

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1874.

Editorial.

THORNS AND ROSES.

The editorial chair into which, reluctantly, we were pressed this time last year, like every chair on which poor mortals sit, has its thorns and its roses, though, we are free to confess that we have found the thorns fewer and the roses more numerous than we anticipated. As for the thorns one meets with in life who cares to make a collection of them, and to exhibit them to one's friends? The best thing one can do is to burn them. There are some thorns, however, green ones, which will not burn and thus pass out of sight, and to one of them in the way of explanation we must make a passing reference.

Our greatest trouble about the editing of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY is the want of time to do the work properly. When the "*Good News*" and kindred publications broke down on the death of their editor and proprietor, the Rev. Robert Kennedy, it was as clear as daylight to any one that examined Mr. Kennedy's books that every vestige of that good work must cease from amongst us unless some one took in hand to continue a portion of the work without looking for any remuneration from the publication. Were the conductors of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY depending on it for any support the work would break down in a few months. In these circumstances a few ministers undertook to do the writing without any other reward than the pleasure of keeping alive a

witness for the truth in our villages and rural parishes. One of these ministers, a well-known author, whose contributions to the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY have attracted the notice of the weekly press, has been for nearly six months laid aside from all work in the solitude of the sick-room, and the burden of supplying original literary matter has therefore pressed very heavily on the shoulders of us who miss so much the presence and the pen of our beloved brother. For the reader must bear in mind that the editor and contributors of this monthly, have sermons to preach, prayer meetings to superintend, the young to instruct, the sick to visit, and church courts to attend, ere time can be got to write for the press. It is easy to understand, therefore, that much of the writing that you, kind reader, glance over at your ease in broad daylight, is done with wearied hand after the pastoral duties of the day are over, and when most of people are in their beds. But there is at present no remedy for this, and month after month we must issue our monthly, regretting that it cannot get more attention, that books for review, and notices of magazines, and manuscripts that are half finished, must wait till there is spare time from urgent duty, till there is less of sickness, less of public and private work. That is our worst thorn (which makes us long at times to leave a chair which we cannot fill as it ought to be filled), and with

this mention of it let us pass on to the roses. One likes to gather them and preserve them to cheer one's toil, and to turn one's heart in gratitude to God who gives them to us.

It is pleasant, (and here is a rose surpassing all others in sweetness) to be able, month after month, from the quiet study of a country village, to speak through the trumpet-tongued press in behalf of our Lord to an audience scattered over the Dominion and places beyond. While our dailies watch over our politics, and our denominational journals watch over denominational interests, work very necessary and useful when done in a Christian spirit, to one poor brother of the press, it is a privilege to be allowed, as Leighton expresses it, to "hold up Jesus Christ and eternity." If Matthew Henry could say, that in order to be allowed to *preach* Christ each Sabbath he was willing to dig all week, it cannot surely be a small privilege to speak through the written page, each month, to a large audience (that the voice could never reach) of that same Saviour, his people, his ways and his work.

It is also very pleasant, through our monthly, to be brought into correspondence with Christians whom otherwise we would never have known. Many have written and helped as our fellow-workers without fee or reward; some have written as fellow-sufferers in life's trials and sorrows. For it often happens that men can, of their perplexities, their sorrows and their joys, their hopes and fears, *write* much more easily and promptly than they can *speak*. On this account, we suppose, there have found their way into our desk letters intended for our eye alone, which it has been a pleasure to read, and a privilege to answer, with the writers of which, however, it will not be our lot, in all likelihood, to meet till we meet where there are neither perplexities nor sorrows.

Very pleasant also have been the

words of encouragement and approval that have reached us from private individuals, from ministers of different denominations, and from the press. Our readers know from the numbers now in their hands, that no attempt is made in the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, by novels and sensational stories, to attract attention and ensure a sale. There is not even as much of incident and anecdote, reading that requires no thought and leaves behind, when separate from doctrines and principles, little durable impression, as some good people would wish. It is pleasant, therefore, to find so many who approve of a magazine, conducted with so little attempt to please, and so far from the current of "modern thought," as some are pleased to call it. In another place we give, as this is the last number of our first year, a few of these kind letters and approving criticism, some of which have lain for nearly a year in our possession, and others of which have reached us quite recently.

The encouragement received in the way of subscribers some would call, from its meagreness, a thorn; we choose, from its largeness, all things considered, to call it a rose—say, then, a thorny rose, for there are such flowers to be met in the path of life. Had we been content to make the monthly, a magazine of 32 pages instead of 48, which ought perhaps (in common with our other dollar monthlies) to be at the outset its size, then we would be free of all anxiety for the future as well as for the present, as to its clearing its way with the printer and paper-maker. Our present circulation, close on 1,800, is after deducting commissions and losses, exchanges and free copies, about enough to meet the mechanical expenses (paper, printing, postage, mailing) of the year now closing. It is the second year about which our anxiety now is, and on which the fate of the undertaking rests. An old experienced physician once told a young practitioner that he would get on well enough the first year,

as from curiosity, &c., people would be apt to call him in; but that the tug of war for him lay in the second year, when novelty had worn off and his strong and weak points had been discovered. "If you live through the second year then you have gained the day," was the shrewd conclusion of a long experience. Even so. It is the second year that is the trying year for preachers, doctors and magazines. Let subscribers and those kind friends to whom we are so much indebted for the past year take a note of this, and let them not relax their efforts but rather increase them for our second year, beginning with July. If the 1,300 subscribers whose time expires with this present month remit their subscriptions for a second year cheerfully and promptly, then will our undertaking be beyond much peril. It will, indeed, become a strong and useful periodical, yielding something to Mrs. Kennedy and family, and capable, as it expands, of doing good service as an evangelical magazine, at a time when a publication like the *London Christian* is needed in Canada. If, however, people neglect, or forget or refuse, to renew their subscription, on them must lie the responsibility of discouraging this undertaking, and of weakening the hands of those who are doing their best to sustain it. It is not, therefore, surely too much to ask Christians of the various evangelical churches, and especially ministers of the Gospel, to aid in retaining to us our old subscribers, and in getting for us new additions to our list. It is not because of what our periodical is at present that we plead for it, but what it might become if duly encouraged. We would like to see on the Editor's table, not only all the English magazines but the evangelical monthlies of France, Germany and Italy. As soon as we find that the Christian public are ready to encourage us, arrangements will be made to obtain these and also to enlarge the staff of writers, as well as to secure fuller and more frequent notices of new

books. We now leave the matter under the disposal of our blessed Master, and in the hands of His people, and are willing to abide by his and their decision. Should that decision be to give up the publication, after another year, then the Editor will welcome release from harness: but if, on the other hand, the verdict is to go on, then will the work be continued with fresh courage.

IS EDINBURGH FROM THIS AWAKENING TO GO FORWARD OR BACKWARD?

"Let us wait, without saying much, until a summer and a winter has passed over the soul." That was the remark with which a godly and eminent divine was in the habit of meeting the sanguine reports of his friends in regard to cases of hopeful conversion. Age and experience had taught him caution in numbering converts and in concluding that every soul *awakened* was necessarily a soul *converted*. He knew from the teachings of the Word of God and from what he had seen in his long, and remarkably blessed ministry, that a season of reaction comes, very often, after a season of excitement, and that the tree cannot be counted as one of the Lord's planting until, after its first winter, it again shoots forth into deeper roots, and life more vigorous than the life of its first summer.

It was lately summer with the newly awakened churches of Edinburgh: "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come," was their song, when the earth was in mid-winter, for several weeks at the beginning of this year. They are now, while the earth is putting on its summer, entering on *their* winter. The novelty has worn away from their meetings; strangers that came crowding from other places have ceased their coming and going; and the American

brethren whose visit had brought them quickening have passed on to other places. "Awake, O north wind," is the voice that is now in the ear of the Edinburgh churches. The trees that were gorgeous with deceitful blossoms will now be stripped by the "north wind that driveth away rain," and all untimely flowers will lie scattered on the ground. Heat and rain, warmth and moisture, clouds and closeness, ripen no fruit sweetly, and prepare no tree for vigorous bearing. A hot-house atmosphere is not the climate for the cedar and the olive, no, nor even for the palm and the pomegranate. The searching, invigorating, purifying "north wind" must do its work before our "Beloved" can be invited into His garden "to eat His pleasant fruit." This is, therefore, a critical time in the history, not simply of Edinburgh, but of the evangelical churches of Britain. If Edinburgh go *backward*, we may despair of the cause of evangelical truth in Scotland for this generation: if it go *forward*, we can hardly over-estimate the blessings that are in store for the land. There is evidence, and it gives us joy to state here some of it, that it is forward and not backward the capital of Scotland is to move from this awakening. It is indeed the opinion of parties competent to judge, that the amount of work done since Messrs. Moody and Sankey left Edinburgh exceeds what was done during the time of their visit. Here are facts of encouraging and joyful import.

1. *Young Communicants.* In nearly all the churches of Edinburgh, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is dispensed quarterly. It is only what might be expected that many young people would have applied for admission to the Lord's Supper in January last, when the excitement and fervour of this religious awakening was at its height. It happens, however, that in *number* and in *quality*, the young communicants of the April quarter exceed

those of January, and go beyond anything known in the experience of Edinburgh pastors. "*As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of the youth; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.*" (Psalm cxxvii. 4, 5).

2. *Little Children.* Saturday forenoon, so as not to interfere with school-work, has been given to the children: and their place of meeting is the Assembly Hall, one of the largest halls in the city, capable of seating upwards of two thousand people. It is thus one of the Edinburgh daily newspapers describes this gathering:—

"Saturday forenoon has always been appropriated to the young. It is a striking sight to see them gathering, and still more so to see the meeting dispersing at one o'clock. The whole slope of the Mound is darkened by the mass of little figures, with their parents and friends; or, if a few minutes after you are walking in the opposite direction, you meet them on George IV. Bridge, you observe them crossing the Meadows, you find them in Princes Street, or Lothian Road, or Leith Walk, knowing where they have been by the hymn books which they are carrying in their hands. Nothing can be more remarkable than the interest and affection which the young people have for this meeting. If it be not preferred to the ordinary holiday occupations of Saturday, it seems at least to be liked as well. The simple and affectionate words which they hear, the hymns which they sing with a relish that never abates, and the atmosphere and spirit of the place, have a wonderful attraction. Even the standing room in the Assembly Hall is occupied on Saturdays; you require to go early to secure a seat. The love of Jesus for the young is the great theme of these meetings, and often His voice seems to fall on the ear with a peculiar power and sweetness inviting little children as of old to come unto Him."

3. *Reading the Bible.* Shortly after Mr. Moody arrived in England, a little paragraph in one of the religious monthlies of England met our eye and set us a-thinking. It was the substance of a statement Mr. Moody had then made, to the effect that he was resolved

in future to study the Word of God more closely and prayerfully than ever he did. His power seems to have begun with that resolution. The Bible has, to a large extent, been dethroned from its old place of supremacy in the thought and in the speech of Christian people. It has had, indeed, enough to do, what with sensational preaching, and what with rationalistic preaching, to hold its own, even in Christian pulpits. It has been, however, one of the characteristics of Mr. Moody's preaching to exalt the Bible, and to enthrone it in the place belonging to it, as our only infallible rule of faith and practice. And wherever he goes, he causes people to rub the dust off the neglected volume, and teaches them to find it better than thousands of gold and silver. The impetus given to Bible-reading still continues in Edinburgh, if we may judge from the following facts:—

"A Bible reading is held by Mr. Wilson, of the Tolbooth Church, on Monday evenings, attended by 350. Some of the young persons there have given incidental evidence of having read over the whole of the four gospels in a week, searching for passages on some particular topic, without the aid of a concordance. About three hundred attend a Bible class or conversational lecture on Sunday mornings, begun by Professor Blaikie about six weeks ago, for young men and men generally impressed during this movement and desirous of more systematic instruction. As a proof of the indirect influence of the movement in collateral directions, it may be stated that Professor MacGregor recently convened a meeting to consider whether a ladies' theological class would be welcomed; his room was quite filled, chiefly with ladies coming from the daily prayer meeting, and it has now been arranged that such a class shall be carried on during the next three months."

4. *Daily Prayer-Meeting.* The attendance at the noon meeting continues good, ranging from 900 to 1200. The avoidance of startling novelties, and the deep rich sense of spiritual enjoyment which characterized the earlier meetings, still continue. The evening meeting, under the care chiefly of pro-

fessional men and students of the new college, continues to attract clerks, shopmen and mechanics, whose business debars them from the noon meeting. From this meeting deputations are sent right and left to work for the Master, and to this meeting they come back telling of their success and of their trials, and getting in return counsel and sympathy. At the close of the public meeting half an hour is devoted to conference with those who are in perplexity, and at ten o'clock precisely the lights are lowered and the great crowd disperse quietly to their homes, chiefly in the old town.

The old capital, whence emanated the blessings of the Reformation to Scotland, seems destined once again to become to the land a centre of revived life. It is a common remark that from Edinburgh the work is "breaking out" on every side. The following description suggests the days of the Apostles, when christians went everywhere preaching the gospel:—

"For a considerable time past, a large number of ministers and laymen have been going out to places in the neighbourhood, and at a considerable distance, to hold meetings there. Several young men went to Glasgow, especially during the week of special effort for young men, and were able to render material help. Some students of the New College have thrown themselves with extraordinary fervour into this deputation work, and their services in many instances appear to have been attended with quite a remarkable blessing. It would be almost endless to specify all the places where meetings have been held, and where a remarkably lively interest has prevailed. It is a common remark that the work is "breaking out" everywhere. The deputies who go out, while they make known the gospel message, do so by telling how it has been received in Edinburgh—what peace and blessing it has brought to many there. In some places the impression produced has been quite unprecedented. Edinburgh obtained a pre-eminence in the beginning of the winter which it has never lost. The fact of an awakening taking place in Edinburgh made an impression far and near of a very remarkable kind. At the daily prayer meeting the other day, a minister from Liverpool rose up and said that

they were organizing a two-days' series of meetings there, in which the clergy—Established and Nonconformist—were zealously joining, and that they looked to Edinburgh chiefly to supply the information and the stimulus which they hoped they would receive. Next month cannot fail to be a very interesting one in Edinburgh. The meeting of all the ecclesiastical bodies will furnish the opportunity both for a more specific account of what has been done, and a more energetic endeavour to propagate the movement to the furthest outskirts of the land."

It is a subject well worth the serious consideration of Christians in Edinburgh, into some of whose hands our

CANADIAN MONTHLY may come, whether they ought not to send a handful of their best men to carry into Canada some of the sacred fire that has come down from heaven upon them. The Lord can work by kindling fires in various and distant centres at the same time, and by varied agents, but His usual way is to send forth His fire from some centre chosen by Him at which men kindle their torches, to kindle in turn the torches of their neighbours, till from one small fire a great illumination arises.

Thirty Questions.

THE FOOLISH BARGAIN.*

By J. M. L.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—MARK viii. 36, 37.

One who knows, who formed the body, the soul's abode, and set the soul there, an emanation of Himself, puts these masterly questions. These interrogatives of our Lord claim attention by all the value of our present and eternal interests; and by the only measure of that value—the ransom He paid for souls on the cross. His all-seeing eye took in the vast business of soul traffic, and balanced

the fruits, the barter, the wages of sin, against the pleasures of sin for a season. This question of exchange for eternity concerns us to-day, as surely as it will at the great day; it is a question of loss, or gain; on the one side stand the profits, the whole world gained; on the other, the loss, the soul lost; a loss in nature, degree, and duration, infinite and eternal. Let us with awe and prayer look into these transactions, which must stand irrevocable, unless we by faith in Christ break the bargain with death and cast the bonds of perdition away; attend then to our Lord's statement of the great question.

