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Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A few weeks ago we were favoured with a visit from the Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, on his way to his field of labour in Madras. Our devoted brother is well and favourably known in this country, and his short stay was improved by him in pleading the cause of Foreign Missions before the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in the capital and Harbour Grace, and in organising associations to assist the parent society in carrying out its important work among the female population of India. Mr. Campbell was eminently successful in obtaining pecuniary aid, and in reviving the missionary zeal of many, and awaking an interest in most of his hearers, in the noble enterprise in which the Church of Christ is engaged.

Our beloved friend leaves behind much that is pleasing to the flesh. He was a most acceptable minister, and had very tempting offers to remain in Canada. God has signally owned and blessed his labours during the past six years. But he heard the Master's call, and cheerfully, joyfully, thankfully, he left the green pastures of Canada for the arid deserts of India. Not position, wealth, nor ease did he seek, but the approval of God and the salvation of the souls for whom Christ died. He is ambitious, but his is a noble ambition—to make known the Gospel of God's grace to the foolish wise men of *India*, for his mission is specially to the educated classes speaking our own language in India. "He has left much," but we only speak the language of the world when we say so. What can we leave for Jesus, who left the glory which He had with the Father, and became obedient unto the death of the cross for us. "He has left much," and he may have much to endure. But what will his gain be when the monarch's crown and the miser's gold have perished; when the glory of the world has passed away for ever; when its mad laughter is hushed in the stillness of the grave, or the silence of the judgment day. What will be the faithful missionary's gain? Who can estimate his joy, his gathered harvest of redeemed souls, his crown of rejoicing? What a rich reward for toils and dangers past! Will the benediction of the Saviour be—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy of thy Lord." Go, then, highly honoured servant, sail over unknown seas, tried the burning plains of India, assail its God-dishonouring, soul-destroying superstitions. By patience, meekness, long-suffering, be a true witness for your Lord. Commend His Gospel to every man's conscience in the

sight of God. The day of India and the world's redemption draweth nigh. But what shall we do? Look on, admire, or wonder. As you sally forth to your gigantic work from that solitary chamber, with the eternal roar of the bay in your ears, and the revolting sights of a great heathen city before your eyes, what do you expect from highly-favoured Christians on this side the globe?—that you will be daily remembered before the Throne of Grace; deep, heartfelt sympathy with you in your heaven-imposed work; and something more—earnest efforts to augment the resources and increase the labours of the Missionary Society. You will not be disappointed.

THE DYING TESTIMONIES OF CHRISTIANS.

Sin is bitter. I bless God I have inward supports.—M. Henry.

I expect my salvation not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner—John Howe.

Our God is the God from whom cometh salvation. God is the Lord by whom we escape death—Martin Luther.

Live in Christ; live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death. Knox.

Thou, Lord, bruise me; but I am abundantly satisfied, since it is thy hand—Calvin.

The best of all is, God is with us; farewell, farewell—J. Wesley.

I shall be satisfied with thy likeness—satisfied, satisfied—C. Wesley.

It is safest to trust in Jesus—Bellarmine.

Blessed be God; though I shall change my place I shall not change my company, for I have walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with God—Dr. Preston.

More praise still. Oh, help me to praise him. I have nothing else to do; I have done with prayer, and other ordinances—John Janeway.

Oh, come in glory! I have long waited for thy coming. Let no dark cloud rest on the work of the Indians. Let it live when I am dead—Elliot.

The battle's fought—the battle's fought; the victory's won—the victory is won for ever. I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity and benevolence and happiness to all eternity. Faith and patience hold out—Dr. Payson.

If He should slay me ten thousand times, ten thousand times I'll trust. I feel—I feel—I believe in joy, and rejoice. Oh, for arms to embrace Him, oh, for a well-tuned harp—Rutherford.

Oh, welcome death, thou mayest well be recorded among the treasures of the Christian. The great conflict is over, all is done. To live is Christ, but to die is gain—J. Hervey.

Glory to God. I see heaven sweetly opened before me—Rev. J. Abbot.

DYING TESTIMONIES OF INFIDELS.

Voltaire addressed his doctor and said, "I am abandoned by God and man. I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months' life." The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me," and soon after expired.

Lord Byron, "Shall I sue for mercy?" After a long pause, he added, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last."

Altamont—"My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife; and is there another hell? Oh, thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God! hell is a refuge if it hides me from thy frown."

Francis Spira, an Italian apostate, exclaimed just before death, "My sin is greater than the mercy of God. I have denied Christ voluntarily. I feel that He hardens me and allows me no hope."

Charles IX., who gave orders for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, expired, bathed in blood, whilst he said, "What blood, what murders! I know not where I am. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost for ever, I know it!"

Philip III. of Spain—"Oh, would to God I had never reigned. Oh, that those years I have spent in my kingdom I had lived a solitary life in the wilderness. Oh that I lived alone with God. How much more secure should I now have died. With how much more confidence should I have gone to the throne of God. What doth all my glory profit, but that I have so much the more torment in hell."

"Ah, Mr. Harvey," said a dying man, "the day in which I ought to have worked is over, and now I see a horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever."

Mirabeau—"Crown me with flowers; intoxicate me with perfume; let me die with the sound of delicious music." When death came nearer, he said, "My sufferings are intolerable; I have within me a hundred years of life, but not a moment's courage." He demanded and received a draught of opium, under the influence of which he died.

Francis Newport—"Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!"

Hobbes—"I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at." He had previously said that were he master of the world, he would give it all to live one day longer.

OBITUARY.

On the 9th of September, in the thirty-second year of her age, died Annie, eldest and only surviving daughter of Mr. G. Langmead, and beloved wife of Mr. James Tessier. About six years ago she became a member of the Congregational Church in the town, and was firmly attached to the house and people of

God. Her last severe illness was borne with remarkable patience, the approach of death viewed without alarm. "Friends fondly cherished had passed on before." Earthly ties were severed, and all its short-lived enjoyments parted with, in the hope of joining the shining ones on the shores of glory, and *waiting* for those left behind. But does not her early, unexpected, and sudden removal loudly call to us and say, "Be ye also ready." Are we Reader, *are you?* This is a solemn and an all-important question. Answer it.

WAITING.

(Written for the MESSENGER.)

Yes, dear, now I am waiting—waiting my Father's call,

Listening oft for the sound of the chariot wheels and the soft footfall

Of the messenger sent to bid me arise and go to my beautiful home,

Where the streets are of gold and the gates are of pearl, and unwearied I ever may roam.

I have tarried below in this valley of tears, beyond my youth's compeers and friends,

Not one but has gone whence they never return to tell how Life's journey may end;

I have walked on Life's roadway fourscore and four years, and my trust yet has never been shamed;

I have borne many burdens and shed many tears, but my hope it has never been lamed.

It is nigh fifty years since my husband I laid in the grave in the prime of his youth;

I was left with five boys and another not born, yet I ever can speak to the truth

Of my Father's kind promise, a husband to be to the widow bereft and forlorn,

To care for her children, to nurture and bless, and guide from Life's opening morn.

And now in the evening of Life's busy day, with its fret and its turmoil all o'er,

I sit in the gloaming and joyfully think of the happiness God has in store

For a sinner like me; and I bless His dear name who has called me from darkness to light,

And clothed me with righteousness—none of my own—and will soon turn my faith into sight.

I look back on the path He has led me through all—the sunshine, the storm, and the rain;

The waves and the billows have not me o'erwhelmed, and I feel I could trust Him again.

I fear not the valley, for Christ has been there, and traversed the pathway before;

And I know He will lead me along a safe way to the not very far-distant shore.

And as my day shortens no gloom hangs around, the horizon is burnished with gold,

And I sit in its light, and peacefully think of the story that never grows old;

And I joy in His joy and rest in His love, as one who is ransomed from sin,

And wait for His message to come up above and enter most joyfully in.

London, Sept., 1876.

H. D. ISACRE.

PET THE OLDER ONES.

IT sometimes occurs to us that the babies get more than their share of petting. Not that anybody can help it. The dear little dimpled things, with their sweet ways and their helpless dependence and the charm of some new revelation every day, invite our caresses, and our whole store of complimentary adjectives. Darling and treasure, and the common stock of nouns of endearment and approbation come easily to our lips when we talk to the little ones.

How often we drop these pretty forms of speech as they grow older. They leave the cunning age behind, and graduate into the awkward one. Girls and boys alike pass through a period when they are shy, sensitive, morbid, and self-conscious, yet perhaps withal arrogant, conceited, and opinionated. With what matchless confidence sixteen and eighteen adopt and parade notions on subjects which have puzzled prophets and sages! Then their fathers and mothers too often feel impatient and disappointed. They do not remember that this queer husk will fall away, and from it emerge a flower by-and-by.

