

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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## EDITORIAL.

### THE EPIDEMIC OF CRIME.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there; why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered." These are the words of a patriot. They were written at a time when religion was low and wickedness high. The words came therefore from a sad heart. Why was he sad? Was he sick? No! Was death robbing him? No! Was he suffering from adversity? No! It is not for himself; but for his country he is in trouble. Here is a spirit the opposite of Cain's. Every thing that concerns our country concerns us. Let us be followers of Jeremiah, and not of Cain. Let us arise above our own interests, and let us love our country, rejoice in its prosperity; and mourn for its guilt. Two things troubled Jeremiah; 1st. That his country was sick, with eating and running sores—i.e., morally and spiritually in a bad way; and 2nd. That his country was stubborn and stupid. It would not employ the balm and the physician. The remedy was as plentiful as the balsam from the Terobinth trees of Gilead, and the surgeon, as the Hebrew word suggests, within reach; but they were unconscious of their state, or unwilling to be relieved. They continued in this

state till the Chaldeans invaded their land, destroyed their cities, and carried them captives for long years. Have these words any meaning for us? They suggest this question:

I. *How is it with regard to the health of our own Dominion? Is it ill or well with it. Has it soundness? or are there wounds, running sores? From all quarters the answer reaches us there are festering sores!* There was held in the city of Toronto a few weeks ago a gathering of the medical men of Ontario. One of the oldest and most experienced among them called the attention of the Association to the "Epidemic of crime, that is now in the land." All the newspapers agree with this. Not a week passes but there is a list of crimes against decency, and against order; against property, and against life. Children and women are waylaid and outraged; houses broken into; men are murdered in silly quarrels—murdered for their money; on the street, at their doors. Listen to what the *Montreal Witness* says in a recent issue:

"Indecent assaults are becoming so common in Montreal upon children, as well as grown up girls, that it is a matter for serious consideration whether the punishment generally meted out is not

totally inadequate. Within the past week there have been no less than four cases of this kind of offence, two being peculiarly heinous, and unless the magistrates inflict a penalty that will strike terror into these brutal ruffians, some people may feel very much like taking the law into their own hands." There is no doubt, as to the report we must bring in. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

II. *What are the causes of this state of matters?* A knowledge of the disease and its causes is half the cure. In reply to this question we would say in general terms that the cause of these crimes is mainly and chiefly the natural depravity of the human heart. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," etc. "The heart is deceitful." But there are influences at work that stir up this depravity. Can we lay our hands on any exciting causes of crime. (1.) There is ignorance of the word of God. "My people perish through lack of knowledge." "That the soul be without knowledge is not good." And yet hundreds of families are without worship and reading of the scriptures. Then, in many of our day schools the Bible is never read. So that many young people begin life in great ignorance of Christ. Their minds are like a city with all the walls broken down. 2. There is another cause—the prevalence of error in regard to the nature of sin, its awful vileness and its endless punishment. If there is no life after death, or if there is no punishment, or if the wicked are restored, etc., then what restraint on unconverted men from any crime they can commit, without fear of punishment. (3.) Another cause is the full reports given in newspapers of crime. Newspapers ought to record the news faithfully: but not all the circumstances. The judge and jury ought to hear the evidence; but there is no reason why the public should. But the newspaper is largely a speculation for making

money. "They who live to please must please to live." Hence whatever makes the paper sell, must be inserted. Readers, shut out all such papers from your houses. (4.) A cause worse than any is the traffic in strong drink. It is the opinion of many that three-fourth's of the crime committed is through strong drink. Of 7,000 prisoners in 1873, 5,000 were intemperate. The *Recorder* of Montreal says that nine-tenths of the crime in his city is through strong drink. These are some of the causes of the awful prevalence of crime in our midst. Our next enquiry must be: Is there a remedy? Is there balm, etc.

III. *Is there a remedy for this state of things?* We have reason to thank God that we can answer in the affirmative. There is balm, there is a surgeon. A wound, bruise etc., requires the knife of the surgeon and the balm of the apothecary. It requires sharp means and gentle means. Both these God has provided for us. The balm He provides in the gospel of His Son. Here is the remedy that soothes and heals. The knife He provides is the sword of civil power. "If thou do that which is evil be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." The minister, and magistrate, are both from God; each has its own place and sphere. They are like the fingers and the thumb on opposite sides, having opposite functions, powers, privileges, but working together as the five fingers do, to promote peace on earth, and glory to God in the highest. When these two institutions are faithful to their mission there is public health, or if wounds appear they are soon healed. But the existence of the balm and the physician, or surgeon, is of no avail without the application of the remedy. The ointment may be on the sick man's table, and the surgeon at his bed-side, but if the balm and the

knife are not applied they are of no use. It was here all the evil lay in the time of Jeremiah. Israel was wounded and the wounds needed attention. There was a balm and a surgeon on the way almost: but Israel would have neither. Hence the hopelessness of the case, the wail of the patriot.

IV. How is the remedy to be applied? It is in this matter we are on our trial. God has given us a pure Gospel; he has given a free constitution. How are we to apply them? (1.) The first thing demanded of us is, that the pulpits of the Dominion should give to Christ his proper place. This was the idea of Paul, and the plan he followed: "I determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ." "I am not ashamed of the Gospel." The result of his work, the churches he established, the influence he has exerted in the history of Europe, shews the wisdom of his plan. When we say that Christ is to be the theme you must not suppose that this limits the pulpit, or that the subject will ever grow thread-bare. Christ is a mine of knowledge and wisdom that can never be exhausted. If any one said for six months he would lecture every night on the Exhibition at Philadelphia, would that imply that he would soon exhaust his subject? So with Christ. The theme is endless: in his divinity and humanity, in his person, his character, his work; as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; in His birth, his life, his death; his miracles, his parables, his prayers and his preachings; Christ suffering and yet conquering; Christ exalted and ruling. Christ in the pulpits of the land is the best security for moral order.

Talk of morality, thou bleeding Lamb;  
The great morality is love of thee.

Let us rest assured of this, that as long as the popish pulpits of Quebec banish Christ to make room for the

Virgin Mary, and saints, and as soon as the Protestant pulpits banish Christ to make way for any other theme, then its power is gone, the glory is departed, may be written on it. (2.) The second thing demanded is that the youth of our land should be, from their infancy, familiar with the Bible. The Bible in the hand hearts, ears, of the young was a leading feature in the training of the young of Israel. "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and risest up. There are found in the Hebrew Scriptures certain elements that are lacking in the literature of the present day. In the Hebrew Scriptures our children will find sublime ideas of God, as the *Jehovah self-existent*; the *Almighty*, the *Most High*, the *Lord of Lords*, the sovereign of the stars, material hosts of heaven, and of the angels. He is infinitely and absolutely wise, strong, good, true, faithful, and as the consummate glory of all the Divine perfections He is holy. They find there sublime views of His government. They find there awful views of sin—the thing God hates. Just as the flower in the darkened room needs the sun-light, and the children of the narrow streets of the crowded city, need the open and fresh air of heaven, so do our youth need the Hebrew Scriptures. (3.) The third thing is that our newspaper press should be conducted on Christian principles. It is not enough that the newspaper press should be *decent*: the law of the land compels this. All grossly immoral publications are liable to be seized; not enough that it should *cease to oppose* Christ and His Church. This is now very much the case. It is not enough that it should be *moral*; it is so largely. There are negative qualities. It ought to be *Christian* in its *faith*, in its *morals*, in its *spirit* and *love*. Christian—so as not to allow

money to be its god; nor allow anything contrary to Christian decorum to soil its pages. That its motto should be "Christ and Christianity." (4.) The fourth thing required is that the traffic in strong drink be forbidden throughout the land. If a man has a dog about his place which has taken to biting, he will likely first warn people, then shut him up; if this does not do he will chain him; then muzzle him. If all this fail so that he bites the very land that feeds him, then he must be destroyed. It is showed so with strong drink. It is a good thing to warn people, to use moral suasion to raise the moral line of society. Right welcome therefore are the words of one of our political papers—on "drunkenness in high places." It says: For a legislator, a statesman, a magistrate—any one in fact who, by virtue of his official standing, lies under an obligation to discountenance and discourage drunkenness, to be himself a drunkard is a strange libel upon the properties and common sense.

"There was, it is true, a time when this deplorable failing was not regarded as particularly disgraceful. Public opinion was not so active as it has since become on this question. Now, the means by which society may be purged of this offence is one of the chief topics of the law. Legislation is invoked, the hand of justice is rendered more active, "moral suasion" is diligently applied in every direction. In decent company drunkenness is regarded as an outrage and an insult. Differing as men do with regard to the means of preventing drunkenness, the public mind is a unit in favour of its prevention. But if that is tolerated in those who should be public exemplars, which the whole country with one voice will pronounce as hateful and dangerous, the whole of the efforts, moral and legal, for the suppression of drunkenness are a mere burlesque, a waste of power, and a huge mockery.

"If a merchant or a banker finds his trusted servant is a drunkard, if he discovers that on some occasion when he most needs his service he is helplessly inebriated, he discharges him. No greater disqualification can anybody present for employment in any ordinary capacity than the habit of "being drunk on duty." The policeman who so far forgets himself is discharged as an unsafe public servant. Why not, then, a magistrate, or an alderman, or a mayor, or any other municipal functionary? The Government clerk suffers the same fate; why not, then, the head of his department? It is a settled principle that drunkenness is incompatible with efficiency. Why is the state, of all employers, to be the one that fails to insist on efficiency? It is hardly necessary to point out that so long as the high officers of any public body are guilty of such a vice and yet allowed to retain their places, or so long as offenders are allowed to aspire to prominent stations, the difficulty of dealing with subordinates is greatly enhanced. If a drunkard is elected to a high position the moral standard of the whole community is deteriorated. It is as detrimental to the moral tone of society to pay this honour to a man who periodically, by the mere indulgence of his appetite, robs himself of reason and sinks to the level of a brute, as it would be to elect to office a thief or a forger who happened in other respects to be perchance "a good fellow," or an efficient man of business.

"The fiat of the people should be that no drunkard, no man who is known to yield himself to the influence of this degrading vice, should hold office however humble, or receive honour however small, at their hands. The knowledge that this rule would be stringently applied to every aspirant for place or honour would be one means, at all events, of advancing the great social reform towards the accom-

plishment of which so many are labouring. "No drunkard admitted here," should be the motto inscribed over every municipal Council-room. "No drunkard admitted here," should be conspicuous on the door of every public department, of every judicial tribunal, of every Legislature, and above all the Council Chambers where meet the advisers of the Crown. The qualification to be exacted is not a severe one. Nobody need be a drunkard. We never yet met with anybody who did not feel a sense of shame at the contemplation of his own failing in this respect. Even if it demands some social sacrifices, it is only fitting that those who covet positions of honour and emolument should be ready to make sacrifices in order to attain the object of their desires. But there must be no exceptions to the application of the principle, and the more prominent the person excluded by it the more salutary will be the example."

These words are welcome and much needed; but something more is required than to put a brand on the face of every drunkard. Yes, some one replies, we must regulate the traffic; we must chain the dog. That is good too—chain after chain has been tried; each new chain heavier and stronger than the old one, and yet the evil is not checked—let the vicious brute be slain. One remedy now remains. It is that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks shall for ever cease in the Dominion of Canada. That is the conclusion now at length arrived at by the Christian people of this country. When an intelligent Christian people arrives calmly at a conclusion as to their duty they are not easily driven from their purpose. For years back, since the State of Maine adopted her Prohibitory Law, this conviction has been gathering strength, especially in America, until now it bids fair to be the great battle question till it is settled.

Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P., the celebrated English brewer, in his pamphlet "How to stop Drunkenness," says:—"It would not be too much to say, that if all drinking of fermented liquors could be done away, crime of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount, and the whole tone of moral feeling in the lower orders might be indefinitely raised. Not only does this vice produce all kinds of wanton mischief, but it has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will—soaking their brains with beer, or influencing them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the School, the Library, and the Church, all united, against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. It is, in short, intoxication that fills our gaols—it is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums, and it is intoxication that fills our work-houses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England. We are convinced that if a statesman who heartily wished to do the utmost possible good to his country, were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the true reply—the reply which would be exacted by full deliberation—would be that he should *study the means by which this worst of plagues can be stayed.* The intellectual, the moral, and the religious warfare of our people, their national comforts, their domestic happiness, are all involved. The question is, whether millions of our countrymen shall be helped to become happier and wiser—whether pauperism, lunacy, disease and crime shall be diminished—whether multitudes of men, women

and children shall be aided to escape from utter ruin of body and soul?"

Slavery has passed away from this continent; war between the United States and Canada has ceased; strong drink must go next. God speed the day.

Dear readers, you all have a stake in the future of this country. Parents, you own land; your children will be here after you. Young people, this great country belongs to you after we die. It is a glorious country; but there is a foul festering sore at present open. It

spoils its beauty, it threatens its well-being. Is there no balm in Gilead? Yes. Let the Gospel sound forth from our pulpits; let the light of the Gospel get into the pulpits of Quebec; let our young know their Bibles; let our public press be partakers of the spirit of Christianity, and let the knife be applied to the traffic in strong drink, and to the north of the great lakes will rise a nation that will stand by and by, on an equal footing with Britain and the United States.

## LIVING PREACHERS.

*(Preached in Westminster Church, Philadelphia, Evening of July 25th, 1876.)*

### CHRIST'S GRACIOUS RECEPTION OF SINNERS.

BY THE REV. DAVID WINTERS.

"Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him, and the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."—Luke xv. 1, 2.

There was about our Lord a strange attraction which drew vast multitudes of the common people around Him. In His words there was a tenderness and pathos which betrayed the sympathy of His heart; and made them fall like the sweetest music upon the ear. Hating sin as only a perfectly sinless being could hate it, He loved the sinner. Instead of driving the outcast ones of society from Him He drew them around Him, and made them love His company. This He did not by making them indifferent about their sins, but by showing them their degradation and the possibility of their restoration to favour and friendship with God. He taught them to respect themselves by showing them their worth as immortal

beings, and the estimation in which they were held by the Father. He convinced them of the love of His heart, and the divinity of His nature, by stooping so low to raise the fallen. Instead of standing aloof in unapproachable majesty, and telling the multitudes what they ought to be, He came down to their level that He might elevate them to His. The result of this was that many of the worst wrecks of humanity—the publicans who were despised and hated, and even those poor wails of womanhood who trafficked in their own dishonor—drew near unto Him. The Pharisees and Scribes, unable to comprehend how a religious teacher could have anything to do with such persons, derided Him for associating with them, and gave vent to their ill-disguised contempt in these words:—"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." But in what they meant to be a reproach upon our Lord they pronounced the highest encomium upon Him. Their words contain the very marrow of the Gospel. The good news which we should hail with unbounded rejoicing, to which we should give currency, which we should tell to our companions, which we

should proclaim upon the house-tops and in the chief places of concourse, which we should proclaim to the very ends of the earth is that "This man receiveth sinners."

"Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God;" and a sinner is one whose life does not in all things perfectly conform to the law of God, or who in any way, whether in work, word, or thought, transgresses the law. As in many things we all offend this epithet, *sinner*, applies to every child of the human family. Though all descended from the same ancestral pair, the different tribes of the human race differ from each other in many respects. The Esquimaux of Labrador and Greenland however they may suffer from destitution, never borrow or steal from each other. They never quarrel, nor fight, nor go to war among themselves; while in civilized countries people beg, borrow, steal, engage in quarrels, go to law among themselves, and by such refined modes of slaughter as the sword, the rifle, and the cannon, dispatch men by thousands into eternity. In the wilds of Africa, and in some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean there are tribes of men and women who go all their life-time as destitute of clothing as they were at the moment of their entrance into this world. In other countries there are many who go to such extremes in matters of dress as to set such conventional ideas as modesty and shame at defiance. In colour, speech, domestic habits and forms of government, the different nations and tribes of mankind, diverge very widely from each other. But from the lowest type of the Heathen, to the most cultivated and refined of the race of men, we all agree in this, that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. We all need a Saviour to save us from our sins. In this there is no difference between the savage and the saint. If we are

Christians, we may, whenever we meet an unconverted man, proclaim in his hearing, as the most appropriate and blessed message we can bring him, this good news which has dispelled our own moral darkness and brought gladness to our hearts: *Jesus receiveth sinners!*

He receiveth sinners of all ages. He receiveth youthful sinners. When on earth he took little children into his arms and blessed them. When His stern disciples drove away the mothers who brought their children to Him, He rebuked the disciples, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Far be it from us to beat off or discourage aged sinners from coming to Christ. But we cannot help thinking that the Saviour is especially pleased with those who in the morning of their life give their hearts to Him. The fragrance of youthful piety must be a sweet odor to Him. And yet, I fear many Christian people look upon the conversion of children as a thing hardly to be rationally hoped for, and, consequently, do not labour and pray for their conversion as faithfully and fervently as they ought. But we would impress upon the heart of every young person—upon the heart of every boy and girl—that they need not wait until they come to man's or woman's state before becoming Christians. To every one of you, Christ says: "Give me thine heart." And by giving your heart to Him now, while you are young, you will be saved from a thousand temptations and snares.

But He receives aged sinners too. To the thief on the cross, who said, "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," He said, "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." In this gracious reception of the repentant malefactor, our Lord has shown us that no sinner who seeks Him sincerely need

despair of finding Him. It is a singular confirmation of his promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It is truly wonderful that Christ should condescend to receive a poor vile sinner who has spent the prime and strength of his life in dishonouring Him. To do so to spend life so is most un-man-like. But the Redeemer waits, with the patience of God, to receive even the chief of sinners.

Again, He receives sinners of all grades. To the most hardened and depraved he says, "Come unto me," "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red as crimson they shall be like wool." If you had wronged, or offended, or insulted the best friend you have on earth half as much as you have Jesus, he long ago would have given you up—he would have dishonored you. But this precious Redeemer stands waiting with pity in his heart to press you to his bosom. He says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Some of you, I fear, have said, "I am my own; I owe Christ nothing, I won't come to Him, I don't mean to serve Him, I won't be reconciled to Him, I can be happy without Him." Poor, ungrateful, deluded soul! You little know the love you are despising, the mercy you are regretting. Christ still stands over you, saying, "How can I give thee up? I died to save thee. Behold these wounds in my hands, my feet, my side, my brow. They were made on your account. I died that you might live. Come unto me; delay not. Why will ye die?"

"Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near,

The waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here.

Redemption is purchased, salvation is free."

Some of you long ago professed that you had given your heart to the Lord. You entered into a solemn covenant engagement with Him. In that covenant you pledged yourself to serve Him. You made a public profession of allegiance to Him. You sealed that profession at a communion table. But, on your part, that covenant has been broken. Your vows you have forgotten. You have backslidden into sin. Only God and your own heart know the sins which during those months or years of declension you have committed. You are not happy now. You know from sad experience that it is a bitter and painful thing to forsake God. You know from experience that the most fearful nest of scorpions this side of perdition is the heart of the backslider from God. And yet, even to you is this Gospel sent, "This man (Christ Jesus) receiveth sinners." Come with all your filthiness and your idols to Christ; come just as you are, and he will in no wise cast you out. Though you had all the sins of the entire human race resting on your conscience, repenting and trusting in the blood of Jesus Christ, there is no reason why you should for a moment indulge despair; for his blood "cleanseth us from all sin."

And, now, for what purpose does Christ receive sinners? He receives them to justify and forgive them. Man is by nature a rebel against God. In his heart there is enmity against Him. It is only his impotence that has kept him from waging war against the Almighty. By wicked works he has forfeited his life. Both God's word and his own conscience, which is God's organ in the soul, tell him that he is a sinner. He hates the great Father and dreads His wrath. God's voice, which at first was sweeter than the sweetest music of the human soul, now fills him with terror and dismay. When he looks thoughtfully to the judgment day he can see in it only his dread doom.

But Jesus Christ was delivered for our offences, and rose again for our justification, and His official work now is to give repentance and remission of sins. He died to expiate the guilt of the world; and whosoever believes on Him shall be pardoned fully, finally, and freely too. What? asks one. Is there a chance for me? Can my sins be pardoned? I answer yes. When? Now! This very hour if you will only, just as you are, accept the blood-cleansing. If you go away with your burden of guilt resting upon your conscience, it is because you are not willing to accept salvation, just now and here, and just as it is offered to you by the Saviour. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Again, Christ receives sinners to adopt them into the family of God. This insures for them the highest dignity and blessedness with which a creature can be invested. The relations which it originates and the results which it makes certain for them have no limits as objects of rational desire, except in the limitation of human thought. It affects not only the external relations of those who are received into the number of God's children, but also their internal character and being. It secures for them the privilege of constant access to God. It engages His continual care over them as a gracious Father. They become conscious that they have passed from death unto life, and consequently, that they are the sons of God. An earthly sovereign might pardon a disloyal subject who had been guilty of treason, but he might refuse to take him into his confidence and favour again. When God, for Christ's sake, pardons a sinner, no matter what his past life may have been, he makes him a joint heir with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Though a man may have become morally bank-

rapt, and though the world may have turned him out of doors and forsaken him, God is still willing, for the sake of His Son, to take him up and adopt him into His family.

This should convince men of the folly of a life of estrangement from God. If a King should send to a homeless beggar, by the hand of his only son, a letter in his own handwriting, assuring him that if he will come to him he will adopt him into his family, and freely bestow on him all the privileges, and comforts, and delights his palace can afford, would you not judge the man guilty of the most notorious folly if he should reject such a magnificent offer? In the Gospel we have a letter from God, bearing His own signature, sent to us by the hand of His only Son, assuring sinners that He loves them, pities them, and is grieved on account of their destitution, and assuring them that if they will only come to Him, He will blot out all the handwriting of the past which stands in His book of remembrance against them, adopt them into His family, and give them a title to all the privileges of the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And how can that person who refuses this bountiful offer ever escape the just censure of the most consummate madness? "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." Joseph must have felt highly honored when he was taken from prison to occupy the second place of power in the kingdom of Egypt. Moses enjoyed a singular honour when he was called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. David must have thought highly of it when he was called away from attending his father's sheep on the slopes of Bethlehem, to be a member of the family of King Saul. But we speak not to you of such insignificant honors as these, when we pray you in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. We are sent as

Christ's ambassadors to tell you that you may, from this time forward, be the sons and daughters of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; and who can estimate the honours and the privileges which this relationship originates and eternally perpetuates?

When the Danish missionaries, at Malabar, set some of the native converts at translating a catechism, in which they found it stated that believers are called Sons of God, they paused in astonishment, and then exclaimed, "It is too much. Let us rather render it. 'They shall be permitted to kiss his feet.'" What honors can this world offer? "What stars, what jewelled honors that flash on her swelling breast," can for one moment be compared to those which are promised and given to even the humblest and most obscure children of men, when they become Sons of God?

Once more Christ receives sinners to sanctify them, and make them meet for heaven. Redemption consists of two parts; the one is legal, the other moral. The first removes the sentence of condemnation; the second re-forms the soul into the image of God. The first is called justification; the second is sanctification. Justification is an act of God's free grace; sanctification is a work of God's spirit. Justification gives the sinner a title to heaven; sanctification gives him the needed qualification for heaven. Both are alike the gift of Christ; but he never gives one without the other. Salvation is never cut in twain. This is not a mere arbitrary arrangement of the Godhead. The character of the sinner makes it necessary. If justification could be obtained without holiness, it would, but, at last, intensify instead of mitigating the sinner's woe, by ushering him into a sphere, and placing him in society for which, in his state of nature, he would have no moral fitness. Heaven would not be a place of delight for an unholy man.

He could not appreciate its employments. The harmony of its music could excite no sensations of pleasure in his dead soul. Its visions of glory, grander than those of the transformation, could not elicit his admiration. What delight could a deaf man get from a concert of the sweetest music? What pleasure could a blind man derive from the grandest paintings of the old masters? But let the ears of the deaf man be opened and his rapture will be unbounded. Give sight to the blind man, and he will be delighted by the forms which the artist has thrown in almost living beauty on canvas. The Holy Ghost must unstop our deaf ears, remove the scales which cause our moral blindness, and wake up in us a sense of moral beauty, and then heaven's music, when we shall enter the place, will fill our souls with rapture, and its scenes of glory make jubilant our hearts. Then the service of God, often so irksome here, will become the delightful habit of our deathless spirits.

Finally, Christ receives sinners to give them everlasting life. This was the end which God contemplated when he sent Jesus Christ into the world. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have *everlasting life*." Redemption culminates in glory; and wherever God gives grace He gives glory too. He never gives the "earnest" without also bestowing the "inheritance." "He that believeth on the Son *hath everlasting life*." The good Shepherd says of his sheep: "I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand, the Father which gave me them is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." At the last day it will be seen that "the gifts and callings of God are without repent-

ance," for among all the lost there will not be found one soul which Christ knew upon earth as one of His.

A pious woman, lying on her death-bed, was talking of her Christian experience, in full assurance of her salvation, to a clergyman. "But," said the clergyman, "What if God should disappoint you after all?" "Then," said she, "He would lose more than I should by it; He would lose His character by it, if He should disappoint me." Yes, if it could ever be said by any on earth, or lamented in hell, that they came to Christ, took God at His word, and staked their salvation on "the blood of the everlasting covenant," and after all perished, God would lose His character. He would be no longer the covenant-keeping God. Listen ye timid ones to this one unspeakable promise: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy upon thee."

And now I ask you, have you come to Christ? Are you a Christian?

But here, my friends, I fear there is an unhappy misapprehension. When I urge you to be Christians you imagine I am urging you to take a loathsome medicine which you need in order to be

saved, and you would rather postpone the taking of it till the last moment of your life. O deluded souls! Why do you allow Satan to deceive you thus? When I bid you be Christians I bid you be happy. When I bid you be holy, I bid you cease to be wretched, and learn what joy there is in companionship with Jesus. Again I ask: Are you a Christian? I want you to have this question settled at once. If you are a Christian you may know it, and should know it. Here is the test: "Hereby we do know Him, if we keep His commandments. He that saith I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments is a liar, and the truth is not in him; but who so keepeth His word, in him verily the love of God is perfected: hereby we know that we are in Him." "If a man love me He will keep my words." "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new." If you have a new heart and are leading a new life, you are a Christian. By such passages of scripture as I have just quoted you may settle the question, "Do I believe on the Lord Jesus?" And O, do not forget, that "if any man believeth not on Him, the wrath of God abideth on him."

## POETRY.

### A TEMPERANCE FANATIC.

Kind friend, put your glass on the table  
 Untasted and listen to me.  
 You say I'm a temperance fanatic—  
 Mayhap I have reason to be.  
 It is years since we parted at college,  
 Let us talk over times passed away,  
 And see of companions and classmates,  
 Who's dead, and who's living to-day.

There were ten of us came off together,  
 Here are two—now what of the eight?  
 But a few days ago I saw William—  
 He who beat us all in debate.  
 He was rich, you know; now he is needy,  
 I asked where his fortune all went;  
 He tipped up a glass as he answered,  
 "I drank it down so—every cent."

Then Ralph who bore the first honours,  
 He took to the bar as you know,  
 But another bar claimed his attention,  
 And business progressed rather slow.  
 He died of the tremens, poor fellow!  
 His talents would rank with the first,  
 And to think of his dying ere forty—  
 A prey to the demon of thirst.

Then Bob, irrepressible Robert—  
 Who always took lead in our fun,  
 The gayest and wildest of fellows,  
 Yet the kindest and best hearted one.  
 Well, he went to prison—life sentence,  
 He took too much liquor one day,  
 And a spree that began in good feeling  
 Ended up in a stabbing affray.

Then there was that young prince of toppers,  
 That high-headed Archibald West.  
 He never was known to be tipsy—  
 Yet he drank more than all of the rest.  
 Ah! he is reaping the crop of his sowing—  
 His son loves the cup, and has not  
 A stomach of steel like his father,  
 And already the boy is a sot.

I made Tom a visit last summer;  
 You remember Tom, quiet and mild.  
 Well, he makes the most fretful of husbands,  
 I pity his wife and his child.  
 He's pleasant enough in the evening,  
 As he sips his hot toddy and ale,  
 But all the forenoon he's a terror,  
 Cross, headache, snappish, and pale.

And George—who was called Claus Adonis,  
 Who turned women's heads with a smile,  
 That straight-limbed and graceful Apollo,  
 Who took a dram "once in a while."

Oh Charles you would scarcely believe it,  
 But the fellow's a sight to behold;  
 His nose is as red as a lobster,  
 He's bloated, and blear-eyed, and old.

Then Herbert—he's travelling somewhere;  
 But one more remains—Henry Lee,  
 And you know from the deck of a steamer,  
 He fell, and was lost out at sea.  
 A friend who was with him since told me  
 That Hank was light-headed from drink,  
 And that's how he so lost his balance;  
 'Twas the general opinion I think.

So Charles, when I name o'er our classmates,  
 Who all tipped the glass now and then,  
 I think what woes might been saved them  
 If they had been temperance men.  
 You, I own, seem untouched by drink's dangers,  
 Yet your future we neither can scan,  
 And I really feel safer for being  
 A very fanatical man.

—Selected.

## CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

### THE JESUITS.

BY REV. MR. OURIERE.

