

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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EDITORIAL.

THE FOUR PLANKS.

The Christian Churches of our day are entering on a new era of work. They are called upon to face new forms of unbelief, but, what is of more importance, they are called upon also to face work for Christ on a scale that may, without any exaggeration, be called stupendous. It is not simply that our Churches are loudly called upon to maintain their ground *at home*, and widen it; but, *abroad* the field that is now opening up, as this century draws towards its close, is nothing less than the *world* in the widest and fullest sense of the term.

A WIDENING HORIZON.

Into the very heart of China step by step missionaries can now find their way. India's settling down, we hope, to a spirit of peace, contented loyalty and attachment to our Queen, as the result of our Prince's visit, will be henceforward more favourably disposed to welcome English ideas, English literature, and we trust also, English Missionaries of the Cross. Turkey, sick even unto death, must either be laid in that grave into which have descended the great empires of antiquity, or it must open its mouth wide to receive from Christian Mis-

sionaries that Bread of Life, without which there is no enduring national existence to any people. Africa, traversed from north to south by Livingstone, and now crossed from east to west by Cameron, is stretching out its arms to God and sending to us across its sandy plains the Macedonian cry, "*Come over and help us.*" Never, we may safely say, since first Christ commissioned the Apostles, was there a wider field open to missions than we now see opening on every side of us; nor was there ever heard a more piteous cry for help than now falls on the ears of our slumbering Churches.

BASIS OF OPERATION.

In view of the widening field, and the urgent wants of perishing millions who have never yet seen the face of a missionary, there is a necessity that Christians should re-consider their basis of operation, the platform on which they are standing and the planks in it. The work is heavy; where is the power to grapple with it? The resistance to be overcome is nothing less than half a world unconverted; where is our lever and fulcrum? The campaign is opening up on a scale that fills the mind with awe. Where are our men and where are the

means to sustain them on the field of battle till victory crowns the fight ?

FOUR PLANKS.

There were four planks in the platform on which stood the saints of old in their witnessings and contendings for God, from Abel to Abraham, from Abraham to Moses, from Moses to Christ, and from Christ till the dark ages of the Church, when the good old platform of four planks was cast aside, for a platform of one plank—the Church, when Luther and his co-adjutors made a brave effort not yet finished, however, to set the feet of Christ's Church once more on its old vantage-ground. From the very beginning, Christ as King and Head of His Church, demanded of his people four great things, a share of their hearts, a share of their time, a share of their substance, and a share of their sons. To give Christ his own share of each of these things is to stand on a platform old as Abel, strong as the rock, wide as the world, and enduring as the everlasting hills.

OUR HEARTS.

1. The first thing God demands of his people is THE WHOLE OF THE HEART. This duty is implied in the character of God, the source of all truth, and goodness, and beauty. To know him is to love him, to love him, is to love him fully, and to love him fully is to love him eternally. This duty is also implied in the constitution of man, which, being in the image of God, finds its "other self" in God the sun and centre of his soul. This duty is, therefore, taught loudly and emphatically in the Bible, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, with all thy strength.*" In theory, every Christian admits this; but how difficult is it to practice the theory! To translate this theory into reality

would be to live consecrated and charmed lives: it would be to walk with God: it would be to have our affections set on things above, not on things of this earth. The very first step, therefore, on the part of the Christian towards a life of holiness, happiness, usefulness, is to give the whole heart to God, to be done with half-way measures in religion, and half-measure ways, and to surrender the citadel of his being to the great Creator. "You cannot," said an old Welsh divine, "fill up a triangle with a circle. Now the world is a circle and the heart is triangular; the world will therefore never fill to satisfaction the heart of man. But in one corner of the heart set the Father, in another corner the Son, and in the third corner the Spirit, and the heart is then filled with a fullness that knows no lack, and that encloses to eternity." In that quaint parable there lies a deep and a sweet mystery which makes all the following sacrifices for God easy to the loving heart.

OUR TIME.

2. The second thing demanded by God is that his people should give him THE SEVENTH PART OF THEIR TIME. It was Adam's duty in Paradise to keep the garden and dress it; but on the seventh day he was to rest as God rested from his six day's work. Entire rest from labour meant, in a state of innocence, *uninterrupted communion with God*. This is the true idea of the Sabbath. It is not simply cessation from work; but cessation from work that the day may be spent with God and in his worship. That was the Sabbath of Eden, and the nearer the Sabbath comes to this model the nearer it is to what God intended it to be, a type, viz. and foretaste of "the Sabbath (heaven) that remaineth to the people of God" (Heb. iv. 9). To raise therefore, the Sabbath from being simply a day of rest to be a day

of communion. God spoke from Sinai and said, "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*" The day belongs to God as the temple belongs to him, as the altar belongs to him, as the sacrificial lamb belongs to him, and can no more be devoted, even to lawful worldly things, than could the temple be devoted to purposes of lawful merchandise, or the altar to profane use. This idea of the Sabbath is the Puritan idea, embodied by them in these memorable words: "The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employment and recreations as are lawful on other days, and spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy." When the whole heart is given to God this idea of the Sabbath will not be felt to be severe and irksome, but joyful as is to the child a whole day with a beloved father after the enforced absence of a long and weary week. And again in the way of mutual reaction; such a way of keeping the Sabbath, tends greatly to keep the heart true to God, just as frequent days spent in the nearest communion with a loving and loveable father tends to keep true to him the heart of the son who must needs be at times away from his father's presence and among his father's bitter enemies.

OUR SUBSTANCE.

3. The next thing demanded by God is that His people should give him the TENTH OF THEIR SUBSTANCE. It would be strange if God, who has fixed so definitely the proportion of time, should leave indefinite the proportion of substance. That some portion of the substance is demanded is clear from the way God fenced in one tree in the Garden of Eden. One tree belonged to the Lord of the garden. It stood for God as evidence of

His lordship over this earth; and to man it stood as evidence of his vassalship to his Creator and God. Unless God was prepared to abrogate his sovereignty over the earth and man, there must needs be some visible token of his claim, some share assigned to him of the produce of Eden. For man to touch that tree was therefore not only to do a thing forbidden, but to rob God. And just as the Sabbath was enjoined on man after his expulsion from paradise, so also did God continue to claim a certain share of man's substance, as is clear from the words used in regard to Abel's worship: "He brought of the firstling of his flock." Why firstling? And what is the precise idea conveyed here? By firstlings, Deut. xiv. 28, compared with Num. xviii. 17, are meant tithe animals. God cannot abandon, therefore, the claims he made in Eden, for he claimed there, as to heart, time and substance, only what is eternally and immutably right. The firstling of the flock is therefore the feu-duty which man as God's feudatory owes his Lord. Cain's departure from this order in bringing not a fixed share, but whatever came to hand was, Tertullian thinks, the first step in the sad apostacy which ended by his "going out from the presence of the Lord," and abandoning altogether set times and forms of worship. A similar law of order and proportion Noah seems to have followed when anew he sat up Divine worship after the flood (Gen. viii. 20), and from him, as Selden in his learned treatise on Tithes shews, the practice of consecrating to the gods the tenth of the fruits of the earth, and the spoils of war, spread out among all the nations of antiquity. This law of giving Abraham observed, when he as the representative of the saints, till the end of time gave tithes to Melchizedek, the representative of Christ. This

law of giving, which Isaac probably allowed to fall into disuse, (for this is generally a marked feature of a back-sliding church), Jacob, at Bethel, speaking for the seed of Jacob till the end of the world, vowed to re-establish as soon as God brought him back to his father's house,—“And of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee.”—(Gen. xxviii. 22.) In Jacob's resolution that night we recognize indeed the four planks of the platform named above: (1) The whole heart to God—“*The Lord shall be my God.*” (2) A certain proportion of time—(“*This shall be God's house*”) for public worship. (3) A certain proportion of substance—“*The tenth unto Thee.*” (4) One of his sons. For the consecrating of a time, a place, and substance to the service of God, implied, according to the idea of those days, the consecrating also the first-born to the priestly and kingly office in the service of God.

