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NEWFOUNDLAND  
*of England*  
**Monthly Messenger.**

JUL 1923

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 1.

JANUARY, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

### A NEW VOLUME.

The present number is a fair specimen of what our readers may expect throughout the year. We may safely ask, have we fully redeemed our promise in the last number of Volume II.? We solicit careful, thoughtful, and prayerful reading; for our main object in writing and publishing is to do good. We said in December number of last year, that we would lose on the magazine as we did on the first, but we thankfully correct that mistake, the loss this year, if any, will be trifling. But we wish to extend our circulation much beyond the past, and therefore very earnestly request the assistance of all our readers to accomplish this. Many of those who pay for one copy could do so for two or more, and send them to friends abroad. Others could ask their acquaintances to swell our subscription list, and with very little trouble and self-denial this little work might be made a power for good in many homes. We have up to the present distributed gratis about twice the number that are subscribed for, but this is costly, and unless the list of paying subscribers is much increased we cannot continue this. However, we have made arrangements to do so for this year, and if we receive the encouragement that the work merits, we shall send it to those who are too poor to pay, or in circumstances where payment is not easy if at all possible. Those who wish to have their numbers through the post will be charged *One Dollar* per annum, but when sent through the agents, will be delivered at the same price as last year, sixty cents.

Notice that all business affairs are managed by Mr. L. T. Chancey, St. John's.

### THE NEW YEAR.

We sincerely wish every Christian reader "A Happy New Year," and right sure we are, that throughout every day of this year of grace, eighteen hundred and seventy six, God designs to make His own loved ones happy. Everything in nature, in providence, and in Christ combines to make us happy. The sun rises and shines for us; our Father's power provides all things for our comfort; our Elder Brother, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, is ever before the Throne, spreading for us His hands, and pouring forth His all-prevailing prayer. We are heirs of God, and joint heirs of Christ Jesus. What matter if the world knoweth us not; it knew Him not; Jesus

knows us; angels know us. We are never for one second out of the thoughts of the Omnipotent God. This year bears us nearer the great Redemption Day. Perhaps He may come again to receive us to Himself. We look for the blessed hope—not death, but the glorious appearing of the Great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ. We may have our share of the world's temptations. "A few more trials, a few more tears," but we have likewise "the strong consolations." In His loving bosom we may sob out our sorrows, in His compassionate ear we can pour all our complaints. We will not have more than our share of suffering, but we shall find grace to help in time of need. Be happy, dear child of God; a review of the past should confirm thy faith. The worst part of the journey is over. Has one good thing failed of all the Lord thy God promised?

Meditate on the exceeding great and precious promises till your whole soul is filled with joy. Place the telescope of faith to thy eyes, and behold the Delectable Mountains; the hills of immortality, crowded with the glorified. Remember once they were mourners here below, and poured out cries and tears.

### A LIFE OF POWER.

Many believers have little power. They pray, but there is no power. They teach, but no good results follow. They exhort, but no unction attends the word. Temptation and trials come, and they seem to have no power to stand, much less to triumph. These things ought not to be. God's people should triumph always. Why then are so few endued with power? Because "they have not received the Holy Ghost since they believed." They have been pardoned, justified and adopted into God's family, but there they have stood. Now what we wish to urge believers to seek, is the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. This grace is as manifestly intended for the Church of God in this age, as it was in apostolic times. The only reason that it is not obtained is that it is not sought. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." When believers are filled with the Holy Spirit they will speak the Word of life with power; they will pray in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit, and God will again confirm their words by signs and wonders following. The Church will no longer be powerless in the presence of infidelity, worldliness, intemperance, and other forms of vice, but the "feeblest shall be as David, and house of David as the angel of the Lord before him."

Let all who feel their need of power confess their

sins and weakness before God, and wait patiently, prayerfully, and in faith at His Throne, and while they are thus engaged the Spirit will descend upon them, and henceforth their life will be one of power. Their self will be subdued, sin expelled, and every unlawful propensity conquered.

Believer, do you not long for this power? Turn before the Throne, "and ye shall be endued with power from on high not many days hence."

### THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Christian life is higher—higher than the worldling's; but there is a higher life than many Christians have attained to in this age. The attention of the Churches has of late been called to this matter, and with very blessed results. The quickened life, the purity and earnestness of thousands, testify that if we only live in fellowship with God, abide in Christ, we shall bring forth much fruit. What is generally meant by the Higher Christian Life is *full consecration* to the service of God, or *holiness to the Lord*. We read such commands as, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," or such prayers as, "The very God of Peace sanctify you wholly," or such declarations as "It is the will of God even your sanctification." But we seldom pause to inquire into the import, or perhaps we have our theological systems or early teaching, which are in direct opposition to the mind of the Spirit. Now let us divest our minds of all prejudice and sit down to the study of God's blessed word; and inquire, first, Does the Lord require holiness? Second, Has He made provision in the new covenant whereby His people may be made holy? Third, Have any of His people attained to holiness? Fourth, Is there anything in our nature that the grace of God *cannot* overcome, or circumstances connected with us which preclude the possibility of our being made holy? Fifth, If we cannot attain holiness in this life, when shall we? I have searched the Scriptures on these anxious questions, and I am bound to say fearlessly that they give no licence to sin, but condemn it on every page, and con-sign to death and destruction every soul of man that doeth evil; while they encourage the vilest to come to Christ for salvation, free, full, and present, because He is able to save to the *utmost* all that come unto God by Him. It is the privilege, it is the duty, of the redeemed to be holy here. "Faithful is He that hath promised, who also will do it." Sanctification, as well as justification, is by faith, and is therefore instantaneous.

### A WORD TO THE UNSAVED.

Ponder the import of that word unsaved. You have not life eternal, but you abide in death. You are unreconciled to God. You are out of Christ, the only ark of safety. You are rushing down the broad road to destruction, and soon the grave will close over your body, but where will your precious soul be found? Where will you spend eternity? How will you face the judgment, and meet that God whom you neglect, despise, blaspheme? Can you afford to be shut out of that world of light, and love, and joy? Perhaps you have revered parents there, or loved children, will you be separated from them *for ever*? Oh think of that word *for ever*. Can you endure the thought of eternal

banishment from glory and from God; and eternal death, blackness of darkness, blank despair, where hope never comes? Oh! accept salvation now, it is within your grasp—this hour; God requires no hard conditions, only believe or trust in the Son of His love as *your* Saviour. Millions have done so, who now rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God. Millions have come to the Saviour, and He is willing and able, too, to save millions more. He delighteth in mercy. He will save you, trust Him this moment, there is nothing more required, you need not wait to repent, coming to Him is repentance. You need not wait to feel, you will feel when you come, not before. You need not wait to make yourself better; it is sinners He came to save, not the righteous. If you could make yourself better, Christ died in vain. "Come guilty, come needy, come wretched, come here; you can't come to guilty, come just as you are." This year you may die, oh, come and be reconciled to God. You maintain the strife, you refuse to be saved. I solemnly warn you in the name of the Lord. Stop this hour, and take the life everlasting He gives:

There is life for a look at the crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner, look, unto Him and be saved,  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

### OBITUARY.

On the evening of November the 10th, 1875, Mrs. Geo. Cook, New Gower-street, fell asleep in Jesus. She was upwards of three years a member of the Congregational Church in this city. She had a tender conscience, and feared God for many years; but she had not the liberty of a child of God until a few months before her death. She spoke freely to her pastor of her doubts and darkness. The way of peace was pointed out, and her heart trusted in the gracious Saviour and found rest. She committed her large family to the keeping of her faithful and unchanging God. Though she was brought up in the communion of another denomination of Christians, I have met few in her station of life who had a more intelligent view of Congregational principles, and her only text-book was the New Testament. She manifested the deepest anxiety for the salvation of her husband and children, and many and earnest were her prayers to God for this blessing. May they be answered to His glory!

Miss Mary Langmead was one of our dear Sabbath-school girls. She was only fifteen years old when the Tender Shepherd took her into His loving arms and carried her to the fold above—17th November, 1875. She loved the Lord Jesus years ago, but her long and severe sickness gave her time to renew her first love. She clung very fondly to loved parents, but the gentle Saviour broke every tie that bound her to earth, and before the hour of final parting came all was freely and heartily left behind. "Do not weep for me," she said, "I am going to be with Jesus." She had a great desire to live and be a Sabbath-school teacher, or do some work in the world for Jesus. We tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved. May all the Sabbath-school children truly love and faithfully serve the precious Saviour!

Youth is the time to serve the Lord.  
The time to secure the great reward.

## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXCHEQUER.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

WHEREVER religious, or missionary, or benevolent works are carried on, there will be heard the clink of money. We may call it an evil, if we choose, but if so, we must admit it to be a necessary evil, and one that will exist as long as we transact business in a world where money is the circulating medium. The Sunday-school is no exception in money matters. Its expenses must be provided for in some way. Funds must be raised by the children to carry on beneficent enterprises among domestic or foreign heathen. A Sunday-school which would ignore the existence of money, and the continual need for handling that much-coveted article, might stand in fear of the blotting-out of its own existence.

