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Monthly Messenger.

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

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THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

No. III.

I left Boston with reluctance and regret. It was hard to bid adieu to kind friends, to art galleries, the Congregational house, and especially the book room. In a few hours I was in North Adams, passing through the wonderful Hoosack Tunnel, over five miles in length. I spent a few hours pleasantly at the princely dwelling of the Messrs. Cady Brothers. Embarking in a railway sleeping car, I slept till near the Suspension Bridge at Niagara. I spent a few hours examining the famous Falls. Certainly all that has been said or written of them comes far short of conveying to the mind any correct idea of their greatness. My next resting place was London, Ont., the finest city of the West. Here the Congregational Union of Canada was to meet on the morrow. I was the guest of a good Presbyterian elder, Mr. McIntosh, who with his amiable family contrived to make my visit most agreeable. I was about the first arrival to the meetings, and the last to leave. It was quite homely to be taken to see London Bridge, and Westminster, and Pall Mall, and the Thames, etc. The city covers an immense area; the present population is about 25,000, but when all that is laid out is built upon, it will be a formidable rival to its namesake beyond the pond. I cannot say half enough in praise of the London people; we were feted and honoured in all quarters. But the main work in London was in connection with the Congregational Union. To me it was a rare treat to meet with so many brethren from different parts of the continent: they were there from the United States, from the far East, from the shores of the Bay of Fundy, venerable fathers of the churches, grave professors from the college, young men just girding on the spiritual armour, students from the University, and our good friends the deacons and lay representatives. We had a cordial greeting from the London Church through its able pastor, the Rev. Mr. Wallace, the chairman's address, papers on important subjects, sermons by the Rev. Mr. Brown and the venerable Dr. Wilkes. We had public meetings, and animated discussions on various denominational matters, on church discipline, polity, doctrine, missions, finances, etc., etc. A morn-

ing prayer meeting every day, which was the best of all. The Union concluded with a communion service, which was a time of power from on High and of blessing which will not soon be forgotten. The Congregational ministers of Canada are second to no other men in point of education, earnestness, and spiritual power. They have been too late in taking the field—other denominations are before them, hence they are labouring under serious disadvantages, nevertheless, they have done, and are doing, a good work, and yet there is a bright future before the denomination in the progressive and rising Dominion.

When the Union meetings terminated, I crossed Lake Erie to visit Oberlin College, Ohio. This famous institution was opened in 1833. In its early days it had to contend with much opposition in consequence of its anti-slavery attitude, etc., but it has surmounted all obstacles: present number of students, 1,200. I have stated in my last on my travels, that I had a very pleasant time at an Alumni dinner in Boston, with an association of Oberlin students. Through the kindness of the Rev. F. Wright, of Andover, whom I met there, I was introduced to President Fairchild and the Faculty of Oberlin University: I was present on the day of the closing exercises of the session. Thirty-three students graduated in Arts on the occasion. I had the honour of making a speech at the Alumni dinner, and the pleasure of listening to a concert in the evening. Music forms a part of the regular education in Oberlin. About 200 well-trained students, four professional singers from Boston and New York, and an orchestra from Cleveland, performed Handel's "Messiah." There was an audience of about 2,000. Altogether I may safely say that I never heard anything better in the music line.

I visited the college buildings, the cemetery, and all the places of note in the beautiful little town; addressed congregations in the first and second Congregational churches, gathered valuable information regarding the late president Finney, whose evangelistic labours have been owned of God in the conversion of tens of thousands, both in England and America, and whose writings have done much to mould the thoughts and shape the lives of the rising ministry in America, and to whom I owe more myself than to any other

author. I heartily recommend his lectures on "Revivals," and lectures to "Professing Christians," "Systematic Theology," and his "Autobiography." (Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.) While in Oberlin I was the guest of Professor Shutless, who spared no pains to make my visit pleasant and profitable. I met the Rev. Professor Morgan, D.D., an Irishman; the Rev. Mr. Clarke; the Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D., veterans in the cause of Christ and of education. Oberlin is a favoured place. It is one of the stations on the underground railway. I was in one of the houses where the poor fugitive slaves found shelter on their way to liberty beyond Lake Erie. Here is a prosperous and thriving town, surrounded by an immense farming country, yet it has not, and will not, have the glory of a grog shop.

On my return I spent a day in the beautiful city of Cleveland. Here I met some who were formerly members of the church in St. John's. It was pleasant to renew old friendships. I also met Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, and heard him preach; I took part in a meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and in a temperance meeting. Again crossing Lake Erie to the Canadian side, I spent a few days, including a Sabbath, with the Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, Wesleyan minister, Salford, with whom I claim a family relationship. Toronto came next on my list. But my time was growing short, and I had only two days for this place. Through the kindness of Mr. W. T. Parsons, late of St. John's, I was shown the lions of the city without any delay. Here I had the great pleasure of renewing acquaintance with one of the most respected friends of my youth, Joshua Burns, Esq. I spent the evening with him, talking over the scenes of other days in the dear old land of our birth. My friend once entertained the idea of the same calling as myself, but Providence seemed to lead him in another direction. One thing is certain, he is a wealthier man as a Toronto merchant than he would be if a parson, but he cannot be happier.

(To be continued.)

HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

On the evening of the 22nd of August, 1878, during a gale of wind, a vessel was seen by her lights to be fast driving towards the fatal Scroby Sands. She was anxiously watched in the darkness by the experienced eyes of the Caister and Yarmouth boatmen and beachmen, who, with a noble forgetfulness of self, are ever ready to risk their lives in attempting to save those of their fellow-creatures.

On, on she drifted, as with almost breathless anxiety they watched her fatal course. At length she struck, and lights and signals of distress were sent up, to make known to others her dangerous condition and entreat their help. The "Covent Garden" lifeboat was at once launched from Caister, and willing hands, impelled by willing hearts, pulled rapidly towards the sands. One by one the lights and signals of distress disappeared, until, even to their experienced eyes, nothing was left in the darkness to guide them to the spot.

In spite of wind and wave they reached the sands,

but where was the vessel? Where was the wreck? They rowed hither and thither, thither and hither, for hours, in dangerous proximity to the treacherous sands, some of the men wading in search of the vessel, but all was in vain; no trace of her or her crew could be found, and the gallant, wearied life-boatmen returned to Caister at two o'clock the next morning, thoroughly disheartened by their non-success.

But where was the vessel? It was utterly impossible that in the darkness she could have got off the sands unaided and alone! No; she had been treacherously sucked in by them, and engulfed; and the poor fellows, who, as they sighted Yarmouth Roads a few hours before, walked her deck in the proud and happy consciousness that they were nearing friends and home, were fast in death's embrace, and with mortal eyes would never behold friends and home again.

How sad—how touchingly sad—this true picture! How many, many wrecks lie around our coast, and how many of them might have been prevented! Sad to say, there are quite as many wrecks on land as at sea—some on rocks, some in sands, some from gales, and others from collisions and top-heaviness from want of ballast. But the great rock in this land on which so many fine vessels are wrecked is Intemperance. Intemperance! intemperance! how much hast thou to answer for? The light of how many noble intellects hast thou put out? the faculties thou hast paralysed? the beautiful forms thou hast marred and disfigured, till no trace of humanity remained! the souls—the undying souls—thou hast utterly ruined? Oh, thou monster! wilt thou never be satisfied? Is there no way of checking thy insatiable thirst for victims? Yes, thank God, there is a way—a way that is open to all—the good old way recommended to us in the Bible. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," as no doubt many of you have found to your cost in the empty pockets, wretched homes, trembling limbs, headaches, diseases, and a whole tribe of evils it has brought upon you.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not" any kind of intoxicating drink. That is the remedy—the only remedy for millions. A gentleman once said to his medical adviser, "Doctor, what is the best way to prevent drunkenness?" Said the doctor, "There is no other way so sure as never to touch a drop of liquor." And was he not right? If only a poor sinner afflicted with this evil will seek help from God to enable him to renounce the poison, he is "a new creature." His eyes are at once opened to see the great rock against which he was drifting, and which must have resulted in utter shipwreck and death; and thankful and joyful at his escape, his softened heart is often ready to receive the Gospel message of love from his Father, and the door of hope and salvation for this world and the next is thus opened unto him.

Oh, my friends! let temperance be your lifeboat, and bear you away from the quicksands which lie around drink, lest you too, beginning by being moderate drinkers, be driven by some gale against the rock, and be dashed to pieces, or be gradually drawn towards the treacherous sands and engulfed.

H. D. ISACKE.

GLORIOUS PROMISES.

SAFE WALKING.—“*All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep His covenant and his testimonies.*”—Psaln xxv. 10.—“The paths of the Lord! My soul! never follow thine own paths. If thou dost so, thou wilt be in danger often of following sight rather than faith—choosing the evil, and refusing the good. But “commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass.” Let this be thy prayer, “Show me Thy ways; O Lord, teach me Thy paths.” Oh! for Caleb’s spirit, “wholly to follow the Lord my God,”—to follow Him when self must be sacrificed, and hardships must be borne, and trials await me. To “walk with God,”—to ask in simple faith, “What wouldst Thou have me to do?”—to have no will of my own, save this, that God’s will is to be my will. Here is safety,—here is happiness. Fearlessly follow the Guiding Pillar. He will lead you by a right way, though it may be by a way of hardship, and crosses, and losses, and privations, to the city of habitation. Oh! the blessedness of thus lying passive in the hands of God; saying, “Undertake thou for me!”—dwelling with holy gratitude on past mercies and interpositions—taking these as pledges of future faithfulness and love—hearing His voice behind us, amid life’s manifold perplexities, exclaiming, “This is the way, walk ye in it!” “Happy,” surely, “are every people who are in such a case!” Happy, reader! will it be for thee, if thou canst form the resolve in a strength greater than thine own: “This God shall be my God for ever and ever; He shall be my Guide even unto death!”