MOSES.

Moses, therefore, did not establish the law of the tithes any more than he did the law of the Sabbath; he only restored, re-established, and accommodated to Jewish use, what was from the beginning, and what was intended to be to the end, of perpetual and universal obligation. The tithing system of the Jews, like the Jewish Sabbath, was in many of its details of a transient and local character. In fact it would seem that according to Mosaic institution there were two if not three orders of tithes, which would be equivalent to three-tenths of the people's income, but let us remember that this included the tax for maintaining their poor, and for maintaining their municipal and general governments, which were in the hands of their spiritual rulers. In this aspect the Jewish tithes are no more binding on Christians than is the Jewish Sabbath; but the great duty which under-

lies the tithe (a proportion of the substance to God) is as binding on Christians as is the great duty (a proportion of our time to God) which underlies the Sabbath.

CHRIST.

Christ came not to destroy, but to establish the law. He came to re-affirm and re-establish God's claim to the whole heart, God's claim to the whole Sabbath, and God's claim to the whole tithe. He establishes no Sabbath, for it was established already; He establishes no system of finance for his church, for it was established already. Is it possible that the Jewish Christians who clung so tenaciously to the Jewish ritual, that it needed a vision from heaven to reconcile them to admit Gentiles to membership would cling thus to every thing Jewish, and yet let go the very foundation of the church's outer life—the tithe? Instead of rebelling, as many Christians do in our day, against the doctrine of giving the tenth to Christ, they said, “that is too little,” and many of them sold all their possessions and laid them at the Apostles' feet. Like the fabled Minerva who sprang fully armed from the brain of Jupiter, so the early Christian Church came into existence with a complete system of finance, which enabled the early Jewish missionaries at once to take the field in every direction for Christ, sustained by the tithes of the Jewish converts, while Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, (who had no such system) was forced to labour with his own hands. But while thus labouring in Corinth, he entered his emphatic protest against the selfishness of the Gentile converts, who allowed this thing, and boldly proclaimed (1 Cor. ix. 13, 14,) that the law of tithes which the Jewish converts honoured, was binding also in the Gentile church. “Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the

temple, and they that wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? EVEN so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." "EVEN so." What is the force of that conjunctive clause? It means that there is some point of similarity between the institution of Moses and the institution of Christ, anent the sustenance of the ministry. What is that point? It is simply this. That, as under Moses, a certain proportion of the people's substance belonged to the temple, so under Christ (even so) a like proportion, at least, belongs to the church for its ministerial and missionary work. In Corinth it ought to be done, *even so* as in Jerusalem.

BENEFITS.

The recognition of this truth as to its general outline, (for among a commercial and a professional people it is difficult at times to decide what the increase of a year really is) by the Christian Church would bring these solid advantages. It would (1) increase largely the income of our missionary societies. It is true that generally the Christian ministry is underpaid, but it is not in the interests of ministers we write, and that is indeed a very small evil compared with the awful condition of the heathen world for lack of liberality on the part of the church. It does not, on the whole, do great harm to ministers to be poor, but it does do harm for whole countries to be altogether without the gospel. It would (2) set free at once the hands of ministers from the toil of raising funds by devices which are unscriptural and detrimental to their own spirituality of mind. It would (3) render it unnecessary for the church to ask the money of ungodly men who are tempted to despise the eagerness with which their means are sought, as contrasted with the carelessness shown

as regards their souls' salvation. It would (4) infuse moderation and caution into the business of the country. There is a godless haste to be rich, a precipitate race for gold which plunges, at recurring intervals, the commercial community into depression and ruin, which breaks hearts, scatters families, and causes many to make shipwreck of their faith. Would not the state of mind that leads to this, be cured by holding all our goods in trust for God, by making each year an inventory of our prosperity, and by consecrating to him a portion of our gains before we rushed into any speculation? It would (5) bring down on the community temporal and spiritual blessings. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and in offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open upon you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it," (Mal. iii. 8, 9, 10). It is unfortunate that through its connection with the state, and its association in the minds of many with inquisition and force, the very name of "tithes" is odious; while to others it is odious because it makes a demand on their means, too large for their narrow hearts, which leads them to cry, "What meaneth this waste?" but there are many who who are sincerely anxious for light on this duty; to such we commend this subject as one of the pressing questions of our day, believing that a new era would dawn on home and foreign missions, and that a new joy would arise to our religion did we begin to deal more honestly with God in the simple affair of money.

OUR SONS.

4. The fourth thing demanded by God is that we should give him the best of our Sons for the service of His house. It was so from the beginning. God gave His own Son for the redemption of the world. His people must be conformed to their heavenly Father in this sacrifice also. To the eldest son, therefore, belonged the *birth-right*, by which was implied not only certain privileges but also certain duties of priestly service, and priestly suffering, and priestly sacrifice. In the first family Cain abandoned his office, which fell on the shoulders of Abel, in the offering of sacrifice and suffering of death for the truth. The fact that the first-born belongs to God (of man as well as beast), is dimly shadowed in God calling upon Abraham to offer up in sacrifice his son Isaac; in Jacob, who inherited the blessing, being in God's work and for His purposes a wanderer, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" in the first-born of Egypt being demanded by God as the price of sparing the nation; in the Paschal lamb being slain to save from death the first-born of Israel; in the injunction given in Num. iii. 40-51, with regard to the redemption of the first-born: "Thou shalt take the Levites for me instead of the first-born of the males of the children of Israel."

EVERY CHRISTIAN A PRIEST.

Instead of the New Testament abrogating God's claim of propriety in the first-born, it asserts that every Christian is bought with a price; that he is, therefore, a priest to God, and is called, as far as opportunities and gifts permit, to priestly work, priestly service, and priestly suffering for the Master. As in every free State every citizen capable of bearing arms is in theory a soldier to defend the State,

and in any great emergency should be ready to leap at the command of the State into the post of glory and danger, so every Christian capable of ruling, teaching, or preaching, should be ready at the call of God and the Church to do work where work needs to be done, and also to give the best of his sons for that work. We read of a certain king, "that when among the people he saw any strong or any valiant man he took him unto him" for the service of the country. The time is fast coming on us when Christian parents and the Church of God must do likewise. In ordinary circumstances the Church might wait for volunteers to offer themselves, but in times like these it ought to lay hold of the best talents and deepest piety among its young men, to give these the best education in the land, and to consecrate them to the service of God in the ministry of the gospel, at home or abroad, according as God in his sovereign will shall order it. Indeed if the tenth of the increase of God's Israel to-day were flowing thus spontaneously into the treasury of the Lord, then some measures of this kind must need be adopted for securing ministers and missionaries, or else again, as in the days of Moses, the cry must be raised to ask the people to cease from bringing because there is more money on hand than there are men willing and qualified to go on the Lord's work. But with hearts full of love to God, with Sabbaths of heavenly communion, with a treasury overflowing with the free-will offerings of a holy people, the brightest and best of our sons would press into our colleges and out into the field, till at length the vision of the song would be realized in our own time: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" Then indeed would the Church be on the eve of its millennial glory.

LIVING PREACHERS.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

A NEW TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF
THEODORE MONOD.

TO THE ENGLISH READER.—This is a new translation of a little book which is not new. Its first French edition appeared in 1862, and its first English version in the following year. It has been republished by the American Tract Society, also by the "Dublin Tract Repository;" and translated into several foreign languages, not without tokens of God's blessing upon it. The latest revision was made three years ago. In sending it forth, unaltered, on a new mission, I pray that it may yet help to point many a wandering sinner or wavering saint to the One Star which, across the pathless billow, ever leadeth to the haven: even "*Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*"

December, 1875.

