jesus has told me in his Word, 'I go to prepare a place for you, I will receive you unto myself, that where I am there you may be also.' If I were to doubt God's Word I might have reason to fear, but I thank God I do believe his Word, and therefore I am not afraid of death."

At P. C. I visited a very poor man to whom I lent a Bible three or four years ago. Said he to me, "I believe the Bible to be the best of all books, and I would not give up mine for ten thousand dollars if I could not get another to teach me God's love to sinners, because Jesus Christ has said, it would be no profit to a man to gain the whole world if he should lose his own soul by it. The book of Psalms is the best of all hymn books, and it is my only hymn book. One of my neighbours, Mr. A., instead of going to mass on Sunday, comes here and

reads in my Bible. He would be glad to get one, and if you leave one I will try and sell it for you. Before you leave us I must tell you that we got all our children baptized by a Protestant minister."

**THE BIBLE APPRECIATED.**—Lately I met a person who said to me, "could you let me have another Bible?" "What has become of the two Bibles I lent you?" I said. "Why, sir, a friend seeing on my table, *Martin's Version of the Bible*, became quite interested in it, and asked its loan. I said to him you had better take care, it is a Protestant Bible. "Protestant or not," he said, "I believe it to be a good book, and will run the risk of reading it if you will lend it." I consented, and now he does not want to part with it. The other Bible I lent to a young man, who after keeping it three months brought it back, saying, I must let him take the book with him to the United States. I told him it was the only one I now had, and that I did not want to part with it for any price. After leaving it he one day, however, called when I was out and took it away, so that I have no Bible now, but would like to get another." I promised him one.

**THE WORD ITS OWN WITNESS.**—At T., a man lives who, till my last visit, showed himself very much opposed to the Gospel, and speaking of me used to say he would never listen to one who taught only lies. Happening, however, to meet him the other day in the stage, after a few words of conversation with him, I opened my Testament and commenced to read aloud. At first he paid no attention, but, at last, looking at me asked, quite alarmed, if it was really the Word of God I was reading. On my answering it was, he said, "God forgive me for not having listened to it sooner."

## CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Moravian mission on the Mosquito Coast has sustained a serious loss. A short time ago the *Messenger of Peace*, after having experienced a severe storm on the voyage from Greytown to Blewfields, had to be run ashore to prevent loss of life, and now she lies there, as the missionary writes, "a hopeless wreck." The second boat, the *Acta*, was driven ashore during a violent hurricane, and broken to pieces before anything could be done to save it. The *Messenger of Peace* was used for keeping up communication between the stations, conveying missionaries to and fro, also provisions, etc.; and the smaller vessel was often used to do similar work on the rivers, except where the creeks rendered the passage of a sail boat quite impossible. How the brethren and their families will get on at all without a small vessel of some kind, it is difficult to imagine. In a canoe or open boat provisions have often been spoiled on the passage, when the heavy waves broke through all the tarpauling, and the missionaries have been compelled to live on mouldy bread and rice for months, until the ship came again. The *Messenger of Peace* cost £1,500, this amount being raised mainly by Sunday-school children in Moravian congregations in the United States of America. These generous contributors will no doubt come forward again to do their utmost to raise funds for replacing the larger vessel, at all events. All friends of Moravian missions are appealed to for aid towards the purchase of another vessel for missionary use on the Mosquito Coast.

## BORNEO.

An agent of the Propagation Society mentions a visit paid by him to Tamudok, and the baptism of some converts: "On Sunday, the people

came down at an early hour, before we had finished the morning meal. The prayer-house is a simple construction of palm-leaves, with a few planks laid on the ground floor to serve both as benches and as hassocks. We sang the service as we do at Sebetan, and I spoke upon God's promise of old to send a Deliverer into the world, and of the coming of Christ as the fulfilment of it. After the second lesson, I baptised three adults, thus making eight Christians belonging to Tamudok. *Deo gratias*. After service, I asked why so few had come forward to profess their faith: it was answered, that they would all be baptised, though not yet; but that answer might mean a great many things. I believe the head men are really afraid of Christian worship—afraid, that is, that being dreadful may happen if they embrace Christianity—*e. g.*, ..... some unusual sickness or bad harvests may result. They are waiting to see the effect on those who have been baptized; these are to try the new ground."

## CHINA.

The wife of an American missionary at Amoy writes as follows in a letter which appears in the *New York Christian Intelligencer*: "Last winter, at one of our missionary conferences, the subject of *small feet* was brought up, and it was thought we might get a society who would pledge themselves not to bind their girls' feet. After a great deal of talk, a pledge-book was printed, and a meeting, for women only, was appointed for July 3, in one of our churches. There were about seventy women in the body of the church; in the pulpit three missionary gentlemen and two Chinese pastors. After prayer and addresses, all who were willing to take the pledge were invited to sign their names, or rather make their marks. There we ladies

had a chance to do our parts, for we each went around to those of our own classes whom we knew were willing to join, but who perhaps would not have courage to come forward alone, and brought them up to sign. In that way we got over forty names at once, which was more than we had expected. I hope it will be the beginning of large feet, in the church at least, if not among the heathen."

### EGYPT.

A letter appears in the *Times of Blessing* from Miss Whatley, the indefatigable lady missionary at Cairo. Unconnected with any society, and having her assistants mainly from the circle

of her own family, she has long maintained Christian schools both for Mohammedan and Coptic children at Cairo, and more recently at Damietta. She has more than 300 youths in her charge, and also carries on extensive labours among adults. The Khedive gave the land on which her school buildings have been erected. Miss Whatley states that an interesting reform is going on in the Coptic Church, having in view the better regulation of church matters, and especially the spread of the Scriptures. Though arising among themselves, she believes that this reformation has had its origin in the superior education and knowledge of the Scriptures which some of the members of the church have received from foreign Christians.

## Practical Papers.

### SUFFERING.

BY N. M. K.

It may be said that suffering in one shape or another is the common lot of all mankind. Sin has opened the door for suffering, and it seems to be impossible for any one to avoid it altogether. But while it is true that suffering prevails extensively, it is also true that unmitigated suffering is not the lot of any man, in this world. Every man is favoured with a share of happiness and enjoyment, some time or another; at least mitigating and modifying elements are mixed up in the lot of the least favoured of mankind. But I wish to call attention to the fact that an important difference exists between the experience of an unbeliever and that of a Christian in the order in which their sufferings and their enjoyments respectively succeed one another:—the enjoyment of the

unbeliever precedes his suffering, but the suffering of the Christian precedes his happiness and enjoyment. This is the general law according to which the succession takes place even when we confine our attention to this world alone. Within this narrow circle of vision, there may be exceptions, either real or apparent. But when we extend the circle of our vision so as to include men's prospects for the world that is to come, then the order of succession which I have indicated, will be found to hold true universally and without a single exception.

I presume that no one will be disposed to deny that there is a good deal of enjoyment to be found in the career of unbelievers, but it is equally certain that their career shall sooner or later end in suffering and misery. The commission of sin affords considerable enjoyment to human nature in its present fallen condition, in its present

corrupt state. It is for the enjoyment which men find in sin that they are so fond of it. Sinful indulgence affords pleasure while the indulgence lasts; but it is almost sure to be followed by regrets or fears or some other terrible suffering, even in this world; and if persisted in, and if forgiveness of it be not secured through the blood of Jesus, it is absolutely sure to be followed by remorse and everlasting torments hereafter.