So gradually and insensibly do mothers lose the habit of caressing their older children, that the latter would often look very much surprised at a kiss bestowed out of the regular way. The habit of a morning and evening salute is kept in families where it is merely mechanical and perfunctory. Yet that is better than no kiss at all. The magnetism of mother-love, shown to the boy or girl, however unamiable their transitory mood may be, is strong enough to save them from much unhappiness, or from the attacks of temptation. Do not slight so strong a power. Even though you feel dissident in taking up what should never have been laid aside, begin again, and pet your big sons and daughters.

THE BABY.

WHO knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents is the puny little struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little that all nature and reason is on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than all virtue. All day between his three or four sleeps he coos like a pigeon-house, spatters and crows, and puts on faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread-spoons, cards, and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of a Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly like his senior countryman, the young Englishman studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the neck and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandmas, all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him, all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulder he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

THE cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Those who by faith see the Invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses.

Truly, it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; it is the highway to glory; but when you see Him in His own country at home you will think you never saw Him before.

More than Christ I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for you. I am sure that the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not the half of what we love when we love Him.

That Christ and the sinner should be one, and should share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation. What more could love do?—*Rutherford's Letters*.

PRAY FOR THE STANDARD BEARERS.

IT is sometimes the case that Christians forget to pray for those who really most need the help of their prayers. They look upon them as strong, and as needing no assistance. They think of their talents and abilities, of the works which they have done, and of the influence which they wield, and say: "Surely they have no need of any help from such weak ones as I!"

But greatness is no guarantee of goodness. Strong men have strong passions; great men have great faults. The man who to-day seems adequate to every emergency, capable of meeting and confounding every foe, may, by the subtle influence of temptation, before another morning dawns, be smitten, wounded, and destroyed. The light rages most fiercely where the banners wave above the fray; and those who have been set forth in the providence of God, and by the call of His Church to bear the standard in the night of faith, of all persons need the earnest, sympathetic, prayerful help of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Many have fallen, and many now are trembling on the verge of overthrow. Pressed down with burdens, afflicted in various ways, tempted, tried, flattered, and praised, unless God interpose it is a wonder that their lives are not an utter failure, and the hopes of those who love them wrecked in ruin and despair.

Let Christians remember the standard-bearers, those who lead the van, those who mould and guide the opinions of others, and who shape the sentiment that rules the hour. Let them be faithful to God in all they are called to do, and let us pray for them, that fulfilling all His will, they may be accepted in His sight at last.—*Christian*.

OUR CHILDREN.

THE keenest anxiety of life, perhaps, is that felt by Christian parents concerning the morals of their children. No father can feel otherwise than anxious touching his son's character and habits. No mother can be happy until she feels that her child is firmly established in virtue. This is as it should be. Piety finds her best expression in such feelings. While motherhood and fatherhood remain what they should be these anxieties will remain. Many parents will peruse these lines. Suffer, friend, this word of suggestion: The best and only adequate protection for your children against the manifold temptations to which they are and will be exposed, is to be found in *personal religion*. Bring them to God in conversion, and your hopes will be fully realised. Do not trust this work of love to anyone save yourselves. Consecrate your children to the service of God yourselves. It is your privilege to do so. You can do it better than another. Your children look to you for advice and suggestion as to the way they should live. Do not say, "They have never asked me for it." Why should they? Are the younger to take the initiative? Is your duty to remain undone until by forwardness your child reverses the order of nature? Must weakness brace the loins of strength? Must an unrenewed heart show a regenerated nature how to be faithful? Must the young furnish wisdom to the old? Surely not. God has made you, parents, to be guides to your children. Guide them to Him. Do it yourselves. Do not leave the sweet service to others. Who can do it as you can? Whose prayer is as a mother's prayer? Whose counsel is like a father's? O parents, bring your children to Christ yourselves. Within the fold they are safe; and only there is safety found for them. Is your child safe? "Feed my lambs.—*Golden Rule*."

A sense of an earnest will

To help the lowly-living;

And a terrible heart-thrill

If you've no power of giving;

An arm of aid to the weak,

A friendly hand to the friendless;

Kind words, so short to speak,

But their echo is endless;

The world is wide—these things are small;

They may be nothing—but they are all.

RANSACKING.

THERE is a deal of it to be done, first and last. Sur-charged desks and drawers have a habit of running over and refusing to shut, unless overhauled occasionally. It is astonishing how much storage room we can gain if we will be resolute in this regulating process. It tends to system, and sometimes results in unearthing hid treasures. It enables us readily to inventory our possessions, rejecting the worthless or superfluous. Besides, if we omit it, moth and rust will corrupt our treasures.

Individual hearts will find this work beneficial. Rummage from garret to cellar. Clear out the rubbish. First offer the petition, "Create in me a clean heart, O God"; and then not only willingly submit, but enter heartily into the renovation. Why are we not holier, happier, more peaceful, more useful? Look into our hearts. Here is a corner piled up with pride and self-conceit. Hatred of some fellow-man is hidden away there in a dark place. Rebellion against God's discipline larks somewhere around, while over all lies the dross of worldliness and the dust of selfishness which have accumulated for years. With Almighty aid let us empty, sweep, and garnish, that the place may be made meet for the Spirit's presence. Churches suffer sadly for want of spiritual house-cleaning. Scarcely one that has not its religious fossils, encrusted with self-righteousness, and scamed with scowls, imprinted by sourness of soul. Why don't we clear them out? It will raise a rumpus. House-cleaning is dirty business. Eyes and lungs get sand and choked. It tries us. Nobody thanks us. Some deem it quite unnecessary. We get our trouble for our pains, saving the satisfaction of knowing that it is all sweet and clean, and the certainty that if we didn't scrub and scour, and scatter a little, there would be no such thing as decent living in Church or State; no room for sweet-souled, new-born saints that look to us for comfortable housing. Wield the broom lustily. Let fly the dusting-brush. Bear hard on the mop-handle, and bustle things generally.

GIVE.

IT may be but a cup of water; be sure that the water is sparkling and pure from the well of salvation. It may be but a tiny cup; be careful that it is full to the brim. You can only say a few words in the social meeting, and your cup looks very small to you. Dear child! love expressed for the Saviour, or trust expressed in the Saviour, is like a cooling drink to those that hear it. God does not mind whether you say one word or sixty. He would rather that you mean every word that you say, than to say a great many words that you do not mean.

You would rather not call and see that lady who is ill so long, because she may not like to see you. Jesus said, "I was sick . . . and ye visited me not." He lives there with the lady. If you can stay but a few moments, if you can only pass your hand soothingly over the aching forehead, or whisper a few words about Jesus, go and do it. It is the cup of cold water that Jesus means you to give her, and will you let her lips parch one moment through your shrinking?

The other day you were thinking that God dealt hardly with you, and when one you loved spoke, you lifted to them a frowning face, instead of the smile that God intended should be like a cup of cold water to that tired, grieved soul. Oh! child! child! throw yourself beneath the cleansing flood, and the next time smile from your heart, even though your eyes be wet with tears.

A cup of cold water! There are thirsting, panting, tired souls all about you; tears roll down some cheeks, signs will force themselves through firmly-closed lips, some foreheads are lowering and frowning, some hearts are just sore and aching. Oh! child! Christ's little ones, they are suffering for your cups of cold water. They may be tiny cups, but give them; you have looked at yourself long enough, now look about you.

"Give as the morning that flows out of heaven,
Give as the waves when their channel is riven,
Give as the free air and sunshine are given,
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give;
Not the waste drops from thy cup overflowing,
Not a faint spark from thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing,
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live."

MR. RUSKIN TO YOUNG LADIES.

DO you want to be better dressed than your school-fellows? Some of them are probably poor, and cannot afford to dress like you; or, on the other hand, you may be poor yourself, and may be mortified at their being dressed better than you. Put an end to all that at once by resolving to go down into the deep of your girl's heart, where you will find, made by Christ's own hand, a better thing than vanity—*piety*. And be sure of this, that, although in a truly Christian land, every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully, in this entirely heathen and *Baal*-worshipping land of ours, not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing; and that you have no business now to wear anything fine yourself, but are bound to use your full strength and resources to dress as many of your poor neighbours as you can. What of fine dress your people insist upon your wearing, take, and wear proudly and prettily, for their sakes; but so far as in you lies, be sure that every day you are labouring to clothe some poorer creatures. And if you cannot clothe at least help with your hands. You can make your own bed; wash your own plate; brighten your own furniture—if nothing else. "But that's servants' work?" Of course it is. What business have you to hope to be better than a servant of servants? "God made you a lady?" Yes. He has put you, that is to say, in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its race. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will obtain the power of becoming a true "lady," and you will become one if, while you learn these things, you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when he calls you to say: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Fors Clavigera*.

THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS.

BUT he receives them *as* sinners. In God's market there is no cheating; in seeking His help the whole story must be told. God will receive any man, but he will be imposed upon by none. He will take a hypocrite, but He will not take him with a certificate from the Church that he is in good and regular standing—a highly-esteemed and exemplary member! But let him come on his knees, crying, "God have mercy upon me, a poor hypocrite, with an empty heart, a hollow life, and a name to live while I am dead!" and God will receive him, and heal him, and save him.