TH. MONOD.

"...LOOKING UNTO JESUS..."—

HEB. XII. 2.

THREE words only, but in those three words lies the whole secret of life.

"Looking unto Jesus" in the Scriptures, there to learn what He is, what He has done, what He gives, what He requires; to find in His character our pattern, in His teaching our instruction, in His precepts our law, in his promises our stay, in his person and in his work a full satisfaction for every need of our souls.

"Looking unto Jesus" crucified, to find in his blood, shed for us, our ransom, our pardon, our peace.

"Looking unto Jesus" risen again, to find in Him the righteousness by which alone we are justified, and are enabled, all unworthy though we be, to draw near with boldness in his name to Him who is his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

"Looking unto Jesus" glorified, to find in Him our heavenly Advocate,* perfecting by his intercession the work

of his mercy and our salvation; appearing even now in the presence* of God for us, our High Priest, our spotless Offering, purifying continually the iniquity of our holy things.†

"Looking unto Jesus" revealed by the Holy Spirit, to find in constant communion with Him the purification of our defiled hearts, the illumination of our darkened understandings, the transformation of our rebellious wills; to be enabled to triumph over all the assaults of the world and of the devil, resisting their violence by Jesus our strength, baffling their wiles by Jesus our wisdom; sustained by the sympathy of Jesus, who was spared no temptation, and by the help of Jesus, who yielded to none.

"Looking unto Jesus" who gives repentance as well as remission of sins;‡ that his grace may cause us to know, to deplore, to confess, and to forsake our transgressions.

"Looking unto Jesus" to receive from Him the task and the cross of each day, with the grace which is sufficient to bear the cross, and to fulfill the task; patient with his patience, active with his activity, loving with his love; asking not "What can I do?" but "What cannot He do?" and relying upon his strength, which is made perfect in weakness.

"Look unto Jesus" in order to rise out of ourselves and forget ourselves; in order that our darkness may be dispersed by the light of his countenance; that our joys may be holy, and our sorrows may be calm; that He may humble and exalt us, that He may afflict and comfort us; that He may strip us of our riches, and make us rich; that He may teach us to pray,

* 1 John ii. 1.

†Hebr. ix. 24. ‡Ex. xxviii. 38. †Acts v. 31.

and may answer our prayers; that, while leaving us in the world, He may separate us from it, our life being hid with Him in God, and our conduct witnessing for Him before men.

"Looking unto Jesus," who, having returned into his Father's house,* is occupied in preparing a place for us, so that the blessed prospect may cause us to live in hope and prepare us to die in peace, when the day shall come for meeting that last enemy whom He has conquered for us, whom we shall conquer through Him,—that enemy of whom He has made a friend—once the king of terrors, now the herald of bliss everlasting.

"Looking unto Jesus," whose certain return at an uncertain moment is from age to age the expectation and hope of his faithful Church, which is encouraged to patience, to watchfulness, and to joy by the thought that "the Lord is at hand."†

"Looking unto Jesus," that He may teach us how to look to Him, the Author as well as the Object of our faith, and that He may maintain us in that faith even unto the end, He, the Finisher of the same.

"Looking unto Jesus," and to nothing else, as the original expresses it in a single word, which might be translated "looking off," and which bids us at one and the same time to fix our eyes upon Him, and to turn them away from all beside.

To Jesus, and not to ourselves—to our thoughts, our reasonings, our fancies, our tastes, our desires, our purposes. To Jesus, and not to the world—to its lusts, its examples, its maxims, its judgments. To Jesus, and not to Satan, whether he seek to frighten us by his fury or to seduce us by his flattery. Oh, how many useless questions we shall spare ourselves, how many disquieting scruples, how much time lost, what dangerous parleyings with evil, what

dissipation of mind, how many empty dreams, bitter disappointments, painful struggles, lamentable falls, by looking straight to Jesus, and following Him whithersoever He may guide, too anxious not to lose sight of the path which He marks out for us, to cast so much as a glance upon those in which He does not see fit to lead us!

To Jesus, and not to our systems, however evangelical they may be. The faith which saves, which sanctifies, and which comforts us, is not our assent to the doctrine of salvation; it is our attachment to the person of the Saviour. "Is it not sufficient," Adolphe Monod use to say, "to know Jesus Christ, we must have Jesus Christ";* to which we may add that no one knows Him truly if he does not first possess Him. According to the deep saying of the well-beloved disciple, the light is in the life, and the life is in Jesus.†

To Jesus, and not to our meditations and our prayers, to our pious conversations and our edifying reading, to the assemblies of the saints which we frequent, not even to our participation in the Supper of our Lord. Let us use faithfully all these means of grace, but without confounding them with grace itself, and without turning away our eyes from Him who alone renders them efficacious when through them He communicates Himself to us.

To Jesus, and not to our position in the Christian Church, to the family to which we belong, to our baptism, to the education we have received, to the doctrine we profess, to the opinion which others form of our piety, or that which we ourselves entertain. Many of those who have prophesied in the name of Christ will hear him saying unto them, "I never knew you";‡ but He will confess before his Father

* "Il ne suffit pas de savoir Jesus-Christ. il faut avoir Jesus-Christ."

† John i. 4.

‡ Matt. vii. 22, 23.

* John xiv. 2. † Phil. iv. 4, 5; 1 Thess. v. 23.

and before his angels, the humblest of those who have looked unto Him.

To Jesus, and not to our brethren, not even to the best among them and the most beloved. In following a man we run the risk of going wrong; in following Jesus we are certain never to be led astray. Besides, by putting a man between Jesus and ourselves, it happens insensibly, that the man increases and Christ decreases; eventually we no longer know how to find Jesus when we cannot find the man, and if he should happen to fail us, everything fails. Whereas, if Jesus stands between us and our most intimate friend, our attachment to man will be at once less direct and more deep, less impassioned and more tender, less necessary and more useful,—a channel of rich blessing in the hands of God when it pleases Him to make use of it, and whose absence will be a blessing still, when it pleases God to dispense with it in order to draw us all the closer to the only friend from whom "neither life nor death"* can separate us.

To Jesus, and not to his enemies and ours. Instead of hating and dreading them, we shall then know how to love and conquer them.

To Jesus, and not the obstacles which occur on our path. The moment we stop to consider these, they astonish us, they unnerve us, they cast us down, incapable as we are of comprehending either the reason for which they are permitted, or the means by which we can overcome them. The apostle sank as soon as he began to look at the waves tossed by the tempest; it was while he looked unto Jesus that he walked on the waves as on a rock.† The more difficult our task, the more fearful our temptations, the more important it is that we should look only to Jesus.

To Jesus, and not to our afflictions, in order to calculate their number, to

estimate their weight, to find, it may be, I know not what strange satisfaction in tasting their bitterness to the full. Apart from Jesus, affliction does not sanctify, it hardens or it crushes. It produces not patience, but rebellion; not sympathy, but selfishness; not hope,* but despair. It is only under the shadow of His cross that we can take the just measure of our own, can accept it daily from his hand, can bear it with love, with thankfulness, with joy, and find in it a source of blessing for ourselves and others.

To Jesus, and not to the dearest, to the most legitimate of our earthly joys, lest we should be so captivated that they shall hide from our sight the very hand that gives them to us. Looking to Him first of all, we shall receive from Him those benefits, a thousandfold more precious, because we shall owe them to his goodness, trust them to his keeping, enjoy them in his fellowship, and use them to his glory.