It gives pleasure to the drunkard to join his comrades at the social glass, and to swallow the ardent spirits for which he has contracted an appetite. But the inevitable results of his career, when protracted without repentance and reformation, are shattered nerves, the servitude of his will to his lusts and passions, the loss of respect, wasting and destruction of property, family misery, it may be an untimely grave, and certainly a lost and undone eternity. The rogue, the robber, the murderer, the slanderer, the fornicator, also derive some pleasure from the commission of their respective sins; but awful consequences are sure in every case to follow.

And when, from such notorious transgressors, we turn our eye to the more respectable class of men, who are simply unbelieving and godless, without being guilty of aggravated iniquities, we shall find that the same order obtains in the sequence of their enjoyments and their sufferings. They have their pleasures now, but they shall have misery hereafter. In their worldliness, in their gaities, in their vanities, in their attention to business, in the social virtues and moral excellencies which they cultivate and practise while they ignore the authority of God and His religion, in their pursuits of sciences, arts, trades and professions, they find much enjoyment and pleasure; but they have forgotten God, they have trampled His authority under their feet,

they have not submitted to the gospel of His Son, and the end of all shall be their banishment from His presence, and from the Glory of His power, and their consignment to the place of everlasting woe prepared for the devil and his angels. They take their happiness and their enjoyments first, and afterwards they must have their sufferings.

Such is the order of sequence for the unbelieving and the ungodly. But Christ has reversed this order for his own people. The passages are numerous that establish this position. Let it suffice to quote the few following: "If we be dead with him, we shall also live with him:" if we suffer we shall also reign with him. "If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be glorified together." "For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And the Lord Jesus represents Abraham as using the following words in his reply to the doleful petition of the rich man in hell for a drop of water to cool his tongue: "Son remember that thou in thy life time received thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted and thou art tormented."

From what has been said a lesson may be drawn for each of two classes of people.

First. Let the pious and the godly who endure much suffering, be cheered at the prospect of their nearing deliverance. The day of your deliverance draweth nigh: beyond death and the grave there lieth before you an unending felicity. You have a night of sorrow and suffering now, but the dawning of the day of everlasting joy is fast approaching. "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." What of it though you should be in suffering for a brief period, seeing that at the expiration of it, an eternity of consolations stretches out before you. Soon, very



soon it may be, you shall be put in possession of "Glory, honour, and immortality." Soon you shall be where there is no suffering, nor sorrow, nor death; where the scalding tear shall never more flow down the pale and care worn cheek. Let that glorious prospect nerve you to endure your present afflictions; let it awaken "Songs in the night" in your hearts, if not in your lips. Jesus looks down and sympathizes with you: and when the needed process of sanctification has been completed, he will not leave you one moment longer in your present distress.

Second. Let the merry hearted, whose enjoyments are unhallowed pleasures take warning. O ye that forget God, and quaff the cup of earthly, carnal, sensual pleasures, know that a change awaits you, know that your unhallowed pleasures shall sooner or later be brought to a close.

"Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep." "Rejoice O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine own eyes: but know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." And oh, what a poor compensation for an undone eternity, are a few years of earthly pleasures. How awful will it be to meet such a doom as that of the rich man, who, when he died "lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments." Alas! what an infatuation is that under which the merry hearted that are unsaved do labour. I beseech you that are such, listen no longer to the Siren song of this world which bewitches you. Take warning in time: seek God ere it be too late. Accept the offered mercy, and wash your souls in the fountain of the Saviour's blood.

## Christian Miscellany.

### THE CHURCH SPIDER.

BY ALICE CLARK.

Two spiders, so the story goes,  
Upon a living bent,  
Entered the meeting-house one day,  
And hopefully were heard to say,  
"Here we shall have at least fair play,  
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place, and went to work;  
The light webs grew apace;  
One on the sofa spun his thread,  
But shortly came the sexton dread,  
And swept him off, and so, half dead,  
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he;  
"There surely is a prize;  
The desk appears so neat and clean,  
I'm sure no spider there has been;  
Besides, how often have I seen  
The pastor brushing flies!"

He tried the pulpit, but alas!

His hopes proved visionary:  
With dusting-brush the sexton came  
And spoilt his geometric game,  
Nor gave him time or space to claim  
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half-starved and weak and lean,

He sought his former neighbor,  
Who now had grown so sleek and round,  
He weighed the fraction of a pound,  
And looked as if the art he'd found  
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I  
Endured such thumps and knocks,  
While you have grown so very gross?"  
"Tis plain," he answered, "not a loss  
I've met since first I spun across  
The contribution-box."

### A SABBATH-KEEPER'S REWARD.

A correspondent of the *Interior* gives a pertinent anecdote of the late Rev. David Nelson, and the way he kept a certain Sabbath. Dr. Nelson was seeking a place to establish a manual-labour school. Not having found one in Georgia, he resolved to look in the northern part of Missouri. After arriving at St. Louis, he took the stage-coach for Marion county. Late on Saturday the Doctor saw several cabins near, and called to the driver to halt.

"What do you wish?" said the driver.

"I wish to get out."

"I thought you were going to Palmyra."

"So I am, on Monday."

"On Monday!" said the driver. "There will be no stage here till Saturday night, and they will all be full this six weeks. You go now, or you don't go at all."

Several gentlemen in the stage urged the Doctor to proceed, saying he would arrive at quite a village by Sabbath noon, and in the afternoon he could preach to a large congregation.

Said the Doctor,—"Gentlemen, the Lord knew all about the difficulty of stages in Missouri when He made the land; and He did not tell us. When there is no other stage you may travel half of the day, and then stop and preach for me. He told us not to travel, and I intend to obey Him. It is his care about stages, and not mine."

The Doctor entered a cabin, and stated who he was. The mother of the family was in severe pain. The Doctor administered medicine that soon relieved her, and then inquired if there was any place where he could preach the next day.

"There is a school-house near by," said the lady, "and we shall be very glad to have preaching, for we don't often have a chance to hear it."

Soon a boy, mounted on a horse, was ready to spread the news of the meeting. The Doctor said to him, "Spread the notice as far as you can, and tell every one you see that Dr. Nelson, of Kentucky, will preach on infidelity at the school-house to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, and wants them all to come and hear."

The Doctor was well known in all that section of country, hence a comparatively large congregation was present. Among his hearers was a rich infidel, who visited the Doctor's house with him, and the Doctor pressed him on the subject of religion till midnight, then retired to rest. In the morning the gentleman asked the doctor where he was going, and, on being informed, inquired how he was travelling. The Doctor replied, "I was travelling by stage; but I am travelling for the Lord, and He told me not to travel on the Sabbath, consequently I stopped: and as the stage was owned by the devil's servants, they have gone on with it, and I am waiting for the Lord to provide another mode of conveyance. His business requires haste, and I expect He will send me on to-day, but I don't know how."

Soon a fine horse, saddled and bridled, was at the door, and the gentleman said, "Doctor, take that horse and ride him as far as you please, and when you are done with him return him, if convenient; if not, you are welcome to him." The gentleman accompanied the Doctor ten or twelve miles, saving him fifteen or twenty miles travel by putting him on a shorter route. When they parted the Doctor took his hand, and said, "You are really too clever a fellow to go to hell. I wish you would repent and go to heaven along with me."