LOVE IN CHASTISEMENT.—“*As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.*”—Rev. iii. 19.—Sorrowing believer! what couldst thou wish more than this? Thy furnace is severe; but look at this assurance of Him who lighted it. Love is the fuel that feeds its flames! Its every spark is love! Kindled by a Father’s hand, and deigned as a special pledge of a Father’s love, How many of His dear children has He so rebuked and chastened; and all, all for one reason, “*I love them!*” The myriads in glory have passed through these furnace-fires,—there they were chosen—there they were purified, sanctified, and made “vessels meet for the Master’s use”; the dross and the alloy purged; that the pure metal might remain. And art thou to claim exemption from the same discipline? Art thou to think it strange concerning these same fiery trials that may be trying thee? Rather exult in them as thine adoption privilege. Envy not those who are strangers to the refining flames—who are “without chastisement”; rather surely, the severest discipline with a Father’s love, than the fullest earthly cup without the Father’s mind. Oh! for grace to say, when the furnace is hottest, and the rod sorest, “Even so, Father.” And what after all, is the severest of thy chastisements in comparison with what thy sins have deserved? Dost thou murmur under a Father’s correcting love? What would it have been to have stood the wrath of an unpropitiated Judge, and that too for ever? Surely, in the light of eternity, the heaviest pang of earth is, indeed, “a light affliction!”

A CONDITION IN CHASTISEMENT.—“*It need be.*”—1 Peter, i. 6.—Three gracious words! Not one of all my tears shed for ought! Not one stroke of the rod unneeded, or that might have been spared! Thy Heavenly Father loves thee too much, and too tenderly, to bestow harsher correction than thy case requires. Is it loss of health, or loss of wealth, or loss of beloved friends? Be still!—there was a need be. We are no judges of what that “need be” is; often through aching hearts we are forced to exclaim, “Thy judgments are a great deep!” But God here pledges Himself, that there will not be one redundant thorn in the believer’s chaplet of suffering. No burden too heavy will be laid on him, and no sacrifice too great exacted from him. He will “temper the wind to the shorn lamb.” Whenever the “need be” has accomplished its end, then the rod is removed—the chastisement suspended—the furnace quenched. “If need be!” Oh! what a pillow on which to rest thy aching head,—that there is not a drop in all thy bitter cup but what a God of love saw to be absolutely necessary. Wilt thou not trust Him, even though thou canst not trace the mystery of His dealings? Not too curiously prying into the “Why it is”; but satisfied that “So it is,” and, therefore, that all must be well! “Although thou sayest thou canst not see Him, yet judgment is before Him, therefore trust thou in Him!”

STRENGTH TO THE WEAK.—“*A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench.*”—Matt. xii. 20.—Will Jesus accept such a heart as mine?—this erring, treacherous, traitor heart? The past! how many forgotten vows,—broken covenants,—prayerless days! How often have I made new resolutions, and as often has the reed succumbed to the first blast of temptation, and the burning flax been well-nigh quenched by guilty omissions and guiltier commissions! Oh! my soul! thou art low indeed,—the things that remain seem “ready to die.” But thy Saviour God will not give thee “over unto death.” The reed is bruised; but He will not pluck it up by the roots. The flax is reduced to a smoking ember; but He will fan the decaying flame. Why wound thy loving Saviour’s heart by these repented declensions? He will not—cannot give thee up. Go, mourn thy weakness and unbelief. Cry unto the Strong for strength. Weary and faint one! thou hast an Omnipotent arm to lean on. “He fainteth not, neither is weary!” Listen to His own gracious assurance, “Fear not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness!” Leaving all thy false props and refuges, be this thy resolve:—“In the Lord put I my trust, why say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?”

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE RESPONDING.—“*Thou art cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.*”—John i. 37.—“Cast out!” My soul! how oft might this have been in thy history? Thou hast cast off thy God,—might He not oft have “cast out” thee? Yes! cast thee out as fuel for the fire of His wrath,—a sapless, fruitless cumberer. And yet, notwithstanding all thine ungrateful requital for His unmerited forbearance, He is still declaring, “As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.” Thy sins may be legion-like,—the sand of the sea may be their befitting type,—the thought of their turpitude and aggravation may be ready to overwhelm thee; but be still! thy patient God waits to be gracious! Oh! be deeply humbled and softened because of thy guilt, resolve to dedicate thyself anew to His service, and so comest, “He will by no means cast thee out!” Despond not by reason of former shortcomings,—thy sins are great, but thy Saviour’s merits are greater. He is willing to forget all the past, and sink it in oblivion, if there be present love, and the promise of future obedience. “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?” Ah! how different is God’s verdict from man’s. After such sins as thine, man’s sentence would have been, “I will in no wise receive!” But “it is better to fall into the hands of God, than into the hands of man;” for He says, “I will in no wise cast out!”

PEACE IN BELIEVING.—“*Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth.*”—John xii. 27.—“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.” “Perfect peace!”—what a blessed attainment! My soul! is it thine? Sure I am it is not, if thou art seeking it in a perishable world, or in the perishable creature, or in thy perishable self. Although thou hast all that the world would call enviable and happy, unless thou hast peace in God, and with God, all else is unworthy of the name: a spurious thing, which the first breath of adversity will shatter, and the hour of death utterly annihilate! Perfect peace! What is it? It is the peace of forgiveness. It is the peace arising out of a sense of God reconciled through the blood of the everlasting covenant,—resting sweetly on the bosom and the work of Jesus,—to Him committing thine eternal all. My soul! stay thyself on God, that so this blessed peace may be thine. Thou hast tried the world. It has deceived thee. Prop after prop of earthly scaffolding has yielded, and tottered, and fallen. Has thy God ever done so? Ah! this false and counterfeit world-peace may do well for the world’s work, and the world’s day of prosperity. But test it in the hour of sorrow; and what can it do for thee when most it is needed? On the other hand, what though thou hast no other blessing on earth to call thine own? Thou art rich indeed, if thou canst look upwards to Heaven, and say with “unpresumptuous smile,” “I am at peace with God.”

The ministry of Christ has fewer trials, larger spiritual emoluments and rewards, brighter inducements, higher development, grander joys, than any other occupation in all the earth.

"PURPOSELESS LIVES."

BY E. CLIFFORD.

ONE of the best incentives to a healthy use of all our faculties, bodily, mental, and spiritual, is to set forth an object, and, seeing it to be a good one, to strain every nerve in the accomplishment of it. Indolence, and the daily trifling of a life that is dignified by no high resolve, no purpose beyond that of earning daily sustenance, and spending leisure time pleasantly, must tend to suffocate and dwarf those aspirations of which the human soul is capable, and which it should be our highest aim to develop and encourage. If we fail to set ourselves busily to work upon a good object, sure enough some indifferent, frivolous, or bad one will only too quickly start up to seduce our energies from the right path. And it is not necessary to quote the pungent lines of Watts to prove that the best way to avoid temptation in the direction of mischief-doing is to take care that employments, fit and proper, are engaging both hand and heart in well-doing.

A great proportion of the lives around us are only too manifestly purposeless lives in so far as this, that they have no single paramount object of an exalted nature to act as the guiding star of an earthly career. Of course it is easy to say that every life has some purpose, and we might flippantly generalise in this way, without laying blame in any direction. But we maintain that, in the noblest sense of the word—"purpose"—there are too many lives passed by our brothers and sisters around us which cannot admit such an idea at all. We can only justly speak of them as vague and purposeless. Now, this is a sad and grievous evil, and one that brings a host of other evils to the social system in its train. For if a frivolous ideal of life were to become current, inevitably the standard of human character would become lower and lower. Where could we find channels for the development of firm endurance, energy, trust in God, and heroic self-denial, if the spectacle of lives without object or aim became general? It would then become evident that, by debasing human life to the level of a butterfly existence, we had robbed it of its most sacred and ennobling qualities, and made it mean and despicable!

We cannot say of a life that has no higher desire or purpose than to be got through in tranquillity and ease; to have the thorns extracted and only the roses left, that it is a life with a stern and noble object. This, on the contrary, is but a drifting down lazily with the tide, and a paltry equivalent for the glorious gift of immortality which God has given us. Those who are willing to go through the world with no earnest thoughts about their fellow men, no anxious hopes for the spread of religious purity, no awakening interest in the march and progress of the race as time goes on: surely such are living purposeless lives in the truest sense. They are like soldiers who, when the brunt of the battle is being borne, creep aside to some shady nook, and lay down to dream and sleep the time away while others work. Or, were it a possible contingency, like those who, when lives are at stake, and their fellow-creatures are in danger, occupy the precious flying moments with their trivial pleasures, and will not pause to ask how their perishing fellow-creatures are to be rescued! Purposeless lives such as those of the worldling and *ennui*-worn fashionables of society, worn filed by any central fire of earnestness in regard to hopes, fears, or resolves for good, are too evidently working mischief both to those around and the unhappy deluded subjects themselves.

An aimless life, pure and simple, is a contemptible thing in the face of the urgent calls for action clamouring on every side of us! What! can man or woman consent to pass along life's path; around which, from every quarter, at every stage, start forth opportunities for doing good for the Master's cause, and leave them idly unnoticed? Can fervent human spirits, endowed with such powers for benefiting others, such faculties and talents for blessing the world, however humbly, glide softly down a stream of pleasure, while vessels are wrecking on quicksands close within hail, and need is warning succour, and comfort? This would appear impossible, but the stern facts afforded by social life prove it true. In the midst of fevered and earnest voices that summon every man and woman to play a decided part in the journey through this world, yet there are thousands so obtuse, so blinded by selfishness and avarice, that they stifle every inward remonstrance and outward call of duty, living out to the bitter end purposeless lives.

Now there may be many causes conducing to produce that saddest of sights—a purposeless existence—where the actor might have stood forth on the world's stage with marked qualities and characteristics; but the paramount one is, doubtless, *selfishness*—the desire besetting all of us to evade unpleasant demands for exertion and self-denial. We are too fond of choosing the flowery path before us without much regard to its being the right one. Yet this is not wise, even without regard to higher considerations. Purposeless lives are far from being always happy, indeed mostly are they the reverse. To have one absorbing theme keeping our best and most generous faculties employed will yield more pleasure than rusting away in idleness. Let us all, then, strive hard to avoid that melancholy comment upon a finished life. "This one had no purpose throughout his career, and died worthless to his fellows and the world around."