To Jesus, and not to the instruments, whatever they may be, of his dispensations towards us. Beyond men, beyond circumstances, beyond the thousand causes so justly called "second," let us reach back to the first cause—his will; to the source of that will itself—his love. Then our gratitude, without being less lively towards those who do us good, will not stop at them; then in the day of trial, under the most unexpected, the most mysterious, the most overwhelming affliction, we shall be able to say with the Psalmist, "I was dumb, and I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it,"‡ and in the silence of our uncomplaining grief the heavenly voice will softly answer, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."‡

To Jesus, and not the interests of our cause, of our party, of our church,

*Rom. viii. 38, 39.

†Matt. xiv. 29, 30.

*Rom. v. 3-5. †Ps. xxxix. 9. ‡John xiii. 7.

much less to our personal interests. The sole object of our life is the glory of God; if we do not make it the supreme end of our efforts, we shall necessarily deprive ourselves of his assistance, for his grace is only at the service of his glory. Whereas, if it is his glory that we seek above all things, we may always depend upon his grace.

Looking to Jesus, and not to the sincerity of our intentions, to the steadfastness of our resolutions. Alas! how often the most excellent purposes have only prepared the way for the most humiliating failures! Let us lean, not upon our intentions, but upon his love; not upon our resolutions, but upon his promise.

To Jesus, and not to our strength. Our strength is good only for glorifying ourselves; in order to glorify God, we must have the strength of God.

To Jesus, and not to our weakness. Has lamenting our weakness ever made us stronger? While looking unto Jesus, his strength will be communicated to our hearts, and his praises will sound from our lips.

To Jesus, and not to our sins, to the source whence they proceed,* to the punishment which they deserve. Let us look to ourselves only to recognise how much need we have of looking unto Him, and that certainly not as if we were not sinners, but, on the contrary, because we are,—measuring the very greatness of our sin by the greatness of the sacrifice which has atoned for it, and of the grace by which it is forgiven. "For one look at ourselves," said an eminent servant† of God, "let us take ten looks at Jesus." "If it is well proved," says Vinet, "that we shall not lose sight of our own misery by looking to Jesus Christ crucified, because that misery is, as it were, engraven upon his cross, it is also well proved that by looking to our own

misery we may lose sight of Jesus Christ, because the cross is not naturally engraven in the image of our misery;" and he adds, "Look at yourselves, but let it be in presence of the cross, and, as it were, through the person of Jesus Christ."‡ The contemplation of sin only brings death, the contemplation of Jesus gives life; that which healed the Israelite in the wilderness was not beholding his wounds, but lifting his eyes towards the brazen serpent.†

To Jesus, and not—need we say?—to our supposed righteousness. Diseased above all the diseased is he who believes himself to be whole; blindest of the blind is he who thinks he can see.‡ If it is dangerous to look long at our own misery, alas! too real, it is far more dangerous to rest complacently upon imaginary merits.

To Jesus, and not to the law. The law gives commands, but does not give strength to execute them; the law always condemns and never pardons. To place ourselves again under the law is to withdraw ourselves from grace. According to the measure in which we make our obedience the means of our salvation, we lose our peace, our strength, our joy,—from having forgotten that Jesus is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."§ As soon as the law has constrained us to seek in Him, our only Saviour, it is for Him alone to enjoin obedience upon us; an obedience which extends to nothing less than our entire heart, and our most secret thoughts, but which has ceased to be a yoke of iron and a burden that cannot be borne, to become a yoke which is easy and a burden which is light; an obedience which He makes dear to us at the same time as He makes it binding upon us; an obedience which He inspires at the

*Matt. xv. 19.

†McCheyne.

**Etudes Evangeliques: Le Regard."

†Num. xxi. 9. ‡John ix. 41. §Rom. x. 4.

same time as He 'prescribes it, and which, in fact, is less a consequence of our salvation than a part of that salvation itself, and, like all the rest, a gift of grace.

To Jesus, and not to what we are doing for Him. Too much taken up with our work, we may forget our Master—it is possible to have the hands full and the heart empty; taken up with our Master, we cannot forget our work—if the heart is filled with His love, how can the hands be otherwise than active in His service?

To Jesus, and not to the apparent success of our efforts. Apparent success is not the measure of real success; and besides, God has not given us the command to succeed, but to work; it is of our work that He will require an account, not of our success. Why, then, trouble ourselves about it? It is for us to sow the seed, it is for God to gather the fruit; if not to-day it will be to-morrow; if not by us it will be by others. Even when success is granted to us, it is always dangerous to fix our attention upon it; on the one hand we are tempted to attribute something of it to ourselves; on the other, we thus accustom ourselves to relax our zeal when we cease to perceive the effect of it—that is, at the very time when we ought to go on with redoubled energy. To look to success is to walk by sight; to look to Jesus and persevere in following and serving Him, in spite of all discouragements, is to walk by faith.

To Jesus, and not to the spiritual gifts which we have already received, or are now receiving from Him. As to yesterday's grace, that passed away with yesterday's work; we can no longer make use of it, we must no longer dwell upon it. As to the grace of to-day, given for the work of to-day, that is given us not to be gazed at, but to be employed; not that we should make it ring in our hands, and think ourselves rich, but that we should spend

it at once and remain poor, "looking unto Jesus."

To Jesus, and not to the amount of grief which we feel on account of our sins, or to the degree of humiliation which they produce in us. If only we are sufficiently humbled by them to cease to take pleasure in ourselves, if we are sufficiently afflicted to look to Jesus that He may deliver us, that is all He requires of us; and it is also that look which more than anything else will cause our tears to flow, and our pride to fall. And when it is given unto us, as unto Peter, to weep bitterly, oh, let our brimming eyes remain more than ever fixed upon Jesus, for our very repentance would become a snare to us if we thought we could in any measure wash away with our tears those sins from which nothing can cleanse, except the blood of the Lamb of God.

To Jesus, and not to the liveliness of our joy, the steadfastness of our assurance, or the fervour of our love. Otherwise, if this love should in any way seem to lose its warmth, this assurance to be less firm, this joy less buoyant (whether it be the result of unfaithfulness, or a trial of our trust), immediately, having lost our emotions, we shall think we have lost our strength, and allow ourselves to sink into paralysing depression, if not into cowardly inaction, and perhaps into sinful murmurings. Oh, let us rather remember that though at times emotion and its sweetness should fail us, faith and its power remain; and in order that we may "always abound in the work of the Lord," let us look without ceasing, not to our hearts which are continually changing, but to Jesus who is ever the same.

To Jesus, and not to the degree of sanctification we have attained. If no one could believe himself to be a child of God so long as he continues to find

stains in his heart and failures in his life, who then could taste the joy of salvation? But this joy is not at such a price. Holiness is the fruit of our redemption, not the root of it: it is the work of Jesus Christ for us which reconciles us to God; it is the work of the Holy Spirit in us which renews us into His likeness. The imperfection of a faith which is sincere, although as yet little established and little fruitful, does not alter in the least the fulness of the perfect work of the Saviour, nor the certainty of His immovable promise assuring eternal life to every one that trusts in Him. Moreover, to rest upon the Redeemer is the true way to obey Him; and it is only in the peace of pardon that the soul is strong for conflict. What if there are some who pervert this blessed truth, and give themselves up without scruple to spiritual slothfulness; finding in the faith which they profess to have, an excuse for making light the holiness which they have not? We must recall to their memory this solemn declaration of St. Paul: "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts";* and this of St. John: "He that saith, 'I know Him,' and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him";† and this also of Jesus himself: "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."‡

To Jesus, and not to our faith. The last device of the adversary, when he cannot make us look elsewhere, is to turn off our eyes from our Saviour to our faith, and thus to discourage us if it be weak, to puff us up if it be strong,—in either case to enfeeble us.

For the source of strength is not faith; it is the Saviour, through faith; it is not to look at our looking, but to look unto Jesus.