### "IF WE KNEW."

If we knew when walking thoughtless  
Through the crowded noisy way,  
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness  
Close beside our pathway lay,  
We would pause where now we hasten,  
We would often look around,  
Lest our careless feet should trample  
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting  
For the shade that we should fling;  
If we knew what lips were parching  
For the water we should bring;  
We would haste with eager footsteps,  
We would work with willing hands,  
Bearing cups of cooling water,  
Planting rows of shading palms

If we knew when friends around us  
Closely press to say good-by,  
Which among the lips that kiss us,  
First should 'neath the daisies lie,  
We would clasp our arms around them,  
Looking on them thro' our tears;  
Tender words of love eternal,  
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened  
By some thoughtless words of ours,  
Which had ever lain among them  
Like the frost among the flowers;  
Oh, with what sincere repentings,  
With what anguish of regret,  
While our eyes were overflowing,  
Would we cry—*forgive! forgive!*

If we knew? alas! and do we  
Ever care or seek to know,  
Whether bitter herbs or roses,  
In our neighbors' gardens grow?  
God forgive us! lest hereafter  
Our hearts break to hear him say,  
Careless child, I never know you,  
From my presence flee away.

### THE INFIDEL CAPTAIN.

A noble hearted clergyman, traveling once as a passenger on one of our Western steamboats, was pained to hear the terrible profanity of the captain, and his loud abuse of religion and revelation. The man evidently knew his passenger's profession, and gave special emphasis to his wicked

ridicule because the minister stood where he could hear him.

It required no ordinary nerve and good temper to rebuke such a reviler on his own boat. No one had ever been brave enough to venture it with Captain C.

This time, however, the insulted clergyman happened to be a man with a heart as great in courage as in kindness, and who always acted as if he believed that every bad person has a "good spot" in him somewhere. He engaged the captain in conversation on the first quiet opportunity, and patiently heard all he had to say. The man waxed hot against the inspired Scriptures, and the story of the life of Jesus, and denounced the Bible accounts of miracles as "superstitious lies."

When he got through the clergyman simply asked, "Captain C., did you ever read the New Testament?"

"That was an unexpected question. But the captain was honest.

"No," said he. "I can't say I ever did—only parts of it."

"Will you promise to read it through? And then sometime we'll talk over the matters that you have doubts about."

This was said so kindly and courteously that the captain said "I will," without much hesitation.

The clergyman presented him a Testament, and then they separated.

Some weeks afterwards the good man went down the river on the same boat, and met Captain C. again. A change had certainly taken place.

"Sir," said the former, as soon as the first warm greeting was over, "I had not read far in that book, before I found that I was the sinner, and that I needed just such a friend as Jesus, the Son of God; I now love him whom I once despised."

Captain C. proved that love afterwards by many years of Christian usefulness.—*Selected.*

### "FOUND DEAD IN HER BED."

No one can tell of the conflict  
That passed in that solemn hour,  
When body and soul were sundered  
By a sudden relentless power.

No one can tell of the hour  
When the angel of death drew nigh,  
And laid his finger of silence  
On the heart, the pulse, the eye;

Or whether he found her sleeping,  
'Mid dreams of fancy blest;  
So he hushed the weary slumberer  
To an everlasting rest;

Or whether he found her waking,  
With lamp all trimmed and bright,  
All ready to meet the bridegroom,  
Alone in the solemn night;

Or whether, with hard death-struggle,  
'Mid anguish of fear and pain,  
She fought with the mighty conqueror  
While she felt his icy chain.

For none but her Saviour saw her;  
The Friend of the friendless was nigh,  
And the secrets of that death chamber  
Were hidden from mortal eye.

But there, in her last long slumber,  
She was found in the early day,  
For angels had come in the midnight  
And borne the freed spirit away.

C. E. R. P.

### DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Troubles and disappointments are not pleasant. Give children their choice, and none would ever desire punishment; at least, "not just now." And if we Christians had our choice, we should never elect trials and crosses and sickness and disappointments. But the Heavenly Father knows what is best for us. "The seeming shipwrecks we meet with in the voyage of life, often prove the very things which best speed our course to the haven where we would be." "Before I was afflicted I went astray." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," said one, the echo of whose words has found a response in many a Christian soul since. It is not whom the Lord *hates*, but whom He *loves*, that he chastens.

### SENSIBLE COUNSELS.

The following, says the *Christian*, we find in an exchange, entitled "Mr. Wesley's counsels to wholly sanctified believers," and we copy them, hoping that some who may not yet be "wholly sanctified" may also find them profitable.

1. Watch and pray continually against pride. If you think you are so taught of God as not longer to need man's teaching, pride lieth at the door.

2. To imagine none can teach you but those who are themselves saved from sin, is a very great and dangerous mistake. Give no place to it for a moment. It would lead you into a thousand other mistakes, and that irrecoverably. Obey and regard them that are over you in the Lord, and do not think you know better than they.

3. Let there be in you that lowly mind which was in Christ Jesus. And be ye likewise clothed with humility. Let it not only fill, but cover you all over. Let modesty and self-diffidence appear in all your words and actions. Let all you speak and do show that you are little, and base, and mean, and vile, in your own eyes.

4. Never use the words "wisdom," "reason," or "knowledge," by way of reproach. On the contrary, pray that you yourself may abound in them more and more.

5. The heaven of heavens is love. There is nothing higher than religion; there is in effect nothing else. If you look for anything but more love, you are looking wide at the mark; you are getting out of the royal way. And when you are asking others, "have you received this or that blessing," if you mean anything but more love you mean wrong; you are leading them out of the way, and putting them on a false scent.

6. Beware of censoriousness—thinking or calling them that in any way oppose you, whether in judgment or

practice, blind, dead, fallen, or "enemies to the work."

7. Beware of crying nothing but "believe, believe," and condemning those as ignorant or legal who speak in a more Scriptural way. At certain seasons, indeed, it may be right to treat of nothing but repentance, or merely of faith, or altogether of holiness; but in general our calling is to declare the whole counsel of God, and to prophesy according to the analogy of faith.

8. Beware of schism, or making a rent in the church of Christ. Beware of everything tending thereto. Beware of a dividing spirit. Shun whatever has the least aspect that way. Therefore say not "I am of Paul, or Apollos," the very thing which occasioned the schism at Corinth. Say not "this is my preacher; give me him, and take all the rest." All this tends to breed or foment division, to disunite those whom God hath joined. Do not despise, nor run down any preacher. Do not exalt any one above the rest, lest you hurt both him and the cause of God.

9. Beware of impatience of contradiction. Do not condemn or think hardly of those who cannot see just as you see, or who judge it their duty to contradict you, whether in a great thing or a small.

10. Beware of touchiness, or testiness, not bearing to be spoken to, starting at the least word, and flying from those who do not implicitly receive your sayings.

11. Give no offence which can possibly be avoided.

12. Be particularly careful in speaking of yourself. You may not indeed deny the work of God, but speak of it, when you are called thereto, in the most inoffensive manner possible. Avoid all magnificent, pompous words. Indeed, you need give it no general name—neither "perfection," "sanctification," "the second blessing," nor

the having attained. Rather, speak of the particulars which God hath wrought for you. You may say, "At such a time I felt a change which I am not able to express, and since that time I have not felt pride, or self-will, or anger, or unbelief, nor anything but a fulness of love to God and all mankind."