* It may add to the interest of the following discourse to read the following note accompanying it as it came into the hands of the Editor:—

"Thirty-two years ago yesterday, Dr. Chalmers gave me (then one of his students,) as a motto and motive for life in 'the work of the ministry, MARK viii. 36, 37. On Saturday week I had been telling a gentleman extensively engaged in business of a failure in the neighbourhood, which had brought woe to many, and had endangered the soul of a votary of success; my friend, on Sabbath week after sermon, requested me to preach the following Sabbath, on MARK viii. 36, 37. Having a longing for the salvation of souls and deep interest in your efforts for that holy aim, I submit parts of the discourse to you, leaving it to your judgment whether it may be fitted to do some good through the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, which God's people amongst us deeply prize."

I. *The Object Gained*.—"The whole world." Man's possessory feeling is never satisfied with the finite; the Lord, therefore, puts the case above the attainments of mortals when He says the whole world. None ever actually enjoyed the sovereignty of the whole world; it was not possession but a frenzy of power, a dream of greatness, which perished with the waking, and a wish attained was a call for another want, and from the summit of our expectation others rise, and when all is gained the aspirant dies unsatisfied with all, as vanity and vexation.

If it is thus with the sons of success,

what must the harvest be in the case of the great masses of humanity; whose highest aim is to enjoy only a pittance of a kingdom, a tithe of a township, a few acres of soil, a few heaps of yellow dust, a few breaths of popular applause, a brief day of vexatious authority; ambitious of being little in the eyes of angels, their aim is low, and missing the boon of God's blessing on all, ends all with the grave.

Thus we see how meagre man's trinity, the world, the flesh, and the devil, is in quality, in quantity, and in duration; much in the promise to the eye and ear, it fails to bless its votaries; the fires may burn it, the waters may drown it, the cold may blight it, the heat may wither it, storms may overthrow it and time may waste it, while this life lasts, but death deals destruction to every prospect and hope when he comes to close the scene, as he does to the toiler before his work is done, to the mariner in sight of home, to the man of business in his store, to the student at his books, the pastor in the pulpit, but when, where, and how does he come to the lovers of pleasure, the idolators of the world. Oh! it is in the hour of revelling, when the heart is sordid with its idols.

The vast majority of mankind finds the world, ere they are done with it, a "wilderness," a "mirage," a restless ocean, a row of ciphers, a shave, a counterfeit, its pearls paste, its glory vanity, and its custody vexatious, its power, profit and pleasure only paltry in possession. As the gorged eagle, frozen to his ice-bound carcass, perishes by satiety, so the foolish heirs of the world perish in the using of its soul-starving dainties in place of the bread of life. We should con carefully the inspired description of the world,—at its best, as a hope, "a burden," "weights," "wages wasted," "garments moth-eaten," "shipwreck," "cankered gains," "broken reed," "snares," "choking thorns," "thick clay," "spider's web," "fading flower," over which the verdict of Jesus

is "Love not the world, nor the things of the world." "The world passeth away." How many are ready to stake eternal treasure for perishing treasures,—the folly of the passenger who laded his pockets with gold when his ship was sinking, is wise, in comparison with such.

"Wealth gotten to hoard for its own sake, will prove as the garment of pitch and brimstone put on criminals condemned to the flames," in order to speed their execution.

The usual question of a worldly mind over the departed is, "How much is he worth?" "Not the tax-gatherer, but the Word of God can decide that." "He left a large property!" "What a pity he could not take it with him!" "He might have taken it with him," or sent it on before him, "by having made friends by the Mammon of unrighteousness," to welcome his coming. How much more blessed to go to his treasure than to leave it by death! Beecher says, "It is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich."

There is an impossible gain set before us, and over against it a possible loss, a gain which prosperous commerce, conquest, learning, or toil, cannot compass; the efforts after which precipitate the loss of the soul, through neglect of its salvation, attention, absorbing interests which beget consuming cares, injurious tempers, unwholy dispositions; in fine, a callous heart, until the more the need of salvation, the less the inclination to be saved. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" How shall we retrieve our lost opportunities, where habit, joined to natural spiritual disinclination, has mailed us in adamant against our mercies? "Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And soon the lovers of this present evil world must leave it; soon it will be food for fire. "Why then," as Rutherford says, "should night dreams, day shadows

water-froth, and wild pleasures run away with our hearts in the meantime?"

II. *The price paid for the world—the soul lost:* And what is it to lose the soul? 1. It is to lose all the sources of active enjoyment, while the craving for such still remains; the privation of all that good could do for its comfort. Think of the hungry always wanting food—the thirsty always longing for water; think of the coveting soul always grasping but never getting; *privation* of all good is emblazoned in the lost soul as in a transparency. The lost soul has lost all the good God, and angels, and men could do for it through countless ages, all for a bubble, a passing dream, the passion of an hour! All opportunities are for ever gone—God's house, this day, the hallowed influences of the Holy Spirit, the Word, all are no more; no expectation of change beguiles the leaden hours of a slow, changeless eternity. Thither hope never comes. There want, perpetual want, wails over loss. Every power of the soul increasingly active, but preying upon itself. But, after all, privation is only the misery of being in want, this is merely the negation of good. And yet is it not enough to strike pale any thinker over such a state? Is it not enough to "make the keepers tremble and the strong men to bind themselves"?

2. The lost soul will inherit positive pain, the wrath of God, the vengeance of the broken Law, and the wrath of the Lamb; *i. e.*, what is due to love's remedy neglected. To *sin on* and to *suffer on* is the inevitable fruit of losing the soul, and that too in the fearful progression downwards with which sin reproduces itself; conscience will adjudge the woe deserved, memory will flood the soul with all the past of mercy shunned and sins followed. Our old adversary will bear his part in afflicting his children. There are, now, no mitigations of his malice, through the mercy of God, for the Destroyer of the works of the devil has been rejected by the lost one,

and he is shut up to the companionship of his chosen chief. But if it be thus to a lost soul, what additions of woe must accrue when the body shall be joined to that soul?

3. It is wonderful to think that "the Balm in Gilead," the remedy of the great Physician, must by perversion and rejection become the soul's deeper scourge and tormentor. What He did and suffered to save sinners by the sacrifice of Himself, has one of two results, it raises its recipients to bliss and heaven—while it is a savor of "death unto death," to the refusers who despise, reject, "wonder and perish." Alas! that any should treat the Lamb of God so that He is aroused to the wrath of Judah's Lion.

III. *The Settlement; The Reckoning; The Day of Assize; The Profit and Loss calculated:*—Here the world shall have its *relative* and *real* value set upon it, by an unerring verdict, for ever; the hidden good shall be revealed, the specious bad shall be detected, exposed, and punished for ever, for all shall be done in righteousness, for the Lord Himself is the Judge. Rev. xx. 11, 12, 13.

The judgment is set, the Books are opened, and to the lost sinful soul is set down all the interest it ever had in the world, its varied phases, shapes, delights, privileges, and joys, its silver, gold, pearls, gems, fruits, treasures, and glories, through which it was "clad in purple and fared sumptuously every day;" over against the perished treasures the lost soul is set, as what he gave for his coveted pre-eminence; the award is made, the verdict declared, and the universe seconds the conscience of the loser, in the justice of that decision which perpetuates the relation between rebellion and woe,—sin and suffering throughout all ages of eternity,—as certainly as in all the lapses of time.

The judgment scene is closed, the parties have retired, the saved to their work of praise for ever, the lost to their

wailing for ever, the doom irrevocable to them. But O! to us there is an hour of opportunity, waiting mercy pleads, "choose the good," hate the evil," "love not the world of lust, of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life." "Acquaint now thyself with God, whereby good shall come unto thee." The blood Christ avails for the believing soul to its salvation. O! delay not, believe, only believe, ask the Holy Spirit's power to apply redemption, go to Gethsemane, and Calvary, and Olivet, and Sinai, and the day of death, and the judgment, and forestall the loss by faith in the Lord Jesus.

THE NEED OF DECISION FOR THE TRUTH.

A COLLEGE ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

Some things are true and some things are false. I regard that as an axiom; but there are many persons who evidently do not believe it. The current principle of the present age seems to be, "Some things are either true or false, according to the point of view from which you look at them. Black is white, and white is black, according to circumstances; and it does not particularly matter which you call it. Truth of course is true, but it would be rude to say that the opposite is a lie; we must not be bigoted, but remember the motto, 'So many men, so many minds.'" Our forefathers were particular about maintaining landmarks; they had strong notions about fixed points of revealed doctrine, and were very tenacious of what they believed to be scriptural; their fields were protected by hedges and ditches, but their sons have grubbed up the hedges, filled up the ditches, laid all level, and played at leap-frog with the boundary stones. The school of modern thought laughs at the ridiculous positiveness of Reformers and Puritans; it is advancing in glorious liberality, and before long will

publish a grand alliance between heaven and hell, or, rather, an amalgamation of the two establishments upon terms of mutual concession, allowing falsehood and truth to lie side by side, like the lion with the lamb. Still, for all that, my firm old fashioned belief is that some doctrines are true, and that statements which are diametrically opposite to them are not true,—that when "No" is the fact, "Yes" is out of court, and that when "Yes" can be justified, "No" must be abandoned. I believe that the person who has for so long a time perplexed our courts is either Sir Roger Tichborne or somebody else; I am not yet able to conceive of his being the true heir and an impostor at the same time. Yet in religious matters the fashionable standpoint is somewhere in that latitude.

In what ought we to be positive, brethren? Well, there are gentlemen alive who imagine that there are no fixed principles to go upon. "Perhaps a few doctrines," said one to me, "perhaps a few doctrines may be considered as established. It is, perhaps, ascertained that there is a God; but one ought not to dogmatise upon His personality: a great deal may be said for pantheism." Such men creep into the ministry, but they are generally cunning enough to conceal the breadth of their minds beneath Christian phraseology, thus acting in consistency with their principles, for their fundamental rule is that truth is of no consequence.

As for us—as for me, at any rate—I am certain that there is a God, and I mean to preach it as a man does who is absolutely sure. He is the Maker of heaven and earth, the Master of providence, and the Lord of grace; let His name be blessed for ever and ever! We will have no questions and debates as to Him.

We are equally certain that the book which is called "the Bible" is His word, and is inspired; not inspired in the sense in which Shakespeare, and

Milton, and Dryden may be inspired, but in an infinitely higher sense; so that, provided we have the exact text, we regard the words themselves as infallible. We believe that everything stated in the book that comes to us from God is to be accepted by us as His sure testimony, and nothing less than that. God forbid we should be ensnared by those various interpretations of the *modus* of inspiration, which amount to little more than fittering it away. The book is a divine production; it is perfect, and is the last court of appeal—"the judge which ends the strife." I would as soon dream of blaspheming my Maker as of questioning the infallibility of His word.

We are also sure concerning the doctrine of the blessed Trinity. We cannot explain how the Father, Son, and Spirit can be each one distinct and perfect in Himself, and yet these three are one, so that there is but one God; yet we do verily believe it, and mean to preach it, notwithstanding Unitarian, Socinian, Sabellian, or any other error. We shall hold that fast evermore, by the grace of God.

And, brethren, there will be no uncertain sound from us as to the doctrine of atonement. We cannot leave the blood out of our ministry, or the life of it will be gone; for we may say of our ministry, "The blood is the life thereof." The proper substitution of Christ, the vacuous sacrifice of Christ on the behalf of His people, that they might live through Him. This we must publish till we die.

Neither can we waver in our mind for a moment concerning the great and glorious Spirit of God—the fact of His existence, His personality, and the power of His workings; the necessity of His influence, the certainty that no man is regenerated except by Him; that we are born again by the Spirit of God, and that the Spirit dwells in believers, and is the author of all good in

them, their sanctifier and preserver, without whom they can do no good thing whatsoever. We shall not at all hesitate as to preaching that truth.

The absolute necessity of the new birth is also a certainty. We come down with demonstration when we touch that point. We shall never poison our people with the notion that a moral reformation will suffice, but we will over and over again say to them, "Ye must be born again." We have got into the condition of the Scotch minister, who when old John Macdonald preached to his congregation a sermon to sinners, remarked, "Well, Mr. Macdonald, that was a very good sermon you preached, but it is very much out of place, for I do not know one single unregenerate person in my congregation." Poor soul, he was in all probability unregenerated himself. No, we dare not flatter our hearers, but we must continue to tell them that they are born sinners, and must be born saints, or they will never see the face of God with acceptance.

The tremendous evil of sin—we shall not hesitate about that. We shall speak on that matter both sorrowfully and positively; and, though some very wise men raise difficult questions about hell, we shall not fail to declare the terrors of the Lord, and the fact that the Lord has said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

Neither will we ever give an uncertain sound as to the glorious truth that salvation is all of grace. If ever we ourselves are saved, we know that sovereign grace alone has done it, and we feel it must be the same with others. We will publish "Grace! grace! grace!" with all our might, living and dying.

We shall be very decided, also, as to justification by faith; for salvation is "Not of works, lest any man should boast." "Life in a look at the Crucified One" will be our message. Trust

in the Redeemer will be that saving grace which we will pray the Lord to implant in all our hearers' hearts.

And everything else which we believe to be true in the Scriptures we shall preach with decision. If there be questions which may be regarded as moot, or comparatively unimportant, we shall speak with such a measure of decision about them as may be comely. But points which cannot be moot, which are essential and fundamental, will be declared by us without any stammering, without any enquiring of the people, "What would you wish us to say?" Yes, and without the apology, "Those are my views, but other people's views may be correct." We ought to preach the gospel, not as *our* views at all, but as the mind of God—the testimony of Jehovah concerning His own Son, and in reference to salvation for lost men. If we had been entrusted with the making of the gospel, we might have altered it to suit the taste of this modest century, but never having been employed to originate the good news, but merely to repeat it, we dare not stir beyond the record. What we have been taught of God we teach. If we do not do this, we are not fit for our position. If I have a servant in my house, and I send a message by her to the door, and she amends it, on her own authority, she may take away the very soul of the message by so doing, and she will be responsible for what she has done. She will not long remain in my employ, for I need a servant who will repeat what I say, as nearly as possible, word for word; and if she does so, I am responsible for the message, she is not. If any one should be angry with her on account of what she said, they would be very unjust; their quarrel lies with me, and not with the person whom I employ to act as mouth for me. He that hath God's Word, let him speak it faithfully, and he will have no need to answer gainsayers, except with a "Thus saith

the Lord." This, then, is the matter concerning which we are decided.

How are we to show this decision? We need not be careful to answer this question, our decision will show itself in its own way. If we really believe a truth, we shall be decided about it. Certainly we are not to show our decision by that obstinate, furious, wolfish bigotry which cuts off every other body from the chance and hope of salvation and the possibility of being regenerate or even decently honest if they happen to differ from us about the colour of a scale of the great leviathan. Some individuals appear to be naturally cut on the cross; they are manufactured to be rasps, and rasp they will. Sooner than not quarrel with you they would raise a question upon the colour of invisibility, or the weight of a non-existent substance. They are up in arms with you, not because of the importance of the question under discussion, but because of the far greater importance of their always being the Pope of the party. Don't go about the world with your fist doubled up for fighting, carrying a theological revolver in the leg of your trousers. There is no sense in being a sort of doctrinal game-cock, to be carried about to show your spirit, or a terrier of orthodoxy, ready to tackle heterodox rats by the score. Practise the *suaviter in modo* as well as the *fortiter in re*. Be prepared to fight, and always have your sword buckled on your thigh, but wear a scabbard; there can be no sense in waving your weapon about before everybody's eyes to provoke conflict, after the manner of our beloved friends of the Emerald Isle, who are said to take their coats off at Donnybrook Fair, and drag them along the ground, crying out, while they flourish their shillelahs, "Will any gentleman be so good as to tread on the tail of my coat?" There are theologians of such warm, generous blood, that they are never at peace till they are fully engaged in war.