DREAMERS AND WORKERS.

The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.—PROV. xiii. 4.

SAMUEL ROGERS was a diligent and successful man. He acquired considerable wealth as a banker in London, and employed part of his leisure in writing poetry, which gave pleasure to his friends, and was admired by many who had no personal acquaintance with him. Mr. Rogers had little sympathy with loiterers. We read that he was sometimes annoyed by the tardy pace of the Hammer Smith coach, in which he had occasionally to travel. Railways were as yet unknown. One day, as he sat near the driver, he suddenly put the question, "By what name is this coach known?" The coachman replied, "'The Regulator,' sir." "A very proper name," said the poet-banker. "A very suitable designation, indeed. All the other vehicles on the road go by it!"

There are some people who pass through the world in such a dreamy state, that most of their compeers go by them. The dreamers are not without pleasant wishes. Indeed, they abound in them. But they obtain not what they wish, because they take no suitable pains. A lad, with the multiplication-table before him unlearned, dreams of himself as escaping from the drudgery of the factory, mine, or shop, because of his skill in accounts, but he has not yet fixed in his memory how much eight times seven are. A youth with Euclid open, and near him, is musing on college honours, and how he will be applauded when declared "Senior Wrangler"; but the problems assigned as that day's task remain unsolved. An artisan keeping Saint Monday arranges in his own mind how much better-built his row of cottages shall be than those he is gazing upon, which belong to an acquaintance. Then he proceeds to borrow five shillings for present needs, as he did not get much work done the preceding week, the patron saint of idleness having claimed most of the time.

The Rev. Barnabas Shaw speaks of the Namacquas as a mild and generous race. They were not in the habit of stealing the cattle of other tribes unless specially in want or greatly provoked, and would share their last morsel with needy friends. But they were indolent. Their dwellings were most wretched, because they took the least possible trouble. They were content to creep in at the hole which served for door and window, and to herd together in the dark and unwholesome hovel. Mr. Shaw wished to teach them better, and would have helped them. They admired his neat hut, and had watched with wonder as they saw him build it. But, though they wished for huts like his, they would not work. At length he persuaded them to sow some corn which he provided. He gave them so much seed, and the land was so easily cultivated and fruitful, that the harvest proved abundant. They were puzzled, for they had no place in which to store it before the rains came. At length, Mr. Shaw consented to take care of it for that once. He wrote home for axes and other tools for them; and by various bribes, at length induced some of them to work instead of dream. So they were soon better off.

But we must not think entirely of temporal comfort. It is quite possible that, by selfish diligence, men may secure much of this world's wealth, and still be very unhappy. The best wealth is God's favour. Many who have had few early advantages have, by diligence, become very rich towards God. They have become so rich, that they had grace sufficient for all the needs of their moral pilgrimage. They have been so rich, that they have imparted comfort and guidance to some who were in need and danger. They have been so rich

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY REV. H. B. RIDGWAY, D.D.



Mount Tabor.

WE rode westward on the shoulder of Gerizim, and descended, amid groves and babbling brooks, to the back of Nablous. The central position of Nablous (the ancient Shechem or Sychar, and the Roman Neapolis) has always made it a place of commercial importance. It stands in the midst of one of the richest sections of Palestine, and on the great thoroughfare from Jerusalem to Samaria and Damascus, and also from Gilead to the Mediterranean, and consequently it has always had both internal resources and foreign trade. The population, according to Dr. Porter, consists of about eight thousand persons, of whom five hundred are Christians, one hundred and fifty Samaritans, and about one hundred Jews, and the rest all Mahomelans.

We were early on the road next morning, and enjoyed the ride through the charming Vale of Nablous with a keen relish. Turning north-west, and crossing the western shoulder of Mount Ebal, and then threading our way through several pleasant little wadies, we came in about two hours to a summit, where we had a full view of the village of Sebustiyeh, the ancient city of Samaria. A long toilsome climb under the midday sun, and we came to the brow of the mountain overlooking what Van de Velde calls Esh Shurkiyeh, or the Plain of Ramah. We sat down by the road-side in a thrifty grove of fig-trees, and lunched. This valley is one of exceeding beauty and fertility. The hills all about it are crowned with pretty white villages, prominent among which is Ramah. Can this be the ancient Ramah, or Ramathaim-zophim, where Samuel was born? (1 Sam. i. 1.) Gradually the Plain of Ramah merged into that of Dothan, properly called Plain of Arrabeck. This valley is longer and broader, and of a richer soil, than the one above. Its greatest length is north-east and south-west, and from the hill of Dothan, looking south-west, it presents an appearance as fertile and lovely as the most luxuriant vales of England or America.

May 28. Jenin (En-Gannim, Fountain of Gardens) is at the very head of the Plain of Esdraclon, and has a commanding and beautiful location. There are at present from two thousand to three thousand inhabitants, of whom a few are Christians. The houses are of stone, and for an Arabic town of the class, it is well built. As an Israelitish city it was assigned to the Levites, and belonged to the territory of Issachar (Josh. xix. 21; xxi. 29). The ride across the Plain of Esdraclon was very pleasant. Mount Gilboa loomed up on our right all the way. From a knoll by the road side we had an extended view looking westward, and could see the noted battlefield of Megiddo, and also several little villages. We reached Jezreel (Zer'in) soon after nine a.m.: a poor, squalid village. It stands on a low hill, which is one of a series of broken spurs running north-west from the foot of Jebel Fukuah, the noted Mount Gilboa. The southern and western sides of the hill are comparatively low and smooth, but the northern and eastern are steep and rocky. Baasha and Omri, kings of Israel, had each selected a new capital, and why should not Ahab? And so, while Ahab did not abandon Samaria, he established a second capital on this site. And it was well worthy of his choice. The situation is superb. My eye swept at ease from the foot of Carmel on the north-

west, to the valley of the Jordan on the east, thus taking in the entire length of the plain, and nearly the whole breadth of Western Palestine.

From Jezreel we descended along the north-west slope of Gilboa to 'Ain Jalud, known in the Bible as the Well of Harod (Judges vii. 1), and as the "fountain which is in Jezreel" (1 Sam. xxix. 1). 'Ain Jalud is connected with at least two of the greatest known events in the history of the Israelites: the battle between Gideon and the Midianites, and that between Saul and the Philistines.

From 'Ain Jalud our course lay eastward down the Valley of Jezreel. Beisan occupies the site of the ancient Beth-shean, the Scythopolis of Christ's day. It was always a stronghold of the Philistines, and one of the few cities, as Gaza, Askalon, and others of the Mediterranean coast, which was never captured from them by the Israelites. The site of Beth-shean is just where the plain of Jezreel dips towards the plain of the Jordan. Besides the river Jalud, there are two or three other streams flowing near it. The ruins of the ancient city are very extensive, and some of them well-preserved. Over and through rich fields, some of which had not yet been reaped, we toiled, and about dusk reached our camp at Sulem, the site of the Scriptural Shunem. From the village of Sulem, well elevated on the rising ground directly under Little Hermon, or the hill Moreh (Judges vii. 1), there is a fine view looking south-west across the Plain of Esdraclon to Mount Carmel. As we rode away under the clear morning sun, by the little flourishing village, the whole simple story of the Shunammite's domestic joy and sorrow rose like a picture before me.

Continuing around the western shoulder of Little Hermon (Jebel Duh), and turning eastward, in about fifty minutes we approached the modern village of Nein (ancient Nain), perched up on a north-west projection of the mountain (Luke vii. 12 and 13). To the very tombs, which we could see in the mountain side, the funeral procession was probably on its way when Jesus met it, and His "Weep not" fell upon the stricken mother's ear. The rude village has nothing now to attract but its location and its sacred associations. In our approach to Nein we had our first view of Mount Tabor (Jebel Tur), lying to the north-east. Smooth, round, and apart, in form the segment of a circle, it rises with gentle swell from the plain. Its sides are well wooded to the very top, but at a distance the projection of the trees, as well as every other projection, is lost in the mass of unbroken green. A quick ride along the northern slopes of Little Hermon brought us to the site of Endor (Endur), where the witch lived with whom Saul had the remarkable interview the night before the ill-fated battle of Gilboa. Above the village, at the base of the cliffs which stand back of it, is a cave, in which there is a pool of water, supplied by an unceasing spring. In this cavern we sat and read the account contained in 1 Sam. xxviii. 7-25. After coming out of the cave I stood gazing at Tabor, loath to leave the spot, and ere I knew it my companions were far ahead of me, spurring over the plain. Through waving wheat, of a rankness and luxuriance surpassing any grain yet seen, and very free from tares and weeds, we galloped till we came to the little village of Deburieh, at the foot of Tabor on the west. The name of this village contains its history. It marks the supposed site to which Barak, under the direction of Deborah, gathered the hosts of Israel against Sisera, the captain of Jabin (Judges iv. 6). We turned east and began the ascent of Tabor through a narrow, stony, hot valley. In a little while we rode into a thick growth of dwarf oaks and terbinthos. The path all the way up was winding and rough, but nowhere very steep or difficult. We reached the summit in forty-five minutes. The summit is only one thousand feet above the plain, and yet from it there is a perfect survey of the whole region. Looking north are the mountains of Lebanon, tipped with snow; Mountain Hermon; the town of Safed, shining like a white speck; Kurn Hattin, the Mount of Beatitudes; eastward the Sea of Galilee (the first glimpse of it in going north), the Mountains of Baahan, the Plain of Tabor, stretching to the Sea of Tiberias, and the Valley of the Jordan just below the sea; south-east Beth-shean, and Mount Gilead; and southward, just below Endor, Fain, and Little Hermon; south-west the broad sweep of the Plain of Esdraclon, bounded by the hills of Ephraim and Mount Carmel; and westward, as through a gateway at the foot of Carmel, the great sea, and then the hills of Galilee, until the eye rests upon the heights adjacent to Nazareth. Descending from Tabor, we took the

road northward to Nazareth. After one hour the party separated, some going directly to Nazareth, while others kept due north to visit the site of Cana of Galilee. We crossed a high mountain north-east of Nazareth, passing the village of Mannah, and then descended through a deep gorge upon the Plain el Buttauf, or Plain of Zebulun. Here we found, beautifully situated on the west side of the valley, Kana el Jelil, a small village occupying, according to Robinson and others, the site of Cana of Galilee. It lies on the great highway of Central Galilee, about six miles north of Nazareth, and has for its identification the remarkable circumstance of its Arabic name. There is further south, only two miles from Nazareth, a Kofr Konna, which Dr. Thomson thinks was the true Cana. Tradition is divided between the two, and therefore the remarkable correspondence of the name of the former, Kana el Jelil, with Cana of Galilee, should decide the question. From Kana el Jelil we rode directly southward over hill and dale toward Nazareth. The village Er Gath-hepher, the birthplace of Jonah, lay on our right, and also the village Er Reinch.