#### WHICH ?

"Yes, mother, I know; but then, you see, my good feelings only last half a jiffy.

So said my boy to me one evening, in answer to my appeal.

"I know it, Henry," said I; "but how long does it take to switch off a locomotive on to the wrong track? Once started on the wrong track, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment only, and the switch-tender will have put the locomotive on the right track, and the cars will go on safely.

"So with the heart. It takes only a moment to pray sincerely, 'Lord, save me.' It takes only a moment to say, 'Keep me from this sin, O Lord.' It takes only a moment to say from the heart, 'Lord, give me Thy Holy Spirit; make me Thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave Thee.'

"On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, 'Pshaw! what's the use? I don't care.' It takes but a moment to say, 'I'm not going to be laughed at for being a Christian, I know.' It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways.

"And so the soul may be switched on to the right track or on to the wrong track in a moment of time, and either run safely to the end of life by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction."

Is my soul on the right or wrong track?

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A  
BOOK.

I have had the pleasure of looking over a remarkable Bible, remarkable not for the beauty of its pages, nor the elegance of its binding, but for its strange history and associations. It is a small octavo, bound in undressed leather, containing Rouse's version of the Psalms, and was published in Edinburgh in the year 1764; and is, accordingly, one hundred and eight years old. It shows the marks of much use, and is somewhat worm-eaten.

It was the Bible carried by the ship *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island, where it finally became the means, and apparently the only means, of Christianizing the surviving seamen and their Otaheitan wives. The facts, which may not be wholly familiar to all our readers, are briefly these:—

One morning in the year 1789, while sailing in the South Pacific, the larger part of the crew of the *Bounty* rose upon their officers, and having sent them adrift in one of the ship's boats, made their way to Otaheite. Here all but nine decided to remain. The remainder, having taken native wives, set out to plant a colony on Pitcairn's Island, where they hoped to ead an independent life, without fear of punishment. But they were not yet destined to find peace. Jealousy and murder continued their desolating work, until only two of the English crew remained alive. Then, amid the solitude and tranquility that reigned through the Island, there came a time for reflection, and the long-forgotten Bible was taken from its resting-place, and its pages were eagerly consulted. Without any instruction from a living teacher, without advice or counsel from a single Christian, this little colony, isolated from the world and ignorant of the first principles of religion, became in a few years a thoroughly

Christian community. Their children grew up to be virtuous, industrious, and useful. A code of laws was framed, taken, in substance, from this same Bible; which then became their sole civil, as well as religious guide.

"Alick" Smith, generally known among the colonists as "father," lived to see the colony prosperous and happy, and exhorting them to continue in the service of the Lord and in obedience to his truth, he died and was buried among them, at the ripe age of seventy years.

This Bible was brought to this country in 1840, and presented to Rev. D. M. Lord, at that time in charge of the Seamen's Chapel in Boston. It still remains in the possession of his widow.

Every visitor to our navy yards is sure to have his attention called to some of the old guns that are preserved as relics of battles or sieges that have long been famous in the history of the country. In size, shape, and finish, they are so inferior to the huge weapons with which we now make war as almost to provoke a smile. Battered and dismounted, they are no more fit for use, but are kept as glorious mementoes of the past. Every lover of his country takes pride in them, and is desirous to learn their history. With a feeling somewhat similar did I look upon this well-worn, worm-eaten Bible, which for fifty years was almost the sole guide of a helpless company of precious souls, whose tremendous truths put to flight vice and crime, and transformed a society of wretched outcasts into the believing children of God, bringing forth the fruits of godliness in pure and holy lives.

Verily there is a power in the simple truth, "The entrance of thy words giveth light." Under the inspiration of such facts as these, the Christian need not hesitate to sow beside all waters.—*N. Y. Observer.*

## BEING HIS OWN PILOT.

A bright boy who loved the sea, entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and while quite a young man he was made the master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port. "Anchor! no: not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide." "I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot." "I am my own pilot," was the curt reply.

Intent upon reaching port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old, bronzed, grey-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young captain, and besought him to take the wider course; but he only laughed at their fears, and repeated his promise to be in dock at daybreak. He was ashore before daybreak.

We need not describe a storm at sea: the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind, and the wild orders to get their life-boats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was his strength; but he was his own pilot. His own pilot! There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder,

O, young men, beware of being your own pilots! Take the true and able Pilot on board, who can stride upon those waves, who can speak, "Peace, be still," to that rough Boreas, so that, "with Christ in the

vessel, you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self, that is your need. Send a message to Heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You will not ask in vain. And, encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again, and seek grace to help in every time of need.—*Selected.*

## CALL ME.

Mr. Finney was preaching years ago in one of the central cities of New York, to a large audience in a time of revival. He had been explaining that men, under conviction of sin, would sometimes show their conviction in singular ways. Sometimes it would make them cross and fault-finding. They would scold their wives and make all about them uneasy. Then he added, "If I knew you as well as your pastor does, I could point to you where you sit. You are in this condition: You know you are a sinner, and need now to repent: and will not. You have been scolding that good wife who has been praying for you these years. I could call you out now by name!" At this point he was interrupted by a voice from a farther part of the room saying, "Call me." The man afterwards explained that he verily expected to hear his name announced, and only spoke to be beforehand. He could not at first be persuaded that Mr. Finney did not know his case, or had not been told it by some one. He said: "This very morning I scolded my wife, and everything else besides, all the while knowing I was a miserable sinner. Then I harnessed my horse and came into the city with her to church. I supposed, somehow, you must know my name." O, for such preaching as makes men feel "I am the man."—*Congregationalist.*

### HOW TO PRAY.

The following hints in regard to public prayer are by Dr. J. A. Alexander.

1. Let your prayers be composed of thanksgiving, praise, confession and petition, without any argument or exhortation addressed to those who are supposed to be praying with you.

2. Adopt no fixed forms of expression, except such as you obtain from Scripture.

3. Express your desires in the briefest, simplest form, without circumlocution.

4. Avoid the use of compound terms in place of the short and simple.

5. Hallow God's name by avoiding its unnecessary repetition.

6. Adopt the simple devotional phrases of Scripture; but avoid the free use of its figures, and all quaint and doubtful application of its terms to foreign subjects.

7. Pray to God, and not to man.

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE SUPREME.

We want to have life so developed in us that it shall be *supreme*. A Christian in the old times was, first of all, a Christian, and then a long way down, perhaps he was a shoemaker. He was a Christian, and perhaps he might belong to Cæsar's household, but that you might hardly know. Nowadays what are we? We are bankers or merchants; everybody knows that. Then after little enquiry, perhaps it may be found out that we are Christians. The thing ought to be reversed. Our religion should be the first thing. Too much, the Lord Jesus gets the scraps and the spare victuals, and the world gets the banquets. Men give to the Lord Jesus their odd minutes, and to money-getting the main strength of their

lives. I do believe that will have to be altered before we shall see any great work done in the land, and multitudes of conversions.

How it is going to be altered I cannot tell except by this, that life has a wonderful faculty for accomplishing great things. A little seed has been sown in a mass of rock, and you could hardly suppose it could live. But yet it has thrust itself up and has become a tree, and has lifted up the mass of rock, and by and by it will move the rock away to make space for itself. And life in God's people at this time is very like that seed in the rock. Our modes of living and our habits are altogether prejudicial, I believe, to any very wonderful display of life, but life will do it somehow; it will achieve its purposes by some means. I pray God to give us that life.—*Christian*.