The church ought to provide for the current expenses of its Sunday-school, just as the father of a family pays the bills for the food his children eat. An outside school, which is not fathered by any church, is compelled to make its living in the best way it can, generally by trusting to the generosity of its friends; sometimes by giving concerts, lectures, and shows. Many a mission-school, in the poverty of its orphanage, is under the necessity of permanently engaging in a sort of moral menagerie business, which is, to say the best of it, a dangerous expedient. In its struggle for existence, it is likely to allow this element of seeming prosperity to crowd out a large part of its religious vitality.

There are some Sunday-schools whose scholars are sent round among their friends on the beggarly business of soliciting subscriptions and donations for the support of the schools. With small pass-books, the children force themselves before the faces of all whom they meet, and make themselves odious to their relations and neighbours, and even to strangers in the street. I have been at Sunday-schools where children with pass-books have thus passed round among the whole company of visitors who happened to be present, asking each one for a contribution, to the great annoyance of the visitors. The money given in response to such beggary can hardly be called the gift of charity. It is more likely to be given in the spirit manifested by people when they toss coppers to beggar-boys, in order to persuade the boys to pass on and cease troubling them. No school ever became very prosperous as a result of practising this description of pious fraud.

There is a science in taking up a collection. At anniversaries, and other public meetings in behalf of the school, there is great propriety in asking the congregation for money. It is equally proper to collect from the children their weekly contributions in behalf of some worthy object outside of the school. To make children contribute for the school expenses is hardly fair. At stated "missionary meetings" it is well to recount the donations, and publicly consecrate them to the missionary purpose for which they have been given. Even in this we need great caution, to avoid running into mischief. The circulation between classes as to which shall give the most money, is, to a certain extent, wholesome, yet loaded with danger if carried too far. A wealthy teacher can always manage to keep his class pecuniarily ahead of those whose teachers are not blessed with the goods of this world. An enterprising boy or girl in a class may succeed in out-begging the rest of the school to such an extent as to take the lead in the list of monies donated. A Sunday-school is in a bad way when it designates as its "banner class" the one which brings in the most money.

When divested of its objectionable features, the bringing-in of class contributions constitutes a pleasant feature in a public exercise. In many schools the classes are called by fancy names, or named in compliment to some "friend of the cause." The announcement of these names, with the amounts given by each name-bearing class, often adds interest to the occasion, if the names are not too queer. At a missionary quarterly meeting, not long ago, among "Busy Bees," "Little Lillies," "Willing Workers," and similar beautiful names, the secretary announced, "Friends of the Heathen." Of course, it was but natural to look for a substantial contribution from a class bearing such a name; but the response to the call was, "Friends of the Heathen, *nothing*." The thought could not help struggling into the heads of some of the visitors present

that the fewer such "friends" the heathen had, the better off they would be.

At some of these meetings, the brother who does the actual handling of the money becomes a general nuisance. He has no specific desire to disturb the meeting, yet he manages to inflict much botheration both on speaker and listener, for he is so full of the thought of the money that his soul can find no room for any other ideas. Sometimes the offerings are packed up in neat envelopes, or boxes, or bags, and handed to the secretary in a decorous manner. But where good Brother Jinglechink is the visible financial man, the noise and confusion of handling the loose change quench the decorum of the occasion. A heavily-shod child stamps up from each class, ostentatiously bearing the money, which is for the most part in copper. Brother Jinglechink announces each amount, as received, and the heavily-shod child stamps back, sometimes with a broad grin on its face. The cash having been brought in, the "distinguished speaker" from abroad, or elsewhere, follows with his remarks. While he is making them, Jinglechink and two or three of his coadjutors are counting the coins on an adjacent table. Little do they care for the annoyance inflicted on the speaker. To count the money is their business; to make the speech is his. It never occurs to their minds that the man can be disturbed by their pecuniary exercises. And if they would think of it, it is probable that they would reflect that he ought to have a soul above such things, and that, having such a soul, it is his duty to possess it in patience.

It sometimes occurs that Brother Jinglechink has charge of the money interests of a Sunday-school convention or institute. Almost every speaker knows him, from sorry experience. One of his efforts is very distinctly impressed on my memory. It was in a country town, at an institute held in a church which was packed so full of people that the basket-carriers had difficulty in going through the aisles to take the collection. The baskets were brought to Jinglechink, who emptied their contents into one great heap on the platform just as I had begun to make my speech. The people were in splendid condition for listening, and I thought I was going to enjoy large liberty in addressing them. But Jinglechink spoiled it all. The pile of coin and currency was just at my feet, and he commenced to count it with all the deliberation and importance of a third assistant cashier behind a broker's counter. I confess that I felt a strong disposition to kick his miserable collection from the platform, for to do that would have been both convenient and effective. But prudential considerations restrained me, and, letting him go on, I brought my speech to a speedy conclusion. Philip Phillips then sang one of his most touching solos; but the obtuse Jinglechink, not yet having finished his count, kept bravely on with his worrisome accompaniment to the music, to the annoyance of all concerned.

We need money, and we need sound judgment in gathering it. The Sunday-school work is too noble to be marred with the infelicities which so often attend on providing the means for its maintenance. It is worthy of our most energetic endeavours, our most generous contributions, and the greatest wisdom we can bring to bear on all the details of its management. Whether in the handling of the child's gratefully-offered penny, or the receipt and disbursement of the dead millionaire's legacy, "let all things be done decently and in order."

**SENSIBLE ADVICE.**—A great many boys, as well as men, complain that they cannot get employment. Perhaps it is hard to get such a place as you like, but, when you get a place, make yourself useful in it; make yourself so necessary, by your fidelity and good behaviour, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low price at first, no matter what the price is, if it is honest work. Do it well—do it the very best you can. Begin at the very lowest round of the ladder, and climb up. The great want everywhere is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these, and there will always be a place for you, and a good one too.

**ALL FOR GOD.**—Those who wish to bestow the years of their life upon God, must also give him the days, the hours, and the moments. Only think of *present* duties, the *moment's* work. Our life is given to us in *moments*, and we shall have joys for each.

## OUR LIGHT.

BY D. L. MOODY.

OUR Saviour says: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He shall have the very "light of life." Yes, it is the privilege of every Christian to walk in an unclouded sky.

But do we walk thus in an unclouded sky? No, most Christians are often in darkness. If I were to ask this congregation if they were all walking in the light, I believe there is scarcely one, if he spoke the true feeling of his heart, but would reply, "No, I am often in darkness." Why is that? It is because we are not following Christ, and keeping close to Him. We are much in darkness when we might be in the light.

Suppose we were in a building, the windows of which were all closed, and we were complaining of the darkness, what would any one to say to us? Why, they would say, "Admit the light; open the windows all round, and you'll soon have plenty of light." Similarly we must let in Christ, who is the light, and open our minds to receive Him, and we shall soon walk in light. There is a great deal of darkness at the present time, even in the hearts of God's own people. But follow Him, and then you will have plenty of light. Then Christ will show to each of us that He is "The Light"; and He will do more, He will set us on fire with His light, that we also may shine as lights in this dark world.

May God help His own people to

SHINE BRIGHTLY,

to flash out of darkness, that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. But remember, the world hates the light. Christ was the light of the world, and the world sought to extinguish it at Cavalry. Now He has left His people to shine. "Ye are the light of the world." He has left us here to shine. He means us to be "living epistles, known and read of all men." The world is certain to watch, and to read you and me. If we are inconsistent, then you may be sure the world will take occasion to stumble at us.

The world finds plenty of difficulties on the way; let us see that we Christians do not add more stumbling-blocks by our un-Christ-like walk. God help us to keep our lights burning clear and brilliant! Out West a friend of mine was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man had got no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind." He turned round, and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes." "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me, of course," said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

REFLECTED LIGHT.

Objectors have said that it's all moonshine about Christ's people being lights on the way. Well, that's just what we believe; we borrow or reflect the light of Christ. Just like the moonshine, our light is borrowed light. When we are living in the light of our Saviour we shine with His light; somewhat like the face of Moses, which shone after he had been in the mount with God. Let us live in an atmosphere of heaven, and we cannot help shining. But whenever we get downcast and weak in faith, then we are sure to lose our light.

I remember during the American war I was in a prayer-meeting. We were all very dark and gloomy. Things had been going against us for some time. At last an old man got up, and said, "What is the matter with us, that we are down-hearted and sad? It is simply our lack of faith. Moses, Joshua, and David were men strong in faith. They believed, and therefore God honoured them. Whence comes our want of faith? God is not dead. He is as powerful, as willing, to help to-day as ever He was. Why, then, are we not full of faith in Him? It is God-dishonouring to forget that He still has power, although our armies are defeated, and all seems dark and gloomy."

KEEP THE LOWER LIGHTS BURNING.