At about six p.m. we got our first view of the Vale and town of Nazareth. The appearance of the town, as we saw it from the hill south of it, was very pleasing. It lies upon the eastern side of Mount Neby Ismail, and by its large conventual buildings, schools, and churches, and well-built flat houses, make upon the mind of the stranger an impression of comparative solidity and wealth. It was almost dark when dinner was over, but one of my companions and I walked out to get a peep at the streets. These we found to be narrow and crooked, and scarcely cleaner than those of ordinary towns. In a court we saw a woman grinding at the mill. After breakfast next morning, we rode directly through the town, winding about and up among the houses, in some of our turns looking into their courts, bedrooms, and even upon their tops, and seeing the women at work, until we came to the summit of the great hill back of the town on the east. So precipitously does this mountain rise above the town, that I cannot doubt but it was the hill to the brow of which Christ's enraged townsmen led Him, "that they might cast Him down headlong" (Luke iv. 28, 29). It is explicitly stated that it was "the hill thereon their city was builded."

We left Nazareth, Saturday, May 30, at 10 a.m., and rode due south, descending from the ridge on the west of the Mount of Precipitation, a hill with a steep rugged peak, to the Plain of Esdraelon. Our first objective point was Taanach, situated, in a line a little west of south, on the southern side of the plain. Tabor, Little Hermon, Gilboa, and the sites of Shunem el Fulich, and Jezreel, were on our left. Zigzagging across the valley, we reached Tell Taanach about 3 p.m. The village stands on the south side of the hill, looking toward a pretty little valley locked in by the jutting hills of Samaria. Taanach was an ancient Canaanitish city (Josh. xii. 21), afterward belonged to Manasseh, and was assigned to the tribe of Levi. The houses of the present village are mud huts, with one or two store buildings. A ride of one hour more down the plain brought us to El Lejjun, the Scriptural Megiddo. I have already spoken of battles which took place on the eastern arm of the great Plain of Esdraelon, the Valley of Jezreel. This immediate vicinity was also the scene of some of the most marked conflicts in the history of Israel. In view of the many bloody and decisive engagements which have been fought around Taanach and Megiddo, it has been termed the battle-field of Palestine. In marked contrast with the field of blood was the peaceful Sunday which we passed here. In our customary worship we had a graphic sermon on Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel and flight to Horeb.

The next morning we rode down along the southern edge of the valley, and in about an hour and three-quarters came to the foot of Mount Carmel. Half-way up the mountain we passed a large spring, and, turning sharp above it, came out on quite a broad plateau, which is the traditional site of Elijah's sacrifice. The course of the Kishon can be distinctly seen; and between it and the mountain immediately in the foreground, are two hills, on the slopes of which, toward the Kishon, Elijah slew the prophets of Baal. Stopping at the Place of Sacrifice only long enough to examine the spot, I followed the party up through the thick oaks and terebinths over the rough path to the summit. All at once the calm, blue Mediterranean broke on my sight. I was not expecting to see it so near. A steep descent around the northern brow of the mountain brought us to the level plain, where Haifa stands. This place (Sycaminum of the Greeks and Romans)

possesses no antiquities. It is well located, and has some commerce. A more pleasant ride than that from Haifa to Acre cannot well be found. All along the road is the smooth, firm, sandy beach. The day we took it there was a good breeze from the sea, and the surf broke wildly upon the shore. Our horses caught the infection of salt air, their stiffened joints limbered up, and they hurried us forward to Acre in two and a-half hours. We forded the mouths of the Kishon and of the ancient Belus. On the banks of the Belus the first glass was, according to Pliny, manufactured of its fine sand. We rode in at the old gate of Acre (or Akka, or Acoho), and through its streets and bazaars, visiting some points of interest, such as the Hotel of the Knights Hospitalers, now a hospital for soldiers, and the Mosque of Jezzer Pasha, once the Church of St. John. The buildings of the city are large but dilapidated, the bazaars in some instances wholly forsaken; the walls, though still guarded, have long since lost their strength. Acre (the Ptolemais of classic times) is mentioned as a stopping place of St. Paul in the voyage from Ephesus in his last errand to the feast at Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 7). At evening we found our tents pitched on the sea-shore just outside the village of Er Zib (Aohzib) (Josh. xix. 19), which was originally given to Asher, but from which the Canaanites were never expelled (Judges i. 31). After the Babylonish captivity it was considered by the Jews as the northernmost limit of their land. For the first time we bathed in the Mediterranean. The surf was very exhilarating.

We left Er Zib next morning about seven o'clock. The scene after we got down on the Plain of Tyre was very beautiful. The sea, of a deep blue, lay quietly, with only the slightest ripple, and the surf broke lazily and softly on the shore. Mount Hermon, and the summits of Lebanon, crowned with snow, were clearly seen rising far away on the eastern and north-eastern horizon. We had reached Ras el'Ain, the site of old Tyre (Pale-Tyros), surrounded by groves of mulberries. The village is called Head of the Fountain, because of a remarkable fountain which stands in its centre. Through deep sand we forced our way about two miles to Tyre proper (Sur), crossing the peninsula built by Alexander the Great in his capture of the city. On a narrow ledge of rock, wholly separated from the main land, not more than a mile long, and half-a-mile broad, stood the ancient queen of the sea. Our camp was pitched at the back of the town, near the sea-coast. Very little of ancient Tyre now remains. The first mention of Tyre in the Bible is by Joshua, xix. 29, where he speaks of it, in reference to the borders of Israel, as the strong city. It comes into prominence in the history of David and Solomon, between whom and Hiram, its king, a close alliance existed. (2 Sam. v. 2; 1 Kings vii. 13-45.) At the time Christ visited its coasts (Matt. xv. 21, Mark vii. 24) it is conjectured, on the authority of Strabo and Pliny, that its population was about equal to that of Jerusalem. We took our leave of Tyre, and riding across the peninsula, which the drifting sands have made now a half mile wide, took as straight a course as we could south-eastward over the Plain of the Phœnicians.

BEHOLD THE MAN!

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the Man!—John xix. 5.

THERE was a moment which seems like a pause between the trial of Jesus, if trial it could be called, in the scenery of the judgment hall and the progress to Calvary and the crucifixion there. It was that moment when Pilate, as in the text, led the Divine victim forth, holding over him the thin shield of his cold and cowardly, contemptuous and contemptible exculpation, and in answer to the wild cry of the mad and furious multitude, said, *Ece Homo!* "Behold the Man!"

Artists have often erred in representing our Lord as a figure full of abject woe—shivering, distorted, weeping; "incapable," as one writer well says, "of ideas of love, sacrifice, or glory." The narrative assures us that at no time was our Lord insensible to either. There is not a moment in which He appears crouching or servile; and, on the other hand, we are to remember He was "laying" down His life, and He restrained all the tokens of material majesty. In any case, however, you have to bring before your mind the Matchless, the Only One. The image of Jesus rises before us as the conscience of Jesus, clear and stainless in its purity. All the sensual sensibilities of Jesus were held in him as the undivergent colours are held in

a pure ray. Mourners or sinners, the erring or the helpless asked Him for sympathy, and instantly forth from the character started the soothing and the guiding light. Sin came to tempt, error to assert itself—and instantly started forth that ray, which like a spear transpierced the sin or the sinner. His purity judged the world. If there is a touchstone of truth of character, I have often thought it is the manner with children. What sweet things He has said about children—said as He said everything else, simply, occasionally, incidentally, and without effort! And yet those simple things tax us to comprehend how lovingly He received them. "Suffer them to come to Me." There is a test of the intensity of pure natures—it is the relation with women; and women loved Him. He was much with them. You will not sympathise fully with the personality of Jesus unless you attempt to realise a little the probable existences of the vehicle in which His mysterious soul energised. Of Him it was said, "He shall grow up before the Lord like a tender plant." By such fragile natures has the lamp of intensity been always borne. A thin frail woman will endure more than a man, will hold out longer. A man will give up the watch in a few hours, a woman will hold out for weeks. There are men like women in this. You would say they would faint at a breath; the thin muscle is steeped in the all-enduring soul. To this, in our Lord's instance, was added the exquisite tenderness of a nature through which every passion of the soul found an avenue for expression—through which every intimation from nature or man found an avenue for instruction. I say passions, for of course He had passion. How can you conceive of purity without passion? Purity is passion in its highest movement. You take that illustration from a circumstance in His life, when a woman was found taken in adultery. It is a very wonderful and crucial instance, and the author of "Ecco Homo" has found in it one of his most interesting and suggestive paragraphs. A burning sense of shame seized Jesus. Shame at the pollution of the charge itself, shame for the bitterness of the callous persecutors. He stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground. Was it not to hide His shrinking embarrassment? He raised His head for a moment: "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone at her." It was but a word, but there was probably lightning in the look. They stole away convicted in their consciences, and He was left alone, and the woran standing there. Then He rose and lifted up Himself. "Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord." He said, "Neither do I condemn. Go, and sin no more." As the writer I have just now quoted truly says, "He had refused to judge a woman, but He had condemned a crowd; He had awakened the slumbering conscience in many hardened hearts; and He had given to them a new delicacy, a new ideal, a new view and reading of the Mosaic law."