The subject upon which I shall speak would admit of a lengthy discourse being given upon it; it is little known. I shall treat of the Jesuits. If you know nothing of Jesuits, you know nothing of the Church of Rome, as regards its organization and its constitution. If you know nothing of the Society of Jesus, you know nothing of what may be learned regarding Catholicism. What, then, is the Society of Jesus? It is the moving power of the Romish Church, as I shall show. I shall show the *role* of its members in the Church and in society. It is a vast subject, which I can treat this evening only superficially. Nevertheless, what I shall say will be enough to make

you understand their *role*, and to make you understand their real merits. Then, what is a Jesuit? At the first glance, he appears to be a man like other men. If I were told, "There are good Jesuits," I should reply, "Such is the case." I know some who are good, loyal and sincere; but I do not speak of individuals; I wish to name no person in particular. I speak of the Jesuits' Society, of the Association of Jesus. An individual is not the same as an immense corporation; some times honourable men make a part of bad corporations. One day at a picnic a joker mixed together all the refreshments: the vegetables with the fowls, salad with preserves, liquors with the seasonings, and served up all in a huge cauldron. Imagine the result. Taken separately each of these articles might

have been excellent ; mixed together the whole was worth nothing ; a single Jesuit is the fowl ; the society of which he is a member is the contents of the boiler, of which the taste is horrible. If you open a dictionary opposite the word Jesuit you will find, "cunning, deceitful, crafty man. Why, when a man is called "Jesuit," does he consider it a gross insult ? Truly it is, because he has not been paid a compliment. Frederick the Great called the Jesuits the Pope's grenadiers ; Voltaire said they were the mamelukes, the janissaries of the Holy See ; Dupin defined them as a sword whose hilt is at Rome and its point everywhere. But let us take the definition of them given by their founder, Ignace de Loyola : "They should be as corpses." Such is the expression of him who formed them. A Jesuit is, therefore, a corpse, and the Society of Jesus is nothing else than a society of dead bodies. What, therefore, can its works be other than those of dead bodies ? How do they oppose the movement of progress ? By the inertia of a dead body. They are corpses which can but make others. To become a Jesuit, it is necessary to forsake one's family, and if necessary to step over the body of one's father or mother and so make two dead bodies. Once one has become a Jesuit, he is in reality dead as far as his family is concerned. He is unable to communicate with his family but by means of letters which are all read, in which he is obliged to hide the secrets of his life. They have no native country ; at least, that which God has given them is sacrificed by them for the Church of Rome. There are no French, English, nor Canadians among them. They have been forbidden to live in their native country ; in all countries they are but dead bodies. Their doctrines change according to circumstances, and the members always obey implicitly without question. They preach their doctrine without understanding it ; with-

out even approving of it. They know how to sacrifice to it their belief, reason and intelligence. A Jesuit cannot favour any political feeling, unless that of his Society. Whoever has seen a single Jesuit has seen all of them. They are all alike ; all from the same mould ; and the shape of one of them is that of all—that of a corpse. Their devotions, customs, and discipline make them real machines. Their piety is forced upon them. It has none of that liberty which is found in the Church of Christ ; their devotion is obligatory ; it is that of a corpse. Jesuits are not men ; they are machines ; between a stone and a Jesuit, I can see no difference ; for it is impossible to be a man when one is deprived of his reason and liberty. A good Jesuit is, therefore, among the different orders of beings, but a species of brute, deaf, blind and paralyzed. They are like whitened sepulchres. They have praised passive obedience. People shudder to think that ten, twenty or thirty years, penance and grinding torture are required before the hell of the Jesuits is passed. It is then that they leave behind them their reason and liberty ; it is then that that have formed the habit of always obeying without reasoning, without examining anything, without murmuring, and without even understanding. There is not time to describe the means by which they are brought to that point, but these are the men who are organized into an army commanded by a great general to whom they are all obedient. In the hands of this man it is a brutish force ; and it is organized to give the greatest glory possible to God ! They are, according to their own opinion, greater than Jesus Christ himself. They also say "without us the Church could not exist—without us it would crumble to pieces." Of what Church do they speak ? Is it of that which Christ established ? That one does not need the help of the Jesuits to live. What

Church has absolute need of the Jesuits to uphold it? It is their own; it is the Church of Rome. When Luther, Calvin and Melancthon preached against the Church of Rome with the Bible in their hands, that Church began to tremble, and called upon the Jesuits to fight against the Protestants. People speak of the good they have done. Let us examine their conduct in China. If the Jesuits had not existed, China would now be a Christian country. In that country they became idolaters. To obtain for themselves the favour of the Chinese, they adored the Chinese idols. Clement XIV. objected to this, but the Jesuits would not alter their plans; the Pope then excommunicated them, and a short time after they poisoned the Pope. At this time the Emperor of the greater number of the provinces was half christianized, but the Jesuits wished to reign over the other missionaries; and with this object they made a pretence before the Chinese of worshipping their idols. The Dominican friars remonstrated with the Jesuits, but they would not listen. It was then that Cardinal de Tournon was sent to China by the Pope. The Jesuits caused him to be put into prison, where he died miserably. They not only corrupted the faith of their converts, but their morals. In the *casuistique* of the Jesuits, theft, homicide, adultery and lies are all excused. Their great principle is that the end justifies the means. They are to be found everywhere from the head of society to its very dregs; they are to be met with among magistrates, soldiers, lawyers, advocates, merchants, and even among the police; among priests and bishops; even among Protestants, and I could point them out among ourselves. Though they do not all wear robes and are otherwise dressed, yet they go everywhere. We must fear

#### THE WOMEN JESUITS.

Here I often see very good-looking

nuns who beg from door to door; beware of them. There are even here establishments where these females are trained to be placed as servants in houses. They are spies which the Society of Jesuits places in families to see what goes on there. The Church of Rome may be compared to the temple of Baal, supported by two huge columns, one the Jesuits and the other the Pope. There are two Popes in the church, a white and a black one; Pio IX. is the white one, and the black one is the general of the Order of Jesuits. The bishops detest the Jesuits; they obey them through fear. The priests fear them as much as they hate them, which is not saying little "What is the secular priesthood?" say the Jesuits. When they establish themselves in a parish, the poor *cure* can say good-bye to the ladies of highest rank; to the gifts of pious persons *au fin linge* (to the fine linen); as they say, nothing remains to them to handle but *serge* (coarse linen. None remain to confess to them but servants. Those who yet more detest the Jesuits are the other religious orders; for beside the Jesuits, the Dominicans, Oblat and Capuchins are but "small beer." As regards the *role* which Jesuits act in society I shall speak briefly. In the family three things must be considered: The intelligence, the heart and the money. The Jesuits seize all of these; the intelligence by education,—that is the reason they have so much to do with teaching youth. They take as many youths and girls as they can; the boys are moulded with them, and the girls at the Sacre-Cœur, of the female Jesuits. What education do they give them? Lately they wished to throw out the classic authors, to be replaced by their stupid ones; they know how to put into play all their influence to banish from the Department of Education all who have not a leaning to them. They have a marvellous power of making money and of heaping up immense fortunes.

All the world knows their ability for seizing upon heritages ; to get wills made in their favour ; for caressing widows in order to seize upon their lands ; they have the bump for business, and are as fortunate in great speculations as well as in the small ones. They act a great part in society. If the head of the State is a Jesuit, all is well ; but otherwise it is war to the death. They threaten and conspire. No person denies the political machinations of the Society of Jesus. Their plots, which were the cause of their expulsion from France, Spain and Portugal, were the origin of the famous Gunpowder Plot in England. In all places where a Liberal Government exists, it is impossible to exist quietly if there are Jesuits in the State. They require despotic governments, in order that they themselves may be able to govern despotically. In conclusion he showed that the faithful parishioners obeyed their cure. The cure says, "I obey my bishop and do not care for the rest." The bishop says, "The Pope commands me; he is responsible for all." The Pope does not but ought to say, "The Jesuits hold me by the nose, and I am obliged to do as they wish.

### THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY REV. DR. PAYNE, CINCINNATI.

The real issue is this:—Shall the Bible be kept in the Public Schools permissably, as undeniably the best textbook of moral instruction extant, or shall it be expelled by prohibitory legislation or proscriptive action of school officials? The Bible should be retained in the Public Schools, he contended, for many reasons. It can do no harm to any individual or to the State, while its expulsion is hazardous to both. The most that is claimed is that it conflicts with the views of certain parties.

The expulsion of the Bible by prohibitory enactment would be a new departure, in opposition to the national history, policy and spirit of the United States. The theory and practice of the Government gave evidence that the United States was a Christian nation, and it argued nothing against the fact that the nation and the Church were not joined in legal bonds. The reasons alleged and arguments adduced for expelling the Bible from the Public Schools, if followed to their legitimate conclusions, would inevitably place the nation in direct antagonism to the Christian religion, and foster a spirit of atheism fatally destructive to its highest interests. It was not the simple matter of the formal reading of a few passages from the Bible, though even that may have a far more potent influence on the youth than was at first apparent; but the question, when reduced to its last analysis, was this—"Shall Christianity be abolished from the national life?" It was asserted that the State should assume the position of absolute separatism from all religion, and stand upon the platform of utter secularism. "Hands off" is the policy which the State is urged to adopt towards all religions. Carry out the theory proposed and the nation must cease to recognize Christianity any more than it does Mahomedanism or Buddhism. It must assume the role of propagandist of its new policy against Christianity. In a wholesome zeal against the formal legal union of Church and State, they were in danger of swinging over to a rash and untenable extreme. Equally false in principle and impracticable in application was the argument for expelling the Bible from the schools, because its reading was said to be offensive to the consciences of some parties. The theory that the Government must accommodate its laws and administration to the consciences of its several subjects was untenable. It is claimed that the Bible itself teaches that Christianity,

being a spiritual religion, must win its way entirely by spiritual forces. Such an argument means that the State is to have nothing to do with religion, and *vice versa*. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal" indeed, but so long as we are dealing with humanity and human institutions we cannot be entirely independent of them: we must seek their aid in evangelizing the world. As a matter of fact the State does and must maintain a somewhat intimate connection with the Church. No Church organization is formed, but the State regulates the appointment of its trustees and the tenure of its property. There is a wide difference between enforcing religion and recognizing it. The one the State must not do, the other it may do and must. But the argument by which it is sought to strengthen the demand for expelling the Bible claims that the State shall not recognize the Christian religion because it cannot equally recognize any and every religion which a few of its subjects may choose to adopt. The principle being a false one, either wholly impracticable or wholly destructive of Christianity in the national life, the argument becomes invalid, and the Bible should remain in its stronghold unaffected by the false and faulty reasoning. Proceeding to discuss the reason alleged for expelling the Bible from the Public School on the principle that it is unjust to tax the Roman Catholics and others for the support of a system in which there is anything conflicting with their consciences, Dr. Payne showed that the principle was not recognized towards the Quakers in war time, and alleged that the chief opposition of the Roman Catholics was to the so-called God-less education of their children in the secular Common Schools. Nothing had been gained by expelling the Bible from the Public Schools in Cincinnati, and the Catholics were not more fully satisfied than before. Prohibit the Bible in the common schools because of

its religious teachings, and you adopt a principle which, carried to its logical and practical results, will entirely revolutionize our present text books and methods of teaching, produce endless discord in our public-schools, and render their continuance an impossibility. It is not the bound volume called the Bible to which objection is made. It is the teaching of the Bible in whatever form presented. A manual of devotional and moral excerpts from the inspired volume would be as objectionable. Any book that in any way inculcates the Christian religion must and will come under the ban of this proscribing principle. And if there be truth or force in the principle, it ought to be rigorously and universally applied. Every reader, every text-book of history, physiology, astronomy, or any other study, that has in it any extracts from God's Word, any Christian teaching, any allusion to God, indeed, as the Supreme Being, is an offensive form of religious teaching, and must be prohibited, or some one's conscience is offended. The true policy to pursue, Dr. Payne said, was to let the Bible be an unproscribed text-book in our public schools, with its priceless teachings and its silent yet potent influence; and if any are conscientiously opposed to reading it, let them be excused. But for the sake of the nation and the schools, and youth of our country, lay no rude hand of prohibition on God's Holy Word. No expulsion, no compulsion, is the true policy. The plea that the Bible is a sectarian book is utterly unfounded. How any Protestant can accept such a charge is inexplicable. The admission is fatal to its claims of divine authority and universal acceptance. Such an admission puts it on a level with the Koran and other so-called sacred books. It is a message from the universal God to universal man. The fact that all men have not yet accepted it as such, changes not its character, abates nothing from its claims

or authority. On no other theory can it be honestly urged on all men every where. The difference between the Douay version and that in common use is but slight, not fundamental. It is Jehovah's own book, who is no sectarian, but the all Creator, all-Father, the eternal and sovereign God of the universe. Let the nation maintain its past and present Christian status, to abandon which would be at infinite peril. No injustice is thus done to any man, because all its subjects came under our national aegis when it bore the Christian sign. The partnership argument, to the effect that every latest comer is a member of the national firm, on equal footing with all the others, and because voluntarily seeking the protection of our Government, and paying a meagre tax for priceless priv-

ileges enjoyed, he is therefore entitled to full power and liberty to change our entire national structure, will hardly stand the test of close scrutiny. It should not be forgotten that some things were established before the new partners were admitted, and they came with full knowledge of our national character and institutions. Yes, let them come, one and all, from every land, into the partnership of liberty's grand heritage, if they will—but come to enjoy, not to destroy, the costly boon. Shall not these (the speaker asked) be the changeless conditions on which all shall come and all remain: The Bible in the public schools intact—the nation's text-book, and the nation's chart and charter, with the national historic Christian faith inviolate and perpetual?

## CHRISTIAN LIFE.

### THE HOME-LIFE OF SAVONAROLA.

In the year 1472 a stranger took up his abode in the old Italian town of Ferrara, bringing with him as his companion an only daughter. He was the object of much interest and the source of much gossip to the honest people of the place; for he came in the character of a refugee, a martyr to the cause of Freedom, and he was a scion of the noble Florentine family of Strozzi. Whether his expatriation was in the cause of right or wrong it would be difficult now to say, but his position as an exile threw him directly in the way of a sympathy which the people of Ferrara freely extended to him, and which, when offered, he did not refuse. Among his numerous

sympathizers there was one whose feelings were especially warm, and there was no more frequent visitor at the exile's lodging than a youth called Girolamo Savonarola. Girolamo had just entered on his twentieth year; he was full of lofty aspirations, and of ideas which were scarcely more substantial than day-dreams. Like all men whose hopes border so strongly on the visionary, his sensitive nature was wounded by the wide gap which presented itself to him between the ideal and the actual—between his excited anticipations and their miserable realization.

In the exile's home, however, he seemed to find what answered in some way to his visions. The general culture and refinement native to a noble of Florence attracted the admiration

of the provincial youth, who was thus introduced to an atmosphere of thought and feeling entirely new to him. Above all, the exile's daughter appeared gifted with a talisman that could reconcile all antagonisms, and as he gazed on her bright young face he thought that the fondest dreams of his imagination had been more than realized. A temperament like his had an irresistible tendency to look on the night side of things, and doubtless that side was a very dark one in the Italy of the fifteenth century. The streets of Italian cities were trodden by braves, who left, as it were, blood-stains in their track: and by monks, whose outward sanctity was but the cover of moral pollution; and there were few in that age who did not carry with them the shadow of crime. In Ferrara itself the duke's palace was typical of this state of things. Princes swept through its gates with their trains in gorgeous procession, and were entertained in its halls with a munificence astonishing even to Italy; the throng, in its departure, returned through the gates again. They went and came all heedless of the fact that underneath the marble pavement over which they so gaily tripped, the victims of the tyrant's caprice were lying in their dungeons, where they had passed for ever into the realm of silence, and none could hear their sigh except it entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. How grateful, then, must it have been to the young enthusiast, sickened by the depravity and hollowness of society, to light at last on a genuine pearl, to behold an ethereal nature that cast no shadow behind it, to stand beside a human spirit that, like a clear pool, was pellucid to its depths. So did he picture to himself the Florentine's daughter; and when the object of his love, inly pleased at the worship he rendered her, smiled in answer to his fixed, rapt stare of devotion, his heart almost leaped out of its seat. Em-

boldened, at length, either by actual encouragement received or by his own impetuous feelings, the shy youth ventured on serious proposals. Poor Girolamo! The maiden drew herself up to her full height, and eyeing her unfortunate lover in a way not to be soon forgotten, informed him that "a Strozzi could never bemean herself to a Savonarola." If the medallion portrait of Savonarola given in Meyer's history be authentic, then there is not much room to wonder at the result of his wrong; the face has too much of the chaotic about it to please the fancy; the forehead is too receding, the nose too crooked, and the upper lip, though hanging grandly over the capacious, oratorical mouth, is too long to be in accordance with the canons of beauty.