To Jesus; and it is from Him and in Him that we shall learn to know, not only without danger, but for the good of our souls, what it is meet we should know of the world and of ourselves, of our misery, of our perils, of our resources, of our victories; seeing all things in their true light, because it is He who will make us see them, and that only at the time and in the measure in which this knowledge will work in us fruits of humility and wisdom, of gratitude and courage, of watchfulness and prayer. All that it is desirable for us to know, Jesus will teach us; all that we do not learn from Him, it is best for us not to know.

"Looking unto Jesus" during the time that remains for us to live on the earth; unto Jesus from moment to moment, without allowing ourselves to be distracted either by the memories of a past which we must leave behind us, or by the anxious anticipations of a future about which we know nothing. Unto Jesus now, if we have never looked to him before; unto Jesus anew, if we have ceased to do so; unto Jesus alone, unto Jesus again, unto Jesus always, with a more and more unwavering, a more and more earnest look, "changed into the same image from glory to glory";* and thus waiting for the hour when He will call us to pass from earth to heaven, and from time to eternity—the promised hour, the blessed hour, when at last we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.†

*Gal. v. 24. †1 John ii. 4. ‡Matt. vii. 19.

*2 Cor. iii. 18.

†1 John iii. 3.

POETRY.

THE GOOD OF IT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

When any task my hands essay,
Wherewith to fill the eager day,
There rises to my thought alway,

This hindering question:—Whence the need
Of this thy lightly-weighted deed?
Forego it, and who taketh heed?

Perform it,—who will praise or blame,
Though it be wrought with purest aim?
Done or undone, 'tis all the same!

It cannot surely much behoove,
If, in thy life's so shallow groove,
Thou movest, or thou dost not move.

Amidst the thousand myriad lives
That overcrowd earth's human lives,
What matter if no work survives

Of thy small doing?—Who counts, alas,
One cricket chirping in the grass,
The less, when summer-time doth pass?

So keep thy song unwritten; spare
To spill thy music on the air;
Let go the stainless canvas bare.

The world is over-deaved with speech;
And who so out of wisdom's reach,
As yet to lack what *thou* canst teach?

O poor, proud reasoning? Shall the spray
Of fern beside the boulder grey,
Thrid with the morning's opals, say,—

“Whole winged flocks their nests have made
In yon great oak. Why should *my* blade
Afford an humble bee its shade.”

Or the light breeze sigh ; "Loud and deep,
The mountain-winds the forests sweep,
Must I just rock one rose asleep?"

Or glow-worm murmur : "So divine,
So flooding, sunlight's, moonlight's shine,—
This moth can need no glint of *mine!*"

Because our music is not keyed
Beethoven-wise, therefore, indeed,
We scorn to blow the oaten reed.

Because we may not counterpart
The dance and trance of Shakespeare's art,
We will not soothe one aching heart!

—Mock meekness all! There doth not live
Any so poor but they may give,
Any so rich but may receive.

Withhold the very meagrest dole
Hands can bestow, in part or whole,
And we may stint a starving soul.

What then?—If one weak song of mine
Should yet prevail to bring the shine
Back o'er some spirit's dull decline,

And for a moment seem to fling
A flash about its sun-setting,—
I think (God granting) I may sing.

PROPHETS OF DOUBT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

O, Prophets of a younger day!
O Seers of an unfaith that seems
To shift with every dreamer's dreams,
And veer with every meteor's ray,—
Can phosphorescent sparks like these
Guide through the trough of gulphing seas
Wrecks drifting in despair away?

What help is here for hearts undone?
What stay for frantic souls? What hope
For piercing prayers that wildly grope
After the peace they have not won,

Across the abyssmal spaces?—Who
 Implores not some diviner clue
 To lead him to the central sun?

Keep then your sad negations, iced
 With darkness, doubt, and froze despair;
 Bind up your vision, and declare
 That no Evangel has sufficed,
 (Despite the faith of myriads dead,)
 Upon your devious paths to shed
 The light ye seek: But leave us CHRIST!

PHILOSOPHY.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

So soon the end must come,
 Why waste in sighs our breath?
 So soon our lips are dumb,
 So swift comes death.

So brief the time to smile,
 Why darken we the air
 With frowns and tears, the while
 We nurse despair.

Hold firm the suffering wi'
 And bravely thrust it back;
 Fight with the powers of ill,
 The legions black.

Stand in the sunshine sweet
 And treasure every ray,
 Nor seek with stubborn feet
 The darksome way.

Have courage! Keep good cheer!
 Our longest time is brief,
 To those who hold you dear
 Bring no more grief.

But cherish blisses small,
 Grateful for least delight
 That to your lot doth fall,
 However slight.

And lo! all hearts will bring
 Love, to make glad your days;
 Blessings untold will spring
 About your ways.

So shall life bloom and shine,
Lifted its pain above,
Crowned with this gift divine,
The gift of love.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A little child,
A little, meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve,
A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody. No human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the Throne
In the full glory stood. With eager hands
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice
He sang the "Holy, holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" And the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem without pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength, and still the infinite heaven
Rang with the "Holy, holy, evermore;"
Till, trembling with excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank before the Throne
With a mute Hallelujah. But even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upwards from some world afar,
A weak and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet!
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roar
Of the reverbrate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance; smiles of joy, that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,—
"Praise God! Praise God!" And when the seraph's song

Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
 Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
 Rang with but echoes of his chant sublime—
 Still through the abysmal space that wandering voice
 Came floating upward from its world afar,
 Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
 "Praise God! Praise God!"

—*Youth's Magazine, London.*

THE SABBATH DAY.

The Sabbath-day, the Sabbath-day,
 How softly shines the morn!
 How gently from the heathery brae
 The fresh hill-breeze is borne!
 Sweetly the village bell doth toll,
 And thus it seems to say,
 Come rest thee, rest thee, weary soul,
 On God's dear Sabbath-day!

Swift as the shifting pictures fit
 Unscanned, unnoticed by,
 To those who in the steam-car sit
 And pass with rapid eye;
 So flits our life with sweeping haste,
 And hath no power to stay;
 But God makes man His favoured guest
 On each dear Sabbath-day.

And to high converse doth invite
 The soul with tranquil eye
 That numbers well, and marks aright
 The moments as they fly;
 The soul that will not lawless roam,
 Nor with blind hurry stray,
 But with itself would be at home
 On a peaceful Sabbath-day.

There are who live as in a fair,
 The light, the shallow-hearted,
 Nor ask or whither bound; or where
 They stand, or whence they started;
 Aimless they live, and thoughtless fling
 Their rattling lives away,
 Nor know to poise the brooding wing
 On a sober Sabbath-day.

Such judge I not. But me not so
 God, made for light-winged prattle;
 A soldier I, and I must know
 Before I fight my battle.
 I with the jingling bells an hour
 Would'sport, then steal away
 To feel with truth, and plan with power,
 On a thoughtful Sabbath-day.

Stern Scottish people, ye redeem
 Each seventh day severely;
 Sober and grave, with scarce a gleam
 Of frolic tempered cheerly.
 Light wits deride your thoughtful law,
 The tinkling and the gay;
 But wisely from deep founts ye draw
 Calm strength on the Sabbath-day.

And safely, if I err, I err,
 Who on this day with you
 The hot-spurred bustle and the stir
 Of dinsome life eschew;
 Happy, if through the frequent dark
 Of man's tumultuous way,
 God in my soul shall light a spark
 On his dear Sabbath-day.

—*Songs of Religion and Life, by Prof. Blackie.*

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

THE RESTORATION THEORY.

[Two excellent papers on this subject from an esteemed friend were inserted in the *Christian Monthly* last year. A sermon preached by a Toronto minister, looking in the direction of Universalism, has turned attention again to this important controversy. To this sermon an able reply has been made by the Rev. D. D. McLeod, Ancaster, (James Bain & Son, Toronto), from which we cull some leading paragraphs, showing that the Restoration Theory lands its advocates in difficulties greater than those from which they seek deliverance.]