Who was He? Whatever does He in this sphere of evil? "Behold the Man!" That is what all Scripture says, what God says. What does He look like, that mute and satisfied Majesty? What but the sacrifice of all the ages! "Behold the Man!" Is it not as if, amidst the tribulations, on the air a voice was heard from the yet speechless lips? "A body hast thou prepared me. Then said I, Lo! I come. In the volume of the Book it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, oh, my God! yea, Thy law is in my heart." Does He not look like that? Is not the Word fulfilled there? "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, He opened not His mouth." As it is written of His interview with Herod, "He answered him nothing." And to the personal questions of Pilate, "He answered him not a word." The mob, as if inspired in their demonic rage with diverse instincts which rush through their bad passions and turned even wicked words into mighty truths, in their very madness fulfilled prophecies. "He saved others, Himself He cannot save. Also the 22nd Psalm. Were ever such wicked words so dreadfully true and beautiful? You may hear those raging voices on either hand. See that man up by Herod's court, and that infuriated one on the steps leading down from the Prætorium. You may hear them giving the note to hundreds more, who cry, "His blood be on us and on our children!" Oh, insane madmen, ignorant and besotted! it shall be even so, but in a way you little think. Yet a few years, and the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet will be set up. Yet a few years, and not a stone of these buildings; but shall feel the shock. The veil and the aisles and the air will thrill with mysterious voices, saying—while

none shall know who speaks—"Arise, let us go hence! Arise, let us go hence!" Your streets will flow with blood; your buildings be clasped in flames. Your pure and beautiful shrines will be given to the frenzy of the soldier and the fire of the incendiary. Cæsar, whom you seek now to propitiate, will butcher you by thousands to make a Roman holiday. Titus will give three thousand of you at once to the wild beasts, to celebrate his father's birthday. Then will you remember this day, this hour. "His blood be on us and on our children."

Look at that crowd! That was the cry—the heavens rung with it: "His blood be on us and on our children!" Why, it was an amazing imprecation! Can murder and madness pray? "Father, forgive them," said the Sacrifice, "they know not what they do." Why, it was blasphemy inspiring the holiest prayer! Why, it was murder invoking the spirit of the victim to sprinkle it from its sins! See, then, the sacrifice complete. Led on by the soldiers, the spotless Lamb of God. The brow bound with thorns; the naked feet; the hands we would scarce dare lift to kiss, only to worship and to weep over, are ready for the nail; and the heart is ready for the spear. Oh, how cold, impersonal, and inexpressive look all tragedies, all expirations, by the side of this! "His blood be on us and on our children." His blood is there. His locks of hair are clotted with blood; it is on his bosom and his brow and his vestment; and there is not a drop of wrath in it all—only forgiveness and love, forgiveness and love! For into this world of wrath He has come. In whom are all the seven spirits which are before the throne! He has brought a new nature to the worn-out wicked heart of the old world. His blood, His life; a new eternal power in a temporal principle. And so it shall be, oh you wicked people, but not as you wickedly meant it. You have unconsciously accepted the sacrifice, by your wild cry, "His blood be on us and on our children." Precious blood of Christ, it shall fall on you, not like fire but like rain; not like a tempest but like a tear. "Behold the man!" "Look and be saved, all ye ends of the earth!"

While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries.

MOTHER AND SON.

MOST boys go through a period when they have great need of patient love at home. They are awkward and clumsy, sometimes strangely wilful and perverse, and they are desperately conscious of themselves, and very sensitive to the least word of censure or effort at restraint. Authority frets them. They are leaving childhood, but they have not yet reached the sober good sense of manhood. They are an easy prey to the tempter and the sophist. Perhaps they adopt sceptical views from sheer desire to prove that they are independent, and can do their own thinking.

Now is the mother's hour. Her boy needs her now more than when he lay in his cradle. Her finer insight and serene faith may hold him fast, and prevent his drifting into dangerous courses. At all events, there is very much that only a mother can do for her son, and that a son can receive only from his mother, in the critical period of which we are thinking. It is well for him, if she has kept the freshness and brightness of her youth, so that she can now be his companion and friend as well as mentor. It is a good thing for a boy to be proud of his mother; to feel complacent when he introduces her to his comrades, knowing that they cannot help seeing what a pretty woman she is, so graceful, winsome, and attractive! There is always hope for a boy when he admires his mother, and mothers should care to be admirable in the eyes of their sons. Not merely to possess characters which are worthy of respect, but to be beautiful and charming, so far as they can, in person and appearance. The neat dress, the becoming ribbon, and smooth hair are all worth thinking about, when regarded as means of retaining influence over a soul, when the world is spreading lures for it on every side.

Above all things, mothers need faith. Genuine, hearty, loving trust in God, a life of meek, glad acquiescence in His will, lived daily through years in presence of sons, is an immense power. They can never get away from the sweet memory that Christ was their mother's Friend. There is reality in that, which no false reasoning can persuade them to regard as a figment of the imagination.

"BEACON LIGHTS."

BY EMILIE "PARCHFIELD.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

"Such as the tree is, such is the fruit."

YEARS and years ago, a stately mother led her daughter adown the old oaken staircase of her ancestral home. The maiden's cheek was pale, although her eye flashed proudly; once, only once, her step faltered, and then that mother whispered a word in her ear, and she went on, decked in her bridal finery, but with a heart cold and heavy, to give her hand and troth to the mammon of the world—gold. A lesson might be learnt from her life, but we hasten onward, onward to the after result; for surely, surely such marriages are as a drag upon society, filling the world, as it were, with their bitter fruits.

Again we see the cold hearted bride, middle-aged and widowed, watching over the future of an only daughter. Not in merry England has the girl been trained, and it seems to the mother, that amid the 'witching loveliness of the scenes around her, her child has caught the trick of their grace and beauty and why not?

Watch a face, the face of one possessing a soul deep, true, and impressionable; set before it a something to delight the eyes, and lo! that same delight sinks down into the soul, causing the countenance, however ordinary, to glow and kindle with the true beauty which painters strive to portray; a beauty which is indeed felt, but never expressed. So Esther Westlake grew up beautiful as a dream, and with a soul keenly alive to the surroundings of her daily life. But was there no sort of

resemblance to her mother and grandmother? Alas, yes; and the time was fast approaching when the tiny germ would spring up and assert itself.

They, the mother and daughter, had wandered far from their home (St. Goar on the Rhine), and standing by the Loreley, both gazed upon the fair waters and the grandly-shaped rocks and mountains. Others were present, but to these two it seemed that they were alone; alone, to muse as they liked upon the present, past, and future. Esther's thoughts were mainly busy with this last—she was looking on and craving for herself a future of wealth and power. And the mother? Was she dreaming of her own youth as she gazed upon the young face she loved so well? Did she now regret the step she had taken upon her wedding morning? Did she now think kindly of the husband her coldness had repulsed? Was she sorry for the great and bitter wrong she

had wrought upon his young life? And now where was the gold for which she had bartered her life's happiness? She possessed but just sufficient for her daily wants—the bulk of it having been left, in preference to herself, to a distant relative of her deceased husband. Where, too, was the man whom once she had truly loved? Ah, that were indeed a bitter question! and raising her eyes to the blue heavens she prayed—yes, prayed—that Esther might be spared all this; for although she had sown the seeds of mammon in her child's heart, Esther was her idol, the one thing she loved truly in the world. It was even now more the beauty of the calm evening than anything else which had roused the accusing voice within her, and prompted so true and pure a wish for the daughter by her side; and yet she loved the girl. but can I lead you to understand—she loved gold even more. She was the same, and yet not the same as of old—

only there are moments in all our lives when that which ought to have been ours of purity and unselfishness visits us, perchance though, only, to make us feel when it is gone, how utterly hollow and withered our souls have become without it. And Esther, too—the sweet, subtle influence was drawing her as well away from the worship of the yellow dross of earth, to that which shall alone endure, when earth and its voices shall have died away, and heaven with its true charity have dawned upon the soul. Yes, and years and years after, she remembered the time, remembered it with bitterness too deep, too full of anguish for human tongue to tell. The steamer came in sight, and Esther and her mother, moving on down to the pier, took their places upon it to return home—and out there, in the still, purple twilight, Esther met her fate.



"No, no! I'm all right, my boy!"

A slight commotion arose on board, something being a little wrong with the boiler, as they afterwards discovered; and our two ladies, with the rest, were very nervous and frightened, till a gentleman coming forward and explaining the matter as a something; very slight indeed, and of no consequence whatever, set their minds at rest. It seemed that Esther's face struck him then; anyhow, he devoted himself to them during the remainder of the way, and seemed loath to part from them at their journey's end. He was but a holiday-seeker, and was to go further on the morrow; but it came and passed with many another morrow, and still he lingered, for the girl with her grace and charms had bound him fast, so that when at last he bade farewell to St. Goar it was but to hasten to England, in order to prepare for the due reception of his promised bride. "Come home and be married," such was the plea of his parents; and when, six

weeks later, Mrs. Westlake and Esther stepped upon British soil, no better welcome could have awaited a Princess of royal blood than was awarded to the dainty girl so soon to reign supreme in the mansion to which she was taken.

Again there is a lapse of years, and in another English home—not the same—a man lies dying. Not exactly on his death-bed, mind you; but for all that his life is slowly ebbing away, and he knows it. A doctor stands by his side, not one who receives pay for his daily visits—oh no, this one is the man's own son, who has left a good London practice on purpose to watch over the only parent he has ever known. It is anguish to both to be together—these two possess a bond of love between them, and the coming separation but draws this bond the tighter, causing pangs of heartfelt agony to which the world as it goes on, with Father Time leading the way and counting out the heart-beats which the son knows to be so very few, is wholly indifferent. This son was not young, but then no other love had come between his father and him, and he was casting over in his mind as he sat there, watching the feeble countenance before him, how life would be when this his one friend was gone.

"Harry!" The younger man started. "Harry, I feel that my strength goes now fast—you see it too, my boy—and I have something to tell—to ask you, I mean. Harry, I think I should like to see her—your mother—once more before the end."

His mother! It was then that Harry Mortimer arose to his feet, and held out his hand to feel if the invalid's pulse were not more than usually unsteady.

"No, no! I'm all right, my boy!" There was a peculiar ring of affection in the two words, "my boy." "I'm all right, Harry, only I have never told you of Es—, of your mother: perhaps I ought, and Harry, if you don't mind, I think I'll do it now."