The uses of adversity, in this instance, were sweet. Though the repulse was bitter, and proved a very climacteric in Savonarola's life,—severing the last link that held him to the ordinary ambitions of the world,—yet it is admirable to notice how well he bore up against that tendency to gloom and misanthropy which to him must have been so overpowering, and how far-reaching his sympathies remained in spite of deep disappointment and the most rigid asceticism.

It is interesting to have this episode in Savonarola's life preserved to us, since it proves that the celibacy of this Baptist of the Reformation was not the congenial outcome of a frigid nature, but was rather the chosen resting-place of a great soul seeking a refuge from a world that had stung its sensitiveness to the quick. At the same time, in the fact that this incident has been handed down to us, we see at once that it must have been too prominent to be suppressed, too decided in its results to be covered over and hidden. Henceforth a marked change passed over Savonarola; and if a Strozzi would have nothing to do with

him, he, for his part, was just as decided to have no more to do with a Strozzi. Little did the Florentine maiden who curled her lip so proudly, and the shy youth whom she stabbed with her cruel words—little did either of them dream of that time to come, when in Florence itself the best beloved of its noblest families—and not a few of the name of Strozzi—would deem themselves ennobled were they permitted to enter the cloisters of San Marco and share the vigils of Fra Girolamo Savonarola.

In attempting to present the domestic or home relationships of one who, as a monk, was supposed to be lost to all such ties, we are met at the outset by the difficulty of the paucity of information on this subject. Materials for considering Savonarola's position as a politician, a homilist, and a theologian, exist in peculiar abundance; but the kind of information that would give us a glimpse into his home relations, and the attitude he assumed towards his parents and brothers and sisters, is naturally much more meagre. Happily, what we have is of the most interesting nature, and, like a break in the dark line of forest-trees, revealing a vista of meadow and sunny corn-fields, serves to disclose how the lion-heart of the great Italian preacher beat in unison with a gentle spirit, and the asceticism of the monk did little to weaken the tenderest feelings of the son and brother.

Girolamo Savonarola was the third of seven children, among whom his marvellous precocity made him the hope of the family. His grandfather, Michele, especially, who was court-physician at Ferrara, set his heart upon his grandson, and resolved that he should follow in his footsteps, and become like himself, a great physician. Michele, however, died in 1462, when his grandson was in his tenth year, and the career sketched out for him was thus by his death deprived of its

chief encouragement. Savonarola continued to follow out the plan laid down by his grandfather, and entered with zest on those philosophical studies which at that time were regarded as a necessary preliminary to any special science. In philosophy he made the most marked progress, and the hopes of which he was the object were more than sustained. At that age of Europe there was one anxiety which accompanied every youth of intellectual promise and moral earnestness,—and that was the dread that he might join some religious order, and be lost to the world and his friends together. And when Savonarola, no long time after his repulse by the Strozzi damsel, resolved to take the decided step and enter the cloister, the great sadness that filled his soul was caused by the thought of the grief it would bring to his parents. The state of his mind, the thoughts with which it was bursting, could not remain concealed from his mother Helena, who, with her woman's instinct, divined the reason of her son's abstracted mood, but dared not give her fears expression. So much was Savonarola moved by the anxious, inquiring glance she directed to him, that for an entire year he could not look his mother in the face, nor venture to meet her sad and penetrating eye. For some months this state of things continued, till at length it reached a climax. On the eve of his departure from home, as he was sitting in a room alone with his mother, he took up a flute and played such a sad melody, that his mother, seized by the omen, turned herself in sorrow to him, and said, "My son, that means farewell." To this he made no reply, but with a trembling hand continued to play on, never raising his eyes from the ground.

What an interesting glimpse is afforded us here into that Italian home four centuries ago! How it clothes the past with the tingling emotions which live in the present! A son, on

whom the most cherished hopes of a family rest, has resolved on the morrow to quit home and friends, to sacrifice every worldly prospect, and submit to what gay society would call a living death. His resolution is fixed, but he dare not let it be known, nor face the heartrending scene of a farewell; yet his intention, though shut up within himself, refuses to be concealed, and, betrayed in many a subtle way by his manner and actions, fills the home with a sad suspense, till, on the day preceding his departure, his secret so makes itself known in the strains of his lute, that uncertainty comes to an end, a mother's forebodings are fulfilled, and she says, "My son, that means farewell."

On the day following, 24th April, 1475, there was a festival in Ferrara which his friends attended; and Savonarola, taking advantage of the opportunity, set out for Bologna, where he asked and obtained admission into the Dominican monastery. His first thoughts, when he found himself alone in his cell, were about his parents, and the anguish which his precipitate flight must have caused them. In order to soothe their grief, he wrote a letter, which has been preserved, and remains as a memorial of filial regard. It begins as follows: "My honoured father,—I doubt not that my departure has deeply saddened you, and all the more because it was secretly done; but this letter, I hope, will make known to you the state of my mind and my views, so that you may comfort yourself with the thought that I have not come to a decision in a childish spirit, as indeed many believe. And above all, I request you, as a man who loves the truth and despises vanity, to attend rather to the voice of truth than that of passion, which womankind are wont to follow." After proceeding at length to give the reasons which induced him to forsake the world, he goes on to say: "To put the matter

briefly, either you love me, father, or—which is impossible—you love me not. If, then, you love me, what is it that you love in me, since I have two parts? Is it the body or the soul? You cannot say, The body; for you would not love me if you loved my worse part. If you rather love the soul, why then seek you not the soul's good? You are bound to rejoice and be glad over this triumph. Do you not believe that it has cost me hot ears to depart from you? Truly, I hope you believe me; for never since my birth have I experienced greater sorrow and pain than I have at the present time, when I leave my family and go to unknown men to offer my body to Jesus Christ, and to hand over my will to the keeping of men whom I have never seen. Behind the books at the window I have left some writings which will reveal to you my inmost soul. Finally, I charge you to comfort, as a husband should, my mother, whom with yourself, I beseech for a blessing. I commend to your care all my brothers and sisters, but especially Alberto, whom you ought to keep to his lessons; for it would be a great sin, and would be thrown up as a heavy reproach against you, were you to permit him to let his time pass to little purpose." In another letter to his parents, written in the same year, he tries in the same way to strengthen them to bear their trial, by setting before their minds how far time is below eternity, how insignificant the body beside the soul. "As, however," he writes, "the soul is more precious than the body, so rejoice and be glad that the Lord of glory has made me a physician of the soul, although it was my desire to be a physician of the body."

Both of these letters were written in the year 1475; and it is not till after the lapse of fifteen years—namely, in 1490—that we come upon other letters, which afford a break in the view, and give us a glimpse into those strong af-

fections of the home which in Savonarola never grew weak. His father, Niccolo, who in character was quiet and unobtrusive—coming in between the ambitious Michele and his mighty grandson, not unlike Isaac between Abraham and Jacob—seems to have died in the interval; at least no further mention is made of him, and the next letter of Savonarola is addressed to his mother alone. It is written from Pavia; and after presenting an excuse for his delay in writing, goes on to deal with the feeling which at the time so strongly occupied his mother's mind—namely, the desire to have her son nearer to herself. The tone of the letter indicates that his mother Helena must have been expressing her desire very strongly to him, since the chief aim he has before him is to present to her the great advantage connected with his absence from his native town, and to prove to her convincingly (if she would be convinced in such a matter) that it was true of him, as it was of a greater, "that a prophet hath no honour in his own country." "Be assured," he writes, "that I can do incomparably more for my own and others' welfare than I could if I were in Ferrara. For if I were living in Ferrara, and were to act in the same way as I do in other places, I know they would say to me, as the inhabitants of his native town said to Christ, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' So would they say of me, 'Is not this that fellow Hieronymous, who committed such and such sins, and is no better than we?' and they would despise my words. Often in Ferrara was it said to me, as I was going about on duty, 'Well, our monks must be badly off for men, when they make use of such a pitiable fellow for such important work.' Away from home, however, such words have never been said to me; rather do men and women weep when I depart. Therefore, my deeply honoured mother,

trouble yourself not about my absence from home; for the more acceptable I make myself to God, the more influence shall my prayers for you have with him. I counsel you to bear all in patience, and to comfort my sisters, who ought to believe me when I say that God has cared for them better than they think. For if he had given them a different lot,—had bestowed on them wealth and honour, and opened up to them a way to the married life,—they might have fallen into many grievous sins they know nothing of now. Commend me to my uncle and aunt and cousins. God be merciful to you, and keep you from evil, for the sake of the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

The year 1490, in which this letter was written, marks an era in Savonarola's life. Hitherto his success as a preacher had been but moderate, and no one dreamt of the marvellous powers he possessed. But this was the year when, in the little town of San Geminiano, he first found his voice. "The inhabitants of San Geminiano," says Villari, in his brilliant History of Savonarola, "did not possess the perfect refinement of the Florentine; but neither over-study nor a fondness for hair-splitting had impaired the fresh naturalness of their spirit, and in their preachers they did not look merely to skill in the building up of sentences, and a harmonious fall of syllables. On their mountains and in their valleys there abides an eternal joy. The spring decks itself there in heavenly beauty; and the wide peaceful horizon which encircles those purpling heights, disposes man to harmony with nature, and brings him nearer to God." There it was, amid the towers of San Germiniano, that the great preacher's voice first was heard in its strength; and after hovering for a while in the neighbouring towns, burst in its fullness on Florence itself. In the few years fol-

lowing upon 1490, when Savonarola's fame as a preacher rose gradually to its zenith, we catch no glimpse into his family relationships. It is not till the years 1495 and 1496 that we come across some letters written by him to his relatives, which, in their tenderness of feeling and depth of sympathy, appear all the more striking from the fact that at that very time his deadly struggle with the Papacy had begun, and he had penned his first letter to Pope Alexander VI., refusing the summons to appear before him at Rome. One of these letters was of a peculiarly delicate nature. Ognibene, his eldest brother, had a large family, but was sunk in the deepest poverty. His youngest brother, Alberto, on the other hand, having proved successful as a merchant, seems to have been wealthy; and in the letter handed down to us, Savonarola calls upon the latter to assist his brother in his indigence—warning him, in the most decided way, that, if he hesitated to do so, God would take away from him those riches which he handled so ungraciously. Alberto, so far as we can judge, took his brother's counsel in good part; and the implied rebuke was borne with a patience which could be accounted for only on the supposition of his own nobility of character, and the high estimation in which he held his brother Girolamo. So unimpaired, indeed, was their brotherly affection by anything that happened, that after their mother's death we find Savonarola writing to Alberto as the representative of the family, and commending to his care all the other members of it.

With the conception we are wont to entertain of the life of the medieval monk, and the extent to which the affections were frozen by his separation from the world, it is surprising to notice how true and far-reaching Savonarola's sympathies remained, notwithstanding a faithfulness to his

vows and an asceticism which made him to be regarded as a monk among monks. This tenderness of his, which was never soured, manifests itself in a very pleasing way in a letter written to his sister Beatrice in the year 1496. Savonarola's sisters, if they did not share his genius, would seem to have been partners of his plain looks; and the wide cavernous mouth and flexible lips which stood him in such good stead in thundering forth his periods, were to them a possession that rendered their hope of matrimony as desperate as that of Meg with the "muckle mou" in Scottish history. Their brother, instead of harshly setting his foot on their feelings, as we might naturally expect in a monk, seeks to raise them above their brooding frame; and the letter to his sister makes special reference to the subject. "Believe me," he writes, "that it was happier for you to remain single than to have married, for in your present position you can care much better for your soul's welfare." But of all Savonarola's letters, the most interesting is that written to his mother in 1495, the very year when his conflict with the Popedom began, and he was filled with forebodings that his life might go in the struggle. Though not the last of his letters we possess, yet we may suitably enough close our review with extracts from it, since in it he is moved with no weak spirit of prophecy to prepare his mother's mind for the thought of that martyr's death which he saw awaiting him in the future. "And now, mother," he writes, "you ought to regard me as dead, for I would that your faith were so strong that you could see your children die and suffer a martyr's death without a tear on your cheek, like that holy Jewish woman before whose eyes seven sainted sons were crucified, and who yet was able to comfort them in death. I desire that, however, not because I shrink from comforting you,

but to alleviate your pain, so that when it comes to pass that I die you may not grieve so sorely, and my death may not bring yours with it. He who hopes in God shall never be abandoned, because he seeks not the things of the world, but that everlasting life to which one can succeed only through much tribulation. Upon this world we may not build. Only last Wednesday, a beautiful, sparkling, and healthy youth, in Santa Reparata at Florence, suddenly, to the horror of all, fell down dead. And two days ago a young singer died, who, on account of her glorious voice, was the charm of all Florence. She died in great agony, suffering the penalty for her sin. Had she walked in the way I would fain have taught her, she had perhaps not perished thus. What do all their joys profit these two now? Where are the melodies? where are the choice recitals? Do you not see that all passes away like a breath?" "It will never be too much," he says in closing, "if you write to me very often, though I for my part will not be able to write you such long letters as the present, which I have been forced to break off five times ere I finished. Of uncle I say nothing further but that

I will read masses for his soul. Exhort my brothers to virtue and firmness in the path of uprightiness. Tell my aunt Margherita from me that I mourn over her loss; if she places her trust in God, and devotes her entire life to His love, assuredly He will send her comfort; otherwise she will in this world find nothing but pain. The peace and love of Christ be with you all, evermore."

With this letter, containing, as it does, the prophecy of his martyrdom, and holding before his mother the sword which so often pierces the heart of her who bears a noble son—with this letter it seems fitting that we should bring this sketch to a close. Although, as we contemplate the lives of the mighty dead, we may attribute to them the greatness of a nobler race, yet a nearer view serves to show how perfect their kinship with us is. Through all the centuries of history the human heart—the instrument on which humanity's sad music is played—is still the same, and the varying strains we hear are brought forth by the winds that blow softly or rudely from the hills of successive time.—*Family Treasury.*

## CHRISTIAN WORK.

### FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We begin this department this month with extracts from the thirty-seventh annual report of the "French Canadian Missionary Society." The work of this Society is very important, and the results so far, very encouraging. The opening remarks of the report are interesting as answering, to some extent, the question we in Ontario would

like to put to our brethren in Montreal: "WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?" This is the answer. "The increasing aggressions of Romanism in this Province during the past year, cannot but be viewed with alarm. Never perhaps in the history of this country were our rights and privileges so menaced.

Unscrupulous and determined efforts, not altogether without success, have been made to control the Government, and to influence every social, civil and

religious institution. A more undisguised and systematic effort is being put forth to eliminate the Protestant and to strengthen and extend the Roman Catholic element. Ecclesiastical intolerance and meddling may be seen in almost every department of our national life. It is felt in legislation in placing the education of the Roman Catholic children, constituting the great majority of the youth of the Province, entirely in the hands of the priesthood; as well as in the incorporation of an ever increasing number of religious orders, jesuits, friars and nuns. The same intolerance of the Hierarchy was shown in the Guibord case, in resisting the highest civil authority, and by subsequently obtaining legislative authority to place in their hands the entire control of Roman Catholic Cemeteries. It is further seen in the exemptions from taxation of the vast properties held by immensely wealthy corporations connected with the Romish Church. This spirit of aggression is manifested among other forms in the heartless persecution of the inoffensive Protestant Indians of Oka, and in the destruction of their church; in forcibly retaining at Pointe Levis two of the pupils on their way to Pointeaux-Trembles school, and in similar attempts at Three Rivers and elsewhere. These and other instances of the aggressions and intolerance of Romanism have aroused the apprehensions of many who saw their dearest and most sacred rights and liberties threatened, and have led to the formation of a "Protestant Defence Alliance," the object of which is to watch closely the interference of Romanism with the legislation of the Dominion and Provinces, and to afford protection, and as far as possible, secure the rights of all Protestants and Roman Catholics.