If you really believe the gospel, you will be decided for it in more sensible ways. Your very tone will betray your sincerity; you will speak like a man who has something to say, which he knows to be true. Have you ever watched a rogue when he is about to tell a falsehood? Have you noticed the way in which he has mouthed it? It takes a long time to be able to tell a lie well, for the facial organs were not originally constituted and adapted for the complacent delivery of falsehood. When a man knows he is telling you the truth, everything about him corroborates his sincerity. Any accomplished cross-examining lawyer knows within a little whether a witness is genuine or a deceiver. Truth has her own air and manner, her own tone and emphasis. Yonder is a blundering ignorant country fellow in the witness box; the counsel tries to bamboozle and confuse him, if possible, but all the while he feels he is an honest witness, and he says to himself, "I should like to shake this fellow's evidence, for it will greatly damage my side of the question." There ought to be always that same air of truth about the Christian minister; only as he is not only bearing witness to the truth, but wants other people to feel that truth and own the power of it, he ought to have more decision in his tone than a mere witness who is stating facts which may be believed or not without any serious consequences following either way. Luther was the man for decision. Nobody doubted that he believed what he spoke. He spoke with thunder, for there was lightning in his faith. The man preached all over, for his entire nature believed. You felt, "Well, he may be mad, or he may be altogether mistaken, but he assuredly believes what he says. He is the incarnation of faith; his heart is running over at his lips."

If we would show decision for the truth, we must not only do so by our tone and manner, but by our daily actions. A man's life is always more

forceful than his speech; when men take stock of him they reckon his deeds as pounds and his words as pence. If his life and his doctrines disagree, the mass of lookers-on accept his practice and reject his preaching. A man may know a great deal about truth, and yet be a very damaging witness on its behalf, because he is no credit to it. The quack who in the classic story cried up an infallible cure for colds, coughing and sneezing between every sentence of his panegyric, may serve as the image and symbol of an unholy minister. The Satyr in Æsop's fable was indignant with the man who blew hot and cold with the same mouth, and well he might be. I can conceive no surer method of prejudicing men against the truth than by sounding her praises through the lips of men of suspicious character. When the devil turned preacher in our Lord's day, the Master bade him hold his peace; he did not care for Satanic praises. It is very ridiculous to hear good truth from a bad man; it is like flour in a coal-sack. When I was last in one of our Scottish towns I heard of an idiot at the asylum, who thought himself a great historic character. With much solemnity the poor fellow put himself into an impressive attitude and exclaimed, "I am Sir William Wallace! Give me a bit of baccy." The descent from Sir William Wallace to a piece of tobacco was too absurd for gravity; yet it was neither so absurd nor so sad as to see a professed ambassador of the cross covetous, worldly, passionate, or sluggish. How strange it would be to hear a man say, "I am a servant of the Most High God, and I will go wherever I can get the most salary. I am called to labor for the glory of Jesus only, and I will go nowhere unless the church is of most respectable standing. For me to live is Christ, but I cannot do it under five hundred pounds per annum."

Brother, if the truth be in thee it will flow out of thine entire being as the perfume streams from every bough of

the sandal-wood tree; it will drive thee onward as the trade-wind speeds the ships, filling all their sails; it will consume thy whole nature with its energy as the forest fire burns up all the trees of the wood. Truth has not fully given thee her friendship till all thy doings are marked with her seal.

We must show our decision for the truth by the sacrifices we are ready to make. This is, indeed, the most efficient as well as the most trying method. We must be ready to give up anything and everything for the sake of the principles we have espoused, and must be ready to offend our best supporters, to alienate our warmest friends, sooner than belie our consciences. We must be ready to be beggars in purse, and outscourings in reputation, rather than act treacherously. We can die, but we cannot deny the truth. The cost is already counted, and we are determined to buy the truth at any price and sell it at no price. Too little of this spirit is abroad now-a-days. Men have a saving faith, and save their own persons from trouble; they have great discernment, and know on which side their bread is buttered; they are large-hearted, and are all 'things to all men, if by any means they may save a sum. There are plenty of curs about, who would follow at the heel of any man who would keep them in meat. They are among the first to bark at decision, and call it obstinate dogmatism, and ignorant bigotry. Their condemnatory verdict causes us no distress; it is what we expected.

Above all we must show our zeal for the truth by continually, in season and out of season, endeavoring to maintain it in the tenderest and most loving manner, but still very earnestly and firmly. We must not talk to our congregations as if we were half asleep. Our preaching must not be articulate snoring. There must be power, life, energy, vigour. We must throw our whole selves into it, and show that the zeal of God's house has eaten us up.

If, my brethren, we have fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, we cannot be made to doubt the fundamentals of the Gospel; neither can we be undecided. A glimpse of the thorn-crowned head and pierced hands and feet is a sure cure for "modern thought" and all its vagaries. Get into the "Rock of Ages, cleft for you," and you will abhor the quicksand. That eminent American preacher, the seraphic Summerfield, when he lay a-dying, turned round to a friend in the room and said, "I have taken a look into eternity. Oh, if I could come back and preach again, how differently would I preach from what I have done before!" Take a look into eternity, brethren, if you want to be decided. Remember how Atheist met Christian and Hopeful on the road to the New Jerusalem, and said, "There is no celestial country. I have gone a long way, and could not find it." Then Christian said to Hopeful, "Did we not see it from the top of Mount Clear, when we were with the shepherds?" There was an answer! So when men have said, "There is no Christ—there is no truth in religion," we have replied to them, "Have we not sat under his shadow with great delight? Was not his fruit sweet unto our taste? Go with your scepticisms to those who do not know in whom they have believed. We have tasted and handled the good word of life. What we have seen and heard, that we do testify; and whether men receive our testimony or not, we cannot but speak it, for we speak what we do know, and testify what we have seen." That, my brethren, is the sure way to be decided.

And now, lastly, why should we at this particular age be decided and bold? We should be so because this age is a doubting age. It swarms with doubters as Egypt of old with frogs. You rub against them everywhere. Everybody is doubting everything, not merely in religion but in politics and in social economics, in everything indeed. It is the era of progress, and I suppose it

must be the age, therefore, of unloosening, in order that the whole body politic may move on a little further. Well, brethren, as the age is doubting, it is wise for us to put our foot down and stand still where we are sure we have truth beneath us. Perhaps, if it were an age of bigotry, and men would not learn, we might be more inclined to listen to new teachers; but now the Conservative side must be ours, or rather the Radical side, which is the truly Conservative side. We must go back to the radix, or root of truth, and stand sternly by that which God has revealed, and so meet the wavering of the age.

Moreover, after all, this is not an earnestly doubting age; we live among a careless, frivolous race. If the doubters were honest there would be more infidel places of concourse than there are; but infidelity as an organised community does not prosper. Infidelity in London, open and avowed, has come down to one old corrugated iron shed opposite St. Luke's. I believe that is the present position of it. "The Hall of Science," is it not called? Its literature was carried on for a long time in half a shop in Fleet Street, that was all it could manage to support, and I don't know whether even that half-shop is used now. It is a poor dotting, drivelling thing. In Tom Paine's time it bullied like a vigorous blasphemer, but it was outspoken, and in its own way, downright and earnest in its outspokenness. It commanded, in former days, some names which one might mention with a measure of respect; Hume, to wit, and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire were great in talent, if not in character. But where now will you find a Hobbes or a Gibbon? The doubters now are simply doubters because they do not care about truth at all. They are indifferent altogether. Modern scepticism is playing and toying with truth; and it takes to "modern thought" as an amusement, as ladies take to croquet or archery. This

is nothing less than an age of millinery and dolls and comedy. Even good people do not believe out and out as their fathers used to do. Some even among Nonconformists are shamefully lax in their convictions; they have few masterly convictions such as would lead them to the stake, or even to imprisonment. Molluses have taken the place of men, and men are turned to jelly-fishes. Far from us be the desire to imitate them.

We must be decided. What have Dissenters been doing to a great extent lately but trying to be fine? How many of our ministers are laboring to be grand orators or intellectual thinkers? That is not the thing. Our young ministers have been dazzled by that, and have gone off to bray like wild asses under the notion that they would then be reputed to have come from Jerusalem, or to have been reared in Germany. The world has found them out. There is nothing now I believe that genuine Christians despise more than the foolish affectation of intellectualism. You will hear a good old deacon say, "Mr. So-and-so, whom we had here, was a very clever man, and preached wonderful sermons, but the cause has gone down through it. We can hardly support the minister, and we mean next time to have one of the old fashioned ministers back again who believe in something and preach it. There will be no addition to our church else." Will you go out and tell people that you believe you can say something, but you hardly know what; you are not quite sure that what you preach is correct, but the trust-deed requires you to say it, and therefore you say it? Why, you may cause fools and idiots to be pleased with you, and you will be sure to propagate infidelity, but you cannot do more. When a prophet comes forward he must speak as from the Lord, and if he cannot do that, let him go back to his bed. It is quite certain, dear friends, that now or never we must be decided, because the age is

manifestly drifting. You cannot watch for twelve months without seeing how it is going down the tide; the anchors are pulled up, and the vessel is floating to destruction. It is drifting now, as near as I can tell you, south-east, and is nearing Cape Vatican, and if it drives much further in that direction it will be on the rocks of the Roman reef. We must get aboard her, and connect her with the glorious steam-tug of gospel

truth, and drag her back. I should be glad if I could take her round by Cape Calvin, right up into the Bay of Calvary, and anchor her in the fair haven which is close over by the Cross. God grant us grace to do it. We must have a strong hand, and have our steam well up, and defy the current; and so by God's grace we shall both save this age and the generations yet to come.



“SHOWERS OF BLESSING.”

“I will make them a blessing; there shall be showers of blessing.” Ezek. xxxiv. 20.

Thou art sending showers of blessing,
Lord, on many a Gentile heart;
Hear Thy children's prayer that Israel
In this gift may share a part.

Pour on them Thy Holy Spirit.—
Spirit of all grace and prayer;
Draw them to the cross of Jesus,
May they see their Saviour there.

Long have they His love rejected,
Cherished hatred in their breast;
Like their fathers, when they shouted,
“Let His blood upon us rest.”

Lord, that cry which rent the heavens
Brought on them long years of woe;
They have known Thy power to smite them,
Let them now Thy mercy know.

May they look on him they pierced,
And with deepest sorrow mourn
For their own Messiah, hated,—
Met with mockery and scorn.

Let them see the open Fountain,
Prove its power to cleanse each stain;
Father, hear our cry for Israel,
Pour on them thy plenteous rain.

Lord, we plead Thine ancient promise,
To the house of Israel given;
“I will send the showers of blessing,—
The refreshing rain from heaven.”

Jewish Herald.

March, 1874.

THE LESSON OF THE WATER-WHEEL.

Listen to the water-mill!
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
“The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.”

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gathered;
And the ruffled stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
“The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.”

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true.
Golden years are fleeting by;
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Love while life shall last.
“The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.”

Work while yet the daylight shines.
Men of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beam upon thy way;

All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy *to-day*.
Power, and intellect, and health
May not *always* last.
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Oh the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by !
Oh the good that might have been,
Lost without a sigh !
Love, that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thyself,
Take and hold it fast—
"The mill cannot grind"
With the water that is past."
Sudbury Leaflets.

"CHRIST WILL TAKE ME IN,
MOTHER."

The last words of a young wife, suddenly laid on a dying bed, were, "Christ has opened the door, mother, and He will take me in."

The light is fading fast, mother, life's sun is nearly set,
And ne'er on earth we'll meet again, where we so oft have met :
I see the golden gates appear, the city free from sin,
The doors are open wide, mother, and Christ will take me in.

My life on earth has not been long, and yet, my mother dear,
I've drunk the cup of sorrow deep, and shed the weary tear ;
But shadows ne'er shall cross my path upon the sapphire floor,
And Christ will take me in, mother, he opens wide the door.

Then, mother, do not weep for me ; and father, do not sigh ;
You'll come and meet me yonder in our home beyond the sky—
Beside the pearly gates, mother, I'll watch and wait for you ;
The Christ who took your Maggie in, will make you welcome too.

And sisters, you must meet me there, amid the angel band ;
Our eyes shall never be downcast in that happy, happy land ;
The air is free from fevered dreams and tainted breath of sin ;
The doors are open wide, mother, and Christ will take me in.

I left Him long outside, mother, aye knocking at my heart,
But still He's proved a Friend to me, whom death can never part ;
He washed my crimson stains, mother, He made me white as snow ;
He opens the golden gates, mother, and bids me onward go.

I do not grieve to leave the world, with such a home in view,
And Jesus still on earth remains to guide you onward too ;
On angel wings I'll watch you, from you star-gemmed azure floor ;
And Christ will make you welcome all, He opens wide the door.

Farewell ! farewell ! earth's shores grow dim,
—I see the light of day,
The angels wait on snowy wings to bear me far away ;
It's only for a little while,—soon, soon again we'll meet ;
I trust you there, my loved ones, 'mong the stars at Jesus' feet.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

B. Messenger.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (MARK viii. 36).

Comes a voice like love's own music
To a heart which hope hath fled,
Falling like the dew of evening
On the earth long parched and dead ;
Spreads it like the morning breaking,
Pensive as the evening's light,
On the listening ear soft stealing,
Like a distant harp at night ;—
"O ye sad and weary wanderers,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
Cease your efforts, cease your toiling,
Come and find your rest in Me !"

Steals his voice o'er childhood breaking
Like the light of early morn,
Flooding age with truth's own beauty,
And the joy of wisdom born ;
In our work and days of brightness,
In our sickness, in our pain,
Comes this voice all pensive pleading,
Pleading still and yet again ;—
"What is all your sowing, reaping,
Binding sheaves of golden grain ?
Weary worker, will you answer
What the worth of all your gain ?

"Thoughtless wanderer o'er life's ocean,
Aged pilgrim, bent with care,
Anxious statesman, toiling merchant,
Joyous maiden bright and fair ;

Artist bending o'er the easel,
 Soldier wounded in the fight,
 Student heart-sick, sad and weary,
 Seeking fame by day and night ;
 Will you tell me, will you answer,
 What the worth of all your gain,
 Should your soul for ever perish,
 Should your highest life be slain !"

Should your sun now sink in darkness,
 Where's the glory of your light ?
 Should your star for aye be clouded,
 Where's the beauty of your night ?
 If all wealth must fail and perish,
 What's the value of your gold ?
 Where's the joy your toil can purchase,
 When your heart lies dead and cold ?

Stranger ! Love now waits an answer ;
 Faith life's fever *must* control ;
 Wilt thou not let conscience answer,
 What your gain if **LOST THE SOUL** ?

Comes a voice like love's own music
 To a heart which hope hath fled,
 Falling like the dew of evening
 On the earth long parched and dead ;
 Spreads it like the morning breaking
 Pensive as the evening's light,
 On the listening ear soft stealing,
 Like a distant harp at night ;—
 "O ye sad and weary wanderers,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
 Cease your efforts, cease your toiling.
 Come and find your rest in **ME** !"

Christian Life.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

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

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CHAP. IV.

(Continued.)

On the second day of March, 1743, my eyes were opened, to see my Redeemer in His three offices, by this Scripture:—"But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." I Cor. i. 30. I got such a glorious sight of the Lord Jesus from these words as I can never express in words.