We must live as children of the light, not as children of the darkness. If we are dark and sorrowful, how is the world to know that we are children of peace, and joy, and gladness. Our determination must be to keep our lights burning. A few years ago, at the mouth of Cleveland Harbour, there were two lights, one at each side of the bay, called the upper and lower lights; and, to enter the harbour safely by night, vessels must sight both of these lights. These western lakes are more dangerous sometimes than the great ocean. One wild, stormy night a steamer was trying to make her way into the harbour. The captain and the pilot were anxiously watching for the lights. By and-by the pilot was heard to say, "Do you see the lower lights?" "No," was the reply; "but I fear we have passed them." "Ah, there are the lights," said the pilot; "and they must be, from the bluff on which they stand, the upper lights. We have passed the lower lights, and have lost our chance of getting into the harbour." What was to be done! They looked back, and saw the dim outline of the lower lighthouse against the sky. The lights had gone out. "Can't you turn her head round?" "No; the night is too wild for that. She won't answer her helm." The storm was so fearful that they could do nothing. They tried again to make for the harbour, but they went crash against the rocks, and sank to the bottom. Very few escaped; the great majority found a watery grave. Why? Simply because the lower lights had gone out.

And with us the upper lights are all right. Christ Himself is the upper light, and we are the lower lights, and the cry to us is, *keep the lower lights burning*, that is what we have to do. In the place God has put us, He expects us to shine, to be living witnesses, to be a bright and shining light. While we are here our work is to shine for Him, and He will lead us safe to the sunlit shore of Canaan, where there is no more night.—From "*Wonderous Love*."

## WASTE TEACHING.

A VAST deal of teaching seems waste and unproductive. The instruction appears fruitless—the scholars' hearts untouched. From this comes discouragement. The teacher's heart is like the Scottish climate—a little sunshine with a great deal of fog.

Perhaps the teaching may seem waste to us because we are short-sighted. To a far-seeing eye, it might be rich in productiveness. Not every seed germinates at once. There is a tenacity of life in truth that years cannot kill; buried words and prayers and influences spring up in after years. What we see is by no means the measure of what we do.

Much in nature seems waste. The sun has been shining for ages where it greets no eye. The rain falls upon the ocean. But we may be assured that God does wisely. Much of God's higher work, to us is barren work. He would teach men of Himself, but they will not learn. The Saviour's life was hidden away in but a few hearts, but it was the seed-life of the world. He washed Judas's feet, and poured Divine love upon his heart—were they waste?

If then our teaching to appearance is waste, let us remember that we are but entering into fellowship with God's teaching and the Saviour's loving.

The rays of moral influence cannot be caught and weighed. All moral and spiritual power is of use somewhere. In the physical world, nothing is destroyed. Coal becomes gas, heat-power. We may rest assured that, on a higher plane, God will not permit a devoted teacher's life to pass into nothingness. The teacher's soul will be blessed by constant devotion to his work.

Silent faithfulness will rejoice the Saviour's heart if it does not lead souls to Him. Let us remember that in the Master's sowing, only a part of the seed fell on good ground. That parable was a prophecy. We make mistakes in speaking of successful and unsuccessful teachers. We do not know enough to brand as waste a life of humble earnestness. The teacher may have been sowing, like the Saviour, on poor soil, or the seed sown in good ground may not yet have sprung up.—*Methodist Family*.

## THE CARRIER'S NIECE.

BY NELSIE BROOK (MRS. ELLEN ROSS).

## I.

GEORGE PRESCOTT, carrier of the hamlet of Hawloy, was swathing his neck in a yard or two of woollen comforter one bleak morning in March, preparatory to settling off with his cart to the market town of Bagley, some six or eight miles away, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the post-boy, bringing a letter from that very town to which he was going. George paused in his toilet operations, leaving the ends of his red comforter hanging down his back, eagerly opened the letter, which was a rarity to him, and became absorbed in a moment. It was but a short one, yet it took him a considerable time to read, for he was not adept at reading writing, and the addresses on the packages committed to his care often tried him sorely.

The note ran thus:—

"My dear uncle Prescott, I am going to ask you and aunt a great favour, greater than I have any right to expect you to grant, considering how little you have seen of me in all my life. Yet from the little I have seen of you, I know you are kind, and so I feel hopeful in sending to ask you if you will allow me to come and stay with you for a few weeks, just until I can meet with a situation in a school or a private family. Uncle Tracy is going to marry again almost immediately, and he has given me to understand that I am no longer welcome here. Pray call the first time you come over, and I can tell you more.—I remain, your affectionate niece,

"FLORA DENLEY."

While Mr. Prescott is spelling out this epistle, let us look around at him and his. He is a short, stout man, of compact build, and his general appearance is—jolly; no other word can so adequately describe him. He has a florid, weather-marked face, in a setting of sandy hair and whiskers, streaked with grey. His jollity is not that of the tippler, neither is his complexion; but it is that of a genial old soul full of kindness and honesty; and these traits of character, fostered for nearly three score years, make George look considerably younger than he really is.

Jane Prescott, his wife, is a tall, thin woman, wrinkled and angular. She looks as if all the care of the world rested on her, and was fretting the flesh off her bones, and every trace of comeliness from her countenance. The young fry of the village call her "Vinegar Jane," and "Old Naggles," and she really looks to merit either *soubriquet*. The only redeeming quality in her is excessive cleanliness. Her iron grey-hair is as smooth as satin, her attire as clean and nice as washing and careful ironing can make it. The three rows of lace to her cap are as stiff and quaint-looking as an Elizabethan frill, and surrounding her thin long face, give her quite a unique appearance.

The large, low-ceiled kitchen is spotlessly clean—the floor as white as milk, the brasses are shining like gold over the mantel-shelf, the grate has such a high polish on it that it would almost serve the purpose of a mirror. But there is not the slightest ornamentation about the place. The white walls are as bare as those of a prison; not a picture, or a flower, or even a cushion to a chair is to be seen in the room. Neither beauty nor comfort is studied there, only grim utility.

While George was engaged with his letter a young man entered, with a small parcel. He looked the picture of health and strength, as he took his hat off to wipe his heated brow.

"I was so afraid you'd be gone, friend George," he said. "I've run the whole way to catch you."

"Morning. Wait a minute, sir, please," said George, looking up absently for a moment, and then turning to his letter again.

"You needn't ha' been afraid he'd been gone," said Mrs. Prescott, in a high, treble voice. "He's daft, I should think, to let time fly like this, and booze over that letter. D'ye hear, George?" she demanded, in a shriller tone, going and plucking his sleeve. "Here's Mr. Danvers come with another parcel, and you ought to ha' been off ages ago."

"One don't get a letter every day," said George, coming to himself, but not heeding the presence of Harry Danvers. "This is from Flora Denley, and she wants us to take her in for a

few weeks, as Tracy is going to marry again, and wants to turn her out, and she've got nowhere to go to."

"A stuck-up boarding-school miss in my house!" cried Mrs. Prescott. "Not if I knows it, George Prescott. Ain't I got enough to clean after with you, and folks as comes in with dirty feet on business? No offence to you, Mr. Danvers, as gen'ly scrapes your shoes. No; Flora's father and mother turned up their noses high enough at us when they was alive, the proud nobodies, and they must expect as such sin 'll be visited on their child. It 'll teach her a lesson to have our door shut against her."

"But she ain't going to learn that lesson," said George, waxing warm and bold, and looking up in his wife's face with a defiant expression. She was at least four inches taller than himself. "Her mother was my own sister, and so was Tracy's wife; and though they was both a sight more set-up in the world than me, owing to them getting gentlemanly sort of fellows for husbands, and owing to my being such a noddle-headed vagabone when I were young, and throwing away opportunities which might ha' set me alongside o' the best of 'em, I ain't agoing to turn my back on Flora because her mother wasn't as friendly to us as she might ha' been. No; that ain't Christian, Jenny; and it's no use of us going to church so religious-like on Sundays if we don't act up to what the parson tells us. I ain't seen Flora more than twice within the last three years; but she spoke like a hangel to me then, and even if she ain't a good disposition we can bear with her for as long as she wants to stay. She's a good-looking lass, and if she don't get a situation somebody or other 'll soon snap her up for a wife, I'll be bound."

Noticing that all this did not disperse the frown from his wife's brow, and the angry light from her eyes, George took up his riding-whip and brought the handle down with a heavy thud on the floor, saying, "I'm the master o' this house, and I'll do what I please, as is right and proper. I shall bring Flora home with me to-night if she'll come, or else I shall fetch her on Saturday. There."

Then turning from his wife, who was pale with rage, to young Danvers, George adjusted his comforter, saying, "You'll excuse me, sir, a-keeping you waiting, and speaking out as I did afore you. And now, please read me the dres on your pa'cel, and I shall deliver it as usual—safe, and no mistake."

"I am sorry I happened to intrude just when you were discussing a private matter," said Mr. Danvers.

"Don't mention it, sir; there's nothing much private about that. We ain't folks as deal much in secrets, and I don't mind you knowing about us. You always behave like a gentlemen to us and others, Mr. Harry, and I shouldn't be afraid to tell a downright secret to sich. I've known you from a baby, and your father before you, when he first came to that country-house o' yours. How is it you're not down to the city to-day, to business?"

"I just go when I like, now," answered Harry. "I'm not going to be partner with my father; it's a decided now."