Whilst cordially approving of all such defensive measures it must be borne in mind that *active* means must be employed to free the French Cana-

dians from the errors and delusions of Popery, and lead them to the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The committee in presenting their Annual Report desire to render sincere thanks to Almighty God for His continued blessing in preserving the lives of the Missionaries and in affording opportunities for the operations of the Society. One great aim has been kept in view—the conversion of the French Canadian Roman Catholics. This has been sought, in reliance upon the aid of the Holy Spirit, by the circulation of the Word of God and religious books, and by gathering as many children as possible into our Mission schools, there especially to be instructed in the truths of the Gospel. None but those directly in this work can understand the difficulties and prejudices that are encountered, through the ignorance of the people, and especially the opposition of the Priests to our Mission schools and Colporteurs, yet the Committee mark with satisfaction a growing desire among the French Canadians for education and liberty of conscience, and there can be no doubt the people are more open to receive the Gospel, than they were some years ago. Many of them are asserting the right to think for themselves on matters of religion, and are reading the Bible notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Priests. The Journals of the Missionaries afford many instances corroborative of this dawning freedom of opinion. The Priests see it and do every thing in their power to suppress it. These indications of awakening religious thought are, we believe the result of the Evangelistic work that has been carried on in this Province for many years.

#### JOURNALS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

These reports, extracts from which are here given, exhibit as usual many instances of the saving reception of the truth, showing that God's Word is ever

mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of error and superstition. They also demonstrate that in spite of the unremitting hatred of the priests, and their often successful efforts to prevent its reception by the people, there are strong feelings of discontent and resistance latent. These by God's blessing will ere long break forth openly, and even now manifest themselves in an increased willingness to receive the missionaries and listen to their reading and exposition of the Bible and kindred literature. Several instances are given of the painful superstition in which the church of Rome nurtures her votaries, and notices are given of the encouraging labour among the French and Italian immigrants. These results cannot but interest the friends of the Redeemer and call forth more prayer, so ardently desired by the missionaries, for a plentiful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, so that a rich harvest of souls to the glory of the Lord Jesus may be gathered in.

I.—ENCOURAGING RESULTS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

*The Gospel Message Welcomed.*—I went to see an old man, eighty-three years old, who was very sick. After I had read to him about the sufferings of Christ, he shed tears. I tried to make him understand salvation by grace and by faith. He said to me, "is it really true that God will receive me just as I am?" "Yes," I said "if you believe with all your heart that Jesus came to save your soul from eternal death." As both he and the family were so well disposed, I left them a Testament and some tracts, which they thankfully accepted.—J. V.

*Steadfast in the Faith.*—In two places I visited, I found the converts still adhering to the truth as in Jesus, making progress in knowledge, and I hope also in sanctification. At S. we had a precious time reading the Scriptures

together. At L. the friends were anxiously waiting for me to get spiritual food. There is a new family that takes great delight in the Gospel.—A. S.

*An earnest enquirer.*—At H. I visited a poor woman to whom I had given a Testament some years since. She expressed great pleasure at seeing me, and at her request I read her the parable of the prodigal son. I afterwards explained it, and she said she understood it just in that sense. While in a house one day she had heard my wife pray, which had done her much good. I prayed with her, and on leaving she begged me to come often. This woman cannot read well, but the way in which her Testament was marked, showed that she had not neglected it.—E. R.

*Searching for the Truth.*—A commercial traveller came into the Depository and said he had some conversation with a fellow boarder, who had lent him a Bible, and directed him to me. He told me his mind was troubled about the doctrines of his church, but he had no other guide but the priest, whose explanations were not satisfactory to him. After I had explained the various contradictions and blasphemous errors of the Romish Church, he exclaimed, "that is enough, I have done with the Church, and now I am no longer afraid to meet any priest upon this subject." He bought a Bible and a pamphlet, and promised to come back. One thing he dreaded was the grief of his parents by leaving the Church of Rome. A few days afterwards an Italian, whom I had been an instrument in the Lord's hand some years since in bringing out of Romanism, called, and I found out that it was he who had sent the young man to me.—L. V. B.

*The Gospel listened to.*—I have the pleasure now to see at our Sabbath morning service several Roman Catholic gentlemen with their wives, also young men and women, but their at-

tendance is greater at night, when we almost always see some new faces. They listen with interest to the preaching. Our Sabbath school increases also. I have visited several Roman Catholics well disposed to the Word of God, which they read and possess. They seem happy when I call and explain passages they do not understand. When lately in Montreal I distributed a large number of tracts, and was surprised they were so well received. In the cars I had a similar opportunity.—J. V.

*A whole Family brought out of Romanism.*—In a former report I mentioned the case of a young woman, to whom I had read and explained the Word of God, and after praying with her, had sold her a Testament. She had been then on a visit to a friend. After returning home she read the Gospel to her husband and family, asking the Spirit of God upon it. She has written her father and me that by the grace of God she and her husband are now Protestants and Christians. She is the daughter of one of the converts, but was married seventeen years since to a Roman Catholic, and has always been very zealous for that church. She has four children, one of them a daughter, sixteen years of age, residing here with her grandfather. I have long tried to teach her the truth, but she would not leave the Church of Rome for fear of her parents, although convinced of its errors. Well last week the mother wrote to me, saying “speak to my daughter, pray with her, and try if possible to bring her from Romanism to the Gospel,” adding that as God had opened her eyes and brought herself and family from darkness into light, she hoped He would also have mercy upon her dear child. I saw the daughter, who at once said, “O I am so happy that my parents will not only permit me to follow Christ and the Gospel, but they will follow it themselves. Thank God I will now

go to the Protestant Church and leave for ever the Church of Rome.” I rejoice that God has blessed the reading of His Holy Word, and heard the prayers offered for this family.—E. F. S.

I.—GROWING ENLIGHTENMENT AND SPIRITUAL INDEPENDENCE OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

*The Word giving Light.*—The Word of God is an incredible power. While we sleep it works in and rouses souls from their lethargy, and tells them to watch and pray, and that although Heaven and earth should pass away, the Word will abide forever. An instance of this occurred in the case of a poor man at S. S— where I thought my labours had been lost. This man unexpectedly came to me, and said he must have a large Bible. He had read in one I had sold to a neighbour, and found many errors in his religion. He wanted to know the teachings of the Bible, and seemed desirous to leave the Church of Rome.—J. G.

*Seed springing up.*—Some six years since I sold a Bible to Mr. C—, who then bought it rather unwillingly, but now reads and speaks about it. He is considered a Protestant, and condemns Romanism from a full acquaintance with it. How many similar facts there are! Great events are preparing for Canada; its day of regeneration approaches. Let us labour and pray for it.—J. G.

*Confidence in Jesus, not in the Priest.*—In a family that I visited, the woman fell dangerously ill, which the priest hearing of, went to see her. A young man, thinking it was me opened the door, and told her it was the priest. She spoke quite loud, “say I have no need of him. I did not send for him.” The priest then said, some ladies she knew had asked him to visit her. “Very well,” she replied, “tell them I thank them, but I have no need of a priest;

I put all my confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ, not in man." The priest then left. She had a Testament and some tracts lying on the bed.—J. J.

*The Scriptures widely circulated.*—Visited an old farmer, with whom I had a long conversation on religious subjects. He spoke of his approaching end, and this gave me the opportunity of exhorting him to be ready for death. He made this encouraging remark: "Mr. R—there are copies of the Scriptures in every family in this range. For myself I have placed at least seven without counting those you have circulated, but the people do not wish it known, and it is the same in all the parish." This explains why the people are so much more accessible and enlightened. Still a little more patience and perseverance, and we shall see the harvest!—E. R.

*Rome's unquenchable hatred to the Bible.*—A man told me that when absent one day the priest came to visit his family with the sole purpose of carrying off his Bible. It happened as he entered one of the children was reading aloud a chapter. "What are you doing," said he. "I am reading the Bible," said the child. An altercation soon took place between the mother and the priest. "Burn the book," he said, "it is a Protestant Bible and a bad book." "Protestant or Catholic," said the woman, "I won't burn it, for my husband likes it much." Since then the family have been very indifferent about the Church of Rome and its teachings.—L. L.

*Improved change in the reception of the Missionaries.*—The Gospel makes rapid progress in Canada. In the large district I traverse I meet every day with proofs. In the rich parish of St. H— it was formerly very difficult to find lodging after a hard day's journeying. Now I am generally well received, and even asked to read the Word of God. In my last journey I lodged with a well-

off family named L—, and although it was Friday they cooked meat for me, saying they knew I was a Protestant.

### III.—UNSCRIPTURAL TEACHING OF THE CHURCH OF ROME AND RESULTS.

*Degrading superstition.*—I met in the parishes I visited much material misery, for the small-pox makes frightful ravages. In one house I found two, and in another four persons ill. In these families so deeply tried, shunned by their neighbours and even by the priest, I was able to address words of consolation which were well received.

There is no calamity, but the priests can turn to account in squeezing money from the poor. If, for instance, small-pox is epidemic, they tell them, in order to be preserved from it, they must buy a scapulary blessed by the Archbishop, and if they take the disease they will at least be saved from death. In one family, where the small-pox was raging, I noticed above the door a scapulary, which gave me the opportunity of showing how their priests deceived and virtually robbed them of their money in pretending to keep them from the disease.—D. G.

*A Religion of money, like system, like priest.*—At B—a poor girl died, and her friends could not pay the burial fees, six dollars. They begged the priest to make no charge, but he positively refused to bury her unless the full sum was paid. The wife of the Protestant minister had to go from house to house to collect the requisite amount, and the priest when called on gave twenty-five cents!—D. A.

*Anathemas.*—At A—I was told the Bishop who had just passed, had preached on Sunday, that all who read the Bible without the authority of the Church are damned for ever, and all Protestants are doomed to hell. He said this before 500 people.—P. S. V.

*The Bible its own witness.*—Once an old woman said to me, "I am told that you sell books that are written by the very hand of the devil." I read to her several chapters of the Testament, and asked her if she thought Satan would write such things. "But why," said she, "does our priest tell us that the devil writes the history of our Saviour, which you are reading." "Because he fears if you read the Bible, you would no longer believe his falsehoods, nor give him any more money. Here, I said, read this Testament from beginning to end, and you can return it to me." "Yes, I will read it," said the good old lady.—P. S. V.

*Warning to the Hierarchy.*—Woe to the priests when once the people get their passions up, for they murder very much against the oppressions of their Church; they will do as in the days of the Commune in France, if the Gospel does not step in to soften their feelings. I am reminded of the time, thirty years since when I first came to Canada, as regards the sale of books, yet the people are not the same in their minds.—A. S.

*Rome and good works.*—At St. E.—I had a most interesting conversation with a woman, during which we compared the teachings of her Church and of the Gospel on good works, she at first maintaining that we should do them to merit Heaven. I read several chapters of the Testament, and after speaking to her of the love of Jesus towards sinners, she began to weep and said, "O how I wish I could understand the love of Christ, and if I could only believe as you do, how happy you seem to be!" After encouraging her to follow the Gospel, I asked if I would pray, "O yes, sir, she said, and pray for me: perhaps God will hear you." She bought a Testament, and promised to read it, and try with the help of God to follow its teachings.—E. F. S.

#### IV.—THE WORK AMONG IMMIGRANTS.

Among the French immigrants, who are generally indifferent, I find some of them very interesting. A young man, a tailor, visits me from time to time, who has bought a Bible and reads it attentively. He comes regularly to our meetings, says he prefers hearing the Gospel to be with those who spend the Sabbath playing cards.—Am. S.

I have been encouraged by the abjuration of two Frenchmen (it has not been thought well to publish their names) as showing that God has blessed the Testaments given, and visits made at the Marine Hospital. May God continue in their hearts the work he has commenced.—D. G.

The Italians I visit read with great satisfaction the religious papers which come from Italy that a gentleman gives me for them. The reading of them is of great benefit, especially as they are in Italian.—Am. S.

I have much encouragement from a Spaniard who left his country because he was not free there, and who loved the Gospel. He looks upon the priests as the cause of the blood shed in his native country, and contrasts their conduct with the religion of Jesus Christ. The Italians all give me much pleasure, and bear their poverty with patience. They read the Italian journals with profit.—Am. S.

#### V.—APPEALS OF THE MISSIONARIES FOR PRAYER, ETC.

The field of labour is large; it requires more labourers to carry the good news. May God inspire a great many to work in His vineyard, and may he strengthen and comfort us so that we may be encouraged, for if there are a few cases of encouragement met with, we have to travel days and nights not able to say a word in bad roads, in storms, in cold, sometimes with hard work to find lodging if it be far from a village, and often very bad victuals. I

ask the fervent prayer of all Christians that the Lord may be with us.—E. F. S.

In laboring with faith and prayer, the Lord will use our weakness to lead souls to His knowledge, and if we will put our confidence in Him we will not be confounded. He will bless our labors. Am. S.

I met some bad characters who assaulted me. I received a blow in the side which gave me much pain. This is the great argument the Romanists employ against the Bible.—J. G.

I visited the parish of M. B.—where, owing to the poverty of the people and the fanaticism that rages, the work is very difficult. The first day after entering forty houses, I sold only one cent's worth of tracts. I then almost decided to leave the place, but next day, full of confidence in God, I re-commenced and sold three Testaments, three Gospels, and about 400 tracts.—D. G.

*A week of prayer suggested.*—Would you allow me a question here in relation to prayer? Do you think it would answer to have a week of prayer for the work of the Society, say in Montreal, or some other station, where all the missionaries, with the Committee and friends, might meet to pray. It seems to me that if these were to meet to make supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks for the French Roman Catholics and converts, that this would be good and acceptable in the sight of God, our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. I do not say that your missionaries should work less and pray more, but I say that they should pray in order to work more. I believe that a foul and deaf spirit can never come out of a man by preaching, but only by faith and prayer. There must be a multitude of God's people praying at the time of incense. It required the unceasing prayer of the Church that was at Jerusalem to deliver Peter out

of the hand of Herod who had put him in prison, and who can tell what such united prayer may accomplish.—I. M.

And may the Father of mercies send His Holy Spirit into the hearts of those who have heard the good news, and open their hearts to understand the Divine Word, and give themselves to Jesus, that Divine Saviour, who has so much loved them. E. F. S.

### RESCUING THE PERISHING.

In Canada the work is going on nobly of finding houses for homeless children. Here is a glimpse of where these poor children come from.

“NOBODY'S CHILD.”

“Billy Buttons.” What a name, and how he startled us!

Four or five brisk wheelabouts in the air, and one or two somersaults equally rapid, then a quick lighting upon his bare feet, whilst with two dirty little hands clasped in front, and marked entreaty upon his eye, his voice repeated his name in whining tones,—

“I'm Billy Buttons, sir.”