I saw Jesus (1) as my WISDOM or prophet, anointed by the Father to this office, to teach me the *will* of God ; to teach me also the *character* of God, who since Adam's fall is an unknown God to men, till they are taught by this WISDOM ; to teach me also the *worship* of God, in which men are ready to take the shadow for the substance since the day Satan first deceived our first parents. I saw Jesus (2) as my RIGHTEOUSNESS or priest, and the need I had of Him in this office, as I had no righteousness of my own that could stand before a holy God, for He had revealed to me the

spirituality of His law which reaches to the *heart*, and the *motives*, and the *thoughts*, as well as to the outward deeds. By this discovery my mouth was closed, and I became guilty before God. (Rom. iii. 19). At the same time I was convinced I could not, by my own doings or sufferings, satisfy God's justice,* but it pleased God to reveal Christ to me as "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," as a lamb without spot or blemish to carry my sin. I saw, thus, that it was through His *blood* that my sins were to be forgiven, that it was Christ's obedience to the demands of the law and His sufferings of its penalty, that secured my exemption from punishment, that it was in Christ's obedience I stood complete before God's law, and that this obedience can be mine only by the constant exercise of living faith in this Righteousness.* I saw that it was

*The doctrines here stated, which were such a discovery to this seeker, are familiar in our day to our children as household words. It is very interesting to compare these doctrines with the doctrines by which Mr. Moody is awakening, at this present moment, the churches of Britain, and to find how exactly alike these two men (one from the solitude of the glens and the other from the stir of the cities, and both taught by the same spirit) are in the great fundamentals of our religion.—*Translator.*

as just for God to save me when once I came within the *new* Covenant as it would be just for Him to damn me while I abode under the *old* Covenant. "*He is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" (1 John i. 9). When I thus saw the righteousness of God's eternal Son made over to me (by way of representation) from Him, as the head of the Covenant, my soul leaped for joy, and I opened mine eyes as it were in a new world, and saw glorious things that were hitherto hidden from me. I then got great light from reading Paul's letters to the Galatians, to the Romans, &c. I saw that the bed was long enough for me to stretch my weary soul on it, and that the covering was wide enough to cover me naked and guilty. I rejoiced, therefore, in Christ my righteousness.

I saw Jesus (3) as my REDEMPTION or King who alone could deliver me, a poor slave to my own lust and to the Devil, who alone could, out of His exhaustless fulness, pay all my debts, who alone could deliver me from the strong man armed, who keeps his house till my king, stronger than he, overcomes him. "*The prey of the terrible shall be delivered, for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.*" Isa. xlix. 25. I saw that Christ, as Redeemer, was fully qualified for His office, fully able to pay the ransom, fully able to overcome His enemies, for it pleased God that in Him all fulness should dwell. He is, therefore, able to save to the uttermost: and who can tell how far out that uttermost goes? Methought I saw the Conqueror coming down from heaven and laying hold of the dragon, the old serpent, and stripping him of his armour, *i. e.*, darkness, ignorance, unbelief, and giving me his own armour, *i. e.*, light, knowledge, faith and love. Then I understood that the salvation of the soul is a thing that all the angels in heaven and all the men on earth could not accomplish by all their wealth and strength. Yes, indeed,

nothing short of the unsearchable riches of Christ can pay this debt: and nothing short of the infinite power of Christ can overcome Satan. And seeing, therefore, Christ is made wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption, I rejoice in my own weakness so that Christ in all His offices might be exalted. I came at last to see Christ to be all in all, and myself—nothing. This is the foundation of my hopes, my comfort, my joy, my refuge. And now, O my soul, what is your opinion of Christ? Is He not the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely? Is He not all thy desire, all thy salvation? He is, He is indeed.

On the evening of this Sabbath, after having spent the greater part of the day in meditating on the fulness that is in Christ, I saw how suitable he was to my condition in every respect, and I challenged my former Unbelief, as it were, to come forward and state if he could say anything against this Saviour, (perfect in my esteem) revealed to me in the Scriptures. Unbelief dared not accept the challenge, and, therefore, ventured not to show his face. I recalled again and again the text mentioned above (i. Cor. i. 30) and adopted it as my title-deed to the heavenly inheritance, containing more than I can write about or speak about. O it is exceedingly broad!

Having heard a sermon from Acts xxvi. 18, "*To open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, &c.*," I felt much power and life coming along with the truth. When the preacher gave scriptural marks of those whose sins were forgiven, the Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was among the happy number. When the preacher said "Come all ye whose sins are forgiven and wonder at the richness of God's grace in dealing thus with you," then was my soul filled with astonishment at the mercy of God toward me, so that it was with difficulty I kept from crying out in the congregation. After this I

had many up-liftings and down-fallings till the 6th of Jan. 1743, which was a Sabbath day, on which day I went to the parish church, when I heard the minister insisting on the duty of attending public worship from the text "*And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two Cherubim which are upon the ark of the testimony.*" Exodus xxv. 22. I was glad to think that I was in the place where God had promised to meet with His people, and my heart glowed with love to God. On coming to my home my heart was greatly enlarged, and my thoughts burned within me, but I found my dread enemy *vain-glory* raising his head in my heart. This is the enemy that ever mingles our wine with water, that ever tries to rob God of his glory, and us of the peace we might otherwise have. On retiring to rest that same evening, I began to meditate on the things God had done for my soul, and I found great peace, in thinking of my lost state, its misery, its danger, and my own helplessness, with this Scripture that follows: "*None eye pitied thee to have compassion on thee: but thou wast cast out in the open field to the loathing of thy person in the day that thou wast born. And when I passed by thee and saw thee polluted in thine own blood I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, LIVE.*" Ez. xvi. 5, 6. O the love that I saw in this chapter, above what tongue can express, when I saw Jesus drawing near to me, a cast-away, and saying to me LIVE. This was indeed a time of love to me, miserable worm. When he saw me in the danger of death he set me free by his own blood. O that infinite love! I am only darkening it when I try to describe it. O my soul, be filled with admiration at this infinite love to the chief of sinners. Was it anything he saw in thee, my soul, that caused him to pity thee, to love thee, to marry thee to himself? Be astonished, O heavens, at this love; and ye angels, come and see

this marriage. Ye saints, the redeemed of the Lord, come ye not to be spectators of the ceremony, but to be partakers of its blessings, to be yourselves the bride, the Lamb's wife. Come and meditate on the love of your Beloved: for thy "Maker is thy husband, the Lord of hosts is his name."—Is. liv: 5. O my soul, art thou not ashamed to meet the Bridegroom in the filthy rags of thy self-righteousness: put on therefore, thy beautiful garment in which alone thou art fit to meet Him.

That night I was so overcome with the love of God in Christ that sleep forsook my eyes. Indeed, I never before passed such a night. In the morning I went abroad through the fields to pray and to praise God for what he had done for my soul. If there is joy over one sinner that repenteth, how much more ought there to be joy in that sinner's own heart. My "joy was unspeakable and full of glory," for the "peace of God that passeth all understanding" filled my soul. Returning to the house and reading the 103rd and 104th Psalms, I thought I could go fully along with the Psalmist in calling everything that has being to praise the Lord. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot: the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places: yea I have a goodly heritage.—Psalm xvi.: 5, 6.

This love constrained me anew to dedicate myself to him that loved me so well and that bought me at such a price. The thought of returning to a deceiving world, and to an adversary ever busy, lay heavy on my heart, and I sighed alas! alas! must I sit down again by Babel's streams, to weep and to hang my harp on the willows! But, blessed be God, who had given me this refreshing meal to help in the journey that lay before me.

While I was engaged in writing these things I was often so overcome with feeling that I could write nothing, and at other times I was overcome with

weeping; for when I looked on him whom I had pierced, I mourned for him, and to keep my eyes from tears was as impossible as to keep the snow from melting when the sun rose on it in fervent heat. I found great difference between this grief and my former legal grief. Legal sorrow was constrained by words and arguments, but this sorrow was free and sincere: it so possessed and governed my soul that it was like the machinery of a clock set in motion at one stroke, "The words of Christ they are spirit and they are life."—John vi.: 36. On the following day I went abroad in the fields to meditate. My soul was filled with love to God and with thoughts of his goodness. The winds had indeed breathed on my garden, and the spices thereof had flowed out. After prayer I began to look on the places where I had been

accustomed to seek the Lord, and I said, "O my soul, behold the spot where thou didst mourn the absence of God, it is now a Bethel where there is sweet communion with him. And again, O my soul, behold another spot where you often walked in the shadow of death, and now in the same place the Sun of Righteousness from the firmament of its highest glory, the clouds having fled before him, shines forth to illumine your heavenward path. O my soul, behold the place where on one occasion you were filled with despairing thoughts, which thoughts are now turned into joy as you fix them on that object of eternal and infinite glory, the Lord Jesus, the admiration of saints and of angels. But the sights and thoughts that came to me there are more than I can here enumerate.

Christian Work.

CANADA'S FUTURE MINISTERS.

Hardy and brave soldiers, led by skilled and trained officers, constitute the kind of army that is feared by its enemy and honored by its country. It is good, therefore, to see a revived religious activity among the people, to see laymen coming forward to speak for Christ, and to teach what they know of the way of salvation. May the number of the hardy and brave soldiers be multiplied till the whole Church of God is an army of warriors, each occupying the post and using the weapons God has given him,—like the Christians of old preaching the word as they journeyed along. While rejoicing in the courage of the rank and file of the Christian army, it would be great folly, however, to neglect the training of the officers. He is twice a soldier who is well officered. It is therefore a very hopeful sign for Canada that its religious denominations are giving increased attention to the

training of the ministry. The Wesleyans have established a theological school in Montreal, the Canada Presbyterian Church are putting up new buildings in Toronto, and here in the last number of the *Canadian Independent* we have a very clear and convincing plea in behalf of an educated ministry, being the address delivered by the Rev. John Fraser, at the close of the late session of the Congregational College, Montreal:

"Who denies it?" Mr. Fraser argues, "as if that settled any such discussion "as a work of supererogation. This "crucial query were pertinent, did I submit a thesis for debate before some "literary society, instead of a practical "matter for earnest Christian men. The "question here is not, does anybody deny "it? but, has everybody attended to it? "Something more is always in order to "be said, so long as anything more "remains to be done.

"A great advance," Mr. Fraser goes on

to say, "has been made in the Education of the Ministry throughout the Dominion within a few years. It would be hard now to find such a *rara avis*, as I am old enough to remember in the case of an enthusiastic preacher who applied to his pulpit ministrations the instructions our Blessed Lord addressed to His immediate followers, not to "premeditate" a defence when put on trial before rulers and magistrates. And when, from having an active turn of mind, he was led to think of the text he had chosen on his way to the pulpit, he outwitted, as he supposed, his arch-enemy, by choosing a new text when he got there. In no denomination is this general progress more marked than in the case of those providentially raised up to do a pioneer work in the country. They now take the lead on this continent in the vast sums they contribute towards the endowment of their colleges. When thus the last are first, it will not do for us to 'rest on our laurels,' thus fulfilling the Scripture, 'and there are first that shall be last.'"

We cannot make room here for the argument by which the lecturer sustains the position, one of the glories of English Congregationalism, that the Christian Ministry should be educated up to the best point attainable in its day and country, but we must make room for this closing remark, wisely conceived and well expressed:—

"I close with a single observation, which I add, though I fear I have not only exhausted my time but your patience; and that is, that the course here must be thorough enough to constitute an education. It is not at present any too long. In ordinary circumstances it should not be abridged. In our eager, impatient, over-excited age and country, the student is ready to suppose that the time devoted to Pagan classics might better be devoted to spiritual work. The Churches do not see any reason why they should not

call and settle the youthful Apollos, who visits them. And the College directors, perhaps against their better judgment, reluctantly acquiesce in the arrangement. Now this is more foolish than for an artisan to go to his work without tools, or the hands trained to use them; or for an architect hastily to run up a house on no foundation, or an insufficient foundation. Every architect knows that the foundation should bear a certain proportion to the size and height of the building. A naturalist can determine from the period of the growth, the longevity of a race or species. And every educator knows that if it takes time to train the hand or eye for skilled labor, it must take much more to secure the full, harmonious working of all the human powers, physical, intellectual, and spiritual—to prepare the whole man in fact as an instrument of Divine grace to operate on other men of every variety, for their eternal well-being. Education is no forced, hot-house process. The young brethren are here not to cram for a special occasion, but to form intellectual tastes, to acquire habits of study, and to master at least the rudiments of knowledge. When, after years spent here, duty flows into privilege, when work of this kind develops into play, when patient plodding becomes a pure and high enjoyment—then, and not till then, they may be said to be educated."

FEDERATION OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.

The time will come, though not likely in our day, when in the whole world there will be but one Holy Catholic Church. In that direction we see the Christian world moving when we see the different Methodist and Presbyterian Churches drawing closer together. In all the Presbyterian General Assemblies throughout the world there will be discussed this year the proposal to unite all Churches of that name and nature

into one great federation, in which, although each church will remain as it is at present, there will be a UNION for questions of a general nature. The benefits to be got from this UNION are well put, under the heads following, in language indeed that would hold good in the case of other denominations and even for a more general federation:—

“1st. It would exhibit before the world the substantial unity, quite consistent with minor diversities, of the one great family of Presbyterian Churches.

“2nd. It would greatly tend to hold up and strengthen weak and struggling Churches, by showing that they are members of a large body. The Protestant Churches of the Continent of Europe, for example, feel the great need of sympathy and support from churches more favourably situated.

“3rd. It would enable Churches which are not inclined to organic union, to manifest their belief in the unity of the Church and to fraternize with those whom they love, while they still hold to their distinctive testimony.

“4th. Each Presbyterian Church would become acquainted with the constitution and work of sister churches, and their interest in each other would be proportionately increased. Some might be led in this way to see in other Churches excellencies which they would choose to adopt.

“5th. The Churches may thus be led to combine in behalf of the truth, and against prevalent errors; as, for instance, to defend the obligations of the Sabbath, to resist the insidious efforts of the Papacy, especially in the matter of education, and to withstand Infidelity in its various forms.

“6th. Without interfering with the free action of the Churches, this Council might distribute judiciously the evangelical work in the great field ‘which is the world,’ allocating a sphere to each, discouraging the planting of two congregations where one

might serve, or the establishment of two missions at one place, while hundreds of other places have none. In this way the resources of the Church would be husbanded, and her energies concentrated on great enterprises.

“From such a Council, hallowed and quickened by the Redeemer’s presence, there might proceed, as from a heart, new impulses of spiritual life, bringing every member of the Church into closer fellowship with his Divine Master, into deeper affection for his brethren for his Master’s sake, and into more entire consecration of all his powers to the Master’s work.”

FRATERNITY OF UNITED METHODISM.

In regard to a similar union among the Methodists, the *Methodist Recorder* thus writes in a recent issue:—

“The fraternity of a United Methodism ought not merely to be looked forward to as ‘a consummation most devoutly to be wished,’ but most certainly and confidently to be expected and waited for. We all have the same illustrious ancestry; we inherit the same glorious traditions: we have a common history, emblazoned with the names of the same great Gospel heroes and heroines, and with the unparalleled records of spiritual achievement and moral conquest. It is true there are diversities of operations amongst us, and differences of gifts and administration, our economical arrangements and methods are in some respects varied and diversified; but the things in which we agree, in which we are alike, in which we are essentially one, are far more numerous and infinitely more important than the things in which we differ. We all accept the same doctrinal standards and formularies; we hold and preach the same evangelical truths; we maintain in substance the same institutions, the central ordinance of Christian communion, the itinerant system, and the Connexional form of Church or-

ganization; we sing the same incomparable hymns; we cultivate and testify to the same experience of conscious pardon and perfect love; we witness the same blessed results of conversion and revival; we observe the same ecclesiastical order, both in our public worship and in our private means of grace; we cherish the same warm hearty family feeling, the same brotherliness and sociability of Christian intercourse; and, above all, we keep alive the same evangelistic zeal, the same aggressive and propagandist spirit, the same missionary enthusiasm for onward progress and universal extension, the same passion for saving souls which has been the inspiration of Methodism from the first."