"Not!" exclaimed the carrier. "Why, how's that?"

"I am going to America to my uncle, who is also a merchant, to enter into partnership with him; and Ned will take my place with my father."

"Ha! And that suits you, I'll warrant, Mr. Harry, going to furrin parts. And so both you and your brother Edward are made for life, as they say. But I mustn't stay gossiping any longer, else wife 'li say I'm as bad as a woman. But do ye come an hour some evening, Mr. Harry, and let's have a chat. If you're reelly going away for ever, I can't see too much of you afore you go; so do come as often as you can, and do us the honour of your company."

Having thus delivered himself to his great satisfaction, George got the top button of his long drab coat fastened over his comforter, drew on a pair of dirty leather gloves, took up his whip, and followed Harry Danvers out.

"A plaguey east wind again!" he muttered, wriggling his chin and nose down under the comforter. "Fit to nip a fellow's nose off."

"I don't envy you your jaunt to Bagley," laughed young Danvers, as he thrust his hands in his pockets, preparing to make a run homeward.

"But perhaps you might envy me my jaunt back again in my snug little cart, if I lag my pretty young niece to-day, and bring her with me," said the carrier, with a mischievous wink of his eye.

"I am not so sure of that," returned Harry. "You know I'm rather afraid of the ladies, and like them best at a distance."

"I wish I had been as wise as you!" said the carrier. "But, there, we takes the critters for better or for wuss, and if they's wuss, why we can't help it. We must just grin and bear it, I s'pose. Gee-ho, Jerry! And good-day to you, Mr. Dauvers."

With that, honest George turned to face the east wind, and Harry Dauvers ran off westward.

## II.

The carrier returned without his niece that day, but left her in Bagley with a promise to fetch her on the Saturday of that week.

"It's a good thing for you, and she, that you didn't bring her," was Mrs. Prescott's greeting when she saw her husband enter unaccompanied.

"She's coming Saturday," answered George, very quietly, as he unwound the comforter from his neck. "She hadn't time to get ready to-day."

"Time to get ready, the stuck-up young minx!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, wrathfully. "I'll have none of her bags and baggage littering my house. D'ye think I don't know all about the dress and furbelows, and dandified airs o' them bits o' gels, and how they turns up their noses at plain, honest folks as works hard to keep themselves decent and respectable?—ay, respectabler a good sight than them helpless women-folk as can't set a stitch for themselves, and keep a clean hearth for their husbands—though for that it don't much matter: the husbands o' this day don't deserve nothink, leastways, not such as mine; they's the ungratefulest animals I ever see. Old blind Jerry, as takes you to an' fro', is woth' two of you George Prescott, any day."

"Come, Jenny, do tell us something I haven't heard before," said George, rubbing his hands at the fire as complacently as if his wife had just paid him a *bona fide* compliment. He was not one of that miserable fraternity called "the wranglers and the janglers." "You needn't put yourself in this pickle about the gel till you've proved that she is one you can't bear. Just wait till she've been here a week or two, As I said before, she'll pretty soon get off to a situation, or else be married, so be easy, do be easy a bit, Jenny, and now let's have the candles lighted and get to tea; for I can tell you this cold day haven't took away my huppette by no manner o' means."

Even this pacificatory speech did not silence Mrs. Prescott; she continued "nagging" until they sat down to tea, and then she took her place in the most uncomfortable spot she could select—far from the fire, and near a door, through the keyhole of which the wind whistled eerily; and during the meal she preserved a sulky silence.

On the following Saturday, Flora arrived. George wrapped her up in his cart, and when they reached home, helped her from it as proudly as if she had been a queen. Then he took her little gloved hand, and led her into the kitchen, which she seemed to him to transform to a place of sunshine and beauty. Mrs. Prescott knew she was entering; she could hear the soft patter of her footsteps; but she would not turn round from the fire over which she was bending, adjusting coal and wood. Flora went up to her, put her arm around the bowed neck, and kissed Mrs. Prescott. "Dear aunt," she said at the same time in a sweet, low voice, "I am come; I hope I shan't inconvenience you at all. How are you?"

Mrs. Prescott was taken aback so that she could not speak. She stood up and revealed a flushed face. George, unswathing himself over by the window, watched the scene with amused interest. His wife glanced across at him, and frowned at his expression. He evidently thought it better to leave the aunt and niece alone; for he muttered something about Jerry, and strode out.

Flora saw the flushed face and the frown, and looking up at her aunt, said, with an appealing air, "You are not angry with me, aunt, for coming, are you? I am not going to stay long, you know."

"Angry? No. Bless the child, take your things off and make yourself at home," said Mrs. Prescott, to her own great astonishment. The fact was, as she said to herself, "the gel's manner, and that kiss, had put her beside herself. Nobody hadn't kissed her for years, and it upset her like." Poor loveless and unloving woman! She felt as if she wanted to cry; but she controlled herself, bustled about to get tea, at the same time stealing furtive glances at Flora as she took

off her gloves and jacket. "Is this uncle's peg behind the door, auntie? or may I have it for my own? I should like to keep this jacket and hat always down stairs, if you will allow me: it will be handy to pop on when you want me to run an errand. I am going to do lots of things for you, you know, while I stay; and now I will put the tea, if you will just sit down in this arm-chair, and direct me where to find everything. That chair isn't as comfortable as it might be, aunt, so I will set to work to-morrow and make you a nice soft cushion for it. I have some materials with me that will just do."

"La child, how you talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, rather embarrassed.

"Too much, do I?" laughed Flora, coming close to her aunt, and laying her cold hands upon Mrs. Prescott's for a moment, with an almost child-like familiarity. "Aren't they cold! Yes; I'm afraid I shall talk too much, and make too much noise, but if I do, you must scold me, aunt, you know I've been so used to noise with my young cousins. It seems funny to hear you call me 'child,'" she added, drawing her figure to its full height of five feet two. "I have always been considered such a woman compared with my cousins Tracy. Guess how old I am, aunt?"

Thus drawn into a pleasant chat in spite of herself, Mrs. Prescott answered, "Eighteen."

"Eighteen and three, if you please, aunt. Yes, I am twenty-one, though you look as if you didn't believe it."

She scarcely looked it, though, in her simply-made black dress, with its little ruffle of white lace at the throat, and her hair carried behind her small ears and neatly braided behind. Very girlish she looked, notwithstanding the thoughtful expression of her large dark eyes, and the somewhat oldish look that she had when her face was in repose. Flora had been an orphan five years, and had tasted the bitterness of eating the bread of dependence; and her experiences had made her, in many respects, older than her years. Albeit, she had naturally a light and happy disposition, which she seemed disposed to indulge now in this quiet country cottage of her uncle's.

"Now do let me put tea," she added.

"Indeed no, child. Sit and warm your cold hands, and watch me, if you like."

"At least, let me cut a plate of bread-and-butter," said Flora, starting up as soon as she saw the loaf placed on the table. "You don't know how expert I am at that, aunt. Just say the word—thin, thick, or medium?"

"Can't you sit still?" asked Mrs. Prescott, trying to look cross, though a smile twitched at the corner of her mouth.

"No, auntie dear. If I don't work I shall not eat," answered Flora decisively, as she sat down to the loaf. "What beautiful bread—real home-baked! Will you please to teach me to make bread? I like to know something of everything, and am not afraid to use my hands. There's no knowing what I may need to practice some day, so I just try to learn everything that comes in my way."

At this moment George appeared in the doorway, and comprehended the situation at a glance.

"You see I have begun to work, uncle," said Flora, looking up playfully.

"I didn't set her to it," protested Mrs. Prescott. "I just wanted her to sit still and warm herself, but there's no sit-still in her, I can see."

"Then she'll suit you, Jenny, for I'm sure there's none in you," replied George, unintentionally rousing his wife's ire thereby.

"It ain't likely there could be much in me, and see what I've got to do," she cried, relapsing into the cold, harsh manner which Flora had somewhat charmed away during the last ten minutes. "You never sets your hand to nethink in the house, as some men even scrub floors, as I've heard tell of. But it wasn't my luck to get a helping sort o' man."

"But you see, wife, I goes out with Jerry," said the carrier, sitting down to bask in the fire-glow, stretching out his leg, twirling his thumbs, and looking a togeth' their meditative. "Any day as you sees fit to change work with me and trot off with Jerry and the parcels to Bagley, I'll undertake to clean the house, make the beds, and get the victuals cooked. Can I say fairer than that?"

"That would be fun, aunt!" replied Flora, with a ringing laugh that banished the gathering cloud. "I'll go with you in the cart any day that you would like to put uncle's house-keeping to the proof. I'll be bound that we should find him when we got home just where we left him—perhaps dozing beside the fire, where he is now." In a moment she added—

"But you must excuse my being saucy. It is all fun, isn't it, aunt?"

"There ain't much fun in *my* life," said Mrs. Prescott, with the air of a martyr. "It's lone and hard enough."

"Lone, with such a lively husband?" asked Flora, smiling.

"He's nought to me but the earner o' the bread," answered Mrs. Prescott in a hard tone, as she poured out the tea.