### GUARD THE WEAK SPOT.

All men, however strong, have a weak spot, like the rhinoceros, which though plated like a monitor, is vulnerable to a spear thrust below the plates. Satan is not such a fool as to attack the strong defences; he would be sure to thrust at the vulnerable points. Some, indeed, think they have no weak place; and such people are right, for they are weak all over, and no part, therefore, could be called weak in particular. The polar bear has a weakness, which is for blubber, and his hunters, knowing this, coil a piece of whalebone like a watch-spring, wrap it in blubber, and freeze it; they then drop the tempting morsel in the way of a bear, who swallows it greedily; but as soon as the blubber melts in his stomach, the whalebone springs out. The bear then rolls over in agony, and they come up and kill him. Thus it is when men yield to an early besetting sin, it will out them asunder.—*Dr. H. M. Scudder*.



## POST MORTEM LOVE.

Why is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts, and kind words about a man, bottled and sealed up until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance? Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheering, encouraging, helpful word. He toils hard and in low obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintedly for others. I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Everybody believed that he was a good man, but nobody ever said a kindly or pleasant thing to him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens, or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed of love, or by a cheering word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood by his coffin, and then there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspiration in the air. Men spoke of self-denials, of the work among the poor, of his good qualities, of his quietness, his modesty, his humility, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer. There were many who spoke indignantly of the charges that falsehood had forged against him in past years, and of the treatment he had received. There were enough kind things said during the two or three days that he lay in the coffin, and while the company stood around his open grave, to have blessed him and made him happy all his fifty years, and to have thrown sweetness and joy about his soul during all his painful and weary journey. There was enough sunshine wasted

about that black coffin and dark grave, to have made his whole life-path bright as clearest day. But his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. His heart was still then, and could not be thrilled by the grateful sounds. He cared nothing then for the sweet flowers that were piled upon his coffin. The love blossomed out too late. The kindness came when the life could not receive its blessing.

And I said then that I would not keep all my kind words, and all my pleasant thoughts and feelings about my neighbour, locked up in my breast till he is dead. They will do him no good then. His dead hand cannot feel the warm pressure. Gentle words will not make his pale, cold face glow. It will be too late when he lies in the coffin, to seek to make him happy, to lift the shadows of his life, or to brighten his path.—*Selected.*

DUTY AND ABILITY.—Dr. Bushnell has come to the knowledge of one truth very clearly and satisfactorily. It is that "duty is not measured by our own ability." It is an old truth indeed, much insisted upon by the orthodox theologians, and for which they have often times been mercilessly ridiculed, especially by those who belonged to the New Haven school. Years ago, we remember, it was constantly insisted upon that obligation and duty perfectly corresponded. But Dr. Bushnell came to preach a sermon on the text, "But he said unto them, give ye them to eat," and the proposition he deduced was, "That men are often and properly put under obligations to do that for which they have in themselves no present ability." A sound orthodox proposition. God's grace gives ability equal to the duty, and so the work is done and the grace magnified.—*Presbyterian.*

### WASHING UP AND WASHING DOWN.

[AN APOLOGUE FROM RUKERT.]

Thus to a king, one day, who all the time was  
grumbling,

*His subjects would not mend* (himself meanwhile  
not humbling)

Said his chief counsellor and fool, when asked  
by him

What made him look to-day so gloomy and so  
grim.

Said he, The cause is this: I bade the maid who  
washes

Scrub down the palace steps with water and with  
ashes.

The stupid jade, instead of doing as I told her,  
Washed up the steps, not down, for which I had  
to scold her.

For on the lower step, her senses might have  
taught her,

Would run, from those above, a flood of dirty  
water.

And so I said to her, Your labor is in vain:  
You have to mop each step over and o'er again!

I said it several times (my words were vain as  
air;

Beginning from below you'll never clean one  
stair.

I say again, If thou would'st make the steps all  
shine,

Scour downward from the top; O King begin with  
thine

—From *Old and New*.

### BEGIN NOW!

Are you a Christian? To be a Christian is to have the spirit, and to imitate the example of Christ. "Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his" (Rom. viii. 9.) You may belong to the Church, you may be moral, orthodox, amiable, respectable, and yet not be a Christian.

Do you intend to be a Christian? Some, doubtless, will answer, "Yes, I mean to be a Christian some time. I had pious parents; I have read the Bible; I know the need of preparation for death, judgment, and eternity; and I certainly intend at some convenient season to become a Christian." Then,

my friend, I have one question more, and it is this:—

When will you begin? That is the vital point. "Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iii. 7, 8); and nothing so hardens the heart as delay to meet a present obligation. If ever you ought to love and serve God, you ought to love and serve Him now. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," (2 Cor. vi. 2). This, then, is God's time. And if you are ever saved, must it not be in God's time? Begin now to be a Christian.

Do you ask, "How shall I begin?" I answer, almost any way; only begin. If you turn your face toward Jesus, you will receive the light of his countenance. If you stretch your hand for salvation, you shall be helped. God's word is, "Seek ye my face;" if your heart responds, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek," (Psalm xxvii. 8), then a great work is already accomplished. The first thing to say is, "I will arise and go to my Father." In the light of such a purpose the path will grow plain. Jesus says, "Come unto me." Do you respond, "Lord, I come to thee." Do you mean to leave everything, and every person beside, and press your way as a poor, blind beggar, into the presence of the Son of God? Then listen to His encouraging word: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Then come, come now, come with all your heart.

### JESU.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred name  
Is deeply carved there; but the other week  
A great affliction broke the little frame,  
Even all to pieces, which I went to seek:  
And first I found the corner where was J,  
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.  
When I had got those parcels, instantly  
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived  
That to my broken heart He was I FASH YOU  
And to my whole is JESU.

## MY PRAYER.

BY P. P. BLISS, AUTHOR OF 'ONCE FOR ALL,' ETC.

More holiness give me,  
 More strivings within,  
 More patience in suffering,  
 More sorrow for sin:  
 More faith in my Saviour,  
 More sense of His care,  
 More joy in His service,  
 More purpose in prayer.

More gratitude give me,  
 More trust in the Lord,  
 More pride in His glory,  
 More hope in His word:  
 More tears for His sorrows,  
 More grief at His grief,  
 More meekness in trial,  
 More praise for relief.

More purity give me,  
 More strength to overcome,  
 More freedom from earth-stains,  
 More longing for home,  
 More fit for the kingdom,  
 More used would I be,  
 More blessed and holy,  
 More, Saviour, like Thee.

## MR. SPURGEON'S CONVERSION.

In the course of a sermon preached at Rochdale lately, Mr. Spurgeon said he would never forget the period of his conversion. From place to place he went hoping to find peace. At last one snowy cold morning he dropped into a little Primitive Methodist chapel. There was a man who preached Christ very much for the same reason that he (Mr. Spurgeon) did now—namely, because he did not know much about anything else. The text was, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." The preacher, pointing towards him (Mr. Spurgeon), said, "There's a young man under the gallery who looks very miserable;" and he added, "You will never be happy until you look at Christ. You must look at Him, as God made flesh, as God bearing sin, as the Saviour dying instead of you;" and then, pausing,

he said, "You know a fool can look. It does not require a wise man to do that. You are weak and sinful; but it does not require a strong or a good man to look." Then, shouting with all his might, the preacher said, "Young man, look now." He did so, and as he gazed his burden fell away; and he who before had been so wretched left that little house of prayer so happy that from that day to this, with many troubles and a great deal of care, he would not change places with anybody on earth or in heaven, for, while God had any work for him to do on earth he would rather be here than there, knowing that he should go there when the work was done.