LORD ARDMILLAN ON CHRISTIAN WORK.

There are, in Britain, few men of higher legal attainments and of wider knowledge than Lord Ardmillan. He has for years identified himself with the Church of Christ, and has often spoken boldly of our Lord before high and low, but we can see now in his address more of the fulness and freeness of the Gospel than ever before. He has evidently been refreshed in soul by the shower from on high, and speaks in this fashion at a meeting in Greenock, called to consult about the care of prisoners after they are discharged from prison:—

"It is not so much within the prison as at the gate of the prison, and at the time of quitting the prison, that a wise Christian beneficence can do most good. The only pride which can be consistent with Christian humility is the honourable pride of conscious success in duty, in raising the fallen and reclaiming the wanderers, and saving souls by bringing them to Jesus. This good work does, however, require strenuous and persevering efforts, for there are many difficulties and many discouragements. Offenders just liberated from prison are generally not hopeful subjects. In attempts to re-

claim and to urge the acceptance of the gospel, let us work and trust and pray, and never despair. Amid all discouragements, let us always remember that the very best can only be saved by grace, and that the very worst are not beyond the reach of that grace. What would become of ourselves if, from our carelessness and selfishness and sinfulness, and from all our wilful and wayward wanderings, we were not sought and brought back by the same free grace which we would commend in all humility and earnestness to the acceptance of others? We dare not be confident in ourselves, but He in whom we trust will carry safely home all who are really His own. Even in ordinary times it is plainly the duty of Christians to do what they can to reclaim these discharged prisoners, for if nothing is done it is nearly certain that they, or the greater part of them, will fall back into crime. But there are special opportunities and encouragements at present to Christian efforts which I cannot omit to notice. No candid and intelligent observer can doubt that there has been, and still is, a great work of good in the midst of us—a work of awakening, of compunction, of revival, and of conversion. A great blessing has followed the labours of our friends from America and those who have aided them, and it is, I hope, spreading and deepening. But the work is not of man; it is a grace, and therefore of God, and men, even the most earnest and able, are but instruments in God's hands. None accept this truth more unreservedly than Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, whose ministrations have been so greatly blessed. I think it a hopeful characteristic of this movement, of which I speak from personal observation at many meetings, that there has been so little self-exaltation and so much sobriety, and simplicity, and humility, combined with deep convictions and fervent feeling. I hope this

"will continue. I trust that the reality of the work may be manifested in the new heart and new life of converts. But there will be disappointments. We cannot expect every apparent conversion to be abiding, or every verbal profession to be real and sincere. But still many are so, and we should hope all things, and leave the result in God's hands. If at this time, and amid these influences, your society can bring discharged prisoners out of the haunts and habits of crime and under the scope and urgent pressure of God's gracious offers of mercy, then blessing, the double blessing on him that gives and him that takes, will rest on your work and on yourselves. As there is scarcely any future on earth more miserable than that which awaits some of these poor prisoners if you, or such as you, do not interpose, so there is no future more blessed than what may be theirs if you can bring them to the gospel or take the gospel to them, and by prayerful efforts can induce them to accept the free and full salvation which God in His grace offers."

BITTER WATERS SWEETENED.

It is thus that the Editor of the *Family Treasury* writes of the fruits of the noon prayer-meeting on the party spirit that was very strong and violent in that city for some time back, in connection with the agitation for union:—

"The direct and immediate fruits of the noon prayer-meetings are very many and very precious. I shall give a specimen. The Presbytery of the Free Church was moved to appoint an extraordinary meeting—a conference, to which all their elders and deacons were invited, and private as regards the press, for the purpose of considering what the movement meant for us, and what special measures it might demand or suggest. The meeting was very large; its tone and spirit were very remarkable. For some years

"past, until May of last year, a distressing internal war has raged among us in regard to union. Although a flood had passed over the land, these differences could not have been more completely swept away. Men have been lifted up nearer to Christ, and they have to their surprise found themselves much closer to one another. The tone of the conference was tender, and humble, and devout, and brotherly in a degree far exceeding anything within the experience of the eldest of us. There was not a jarring note. The meeting threw light for me on the Lord's meaning when He said, 'Except ye receive the kingdom as a little child, ye shall not enter it.' When great warrior men are melted down by the Spirit into little babes, they seem to get into the kingdom more easily than when they march against each other with their armour on. The meeting was too short. The mind of the brethren seemed to be—

"I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below."

"Accordingly we adjourned for a week, and held another conference of a similar kind to-day. At the close, my thoughts took this form: Formerly these meetings of Presbytery reminded me of one of the waters of Jericho, sometimes there was not a little bitterness. Instead of refreshing, the draught scalded our lips. But some prophet of the Lord has passed by, and thrown 'the branch' into the well; for its waters to-day are very sweet. 'The Lord hath done great things for us; wherefore we are glad.'

"A similar spirit is spreading in many parts of Scotland. Some who, in the various country towns and villages, 'wait for the consolation of Israel,' come over to Edinburgh, and attend the noon meeting for a day or two. When these return, they communicate with their friends. An evangelistic union meeting is arranged; a demand reaches Edinburgh for one or more to come

"over and help; and so this new fiery cross is carried from mountain-ridge to mountain-ridge, summoning the Clans to the standard of the Prince of peace. Great labour falls on those who are able-bodied, as well as spiritually qualified; but if the work is severe, the joy is like the joy of harvest, and they do not feel the burden."

THE CONVENTION AT GLASGOW.

A gathering of 5,000 Christian workers,—professors, ministers, physicians, Sabbath teachers,—has been held lately in Glasgow. There were many excellent speeches made. In substance, Dr. Fairbairn spoke as follows:—

"He gave his unhesitating testimony that God was working a great work in the midst of us. He had heard and witnessed not a little both of the teaching and the results of that teaching, and so firmly believed this movement to be the work of the living God, that he would not lift a finger against it, as he valued all he now possessed, and all he hoped for in the world to come! He then took a special point, viz., the effect which this movement ought to have on those who were at the head of it. All my past experience (said the Principal) has led me to the conclusion that such a movement as the present helps forward an evangelical ministry mightily. If it had no other effect than drawing all such ministers near the Lord, the great Source and Fountain, it would have been a great result. Nothing tends more to quicken ministers than such movements, for we then see that in the word of the gospel we have a living instrument in our hands. It is only a soul full of faith and grace that is fitted to make others feel; and such a soul cannot rest in a mere outward ministry. We must be like that noble description of a winner of souls in 1 Cor. ix. 19-23: 'For though I be free from all men,' etc. There is, also, another mark which such a movement will leave behind; viz., it

will affect the matter of our preaching, the great doctrines on which we may expect God's Spirit to send blessing. In this city, the great doctrines which the Spirit has sealed are such as these:—1. A living, personal, holy God, who is also our judge. 2. An atoning Saviour. 3. Free and full salvation to sinners of every degree. 4. Regeneration of the Holy Spirit, the Word, unto newness of life. None of these are doctrines taught by the 'advanced thinkers of our day; for they begin to doubt even a personal God!' But these are the doctrines of God's Word, and in all revival work these are employed by the Spirit of God. Wherever these are eliminated, Christianity has been turned into philosophy, and is no more religion; and its power is gone. To my younger brethren, let me say, at the same time, that we must also preach and unfold the whole counsel of God. There is a danger of some who throw themselves into this movement getting into a way of not preparing what they preach. But we must feed ourselves if we are to feed others. I have always observed that that man is most successful who gives much attention to his preparations for the Lord's day."

Mr. Moody gave a closing lecture:

"Before commencing his lecture on 'Works,' Mr. Moody prayed again. He solemnly asked that 'this, the last hour that we should ever all spend together on earth, might be very memorable, and that the influence of this convention might be felt on the shores of eternity. It is so easy for Thee, O God, to give blessing!' His lecture was addressed to Christians, telling what the *saved were to do*, not how to *save themselves*. He put the subject before his hearers in a great variety of aspects, as he had done, more or less, in a former Bible-reading. As he drew to the close, we could see his deep emotion. 'Napoleon I. once after a victory struck a medal with these words on it, 'I was there!' I shall soon leave Scotland,

but I shall look to what has passed there for ever. I will remember our meeting there, and the 16th day of April, 1874; and rejoice to say 'I was there.' But shall any of us stand before the throne with 'Nothing but leaves?' It is hard to draw to a close to friends from Newcastle, and Edinburgh, and all other places. We must say, Good night; but we shall meet in the morning."

BIBLE SCHOOLS IN ITALY.

By Alessandro Gavazzi.

I hear that the Italian evangelical schools have been rather disparaged by some one in that highly esteemed paper *The Christian*, on account of their uselessness and unfruitfulness. As with soul and heart I have always advocated the necessity for such schools, and my efforts have been directed to obtain their realization in this country, so I am bound, in duty and conscience, to stand up now to defend them.

True, under our new régime we have Governmental schools everywhere; it is true also that they are generally good enough for the purposes of a popular education; but this is no reason why our own Bible-schools are unnecessary. Although the Italian Parliament has left our municipalities free as to religious instruction, yet in all of these schools the Popish Catechism is still retained; and, as a consequence, there is the interference and influence of the clerical element. It was chiefly to keep our youngsters from such influence that our schools were established, and also to afford the same opportunity to the many Roman Catholics who disliked such an intrusion. And even in this respect the benefit has been felt a very great one, as is proved by the number of Roman Catholic children frequenting our schools.

But whilst our schools are thus not at all unnecessary or useless, they are, on the other side, very fruitful. How many in Italy are now communicants in

some of our congregations, who, years ago, learned the first lesson of Christian truth in our own schools! How many have been fitted to become teachers of the same truth in other schools! Are not these visible fruits, well rewarding the money and the care spent for their training?

Had we an evangelical school in every place where we have a missionary-station, I would promise our friends, with the blessing of God, a double portion of proselytism even amongst the adults.

For my own part, I cannot see any surer way of Christianizing Italy than through a system of evangelical schools. At any rate, we shall obtain from them some sincere Christians, who, from an early age, have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; and not imbued with the prejudice and superstition of which it is difficult to divest the mind in more advanced years. A Christian crop must be the fruit of Christian seed. Sooner or later, I feel sure, that the good seed sown will spring forth in a Christian life.

The question, therefore, with me is reduced to its simplest terms—either schools without God, or schools with Popish teaching, or schools with the Bible. You can easily imagine where my preference lies. Give me Bible schools, and I will give you in return a Christian Italy in its rising generation.

For these reasons more than ever I patronize the evangelical schools in my country, and I earnestly entreat my Christian friends in England and America, not to forsake us in this mighty undertaking.

When I feel dejected in my labours and my hopes, I have only to pay a short visit to our schools here in Rome to relieve my mind and to comfort my heart about a better future.

May God bless all our friends who have contributed (and who are still doing so) to give us the evangelical

schools. Many souls given to dear Jesus will be their prize.

Rome, March 23.

SYRIA.

A jubilee anniversary was held about two months since (says the *New York Independent* of February 5,) at Beyrout, to commemorate the formation of the first Protestant church in Syria, by William Goodell and Isaac Bird, of the American Mission, fifty years ago. The exercises consisted in a public meeting, during the afternoon of the day, at the Anglo-American Church, when historical addresses were made by the elder members of the mission—Rev. Mr. Calhoun, Rev. Dr. Thomson, and Rev. Dr. Bliss, as well as others; on the character of the present mission work, by younger members, Rev. Dr. Post and Professor Porter; and in a social festival during the evening, at the house of the pastor of the congregation, Rev. Mr. Robertson, of the Scotch Mission to the Jews.

The movement to re-evangelize the lands of the early successes of the Gospel began with the American Board, in the year 1819, by the embarkation of two young men at Boston, for the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. In the original aim to reach sects not nominally Christian, little success, indeed, has been achieved. Mohammedan fanaticism has proved stronger than any sort of heathenism in other parts of the world. Throughout the half century it has been death for a Moslem to forsake Islam and accept Christianity; and today the fetters of bigotry, as well as the laws of the empire, are as strong as ever. Within the Mohammedan ranks, however, there has been great decay in the matter of faith in the Prophet and religious zeal. What could be more significant of this than the recent reply of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, at Constantinople, to certain ambassadors, in effect that conversion to Christianity could not be entertained, simply because

aversion to military duty is so great among all classes of Mohammedan subjects of the Porte, that conversions would occur soon without number, to avoid the execution of the law of conscription. Surely the religious convictions of the Moslems must be at their lowest ebb.

Efforts soon turned in other directions. Early operations for the benefit of the Jews at Jerusalem were broken up, chiefly by the wars of the time. The Druses, on Mount Lebanon, at first gave promise of a general turning to Protestantism; but their motives proved to be those of political advantages, rather than of sincere repentance or love of truth. Among the common people of the land the mission has at length found its home, and made very satisfactory progress. To-day the missionary stations, chiefly of the Presbyterian Board, extend from one end of the Syrian coast to the other, at all the towns from Gaza to Tarsus; while in the interior, a network of missionary centres and out-stations covers the land from Jerusalem, over Lebanon and Damascus, to Aleppo. Indeed, the mission territory may be said to extend even to Orfa and Mardin, of the Masian Mountains, between the Euphrates and the Tigris, the last of the Arabic-speaking nations. A list even of all the agencies which, since our pioneers entered the field, have joined them in their great enterprise of recovering Syria to the love of Christ, would be wearisome. No other ground of so limited extent in all the world could count the representatives of so many societies.

SIX MILLIONS OF TRACTS FOR ITALY.

Mr. Fappengouth is at present engaged on what he considers the sacred mission of scattering six millions of tracts on the continent of Europe. He has laboured at this work for the last two months, in the markets and leading streets of Florence, assisted by a young American minister, and he has now

gone to Naples to continue his labours, in the company of a Scotch evangelist. Of the ardent piety, prayerful devotedness, and calm enthusiasm of Mr. Pappengouth, I have not a doubt, having come into very frequent pleasant and profitable contact with him. I have been much struck with the sagacity displayed in all the plans and arrangements connected with his colossal enterprise, evincing a thorough knowledge of human nature, both in its ruined and its renewed forms. I agree that he is only doing, as they write to me from Naples, what hundreds more of Christian gentlemen ought to be doing during this present wonderful opening in Italy, before the opportunity pass, as by various means it may pass, soon and suddenly."

Mr. Pappengouth's visit has been very useful in stirring up the old workers, who, perhaps, had settled down to rest too much, in the conviction that everything has been done which could legitimately be done. It has set us thinking whether the ordinary membership of our Italian churches might not safely do more in this department than they have yet done, by distributing at the church-door, or through the Evangelical schools, or in the families of their unconverted relatives and neighbours. These are the methods I pursue myself, sending out the tracts to the various evangelists and churches, to be distributed according to opportunity in every judicious way. And yet, when a man of such consuming zeal and untiring energy in the Master's work as Mr. Pappengouth crosses my path, though I cannot approve of such wholesale distribution, I can respect his liberty and conscientious convictions, and, far from opposing his mission, can feel free to supply him with abundant materials for prosecuting his work.

PATAGONIAN MISSIONS AND PROVIDENCE.

The most eminent of living American missionaries, Rev. Titus Coan, who has

laboured in the gospel for half a century, in Patagonian and Pacific Island Missions, has recently written a letter to Mr. Louis Street, also an American, a missionary of the Society of Friends, labouring in Madagascar, which affords one of the most valuable testimonies ever published, as showing reference to the reality of God's protection over those who trust in Him—a protection incomparably stronger and safer than that of weapons of war.