“And with regard to the subject of restoration itself, I would only say at present: if the view of ultimate restoration is adopted—then every other doctrine in our system must be modified in accordance with it. In short, adopt this view and we give up not one doctrine of our confession, but every one of those doctrines which distinguish us among the reformed churches. ‘It naturally, and in fact, leads to a renunciation of all the essential doctrines of the New Testa-

ment.' It is the old lie of the devil in another aspect, — 'Ye shall not surely die.'

DIFFICULTIES OF THE RESTORATION THEORY.

"1. Suppose it is true that after a few years—for millions even are, but a few compared with eternity—those who have been sent to hell will be restored; on what ground will they be restored? Some restorationists say, on the ground of the work of Christ. And this seems the view favoured in the sermon referred to. Then the work of Christ did not avail for them while they were on the earth, and the efficacy of the death of Christ to save sinners extends beyond the day of judgment. Now do we not hold as taught by Scripture that the work of Christ as a Saviour is completed before the day of judgment. Is there any single passage of Scripture that points to His carrying on the work of Saviour after he has judged the world—and said 'depart ye cursed.' There is not one that we can find. Does Scripture or does reason itself lead us to believe or to expect that to those persons to whom He has said, 'depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire.'—He will yet afterwards say, 'come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'

If so, then the atoning work of Christ must be continued after that sentence of condemnation has been pronounced—and the sentence must read, 'Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, ye whom I still love and will yet redeem.' Then it will be that after Christ has made an end of all things, after he has closed this dispensation, after He has once for all judged this world—another dispensation will be begun, another day of judgment appointed, or a work of

judgment be continually carried on, all which is entirely contrary to the teaching of Scripture.

2. Again, if sinners in hell are to be restored on the ground of the work of Christ, then they must be dealt with as moral and responsible beings. They must be approached and appealed to as reasonable beings. They must have this gospel of deliverance preached to them; they must be wrought upon by the Holy Spirit—for surely of themselves they will not be willing or able, any more than we are, to repent and turn to God. And if preached to, why not prayed for now, and why not be prayed for by Christians now as well as by the saints in glory. Surely it will be right to seek to hasten their repentance by every means. We are to pray for what is according to the will of God—and their deliverance is according to His will. But Scripture teaches us to regard the lost as beyond the reach of prayer and the appeals of the Gospel.

3. Restorationists know, as we all do, that mere suffering does not change the heart—nay, can we not reasonably conceive that this great suffering should awaken a more deadly enmity against God, and plunge the sinner into more violent blasphemy and rebellion. Or, if we admit such suffering is needed to bring some sinners to repentance, then what monsters in wickedness must they be who require centuries of hell to move them. And what weakness, what want of resource does it argue in God, (I speak with reverence,) since He can find no other better way to bring these sinners to repentance than by subjecting them to 'everlasting fire'—that is to some centuries of fire? Could not the Holy Spirit bring these poor sinners to repentance without that? Has He not brought many other sinners as wicked as these to repentance without having to send them to hell at all, even by the gentlest means?

And if these poor creatures are still the objects of the love of God as they must be if He means to save them, then can we think it just or right to subject them to everlasting fire, that is to fire for so long a period as may be called everlasting—before He brings them to repentance, when He could have brought them to repentance by other means, and when He has brought myriads of others to repentance as guilty as they were, without subjecting them to such suffering?

Hence we see we must believe, if the Restoration view be adopted, (1) that there will be another dispensation and another day of judgment, and (2) that there will be missionaries sent to the condemned or appeals to repentance addressed to them as responsible and free agents, and (3) that there may be prayers offered for them, and (4) that God's ways in bringing sinners to repentance are most unjustly unequal.

4. But again, as we have said, if this restoration theory be true, the offer of mercy in this present dispensation of grace made to the sinner is not God's ultimatum, it is not His last offer. There is still hope for the sinner after death. And why not only a few years after death? So that while we tell the sinner he must suffer in hell, he can say, 'no matter, for in a few years I will be in heaven.' And as the work of restoration goes on, for it must be a gradual process, sinners from hell must constantly be rising to heaven until hell is empty. The 'great gulf' of which Christ speaks must be bridged over, and then after every sinner has been restored, on what ground can the devils be still left in prison; must not they by the same reasoning follow according to merit. Does not such a doctrine rob the gospel appeal of all its power—when it says, 'now is the day of grace—and now is the day of sal-

vation.' That is not all the truth. According to this theory there is another day of grace—there is hope in hell—there is salvation in hell—there is no everlasting fire—there is no unpardonable sin. To preach that is surely not the gospel the Bible reveals. And what reason has Mr. McD. or any of us to think that men whose hearts will not be won by the love of God in Christ, will be won by the statement that 'God must save every man.' Reason and common sense seem to assure us that to tell men this would be the surest way to bring contempt on Christ, and would rob hell of its terrors in the eyes of the sinner. If after a few years of suffering sinners are to be restored, many will willingly pay this price for liberty to sin, and those martyrs who shed their blood for Christ will not have much advantage over those who crucified him, seeing that they will spend eternity together in the enjoyment of the same rewards and blessedness of heaven. In short, what is this restoration theory but another and a worse form of purgatory after all. The idea that gave rise to the doctrine of a purgatory was partly that "By means of it some of the difficulties attending on the merely two-fold destiny in the future might be got rid of, and this restoration view is adopted for very much the same reason. But we see that the difficulties into which it leads its advocates are greater than those from which they seek to escape.

5. And further—and this seems to me the most important consideration—what is God's view of sin? Is it the same as ours? He saw it so vile as only to be atoned for by the death of His own son—and when to man's other sin is added the rejection of that atonement—can God regard it lightly. Does he not know what doom it deserves? And how do we know but that there is something in the very nature of sin and the sinner's case

that renders restoration impossible after Christ has been rejected. Who is capable of determining the great question—When shall all that the justice of God required, all that His law threatened, all that is requisite to answer the ends of punishment, be attained in the doom of the sinner? Only the Infinite intelligence can. And He tells us that these ends are only attained by a punishment that is everlasting. Unless, then, we can say we take the same view of sin that God does, unless we can say we know the nature of it as well as He does, we cannot say that it is either unreasonable, or unjust, or unmerciful to consign the impenitent sinner to eternal banishment from His presence.

6. But again, if the wicked in hell are under another dispensation— which they must be according to our view—it must be also a dispensation of grace, as this present dispensation is. God still loves and pities, and intends to save them. If so, they will be saved so soon as they repent. How long, then, will it take of hell suffering to make a man repent? Surely but a short time. Would not one day—one year be enough? Then where is there room for the everlasting punishment in any sense? God could not in justice keep them in after repentance; therefore there could be no punishment at all corresponding to that which is described in Scripture.

But does God love the wicked in hell? All Scripture testifies not. They have passed beyond His love. They are with the devil and his angels. There is no passage that speaks of them but as forever cast out—cut off from God to all eternity as those who have no hope, who perish, are rejected, lost, cast into the fire, cast off, bid to depart from God, vessels of wrath fitted to destruction, who shall never see life.

7. Again, if the wicked continue in hell without repentance a thousand years, or any number of years, refus-

ing to repent; all that time, will they not be much more guilty at the end of it than they were at the beginning? Will they not deserve hell more, than when they entered, and will they not be much less likely to repent? Will they not be far more prone to sin after so long being under the power of it, so that their repentance at the end of a thousand years is less likely than at the beginning of it, and their guilt then is aggravated a thousand-fold. Now if this is so, if they are restored after thousands of years of sin in hell, are they so much better than the devil that he should be kept there to all eternity. No, if they are restored, so must he. The same passages that would lead us to hope for their restoration, as reasonably include him. But we have no word of any such deliverance in Scripture in reference to the devil. In their case, therefore, as in his, the consequence and punishment of sin is more sin and increasing guilt to all eternity.