## "GO AND TELL HIM."

"If thy brother trespass against thee go and tell him of his fault, between him and thee alone."

"I don't want to say anything to him about it."

"Go and tell him."

"I don't want to speak to him."

"Go and tell him."

"I don't want anything to do with him."

"Go and tell him."

"I am afraid it will only make a bad matter worse."

"Go and tell him."

"I may say something that I shall be sorry for."

"Go and tell him."

"I have made up my mind to say nothing about it."

"Go and tell him."

"I think I shall let the whole matter drop."

"Go and tell him."

"Well, I shall not do anything about it."

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?"—*Boston Christian.*

## THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

How difficult it would be to name a noble figure, a sweet smile, a tender or attractive relationship, in which Jesus is not set forth to woo a reluctant sinner and cheer a desponding saint! Am I wounded? He is balm. Am I sick? He is medicine. Am I naked? He is clothing. Am I poor? He is wealth. Am I hungry? He is bread. Am I thirsty? He is water. Am I in debt? He is a surety. Am I in darkness? He is a sun. Have I a house to build? He is a rock. Must I face that black and gathering storm? He is an anchor, sure and steadfast. Am I to be tried? He is an advocate. Is sentence passed, and am I to be condemned? He is pardon.

To deck Him out, and set Him forth, Nature culls her finest flowers, brings her choicest ornaments, and lays these treasures at His feet.

The skies contribute their stars. The sea gives up its pearls. From fields and rivers and mountains, earth brings the tribute of her gold, and gems, and myrrh, and frankincense, the lily of the valley, the clustered vine, and the fragrant rose of Sharon. He is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely." "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." I offer Him to you—make a free offer of Him; and doing so, will challenge you to name a want for which I shall not find a full supply in Christ—something that fits your wants as accurately as the works of a key the wards of its lock.

We record, with deep regret, the death of the Rev. Michael Hobart Seymour, M. A., who quietly breathed his last at his residence in Bath, on the 18th of June. Mr. Seymour has been for many years one of the most firm, able, and persevering advocates

of the principles of the Reformation as opposed both to Ritualism and Romanism, to be found in the ranks of the English clergy, as might be in some degree indicated by a mere enumeration of his writings. The last of his publications was his "Defence of the Charge of the Bishop of Bath and Wells in reply to Mr. Bennett, of Frome." Before he had finished it symptoms of the coming end manifested themselves, and, lingering on for a while, from day to day, he at length sank to his eternal rest, having but a few days before left this record—that all his theology was contained in the two favourite hymns, "Rock of Ages," and "Just as I am, without one plea;" and that the chapters from which he derived especial comfort were 2 Cor. v., Romans, viii., Rev. iv. and vii., and John xiv. Mr. Seymour was born in 1800, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was ordained. Having held several cures in Ireland, he removed to London, holding for some time the appointments of afternoon lecturer at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and evening lecturer at St. George's, Southwark. In 1844 he was married to the widow of Baron Brownmill, and shortly afterwards he resigned his lectureships and took up his residence at Bath. The Baron had been physician to Louis xvii., and left his widow (who dropped the foreign title conferred upon her former husband) in affluent circumstances. It is scarcely necessary to say that when Mr. Seymour resigned his clerical emoluments he did not cease to occupy the pulpit. One way in which he was wont to serve his Master was by taking, without remuneration, the duty of some hard-worked or invalid clergyman who needed rest and recreation for a month or so, but who could not afford the cost of a paid substitute.

## Children's Treasury.

### THE LIGHTED SHRINE.

Why is it that an upward glance  
At stars in evening's sky,  
Has such a power to fill the soul  
With deep solemnity ?

It is not that their light is sad ;  
For diamonds cannot boast,  
Or festal gems, a look more glad  
Than has their glittering host.

It is that when the evening meets  
The world upon its way,  
And darkness covers from our sight  
The trifles of the day ;

That rising then in countless ranks,  
Like some great company,  
They fling around earth's narrow bound.  
Light from infinity !

While from the vast, uplifted shrine  
Their myriad voices cry,  
Above, afar, around, there are—  
God ! Heaven ! Eternity !

H. G. G.

### ABSENCE FROM GOD.

If I delight but in some garden, or walk, or gallery, I would be much in it ; if I love my books, I am much with them, and almost unweariedly poring on them. The food which I love I would often feed on ; the clothes that I love I would often wear ; the recreations which I love I would often use them ; the business which I love I would be much employed in. And can I love God and that above all these, and yet have no desires to be with Him ? Is it not a far likelier sign of hatred than of love, when the thoughts of our appearing before God are our most grievous thoughts, and when we take ourselves as undone because we must die and come unto Him ?—*Baxter.*

### TALKS TO THE YOUNG.

It is a long time since I cast my lot with the temperance movement. I was but a boy then, and now my locks are rapidly turning gray, but I've never regretted or repented of my connection with this good cause. I was led by a good mother to join what was known as the temperance society, and that, too, at the first meeting of the kind ever held in our village. Drunkenness at that time was very common amongst all classes, and was doing a very great deal of evil. Good people grieved over it, and thought of how it could be lessened, if not removed. Societies were at length formed, and had a great run of success, and were greatly useful.

The pledge, or bond of union, allowed the use of wines and malt liquors, for these were thought to be not nearly so dangerous as spirits, such as whiskey and gin, rum and brandy, and it was believed that if the spirits were let alone drunkenness would cease.

Ah, young friends, would <sup>you</sup> better than that now, don't we ?

The people, however, soon learned this fact, that wine and malt liquor, could and did make them drunk, and that if a person soon learned to love them he did not stop with them, but soon wanted the stronger drinks. It is the same thing—*alcohol*, it is called—which intoxicates them all. The drunkards who have been rescued were most of them brought back to their former condition, and there was gradually enforced upon temperance reformers the conviction that all liquors containing alcohol must be put in the same list, and the only safety for the sober and the reclaimed was total

abstinence from all that intoxicates. Societies were then formed on this principle, and the pledge forbade the use of every kind of liquor whatever. I have known them to do great good all over the land.

Under the first pledge it was difficult to know just what in safety could be used. For instance they had drinks of various kinds and colors, which they said were temperance drinks, but which were very suspicious. They called them wines and cordials, and I don't know what else, so that even old persons were quite puzzled to know what was consistent with their pledge. But under the total abstinence rule, even the smallest child can understand what is required—to keep away from such drinks altogether, whatever their color or whatever name they are called, whether there is much alcohol in them or little.

A little Scotch girl once went to her minister and told him she wanted to join the temperance society. He was not quite sure that she understood what it meant, and questioned her.