Plainly the task would be no easy one, but Harry Mortimer knew that there ought to be no delay; and besides, he had long thought that some trouble lay heavy at that father's heart. Now, perhaps, the telling would remove it, or at any rate he, the son, would share it with him; which would, at all events, be better than nothing. But this mother! He had always believed her to be dead and lying in her grave: his father had told him once that it was so—what, oh what, did it all mean?

"You are mystified, Harry, and well you may be; but have patience yet a little, for I must begin at the beginning, and then you will know all. I met your mother as I was idling away my youthful leisure on the banks of the Rhine. She—we were both young, and as is the case sometimes, we fancied ourselves in love—fancied! Oh, Harry, before God, I say that mine was not fancy; it was true at least, whatever hers might have been—but there, naught can undo it all now!" He sighed wearily, and a strange look of mingled tenderness and pain swept over his pale face. The younger man was all attention, but he spoke not, and the fierce August sun which shone in upon them mocked, as it were, the faded eyes of the dying man, and the solemn stillness which reigned around.

"I need not tell you what she was, you have seen the picture of her as I knew her then." (Yes, and Harry wondered at the man, who with his wife yet living but as dead to him as though the grave held her, could bear to gaze upon her face in the early morning and late at night; for her portrait hung even now in his chamber, just opposite his bed, where his eyes could not fail but see it as soon as they opened or daylight appeared. Yes, he wondered very much at the heart which could be so constantly riven, and with so keen a pain.)

"She came to England to be married, for so my father and mother willed it; and not till they stood beneath the old roof in Dorset did my father at all recognise who they were. Then it came out that the mother had jilted him in early youth, and married someone with more money: but strange to say, my father came soon after, all unexpectedly, into a wealthy heirship, while this woman whom he had once loved so dearly, lost her husband and the greater part of the wealth she had so dearly bought at one and the same time. All this I learnt, but then Esther was true, she loved me for myself alone, and yet my heart misgave me sorely when I saw how gladly she turned away from my love for the vanities of the world. But she was so fair, so peerless in my eyes, and—God help me, Harry, my boy! it makes me well-nigh faint even now to recall the time—I loved her madly, madly, else I had not turned her away in my fierce anger."

"It came—the quarrel, I mean—on the next Midsummer Day but one after our marriage. She—your mother—was fond of life and gaiety. She had spent the previous season in town, and now she came to me, saying that some ladies whom she had grown to imitate during that time, were going to Paris; and thence, later on, to Rome for the winter months—could not she and I go as well? I told her, No! plainly and at once; for I had had enough of roving, and I was as dear to my father, Harry, as you are to me. I was their all, and they were trying to make our home and lives happy, and besides that, there was you to be cared for; and I thought that home, with us to love and cherish her, ought to have kept her too from wishing to roam. Then she grew angry—I had never seen her so before, saying that she might just as well have married a poor man as myself for all the pleasure which my wealth brought her. One word rose another, and I, stung to madness, asked her if she too had then wedded for gold, even as her mother before her. Then she quite forgot herself—yes, I believe they were the words of passion—and declared that she had made a worse mistake than that, but she would undo it, so far as lay in her power, by leaving me and going back once more to the mother I despised. My father bore came upon the scene—he was aggrieved for me, and his words, I need scarcely say, added yet fuel to the fire I had kindled—and so we parted. Of course her mother is long since dead—dead, yes; and she, Esther, is old; but I have never seen her since. I would have taken her back and forgiven her, had she made the least advance; she began the quarrel, therefore I felt it was her place to be the first to make it up. Now as I lie here, and as I look upon her fair face in the early morning, I grow to blame myself. Her love may have been a mistake as she said, but at least she could not help her mother's sin; and, my son, I had no right to deny to you a mother's love, a mother's holy care. She would—nay, she must—have loved you; and Harry, my boy, I should like to see her once more, once more on this side the grave."

Harry Mortimer's face was very grave and firm, and as he listened to all his father said, various emotions stirred his inmost soul. He loved his father with a love surpassing that of woman, and yet there was his mother, his unknown mother, and he pictured to himself her mute eyes pleading for the husband and child she had left so long ago. He struggled hard to think aright upon the matter, for although his heart yearned, had yearned all through his life, as a man's heart seldom does, for a mother's love, he yet thought severely, as was natural, of her who could prefer gaiety and amusement to the love of her husband and the nurturing of her child. He understood now at the last too why the old ancestral home in Dorset had been shut up since his grandparents' death, and this house, which was smaller and meaner in its every appointment, should have been chosen in its stead.

"Father, what would you have me do—go and seek her, or shall I merely write to her in your name?"

"Go, my son. Nay, don't think of me"; for he had seen his son start at the words he spoke. "She is old, or at least growing so, and her memory may not carry her back strongly enough to the days I dwell upon to induce her to come if you only write. Go to her—her heart must have cried out for her child. She will come with you, my son, and perhaps—perhaps she may be sorry, and I can then bless you both, you and her, before I die."

He thought otherwise, that loving, far-seeing son; and yet, because it was the wish of a dying soul, and because he himself longed to behold the mother whose face had been so fair in her girlhood, he tore himself hence, feeling quite sure that upon his return—his and hers—that death would have stilled for ever the craving soul he was now trying to satisfy. He would bring her home; so he promised the dying man, and they parted, never more on earth to meet again.

It was September, and the harvest moon rode high in the heavens; it poured its clear broad rays in through the yet uncurtained windows of the sick room. Henry Mortimer was sinking, sinking fast now, and to-night he was waiting, and would not have the lamp lit or the curtains drawn, because he would persuade himself that it was not yet so late, and because he felt somehow sure that those he expected would yet come.

A little distance down the lane a carriage stopped, and then a slight, shrunken figure moved slowly, hesitatingly up to the house wherein the dying man waited. The door was wide open, so like a poor criminal she crept in. A servant stood in her way, and of him she inquired of the whereabouts of his

master. He led her on to the upper chamber, and then she stole in alone, draped in heavy black from head to foot. The invalid scarce heard her step, but he felt her presence, and stretched forth his hand as best he could to welcome her. Oh, how she clung to it, shedding bitter, bitter tears the while. Neither spoke at the first, then the father and husband asked feebly for his son, his well-beloved.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! you will hate me now more than ever. I feel sure of it! If he had only let me be, and stayed with you—

"What! you have not injured him, or stayed him from coming back to me?"

"Me!" and she raised her slim, shrunken figure to its full height—as though she could have injured or stayed a man! Then once more she fell on her knees by that dying bed.

"He is dead!" You might for the next few seconds have heard a pin drop in that room, and then once again the weak voice of the woman broke the stillness. "A man fell overboard from the deck of the steamer—your boy (she could not say *ours*) saved him, and in so doing lost his own life. Oh, my husband! you cannot tell how guilty I feel, how weak, how much in need of forgiveness and pity!"

"Forgiveness and pity! No, never!" and sinking back upon the bed from which in his sudden anguish and passion he had risen, he breathed his last.

Eather followed him to the grave, and inherited her portion of the worldly goods which were left. Poor soul! she had loved him down deep in her heart, she had grown shrunken and old for his sake. It was her early training which had wrought the evil in the first place, and lastly, that mother who had been so false herself had nurtured the spirit of proud resentment which had kept her from acknowledging her wrong afterwards. Then, when her mother grew old and needed a daughter's care, she gave it her; and when at last she stood alone, and knew to the full how lonely a life like hers could be, she would not go back with her marred beauty to him whom she had left in the bloom of her youth. A ray from heaven crossed her path with her son's visit, but he perished in bringing her home; and the other life she loved—oh, it was terrible!

"The wreath of love—for her it bloomed,

For her it faded fast.

In vain! Her lone heart droops, consumed

By yearnings for the past."—*Foqué.*

PASSING AWAY.

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY, M.A.

Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found:
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
Another race the following Spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these, when those have passed away.

THE long, warm summer is past, and the solemn days—days of the "sere and yellow leaf"—have come. How many a sweet hour we have spent during these summer days!

We have watched the beautiful unfoldings of summer. We have seen the grain grow tall and mature under the influence of sunshine and shower. We have seen the blossoms fall from the apple-trees, and the fruit form and ripen. We have seen the reaper and mower swiftly cutting the grass and grain for the use of man and beast. Now the autumn fruits are being gathered. Wagons go creaking along the dusty highway, laden with the golden fruits of the season. Now the forests are shedding their coats, covering the earth with crimson and gold; and the fields are yielding their treasures as a reward to the hard-handed farmer, to be an equivalent of gold in his barn and granary. Summer has blushed and bloomed; now autumn breezes sigh plaintively through the half-naked branches of the trees. Oh, there is a look of mournful beauty in the rich autumn landscape, as it stretches away before us! We love autumn; the air is so bracing, the roads so smooth, the farmers' boys so happy, and everything is so mellow! It has been a summer well spent. We have been so near to nature, met and conversed with so many people, seen so much of all sides of life. We have been to weddings, picnics, and funerals; and sometimes to all in one day. We have seen wealth and poverty; we have shaken hands with the strong and healthy, and have held in ours the cold and feeble hand

of the sick. We have gone to one house to congratulate those upon whom fortune has smiled, and then to others to offer our words of condolence.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

But the summer is over; the blossoms are not; the birds are turning southward; the days are cooler and shorter. Soon the earth will be mantled in her snowy sheet; and we shall be shut up within doors, to work and wait for the coming of summer again.

If we had never seen an autumn; if our eyes had always viewed the world as summer presents it to our sight, with dense foliage, with deep rich verdure, with breezes laden with the sweetest aroma, with songs of birds, and this universal life, and if there should have crept over the beautiful face of nature these signs of decay; if gradually the songs of birds had died away into distant murmurs, and then ceased; if the grand oak, whose rugged boughs had held up the deep foliage, as if to shield the sweltering herd from the intense rays of a summer sun, were seen turning into dark russet; if the vine, which clammers the sides of the oak, all the long summer flaunting her green leaves over the mossy trunk, were suddenly changed into a festoon of deepest crimson; if the maple should suddenly lift its arms, all draped in carnation and orange; if the hickory, tall and graceful as our ideal queen, should be transformed into gold, and if, at every step, we tramped beneath our foot the crisped leaf, and everywhere should see the deadened stalk, the gray meadow, and the dust-covered hill-slope; if, instead of the playful breezes, there should come the sharp whistling winds—instead of the calm summer sky, the cloudy heavens threatening our very peace with their darkness; if, thus for the first time in our life, we had witnessed the change from summer to autumn as we witness it now,—what would be the emotions which would rise in our hearts! What sad forebodings of our world's destiny would these changes mark!