8. Again, if they are in hell still in a state of probation—on trial whether they will repent or not—is there any likelihood that they will repent? They were on probation on the earth and failed, and why, when every cause that led to their failure on earth is aggravated a thousand-fold, why may they not fail again even in hell? Will a few years of hell-suffering be more efficacious to convert the soul than the love of Christ presented in the gospel? If it be said that God will compel them to repent, then surely their punishment has failed of any good purpose in their case. We see then from these and many other considerations that might be adduced, that the restoration view is just as full of difficulty as the doctrine the Bible teaches.

And the truth is, that the difficulty in the orthodox view arises not from any dealings of God, but from our limited capacity to understand His

ways and thoughts. The difficulty is, "why does not God think as I do; and act as I think He should." In short the difficulty is one of rationalism and not of faith. The same faith that enables us to accept all the other mysteries of our faith, and wait patiently for their explanation in the

future, enables us to accept of this truth also. "These shall go away into everlasting fire but the righteous into life eternal." It may seem hard thus to condemn eternally, but we may rest assured that God is not less just, or less merciful, than we, His sinful creatures.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES HAMPTON,

FOUNDER OF THE MISSION TO THE BLIND,
IN CONNECTION WITH THE METROPOLITAN
TABERNACLE.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

James Hampton was born in the year 1829; and at the time of his birth his parents lodged at a public-house in Drury-lane, an ancient, squalid district of western London, which enjoys the reputation of having cradled the plague of the year 1665. Other districts have improved—have, indeed, had their tenements swept away, to make room for broad streets and palatial piles; but Drury-lane, like the Pyramids, seems to defy time itself; and century after century to retain its overcrowded courts and pestilential atmosphere. The elder Hampton was a house-painter; he and his wife were slaves of drink; so that with everything, against him, the early days of their son James were altogether unpromising. His play-ground was a spreading net-work of courts and alleys; his companions were the wandering Arabs and juvenile pariahs of the streets; his house was unworthy

of the name—a mere drinking-den—and his parents were never kind. A more rough and uncanny rearing than his, in the London of forty years ago, it would be difficult to imagine; and a being who did not come out of it a moral wreck, may well ascribe his preservation to the grace of God alone.

Yet James Hampton received an education of a kind, and, meagre as it was, his book-learning made him superior to his neighbours. For four years he attended the schools of New Church Court, in the Strand, though a main part of the discipline there received consisted in thrashings on account of playing truant, in company with dissolute companions. Instead of sitting down to their books, the youngsters would proceed to the water-side, to wallow in the mud in search of halfpence which would be tossed from the bridge by spectators, by way of sport. By such unlikely means, coppers to the amount of threepence or fourpence a-day were sometimes obtained; and the practice was continued until James Hampton reached his tenth or eleventh year, when life changes occurred, for which the young adventurer was quite unprepared.

At ten years of age he left school, and at the same time he was turned

out of house and home by his father, "to do for his self," his mother having died two years before. To the inebriate house-painter, and to the woman who occupied the post of house-keeper, it probably seemed not a little unreasonable for an able-bodied youth of ten years to be dependent on the parent stem; at any rate, the most practical and ready way of expressing their sentiments was to turn the youngsters out of doors, and to leave him to make the best of his resources. Finding the circumstances of his situation as distressing as they were novel, the poor boy wandered abroad hither and thither, utterly disconsolate, the harsh words of his father still ringing in his ears—that henceforth he would find neither food nor bed at home. Night after night he slept anywhere that might pass for a shelter, and furnish a lair for the homeless. He seemed to be cut off from hope and friends. Even the much-relished mud-larking becomes divested of all its fun, when, as a person's sole source of income, it is adopted as a profession. But when trouble comes as pure misfortune, a turn in the tide is almost certain to appear; and thus it happened in this instance. One day James had strayed into Catherine-street, Strand, when he was noticed by a pleasant-looking man, who stood in the doorway of a news-vendor's shop.

"My boy, do you want a place? Can you go out with newspapers?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir, I shall be very thankful," answered James.

"Well, come in, and I'll give you a trial," added the other, leading the way into the shop.

The newspaper trade was something different in the year 1839 from what it is to-day. There was then no commodity in the market to compete with the high-priced journals, and had any seer foretold what a revolution in

journalism a few years would effect, men would have treated the prediction as the day-dream of an enthusiast. Yet people in those days, as in these, required their papers to be delivered early, and James Hampton's business hours were from 4 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. As his salary now amounted to six shillings a-week, to say nothing of gratuities from customers, etc., he was re-admitted into his father's lodgings. He remained with the news-vendor for four years, and only resigned the appointment when he received a more liberal offer from a coppersmith near Leicester-square, who allowed him fourteen shillings a-week. The coppersmith was also a kind master, as well as a religious man, and James spent two profitable years in his service. He might have remained in this situation without desiring a change, had not his father removed him, for the purpose of teaching him common house-painting.

The change which now occurred was entirely for the worse, and James soon found reason to wish that he could recall the old days which he had spent among newspapers and copper-ware. He was now entirely separated from any religious influence; and though his guardians had, meanwhile, removed from Drury-lane to the neighbourhood of Lincoln's-inn-fields, the moral atmosphere was no purer. Through several years he continued to labour at the painting business; but the life he led was a very indifferent one. His father and substitute for a mother were still drunkards; there was no home comfort; and though he paid fourteen shillings a-week for board and lodging, the boy was half-starved, and treated generally in a dog-like fashion, until he could bear the misery no longer. One Saturday a tragedy, which ended in a long separation, was enacted in his father's wretched home. The woman in charge, who was intoxicated, in her

frenzy declared that no food should be served; but James, with youthful impetuosity, replied by hurling a pot of hot coffee at her head, and by seizing a loaf, with which he escaped into the street. He walked to Sheerness, and until the following Tuesday he had no other provision than such as he carried with him from London. In a national sense, those were portentous times; it was the fall of 1853; the irrepressible Eastern Question was the master perplexity of European cabinets; and as volunteers were wanted for the fleet, the young painter enlisted, thinking that a seaman's life promised more comfort than had been enjoyed with a drunken father and a brawling woman in a London home. The old people heard nothing of the truant for three weeks, but at last, guided by authentic news, they appeared at Sheerness, boarded the good ship *Waterloo*, and with many tears, crocodile or otherwise, they would fain have prevailed on James to return to home and friends. Finding that such arguments did not prevail, the elder Hampton threatened to acquaint the officer in charge with the fact that a boy had run away from his natural guardians; yet when James answered with the counter-threat that he would jump into the sea, he was left to go his way without further molestation.

The die was now cast; and the name of James Hampton was enrolled among thousands of others who were destined to go through a rough experience in the service of their country. After passing through a course of training, he accompanied the Black Sea fleet on its somewhat inglorious career; and, until he was wounded by a shell, he fought on the flag-ship *Agamemnon* during Admiral Lyon's attack on Fort Constantine in October, 1854. After this engagement he lay for a month in the hospital at Malta; subsequently he took Crimean ague, and came home to England completely

invalided in the fall of 1855. He was admitted into King's College Hospital, where he remained for fourteen months, and was visited by Miss Florence Nightingale. The patient's complaint, which appears to have been a rather uncommon kind of paralysis, was characterized by some remarkable symptoms, one of these being a rigid stiffness, closely resembling death. For three months life was sustained by injections without anything passing the mouth. Then at certain stages of the disease it was found necessary to administer chloroform several times in a day in order to deaden the pain of treatment by instruments. Both physicians and friends looked on the prostrate sailor with wonder; for once, after actually supposing he was dead, they found they were mistaken. "Well, Hampton," cried one of the doctors, "you are like a cat; you've got nine lives; it's of no use trying to kill you." When able to enjoy them, he lacked neither books to read nor such presents as were suitable for him; for the Crimean and the Turkish medals hung over his bed to attract notice by marking the invalid as no common hero.