God will receive a liar, but He does not want any such person to come to Him with a certificate of truth and veracity, signed by leading citizens, and endorsed by ministers and church members. With that he must be rejected; but let him come crying, "God have mercy on a poor lost liar, and save me from the burning lake!" and the Lord will surely hear his prayer.

God will receive a Pharisee, but he need not come tooting his trumpet, nor flaunting his phylacteries, nor making his long prayers, nor jingling his money into the Lord's treasury; for does not the Lord know about the mortgage which he foreclosed—the coward—upon that widow's house, when her husband was just cold in his grave? No; let him come as the publican comes, smiting on his breast, confessing his sins, and owning up his crookedness, hypocrisy, and wrong, and the Lord will save him as soon as anyone.

God will have honest dealing. We cannot sell brass for gold, nor pewter for silver, in His market. We must come down to the actual facts in every case. No shams are accepted, no deceptions countenanced, no hypocrisies tolerated. He desires the truth in the inward parts. If God cannot make a man honest, He has no place for him. Heaven is no home for hypocrites. All guile and hypocrisies must be laid aside, with all malice, if we will be followers of Him "who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," and who desires to present us before the presence of His Father's glory, "without and with exceeding joy."—*H. L. Hastings*.

THE STORY OF TWO LETTERS.

BY MARY BASKIN.

MY DARLING GIRL,—It is so long since I commenced an epistle of any sort to you, that I am almost at a loss now; and yet I fancy it is not for the want of matter. Is it quite, really, a settled thing, dear Emmie? I mean your engagement to Mr. Trearton. I could scarcely realise it that day—in the street—when you told me; and so you are really engaged, and I am too! How strange that both our *affaires des cœurs* should come off so close together! My dear girl, I cannot in writing tell you all the happiness I wish you; it wants the emphasis of a good hug and heaps of kisses. I do so want to hear the whole story; from the last I heard of his writing, and your refusal of him. I also wish to tell you about myself, but it is too much to do in a letter. I intended writing to you directly after seeing you in Kensington—I suppose you were ordering part of your *trousseau* at Barker's—but conflicting emotions have kept me quiet until just lately, you have literally haunted me night and day. I feel I must write, even if it is only half a letter. The night before last I dreamt of you so much, and in my dream you came here and spent several days; we were as happy as mortals could be, going back into the old days in spirit; we lived out of doors—reading, working, singing, and writing until you declared you did not want to break through the spell, dreading your return to town life and its gaieties. Emmie, why should not my dream be realised? You have said so many times you would come, and have only been twice during all these years. If it were only for a day or two, you know how gladly we would welcome you; and no preparation is needed for such a visit; come just as you are, and we shall be glad! We are very dull now, the last of our friends went on Monday; or else ever since I came home our house has been crammed, and you can imagine, better than I can describe, how onerous my duties as part hostess have been. However, the pleasure of our friends' society overruled all that, but it will make some excuse before you for my long silence, about which you upbraided me when we met in Kensington that day. I will confess it was not the only reason. I felt that you would not care to hear, for I had been (I must say it, dear) so disappointed in you the last month or two of my stay in your dear old town. As you know, I am unfortunately of a hot and jealous disposition over those I love. I know it, and bitterly do I regret the fact; but, Emmie, you *did* give me cause; even now I feel that you did, though I look back with calmness of temper—which always supervenes such outbursts—upon the past. I was to blame, greatly as usual, but you *did* neglect me—though not so much as I thought—for fresh faces and talk. I did lose faith in you, and I could not bear it! and so much as I regret it now, I did not even come to see you all, and say good-bye; but I felt I *could* not. You had had not called at Earstfield, as you said you would; nor, to all appearance, did you care that I was going for ever, as it seemed. All this Emmie, my old friend, and a crowd of other more or less painful reasons, has kept me from writing during this time. Now “for the memory of the past.” I am obliged to reopen our correspondence this wet dismal afternoon as I sit in my little room; and for the sake of that memory I ask you, dear girl, to forgive all my wrong-doing in this our estrangement, and to write me, soon, one of your old letters, as a proof that all is well between us once again. Please give all fond and sincere messages to your mother and father from me; I have not, nor ever shall, forget them or their kindness to poor little me. With much of loving thought to your dear self, I subscribe myself now, as I ever was, your loving old “water-spider,” Eva.

The old school nickname, “water spider,” given in consequence of some of her outlandish ways, conjured up a whole host of visions which I had believed to be forgotten. I heard the merry quips and jokes go round once more. I again lent a hand at all sorts of practical jokes, and was Eva's bosom friend.

Poor Eva, gay, light-hearted child; friend of my youth; *confidante* of all my girlish joys and sorrows; I sometimes wish the grave had closed over you rather than that I should have seen you in so strange a world as the one you afterwards inhabited!

As you, my readers, will see, there had arisen a cloud of mutual misunderstanding between two girls whose friendship

dated back to the junior classes of Madame Pantou's teaching.

Looking into the past, I wonder if I was at all to blame in it; her reproach concerning my not calling at Earstfield was entirely unmerited: I had called, but not finding her at home, had pencilled a few words of love and inquiry upon the back of my card, and given it to the servant for safe transmission. I could only conclude that it had been forgotten, and thus the coolness on Eva's part had arisen. At school she had been most passionate in her evidences of love for me, until they obtained for her the nickname of “lover”; so it was with regret I watched the decline of her affection, while I seemed powerless to aid in its restoration. There was also another thing which crept in and deterred me from attempting such a task, possibly the reason why I felt my powerlessness to win back her love. I did not really want it! Strange rumours had been busy with her name and it was first whispered, then broadly spoken, that she had, with her wifeliness, stolen another woman's love, knowingly and unscrupulously.

At first I repudiated such a suggestion with fierce scorn, declaring her incapable of such a thing; my opinion was modified when again *fact* asserted that Eva—my bosom friend, to whom I had confided my brightest hopes, as well as my darkest struggles against unbelief—was engaged to marry a Secularist; not only such an one, but a Secularist having a prominent place in their body, working untruly for the destruction of the belief which is the salvation of the world! She—the girl who had knelt by my side, hand clasped in hand, while we sought for help to lead true and noble lives. Who had trusted even while I doubted, living in the clear sunlight while I traversed the valley—had renounced her God, her creed, her friends, to enter upon the dark wilds of such a life as this marriage would lead to. I determined to know her no more as an intimate friend, for fear the growth of my unbelief should be strengthened by her words, her new mode of life. Then a rush of the old feeling came over me, so that, meeting her, I had promised to call; entreating her to visit us in her town.

I called; with what effect you have seen. Months passed away, and no communication bridged over the gulf which was yawning between us, until that afternoon in Kensington, to which she referred in her letter. I was walking with Gerald Trearton, when, face to face, I met Eva with Stancelon R.—, the well-known Secularist.

In a moment everything was at the mercy of the present; her face flashed its old brightness into mine, and the sweet rare tones of her voice were dulling my ears to aught else; for was she not my first love—even though a woman.

Our respective *fiancés* stood on one side while we exchanged our congratulations; for, in the happiness of the moment, I actually *congratulated* her upon her engagement. Then we laughed in the old happy way, catching up and rejoicing in our girlish glee until I was literally bewitched, and begged her to renew our old love and friendship. The next news was the letter which I have faithfully transcribed.

What the result was any girl can answer. A day later I was standing upon the platform of a certain railway station, waiting to be conveyed to Eva.

We met with the old enthusiasm, the same rapturous glee as that which had characterised our schooldays then—a shadow came between us while we realised that the past was, after all, a dead past and nothing more.

If I tried for ever I could not tell you the history of the days which followed, they were so strange, so unique to me. I used to think, as all women do, that no other woman could love as I loved, with the same fervour, the same truthness. Alas! I never knew the burning passion of love as Eva did; it seemed almost to consume her with its intensity.

As I noticed her more closely, I was shocked at the change in her; the delicate white hands were covered with the faint blue tracery of veins in which the blood circulated at fever-heat, while the long fingers did little else than restlessly interlace themselves; never still, as happy hands are.

Then she was as restless as her fingers were: no quiet dreaming now. “I do not want to think,” she would aver when I suggested that she would weary herself, “sometimes I wish I could be the ocean, ever ebbing and flowing, never still; I love the sea until I feel as if it fascinated me almost into its arms. You look surprised.”

“Eva, darling, are you happy?”

“Yes, yes! can you not see that I am?”

“My happiness makes me quiet and still, as if I dared not breathe upon its hush of joy: yours seems so strange to me.”

"Does it? Well, dearie, yours is the better way, but I cannot help myself. Do you remember our reading, together, Mrs. Browning's ideal of love:—

'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee freely as men strive for right.
I love thee purely as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.'