Where had he come from? Who did he belong to? What did he do here? and Where was he going? were the thoughts that rushed through one's mind with startling rapidity; but could of course only be answered by a slower process of less direct catechismal inquiries. After ten minutes talk it was plain as pikestaff that, young though he looked, and small though he was, “Billy Buttons” knew his way pretty well about.

“Do *anythin'* for yer, sir—'old yer oss, clean yer boots, carry yer parcel, sell yer a box o' lights, gi' yer in charge to a bobby, or sell yer a stunnin' flower for yer young lady; anythin' sir,” continued the young vagabond, “to earn a honest living.” And then, with a twirl which was perfectly bewildering, and cleared twenty paces on his hands and feet, returning in a

similar fashion, and at length, after divers other twistings and twirls, stood straight again.

Of rags he had scanty supply; of clothes he knew nothing, but in their place were the aforesaid rags and an abundant coating of mud. He *dossed*, when he could get any money, at Smike's lodging-house; but when he had not the pence, which was oftener than otherwise, why he wandered about, or slept up courts. "Anywheres handy," he explained, "where the bobbies can't catch me."

Two years and a half of such a life had been already spent by this precocious youngster of ten years. Whether he had parents living or not was impossible to tell. He did not himself know. It was a long time since he had seen his mother.

"Not sin' I bin on the streets: I ran away from 'er 'cos she whacked me," was his terse explanation of how and why he lost all trace of her. His father he had never known.

Well, we took up this case heartily, devoted days in searching out the possible whereabouts of his mother, but in vain. The little lad gladly entered our Home. Of course he was wild, almost untameable, as full of tricks as a young monkey, but singularly free from real vice, and evidently possessing the raw material out of which a useful man might, by God's blessing, be made. We have him still, and we mean to keep him. The streets are full of such. It is of no use our hiding from ourselves the fact that there are now, notwithstanding the operations of the School Board and various benevolent agencies, upon the streets of London a number of boys whose ages are not above thirteen, and who belong, with more or less difference of history and experience to the class from which "Billy Buttons" comes. And not only so, there is often a larger number—*hundreds*—of boys above thirteen whom the law is powerless to reach, and who crowd the lodg-

ing-houses and the market-places, and are in training for thieves. With a bad example before them, the sharp goadings of hunger behind them, and under no moral restraint whatever, it is not surprising that, every year, we hear of a large number of juvenile thieves committed for the first time to our prisons.

Surely this ought to be checked, but it never can be until Christians arise to the sense of the duty as well as privilege which belongs to them, of drawing with the cords of human and Divine *love* those boys whom the law cannot touch, and thereby arresting their awful progress towards a convict's career. Voluntary institutions like our own are *alone* capable of doing this blessed work in the highest way, and the help we ask of Christians everywhere is but to enable us to do it without hindrance and without the care and pressure of continued pecuniary need. I am sure the day is not far distant when believers of every class and of every section of the professing Church will look back with gladness and pleasure to the fact that Christian agencies like our own have, in the great Master's name, laid hold of, and turned out into life, vast numbers of boys and girls for whom, but for such intervention, there could have been nothing but a criminal career.—*Dr. Barnardo.*

#### REAL BIRMINGHAM "JEWELS."

There are plenty of them, alas! but they must be searched out and separated from the filthy dross in which through no fault of their own, they are embedded. Our readers know that this is being done, as far as possible, by Mr. J. T. Middlemore and his friends; they will therefore be glad to have some details of his work. The following sketch is written by one who has an intimate knowledge of it:—

On April 27, Mr Middlemore left England for Canada with seventy

neglected and criminal children. Most of them had had a year's training in the Birmingham Home, and they were now taken to Canada for the purpose of settling them in Christian families, beyond the influence of associatcns amid which, in Birmingham, they would come to ruin. They had come from the lowest parts of Birmingham—from the Inkleys, Thomas-street, John-street, and similar districts; they had come half-starved, half-clothed, lawless, and ungodly; and now they started from Liverpool, a troop of light hearted boys and girls, well clothed, well fed, and looking, full of hope, into the future. There were dear little fellows amongst the band; bright little girls, looking very pretty in their scarlet hoods and grey dresses; and there were older boys who had given hope to their kind friends that they were looking up in earnest to their Heavenly Father to guide them in a distant land to a life of honor and usefulness. It was a grief to think of parting with all these, but there were other children, as wretched as these had been, to be sought for amongst the haunts of poverty and vice.

There was one boy fifteen years old. He had been almost a year at the "Home." He had lived in the Gullet—an alley leading from Thomas-street. His mother was a poor outcast; his father, at the time he came to the "Home," was on trial for the attempted murder of his mother. The boy had lately been in prison for stealing eggs. In the day-time he maintained himself at the Market Hall; at night he slept under railway-arches. At first he gave great trouble at the "Home;" he was disinclined to conform to any rules, however lenient, and several times he attempted to run away. But at length, through God's grace, his heart was touched, he grew attached to the "Home," he showed some anxiety to learn reading and writing; he was frequently Mr. Middle-

more's companion, and often spoke to him about his anxiety to become a Christian and honest man.

Two brothers came to the "Home" in December; William, fourteen, and John, five years old. The elder used to gain his livelihood by pilfering about the streets. He was tracked to his home. It was a back room in the Inkleys: the room was almost un-enterable through filth and rubbish. In one corner on a heap of rags, lay the father, dead drunk; the mother had died of drink some time ago. William was not at home, but the little boy was sitting near the drunkard, munching a dry crust. Not easily will the sight of that little face be forgotten. Such an old man's face, such a sharp knowing look; turn him out into the streets at night, and at an age when happier children are scarcely out of their babyhood, he would know how to dodge the policeman, and get a night's sleep in some shed or under some railway-arch. A child that had never had a picture-book or a toy, that knew nothing of life but drink and curses, and swearing and lying.

One little girl was brought some months ago to the "Home" by a kind lady. She had found her in a little cottage in Moseley. The mother lay dead in the house, partly from drink, and partly from starvation. The little creature was only half clothed, and was crying with hunger. The neighbours knew nothing of the woman, except that her husband had died some months ago, and that she often came home intoxicated with drink. For some time the little girl continued feeble and sickly, and it appeared as if she had come to the "Home" but to die. Then she rapidly recovered, every week becoming brighter and more cheerful, and was amongst those wee, toddling things that are to be adopted in Canada.

These are only a few cases out of the many. It is from haunts and

dwellings like these that the children are rescued.

The children who went out in April have been taken to Christian homes; the younger ones adopted, and the older ones settled where they can work for wages. Yet the work is in no wise done; there are still a multitude of outcast children haunting the alleys and courts of Birmingham, with naked feet, and in rags, idle and vagrant, trained in every wickedness the devil can devise. Should not all give what they can, even though it be but the widow's mite, to rescue the young from misery and degradation?

In a recent circular Mr. Middlemore says:—"We are about building a Girl's Home in connexion with our work. Girls of the criminal class fall earlier and sink deeper into crime than boys, and their redemption is far more difficult and uncertain. With our present limited means and organization, thirty girls are being saved annually from a life of crime and infamy; but, emigration having been tried and found completely successful, we now wish to extend our work for girls, and to give it permanence by the possession of a building.

We heartily commend these varied labours where so sadly needed, and which yield such rich results. Mr. Middlemore's Emigration Home is at Beatrice-Crescent, St. Luke's-road, Birmingham.

### "THIS GREAT WICKEDNESS."

APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN FROM THE  
KESWICK CONFERENCE.

At the recent Convention for the Promotion of Practical Holiness at Keswick, two special meetings of ladies were held to consider the responsibility of Christian women with regard to the immorality of our land. The following questions are commended to the earnest and prayerful consideration

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of Christian workers and mothers throughout the country by those there assembled.

The recent legislation for the protection of vice was shown, when fully carried out, to lead to the most terrible perversion of the national conscience, both in men and women. An eye-witness showed how such laws destroy, in their victims, all sense of the sinfulness of their life, and make reclamation almost hopeless; and for this and other reasons it was felt that the Christian woman of England ought prayerfully to consider what each one can do to obtain the abolition of such a system.

The causes leading to immorality, and the best way of combating them, were discussed, and it was suggested:

1st. That those who conduct mother's meetings and Bible-classes should use more plainness of speech with their classes, on the duty of purity, or speak to individuals privately, as opportunities offer—there being, in many instances, much real ignorance as to what constitutes sin in this respect. That this warning is needed by very young persons; also, that both they and our own boys and girls need kindly warning against indulging in impure conversation, which is often a step to graver evil. This was specially spoken of in reference to children leaving home for school. Several instances were cited, showing how much good had been done by a few words of loving motherly counsel to youths and young men, not spoken solely by their parents. The temptations to which even mere boys are exposed were shown to be very great.

2nd. That the reading of servants and young persons is often most objectionable, but is frequently indulged in without any sense of wrong-doing; and that those interested in them should caution them by name against objectionable publications. Should not heads of households and others make

it a duty to provide and circulate suitable and interesting reading?

3rd. That the reading of police reports and criminal cases by the young in our families should be strictly forbidden, and they should be put on honor to avoid reading those parts of the newspapers which contain these reports.

4th. That many of the novels read by our young ladies are of the most injurious character, and Christians also give great cause of offence by such reading, which has a polluting effect on their own mind.

5th. That the present immodest and expensive style of dress is an undoubted snare to our young women. They

naturally copy those above them, and ladies may do much good by setting an example of modesty and sobriety in this respect.

The terrible prevalence of intemperance pressed much on many spirits; it was traced as one of the principal causes of immorality (as well as of other evils); and it was earnestly desired that, in regard to both these great subjects, Christian Englishwomen should solemnly and prayerfully ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and so act that the world may understand that Scriptural holiness is a real practical power.

*Keswick Aug. 7.*

H.

## PRACTICAL PAPERS.

### WINNING SOULS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"He that winneth souls is wise," says the Holy Book. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Theoretically, all Christians admit that a part of their duty is to win converts to Christ; practically, the majority delegate the performance of the duty to the next person. They listen to moving appeals from the pulpit, they are stirred by exhortations in the prayer-meeting, but nothing comes of it. Neither to neighbour, friend, brother, sister, parent, or child do they say a single word concerning their personal interest in the salvation of any of these people. A church composed of thoroughly earnest members, each one of whom was in earnest, every week, in some way, by act, or word, or prayer, or effort, might triple its membership, and tenfold multiply its power for

good, in a single year. The difficulty lies in the fact that everybody is satisfied to let the boat drift. It is bound for the kingdom of heaven and we are in it, seems to be their unspoken creed. Never mind whether others step on board or not.

A strange reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relations to God. It is felt alike by converted and unconverted persons. Very often the gay girl, whose heart is running over with fun and mirth, and whose speech sparkles with wit and humour, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied, that she wants something better, purer, and higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who in talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of this kind. She has even a faint, undefinable dread that any effort on

her part would be received coldly or made the occasion of ridicule. So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but they have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ who might have won a soul to Him has been silent, afraid, ashamed. What wonder if to that too faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn Himself, and is gone; that, seeking, the spirit finds Him not, and, calling there, returns no answer! Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects an important duty?

There are those in the world to whom it seems not difficult to speak. The very sick, the dying, are considered legitimate objects of Christian prayer and effort. But when the body is prostrated by severe illness, and the brain is languid or crazed with fever, the time is not favorable for the presentation of problems which tax the noblest powers of heart and reason. To the prison-bound criminal most good people would not hesitate to recommend Christ, for when the world has cast a man out, and society shut him up for breaking her laws, it is evident that there is no one but the Lord who will regard him with pity. But we have great perturbation when we think of addressing, in the character of lost sinners, men and women of position and rank. The elegant lady, the brilliant professional man, the merchant whose ships dot the sea, shall we go to those and soberly warn them of danger, of death, quietly urge them as we would the beggar or the thief, to come for safety to Christ?

I am persuaded that most of us fail in making the efforts we ought to win souls. Among the Aztecs no warrior, even of royal blood, was permitted to wear an embroidered mantle till he had gained some signal triumph in battle.

Till then his shoulders were covered with the *nephen*—a coarse plain robe of white. How many of us are content, our lives long, to wear only the *nephen*! It is white, but it bears no ornament, nor can it, until we have in some way helped to win a victory for our Master, brought to Him some captive, willing and rejoicing.—*New York Christian Union.*

## ABOUT PRAYER.

### I. SOME THINGS THAT SPOIL PRAYER.

FIRST.—*A deliberately chosen and cherished wicked life.*

“The Lord is far from the wicked; but he heareth the prayer of the righteous” (Prov. xv. 29). “When ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make prayers [multiply prayer] I will not hear; your hands are full of blood” (Isa. i. 15). Universal experience accords with the declaration of the psalmist, “If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.” One may pray as a sinner and be heard; but there must be penitence mingled with prayer. To pray for the forgiveness of sins still cherished, with no inward turning from them, is to mock God and invoke His curse.

SECOND.—*Turning away the ear from hearing the law* (Prov. xxviii. 9).

The prophet Zechariah speaks of some who refused to hearken, stopped their ears, made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law. Therefore, as they would not hear, “so they cried and I would not hear, saith the Lord of hosts.” If we would be heard, we must hearken. Others, beside those who deliberately turn away the ear and recklessly refuse to hearken to God’s law, render their prayers insipid and even nauseous to Him by their listless, careless hearing. Inattention closes our ears, indifference hardens our hearts. We

need the clear convictions of truth and duty, and the ardent aspiration after holiness which come from eager searching and devout contemplation of the Word of Life, to give wings to our prayers.

THIRD.—*Selfishness.*

“Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts” [pleasures] (James iv. 3). When we ask for personal blessings, there is danger of asking for personal reasons. The Lord delights to bless me, but not merely to please me. We are apt to be more anxious to be happy than to be holy. Desires must often be denied, in order to promote holiness; for this is a far better thing, and without which indeed there can be no happiness.

II. SOME THINGS THAT SEASON PRAYER.

FIRST.—*A sense of need.*

Peter's prayer as he was sinking, “Lord, save or I perish,” illustrates this quality. The publican's “God be merciful to me, a sinner,” is a model for all sinners. Great blessings, in order to be great blessings to us, must be greatly desired by us.

SECOND.—*Humility.*

What we most need we least deserve. The pardon of our sins, the cleansing of our hearts, the strengthening of our spirit, are great blessings, are greatly needed, and should be ardently desired; but such is our ill-deserts, that they cannot be sought in any but the most humble attitude of soul.

THIRD.—*Faith.*

“Without faith it is impossible to please God.” There can be no real coming to God in prayer without “believing that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek him.” Neither can we really ask, except as we believe that He has provided in Christ the supply for our need. The sinking apostle not only felt his danger, but believed that Jesus could save.

It is the prayer of faith that saves. Now, the record of the words and acts of our Lord is given, that we may believe in his ability and willingness to meet the deepest needs of our souls.

FOURTH.—*Earnestness.*

There is much listless praying that avails little; but the fervent or “earnest prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” Paul besought the Roman Christians to strive together with him in prayer to God for him that he might be successful in his mission to Jerusalem (Rom. xv. 30, 31). Epaphras “always laboured fervently in prayers” for the Christians in Colosse. This striving in prayers, fervently labouring in prayers, God has always honoured.

A careful perusal of the Word will enable the reader to extend greatly, to his edification, the list of things that season prayer.