"O aye, sir," she said, "It means that I'm not to tak' anything that will make me *fou*," that is, drunk. The little girl was right, and he at once allowed her to put down her name. Members of the Band of Hope will make this promise, and I hope they will always bear it in mind, and never use any kind of liquor whatever. I'll tell you more another time what I have learned about this alcohol.—*Ulle David, in Temperance Preaching.*

DR. CAREY was not originally a highly-educated man; he had been brought up to manual labour, and was somewhat advanced in life before he became a Missionary. But he contrived, by means of hard and persevering work, to learn *thirty-eight languages*, that he might translate the Bible into them. In the house which

he occupied at Serampore is still to be seen the manuscript of his Sanscrit dictionary. It is in five folios of 700 pages each. There are also his Bengali dictionary, and several other large works, any one of which would be enough to give a man a world-wide reputation. The Oriental characters written by him are so perfect that it requires very close examination to be sure they are not printed. And yet he was not exclusively a student. He not only worked as a Missionary, but acted as a professor in the government college, and as a translator for the government; he superintended, besides, an indigo plantation, and these occupations he pursued, not that he might make a fortune for himself, but that he might obtain means to support the Mission.

#### HERE AND YONDER.

A sermon may be obtained from intercourse with the very humblest mind. And there is a good illustration of this in Dr. Liefchild's interview with a poor lad he met among the mountains of Ireland,—one eleven or twelve years of age,—poorly clad, no covering for his head, no shoes or stockings, but a mild, cheerful countenance, and with a New Testament in his hand, keeping the gate of entrance to one of the richest and most magnificent views.

"Can you read?" said the doctor.

"To be sure I can."

"And do you understand what you read?"

"A little."

"Let us hear you," and I turned his attention to the third chapter of the Gospel of John, which he seemed readily to find, and said, "Now read." He did so with a clear, unembarrassed voice, "There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews; the same came to Jesus by night and said unto Him, Rabbi."

"What does this mean?"

"It means Master. 'We know Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.'"

"What is a miracle?"

"It is a great wonder. 'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee.'"

"What does *verily* signify?"

"It means indeed. 'Except a man be born again.'"

"What is that?"

"It means," he promptly replied, "a great change. 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

"And what is that kingdom?"

He paused and with an expression of seriousness and devotion which I never shall forget, placing his hand upon his bosom, he said, "It is something here:" and then raising his eyes, he added, "and something up yonder."—*Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets.*

"BE,"

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complain, said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gives us something to *be*, just as well?"

"O, dear! tell me about being." Marion looked up with penitent eyes. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

"God says, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another.'"

"Be ye also patient."

"Be ye thankful."

"Be not conformed to this world."

"Become little children."

"Be ye therefore perfect."

"Be courteous."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, making no reply.

'Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the fire-light Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing all that He commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion, emphatically.

MR. G. STRAUBE OF PRAGUE, Bohemia, says:—"One day, when driven by a thunder-storm into a shop for shelter, I found several persons seeking shelter also, and soon entered into conversation with them. Having offered to each a Gospel portion, one man especially expressed himself very thankful, and said, 'Do you know, sir, we have a book like this at home, and it has come to us in a most remarkable manner. My mother-in-law went one day with a basket on her back to town, and on her return found that little book in her basket. At first we did not think much of it, till we had read it, and we now like it so much that we have quit a strife about the ownership, as it gives us such comfort; but my mother-in-law will keep it to herself, as she thinks an angel only can have put this religious book into her basket. If you could give me one more for my wife, I would be very thankful.' With pleasure I supplied him according to his request, and also with other tracts. I have seen him since, and have seen his remarkable book, which no doubt had been put by myself into the poor woman's basket. It was the Gospel of St. John in the Bohemian language."

## Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### ACROSS THE PLAIN OF JEZREEL.

We told our readers, as we travelled with them across the level country from Jappa to the foot of the mountains of Judea, that we were then travelling over the maritime plain, one of the three great plains of the Holy Land. The second is the valley of the Jordan, which we crossed in visiting Jericho, a portion of which is covered by the waters of the Dead Sea. And now in our journey towards Galilee we come in the dusk of evening to the southern edge of the third great plain, that of Esdraclon, or the plain of Jezreel, supposed also to be the Armageddon of the Book of Revelation. Dr. Robinson, who was a very matter of fact man, says that his first sight of this plain "a wide glorious view. . . . extending to the mountains of Nazareth," at first almost overpowered him. It was too dark when we emerged from the mountains of Ephraim for us to see much, so we rode on calmly to Jenin, a town of over 2,000 inhabitants, situated on the southern edge of the great plain, and in the midst of gardens of fruit trees hedged in by the prickly pear. The place is notorious for the dishonest character of its inhabitants, so the Governor gave us a watchman who kept watch all night over our tents pitched outside the town, and near some springs of water.

In the morning the sun rose as usual during our journey in a cloudless sky, illuminating with golden

hues the picture that looked so leaden and dull on the evening before. In travelling through our Province of Ontario one gets weary of the sameness of our scenery; when we see the country for a few hours from the window of the railway car we see it for the rest of the day. But Palestine breaks in on the wearied traveller, thinking he has seen all the country can show, with as sudden and startling transitions as ever novelist wove into his tale or painter put on the canvas of his panoramic scenes. Here is a picture bursting on our view as we issue from our tents in the morning, quite distinct and dissimilar from any thing we had yet seen in Palestine. Right away from the tent door rolled northward for twelve miles a billowy plain not unlike the rolling prairie of our own continent. Its eastern beginning is on the banks of the Jordan and its western termination on the shores of the great sea. That low base hill to the east, not unlike the Pentlands near Edinburgh, is Gilboa, the scene of the bloody battle in which fell Saul and his sons. Then, near it, is little Hermon. Right in front some twelve miles away, bounding the plain to the north, rises low, rounded, green wooded hills and knolls. You may call these the toes of the giant Lebanon. After the toes, rise the feet, the knees, the loins, the belly and the breast, till high up in the clouds many leagues away you see great Hermon, 10,000 feet high, the crowning summit of Lebanon,

"On a throne of rocks in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow."



Up there, then on the knees of the great giant Lebanon, (which is not a mountain but a range of mountains, say like the Rocky mountains) nestles Galilee, meet home for the Redeemer of Israel. Up there was health and vigour in the mountain air to fit Him for His three or four years of ceaseless wearing toil during which we never read He was sick. Up there amid the glorious scenery was meet home for the poet-preacher. We have left behind us the scene of our Redeemer's dark days; but we are drawing the scene of his bright days, when unburdened with public duties, he grew in stature and in favour with God and man.

Though it is a beautiful sight to look across that plain, it is dreary work in a hot sun to ride its breadth before dinner. In good time we are in the saddle, and press on without slackening pace till we draw up on the eminence where stood once the palace of Ahab, and where the dogs eat Jezebel, his wicked wife. There are no ruins or remains of any account to be seen here, so that we can, from the top of the square tower contemplate, without distraction to the surrounding scene. One thing we now understand, how this plain was the scene of so many battles. For one thing we can see that it stood in the same relation to the Highlands of Syria, that the plain around Stirling in Scotland, where the chief battles of that country were fought, did to the Grampian and its warlike races. But further, we see also, that the great monarchies of Asia and Africa would naturally meet here to fight out their quarrels. Let us suppose that there was a pass twelve miles wide right through our Rocky Mountains, and that there existed a great military power like Egypt on the Pacific shore, while another military power like Assyria held this side of the rocky barrier, would that narrow pass not be

the arena of many a bloody fight? "In the days of Josiah" we therefore read, "Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, went up against the king of Assyria to the Euphrates." But the king of Assyria heard of his coming, and met him in the pass leading through the Lebanon range to the sea, up which he knew well the king of Egypt would come. The engagement took place in the middle of the plain, where Sisera and Barak fought: and poor Josiah, who had no business to be there, sore wounded by the Egyptian archers, was carried to Jerusalem to die.