You said, 'Pray God to give you such a love,' while I laughed at your earnestness. Emmie, my love is not like that: it is not like my 'childhood's faith,' it is not 'pure,' for I robbed another, and there can be no loving 'after death' for me; and she smote her hands together as if in bodily pain, then again resumed that grievous interlacing of her fingers. Mentally, I compared her to one of the virgins in Leighton's picture, with upturned pathetic face as she forms the words, "Too late." Yet, I reasoned, it may not be too late for Eva.

"You love him so?" I queried.

"Love! Emmie, *love* is not the word; I worship him. Do you think I would have wronged another, and scorned myself as a dishonourable woman, if I did not more than love him, according to the measure of a woman's love."

"I love Gerald, yet I could not forsake my God for him, or cease from being true to myself."

"Ah! you are so pitiless to my lack of honour, but she never cared for him in the same fashion as your poor Eva cares! She had nothing but a doll face and a doll nature; while I—I have a heart."

"Good!" I answered; "so you use it as an instrument with which to break another. Truly a woman's weapon of defence is that of yours!"

"You would not sneer, Emmie, if you knew the horrible things I suffer for my love's sake."

"Do not call it love," I interrupted, "call it your unholy passion: LOVE is too pure, too high, to stoop to meanness. It is the very essence of Divinity, and has no debasing power."

She turned her pale face to mine as she answered, an unearthly beauty upon it as if some strange light gleamed behind, and said, "Passion or love, call it what you will, it is strong enough to make me barter my soul for its prolonged existence. See, I would count heaven well lost for its sake!" Each word was distinctly enunciated, coldly and clearly, as if her vehemence had long spent its force and given place to the sternness which often intervenes, as do lulls in nature's storms.

I was shocked, horrified, but she went on, "Do you think I do not know the cost? See, I will tell you. I turn away from the thought of my mother's sweet eyes looking at me in the clear light of heaven, until I am nearly mad. Sometimes, when I put Clara's children to bed, tuck them up, and kiss them, I would God I were a little child again, to have my day's troubles and joys tucked up with the bed-clothes, like those of the little ones who know no more bitter trial than the mis of the good-night kiss when their mamma is away! but my childhood is gone, and I have made my choice. I love Harry, and all these wild longings die when once his arms are about me."

This was the end of Eva's old longings for the brave, true heart which should fight for the right until evening's shadows lengthened into the quiet night of rest. My soul cried out to God for strength to resist in the evil day. If I also should fall like this! But—my fiancée was a Christian, so my heart sang its *Te Deum*.

She went on, "I am thinking of Thekla in the 'Piccolomini,' where she sings:—

'I have known all the joys that the world can bestow,
I have lived—I have loved'—

And I know that I both live, and love."

"Granted, Eva dear, but she never relinquished a higher love for an earthly, or she could not have sung:—

'To her Father in heaven may the daughter now go.'

You are making Onora's choice, I fear."

"And if so, I presume you will look for a re-enactment of the old scene. You will exclaim—

'Thou hast chosen the Human and left the Divine!
There at least have the Human shared with thee their wild
berry wine?
Have they loved back thy love? and when strangers ap-
proached thee with blame,
Have they covered thy fault with their kisses, and loved
thee the same?'
While I shall shrink and say—

'God over my head
Must sweep in the wrath of His judgment-seas,
If He shall deal with me sinning, but only indeed the same
And no gentler than these.'

She spoke with fierce, ringing scorn and bitterness, as if the lull in the storm had passed, while I dreaded her outbreak even more than her stoniness. How could we go back to the old days in spirit with such a barrier between us? Why, the "old days" had been full of sweet communions, schemes for future nobility, and plans for the exaltation of our lives. As I returned home, I felt a hot burning pain at my heart as I thought of Eva's future: dark as a Christless life could make it, and stormy as a faithless life must always be; while her sweet mother's love only appalled and failed to win her to the home where, thank God! no sorrow for her child could enter.

Here is the second letter:—"EMMIE, by the memory of the love you bore me in olden times, I pray you come to me." My husband kissed me as he—looking over my shoulder—read the lines. Looking into his face, I knew he would not say me nay.

Talk of retribution! Some souls suffer in this world as keenly as it is possible for mortals to suffer.

I went. Into the still quietude of a sick room I found my way. A place where the stillness of the death-bed was only broken by wild moans and entreaties for forgiveness.

"Forgive me, *Bessie*, I love you, and always did! Ah, that is your hand, I can tell: it is so soft and cool! Put it where the pain is." Then the sick man covered it with kisses, believing it to be the hand of another woman.

Eva looked her anguish at me as I saw how the words were almost killing her with their cruel interpretation, while he continued: "I never really loved Eva; she kept me by her through her distracting beauty; I never loved but you. Where are you, *Bessie*? Yes, that's right," as Eva took the groping hand in hers, while with the other she caressed the hair of the dying one. "Keep close to me, darling: it was so hard to lose you, even for a time."

Two days later, Staneleon R—, the well-known Secularist, breathed his last in Eva's arms, his farewell words of love breathed for the woman of the "doll face," from whom he had been estranged.

The night after the funeral she possessed herself of his desk, and found to the full how much he had loved her rival, the cause of the estrangement, and his mad engagement to her, made in a moment of pique. It may have been but play to him, but it was death to the heart of his victim. When she had put away the last letter she had received of his—which had been to her as the very breath of life—she came into my room; her unbound hair falling in all its wealth around her; its blackness adding to the pallor of her face!

She walked straight into my arms, her hands tightly pressed over her head. "I am so bewildered," she said. "Do you think God would take me back again and forgive me. I want to see my mother smile again—I want to be kissed—to say good night—did you say, for ever?—is it a long time? He died in my arms!—kissed me! I shall say, 'We have all erred and strayed—to-night'—but I'm coming back," and she smiled into my face as a little child would smile.

Reason never returned, but she is harmless; and so goes unmolested. Nothing will induce her to speak to any one, yet she will sit and sing softly to herself the old, sweet songs and psalms we used to sing together before he crossed her path. Sometimes I wonder if she was taken back by God ere her reason fled; if He heard her prayer, "We have erred and strayed." I am content to leave it in His hands, for He knows how tempest-tossed the soul was, and methinks He hears the first whispers of a repentant heart.

"I have lived, I have loved," would make a true chapter of her life, but "I have repented—was forgiven," could perhaps end its dark and troubled story.

Yet to me she is ever a living exposition of the horrors attendant upon a Christian being unequally yoked to an unbeliever.

RIGHT BEGINNINGS.

ESPECIALLY ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WIVES.

YOUNG people are supposed to improve themselves, but it seems to be the general opinion that marriage, or the ceasing to be young, is a dispensation from what girls call "anything sensible." "There are other things to be done." So there are; but housekeeping is very far from occupying all the time at the disposal of a newly-married lady. Even where small means cause the lady of the house to undertake some part of the work of the house, and all the needlework, she will, at all events, in the earlier years of her married life, have a good many silent hours, if her husband be a professional man. And most women, whether married or single, have time to dispose of, which may either be frittered away in busy idleness or turned to valuable account. The great hindrances are want of method, unpunctuality, dawdling, and talk. To take them in their order. Method is almost constitutional. Some people are never happy without a framework for their day and week; others feel intolerably fretted by any rule, and are wearied by the tedious vista of the same thing to be done at the same time at regular intervals, instead of when the humour for it comes.

To them, of course, the danger is that the humour for doing the more unpleasant parts of their duty never does come, and that much that is really important is apt to be forgotten and put off, kindnesses neglected, and promises broken, and the eyes of the needy left to "wait long"; while the danger to the methodical is that they are so much jarred by any disarrangement of their routine that temper frequently fails, and bewilderment makes them lose head and presence of mind.

But method is on the safe side, and is above all desirable in the classes here in authority. A housekeeper, a schoolmistress, or a governess, would be totally inefficient without method, and surely the mistress of a house must need it even more.

It is a discipline which all who deal with matters of conscience strongly recommend, and therefore should be made a principle, when no greater call breaks it up. A girl, who ever since she left the schoolroom has been at every one's beck and call all day long, and then has had all her habits deranged by her halcyon days of courtship, and afterward by bridal travels and visits, may often feel it difficult to settle into regularity when in her own house. But then is her time. Most likely, though her avocations are more needful, the arrangement of them is more in her own hands than when she was only one member of a household. If her husband be a busy man, he is probably bound to certain hours, and she knows exactly just what time he shall have to bestow on her. If he has a good deal of time on his hands, and is apt to want her at all hours, though all plans must be postponed to his pleasure, still it is well to have certain fixed landmarks in the day, to which to persuade him to conform, or that strange wild thing will grow up, a ramshackle household, in which no one knows when anything is to be done, nor where anything is to be found, and there is continual fret and worry, to all who do not chance to be born with a reckless, easy-going temper.