"You won't be pleased with anything I can say or do, to I don't know who's to blame if you're lone, wife," said George, as he drew his chair to the table with a little jerk of annoyance.

"But we *must* be pleased with each other, one and all of us," said Flora, folding her hands on the edge of the table, and looking feelingly up into her aunt's thin, hard face. One of my songs says—

'Come and let us be happy together,  
For where there's a will there's a way.'

So if we have the will we shall find the way. I am sure we all have the will, dear auntie, haven't we? and let us begin to find the way at once. Thank you (taking her cup). What fine cream! The fare altogether in the country is so sweet and good. I should like to live *always* away from town, and indeed I shall try to get a country situation, if possible, somewhere not far from you, so that I could run and see you very often."

In this strain chattering went on, and to George's satisfaction and her own chagrin, Mrs. Prescott actually found herself smiling and saying pleasant things to her niece, whose coming she had anticipated with spleen.

"It goes agin the grain for the old lady to be so agreeable," said George to himself, "but Flora may manage to make it come nat'ral to her in time. Who knows?"

(To be concluded.)

## HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. W. S. CALDECOTT.

THE absence of the faculty of searching the Scriptures is, to a large extent, due to the desuetude of the habit of "expounding." Hence nothing would so much conduce to the revival of this, as would the reintroduction of that godly practice. But, though our space be limited, and the words of a printed page are seldom so fruitful as those of so many living voices, let us make a few suggestions which may, at least, help the young and comparatively inexperienced in the great work of feeding their own souls with the bread of life.

### I.—READ THE BIBLE PRAYERFULLY.

Let prayer not only precede and follow your perusal of inspired truth, but let it accompany it. In a passage of singular pathos, Mr. Wesley has given us a picture of himself as he occupied himself in his most retired hours with the Book of God before him. It is the embodiment of much sacred wisdom and simplicity of spirit; so I adduce it:—"Here, then, I am far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence I open, I read his Book; for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read; does anything appear dark or intricate—I lift up my heart to the Father of Lights: 'Lord, is it not Thy Word. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God? Thou givest liberally, and upbraidest not. Thou has said, If any be willing to do Thy will, he shall know. I am willing to do; let me know Thy will.' I then search after and consider parallel passages of Scripture, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. I meditate thereon with all the earnestness and attention of which my mind is capable. If any doubt still remains, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God, and then the writings whereby, being dead, they yet speak."

So much as to the spirit of humility, love, and teachableness with which the Scriptures are to be read. The other qualifications are more human ones, and yet, perhaps, more uncommon ones.

### II.—READ THE BIBLE INTELLIGENTLY.

If the following suggestions read dogmatically, it is simply because we had no room for periphrases or exceptions:—

1. Disabuse your mind of the idea that the Bible is a volume merely. It is that, but it is also a library, or rather a literature. Acquaint yourself, then, with the history, order, and authors of its sixty-six books.

2. Set up in the vacant spaces of your mind a few chronological landmarks, such as the dates of the Flood, the Abrahamic call, the Exodus, the Coronation of David, the Babylonist Captivity, and the Advent of Christ, to which all other historical events may be referred for their latitude and longitude, so to speak.

3. Totally disregard, except for purposes of convenience, the ordinary division into chapter and verse. To help you to do this, obtain a paragraph Bible from the Religious Tract Society, where the ordinary divisions are marked only in the margin, and are not allowed to destroy the cohesion or the sense of God's Word.

4. Pay particular attention to the marginal readings. These are an integral part of the authorised version, and are of equal authority with the text, often contain the better meaning, and should *always* be consulted.

5. Be careful how you lay stress upon the words printed in italic type as they are merely put in to fill up the sense, and are not in the original Hebrew or Greek. Indeed, you may omit them as often as the grammar will allow you to do so.

6. Note all parentheses and quotations, making separate studies of such as may occur in your reading, taking the passage to pieces for this purpose, as a watchmaker does a watch, and afterwards restoring it.

7. For LORD (in small capitals) understand that "Jehovah" occurs in the original writing.

8. Read in order, finishing one Book before beginning another, no fixed number of verses, but one or more paragraphs, at a sitting.

9. Make what use you can of the marginal references. These are often merely verbal similarities, and throw no light upon the passage; but sometimes they are good. With a concordance you may construct your own references—a slow and laborious work, but one well worth the doing.

10. Weigh what you read, drawing a distinction in the historical portions, between the inspiration of the speaker and that of the writer, if they be two persons. This is especially necessary in the Book of Job.

Thus to read the Scriptures is to study them, and to deserve the commendation of those "more noble Persians" who received the Word with all readiness, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things which they heard in the synagogue, were so, or no.—From "Good Works" (London: Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d.)

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

GLADNESS AND HEALTH.—Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. No joy is more healthful, or better calculated to prolong life, than that which is to be found in domestic happiness, in the company of cheerful and good men, and in contemplating with delight the beauties of nature. A day spent in the country, under a serene sky, amidst a circle of agreeable friends, is certainly a more positive means of prolonging life than all the vital elixirs in the world. Laughter, that external expression of joy, must not here be omitted. It is the most salutary of all the bodily movements, for it agitates both the body and the soul at the same time; promotes digestion, circulation, and perspiration, and enlivenes the vital power in every organ.—*Hufeland*.





THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

## THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

“This year thou shalt die.”—Jeremiah xxviii. 16.

**J**EREMIAH, who had been accustomed to utter startling things, uttered these words to Hananiah. They proved true. In sixty days Hananiah was dead.

We stand in the first Sabbath of the new year. It is a time for review and contemplation. He is a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to this: as the life of Jane Seymour, the English Queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI., dawned. The old year was a queen; this is a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We cannot tell what the child will be, since it is now but seven days old. I prophecy for it an eventful future. It will be a year of mirth and a year of sadness, a year of prayer and supplication. It will laugh, sing, weep, grow, and die. The festivities have passed by, congratulations have been given, the Christmas trees have been taken down or have cast all their fruit, vacations are over, the children have returned to school, the friends that came to spend the holidays have gone in the rail train, and while we stand looking at a year of intense activity, the text comes like a bursting thundercloud, “This year thou shalt die.”

All who have passed thirty years have passed the average of life; the note is due, and it is only by sufferance that it is not collected. The average of life has altered. The world began with an average of nine hundred years, and the first youth who disappointed the hopes of his parents in that respect lived to be seven hundred and seventy-seven. The lost arts must have been greater than the known arts. If men now make great achievements, what could they do in a life nine hundred years long? During the years before the Flood the human race multiplied till the population was probably as large as it is now. The Flood was perhaps the drowning of a thousand million of men. It was as if now the Atlantic should give a lurch and drown one hemisphere, and the Pacific give another lurch and drown the other. At length, from the average life of man, there was hewed away fifty years, then a hundred, and again another hundred, till in the time of a certain census of the Roman Empire, there were only one hundred and twenty-five who had reached a hundred years, and but three or four who had reached one hundred and forty. Now if a man lives to be a hundred years old, we go miles to see him. There is but one apple where there are five blossoms. In the country the sexton rings the bell merrily at first, but at last he tolls it. So with some

of you—it comes to toll; the probabilities of the text are augmented—augmented.

Men, in these days, undergo sapping and great wear and tear of brain and physical powers. Not one in a hundred of the brain-workers of our country use any moderation; the stout incline to apoplexy, the thin and spare to consumption or paralysis. Of printers not one in a hundred live to fifty. The watchmaker shortens his own life as he measures the hours and minutes for others; the chemist breathes in death; the shoemaker wears out his life at the last; the foundry man breathes in filings; the miller breathes in dust as he toils at the grist; the mason digs his own grave with a trowel. The probabilities of our text are increased by the rapid changes of climate, the sharp blast cuts through our thin apparel. The wheel, the hoof, the assassin, only wait their chance to put upon us a quietus. It is an impossibility that the next three hundred and sixty-five days will leave us all as we are here to-night.

I advise you to look after your worldly affairs. Get your receipts posted, your letters filed, your books balanced, and all your trust-funds rightly attended to. Don't let widows and children scratch on your tomb, “This man cheated me.” Men have left property that has been all divided up between lawyers, surrogates and courts, and their families been beggared.

Be very busy in Christian work. Divide the weeks of the year by two. In twenty-six Sundays what can I do for God, in my Sabbath-school class, in binding up broken hearts, and inviting men to hear the Gospel? Don't go into heaven with the disgrace on your soul of going alone. Many a Sunday-school teacher has taken twenty souls to heaven, tract distributors fifty, Daniel Baker hundreds, Philip Doddridge a thousand, St. Paul a hundred million. Our last hour is hastening toward us like an eagle to its prey. What you do, do quickly; “for this year thou shalt die.”

You have no time to discuss whether the book of Jonah is true or whether Melchisedec lived. If you are drowning and a plank is thrown to you, you have no time to ask what saw-mill it came from, or who throws it, but you clutch it. You have only time to lay hold of the Lord God Almighty and get rid of your sins. If you have no great transgressions in your life, don't be too sure you are safe. The flakes of snow drop on the Alps one by one, so light there is no weight to them as they touch your finger; they come on, till after awhile the traveller's foot strikes the slide, and down comes the avalanche. So the sins of youth keep packing up till they become a mountain of sin, and after awhile start the indignation of the Lord Almighty.