But our eyes have become used to the scenes of an autumn change. And when the summer bids us adieu, leaving her cast-off garments to be driven by the winds at their will—to rot on the ground, and bank themselves in each nook and corner—we adjust ourselves to the new conditions of nature; our eyes turn and look for the coming snow, the naked forest, the ice-covered creek, the white bank of frozen earth; and we draw ourselves within our dwellings, to sit by our cheerful fires, and while away the fleeting hours in the sacred social endearments of life.

The fading leaf, the richly-coloured leaf, as it hangs on the branch of the tree where it grew and fluttered in the summer winds; the faded leaf, as it drops from the branch upon the ground beneath, and lies pensively there in the autumn days,—is indeed not only the beautiful "banner of autumn," but it is an expressive symbol of every man's life.

"We all do fade as a leaf"; but we shall live again. The power which will enrobe these fields and forests in their garments of beauty in spring-time—the strange force whose exercise will re-leaf and re-blossom all these trees and shrubs—can in some mysterious way re-clothe our spirits in immortal bodies.

"We all do fade as a leaf"—"all." You can say to yourself: "I am fading; my race will soon be run; my work, like that of the hireling, will soon be accomplished." There is your wife; she is fading away like the leaf, and will soon be gone. Your child, young and healthy and beautiful, is subject to the same decay. Your dearest friend, the most cherished, is fading. We are all passing away—fading, fading!

Take us from this one cherished hope of the life which is to come, and what a sombre world this would be!

But immortal life is ours. Our dear friends die to live in a deathless land; and we shall meet again, mingle again in sweetest communion, in the sweet "by and by."

Solemnly the words fall on our ears: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." But sweetly come the words, from the same lips: "'Tis enough; come up higher." Go, see, in the faded leaves of autumn, the emblems of human life.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

COME, SAITH THE SPIRIT.

Words and Music by C. G. JACKSON.

1. The Spir-it is teach-ing. He comes to thy heart. To tell thee of Je-sus, Heed, lest He de-part.
 2. The Spir-it is call-ing; His voice ring-ing clear. Pro-claims full sal-va-tion, Thou heed-less one, hear.
 3. The Spir-it is striv-ing; His strength doth im-part. Best hope to thy wea-ry And wa-ver-ing heart.
 4. The Spir-it is plead-ing; Oh, sin-struck-en, think. How Christ's wounds are bleed-ing Oh, thirst-ty one, drink.
 5. The Spir-it bids free-ly Life's pure wa-ter take. Oh, come to the Foun-tain; Thy burn-ing thirst slake.
 6. The Spir-it points all men To Christ cru-ci-fled. Come, thou art in-vi-ted; Not one is do-nied.

REFRAIN.

Come, saith the Spir-it; Come, saith the Bride; Oh, haste thee to Je-sus, To Christ cru-ci-fled.

THE TRUE GLORY OF A CHURCH.

BY REV. J. W. CRAKE.

WE are too apt to regard respectability as a synonym for piety, and to conclude we are prosperous, when we are only wealthy. Upon a Church, in which the rich man stands upon his money bags, and imagines himself thereby so much nearer heaven, we may well write Ichabod—the glory has departed. The true glory of a Church consists in

THE PURITY OF ITS MEMBERS.

No Church on earth can be absolutely pure. It is not a valid objection to a Church to say it contains some hypocrites. In this world of mixed motives, and imperfect men, it cannot well be avoided. Indeed, the existence of hypocrites may be regarded as a compliment to the Church in which they are found. Counterfeit coin requires the existence of the real thing in order to make it pass current; and the existence of hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. But a true Church will always seek to maintain a godly discipline, and aim at a high standard of holy living.

ITS SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

All healthy life is characterised by progress. No increase in worldly influence, or material wealth, will serve as a substitute for spiritual growth. The law of church life is progress in purity, Christly zeal, and missionary enthusiasm.

THE UNITY OF ITS MEMBERS.

The Divine blessing cannot be expected to descend amid strife and discord. It is only when the winds are still that the dews of heaven fall upon the thirsty earth. A Church cannot be expected to grow in holiness and usefulness, unless that "union which is strength" obtains among its members.

THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF ITS MEMBERS.

There is no more abject sight than that of a Christian, who, himself saved from a sea of sin, is lying idly just above the tide-mark, making no effort to save those struggling among the billows below. His duty is to get his own feet firmly on a rock, and then reach down a hand to the rescue of his brother from the same stormy wave. A Church composed of indolent members, without sympathy for the lost, and without self-sacrificing zeal to devise means for their rescue, can have no true glory.

CONTINUED ACCESSION TO ITS MEMBERSHIP.

It is a mere commonplace to say, that, unless a Church is recruited by continued accessions from the world, it will speedily die out. The losses from backsliding and death must be made up. The sympathy and fervour which arise from winning men to Christ, exercise a glorious influence. The hearts of the members are bound together in one common bond, animated by one enthusiasm, inspired by one faith, cheered by one hope—distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

THE PRAYERFULNESS OF ITS MEMBERS.

Where a Church is in a healthy condition, its members will

throng eagerly to the prayer-meeting. Private devotion will be a pleasure, and family worship a joy. The preacher will be nobly sustained in his work; "the word of the Lord will have free course;" the services of the sanctuary will be attractive; sinners will feel the holy influence; love one to another will increase; Christian-fellowship will be esteemed a sweet privilege; the Sabbath will be a delight; God will bestow His choicest blessings, and all the affairs of the Church will prosper.

We have not exhausted our list of the qualities essential to the true glory of a Church, the space at our disposal being limited; but we are persuaded that any Church possessing the features enumerated, will possess an abiding glory, and exercise a holy influence upon the welfare of mankind.

POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."

CHARACTER PRESERVED.—In the report of thirty-five schools of Massachusetts, U.S., it was definitely stated that no individual from their number had ever been arraigned before a civil tribunal for immoral conduct, while only two from all the schools in the State are mentioned who had been arrested, and these attended the Sunday-school irregularly for a very short time.

ROSIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Little children, love one another."



JOHN PRITCHARD was leaning upon his bench, watching the summer sunshine, with a face glad and serious at one and the same time. Shall I tell you of what he was thinking? Well, he was just trying to find out for himself what his little girl Rose would best like, as a sort of birthday treat. John Pritchard believed in birthdays you see, and in presents, sunshine, and glad smiles, it was his wish too that Rosie should have them, and be as happy as a little girl can well be.

"Mother!" He had left his shop and stood now by the paling of the little flower garden by the door. "I wonder what we can give Rosie to-morrow?"

Mrs. Pritchard fairly laughed, and then telling him to come in, showed him a tiny tea-service which she had bought in readiness, and said also that she should send Rosie over to the next village early in the morning, with invitations for her two cousins, Annie and Clara, to come back with her and spend the day. You see mother knew what to do to make a birthday happy, and a day to be remembered till another birthday should come, and take its place.

The next morning dawned brightly, and Rosie skipped hither and thither in her birthday joy, pleased with her present, pleased also at the thought of fetching her cousins over to share in her grand tea-making; for she was an only child, and companions of her own age were doubly delightful to her on that account. Breakfast over, she prepared to set out upon her errand. She paused a moment at the gate, to gather a red, red rose, when softly her mother drew near, and taking her little hand in hers, spoke to her in the grave yet gentle tones but few people save mothers use. "Rosie, I don't like to say it on your birthday, but I hope you won't be naughty and show your temper to-day. I want you, my darling, always to remember what I was talking to you about only last night, about 'gentle Jesus,' and that I wish my little Rosie to try to be like Him.

"Oh, mother!" and Rosie brushed away a tear from her bright eye, "there's no fear to-day," and because she did not

wish to have her glad day spoilt with more tears, she ran lightly off on her way for Annie and Clara.

The sunlight was making long shadows across the neatly sanded floor, and Rosie and her little guests were seated at a low table making tea for themselves, a privilege they had never before attained to during their short lives. Mrs. Pritchard having settled them comfortably, was out walking in the shady lane, so that the children might not feel the restraint of her presence, when suddenly angry voices fell upon her ear, and she saw Rosie dart out of the cottage and round into the back garden, declaring she would stay there, and never, no never, play with Annie and Clara again. The mother went in, and found the two children sobbing over one of Rosie's new cups, which they had, it appeared, somehow managed to break. Of course she comforted them as best she could, for well she knew that it was but an accident, although, like them, she was sorry, very sorry, it should have happened. She sent them out to play when their tears were dried, telling them to leave Rosie to herself, for it hurt her more than she could tell to know how spoilt and passionate her little girl was, and she fancied to herself that to leave her alone would, perhaps, be the best way of bringing her to a better frame of mind. Well, the sunlight was so golden that the two sisters could but be glad in spite of Rosie and the broken cup. They wandered away to the downs, too, and ran races till—till Annie, who knew but little of the place, ran too far, and fell head-foremost down a steep quarry, and was afterwards taken up for dead. Oh, how Rosie wept and wrung her hands then! "If only I had been there!" she wailed, "I could have told her, because I knew where the quarry was!" It was, however, too late to sob and cry, for Annie, though not dead, was a cripple for life. After that, I am happy to say, Rosie prayed earnestly to God, and tried herself as well to grow loving and forgiving even as Christ.

THE UNEDUCATED SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. A. TAYLOR.

IT is not polite to call people dunces, either when we address them, or when we speak of them behind their backs. Nor would the name of dunce be exactly the title for the collection of teachers and scholars in the school which we now peep. They do not desire or intend to be dunces. They do not, in some instances, even suspect that their shortcomings in learning are noticed. But, so far as any actual gain in religious knowledge is concerned, we might as well put a company of professed grown-up dunces to the work of teaching a lot of little dunces.