Let not the young wife be led away by the foolish saying that only tiresome people do things at regular times. Probably she has a good many hours of the day before her while her husband is engaged, and she will do much more wisely if she resolves against being desaltory. If she picks up her work or her book, or tries the last bit of music, just when the humour takes her; rushes out to the garden or to the shop the moment an idea or want strikes her; encourages visits at all hours from the friend next door; and writes her letters either on the spur of the incoming post or in a frenzy of haste at its departure, she will ere long be weary, find nothing done, and have begun on a course that will not be easy to break.

She will be much wiser, and much less likely to spend a wearisome life of muddle, and of running after omissions, if she fixes herself with certain tasks at certain hours, and on regular days—putting foremost those that she is most disposed to shirk. Domestic affairs naturally are periodical, and good servants are only to be made, or kept, by regularity in all that concerns them. So charitable works (except on emergencies) are better followed out at regular times.—M. P. T.

The memory of an old man is a picture gallery of perished forms; a map of the world, not as it is, but as it was long ago.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY" says: No man now standing on an eminence of influence and power, and doing great work, has arrived at his position by going up in an elevator. He took the stairway, step by step. He climbed the rocks, often with bleeding hands. He prepared himself by the work of climbing, for the work he is now doing. He never accomplished an inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of the stairway with his mouth open and longing. There is no "royal road" to anything good, not even to wealth. Money that has not been paid for in life is not wealth. It goes as it comes. There is no element of permanence in it. The man who reaches his money in an elevator does not know how to enjoy it; so it is not wealth to him. To get a high position without climbing to it; to win wealth without earning it; to do fine work without the discipline necessary to its performance; to be famous, or useful, or ornamental, without preliminary cost, seems to be the universal desire of the young. The children would begin where their fathers leave off.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? It is to do, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of a higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties of the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should go there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains humble and simple.

Preachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes into contact with so many men and women who put aspiration instead of perspiration, and yearning for earning, and longing for labour, he is tempted to say to them: Stop looking up, and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hand, and do it well. Take no upward step until you come to it naturally, and have won the power to hold it. The top in this little world is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought by some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Hast suffered it—that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

Ambitious and unscrupulous men often appropriate to themselves the credit which is due to others, as the bald eagle snatches the fish from the mouth of the fish-hawk.

PRAYER UNION.—Rev. John Thomas, of 39, Warwick-lane, London, writes:—"I shall be obliged if you will kindly allow me to call the attention of your readers to the Peniel Prayer Union, of which I have the privilege to be the honorary secretary. This Union is instituted for the purpose of securing the co-operation of members of all evangelical denominations of Christians, in united prayer for the Divine blessing upon Christian work and workers, and for definitely stated subjects; also for the systematic study of the Word of God. I shall be very pleased to forward particulars, *post free*, on application."



THE REV. DONALD FRASER, D.D.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry)

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. DONALD FRASER, D.D.

* This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church.—1 Ephesians v. 32.

THE church in union with Christ is a great theme of the Epistle to the Ephesians. It is shown to be chosen, accepted, endowed, and enriched in Christ. It is His living body, holy temple, heavenly Bride; the body of the Lord, the temple in the Lord, the Bride for the Lord.

As this Epistle reaches farther forward than perhaps any other into the counsels of God concerning His redeemed, so also it begins further back, and recalls some of the earliest scenes in human history. It explains the heavenly places which God assigns to the church, by the garden which He planted in Eden, where the first man and woman of our race dwelt in union.

Adam was the son of God and heir of the world. So is Christ, and in a far more exalted degree. It was not good that the man should be alone in his inheritance, and therefore God made "an helpmeet for him" and brought her to the man. So also it has seemed good to the Divine wisdom that Jesus Christ should not be alone, but have a Bride to dwell in His love and share His inheritance.

Now the woman was not only made for the man but also made from him—taken out of his side. "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and he slept, and He took out one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof, and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made He a woman, and brought her unto the man." Sign this of the deep sleep of death which fell upon Christ, and of the great spiritual truth that the church derives its very life from the Lord, so that Christians are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. This is in virtue, not of the incarnation, but of the atonement. The former brought Christ into our nature, not us into communion with Him, but from His deep sleep and burial He has derived His bride. As from the riven side of Adam was formed the woman, so from the riven side of Jesus Christ is constituted the church. It is of Him as well as from Him, and, because of its origin, has a profound sympathy with Him and a community of life. In a word, the church is, after an ineffable, spiritual manner, an extract from or product of the last Adam even Christ.

This is true properly of the church complete and corporate. No individual Christian, or party of Christians, can claim to be the body or the Bride of Christ. This honour belongs to the whole assembly of saints. But the doctrine is profitable to believers individually, that they may know their church calling, as involving their having been chosen in Christ, and having received all spiritual life from God in virtue of the wounds and death of Christ. Now they are rooted and built up in Him, strengthened and solaced by Him:—"for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth, even as the Lord the church."

When Adam rose from his deep sleep, God brought to him the woman who should be his helpmate and consort, and the words which ever since have described and consecrated marriage were spoken by the risen man. It was not the union of Adam and Eve, for the

name "Eve" was not given till after the Fall. It was the marriage of Ish and Isha—the man and the woman. So to Christ risen from the sleep of death is brought the living church, and the marriage is "to Him that is risen from the dead." This is the ideal of the church's position now—a position to be manifested and declared with great joy when the church which is now in course of formation, growth, and purification, is completed, and the Bride is shown in her beauty as the Lamb's wife:—"a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but holy and without blemish."

"This is a great mystery." The apostle Paul meant by the term "mystery" a great religious truth, long hidden from the minds of men, but at last made known in the Spirit. Thus he spoke of the formation of Jews and Gentiles into one body, the church, as a great mystery; and the humiliation and exaltation of Christ as the mystery of piety in contrast with the mystery of iniquity. In the same sense he describes the union of Christ and the church as a great mystery. The Vulgate has the translation "*Sacramentum hoc magnum est*," and as the word "sacrament" came in course of time to be ascribed to certain religious rites supposed to be the authentic channels of divine grace, it has resulted that this verse is quoted to prove that matrimony is a holy sacrament and one of seven sacraments. This much we must on our part affirm, that the whole passage in which our text lies elevates and ennobles the conception of marriage among Christians. That which may be used to illustrate the holy intimate union of the Redeemer and the redeemed is indeed an august and sacred ordinance of God, but then it is not a sacrament of the church; it is not even confined to Christians but belongs to the human race. The answer to those who on the authority of this passage talk of the sacrament of matrimony is easy. It is the union of Christ and the church, not the union of an ordinary husband and wife that is called "a great mystery." Moreover, the word "mystery" nowhere in Scripture means what ecclesiastics call "a sacrament." Our divines have been wont to allow two sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper—though we should have done much better had we avoided the word sacrament altogether. But those two ordinances which have authority and dignity in the New Testament are nowhere called mysteries. On the other hand, we have the mystery of the church position of the Gentiles—the mystery of the seven stars, and the mystery of the woman in purple and scarlet and the seven-headed ten-horned beast that carried her. If "mystery" is to be translated "sacrament," are these also to be added to the other seven?

But to return to the truth before us. The church mystical or spiritual is the Bride of the Lamb, and of the Lamb as slain and risen from the dead. Alas! it is plain that the things spoken of the marriage as well as of the formation of the church apply properly to the whole of the church, and not a part. Nevertheless the truth and comfort of these things may be known to particular churches and even to individual Christians who know their high calling of God. St. Paul said to a particular church, "I have espoused you as a chaste virgin to Christ," and the same apostle, writing to individual Christians, thus expresses their new relation to Christ:—"My brethren, ye are become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to him that is raised from the dead, that

we should bring forth fruit unto God." To the same end are directed the efforts of Christian preachers; and when these are successful the power is of the Holy Spirit, whose continual function in the present dispensation of grace is to gather and form the church by uniting individual believers to Christ, and thus to preserve, train, and purify them with a view to the final presentation of the whole church to Christ in the glory which shall be revealed.

Now, consider what this union imports and how rich it is in Christian help and consolation. It secures, (1.) *Acceptance with God.* Adam was the head of the wife. To him, not to her, was God's covenant spoken. In him she had acceptance. So "Christ is the Head of the Church." With Him the covenant stands: in Him the church has acceptance. On the marriage ordinance which makes twain one rests the whole justification of the church. Christ is justified, and so the church in Him. The doctrine of imputation to which so many demur is made reasonable and credible by this doctrine of union. It is not that the merits and demerits of entirely separate persons are interchanged, for Christ and the church are not separate but joined together by God. The wife is called by her husband's name. Her obligations are discharged by him, and she is installed in the position he has made for her and for himself. It is impossible that Christ should be accepted and the church or any real member thereof be condemned.

(2.) *Daily Guidance and Defence.* The church has a right to rely on the help and protection of the Lord. Is not her cause His cause, and are not her enemies His enemies? Yes, truly, for when the early church was persecuted, the Lord demanded from heaven, "Why persecutest thou Me?"