Standing on the top of that watch-tower one looks out over a plain lonely enough, but the scene of many a memorable event in the long past. In that plain under our eye, fought Barak, Gideon, Saul, and Napoleon. Over it we see in imagination, the chariot of Ahab driving home to Jezreel from Carmel, the heavens black with clouds and the coming rain, after the awful scene on Carmel, and Elijah with a joyful heart, thinking that Jehovah had triumphed and Baal's power was now broken in Israel, running before his master's chariot. Then from the very opposite side of the plain, we see clouds of dust, and as they draw near we see horses in foam and sweat. They slacken speed at the gate of the city, that once stood where our tower now stands, and Jehu with his terrible commission from Jehovah, drives towards the palace of the king, whose bloody corpse is lying down yonder by the roadside. Not far from this spot Jezebel looked out from her window, and her cries could probably have reached the ears of one standing where we stood, as they threw her out of the window to be trampled under the feet of Jehu's horses. But what are all the events of the past, even the greatest that happened on that plain, in comparison with the concourse and conflict of armies that is yet to take

place here if this is the Armageddon, as some say, of the Book of Revelation. It would be rash to assert that this plain is the predicted scene of the last conflict between the armies of light and the armies of darkness: but in view of the startling and unexpected events that are constantly amazing men, in view of the fact that history so often repeats itself, it is just as unsafe to assert that the plain of Jezreel is not again to be drenched in blood, the last that is to be shed in human quarrels.

Descending from the tower we turn our horses heads in the direction of the mountains to the north. We are now in the heat of the day toiling up one of the passes that leads into the mountains of Galilee, and to Nazareth. We are, therefore, entering on a section of Palestine that figures largely in sacred history, the section that covers in the main territory of the four tribes, Asher, Naphtali, Zebulon, and Issachar, containing sixty-nine cities in the time of Joshua, and two hundred and four cities and villages in the time of Josephus; a section of country of great fertility and natural beauty, with a climate that is said to be the "nearest possible approach to a perpetual spring," a land of hills and valleys, springs, rivers and lakes, a land of which Moses said in prophetic rapture, "O Naphtali, satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord," Deut. xxxiii. 23; a section of country associated in our memories with the childhood, the youth, and the early ministry of our Lord, containing within its boundaries Mount Tabor and the Sea of Galilee, Cesarea Philippi,

Cana, Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Magdala; a section of country where Christ wrought his first miracle, preached his first sermon, called his first disciples, and where was held that great gathering after his resurrection, when he was seen of five hundred of his disciples at once. But for this year we must here lay down the pen, thanking such readers as may have kept us company from Joppa to this point, for their patience and attention. It is not without sadness one travels, even in imagination and memory, over ground once travelled in company with friends, whose faces we can never see again in this world. It was with such a feeling these pages on Palestine have been written; but with a feeling likewise of pleasure, in which we trust the reader participated, arising chiefly from thoughts of Jesus of Nazareth, whose name is engraven on the rocks and roads of the land to the obliterating almost of all else.

In the January number of 1875, the Editor will continue his narrative of his travels through Bible Lands. After describing the chief points of interest in Galilee, he proposes to follow the footsteps of the Apostles. He will try to carry the reader through Tyre and Sidon to Beyrout, thence to Damascus, then along the shores of the Mediterranean to Tarsus and Smyrna, then across the sea to Athens, thence to Corinth and Rome, endeavoring as in the past, to keep in view the connection of these places with the Apostles, especially Paul, whose mission led him into these cities in Europe, mentioned above.

## Editorial Postscript.

### IN REGARD TO 1875.

We have nothing further to promise, in regard to the incoming year, than just simply to say that the contributors and editors will do what they can to make the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY for this year, a useful and welcome visitor into such houses as care for plain, practical, doctrinal reading, without novels or sensations of any kind. We have good means of knowing that in its own humble, plain, direct way, our periodical has done good among the young and among the old. People long for its coming each month. Some there are who like solid reading, and they seek first to the heavier articles; others turn first to its poetry; the young, (may God's blessing rest on their reading) turn to the Children's Treasury, and the old to such Christian experience as was given in the story of from "Darkness to Light." We have now three favours to ask of our readers.

1. Do not always blame the publishers of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY if your copy goes astray. The mailing is done in the city of Toronto by very careful parties. In mailing there may be mistakes sometimes, this is more than likely; but we are convinced that most of the cases where the MONTHLY fails to reach the subscriber, the fault lies in the post office. We are very unwilling to find fault with country Postmasters, for they are on the whole an excellent, punctual, faithful set of public servants, doing troublesome work with little pay and less sympathy; but they, or their substitutes, sometimes commit blunders.

They sometimes say "nothing for you" when there is. They sometimes give the paper that belongs to John Smith, to Jonathan Smith, which causes John to write the publisher of his paper a short letter. There is, we fear, some truth in the following loud complaint of a weekly newspaper which is going round at present, receiving a good many endorsements from publishers.

"A vast reformation is needed in the management of country post offices, for many of these institutions are conducted in the most free and easy, and often in the most careless and inefficient manner. Sometimes the wife or child of the post master, who can scarcely read writing, is the only attendant in the office, and when a paper or a letter is asked for frequently the wrong one is given, or after a short and imperfect search by a careless and incompetent person, the inquirer, who perhaps has walked many miles, is coolly informed that there is nothing for him. It is almost useless to send letters to country offices, but few of them reach the men to whom they are addressed, and there is no publisher of a paper but is troubled by complaints from subscribers who say they do not get their paper regularly. The fault is altogether with the post masters, as every man's paper is sent constantly to the office to which publishers are directed to address it, and as packages for each office are made up separately, it is almost impossible for a practiced hand to make any mistake. It is surely the duty of the Post Office Inspector to look more sharply after country offices than he has been in the habit

of doing, and if mail matter is not more carefully delivered in the coming year than it has been in the past, new postmasters will require to be appointed, or the offices may as well be closed."

2. If any subscriber wishes the *CHRISTIAN MONTHLY* to be stopped, let him send us word to that effect. It is not kind, nor exactly honest, to allow one's paper to run on for months, take it out of the office, read it, and then when the time of payment is drawing near, to return it to the publisher. It is not often that is done. There are some men, we suppose, who might thoughtlessly do it; and we say kindly and plainly to them that they should not act in that way.

3. Let those who intend sending their own subscription, and those of their friends, do it towards the end of December or very early in January,

that it may be known what number of copies we ought to begin the year with. The Editor of the Boston *Christian*, one of our Exchanges, which is always a welcome visitor, thus speaks to his subscribers, and we allow him it speak for us, as he does it pointedly and pithily.

"Do it Now!

"This paper closes the volume. If you want to stop *The Christian*, do it now! If you want to pay for it for 1875, do it now! If you mean to write us about it, do it now! If you have any fault to find or complaint to make, do it now! If you want to send for any missing papers, tell us just what numbers you lack, and do it now! And whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it now, and do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, in the grave whither thou goest."