A man took up a gun to shoot a wolf; the wolf howled, and a pack of wolves came instantly to the

spot and tore the traveller to pieces. One sin will call up all the sins of your life, till they can make the night of death horrible with the assaults of their bloody muzzles. A man met a maniac with a torch and a pail of water. "What are you doing?" "I am going to burn down heaven and quench the fire of hell." He could do one as well as the other; that fire will never be put out. If you do not escape speedily you never can escape. Christ is ready to save anybody that wants to be saved. He has waited with blood on His brow, tears in His eyes, year after year; He has waited with those outspread, mangled hands of love, for you! Suppose you go home and find a neighbour has put out a fire in your own house. You say, "I can't express my thanks to you." Yet the Lord Jesus has come to put out the fire of sin in your soul, and you have no thanks for Him. You go home and find traces of muddy feet at your door; your child has fallen into the pond; a boy pulled him out. You say to him, "I never can forget you, if you ever want anything, come to me." Yet, when the Lord Jesus plunges into our iniquity to save us we say, "Drop that soul; if we want it saved, we'll save it ourselves!" What a work He undertook! He was spit upon, insulted, murdered; a crimson stream of blood is flowing from His side as He plunges over to pick up your soul. For you that hunger, the thorns, suffocation, sweat and thirst, death.

It was the time of a plague. There was no remedy except what might be found by examining the body of one who had died of the disease. It was death to do it. Dr. Guyon said, "I will attempt it. In the name of humanity and religion, I will examine this body." He did so, took the plague, and died. He put on paper his observations, put them in a vase of vinegar to prevent contagion, and in twelve hours he was gone. A grand sacrifice! Yet the Lord Jesus looked on a plague-smitten world, made a will giving all to His people, came to this plague-hospital, the pure for the impure—behold love, sacrifice, rescue!! Says some one, "I would like that Christ, but how am I to get Him?" Get Him as a free gift, or not at all. A poor woman, passing the king's conservatory, saw in it flowers, fruits, and grapes. "Oh, if I could only get that bunch of grapes for my sick child." She went home, and by her spinning earned half-a-crown; then went to the gardener and said, "Can I have that bunch of grapes? Here's a half-crown for them." "No; that won't buy them," said the gardener. She thought, "I must get it." She sold a blanket she could spare, and went again, saying, "Here's all this money; will not this buy that bunch of grapes?" "No—they are the king's; we don't sell them." He took her roughly by the arm to put her out. The king's daughter went to see what was the matter. She heard the poor woman's story. She said, "My father is not a merchant. We don't sell grapes; we give"; and she dropped the grapes in the poor woman's apron. My Lord Jesus is not a merchant to sell this pardon. He is a King—"gives without money and without price."

Whom does my text mean? It may mean me. Though now in perfect health, we are taught how

easy it is for death to take down the strongest constitution. I don't want to die this year, when we have projects on foot we want to see completed; yet the Lord has a thousand men to take my place. If it is for me, it shall be well with these institutions and well with me, through the mercy of Christ to my soul. Two things I know—my own helplessness and the all-abounding grace of the Lord Jesus. If never before, I now say, "Take me, O Saviour, to Thy love soul, I and power—in body, mind, and would be thine." It may be the text means some of you, my readers, and if so, I would like to have you ready.

Last words are not always significant to me. Lord Chesterfield said on his last night, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Dr. Adam (the schoolmaster) said, "The night is gathering; dismiss the boys." Lord Penterden seemed to think he was on a judge's bench in the court-room; his last words were, "Gentlemen of the jury, now consider the verdict." A celebrated play-actor, in his last moments, said, "Drop the curtain; the piece is played out." A friend of mine in Philadelphia said (thinking himself in a prayer-meeting), "And now I exhort you to flee to Christ." But better than these are the words of the man who said, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me at that day."

Some of you are spending your last January. You have entered the year, but you will not end it. Somewhere you will shut your eyes in the sleep that knows no waking. Other hands shall plant the Christmas-tree and shake the New Year's greeting. It will be joy to some, sorrow to others. I would leave in your ear five short words of one syllable each—"This year thou shalt die."—From "*The Christian Age*," Vol. I.

Oh, man and woman of many broken resolutions, when you were on the sea in that storm you vowed; when you had that great sickness you vowed; when that last child was born you vowed; when you stood in that wreck of a rail-train you vowed; when you were bending over the grave of some loved one you vowed; when, in some great revival, there was a stampede for heaven, you vowed. These vows have been broken. Here you are, getting older. You have marched many a mile on toward the end of your earthly journey, and the opening of your eternal destiny. No pardon, no peace, no prospect of heaven. O Lord, God, lay hold of that man! If this be his last chance, tell him so. Let him not plunge off where there are no soundings. I have no sympathy with that cowardice that dare not speak of future punishment without apology, and that thinks the word "hell" too vulgar to be used in polite assemblies.

Through Christ, we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "*Here! Here!*" His attendants put him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted, "*Here!*" "*Oh! I heard the roll-call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!*" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster-roll of the pardoned and glorified, and, with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry "*Here! Here!*"

Dr. Talmage, in "*Life Thoughts*."

## FRIENDS.

SOME people have a perfect mania for confidences; a friend is not worth having who is not full of secrets and diffidencies; I am inclined to think they are for the most part void of feeling, and might seek the same excitement more harmlessly in a sensation novel. They are not the dear unobtrusive friends we trust, who guess half our trials before we tell them, and when told hide them in their hearts. These are the true friends, the quiet, silent, watchful ones; when you find one of them, thank God.

But while we require and accord a certain decent reserve in friendship, it would be a great mistake to conceal our faults or opinions from those whose love we covet. Even if the attempt were successful, which it can seldom be, the object of admiration would be an ideal personage, and not ourselves. Nor is true friendship compatible with constant deference to the opinion of others; this may be hero-worship—lovable and touching to look upon, but not friendship, though it is often mistaken for it. Friendship sees faults and corrects them, sometimes even loves them, guesses sorrows and soothes them, sees secret joy and shares it. And pray, why is your friend not to disagree with you? Do what you will, and some people try very hard, he is himself, not you; an inscrutable being to your eyes and you to his; when you find points of union cultivate them, do not try to make them where they do not exist.

This selfish view makes some people so jealous of their friends as to wish to appropriate them entirely to their own use, and impatient of their having other friends; which is as much as to say they consider their own attractions so great as to cast all others into the shade, or so small as to dread any competition. But, in the lowest point of view, it is surely more flattering to have the regard of one who has many friends, than of a solitary being who clings to us merely because there is no one else to lean upon. When we say that we prefer having a friend all to ourselves, we just mean that we dare not trust the friend to gauge us with others. In this case, and this alone, I would rather be one amongst many; for to have many friends implies an amount of mercy and consideration from which I could well hear reproof when it came, as it inevitably must between friends.

Two words sum up all I have to say on the subject—mercy and consideration. To remember that our friends are human, and have trials and vexations of their own, some of which we know and try to alleviate; some more bitter, which we cannot know; have doubts and fears, dark days and bright, irrespective of us; neither forcing our sympathy on them, nor demanding theirs by force; not grudging to others what we profess to value and esteem so much; above all, to show mercy to faults, however incomprehensible to us who have not exactly the same temptations, and respect religiously those dark seasons (for every soul has its own troubles, and every heart knoweth its own bitterness), is the science of friendship—a thing more hard to attain to than is supposed. Happy are these who can find such friends and can treat them thus.

## TACT.

I SPENT a few days on a steamboat journey last spring, and in the evenings the passengers would gather in the cabins, and each contributing something to the general entertainment, we had very pleasant times. One young man gave a recitation, not much of a piece, perhaps; one of the old-time school-boy declamations, and in the midst of it he forgot how it went, got confused, and broke down, feeling immensely mortified. But one of the ladies sitting near him spoke: "Thank you for that piece. It was particularly pleasant to me to be reminded of it, for I used to hear it years ago, and it brings to mind those pleasant old times when I went to school in the country. But I have not heard it, nor thought of it, for a long time." The man's embarrassment was half taken away by such thoughtful acknowledgment that he had given pleasure by his attempt, and the lady proved herself a "real lady." But, unfortunately, nine out of ten would not have thought to say anything of the kind.

A lady said to me, "I hate to carry round a subscription-paper and go begging, but when I do go, there is just one man

I like to go to. Mr. A— always thanks me for coming, just as though I had done him a favour by giving him a chance to subscribe. Sometimes he says he can't give me anything, but he always thanks me for coming." How easy for Mr. A— to do so; yet, in one point at least, it makes him regarded as the most agreeable person whom she knows.