Mr. Coan has been for many years a missionary in the Sandwich Islands. When he was a young man at college, the American Mission Board had under consideration the subject of a visit of inquiry to Patagonia, about the year 1825. It was brought before the various colleges, and each student in one of these was requested to retire to his own room for prayer and guidance as to whether he was required to go. Mr. Coan rose from prayer convinced that he must offer himself for the service, and another young man felt prepared to accompany him. Having heard of the savage character of the Patagonians, the friends of the two young men desired that they should be supplied with weapons of defence; but Mr. Coan had a strong belief that all these, even his pocket-knife, must be discarded. On nearing the Patagonian shore, the captain of the vessel in which these devoted followers of the Prince of Peace sailed said that, as the natives were so savage and untrustworthy, he could not allow his crew to land; and he could only put Mr. Coan and his companion on the beach in a little boat with their goods, saying that if they lighted a fire the natives would come into sight. It was a very lonely position for the two young missionaries, but the natives were soon seen lining the brow of the neighbouring hill. They came near and sought to satisfy themselves that the strangers were entirely unarmed—by examining every part of their dress, and even taking off their stockings and

turning out their pockets; but, finding nothing, they expressed their friendly regard by taking their new friends in their arms, and receiving them into their tribe.

Mr. Coan's letter, dated from Hilo, Hawaii, September 5, 1873, states:—

"In company with one companion I visited some of the clans in eastern and southern Patagonia in 1833, under the patronage of the American Board of Foreign Missions. We landed in the Straits of Magellan. We searched two days for inhabitants, and, on finding a wild clan of roaming savages, threw ourselves at once, unarmed, into their hands for sustenance and protection. They received us kindly, gave us horses to ride on, and we travelled with them about three months, east, west, and north, visiting their camps and hunting-grounds, and falling in with several other clans. In this way we saw nearly all the savages of the eastern Patagonian Pampas. The tribes are wild, and in the wildest state of savagism, living wholly by the chase, and roaming with their women and children most of the time, carrying their skin tents and their all with them. Our Mission among them was to explore and report, not to remain permanently, unless, after due consideration of facts, our Board should determine to establish a Mission in the country. At that time, no one but themselves knew the Patagonian language, and we had no interpreter; all our communications to the natives were through signs. Some of our friends advised us to go armed into Patagonia. We said, 'No, our weakness is our strength; our apparent unprotectedness our shield.' And so it was. The savages saw we were defenceless and harmless, and our God made them our protectors. They were not jealous or afraid of us, and we left them unscathed, under the wing of our Immanuel."

CHAPEL BURNING AND CHAPEL BUILDING.

—THE CONSEQUENCES OF A CURE.

The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society has received altogether about forty young men as students. Of these six are now labouring very successfully in India, and five in China. Two are in Madagascar; one Dr. Vartan, at Nazareth, one is professor in a Calcutta University, another is in the West Indies. Five have entered into rest, after more or less lengthened periods of service in the foreign field, and twelve are still in training.

Dr. Vartan greatly needs a new building for his Nazareth Hospital. He gave up his own residence for the purpose, and it is the present hospital, but its accommodation is most defective, his dispensary being almost as dark as a cellar. He has eight pupils in course of training, and is just getting over a European nurse, to teach the women of Nazareth the mysteries of skilful and cleanly nursing. He was called in to operate for carbuncle on the Jewish High Priest of Tiberias. This he did with such success that the gratitude of the old man and his family was very great, and they expressed an earnest desire for a medical man to come and reside amongst them:

From Travancore we have an interesting account of the cure of a king's son, who had been sick and nigh unto death, by Dr. Thompson. His relatives and the native doctor all despaired of his recovery, and as he had been a persecutor of the Christians of a neighbouring village, and had twice *burned down their chapel*, they were ashamed to apply to the Medical Mission Hospital for assistance. Overcoming this feeling, however, they, as a last resource, sent a palanquin and bearers with the earnest request that Dr. Thompson would go and visit the sick man. He took the two hours' journey, found the patient in a critical state, and requiring a surgical operation.

First offering prayer, he requested the crowd to vacate the room, and then performed the operation, which gave immediate relief. Leaving a "dresser" to attend him continually, Dr. Thompson continued to visit him frequently, taking every opportunity of speaking of the love of Jesus. Prejudice melted away, and, as the sick man recovered, "works meet for repentance" began to show themselves.

"The Tumbi gradually improved, and, after two months, was able to leave his bed. About a month after, Rev. Wm. Lee accompanied me to pay our final visit. He welcomed us himself at the door of his house, had breakfast prepared for us, and expressed his gratitude to God for his recovery, and said that he now intended to make a present to the Mission of the land upon which the Chapel and Mission Houses were built, in the neighbouring village. Mr. Lee rendered thanksgiving to God, asking Him to accept the thank-offering, and praying that he might be constrained to offer the still more acceptable sacrifice of a humble and contrite heart. We then sang together the beautiful hymn, which has been translated into Malayalim, 'The old, old story.'

"All the people acknowledged the hand of God in this man's recovery, and, by it, the savour of His name, and the tidings of His power and grace have been spread all around."

ARE MODERN MISSIONS A FAILURE ?

Sir John Kennaway, Bart., has addressed to the *Western Morning News* a letter of much ability, to disprove a conclusion reached by an article in that journal, to the effect that modern Missions are confessedly a failure. He demonstrates the reverse, and shows that from the growth and development of the native Christian Church of India, Missionary work there is passing into an entirely new phase. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Cal-

cutta, calls for the consecration of native bishops, a fact which bespeaks not only the wide diffusion of native churches, but the existence of men of high-toned piety, of talent and culture among the converts. There are more than eighty ordained native ministers in connection with the Church Missionary Society alone. Sir John, in support of his position, alludes to the striking testimonies of Lord Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere; we give them in full, and add those of two other equally distinguished Indian governors. What but the undeniable *success* of modern Missions has thus transformed the old opposition of the English authorities into cordial approval ?

"I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, *the Missionaries have done more than all agencies combined.*

"LORD LAWRENCE,

"Viceroy and Governor-General."

"In Ganjam, in Masulipatam, in North Arcot, in Travancore, in Tinnevely, in Tanjore, I have broken the Missionary's bread; I have been present at his ministrations; I have witnessed his teachings; I have seen the beauty of his life.

"LORD NAPIER, Governor of Madras."

"I speak simply as to matters of experience and observation, and not of opinion—just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan or the Antonines; and I assure you that whatever you may be told to the contrary, the teaching of *Christianity among the 100 millions of civilized, industrious Hindus and Mohammedans in India is effecting changes, moral, social, and political, which, for extent and rapidity of effect, are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe.*

"SIR BARTLE FRERE,

"Governor of Bombay."

"In many places an impression prevails that the Missions have not produced results adequate to the efforts which have been made; but I trust enough has been said to prove that there is no real foundation for this impression, and those who hold such opinions know but little of the reality.

"SIR DONALD McLEOD,

"Lieut.-Gov. of the Punjaub."

THE SANTHAL GERMAN MISSION.

The Santhals are the old inhabitants of India, driven to their hills by the Hindoo invasion.

Mr. Andrew Campbell, once a hard-working, intelligent mason, connected with the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, a sincere, devoted Christian, and a strict teetotaller, has been two years labouring as an evangelist among the Santhals, and in a letter to a friend thus writes:—"The German Santhal Mission at Ebenezer is having a glorious success. Thousands have already become Christians. In hundreds of Santhal villages not one man clings to the faith of his fathers. The missionaries are revolving in their minds what they will do when all the Santhals in the district throw away their belief in *Boughas*. They expect it almost every day. This mission is supported by funds for the most part collected in India. It is independent so far as not to be connected with any society. Mr. Boerssen once a year visits all the large stations in India for the purpose of collecting money." Mr. Campbell adds:—"One thing the people of this country have to learn is, that the blood of sheep and of goats cannot take away sin. What affected me most among all the scenes I witnessed at that festival was to see men and women, created in God's image, bowing down to bullocks, the creatures of His hand. To what a pass of degradation and misery does ignorance of God reduce men. The poor Santhal, here at least, knows nothing of the love of God in Christ

Jesus. He may have heard, but certainly never understood, that Christ Jesus 'came into the world to save sinners.' The only powerful beings he knows of are malignant spirits, whom he must appease by gifts that he may be allowed to live. They believe, if they neglect to honour these *Boughas*, all manner of evils will befall them. Missionaries labouring among them have experienced great difficulty in breaking up this belief, but when once effected the results are amazing. One man embraces Christianity. The others are confounded at such foolhardy daring, and prophesy all kinds of disasters to the man, his family, his cattle, and crops. But no such misfortune as they had anticipated happening, they come to see that *Bougha* has not the power they had accredited him with. Their faith in him being thus rudely shaken it takes little, humanly speaking, to induce them to transfer their allegiance to the God of the Christians. They then require to be taught the first principles of the faith of Jesus, made to understand they are sinners and need salvation, and to be told of the infinite love of God in Christ Jesus. The story of redeeming love sounds strangely in their ears. God's seeking to reconcile them to Himself seems too good news to be true. They have hitherto laboured to appease their supposed deities, but now they hear of one more powerful than they whose name is Love, and they hasten to throw themselves at His feet. There is more power in the story of the Cross than we can conceive. Tell these Santhals that they must needs pray, and daily strive to do the best they can in the hope of gaining God's favour, and your words will fall upon their ears as idle tales, and they will not listen to you, but once take up the 'old, old story of Jesus and His love,' and the charm is complete. We are only breaking the ice in this part, but hope soon to see many of our Santhals pressing into the fold. I see in

the Indian newspapers certain persons trying to ridicule the idea of these 'ignorant savages' understanding the deep mysteries of religion. They overlook the fact that it is not the deep mysteries that save, but Jesus Himself." These hilly and salubrious regions of Santhal abound in great mineral and vegetable wealth. The German missionaries live and dwell with the Santals as one of themselves, working with them, and so civilizing and elevating them in the social scale. The great upland country of Chotta Nagpore, where there are now thousands of Kholes and Santals who have

embraced Christianity, can easily be reached through the Damuda Valley, in which is the great coal field of Ranigunge, in about nine or ten hours from the flat plains of Bengal, by the Chord line of railway from Calcutta.

What we require for this mission field are such evangelists as Mr. Andrew Campbell. Many young men are now most willing to go out and take up the Cross, deny themselves for Christ's sake, and advance His kingdom, but the means of paying their passage and equipping and sending them forth are awaiting. This is all that is requisite.

Practical Papers.

[A small volume by Dr. W. P. Mackay, Hull, called GRACE AND TRUTH, lies on our table. There is perhaps no practical treatise of the present day that has done more good, and that has received warmer welcome from earnest preachers as being helpful to them in their work. Mr. Moody says of it, "I take great pleasure in putting it into the hands of all those who have doubts, and I find it soon scatters them all. I think it should be circulated by thousands, thrown about the world like Autumn leaves; and if I live I will try to get it into the hands of every minister in America. I cannot tell the good that it has done me personally." "It is," says Mr. Spurgeon, "a most useful production, full of gospel truth, dropping with it, in fact, like the honey-comb with honey." We will try to make room month by month for a few of its chapters. But we would advise our readers to get it for themselves, which can be done, at a small cost. Our copy, which has come by post, is the cheap shilling edition, to be had, we should suppose, from Canadian booksellers. Ed. C. C. M.]

DO YOU FEEL YOUR SINS FORGIVEN ?

Our Assurance.

Do you *feel* that your sins are all forgiven ?

'Indeed I do not ; but I *know* they are.'

'Now, I cannot understand that. How can any one know it?'

'If you had wronged me, and I told you that I forgave you, would you not know it?'

'Most certainly ; but how can you say that God ever told you that He forgave you? Did you just feel at a certain time something that you thought was God's voice, inwardly telling you that your sins were pardoned?'

'I certainly did not.'

'Then how can it be? I have tried to get converted as hard as any man could ; I have prayed for grace, for strength, for the pardon of my sins, and for the Holy Spirit, and I do not yet feel any difference, and I never could feel as I have heard some men say they have.'

'I quite understand you ; I was for years in the same condition.'

'Then how did you get out of it? I know all about the plan of salvation, about the work of Christ, and the necessity of the Spirit ; that we must be justified by grace through faith alone without the works of the law ; that the promises are almost certainly secure to them that are in Christ ; but how am I ever to know whether I am in Him or not?'

"I know that you may have heard some Christians say they *feel* they are pardoned, they *feel* they are saved; but this only tends to mislead. It did mislead me, and I have no doubt it is misleading you. These Christians may mean a right thing, but they state it wrongly. I feel happy because I *know* that my sins are pardoned; and I will shew you how I know that by and by; but I do not *feel* that my sins are pardoned. Let us suppose a case. A poor widow has no money to pay her debts. The creditor comes demanding his righteous due. A friend steps in, and says to the creditor, "I'll pay you the widow's debt;" he puts down the money, and the creditor hands him a slip of paper on which is written, "Received from Widow Blank the sum due, settled," with the creditor's signature affixed. The receipt is handed to the widow, and she feels very happy *because* she knows that her debt is paid. If you were to call that day, and say to the widow, "Do you *feel* that your debt is paid?" what would she say?"

'Feel it! What do you mean? There is the receipted account. I don't feel that it's paid, but I *feel* very happy *because it is paid.*'

'Now, do you not see the difference? The feeling is all right, but I do not feel my sin pardoned. I know it, and hence feel happy.'

'But does it not say somewhere in Scripture that the Spirit beareth witness with our spirits?'

'Now from the very fact that you speak so vaguely about "somewhere in Scripture," I fear that you do not know well what Scripture is. The Bible is not a number of texts strung together at random: it is a perfectly arranged whole. Truth in a wrong connection is the worst kind of error. You find in Romans viii. 16, this most blessed and wondrous revelation from God, that "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God." Mark carefully, this is not given as a ground

to know that our sins are forgiven; but comes after the whole revelation of the truth concerning what we have done, and what we are, and how our responsibilities are met. It comes after the triumphant assertion of Romans v. 1, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God," and that crowning triumph after every question has been settled against us, "There is no condemnation." (Rom. viii. 1.) At peace with God, and no condemnation, we now advance into our peculiar place among the creatures of God. Angels are at peace with God and have no condemnation, but they are only servants. Here is something additional, "We are sons of God." Being taken from the swine-troughs, and getting food and raiment, we would therewith be content, glad that we were in the house at all, even among the servants. But higher than servants are we become, even sons. We may well pause, and say, is this presumption? Dare I say that all things are mine? that I am a child, a son, an heir of God? Yes! indeed you may; the Spirit has been sent to dwell with you and to be in you, as coming from the throne, revealing to your spirit (which can now discern spiritual things) that, without presumption, you may lay claim to the title, the relationship, of son of God, heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ. That Spirit is within every believer, and seals only saved ones. He quickens the unsaved. God has sent forth this testimony, and he that is a believer has the 'testimony in himself' (1 John, v. 10). The important point I wish you to see is this, that the Holy Ghost is never said to bear witness to me, by any internal feeling, that I am at peace with God. It is after a man knows he is a saved man that then there is a step further shown him—namely, that he is a son. He is not only out of prison: he is set at the table of the King whom he calls "Abba," that is, Father.'

'I quite understand the distinction, but I never saw it before; but if I could

know that I was at peace with God I would be quite satisfied.'

'Yes, but God would not; however, this is the first point for you to know—"being justified by *faith* we have peace with God," not by the *feeling* of faith.'

'But don't some people feel it while others do not?'

'Not at all. What I am contending for is, that the forgiveness of sins is a thing that can be felt by no one; and, unless the knowledge of it is founded on the word of God, and that alone, for every one, individually, it will be sinking sand for a deathbed. Scores of anxious people have been deluded into the idea that they knew the gospel when some pleasing emotion passed through their minds. When Satan sees people awakened, and that he cannot keep them quiet, he takes his stand beside the preacher of the gospel, and while he is inviting them to the rock, Satan pushes out planks of feeling. A drowning man will catch at a straw, and the poor troubled one finds a little relief in resting on some plank of quietness of conscience, till storms rage, and then he finds himself with nothing beneath him. I am therefore suspicious when a person tells me he is "a little better." If he does not believe the gospel, he has no right to be any better, and if he has taken the good news to himself, he is entitled to be at perfect peace.'