Here are teachers. Here are scholars. The teachers have come nominally to instruct the children in scriptural truth; the children have come to receive the instruction. It is an understood thing that the children are not very learned; it is also an understood thing that the teachers are sufficiently versed in scriptural knowledge to convey considerable information to those whom they profess to teach.

These are pleasant theories. They do not work into practice. The scholars are verily unlearned, but the teachers are almost as ignorant as they. In the opening exercises of the school all goes well; the singing is done with enthusiasm, and the prayer is decorously engaged in. The library books are rightly attended to, and the attendance is carefully marked in the class-books. It is when the lesson commences that the trouble begins. Teacher makes scholar read the verses several times, and then begins to thrust great printed questions at him. The lesson is in the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts; subject Paul's shipwreck. The question is asked, at the thirty-ninth verse, "When day came what did they discover?" The child at whom this question is poked, says that they discovered a certain creek. "Good child," says the teacher, and goes on to the next. That child, certainly, knows all about the lesson. The next printed question is "Was this a welcome or an unwelcome sight?" Child answers, "Dunno." Another child says, "Guess it was welcome." The next says, "Why, no it wasn't; it was unwelcome." In the diversity of opinions teacher is somewhat bothered, and concluding not to commit himself, pushes on to the next question, namely, "What did they do?" which, in its turn, is followed by, "What kind of ships did they have in those days?" The illiterate teacher leaves his class; as

ignorant as when they began. The dry asking of these questions has accomplished nothing. Had the children read the story of the shipreck, without being interrupted by these bony questions, they might have been interested and instructed. A smart teacher, who will take the trouble to study his lesson and the things connected with it, and also to study the art of communicating to others what he knows, might spend half-an-hour on these verses, and awaken such an interest that on the next Sunday, when the doings on the island of Malta are before the class, there will not be a vacant seat or an unprepared lesson.

The world is a little wiser than the Sunday-school in this respect. When teaching is to be done, it must be done by those who know something about what they profess to teach. Let a teacher of music put out his sign, and advertise to teach pupils. Let the discovery be made that he knows nothing about music, or that he has not the gift of imparting what knowledge he has, and few people can be found so simple-minded as to send their children to take lessons of him. Let a lady apply to a board of school directors for a situation to teach grammar, geography, or geometry. If her acquaintance with those sciences is found to be as slender as the acquaintance of these uneducated teachers with the Bible, she is informed that the place is not open to her. The good house-keeper is not anxious to secure the services of the lady from Ireland just landed off the emigrant ship, who honestly declares that, though she knows nothing about cookery, she has no objection to taking the place and being "taiched."

The difficulty with the band of teachers before us is that they have never been taught how to teach, or what to teach. "Will you take a class, madam?" "With a great deal of pleasure, sir." That is too often the only fitness, or examination as to fitness. The teachers mean well. They have listened all their lives to able sermons. But these sermons were all the religious instruction they had, and they did not descend into the detail of *how to teach*. They know some of the leading doctrines of Christianity; but they have not that intimate knowledge of the Bible, and the circumstances connected with Bible history, which would make them good teachers. Nor have they all the means of finding out what to teach and how to teach it. Their houses do not abound with commentaries, Bible dictionaries, concordances, or other scriptural helps. In many instances their only help, beyond a reference Bible, is the question book. And it is a sad fact that most of the question books now published hinder as much as they help.

What, then, shall we do for our "uneducated Sunday-school?" We must educate it. We must show it how to teach. We must buy it a good "teachers' library," with all the books published for the help of people who want to study the Word of God. The beginning of this library will cost ten pounds. After that, spend twenty pounds a year on it. *The teachers must meet together to study.* Not only to read over the verses, and ask each other the printed questions in the question book, but to compare help with help, idea with idea, Scripture with Scripture. The pastor, or the superintendent, or anybody who knows how, must preside, and put the enterprise through. The study-meeting must be social and pleasant.

The blind cannot lead the blind. Both will fall into the ditch. Uneducated teachers will make ignorant scholars.

CALM.

I STAND upon the Mount of God
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
No storms, nor clouds, can rise.

Oh, THIS is life! Oh, this is joy!
My God, to find Thee so;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

—Dr. H. Bonar.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE probability of an Afghanistan war is the great question now agitating the public mind. It is much feared that such a war would disturb our relations with Russia; and that Persia would also be involved. However that may be, war preparations are being made on both sides, and altogether the outlook is very grave.

Are we approaching another financial panic? So many are asking, for these things are periodical; and the failure of the Glasgow City Bank, with liabilities amounting to £10,000,000 or £12,000,000—some say £14,000,000—has shaken the commercial world. The *Times* says that rumour has been busy in the City, and that "firms and institutions which should be above suspicion have not been spared"; and further, that "we have ample evidence in the Bank returns of the existence of the gravest anxiety to the business of the world."

The mission of the Rev. W. H. M. H. Aitken to the young men of London has so far been outwardly successful that large crowds have been drawn to hear him; but if the countenances of his hearers are sufficient indication of the inward effects produced, a deep impression has been made, and many cases are spoken of in which the preacher's words have been powerful in producing marvellous changes in the deportment and habits of some who have attended. Evidently the Spirit of God has been present at the services.

The House of Commons will miss a familiar face when it next assembles—that of Mr. Whalley, M.P., whose persistent advocacy of the claims of the distinguished Dartmoor convict, no less than his sterling Protestantism, brought him prominently before the House. While his efforts were not unfrequently provocative of much merriment, his earnestness and sincerity secured him the respect of many who differed from his views. Mr. Whalley represented Peterborough for twenty years.

Dean Stanley has been warmly welcomed in the United States. Only two days after his arrival he attended the 250th anniversary of the landing of John Endicott, the first governor of Massachusetts, which was celebrated at Salem on Sept. 18. At a banquet the Dean responded to the toast of "Our Old Home," and gave an address full of reciprocal expressions of admiration and regard for the new home as well as the old. His address contained many eloquent passages which we have not space to quote.

In the London School Board districts it is estimated that there are 614,857 children requiring education, and provision is made, or nearly completed, for 515,000 children. The Board has 278 schools under its control, accommodating nearly 200,000 children—being an increase of thirty-six schools during the year. During the last seven years accommodation has been provided for the education of 203,132 children. The average attendance is about 75 per cent. of those on the school registers. Up to last midsummer 8,508 homeless and destitute orphan and lawless children were taken off the streets. The cost of all this is defrayed by rates of, at present, 5½d. in the pound, producing a sum of about £300,000 per annum.

The Presbyterians of Ireland are doing a praiseworthy work in relation to orphan children. Thirteen years ago the Presbyterian Orphan Society was formed. Twenty-five orphans were taken charge of. Since then the number has multiplied more than a hundredfold, there being now over 2,600 on the roll, 160 having been added during the past year. The funds for their support are contributed to by 540 congregations. Last year the income was £10,763. The invested funds amount to £22,617.

The autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union at Leeds, the Congregational Union at Liverpool, the Evangelical Union at Glasgow, and the Church Congress at Sheffield, have largely occupied the columns of the religious press. The number of papers read and topics discussed ought to be productive of much good. The list is too formidable to summarise in this column. Perhaps the best deliverances have been those of the presidents, the utterances of each of whom have been highly suggestive, and have to some extent struck the keynote of the discussions, but there have not been wanting those who have spoken with vigour and have struck out new and independent lines of thought.

The name of George Thompson is not so familiar to the present generation as it was to the last. Thirty years ago he was at the height of his popularity. It was considered by many a rare treat to hear him speak. He had then for years laboured hard for the Anti-Corn Law League, and previously had been one of the most earnest advocates of the Anti-Slavery

movement. Every good work of a social or philanthropic nature found in him a warm-hearted and zealous supporter. He did much also to bring about greatly-needed reforms in India, and took part in the formation of the British Association. Of late years his voice has not been heard in public—declining health rendering his withdrawal from public life imperative. On Monday night, October 7, George Thompson breathed his last.

It is interesting to learn that Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon offers as a gift to any minister in Ireland, in actual charge of a congregation, a copy of Spurgeon's "Treasury of David," on condition that he apply for it, and pay cost of carriage. The work is in five large volumes, and since July last Mrs. Spurgeon has sent over to Ireland, gratuitously, a thousand volumes.

The total amount required for the endowment of the new bishopric of Liverpool is £85,000. Of this sum £75,000 has already been promised. At a recent meeting of the committee who have the fund under their charge, four subscriptions of £10,000 each were announced.

A home for working girls has been opened at 88, St. John-street, Clerkenwell. An interesting meeting was held on the premises on Tuesday evening, October 8. The ladies of the committee of the society lately started for providing "Homes for Working Girls in London," invited a number of young women and girls employed in factories and workrooms to spend an evening at the "Home," which is the first opened by the society. A goodly number responded. Tea was provided, after which there was a little singing, a portion of Scripture, and prayer. Mrs. S. G. Reaney then gave an appropriate address. The "Home" was stated by the secretary to be ready for any who might choose to avail themselves of it—the design being to help those who would help themselves.

A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used Bunter's Nerve, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience."

The tenth anniversary of the Agricultural Hall Religious Services was celebrated on Sunday, October 6. Dr. Thain Davidson, who conducted the first service on the afternoon of Sunday, October 4, 1868, and who has been associated with the work ever since, gave an address, and was supported by ministers of the various congregations in the neighbourhood. Since their commencement the services have been thoroughly unsectarian. During the past year the services have been conducted by thirteen ministers of the Church of England, thirteen Presbyterian, thirteen Congregational, five Baptist, and three Wesleyan. Speaking of the variety thus secured since the services were started, Dr. Davidson said that the preachers had ranged from a bishop to a butcher, and from an earl to a costermonger.

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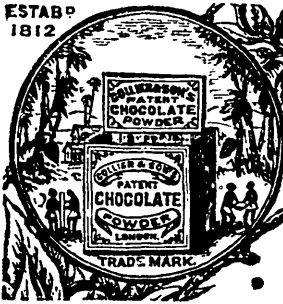
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