The impressions left by these little things last so long, too. I remember well how an old gentleman, a stranger to me, gave me a luscious-looking pear one day, when I was an errand-boy in Boston. I was waiting in one of the banks, and he slipped it through the wire-grating to me without saying a word. Why, that little thing has been a pleasure to me every time I have thought of it, all these years.—*Exchange.*

## A SOLDIER'S COVENANT.

[The following extract from a soldier's diary,\* written while on the march in India, is worthy of attention and emulation.]

AT a conference of the pious soldiers of the various regiments at Peshawur, on the 20th June, 1860, we made the following solemn Covenant with God and each other:—

I. Resolved that, seeing our own poverty and leanness, by the grace of God we will strive to revive the work of God in our own souls, by lifting up our hearts in secret prayer to Almighty God at twelve o'clock noon.

II. That we will use every means in our power to promote a revival of pure and undefiled religion in the hearts of our companions, who are yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, and urge upon them to flee from the wrath to come, and resolve to do nothing without first asking God's blessing upon it.

III. That Wednesday evening shall be set apart for special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our army, and especially that portion of it now stationed at Peshawur.

IV. That all the brethren shall attend every meeting (when duty does not interfere) convened for Divine worship, whether in the Church, Freemason's Hall, or Soldiers' Chapel, to encourage the hands of those who are labouring among us, both by our presence and prayers, and to cheer each other on our pilgrimage to Zion.

V. That, knowing that we cannot reasonably hope to obtain those special blessings without special effort, we resolve by God's grace to consecrate ourselves, our souls, our bodies, our *az*, to Him who gave Himself for us; and as prayer is the soul of religion, we will, as God enables us, be often in secret communion with God, remembering that it is bold, holy, importunate prayer which moves the hand that moves the world, and as it were wrings from God those blessings of His Holy Spirit, which alone can impart and maintain the spiritual life of the soul.

VI. That we be not unmindful of His past mercies, but render unto Him our heartfelt thanks for the many tokens of His favour, and the rich blessings we have received at His hands, deeply lamenting and mourning over our sins and unfaithfulness, but for which we should doubtless have been blessed more abundantly. We will therefore humble ourselves in the very dust of self-abasement before Him, asking Him to wash us from all our sins in His precious blood; and praying for grace to enable us to serve Him more faithfully in the future. These mercies, with every unspeakable favour, we ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever and ever, world without end. Amen.

Signed on behalf of the Christian soldiers of Peshawur, this 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1860.

A. LAVERACK,  
Colour-Sergeant, H.M.'s 98th Regiment.

With the prayer, "Lead me not into temptation" on your lip, choose for the right and God, though the choice make you confront a solid rock. God shall render it accessible, and cover it with brighter greenness, and make it more radiant with flowers.

\* "A Methodist Soldier in the Indian Army." London: Longley.

## BE HONEST, CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE some of the little boys who read this will say, when they look at the title of this piece, "That's easy enough; I am honest; I never took anything that did not belong to me in my life." Well, that is right; but there is more in being *truly honest*, perhaps, than you think. I will tell you a story, and then you will understand me.

In a country school—the school of which I am the teacher—a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very "hard word," as the boys say. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right; at least I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it, than the little boy at the head cried out, "Oh! I didn't say it so, Miss W—; I said *e* instead of *i*"; and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was not he an honest boy? I should always have thought he spelled it right, if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Let me tell you another story with a like lesson:—

One summer day, a school was out at play. There were a great many children, and the boys, some of them, had balls to play with. The boys had not much playground around the school-house; there was only a very small yard, and all around were high brick houses. One of the little boys threw his ball, and it went straight through a window, breaking the glass, and the pieces came rattling down on the bricks. There were so many children playing, that nobody knew who broke the window, except the boy who did it. He did not tell anyone, but he was very sorry. Directly the bell rang, and all went in. The children had not much more than taken their seats, and all was still, when the door opened and a lady came in, with Eddie's ball in her hand. She lived in the house where the window was broken. She was very angry, and scolded so loud and fast, that the teacher could not say anything. When at last she stopped, and the teacher told her she would inquire about it, just then Eddie raised his hand; the teacher gave him leave to speak, and he rose from his seat, and said distinctly, "I broke the window accidentally, and I am very sorry; but this afternoon I will bring the money to pay for it." Was not that an honest boy?

## A LITTLE CHILD'S MISTAKE.

BY GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

ONE day my friend Miss — and her two sisters were talking about something, in regard to which they were very earnest, to an old deaf lady who used to visit their mother. Of course they had to talk in exceeding loud tones, and with great emphasis, and they made many gesticulations as they endeavoured to make themselves understood. This earnest talk was inwardly commented upon in a most unfortunate manner by a little child in the room. She thought they were all scolding the poor old lady, so she advanced, and stamping her foot on the floor, she said: "You be still, you old thing! You hold your tongue!" and added other things of the same character.

This child imitated the angry tones, as they seemed to her; and not knowing what her aunts were saying, she took it for granted that they were scolding, as, perhaps at some former time, she had heard them. She became excited by their manner, and supposed that she was only joining in what they were doing. I am sure the suggestions of this story are needed in many households; for in addition to the real evil of our examples before the little people, we are frequently producing upon their simple natures wrong impressions. Also, we may, indeed we must, suppose that this child had somewhere heard the language which she addressed to the astounded old lady. It was a revelation of the records on the tablet of that little girl's memory. What are our children treasuring unconsciously of our daily words and acts? We

are constantly "on exhibition" before them; with an astonishing keenness they get at our real natures. Sometimes, as in the story I have related, they make mistakes, but generally they find out what we are, and few of them stop to question the safety and propriety of their imitating us.

## WHEN THERE IS SICKNESS.

DON'T whisper in the sick room. When the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough. When you are sitting up at night with a patient, be sure to have something to eat, if you wish to save yourself unnecessary exhaustion. Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they need. Never deceive a dying person unless by the doctor's express orders. It is not only wrong to allow any soul to go into eternity without preparation, but how can you tell but that he has something he ought to tell or do before he goes away?

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang up in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is so tired of staring. Don't have any needless conversations with the doctor outside the sick room. Nothing will excite and irritate a nervous patient sooner. If you do have such conversations, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

In lifting the sick, do not take them by the shoulders and drag them up on to the pillows, but get some one to help you. Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite, then join hands under the shoulders and hips, and lift steadily and promptly together. This method is easy for those who lift, and does not disturb the one who is lifted. Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when the little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and to execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

## A CLEAN TONGUE.

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

The expression arrested me. How close the likeness here between soul and body, both in disease and in health. Next after the condition of the pulse it is the state of the tongue that the physician desires to know, as an index of the patient's health. Foulness on the tongue is not the disease, but it is an effect which the disease produces, and so becomes a symptom of the disease. When the ailment is cured the coating of uncleanness disappears from the tongue, and the organ resumes its pure natural colour. The moral foulness of tongue that indicates spiritual disease in the heart is very loathsome

and very rife. Wherever boys are left without careful parental training they seem to glide into profanity as if by a law of gravity. The peculiar aggravation adheres to this sin that it defiles all on whom it falls. Sounds reach ears as light reaches eyes; one cannot escape. While you are walking along the street on your lawful business these sounds fall on your ears—these blasphemous thoughts are thereby conveyed to your mind—engraved it may be on your memory, so that you cannot wash them off.

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

You turn the Gospel upside down when you tell a wicked person to get quit of his wickedness, first by his own effort, in order that thereby he may obtain the favour of God. Offer him, as Jesus offered, the favour of God and the free forgiveness; and that favour accepted will be a power in the believer's heart that will drive the wickedness out of his members. In matters of the soul, as in matters of the body, a heart healed of its disease will soon show its effects in a clean tongue.—*The late Rev. W. Arnot.*

## WHAT SHALL I DO?

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?—Acts ix. 6.

**T**HE answer to this question entirely depends on what you are. If you are a sinner seeking salvation, then the less you do the better. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." If you have just been brought to believe on His name, then profess Him in baptism, unite yourself with His people, commemorate His love at His own table, and walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless. If you are a baptized believer in union with his church, then he would have you consecrate yourself to his services. Visit His sick ones, relieve His poor, circulate His truth, teach His babes, comfort His sorrowful ones, strengthen His weak ones, bear your testimony for Him whenever an opportunity offers. Be much with Him in private, read and meditate on His word, aim to honour Him in everything, always and everywhere; carry your religion with you wherever you go, carry your religion into everything, be thorough, out and out. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Make Christ and His glory the great object and end of your life, so that you may be able to say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain"—so that it may be said of you, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's." Let every purpose you form, every work in which you engage, and every pleasure you enjoy, say, "I am the Lord's." Live for the Lord, work for the Lord, suffer for the Lord. Make His precepts your rule, His honour your aim, and to please Him the end of every action of your life.—*Rev. J. Smith.*

As the rose, a flower of all others most pleasant, is gathered upon rough briars or brambles, so of diligent and painful labours there cometh at length pleasant profit and great gain.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I heard this story of a little child;  
A Sunday scholar—tender, gentle, mild:  
One Sabbath morn her father bade her go  
And buy his beer: she meekly answered, "No!  
No, O my father, do not send me there;  
The day is holy, and I may not dare!"