'Then you don't allow of any feeling?'

'Most certainly I do: but what am I warranted to feel? If I could tell you that you were saved, and you believed it, would you not feel happy?'

'Of course I would.'

'This is what I feel—whenever I say to myself, "I'm saved," don't I feel happy? and the more I realize that my knowledge that I am saved depends only on God's word, the more happy I become.'

'Is there nothing about this "feeling saved" in the Bible.'

'Indeed, there is not. You can easily satisfy yourself by turning to a concor-

dance. Never once is the word put beside "salvation," "forgiveness," or, in fact, anything about a man's peace with God, but we find, in Luke i. 77, that part of John's commission is declared to be "to give KNOWLEDGE of salvation," and in many parts of Scripture we find "knowing our sins forgiven," "knowing in whom we have believed," "knowing we have passed from death to life," "knowing we are born of God." Did Abraham feel he was to have a son when he was so old? No! but he knew it. And how did he know it? Because God said it. He felt glad because he knew it, because he believed what God said. It is really because people do not believe that God means exactly what He says, that we see so many intelligent men who cannot say whether they are saved or not.'

'But I have often thought that I had received Christ and trusted in Him alone; but I find my faith so incapable of producing effects.'

'But did you start saying "I'm saved," before trying to do anything?'

'O no! I was always waiting for fruits.'

'Fruits of what? fruits of doubt? Suppose you had got the right fruits, would you then have believed you were saved?'

'O yes!'

'That is to say, you would trust the fruits you brought forth rather than God's word—not for your salvation, but for your knowledge of it. But you must be saved, and know you are saved, before one acceptable fruit can be brought forth—else the works are legal. All evangelical obedience is done by a man who is saved, and who does it because he knows that he is saved.'

'Then am I to do nothing?'

'Absolutely and literally nothing. You must take salvation exactly as the thief on the cross did. He could not turn over a new leaf; his last wretched leaf had been turned in reviling his Saviour. He could not do any work

for God, for there was a nail through each hand; he could not run in the way of God's commandments, for there was a nail through his feet. And until you stand still and realize that there is a nail through all your self-righting activity, and a nail through all your carnal agility, and accept salvation for nothing, knowing that you are saved simply on the authority of the bare Word of God, you will never be saved. We do not look inward to what we feel, nor outward to what we do—but to the Son of Man lifted up, and to God's account of how well He is pleased with Jesus.'

'Well, I think I see what you mean, and it clears up a real difficulty. I am not to examine to see if I *feel* better, *feel* saved, *feel* forgiven, or *feel* happy; but here is the next difficulty—how am I to know it?'

'I well remember that when I began trying to feel converted, I felt myself becoming worse and worse, and my heart getting further and further from peace. Then I began to study this and that theological question. I knew all about what Calvinism and Arminianism were—studied my Bible till I knew its contents pretty well, but at last I found I was not on the right track for salvation at all. I was thinking that salvation came *intellect-wise*, and not *faith-wise*.'

But a man cannot be saved apart from his understanding?

'Most certainly not, no more than he can be saved against his will; but the eyes of his understanding must be enlightened, that he may be made willing to receive the gift of salvation in God's way. You see if God had made His salvation dependent upon education or intellect, He would have left the great mass without the chance of salvation until they were tutored up to the requisite point; but as there is *one salvation* for high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, so there is *one method* of receiving it, and of course that must be according to the standard of the most unlearned. Hence the truth of the

remark that a friend made to me, "Intellect never helped me to Christ, but it often hindered me."

'I was trying to explain this (which I believe to be of the greatest importance) to some poor people, and I tried to illustrate it in this way. If, in travelling by rail, I had a first-class ticket, I could travel one part of the journey in a first-class carriage, another part in a second, and another in a third, and the railway officials could find no fault; but if I had only a third-class ticket, I must remain in the third from beginning to end. Thus, in regard to salvation, the educated man can come to the uneducated man's platform; the uneducated cannot rise to his: therefore it is on the common platform on which ALL men can stand that God treats concerning salvation.'

'This is the great difficulty; this is why not many great, not many wise, and not many noble, can afford to come low enough among the common run of people, to take a guilty sinner's place, receive a lost sinner's Saviour, and rejoice in a condemned sinner's pardon. This is why Christ taught that men had to become like little children before they could get into the kingdom of heaven.'

'I see the justice of your remarks; but tell me now, how am I to get into the Kingdom?'

'As you have said before, you know that it is *of grace*,—that is to say, God is waiting to give it to you *all for nothing*, without a feeling in payment, without a prayer as the condition of it, just as the widow's friend dealt with her debt. That it might be of grace, it was made to be by *faith*, not by *attainment* either in intellect or feeling. This is the impression that has been sometimes left upon my mind, after having heard the gospel stated—that faith is the condition which God has demanded from the sinner, in order that he may be saved—that the great Physician will heal the most wretched, sin-burdened soul, but he must receive faith as his *fee*. Now

this, as you have no doubt found, would be the most difficult of all fees to procure. Feeling is hard to get up, but faith is harder. Faith is the mere apprehension of grace—thankfully accepting what God has already freely given. Faith puts God in the chief room as the giver, it being more blessed to give than to receive, and lets him do everything, man being the silent and passive receiver of blessing. Faith has to do, not with what I feel toward God, but what God feels toward me, what He has done for me, and what He has told me. Faith does not look into its own formation—it looks out to God's provided substitute for the sinner. Faith does not tell me to feel that I am converted, but it fixes me down to the Word of God. Faith tells me to take God at His word. Faith has not to do with what I am thinking of myself, bad or good, but it lets God think for me.

'Two things are to be distinguished, "salvation" and the "knowledge of salvation." First, How am I to get saved? and then, How am I to know it?

'First, then, my *salvation* depends solely and entirely upon the work, the *person* of Jesus Christ our Lord. (My salvation is supported by His work; His work is supported by His person.)

'Secondly, the *knowledge* that I am saved depends solely on the record, the *word*, the testimony of God. "He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record (testimony) that God gave of His Son."

'Well now, tell me shortly what "believing in the Lord Jesus Christ is." Of course I believe He is able and willing to save anybody, His atonement is sufficient, and His offer free and full; but how is He to become mine?

'What is it to believe in a man? What is it to believe in a bank? You do not believe in one who is in the black list—but you can look around and say to yourself, "Well, I believe in so and so," and it is just the same with Christ: I believe in Him—not merely in His

historical existence—but I trust Him, I receive, I rest upon, Him alone for my salvation.

'In a word, then, what should I do? I am wishing to take God's way, and willing now to do it. When I begin to go through trains of thought, I feel I get confused, and I should just like to know in a sentence what my path ought to be.'

'Take the lost sinner's place, and *CLAIM* the lost sinner's Saviour!'

'Will the claim be allowed?'

'Yea, God commands thee to claim Him.'

'Can I claim Him?'

'Only a lost sinner can.'

'I am allowed, urged, besought, commanded to take Jesus as mine; surely I have nothing to lose—yea, Lord, I believe Thee, Jesus is mine.'

'I take comfort from the fact that my sins were laid on Christ—I do not feel that they were there, but God says it—"He was wounded for *our* transgressions;" not for those of angels—they had none; not for those of devils—they can claim no Saviour; but for those who take the *sinner's* place—"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him." Therefore it would be unjust to lay it on me believing in Him. He is a real Saviour for real sinners. My only qualification for such a saviour is that I am such a sinner. And now I believe my sins are not on me—not because I feel them gone, for I do not, but because God says they were laid on Christ.' (Isaiah liii. 6).

Robert M'Choyne says, 'We must not close with Christ because we *feel* Him, but because *God has said it*, and we must take God's word even in the dark.' We do not *feel* we have faith. We accept God's way of dealing with sin.

Man would try to settle God's claims. God Himself has settled the claims, and offers the settled account for nothing. Man would try to make his peace with God. God has come and '*made peace*,' Christ Himself becoming '*our peace*,' and now He '*preached peace*' for the

acceptance of all (Eph. ii. 14-17). Most anxious enquirers seem to think that we have to fight against ourselves in order to be saved, whereas we fight against ourselves because we are saved. We have a race to run but it is not to the cross, it is from the cross. Man's way is to believe because we feel: God's way is to feel because we believe, and believe because God has said it. Dr. Chalmers says, 'Yet Come the enlargement when it will, it must, I admit, come after all through the channel of a simple credence given to the sayings of God, accounted true and faithful sayings. And never does light and peace so fill my heart as when like a little child, I take up the lesson, that God hath laid on His own Son the iniquities of us all.'

Take the lost sinner's place, and claim the lost sinner's Saviour.

No works of law have we to boast—
By nature ruined, guilty, lost,
Condemned already; but 'Thy hand
Provided what Thou didst demand:
*We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

No faith we bring. 'Tis Christ alone—
'Tis what He is, what He has done,
He is for us as given by God,
It was for us He shed His blood;
*We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

We do not feel our sins are gone,
But know it from Thy word alone;
We know that Thou our sins didst lay
On Him who has put sin away:
*We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

Because we know our sins forgiven,
We happy feel our home is Heaven.
O help us now as sons, our God,
To tread the path that Jesus trod;
*We take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSIONS FROM JERUSALEM.

As our excursion to the Jordan Valley and Dead Sea will occupy three days journeying and two nights camping in the fields, it is necessary before leaving Jerusalem to provide ourselves with tents, cooking utensils and food. Our road lies through the territory of an Arab tribe, we therefore must obtain permission to travel through their country and an armed escort. All these things are arranged, and at early dawn our company, consisting of some dozen Europeans and Americans, with half a dozen Arabs, passed along the *via dolorosa* (sorrowful street) and emerged on the open country as the morning sun was bathing in light the minarets and battlements of the city. Our Arab friends do not come up to our ideal of the fierce, free and unconquerable Bedouin. They are lean, ragged and

dirty. One or two are on horse-back, the rest are on foot. The head of the party, the Chief's brother, is lame of a leg and blind of an eye. However, they seemed to be well satisfied with themselves and with things in general, and by degrees we too learned to be satisfied with them, finding them merry fellows, kind, obliging, watchful and capable of great endurance. They gathered flowers for the ladies, chanted their nasal music, and reconnoitred for robbers among the rocks, and kept watch all night over our tents, without quarrelling or stealing, which was all we had a right to expect, and perhaps more than we would get from European guides calling themselves Christians.

TO THE DEAD SEA.

We climb the shoulder of Olivet, pass Bethany on the left and begin our abrupt descent into the very bowels of the earth: for be it remembered that

the surface of the Dead Sea is not simply as far below the level of Jerusalem as the Mediterranean is, but it is over 1300 feet deeper down, making our ride a descent of 2600 feet. Here and there we see traces of the old Roman road leading away to the mysterious east, the only thing like a road to be seen, if we except some remains of a similar kind along the sea shore, between Tyre and Sidon. Passing a spring to the left, we give our horses drink and fill our water-bottles, for it is the last water to be seen till we pitch our tents by the fountain of Elisha, in the plains of Jericho. We now enter on a country wild, barren, deserted, blasted beyond the power of language to describe. These lime-stone rocks are pierced by deep ravines in which there is no water, and tower up to grotesque and fantastic heights, bare as the palm of the hand, of tree, or bush, or shrub, or blade of grass. Without shelter from the fierce sun, faint and thirsty, we gladly welcome the sight of a ruin, the remains of an old castle, and alight for lunch. There is generally stationed here, since an Englishman was killed, a guard of Turkish soldiers, to protect travellers who, from the time of our Saviour's parable, are, in going down to Jericho, in danger here of falling among thieves. Higher grew the hills as we advanced, and deeper the ravines, though bleaker and barer they cannot be, till all of a sudden, just as the plain of Damascus breaks on the traveller emerging from Lebanon, so breaks on the view the plain of Jordan and the Dead Sea. But what a contrast between Damascus and Jericho, between the gardens of the former city and the wilderness of the latter. There it is life, fertility, beauty: here it is death, barrenness and a mournful desolation. Why is this?

In olden times, when piracy on the high seas was a common and an enriching crime, it was necessary, as an awful warning to seamen leaving the Thames,

to hang up in irons, along the course of that river, the skeletons of pirates executed for their horrible crimes. Was it not for the same reason, i.e., to deter Israel from the unnatural crimes that were the bane of the Canaanitish race, that the valley of the Dead Sea was not only destroyed but *utterly subverted*? laid under a perpetual curse. It is a significant fact indeed, that from the heights around Jerusalem, the Dead Sea was constantly in sight, and the doom of its cities sounded ever on the ear of the Jewish nation like the rattling of the pirate's chains on the ear of the sailor as he paced his deck. And what reminiscence, therefore, more appalling could Ezekiel suggest to rebellious Israel than the doom of her lost sister Sodom, hung up for ages in chains, as a warning against abominable crimes. "And thine elder sister is Samaria, she and her daughters that dwell at the right hand: *and thy younger sister that dwelleth at thy right hand is Sodom and her daughters.*—Ezekiel xvi. 46. The appalling event that overturned the "cities of the plain," and gave over the land to sulphurous water and barrenness was stamped indelibly on the Jewish mind, and on Jewish literature. "Like the overthrow of Sodom," is the ever occurring phrase, as one can see in these passages. Deut. xxix. 22; Is. xiii. 19; Jer. xxxix. 18; Num. iv. 11. And the practical theology of the New Testament is full of this dread event, as when men are told to remember Lot's wife, to flee from the wrath to come, to beware the unquenchable fire whose smoke ascendeth forever and ever. And what is the coming judgment of the wicked at the last day, but a repetition in its suddenness, duration and completeness, on a grander scale, of this *overthrow* of the cities of the plain.

With the brook Cherith on our left, a tiny silver thread in the bottom of the black ravine, we descend by a break-neck path to the plain, leaving on our right a ruined castle, the rusty

key of the unused gate of the East, like the castle, also a ruin, we found guarding the entrance of the West. Before sunset our tents are pitched by the fountain of Elisha, a powerful, clear, and sweet spring, right under the mountain of temptation and on the edge of the great plain of Jericho. As night fell it became chilly, and our Arab escort made a fire of brushwood, round which they sang and danced till midnight, while we, (battling with fleas within, whose king is said to reside at Jericho, and mosquitoes without, whose king resides somewhere not far off we should suppose, from their size and number), tried, with ill-success, to get a little sleep.

We were up with the grey, cold morning, and off across the plain of Jericho to the Jordan. In entering Palestine, we gave our readers a glimpse of the plain of Sharon, bordering the country on the west. Let us now give them a glimpse of the plain or valley of the Jordan on the east, one of the most remarkable in the world in many respects. This plain is about 60 miles long, measuring from the sea of Galilee to the north end of the Dead Sea. It is like Egypt, bounded all its length by mountains some eight or ten miles apart, some 2000, or 3000 feet above the bed of the river. It has a copious supply of water in the Jordan, which is so crooked that in 60 miles it runs a course of 300 miles. And, further, the plain has a descent from sea to sea of 1000 feet, and the river a series of 27 cataracts.