III. SOME ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAYER.

God has made *asking* a condition upon which He will give us what we need. He does not surrender His sovereignty in doing so; He simply has ordained this as His way.

FIRST.—He promises to give *wisdom* in answer to prayer.

To know His Son as our Saviour, is the highest wisdom; it is life and peace. Through Him to have a knowledge of sins forgiven, is blessed wisdom.

SECOND.—*Grace sufficient to bear what God does not see fit to remove of earthly trial and sorrow*, is a very precious thing He gives to them that ask them. He has promised it in 2 Cor. xii. 7.

THIRD.—He promises *His Spirit to help us to pray*; so that we may pray in the Spirit.

FOURTH.—God is *pleased* with the prayers of His people. “He heareth the prayer of the righteous.” “The prayer of the upright is His delight.” “He will regard the prayer of the destitute.”—*Baptist Union.*

## A CLEAN TONGUE.

At the close of an evangelistic meeting in a country town, I was requested to speak with a young man who remained behind under spiritual anxiety. He was a working man, well dressed, with a very grave, and yet sweet expression. He was not well informed, but eager to get instruction. He told me that he had been brought under conviction at an evangelistic meeting about a week before. His terror had been great on the first discovery of his sin, but as glimpses of the Gospel gradually opened to his mind, the fear was diminishing, and hope beginning to dawn in his heart. His words were few, and his intelligence defective. To a question regarding the effects of his new-born spiritual earnestness upon his life, he replied, with much simplicity, "My tongue is cleaner now, sir." Explanations followed, from which I learned that he had been given to the use of vile and profane language. This seemed to have been the besetting sin that bulked largest in his view when the spiritual eye began to open. He saw the abomination, and with the instinct of the new birth, although yet only a babe, he began to throw it off.

The expression arrested me. How close the likeness here between soul and body, both in disease and in health. Next after the condition of the pulse, it is the state of the tongue that the physician desires to know, as an index to the patient's health. Foulness on the tongue is not the disease, but it is an effect which the disease produces, and so becomes a symptom of the disease. When the ailment is cured, the coating of uncleanness disappears from the tongue, and the organ resumes its pure natural color. The moral foulness of the tongue that indicates spiritual disease in the heart is very loathsome and very rife. Wherever boys are left without careful

parental training, they seem to glide into profanity as if by a law of gravity. The peculiar aggravation adheres to this sin that it defiles all on whom it falls. Sounds reach ears as light reaches eyes; one cannot escape. While you are walking along the street on your lawful business these sounds fall on your ears—these blasphemous thoughts are thereby conveyed to your mind—engraved, it may be, on your memory, so that you cannot wash them off.

When the physician finds the tongue of his patient foul, he does not occupy himself with efforts to scrape the coating off. He administers remedies with the view of reaching and removing the malady that is coursing through the system with the life-blood. If he succeed in subduing the fever that throbs in the heart, the incrustations will of their own accord quickly drop off from the tongue. This method holds good also in the spiritual disease. We must reach the root. The swearer cannot cast off his profanity, and remain otherwise as he was. When he gets a new heart, the lips will be found renewed also. When he comes to Christ for pardon of his sin, then he will begin to cease from sinning. It is a secret of the Lord, revealed to them that fear him, but concealed from others, that a man does not really loathe and dread his sin until it is forgiven. It is when he knows that it shall not condemn him that he puts it away. He never really learns to hate it till he knows that it has crucified Christ. The Apostle Peter writes a list of impurities that disciples should cast away from their hearts and their lips—"all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings;" but he does not expect that these can be shaken off, except by the power of God's forgiving love already experienced, for he says, lay these aside, "if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."

You turn the Gospel upside down when you tell a wicked person to get quit of his wickedness, first by his own effort in order that thereby he may obtain the favor of God. Offer him, as Jesus offered, the favor of God and the free forgiveness; and that favor

accepted will be a power in the believer's heart that will drive the wickedness out of his members. In matters of the soul, as in matters of the body, a heart healed of its disease will soon show its effects in a clean tongue.  
—*The late Rev. W. Arnot.*

## CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

### THE PRIZE MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY "A LADY OF VIRGINIA."

Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning,  
Token of our coming Lord;  
O'er the earth the field is whit'ning,  
Louder rings the Master's word,  
"Pray for reapers  
In the harvest of the Lord."

Feebly now they toil in sadness,  
Weeping o'er the waste around,  
Slowly gathering grains of gladness,  
While their echoing cries resound,  
"Pray that reapers  
In God's harvest may abound."

Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And, with pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er our land—  
Faithful reapers,  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

Ocean calleth unto ocean,  
Spirits speed from shore to shore,  
Heralding the world's commotion—  
Hear the conflict at our door;  
Mighty conflict—  
Satan's death-cry on our shore!

Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Eager millions hither roam;  
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation,  
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!  
By Thy Spirit  
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
 Soon the reaping time will come ;  
 Heaven and earth together keeping  
 God's eternal Harvest Home.  
 Saints and angels !  
 Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

### CHRIST'S LOVE.

A little Italian apple-girl came into my office one day with a basket full of red apples, and asked me to take one. I told her I did not care for it ; but she said—

“ You must take it.”

“ No, I don't wish for it,” said I.

But she insisted, and I took it.

She has come a great many times since, and she always gives me an apple ; and if I say “ No,” it makes no difference. I must take it nevertheless.

I well understand the reason. Several years ago I was sitting at the table in my private office one cold winter day, when I heard a tumult and a sudden cry in the repository, and rushing out of my room I saw the little apple-girl frantic with fear and terror. She had been standing near the red-hot stove, her clothes had taken fire, and the flames were streaming and climbing up her side and above her head. The clerks were confused and frightened, and could do nothing for her. I told her to lie down ; but she was wild with fear, and so I flung her quickly down upon the floor, wrapped a blanket around her, extinguished the flames, and saved her life. Some of the ladies in the repository went to the mission barrels, replaced her burnt-up garments with others, and sent her home in peace.

An apple is not worth much ; but when she returned a few days after, and told, in her broken English, the thanks of her father and mother, and when, day after day, she came with the apple, the biggest and best one she

could find in her basket, I could not have the heart to refuse the gift. That apple was not the price of her life. It was not to repay me for saving her from a fearful death, but it was simply to tell of the gratitude of her heart to one who had done something for her which she might never have an opportunity to repay.

Now the Lord Jesus Christ does not require great things of us. He does not ask us to repay Him for the love He has lavished on us. He does not demand of us to meet the debt which He has cancelled by His own blood ; but He does give us the privilege of showing that we have not forgotten His love, and that we appreciate the sacrifice which He has made. He does give us the privilege of showing that we have not forgotten the hand that was nailed to the cross, nor the love that throbbed within the great heart of Immanuel.—*Christian Treasury.*

### LOVE TO JESUS.

In the year 1853, while travelling in Virginia, the writer spent a night at Wainsborough, and was there introduced to Mr. Waddell, then aged sixty-two, a son of the celebrated blind preacher. Among several unpublished incidents of his father's life, he related to me the following. When Dr. Waddell was preaching one Sabbath at Portsmouth, Va., a ship came into port of which the master and two of the men were Christians. Learning that the blind preacher was conducting a service at one of the churches in the

evening, they made their way to the place, but found the crowd such that they could only press their way into one of the aisles. The discourse was a plain and earnest one, from the words of Christ to Peter, when they had dined on the shore of the lake. Towards the close the preacher appealed to the audience repeatedly, "Who of you can say, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee?' Who?" The deepest silence prevailed; but the heart of one of the sailors was full; he could not restrain himself, and, bursting out, he exclaimed in thrilling tones, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." The congregation was melted to tears.—*White Cross.*

#### TREATMENT OF INSULTS.

Bryardaine, a missionary to Grenoble, was endeavouring to enforce the duty of forgiving our enemies, when he perceived that a large part of his audience consisted of troops then in garrison at that place. Anxious to embrace the occasion of denouncing the detestable practice of duelling, and perceiving that the attention of the military was strongly excited, he paused for a moment, and then said, "Perhaps there is among my hearers some high-spirited soldier, who burns as I speak to interrupt me, and to ask the humble missionary who now addresses you whether he can ever conceive how a man of honour feels when he has been outraged by a blow? I am prepared to answer him, and tell him I do know what those feelings are; and my knowledge is derived from a book that teaches all of us whatever it concerns all of us most to learn—from a book that describes the worst of all insults with an indignation at least equal to what modern honour can inspire. I have been taught by my Bible how a blow may be felt, and

how it should be resented. The Bible informs me that the Saviour of the world, without a murmur against His executioners, submitted to all that could embitter the agonies of death. Insulted, vilified, scourged, crucified—He uttered not a word! It was not until He received a blow that He condescended to open His mouth. And what said He then? Let the Bible tell us, and let the duellist, if he can, surpass the example. 'One of the officers that stood by struck Jesus with the palm of his hand, saying, Answerest Thou the High-priest, so? Jesus answered him, if I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou Me!'"

#### A FORGIVING SPIRIT.

Louis XII. of France had many enemies before he ascended the throne. When he became king he caused a list to be made of his persecutors, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known, the enemies of the king fled, because they thought it was a sign that he intended to punish them. But the king, hearing of their fears, caused them to be recalled, with an assurance of freedom, and said that he had put a cross beside each name to remind him of the Cross of Christ, that he might endeavour to follow the example of Him who had prayed for His murderers, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—*Children's Friend.*

#### FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS.

A minister, one day walking in the country, came to a barn where a thresher was busy at his work. He addressed him in the words of Solomon: "In all labour there is profit." Leaning upon his flail, and with much energy, the thresher answered, "Yes, sir, that is the truth; but there is one

exception to it. I have long laboured in the service of sin, but I got no profit by my labour." "Then you know something of the apostle's meaning when he asked, 'What fruit had ye then in these things whereof ye are now ashamed?'" "Thank God," said he, "I do; and I do know that, now being freed from sin, and having become a servant unto righteousness, I have my fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life."—*Living Waters.*

### AN INFIDEL REPROVED.

When an eminent minister once heard an infidel jestingly say, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," the venerable servant of Christ turned round and promptly replied, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

### BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Away back in the years that are gone, a rich merchant, returning to his home one cold November evening, found a poor, barefooted child upon his doorstep, shivering, and in tears from suffering and want. Many persons would have driven her away, but a glance at her face struck pity to his heart, and he took her into his house, warmed her by the fire, fed her at his table, and clothed her in the warm cast-off garments of his own little girl. He listened to her tale of sorrow, believed it, and with a basket of food and an old though comfortable blanket, sent her home, telling her to come to his house whenever they needed food, clothing, or fuel.

It seemed that the poor family struggled on as best they could, and whenever poverty pinched too bitterly, the girl came to the merchant's house for the proffered charity, until her little face became quite familiar.

One day she came in great sorrow and bitter weeping. Her mother was dead, and she had no one to turn to in the bereavement of her little heart but the kind merchant. He buried the poor dead woman, and took the girl to his home until he could, from the dying directions of the mother, write to her relations, for it seems the mother had married against the will of her parents, and had been disinherited. During her life she had preferred to remain in poverty and obscurity rather than to appeal to her relatives; but at her death pride was swallowed up in anxiety for her helpless child. The relations came and took the child away, and then her whereabouts was lost to the merchant.

Years rolled by, and misfortune overtook our man of generous heart. Death of his family and bankruptcy of his fortune left him a poor and desponding man. Many were the ways he strove to rise again, but always failed, until he finally kept a street-stand. One day a runaway team overturned his stand and injured him so severely that he was taken to the hospital, and a paragraph of the accident appeared in the papers, with his name and a sketch of his life and failure.

This paragraph caught the eye of a wealthy lady living in a neighbouring city. She hastened to the hospital, and stood by the bed of the poor old man. In her fine, generous face he could not recognize the little girl he once befriended. But such she was. She had been educated by wealthy relations, had married well, and lived in luxury. She had never forgotten her first benefactor, but had lost all traces of him until, to her surprise, she saw the paragraph in the papers. And now the bread cast upon the waters had been found after many days gloriously multiplied; and, taken to the generous home of the noble woman, he is passing his last days in peace and happiness, loved and

honoured as her own father, and the children even call him grandpa.

I HAVE no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be; and then, when the cannon balls, and marbles, and shots, and even grains of sand, are all in the box, even then there will be room for those little deeds of love and faith, which, in my Master's name, I seek of you who love His appearing. Serve God by doing common acts in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the apostle's words, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—*Spurgeon.*

ONE of the most intelligent, and clear-headed professional men in the country, not himself a professor of religion, said in a conversation on the importance and reality of religion: "If there is anything in this world that tempts me to disbelieve the whole thing, it is when I see men profess to be converted—covenant to labour for Christ and His cause for ever—go to communion, and partake of His body and blood, and then, in three months after, I see the same persons playing cards at whist parties, dancing at public balls, frequenting operas and theatres, and all manner of vain amusements. It looks to me like consummate hypocrisy, and I am tempted to think the whole thing a delusion."

Nor easily explained to others, and too ethereal to define, these (spiritual) joys are, on that account, but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness; the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions God-ward; the lull of sinful passions; an exulting sense

of the security of the well-ordered covenant; the gladness of surety, righteousness, and the kind spirit of adoption, encouraging to say, "Abba, Father;" all the delightful feelings which the Spirit of God increases or creates, are summed up in that comprehensive word, "Joy in the Holy Ghost!"—*Dr. Jas Hamilton.*

THE late Cæsar Melan, of Geneva, met, in one of his visits to Edinburgh, with the poetess Charlotte Elliot. He complimented her upon the beauty of her poetry, and mentioned several lines and verses that delighted him. He then said "But do you know the All-beautiful? or, to be plain, do you know Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" She owned that she did not. But the question led her to serious thought. She embraced Jesus as her Saviour; and she wrote the beautiful hymn which has encouraged and guided many sinners in every land to seek and find Him in rest and peace—"Just as I am, without one plea."

MR. GLADSTONE, speaking of the radical Romish party, says: "It is a party which triumphs in Belgium; which brags in England; which partly governs and partly plots in France; which disquiets, though without strength to alarm, Germany and Austria; which is weaker, perhaps, in Italy than in any of those countries; but which is everywhere coherent, everywhere tentations of its purpose, everywhere knows its mind, follows its leaders, and bides its time."

THE first duty of the worshipper is personal prayer. It is not necessary that he should kneel to pray; even the bowed head may be a poor substitute for the bowed and waiting heart. All forms fail; nothing but the personal outreaching of mind and heart after God will meet the want.

ABSENTERS for a time must not be condemned as apostates for ever; Thomas is not Judas.—*M. Henry.*

## SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have Eternal Life; and they are they which testify of Me."—John v. 39.

## STATE BY NATURE.

Rom. iii. 9-23....."None Righteous."  
Rom. v. 12....."Death by Sin,"  
Gal. iii. 22....."All under Sin."  
Eph. ii. 1-3....."Children of Wrath."  
Job. xiv. 4....."Unclean."  
Isa. lxiv. 6....."Unclean."  
Ps. li. 5....."Shapen in Iniquity."  
Gen. vi. 5....."Evil continually."  
Jer. xvii. 9....."Desperately Wicked."