"Go, or I'll flog thee: do as thou art bid!"  
Again the child, with clasped hands said, "Nay,  
God's law forbids it; that I must obey."  
"If not," he said, "I'll flog thee": and he did.

She sought her humble room, but shed no tear:  
The father went himself and bought his beer.  
While he sat drinking it, he heard a moan,  
Something between a murmur and a groan—  
At least, he thought so: and went up the stair:  
To hear his kneeling daughter's prayer:  
"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:  
O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!"  
He heard and went; but soon was on the stair—  
To hear again his kneeling daughter's prayer:  
"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:  
O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!"

He sat alone—alone: what made him think  
Some bitter mingled with his usual drink;  
And that he saw a light, dispelling gloom—  
Filling the cheerless and half-furnished room;  
And then a hand that pointed to the stair?  
And who will say nor light nor land was there?  
He rose and went: a third time heard the prayer:  
"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:  
O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!"

His Guardian Angel, though unseen, was near;  
What whisper was it entered heart and ear?  
Heaven's ray was shining on the tear he wept!  
On the stairhead he also knelt—to pray:  
"Teach me Almighty God, to bear my part:  
O, dear Lord Jesus, change her father's heart!"

The prayer was heard: from that God-blessed day  
He drank no poison-drop; and never more  
Crossed he the threshold of the drunkard's door:  
The pledge he took, and well that pledge he kept.  
And dearly does the good man love to hear  
His little kneeling child's thanksgiving-prayer,  
That fills the house and makes all sunshine there:  
"Thank thee, O God! I bear my easy part:  
For Thou, Lord Jesus, changed my father's heart!"

*From "An Old Story." By S. C. Hall.*

## OVERCOMING EVIL.

**W**HEN I was a small boy," says the poet Southey, "there was a black boy in the neighbourhood, by the name of Jim Dick. A number of my playfellows and myself were one evening collected together at our sports, and began to torment the poor black by calling him 'Nigger,' 'Snowball,' 'Blackamoor,' and other degrading names; the poor fellow appeared very much grieved at our conduct, and soon left us.

"Not long after we made an appointment to go skating in the neighbourhood; but on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune the break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. 'Oh, yes, Robert, you may have them and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them I found Jim sitting by the fire, in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I returned his skates, and was much obliged to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Robert, don't ever call me "Blackamoor" again,' and immediately left the room. The words melted my heart. I burst into tears, and resolved from that time never again to abuse a poor black."

A Chinese Emperor once heard that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces. "Come, my friends," said he to those about him, "follow me, and I pro-

mise you that we shall destroy our enemies." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge. Instead of this, however, they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "What!" cried one of the mandarins, "is this the way in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned them all, and even showed special favour to some of them!"

"I promised," replied the emperor, "to destroy my enemies. This I have done. For see, they are enemies no longer; I have made them my friends."

How well might Christian people learn to imitate so noble an example, and learn to "overcome evil with good."—From "*Best Things*," by Dr. Newton.

## THE PRAYING SISTER.

TO prove to my young friends that the Lord heareth prayer, I will tell them of something that happened to a little girl in whose heart He had for some time shed abroad His peace. It would have made you happy to look into her face when she was kneeling in her little room in prayer to God, and pouring out her young soul in simple language to the Friend of children in heaven. She had a brother, but he was in every way the reverse of herself; and although seventeen years of age, he allowed his evil nature, which showed itself in bad language, selfishness, and various sinful practices, to have unchecked dominion over him. The little sister had much to endure from her brother, for not only did he tease her in play, as brothers so often do, but he mocked and ridiculed her whenever he could find an opportunity, on account of her religion. It may well be imagined what a sorrow this was to their parents, but though they admonished and reproved their son, there was no change in him for the better.

One morning, just after he was up, he went, in a very bad humour, past the door of his sister's room. Urged by the mischievous intention of startling the poor girl by uttering a loud cry when she did not know any one to be near her, he softly approached the bedside, when, just at the moment when he was about to call out, he was startled by hearing her utter his own name. Full of curiosity, he listened, but instead of hearing her say anything against him in her prayer, he found she was imploring God to forgive her brother his sins, his bad words, and his mockery of everything good, and not only to pardon, but to bestow upon him a new heart. After telling God how dearly she loved her brother, in spite of the dislike she was afraid he felt for her, she concluded her prayer by saying, "Dear Lord Jesus, convert him."

The youth heard these words. In a moment the wish to tease his sister and interrupt her in her prayers disappeared. A voice in his heart told him that she was much better than himself, and that during all his life he had been adding sin to sin. A power he was unable to resist caused him to approach the praying girl, and without her being aware, he knelt down beside her, and joined his own sighs for grace with the petitions his pious sister was putting up for him. While tears of sincere repentance ran down his cheeks. When she had ceased praying, and was rising from her knees, great was her astonishment to see her brother. He, on his part, fell upon her neck, and exclaimed, in a voice of deep feeling,

"Dear sister, may God have mercy, and hear your prayer, for I have been a great sinner."

From that hour forward a marked change took place in the character of that young man. One could see how painful the memory of his former life had become to him. Instead of constantly making fun of his sister, he liked her to guide and advise him, for through the light bestowed by God's Spirit, he had learned to know his sins, and had turned to Him who came into the world to save sinners.

JANET.

A gentleman at Bristol writes: "For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights, but having used Bunter's Nerve, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience, and therefore can confidently recommend it to all who suffer from toothache."—Sold by all chemists, ls. 1½d.

## OUR FIVE-POUND PRIZE.

This is a prize of £5, offered by Mr. F. E. Longley, of London, to the readers of this and several other periodicals for the best letters, written by our young readers, on six Biblical subjects, one of which will be given monthly. The name and address of the winner will be printed in the paper. The following instructions must be strictly adhered to, or the answers will not be reckoned. Our young readers are invited this month to write a short account of

### THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

#### INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Cut out the moneogram in the right hand bottom corner of the opposite page, and paste it on the top of your letter each month. This is to prove that you are a regular reader of the paper.
2. Write on one side of the paper only.
3. Put your name and address at the end of the paper.
4. Competitors must be under fifteen years of age.
5. Address the envelope to "Mr. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane London," and mark in the left hand corner the word "Prize."
6. Answers must reach Mr. Longley not later than the 16th of the month.
7. The prize will be awarded to the reader who sends the best answers to the six questions, taking into consideration style, writing, and accuracy.
8. The gainer of the prize will be expected to prove that the letters have been written entirely unaided.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

\* I shall be greatly obliged if authors and publishers, sending books for notice, will mark on them the published price. This will be of assistance to me in estimating the relative value of a book, and at the same time considerably help publisher and reader.

*Wondrous Love.* Fifteen Addresses, by D. L. Moody. (London: Hawkins, 1s.) Another collection of Mr. Moody's sermons, printed from shorthand notes. Well printed, compact, and comprehensive (containing 288 pages), it deserves, and will doubtless have, a wide circulation.

*Thoughts for Heart and Life.* By Dr. Cuyler. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) A reprint in one volume of three smaller books. Dr. Cuyler needs no introduction, and I think no better thing can be said than that this book is worthy of him— terse, compact, logical, and thoroughly interesting. These thoughts should be read by every one.

*An Old Story.* By S. C. Hall. (London: Virtue, 3s.) Mr. Hall is so well known as a veteran in the temperance cause that it would be superfluous for me to say anything on that point. The book named above is but another testimony to his increasing efforts in the work he has so fully at heart. From his position as *Editor of the Art Journal*, he has been enabled to call to his aid the pencils of some of the most celebrated artists of the present day. Such a grand collection of pictures has perhaps never before been seen; in fact, as Mr. Hall himself says, "Money would not have tempted them." Add to this a thrilling story in verse, in the author's inimitable style, and I think we have presented a *chef d'œuvre* of art and song that could not be surpassed. I trust that all who are interested (and who is not?) in the spread of temperance principles will encourage this noble enterprise, by purchasing three shillings what is thoroughly worth a guinea, and, where practicable, purchasing a spare copy or two for their friends.

*Rev. P. B. Power's Tracts.* Mr. Power seems to have an inexhaustible talent for writing tracts, and, what is more, he never fails to interest and, as it were, "buttonhole" his reader. You know that somewhere or other a moral, so generally shunned, is sure to come, and yet, so taking is the thread of quiet (but none the less enjoyable) humour running through all his writings, that you cannot resist reading them to the end. Mr. Power's latest productions are no exception to the rule. *The Cross everywhere and nowhere*, *Footsides has best on't*, and *Suppose it Happened Yesterday*, at one penny each, with an illustration, are exceedingly good and cheap. The New Year's tract, *The Teacher and the Taught* (Hamilton, 2d.) is, as the author hopes it will prove, "one of practical usefulness for daily life," and I can give it most hearty commendation.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to everyone, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their pleasure and sweetness, as orchards, in October days, fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing it is so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy, to fill the atmosphere where they must stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

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\*Vice-Chancellor Sir C. Ifall granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, against E. Mason, chemist, Rotherham, for using the word "PECTORINE."

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