This plain, therefore, ought to be an Eden, a garden of the Lord, a country richer far than Egypt. It has an abundant supply of water, sweet as the water of the Nile, and cooler. It is hemmed in between these limestone rocks, and has, though farther north, a climate as warm as Upper Egypt. And for the purpose of irrigation it has in its rapid descent and in its series of natural waterfalls, an advantage that

Egypt is even now buying at a great price, for that country has already paid an immense sum to French engineers for throwing a dam across the Nile at its fork, that is, for making *one* such cataract by the masonry of men, as Jordan has to the number of 27 by the masonry of God. At an early age this valley must have attracted the attention of men, and in the time of Abraham it was a highly cultivated country full of cities, towns, and villages. Looking into the valley from the heights of Bethel "*Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zour,*" (Gen. xiii. 10.) This valley then, no doubt, looked like the plain of Damascus to-day, and might, from Galilee to Usdum, at south end of the Dead Sea, 120 miles, probably give residence and subsistence to a million of people. But for their wickedness the whole plain from north to south was overthrown, and from that day till this day has lain there a solemn "ensample," as Peter tells us, "unto those that after should live ungodly." (2 Pet. ii.)

In the course of our ride across the plain, we pass by Jericho, a miserable village, whose inhabitants show in their swarthy skins the tropical heat that belongs to their valley. We reach about noon the banks of the Jordan, sweeping past with arrow swiftness, in keeping with its name "*the descender,*" towards its death in the Salt Sea. The banks are covered with grass and trees, chiefly poplars, from one of which each of us cuts a staff. We would gladly lounge under the shade of these trees or sit down and lunch; but our guides hurry us forward, for they tell us that we are now in a dangerous spot, where the wild Bedouins of the other side of the Jordan may, crossing the fords, sweep down on us and rob us, as indeed they

did the year after a company of Americans visiting the Jordan.

We get no lunch that day, except what we eat in the saddle. We hurry down side by side with river to the Dead Sea, to get out of the infested plain. We stand at last on its shore. It is about the size of the Lake of Geneva, being some 40 or 50 miles long, and at its greatest width some 10 miles. Its waters are so clear that we can count the little pebbles several feet down. The mountains around it are lofty, rugged and bare. Thus far all travellers agree; but in matter of sentiment, how wide the difference! Some describe the surrounding scenery as terrific, others as beautiful: some say it is gloomy, others say it is pretty. "It bore a great resemblance to Loch Awe," says Van de Velde. "It reminded me of the beautiful lake of Nice," says Paxton. The truth lies, we suppose between, and should be put in this form. Before the overthrow of Sodom and its sister cities, when the vast bulk of that sea was a garden, the plain up to the sea of Galilee, like Eden and the surrounding hills covered with foliage, then it was a spot of great beauty. But now over the traces of its ancient glory there has come a curse, desolation and ruin. Here is a face that was once supremely beautiful, but crime and grief have disfigured it, though they have not obliterated all trace of what it one time was.

The heat is intense, so we hurry as quickly as possible away, casting back as we ascend the hills of Judea many a look at the mysterious sea and its setting of everlasting hills, clad in blue mist, as if their smoke was still ascending. On the cool uplands we pass an Arab encampment of black tents, surrounded by flocks of sheep and goats and a few camels. They greet us with kind words, for they are of the same tribe with our escort, but we hurry forward without tasting of their hospitality, anxious to reach the convent of Mar Saba before sunset.

On leaving Jerusalem the day preceding, we crossed the Kidron, quite near its source at the foot of Zion; to-day we cross it near its mouth into the Dead Sea. Yesterday we saw its bed dry; to-day it contains water. Yesterday its valley was shallow and its sides gently sloping; to-day it is dark and deep, and its sides rough and rugged. Yesterday it was Jerusalem that crowned its western side; to-day it is the Convent of Saint Saba, a strong fortress in the heart of the stern desert, at whose strong iron gate we gladly draw bridle. As there is no admittance for ladies, we pitch our tents right under its walls, and pass the night much better than we did at Jericho.

Next day on reaching a certain stream, our Arab escort told us they could go no further, as this was the southern boundary of their tribe. We there parted with them, and after several hours hard riding, struck the road from Hebron to Jerusalem, where we arrived before the closing of the gates.

It becomes the servants of God to digest, in their own souls, the messages they bring to others in his name, and to be suitably affected therewith themselves. It becomes them to deliver every message with which they are charged, whether pleasing or unpleasing to men. That which is least pleasing may be most profitable. God's messengers, however, must not keep back any part of the counsel of God. Rev. x.—*Matthew Henry*.

Public prayers are so far from being intended to supersede our own secret prayers, and make them needless, that they are designed to quicken and encourage them, and to direct us in them. When we are alone we should pray over the prayers that our ministers have put up with us. Acts xx.—*Matthew Henry*.

Children's Treasury.**THE TREASURE FOUND.**

A traveller one day stopped at a lowly cottage to ask for some water. He found the parents cursing and quarrelling, and the unhappy-looking children crouching in a corner; the room showed marks of deep degradation and poverty. He asked them, "Why they made their house like a den of beasts?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "you do not know the life and trials of a poor man, when, do what you can, everything goes wrong!"

The stranger remarked (as he noticed a Bible hidden in a dark and dusty corner), "Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house; search for it."

After he had left them the cottagers laughed at his remark, thinking it a mere jest; however, when the woman went out, the man thought he would search and see if he could find the treasure, and when the man was out the woman did the same. But they found nothing, and more troubles came, bringing with them more quarrels, discontent, and strife. Once, when the woman was alone, thinking over the traveller's words, she suddenly noticed the Bible which her mother had given her; but since she was dead and gone, it had

hardly ever been opened. The thought came across her mind, "Was this what the traveller meant?" She took it down, and turning to the title page, she found in her old mother's handwriting, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." It cut her to the heart. "Ah," thought she, "this then is the treasure;" and tear after tear fell fast upon the page. She began from that time to read the Bible daily. This led to prayer, and then she taught her children to pray too. But she dared not speak to her husband about it. One day he came home in a rage, ready for a quarrel; she, however, instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, spoke kindly and gently.

"Husband," she said, "we have sinned grievously; we have only ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life."

He looked amazed. "What do you mean?" he said.

She brought the old Bible to him, and said, "There is the treasure, see! I have found it."

His heart was moved; she read to him of the Lord Jesus and of his love. Day after day she read to him and the children, and when the following year the traveller again called at the cottage, the scene he then saw was a contrast indeed to what it had been before.

Editorial Notes.

CLOSE OF THE FIRST YEAR.—This number of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY closes the year for all those whose subscriptions began with July, 1873. It is desirable for various reasons, that all those parties who wish to continue our readers should send their subscriptions at once. Inasmuch as the intention is to begin in future each volume with January, it is perhaps best that parties whose time is

now up, should at present remit only fifty-six cents, which will pay for their CHRISTIAN MONTHLY to the end of 1874. On the cover of the MONTHLY may be seen a list of Christian friends who are willing to take the trouble of sending us names and moneys. If any of these local agents are convenient to subscribers it is best to hand the fifty-six cents to them for transmission. But

if no agent is convenient, then the amount may be sent in small bills, or postage stamps, or by post-office order, which can, we understand, be got now for small sums like that, for two or three cents. A better plan still would be for each subscriber to secure one new subscriber and send one dollar, for which sum the *CHRISTIAN MONTHLY* would be sent for the half year to two subscribers.

While writing of new subscribers, we are tempted to give here a few words from the experience of Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, while engaged in establishing an Evangelical Magazine, the *Christian Instructor*, under discouraging circumstances :

"This work," he says, writing to a friend, Dr. Burns, then of Paisley, "of the principles of which I hope you approve, has succeeded tolerably well considering the circumstances of the country at the present time, and the opposition we have met with from the great bulk of our moderate brethren. But greater exertion and patronage are still necessary to render its circulation sufficiently extensive. I beg, therefore, to solicit your kind and active assistance. . . . Your assistance may be given in two ways : First, by sending us contributions from your own pen ; and secondly, by procuring subscribers to the magazine."

His friend, it seems, acted as some of our friends have done,—he sent him a contribution from his pen and a list of new subscribers, and Dr. Thomson thus replies :

"I return you many thanks for your kind exertions in behalf of the *Christian Instructor*. I am gratified by the favourable opinion which you entertain of the work in general. . . . Nor must I forget to acknowledge the very acceptable communications which you have sent for insertion. This is the very way in which I wish to be treated by my friends. It is the way, however, in which I am treated by

"very few. One says, 'I like your publication very well and shall recommend it,' but he never procures one subscriber. Another says, 'Your magazine does not come up to my ideas of such a work,' and that is just what he would say though the work were absolutely perfect. A third says, 'The *Instructor* is tolerably good, but then it has faults which must counteract its success ;' and he very kindly leaves us to perish without pointing out these faults, or telling us how they might be remedied. And a fourth exclaims most valiantly, 'Go on and prosper, only get better communications and more of them ;' but never lifts his pen to give me the least assistance in one way or another. It gives me real pleasure to find that you have avoided all these errors, and that you are a substantial, acute and honest friend to the *Instructor*."

A word to the wise is enough. If such a man as Dr. Thomson, with such eminent writers as he gathered around him, had such difficulties in establishing the *Christian Instructor*, (which afterwards proved so influential in promoting the revival of evangelical religion), need we wonder that in a new country like Canada, there should at the outset be need of hard and self-denying work on the part of agents, contributors and editors, in establishing *THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY*, which, under the guidance of God, might become yet, in abler hands than ours, a powerful promoter of evangelical religion in Canada, and an aid towards more unity of action on questions of common interest among the various denominations. Let us therefore arise up and build, and "the God of heaven he will prosper us."

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MRS. KENNEDY AND FAMILY.

Brought forward.....	\$74.13
Rev. A. McL.....	1.00
E. Saunders.....	1.00
Mrs. Dr. K.....	1.00
Middleville.....	5.00



This June number is the twelfth number of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, and the last therefore of its first year. Out of a large number of very kind words spoken to us, and of us, by the press, by ministers of the gospel, and by private individuals during our first year now closing, we can find room here only for the few that follow :

"THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY contains thoughtful and able articles by the editor, some valuable contributions, and very good selections. . . . We are much pleased with the deeply evangelical spirit of this magazine. We commend it heartily to our readers."—*Halifax Witness*.

"From the contents of the numbers which we have seen, we feel confident that it will hold a high place in the estimation of the Christian community. The original articles and selections are good and well adapted to impart both information and edification. It will be a good sign when literature of this kind is appreciated and encouraged by families in our highly favoured land."—*Home and Foreign Record, Toronto*.

"THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY ought to be in every family, as it is undenominational and the reading matter is not only pleasant but instructive, and calculated, by the blessing of God, to do much good. Besides the price is so low that no family should be without it. . . . THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY is growing in influence and usefulness."—*Owen Sound Advertiser*.

"Wesleyan College, Sackville, N. B.,
"22nd Aug., 1873.

"The August number of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY has just reached me. I am very much pleased with it—think it a good successor to *Good News*.

"C. W. HAMILTON."

"Montreal, 17th Jan., 1874.

"Judging from the only two numbers I have seen of THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, it appears to me you are engaged in an important and valuable enterprise on the side of truth and righteousness in our country, and also on the side of Catholicity and Christian union. There is room and need for such a magazine,

especially in the rural districts of the several provinces, and I hope your circulation will so extend as to encourage you to persevere in so good a work.

"HENRY WILKES, D.D.
"The Editor CHRISTIAN MONTHLY."

"Fergus, Sept. 15th, 1873.

"Dear Brother,—I cannot but congratulate you on the excellent character of your magazine as well as on the success it has met with. . . . THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY must hold its ground. May it receive the Divine favour abundantly.

"E. BARKER, *Congregational Minister*."

"Edinburgh, 22nd Nov., 1873.

"My dear Sir,—Allow me to congratulate you on the great excellence of your monthly magazine. I read it through with very great interest, and was much struck with the good taste and discrimination that characterize the selections as well as the original matter. I wish very earnestly the success of your enterprise.

"THOS. McLAUCHLIN, D.D."

"Oakley Square, London,
"Nov. 24th, 1874.

"My dear Sir,—I am sorry to say that your copy of THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY has never reached me. If it had, I should gladly have done what you ask, perhaps sent you a sermon too, for I know from Australian experience the value of such indigenous religious literature in the colonies, and it must be of still greater consequence for your more agricultural population. Pray let me have another number, and believe me,

"Yours very truly,
"J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D."

"Drummondville, Aug. 14th, 1873.

"Dear Sir,—I am much pleased with the tone and vigour of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY and trust that it may enjoy a wide circulation, and be honoured by doing much good in an important department of Christian enterprise. I am particularly pleased with its clear statements of Bible truths and its decided condemnation of all sin.

"I am, yours faithfully,
"J. A. F. McBAIRD,
"Minister of Can. Presby. Church."

"I have examined THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY and feel glad to recommend a periodical so full of interesting matter and so ably conducted. It is an excellent family book.

"JOHN FRASER,

"Minister of Can. Pres. Church.

"Kincairdine, 6th June, 1873."

"Paris, Ont., March 18th, 1874.

"My Dear Sir,—I am glad you have been able to continue Mr. Kennedy's publication in a new form, and to make it so attractive and interesting. I wish you a large measure of success in your work.

"I remain, &c.,

"JAMES ROBERTSON,

"Minister of Can. Pres. Church."

"Port Hope, Feb. 7th, 1874.

"Dear Sir,—I used to read the *Good News* with much pleasure. I find its character is not changed under the new garb. I sincerely wish you success in your enterprise.

"I am, &c.,

"SAMUEL LEBAN."

"Milton, Halton Co.

"Dear Sir,—We congratulate you on the success of your undertaking. Each succeeding number is better than its predecessor.

"P. D. SCOTT."

"Toronto, April 10th, 1874.

"I welcome the arrival of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY with great pleasure, and peruse its articles with delight, and, I trust, with profit. Your selections in prose and poetry are excellent.

"JAMES BROWNS."

"Office of the *Christian*, Boston,

"Mass., U.S.A., Aug. 13th, 1873.

"The Editor of CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

"Dear Sir,—I greet you as a worker in the good cause, and pray that the Lord may be with you and prosper the work of your hands.

"Yours truly in Christ,

"H. L. HASTINGS,

"Editor of *Christian*."

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—I have not time just now to say all I feel like saying about THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, and can only say that I prize it as amongst the very best of its class. I shall feel it my duty to do more for its circulation in future."

"Yours cordially,

"C. S. EASTMAN,

"Agent for U. C. Religious Book and Tract Society, and Minister of M. E. Church?"

"As far as I have examined THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, I consider it a good family magazine, and will be happy to see it received into each family of our congregation.

"WILLIAM FERGUSON,

"Pres. Minister.

"Glamis, July 2nd, 1873."

"From my knowledge of the Editor and others connected with THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, I can confidently recommend it to all who desire profitable reading.

"J. STRAITH,

"Knox Church, Paisley."

"From a hasty glance at the contents of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, I am of opinion that its circulation is calculated to do good. I shall be happy to see it well sustained.

"N. S. BURWASH,

"Wesleyan Minister.

"Paisley, July 10th, 1873."

"Holyrood, Dec. 17th, 1873.

"As regards matter and arrangement, the whole is truly excellent, and will compare favourably with any religious periodical of the day.

"DUNCAN DAVIDSON,

"Presbyterian Minister."

"Kilsyth, 13th April, 1874.

"THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY is a welcome visitor here. I am happy to hear it well spoken of everywhere.

"WILLIAM BEATON."

"I am much delighted with THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY. It is the very thing we need amongst our Christian people.

"NEIL MCKINNON.

"Beimont, Ont., April, 1874."

"Woodstock, 17th April, 1874.

"I have much pleasure in recommending THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY as being in all respects what it professes to be, and not like others of our so-called religious periodicals—instruments for letting the Church down to the level of the world.

"Those who wish religious reading, safe, solid, and interesting, will find that in its pages, without the garnishing of novels or narratives, whence no nourishment for the soul and strength for glorifying God can possibly be extracted.

"JOHN MCTAVISH."