There are enemies, and those the most cruel, who are not seen, and to these the next chapter of this epistle refers—recalling the third chapter of the Book of Genesis. The woman in Paradise was tempted and fell. So soon as we see her formed and married and resting in the garden of God's presence, we find her exposed to the wiles of the devil. Her husband was not by her side to protect her, and, incapable of repairing her fall, he only shared it, and so let sin come into the world. Now the Church is formed, is betrothed to Christ, and set in an enclosed garden—the high places of privilege and communion with the Lord. But it is there that she encounters her greatest dangers, which come not in or from the world, but in the spiritual sphere and from spiritual foes. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Every device of malice is persistently put forth to corrupt from simplicity and integrity the Bride of the last Adam, and she too would fall—particular churches and individual Christians have often miserably fallen—but the Lord will not suffer His Bride to perish, and He will not suffer His people in detail to be tempted above that they are able to bear. He is near to succour them that are tempted. The woman in the garden of Eden stood in the strength of her innocence, but stood alone, and one device of the devil overthrew her. We, alas! are not innocent; we know good and evil, but we are not alone and should not be unarmed. It is possible for us, through the strength of the Lord and power of His might, to stand against all the wiles of the devil.

(3.) *The perfect government of love.* Christ's rule over His church has in it no mere compulsion or absolutism, but is that of a husband who loves his wife even as himself. The obedience of the church has in it no element of slavery, but is the loving compliance of the wife who, faithful to her husband, always inquires for her guidance what is according to his mind, and is most free and happy in the perfect accordance of her will with his. The church is faithful to her marriage bond when she consults, in all her decisions, testimonies and actions, simply the revealed will of her Lord and husband.

(4.) *Intense, unfailling Sympathy.* The love with which Christ nourishes and cherishes the church passes knowledge. Individual Christians have tasted of it, and they most deeply who have been by trials and sorrows most cast upon the Lord. When they are afflicted, He is afflicted; when He is rejected, they are grieved; when they do well, He is glorified; when He is honoured, they rejoice. As an old writer has finely said, "Christ and the saints smile together and sigh together."

There is present help in time of trouble. There is a sure answer to the frequent cry of the soul for light and comfort; but, better still, here is that thing, exquisitely sweet and swift as lightning—a perfect sympathy. And this can never fail. The marriage bond is quite indissoluble. Whom God hath joined together, no power can put asunder. The marriage cannot be broken even by death itself, which disturbs all our loving unions and sweet companionships. Death cannot separate us from the love of Christ. It cannot touch the Bridegroom, for He is already risen from the dead, and can die no more. It cannot touch the Bride, for the church is quickened together with her Lord and made partaker of His risen life; because He lives she lives also, and lives for ever.

But a marriage bond may continue after affection has ceased. This cannot be on the part of our Blessed Lord. The obligations involved in His blessed union with the church He will never renounce or neglect, for His affections change not; and though His people, alas! falter in faith and come short in duty, He abides faithful. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." In this, surely, there is strong consolation. We have to lament that our faith is not steadfast, or our love a fitting response to His; but He who binds us to Himself is an unchanging Saviour—holy life is in leaning on His arm; holy death is in sleeping on His bosom. He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Happy people that are in such a case, and have part and lot in this great mystery! It is required that they be faithful and go not after other lovers, but loyally devote their hearts and lives to Jesus Christ. Unhappy people, who know nothing of the love of Christ and the marriage union with Him! What shall they answer for having rejected the Saviour, and gone after idols and loved them?

He comes again to receive His people to Himself. If you reject Him now, what will you do when the church springs up to meet the Well-beloved? What will you do when the marriage supper of the Lamb is come? We beseech you to reject Him no more. Let the Lord turn your hearts to Him in this day of grace, else there can be for you no day of glory! Let each of us fall in with the strain of one who has said—

"Fair Jesus! wilt Thou marry even me?
Amen, amen, amen: so let it be!"

GIVE US A LIFT.

EVERY man wants help. Tens of thousands of people trudge on in life with no one to address them a cheering word. There are those who scold at them, cry over them, grieve about them; but as to any exhilarant sympathy, those weary ones get none of it. Now there is help for every one, if he only knows where and how to get it. For the Lord's sake go away from us with your croaking and sniffing, and give us a few round, robust words of joyous inspiration.

HELP FOR THE WEARY.

There are some days when there comes with unusual impressiveness upon our mind the fact that this world is a most insufficient portion, and that we must have something better than here is afforded. If we should go among our readers and ask the question (and you were frank in responding to it), "What is the great want of your life?" one would give this reply and another would give that. "One would say, 'It is restored physical health I want.'" Another would say, "It is more clearness of mental power that I want." Another would say, "It is more social means that I want." Another would say, it is better worldly position that I want." There would be others who would make no reply at all, for they have in their soul an indefinite longing for something, they know not what, and if they have not been able to define it to their own soul, they certainly would not be able to define it to any human ear. But you have all made a mistake in this reply, unless you have said within yourself, "My great want is Jesus Christ. If I possess Him already in my heart, I want more of Him—more of His light, more of His love, more of His pardon, more of His salvation.

HELP FOR THE ERRING.

We want Christ as a Saviour from sin. There are those who look out in the world and see a great many disordered things, and they take all this as evidence that there has been sin in the world. They say the fact that there came sin into the world accounts for all the blasting of the flowers and the fading of the leaves and the epidemics that run riot through the earth; but how few people there are who recognise the greatest devastation to be in the human heart. But when a man wakes up, he sees he is a lost sinner, and he also appreciates the fact that he cannot work out his own rescue. Then the Lord Jesus Christ comes to him, and says, "I am the Lamb to take away the sin of the world, and I will take away your sin." We see in the great sacrifice of Calvary an atonement for all our transgressions, and the ten thousand times ten thousand crimes of our life are all gone as though they had never been committed.

HELP FOR THE TEMPTED.

Have you never felt the grappling-hooks of the devil on your heart! Have you had no severe battle to fight with "the world, the flesh, and the devil?" Has your life all been smooth and placid? Have there not been passes in your life when, but for the grace of God, you would have been utterly ruined and discomfited? Oh! do you not feel, you who have never experienced the power of God's grace, that you want some supernal help in the hour of grievous temptation? You all have your temptations; but Christ comes, and with His divine arm holds you, and He declares you shall not be tempted above that you are able, but that with every temptation He will bring a way of escape, that you may be able to bear it. Do you not acknowledge the fact that you want Christ as a deliverer from temptation?

HELP FOR THE TROUBLED.

We all have to drink out of the bitter lake. If the trial does not come from one side, it comes from another. Some of you have gone on from sorrow to sorrow, from disappointment to disappointment, and from bereavement to bereavement, and your cup has been full and running over. Oh! can it be that you have had this grief all alone, and no Divine Sympathiser to stand with you in the hours of darkness and trouble? Have there not come times in the domestic history when you felt the need of Christ to wipe away the tears and put balm on your wounded heart, and when all human sympathy utterly failed to meet the case, to speak the joy and the comfort of His omnipotent Gospel? Oh! you must have felt it. Now Jesus is ready for such hours of trouble. He is the medicine that can cure the worst disease of the heart. He comes over the bestormed sea of the soul to soothe it and to hush it with a great calm. He comes to those who have

buried their dead, and says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He comes to those who are worn out with physical sicknesses and disorders, and says, "There is a better place for you; there is a land where the inhabitant never saith, 'I am sick'; and God wipeth away the tears from all faces."

HELP FOR THE DYING.

You acknowledge it is not fair that there should be the same destiny for those who serve God and those who war upon Him. Well, now, how shall we escape this natural and moral and spiritual result of our sin, which must end in eternal death, unless there be some Divine and heavenly influence intercepting that result? Christ comes and offers a complete atonement and sacrifice, not only to deliver us from the sorrows of this world, but from the sorrows that never end. For all those who put their trust in this Christ, no groaning, no banishment, no imprisonment, no exile; but light, and love and joy and an eternal residence with Him in glory. Are you willing to accept Christ in all these capacities and offices? The arguments are all before you. Christ will never make another atonement. No additional Scripture will ever be written. Heaven will never be any more grand. The sorrows of the lost never more intolerable. Why not now, having all the arguments before you, and all the data, and everything from which you can possibly form a judgment, decide the subject for eternity?

THE HOPELESS SIDE OF HELPING.

IF you have ever tried with all your might and main to help somebody who needed help, but who would not be helped in any reasonable way, you know how Sisyphus felt when the stone he was trying to roll up hill kept for ever rolling down again. We used to know an old lady who was called Miss Margaret. She was a beneficiary of our church. Promptly on the Monday morning after each communion Miss Margaret was used to present herself at the pastor's door. She was a long, narrow woman, dressed in a rusty black, with poke bonnet, a faded umbrella, and a satchel on her arm. If the contribution to the deacons' fund had been generous, and her share was proportionately large, Miss Margaret's thin old face would be brightened up by a transient and wintry smile. If it had rained, or folks were out of town, or for any reason there was not much to give her, she was not slow to utter opinions concerning those who stinted their gifts to the Lord's poor.