## CHRIST JESUS A SAVIOUR.

Matthew i. 21....."Shall save His people."  
Rom. iii. 24-26....."Justified freely."  
1 Tim. i. 15....."A faithful saying."  
Eph. i. 6, 7....."Redemption through Blood."  
Heb. ix. 12, 26-28 "By His own Blood."  
2 Cor. v. 17-21....."Not imputing trespasses."  
Rom. v. 6-11....."Christ died for the Ungodly."  
1 Pet. i. 18, 19....."Precious Blood."  
Rom. iv. 25....."Raised for Justification."

## CHRIST JESUS THE SIN-BEARER.

John i. 29....."Behold the Lamb of God."  
Isaiah liii....."By His stripes healed."  
Gal. iii. 13....."Christ hath redeemed."  
1 Peter ii. 24....."Who bare our Sins."  
Heb. x. 12-14....."One sacrifice for Sins."  
Acts xiii. 38, 39....."Forgiveness of Sins."  
Heb. i. 3....."Purged our Sins."  
1 John iii. 5....."To take away our Sins."  
John xix. 30....."It is finished."

## CHRIST JESUS OUR PEACE.

Col. i. 12-14-20....."Peace thro' Blood of His Cross."  
Eph. ii. 13-14....."He is our Peace."  
John xiv. 27....."Peace I leave with you."  
John xx. 19-26....."Peace be unto you."  
Romans v. 1....."Peace with God."  
Phil. iv. 6, 7....."Peace of God."  
2 Thess. iii. 16....."Lord of Peace."  
John xvi. 33....."In ME Peace."  
Rev. i. 4-6....."Peace for Him."

## INVITATIONS.

Rev. iii. 20....."I stand and knock."  
Luke v. 32....."I came to call Sinners."  
Matthew xi. 28....."Come unto ME and rest."  
John vii. 37....."Come unto ME and drink."  
Isaiah i. 18....."Come now, let us reason."  
Isaiah lv. 1....."Come to the waters."  
Luke xiv. 17....."Come, all things are ready."  
John vi. 87, 47....."No wise cast out."  
Rev. xxii. 17....."Come, whosoever will."

## GOD THE GIVER.

Romans vi. 23....."Gift of God, Eternal Life."  
1 John v. 11-13....."This Life is in His Son."  
John iii. 14-16....."He gave His Son."  
2 Cor. ix. 15....."His unspeakable Gift."  
Gal. ii. 20....."Gave Himself for me."  
John x. 27-29....."I give Eternal Life."  
Eph. ii. 4-10....."Rich in Mercy."  
Rom. v. iii. 31-39 "Freely give us all things."  
1 Cor. iii. 22, 23....."All things are yours."

## ASSURANCES.

Acts xvi. 31....."Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."  
John v. 24....."Hath everlasting life."  
1 John i. 7-9....."The Blood cleanseth."  
Isaiah xliiii. 1, 2....."I have redeemed thee."  
1 John iii. 1, 2....."Beloved, now sons of God."  
Col. iii. 1....."With Him in Glory."  
Romans vii. 1....."No condemnation."  
Hebrews x. 19-23....."Full assurance of Faith."  
John xiv. 1-3....."Where I am, ye may be."

## CHRIST JESUS A SAVIOUR TO THE UTMOST.

Phil. iv. 19....."Supply all your need."  
Hebrews viii. 8....."Jesus the same for ever."  
Hebrews vii. 25....."Able to save to the uttermost."  
2 Tim. i. 12....."Able to keep."  
Eph. iii. 20....."Able to do above that we ask."  
Hebrews ii. 18....."Able to succour them that are tempted."  
Acts xx. 32....."Able to build you up."  
2 Cor. ix. 8....."Able to make all grace abound."  
Jude 24, 25....."Able to present you faultless."

A POOR, lone woman, who had walked by the steady light of her old family Bible for a long lifetime, found that her failing eyesight could serve her no longer. She could not even find her favourite passages for others to read. She resorted at last to the expedient of placing pins carefully in the margin opposite them; and when any one came to visit her, she would pass her withered fingers down the page, and beg them to "read here" or "read there." When she died, a hundred and sixty-eight pins were found in the book. Are there pins in our Bible? Have we our golden passages to which we turn in time of trouble or any need?

## A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

In how many and manifold ways are the words of the Apostle forced upon our attention: "The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them." If people would but let the light shine in, how soon would the darkness and the sin that embitter and destroy many a valuable life be made to vanish! For some weeks past the reading public have had thrust upon their notice the details of as sad a story of domestic life as ought to satisfy the most malicious servant of the arch-enemy of souls. We are very strongly of opinion that a vast deal more harm is done by the publication of minute facts, which must inevitably tend to corrupt and demoralize social and family life, than can possibly be counterbalanced by any supposed promotion of the ends of justice through such publicity. We wish the conductors of our daily newspapers would show a little more solicitude for the elevation and purification of society, and cater less for the gratification of an unwholesome and morbid curiosity to become acquainted with evil, which lingers, we suppose, in nearly every human breast.

It is not within our province to attempt to solve "The Ballham Mystery," but the lesson which it teaches every thoughtful man and woman seems to us to find voice in a few sentences which we extract from the evidence of one of the chief actors in this inexpressibly painful drama of English life. It occurs in the cross-examination by one of the legal gentlemen engaged in the case, who was questioning the wife of the deceased man:—

"He was not strong in his religious principles?—No.

"On the Wednesday morning were

you present when he asked for prayers?—Yes:

"You had up to that time observed that he was suffering most excruciatingly?—Most fearfully:

"Then religion seemed to have taken some little hold of him then?—I think he felt so ill that he thought he was going to die."

When will men and women learn the supreme folly of framing their lives on a basis which excludes from all account, God and his claims on our homage and obedience? When will people be convinced of the futility of attempting to spend their years in gratifying ambitious desires or unholy passions, and yet hope to escape the consequences of such a course of life? Why will people postpone to the flickering moments of an expiring and wasted life, that which should be settled as soon as reason and responsibility dawn in the mind, and which should be the very essence of human life, instead of an uncertain accident at its close? When, in short, will men and women live to God and not to themselves? Can any one doubt that if the poisoned man, and the others intimately connected with this sad affair, had been "strong in their religious principles," as it was termed, we and they should have been spared these dark and humiliating disclosures?

## MUNNY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. S. J. RHEA FROM  
"RAYS OF LIGHT," PUBLISHED IN  
OROOMIAH, PERSIA.

Died, March 4th, 1874, Munny, wife of Priest Karim, of Santloo. She was one of the earlier pupils of the Oroomiah Female Seminary under Miss Fiske and Miss Rice. There she ranked among the highest for faithfulness in keeping the rules appointed by the teachers. As we remember, she found

hope in Christ in 1849. The writer then analyses her character under four heads. 1st. She was polite to every one, and modest, conducting herself with Christian dignity, doing everything with quiet system. Her orderliness and skill were remarkable, she kept herself and family clean and neat (I trust the simplicity of this record will not detract from its interest).

2d. She was patient and full of faith. With passing years she has been greatly chastened by the death of her children. She has had many trials and difficulties, especially during the two years of her husband's absence, preaching as an evangelist in Botan; having the care of the house and the children, and being timid and anxious, alone, far away from her parents, worrying over the spiritual desolations of her village; yet overcoming her fears and restraining complaints, enduring for Christ and believing that the angels encamped round about her (think of a timid woman so making herself strong).

3d. She would never neglect family worship, morning and evening. Her children were taught lessons and verses from the Holy Scriptures for the Sabbath-school. Her sons understand and read five languages (I remember her oldest boy, a sort of prodigy in the schools). How great was her joy to hear of the advance of the Lord's work through her husband's labors in Botan; she said all her troubles were forgotten in that.

4th. She was zealous and diligent, winning souls for Christ. When she first came to the field of her labour, she began teaching school. She neither tired of it nor was ashamed (for a woman to read was considered a disgrace). She trained up a number of girls to be readers (overcoming prejudices), and taught the women verbally the Scriptures. Every Sabbath and every Friday she held meetings for prayer. The Lord blessed her

labors, and we hope she has won many gems to shine in her crown. She lived as a pilgrim and stranger on the earth, looking for a city which hath foundations. *She was not a lover of jewelry and outward ornaments, but looked well to the hidden life of the heart.* (Miss Rice's favorite verse for her girls was, "The King's daughter is all glorious within.") She often spoke of death, saying to her husband, "Fret not, we shall soon go hence." Death came suddenly. She appeared in perfect health till a violent attack of typhoid fever; even in that she was patient and uncomplaining, and without anxiety, except for her little children. On Tuesday morning, an hour after sunrise, in peace and quietness, she yielded up her soul, winging her way towards rest. She leaves behind five motherless children and a distressed husband. From all sides comes the lament, "What a pity, what a pity!" but she has chosen the good part that shall never be taken away from her.

*Oroomiah, Persia, June, 1874.*

Comment is unnecessary. A more eloquent and convincing lecture could not be written on foreign missions than the above. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and such are the legitimate fruits of teaching *pure Bible truths* to heathen women. Who would not have part in such a work?

"I wish you all a happy new year!" said Mr. Moody to the gathered assembly at the Depot Church, at the watch-meeting on New-Year's eve. "I wish you all a happy *eternity*," called out the Rev. Dr. Plumer, who stood by Mr. Moody's side.

Blessings long desired are sweeter when they come; if soon given, they lose much of their value. God reserves for thee that which He is slow to give thee, that you may learn to entertain a supreme desire and longing after it.—*Augustine.*

## CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

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### SERMON FOR THE BOYS.

The boy who does a stroke and stops  
 Will ne'er a great man be ;  
 'Tis the aggregate of single drops  
 That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth  
 A mountain, so to speak ;  
 The little atoms of sand and earth  
 Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams  
 The gold above the gray ;  
 'Tis thousand little yellow gleams  
 That make the day a day.

Not from the snow-drift May awakes  
 In purples, reds and greens ;  
 Spring's whole bright retinue it takes  
 To make her queen of queens.

—*Alice Carey.*

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### THE FRIEND YOU NEED.

Children, do you want a friend,  
 Ever faithful, ever true—  
 One whose kindness knows no end,  
 One whose love can shelter you ?  
 Jesus is the friend you need ;  
 Jesus is a friend indeed.

None that sought His love's embrace  
 Has He ever turned away ;  
 You may see his smiling face—  
 Gaze upon His charms to-day.  
 Ever faithful, ever true,  
 Jesus is the friend for you.

### THE WORD HID IN THE HEART.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—Ps. cxix. 11.

There is something in most every verse of this long psalm about the Word of God, and the love and value of the writer for it. Although the name of David is not given, it is thought that he wrote the psalm. We know from other psalms as well as this how very greatly he loved and valued that part of the Bible which was written in his day,—how he thought it more precious than gold, and sweeter than the honeycomb.

David, like every child of God, knew and felt his own sinfulness, and was always seeking to fight against sin. In this verse he tells us what he found the best help: "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." What was good for David must be good for us. Dear children, if you are wishing to get the better of sin, take David's plan—try to have the Word of God hid in your hearts.

How is this to be done?

You must get well acquainted with your Bible. If you do not read easily yet, try to learn as fast as you can; and in the meantime listen attentively to all you hear from the Book of God,—to all your parents and teachers tell you about it. If you can read you will have got a Bible of your own, and I hope you study it for yourselves every day. Pray, whenever you open it, that the Holy Spirit may make what you read get not into your *head* only, but into your *heart*, that you may not only understand, but *love* it.

Try not to *forget* what you read; and therefore it is well to have as much as possible in your *memory*. Begin to learn it by heart, asking your parents to direct you, if you are not sure what chapters will be best. But you will soon find out for yourselves, I hope, what will be most useful for you.

Learn a verse every day at least, and go over them on the Sabbath. If you begin this *now*, in a few years you will have a great deal hid in your memory; and it will be learned much more easily now than afterwards, and not so soon forgot. I recollect quite well the chapters and psalms I learned when I was young like you; but if I learn new ones now, it is much more difficult, and I soon forget them again.

How will this help us not to sin?

Because, when we are tempted to what is wrong, we shall be able at once to remember that God has forbidden it. We shall recollect his warnings and threatenings against the sin, and also the sweet promises he gives to help and comfort us. The apostle calls the Word of God the "sword of the Spirit," with which we must fight against the enemies of our souls. Jesus himself used this sword, as we read in Matt. iv. 1-11. It is a sword for the young Christians as well as for the old.

May you and I have more of this blessed Word every day hid in our hearts!

Have you been seeking this yet! Have you more of it in your hearts to-day than you had last week, last year? —J. C. B.

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### HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

I could tell you many stories, dear children, about the people of God, who have said with David, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and have not been disappointed. For what David says in another psalm, is as true now as when he wrote it,—“Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded” (Ps. xxii. 4, 5).

These were sad times in England 200 years ago, when many pious

ministers, for conscience sake, had to leave their churches, and often to suffer much from poverty. I shall tell you about one of them, the Rev. Oliver Heywood. He was a very pious man, with a wife and large family. They lived near the town of Halifax, in Yorkshire. Sometimes they really did not know how to get food. One day they were in much distress, with no provisions in the house. Mr. Heywood said to a faithful servant, who had stayed with them in all their troubles, "Martha, take a basket, and go into town, and ask Mr. N——, the shopkeeper, if he will lend me five shillings. If he does, buy such things as you know we most want. May God give you good speed, and, in the meantime, we will pray to Him who feedeth the young ravens that cry."

Martha set out, but when she came near the shop, she felt no courage to do what was so like begging, and she passed the door again and again. At last Mr. N——, looking out, called to her, and asked if she were not Mr. Heywood's servant. Upon her replying that she was, he said, "I am glad to see you, for some friends have given me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could send the money." Poor Martha was quite overcome by these words, and burst into tears. Seeing that the shopkeeper was surprised at her agitation, she told him the state of the family, and what she had been sent for; and he begged that if they were ever in such straits again, she would have no scruple in coming to him for help.

You may believe how joyfully she purchased provisions, and how fast she walked home. The hungry children seized the basket to see what was in it, while good Mr. Heywood heard Martha's story, and then said, "The Lord has not forgotten to be gracious; his Word is true from the beginning. They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

At another time this excellent man was in such danger from his persecutors, that he had to leave his family, and set out on horseback one cold winter's day, with no money, not knowing where to go for shelter. He prayed earnestly to the Lord his shepherd, committed himself to his care, and then resolved to let the horse just take any road it pleased. In the evening it went of its own accord to a retired farm-house, where Mr. Heywood asked a woman, who was at the door, if she could give him a little hay for his horse, and allow him to sit during the night by the fire. He told her he had no money to pay for anything, but she and her husband gave him a kind welcome. They placed supper on the table, and as he mentioned having come from near Halifax, the farmer asked if he could tell them anything about Mr. Heywood, who had been forbidden to preach. He soon saw from the way they spoke, that they were friends, and at last ventured to tell them that he was the very person. Then the good people were full of surprise and joy; they thanked God that he had been led to their roof, and called some Christian neighbours together to join with them in prayer, and hear a sermon from him. They gave him money to help him on his journey, and the history goes on to say, that in after days he returned to those new friends, and preached among them with much success.

But, as I said before, this is only one example out of many, of how the Good Shepherd provides for his people. Oh! seek to know him *early*, to come as lambs into his fold. Let the "prayer of Moses, the man of God," be often yours, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days" (Ps. xc. 14).

"Yes, for me, for me he careth,  
With a "shepherd's" tender care;  
Yes, with me, with me he shareth,  
Every burden, every fear.