"But, Miss Margaret," said a lady one day, "there is no earthly reason why you should continue to be so very poor. There is a place for you where you can help somebody else along, and earn your own living besides. I have a friend who lives in Delaware, in the peach country, you know, in a place like the Garden of Eden for delight, and she is sick, and wants an efficient somebody like you for housekeeper."

We sugar-plummed and coaxed and softly entreated Miss Margaret, and at last we saw her—satchel, umbrella, poke bonnet and all—fairly on the way to housekeeping and independence. We breathed freer than we had for a long time. But in vain were our hopes: in three months our old friend was back. The air was too strong for her, the invalid was too fretful, and the country was too lonesome. She really preferred being a respectable pauper to being a self-supporting member of society.

There is where the hopelessness of helping comes in. The more you do the more you may do. The timid hand that will scarcely accept your gift at first, through sensitive pride and decent self-respect, grows grasping and avaricious. The thought of the heart, not often spoken out as it was to us the other day, seems to be this: "There is plenty of money in the world, and we have a right to our share." With this feeling on the part of one who receives alms, there is very little gratitude.

The true way would seem to be to aid people to help themselves. Find out what they can do, and get them a place to do it in. Every day our souls are pained and our eyes are dimmed by the dreadful pressure of sin and want and misery that there is in the world. So much is being done all the while, and yet it is like a breakerwater of pebbles against the infinite sea. Men and women want work, and cannot get it. Other men and women need workers, and cannot get them. But to bring the two classes together in any really permanent

way is as difficult as it was in our school-days to make a larkspur chain. The connection is sure to break off somewhere. So, this winter, as in every other winter since we can remember, the sewing society will meet, and the ladies will make flannel petticoats and calico gowns; the soup-kitchens will open, and beef-tea will be made for the sick, and the poor will be helped, some of them. Some will be helped up; some will be helped down. Only the Master's words will abide in truth: "The poor ye have always with you."

Hopes or otherwise, however, we must not weary in well doing; but we must try, so far as in us lies, to cease doing our helping in the lump. Personal interest, personal looking after, individual responsibility, must underlie all almsgiving that is worth anything to the recipient. And we need not expect much gratitude. Is there not reward enough in that sweet word, low whispered in the inner ear, that rings with a gush of bird music to the understanding soul: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me"?—*Dr. Palmage.*

A ROUGH PREACHER.

IN an exceedingly interesting book just published,* we find a graphic sketch of a costermonger, who becoming converted, exercised a great power for good over his associates. The author says:—"A godly costermonger, since deceased, said in his prayer once in his hearing—"Lord, we often gets blowed up for Thee, Lord, help us to bear it all. We don't have to put up with what Jesus had. They spat on Him and scourged Him and pulled His whiskers out, and we don't get served so bad as that." The language may seem vulgar to the cultured ear, but it was as sincere as it was simple. The poor, illiterate man had heard how Jesus gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair, and he had got hold of the pith and pathos of the Scripture, though he translated it into his own vernacular. He used to tell the story of his conversion in such terms as these:

"Now, mates, yer thinks yer sees Bill Wilkins, don't yer? An' so yer do, but not the same man yer used to see, an' I'll tell yer how it is. Yer knows how I used to go to Hornsey with my nets a bird-catching every Sunday, an' how I used to come home drunk and 'ave a row with the missus; well, about three year ago I was comin' home a swearin' to myself 'cos I couldn't get my usual beer, as they sez as how I wasn't a bony-fidy traveller.

"Well, I sees the people a-comin' out of church, an' I envied 'em; then I listens to a street preacher who offered me a tract. Sez I, "No use to me, guv'nor." "Why?" "Cos I can't read." "Then come to our mission-hall this evening," sez he.

"He would then, in a style which, notwithstanding his earnestness, was irresistibly amusing, describe the jealousy of his wife when she saw him wash and dress himself, and carefully prepare for his first visit to the house of prayer, and how she accused him of intending to 'go after some gal!' How he made his way to the Golden Lane Mission Hall, and there 'that ere chap I sees in the mornin' takes me right afore all the people to a seat close agin the preacher.' How he wished he 'hadn't 'ave gone,' and how the glorious Gospel words, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,' went home to his heart.

"From that hour he was a changed man, and though he suffered loss of trade and was the object of much brutal persecution because of his piety; yet he ran a bright consistent course, and when he died his worst enemies spoke well of him."

NAPOLEON'S HAPPIEST DAY.—When Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of the empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered, without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my first communion." At a reply so unforseen there was a general silence; when he added, as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

*Life in London Alley; with reminiscences of Mary McCarthy and her work." By the Rev James Yeans. (Longley, 2s.)

A WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN. FOR THE YOUNG.

"There shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness." Zechariah xiii 1.

THERE is no other fountain in the world that can be compared to the fountain spoken of in our text. Now, I suppose some of you are ready to ask, What is meant by this fountain? It means the blood which Jesus shed when He hung upon the cross. It is in consequence of what Jesus then suffered—the blood He shed, and the death He died—that God pardons the sins of men, and saves their souls. That blood is here compared to a fountain. When the cruel nails were driven through His tender hands, and the sharp spear of the Roman soldier was thrust into His blessed side, and "forthwith came there out blood and water," then this fountain was opened "for sin and for uncleanness." This is the fountain which we are now to consider. There is none like it in all the world.

It has a wonderful SAVING POWER.

It is a great thing to save. To save a pin, or a penny, is worth while. To save an animal, a dog, a sheep, a horse, is important. To save a child, a man, or a woman, from drowning or from burning, is something noble. But that is only saving the *body*. And what is the body worth compared to the *soul*? To "save a soul from death," oh, that is the greatest, the best, the noblest thing that ever can be done! Jesus has taught us that *one soul* is worth more than the whole world. But all the men on earth, and all the angels in heaven, never could save a single soul. It is the work of Jesus to do this. Nobody but He can do it. He is the only Being to whom a sinner can look up and say—

"Jesus, Saviour of my soul!"

But who can tell all that is meant by *saving the soul*? It is easy to say it means to save it from sin and from everlasting misery. But this is not the definition of *saving the soul*. This is only like looking at the title-page of a book without reading all its chapters. Salvation is a great volume. It will take us all eternity to read it through. It will only be when we get to heaven, and have been there for thousands of years, that we shall begin to know what it means to *save the soul*. But this is just what this fountain does. It has a wonderful saving power. All who wash in this fountain shall be saved. They become the sheep of Christ, and Jesus says of such—"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

My dear young friends, I entreat you all to come to this fountain. If you want to destroy that swarm of sins that are found nestling in all our hearts by nature, and are ready to eat all through them like the worms in the ship's timber, bring your hearts to Jesus, and ask Him to wash them in the fountain of His blood. That will cleanse and heal them; that will preserve and beautify and save them. That will make our hearts pure and good. Jesus charges nothing. The fountain is free.—From "The Best Things."

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

TWO years since Messrs. Cassell issued under the above title one of the most interesting, searching, and catholic theological works that the present century has produced. The press, both secular and religious, was unanimous in its praise, and Dr. Farrar, previously acknowledged one of the clearest and most logical thinkers of the day, must have been indeed proud of the unsparing eulogy bestowed on his work.

It is with especial pleasure that we direct the attention of our readers to the fact that the publishers have commenced an issue in a serial form, not a mere reprint, but an entirely new edition, in monthly sevenpenny parts, with illustrations.

The illustrations of places, and customs, and habits of the people are taken from photographs, expressly to obtain which Mr. F. Mason Good (so well known for his artistic reproductions of Eastern scenes) visited the Holy Land; all the maps and plans are based upon the most recent geographical discoveries; and nothing is left undone to render this illustrated serial edition worthy of the high position and great popularity already attained.

We trust many of our readers will embrace this opportunity, and procure for themselves a book the perusal of which would do much to ennoble and enrich the mind, and remove many of the difficulties inherent to this matter-of-fact and sceptical age.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Lancasters and their Friends. By S. J. F. (London: Stock.) A book worthy of the highest commendation. S. J. F. writes especially for "the young ladies of Methodism," and the advantages of the time-honoured institutions of John Wesley are fully exemplified, while the breadth of sentiment shown, and loving counsel given, reflect infinite credit on the authoress and are applicable to Christian hearts everywhere. This is essentially a home story, and narrates in the pleasant manner the youthful joys and troubles, the more maturer trials sanctified by trust in God, the sunshine that cometh after a shower; and a fair proportion of happy marriages of the various members of the family of "The Lancasters."

The Snowdrops; or, Life from the Dead. (London: S. W. Partridge and Co.) This tiny book merits the warmest praise. It is written for children, and in a winning manner the author narrates the sweet peace that a true and full reliance on the love of God will bring to those who possess it. The great charm of the book is the artless manner in which the story of the snowdrop, from its planting in the ground to the final springing up of the flower, typifying the gradual development of a holy life upon this sin-trodden earth, into the glorious future "for ever with the Lord," is alternated, chapter by chapter, with the incidents of the life of the young girl who is the heroine of the brief story. We have read many children's books, but never since our childhood do we remember to have seen one which has so thoroughly taken hold of our heart as this has done. We would recommend it most heartily to parents and Sunday-school teachers, and all others who have the spiritual welfare of children in their care.

Our Visit to Home, with Notes by the Way. By the Rev. John Rhodes. (London: Wesleyan Conference Office.) Mr. Rhodes is undoubtedly an intelligent traveller, and has given us a very interesting narration of his tour, written in a pleasant, chaty style, rendering the usually dull journal of a tourist most enjoyable.

The Weekly Welcome (Partridge. 6d. monthly) is again before us, and shows no retrogression from the high position to which it has already attained.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

WE have determined to devote a space on this page monthly to a brief digest of current religious events, which will, we think, be interesting to our readers for reference. We should premise that, as we print very early, our information will only date up to the fifteenth of each month.

A new church, costing £10,000, and dedicated to St. Matthew, has been consecrated by the Bishop of Manchester at Bolton. It will accommodate about 1000 persons, one-half of the seats being free.

A neat and commodious sanctuary (Methodist Free Church) has been opened at Chorley. The Rev. J. Guttridge preached the opening sermons, and the sum of £220 has been contributed towards the cost of the building.

The present building in which the Congregationalists of Chertsey worship—the date of its erection being 1710—is too small for their requirements, and a new church, to seat 600 persons, is now in progress. The cost is estimated at £3000.

A handsome new Congregational church has been opened at Weston-super-mare, at a cost of £7000.

The Wesleyan chapel at Stourport, built in 1773, and originally occupied by an independent congregation, has been renovated and beautified. Schools and classrooms have been added, the organ has been improved, and a new heating apparatus has been introduced, the total cost being £1000, which will be paid without increasing the chapel debt.

At Idley, in Yorkshire, a handsome and commodious Baptist chapel has been opened at a cost of £1400. Accommodation is provided for 650 worshippers.

The Northgate-street chapel, Gloucester, venerable in years, and hallowed in its associations—John Wesley having preached there—is to give place to a more convenient and handsome structure, the cost of which will be over £5000. The work will be commenced as soon as the subscription list reaches £3000.

At the recent quarterly communion in the United Presbyterian Church, Uddingston, unfermented wine was provided for those members who preferred it, and who sat apart from the rest of the congregation.

A commodious Wesleyan chapel has been erected on a site adjacent to Woodhouse Moor, Leeds. The opening sermons were preached by the Rev. J. H. James, D.D., and D. David Fraser, D.D., the collections amounting to over £400. The chapel seats 1000 persons. In the basement is a schoolroom, capable of seating 700. The cost, including the various offices, minister's house, &c., is £11,000.

A site for the erection of a Methodist Free Church mission chapel, at Shepherd's bush, has been secured at a cost of nearly £700.

The Bible Christian congregation at Woolwich, having cleared their chapel debt, contemplate the erection of a new and more convenient place of worship.

The labours of the Rev. T. J. Bass, in the Sheffield North Circuit of the Methodist New Connexion, have been blessed with much success. Many have decided to be on the Lord's side, and have found peace in Christ.

Successful efforts are being made in the Carlisle diocese to procure candidates for holy orders, by aiding in the education of promising boys, assisting young men to obtain University degrees, and helping them in their more immediate and direct preparation for ordination.

The Wesleyans of Blackburn report an increase of twenty-two members on the quarter, with twenty-nine on trial. The membership now numbers 1354. Arrangements have been made for revival mission services.

The foundation-stones of a new Wesleyan Chapel have been laid at Northampton, on the site of the Grafton street Centenary Chapel. The building will accommodate 800 persons. The total cost will be £4500, of which nearly £3000 has been subscribed.

New Congregational churches are being erected at Conglton, and at Park Green, Macclesfield.

The efforts of Mr. Sparks, "the Post-builder preacher," have been blessed with much success in West Cowes, where a Baptist Chapel is being erected on one of the best sites in the town. The building will cost £1400.

The foundation-stone of the Candlish Memorial Free Church has been laid in Cathcart road Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr. Dykes, of London, formerly assistant to Dr. Candlish.

Very favourable reports have been given at many of the recent quarterly meetings of the Primitive Methodists, especially those of Barton-on-Umber, Belper and Cambridge. At Willenhall, Staffordshire and at Blotton, Gwent, the foundation-stones of new schools have been laid. At Anchlshaw, in the Ashton Circuit a new Methodist (New Connexion) Chapel is being built, the old chapel (in which John Wesley preached) being too small on the present site.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wiggin have recently held a series of evangelistic services at Darby End Methodist New Connexion Chapel, which have been blessed with much success, 120 persons having professed to find peace through Christ.

The Rev. W. Hay M. Aitken has been employed by the Lord to the blessing of many souls at Cheltenham. Hundreds have remained behind at the after-meetings at St. Paul's Church. The whole town is said to have been shaken, all classes having come under the influence of the work.

A beautiful chapel has been erected by the Bible Christians of Barnstable. The building is in memory of James Thorne, of Shebbear, who, for more than fifty-six years, successfully employed his gift in the spread of religion and the establishment of the Bible Christian denomination. During the last year 2246 members were added to this body.

A good work is reported at Reading. The Rev. S. H. Goslo, vicar of Greyfriars Church in that town, assisted by his curates the Revs. J. Fox and S. L. Dixon, and others, have held open-air services, and have proclaimed the message of salvation freely through Christ. Many have gladly accepted the offer. In consequence of this work an iron tower has been opened to seat 400 people, and it is intended to continue the enterprise. Sankey's hymns are employed, and great simplicity prevails in the order and conduct of the services.

A Mission Hall and "British Workman" is in course of erection Chowbe, a place notorious for vice and disregard alike of religion and morality.

At a meeting of temperance workers and friends at Spitfields Wesleyan Chapel, the Rev. G. Curdock expressed his joy at the large numbers in the church and congregation who were total abstainers. A resolution was passed that a Wesleyan Temperance Society should be inaugurated at once, under the presidency of Mr. Curdock.

The Evangelical Alliance has held its conference at Southport. The various branches of Evangelical Protestants were well represented, and the general proceedings were of a very satisfactory nature. The Rev. Dr. Riggs moved what are known as the "practical resolutions." The report was then read, showing a gratifying increase of members and the formation of new centres. During the session addresses were delivered and papers were read on "The Power of the Evangelical Alliance, and how best to use it for local purposes," "The Present state of Europe in relation to the spread of the Gospel," "The Status of Papal Europe," "The Gospel among the European Jews," etc. The conference closed with a public breakfast, which was given by the mayor.

The Church Congress has held its sittings at Plymouth, under the presidency of Dr. Temple, Bishop of Exeter. The following were among the subjects discussed:—"The Old Catholic Movement," "The Extension of the Episcopate," "Parochial Temperance Societies," "The Cause and Influence of Unbelief," "Central African Mission Work," "The Increase and Training of Ministers," "The Spiritual Life," "The Relations between Church and State," etc. The next meeting of the Congress will be at Croydon.

The Congregational Union has held its thirty-seventh autumnal session at Bradford. The address of the chairman, Dr. Aveling, assumed the character of a sequel to that delivered by him in May, the title of which was "Within the Fold." His present subject was "Without the Fold," and bore reference to the relationship of the Congregational with other churches, their part in the evangelistic and philanthropic movements of the day, their attitude in the discussion of political and social questions, etc., etc. Amongst the resolutions was one moved by Dr. Aveling, which received the cordial support and the unanimous vote of the Assembly, the substance of which was the appointment of a special committee to consider in what way the Union can most efficiently aid in promoting a true temperance reformation.

The Baptist Union has held its meetings at Birmingham, under the chairmanship of Dr. Laide, whose address on the aggressive character of the Baptist churches has excited considerable attention. A deputation of ministers of various denominations welcomed the Union to Birmingham. Various papers were read and discussed, great unanimity prevailing. Public and social meetings were held, at which the Revs. A. Mursell, R. W. Dale, C. H. Spurgeon, Hugh Stowell Brown, Dr. Landels, and other prominent men spoke, the Mayor, at the close of the session, entertaining a number of guests at the Queen's Hotel. The meetings have been considered the most successful of any in the history of the Union.

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their society when in health, and then ask for the offices of religion when they die? Do the square thing, friends. Either go to church and support the Gospel, or go in a manly way to your minister and ask him to erase your name from the church books, and when you die hire somebody to say prayers over you."

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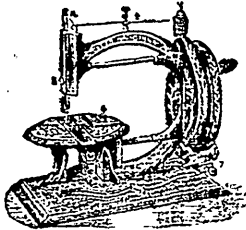
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