After leaving the hospital our friend returned to the home he had left some years before, which was situated at Searle's Place, near Lincoln's Inn-Fields. The habits of his father, as well as those of the woman whom the elder Hampton still retained as house-keeper, were not in any degree reformed. Of old they were quarrelsome and drunken; but though they were the same, still they were disposed to be civil, because they were aware that the crippled sailor already possessed, or was entitled to, "a little bit of money," as he himself expresses it. As it was still necessary to use a crutch in walking, it was inexpedient to seek a business situation, so that notwithstanding the golden hoard which exercised the effect of curbing the old people's tongues, the temporal pros-

pects of James Hampton were anything but cheering, and his own patriotism had proved an expensive pastime. At this date, when the general outlook was most unpromising, he was sitting at home one Saturday morning, when the old seafaring companions, William B—— and Thomas B——, made their appearance. Like James Hampton, these tars had had enough of fighting, of bleeding for Queen and country, and so on; and probably thinking that their country was somewhat indebted to them, they proposed that a collecting tour in the provinces should be undertaken. The war was all but finished; but the anti-Russian enthusiasm had not yet become extinct, and could be turned to profit. William B—— spoke like a man who thought the tide should be taken at the full. "Well, Jim," he said, "you may as well come out with us, you've got no home."

Jim felt his way as cautiously as a man should do whose powers had been sufficiently tested before Fort Constantine and its deadly ordnance. Though quite willing to become partner in a promising venture, as a veteran tar he would not catch at straws. "Well, what are you going to do?" he thus asked in reply.

"O, come down to Croydon, and you'll see!" cried the sanguine William B——. "There are times when a pale face, a bandaged arm, and a limping leg may be used as capital." William B—— thought that his friend Hampton was throwing away a fine chance while he sat moping away his hours in Searle's Place. The philosopher's stone was at Croydon, if he would only seek it.

The party set off to Croydon in high spirits, arrayed in sailors' clothes, decorated with their medals, and as Hampton limped along on a crutch, he presented an appearance which would be sure to excite the commiseration of all "true-born Englishmen."

After a toilsome march they duly arrived at their destination, sleeping accommodation was secured at a tramps' rendezvous, and then they prepared for action. It was Saturday evening, and the streets of Croydon showed their accustomed liveliness, for throngs of marketers with their week's earnings in their pockets were abroad. The quondam sailors took up a prominent position in the street to sing the song called "Miss Nightingale," as a likely bait to catch the ear of the public in the then excited state of that erratic creature's mind. The result showed that Cockney Bill, as William B—— was styled, had not miscalculated his chances of success. The public plaudits and the public coins came down upon the heroic trio in showers, until the receipts of that one night amounted to four pounds. Poor women, fathers of families, and little children were tempted to halt, and proved their kindness of heart and loyal patriotism by contributing to the common tribute paid to the brave by a grateful country.

After this success at Croydon, the singing tour was extended to other parts of England; but the receipts diminished, and at last became no more than sufficient to pay the expenses of the road. Under these conditions James Hampton grew weary of his wild freedom, and determined to seek a more congenial occupation. He again directed his thoughts to the sea, and now that he was healed of his lameness he determined once more to seek his future on the mighty main. He took leave of his boon companions, walked down to Gravesend, engaged to serve as an able-bodied seaman on board the *Abiroth*, and set sail for Halifax, in Canada. As the chalk cliffs of old England receded from view it became daily more apparent that the *Abiroth* was nothing better than a floating hell, and that the captain was a drunken demon with an

ungovernable temper. He would pace the deck with a charged revolver in his hand as the symbol of authority; and by way of a freak he would fire at anybody who happened to displease him. When they arrived at the Canadian port, the terrified crew, with the exception of James Hampton and the mate, fled from the vessel, leaving only three persons on board to return to England. These three actually had the hardihood to cross the Atlantic alone, and to brave unheard-of perils. They put out just so much sail as they could manage without risk, and thus went gently along. Yet the privation suffered was extraordinary. The rations were execrable; such sleep as could be indulged in had to be taken in snatches on deck, while Hampton's clothes, unchanged for five weeks, and soaked with brine and rain water, rotted on his back, until he was not in a fit state to land when he at last arrived in the Channel. When he boarded the *Abiroth* the pilot at Dover looked around on the scene in stark astonishment, and at first could hardly believe that the men were not practising some deception.

This state of ocean life not being altogether satisfactory, it seemed to be both desirable and reasonable that some further venture should be made on *terra firma*. Mr. Hampton now allied himself as ganger-in-chief, with half-a-dozen others, some of whom were real, while the others were pseudo-sailors—to undertake another English singing tour. This business was not very successful; the war enthusiasm had died out, and bawl and flourish as they might, the song "Miss Nightingale" no longer exercised its talismanic influence to draw forth showers of public plaudits and coins. Three months of this experience sufficed to convince the ganger that he was not formed by nature to excel in any calling on land; and hence he resigned his command, and once more

walked to Gravesend, where he accepted another engagement, this time on board the good ship *Waterwitch*. All things seemed to prosper for a time, but in an evil hour the *Waterwitch* struck on the rocks off the Isle of Wight, became a total wreck, and James Hampton was only rescued from a watery grave after he had battled with the waves for six hours. He appears to have lost what little he possessed, and to have been carried into Cowes in an exhausted condition. Still the roving sailor seemed to have a charmed life, and the physicians who in the hospital likened him to a cat does not appear to have spoken wide of the truth.

Not cowed, however, by his dangerous adventures off Cowes, James Hampton felt no desire to desert the sea. The late affair was clearly an accident, and as such ought not to be allowed to bias a candid mind. After perfectly recovering from such fright and inconvenience as were inseparable from the occasion, he was again seen at Gravesend, when he embarked in the *Florist*, a merchantman, bound for the island of St. Vincent. The captain was a shrewd trader; and, as it served his purpose to do so, he allowed his vessel to ride at anchor for fourteen months in her tropical harbour. The society of the place, and especially its facilities for drinking, suited the predilections of the English sailors, each of whom every morning before breakfast went ashore to drink half-a-pint of rum, which cost one halfpenny. At this time a tragedy occurred on board the *Florist* which, as illustrative of what can possibly take place in an English vessel, and of the example afforded by a supposed Christian nation to a more unfortunate race, it would be unfair to pass over in silence. Half-a-dozen men, all of whom were suffering from *delirium tremens*—the effects of new rum—were rioting together on board, and

their fevered fancies saw and heard things too shocking to be described. In his mad frenzy, one of these thought he saw the arch-fiend run along the deck; uttering a horrid cry, the poor wretch followed at the top of his speed, jumped into the sea, and was seen no more!

Notwithstanding its dangers, hardships, and vile companionship, James Hampton still loved a seafaring life, and his adventures did not terminate in the *Florist*. After he left the West Indies he traded along the American coast on board of the *Saxon*, whose crew was a mongrel company of Portuguese and Americans. We are to understand that these gentry were thorough-going good fellows, peaceable and kind, though they persisted in being ready for any unlooked-for crisis by placing knives beneath their pillows every night! Still they were the most orderly crew ever met with by Mr. Hampton, who, when he parted from them, and stepped ashore on English soil in the year 1860, relinquished his connection for ever with those who do business in great waters.

Jack ashore in search of a new profession is at least a character of interest, so that we may still follow our hero as he directs his steps towards the old home in Searle's Place, where everything proceeded much as it had done for years past, drink still remaining the master curse of the household. The appearance of the returned sailor was as sudden as it was unexpected.

"What! have you come back again?" cried the father, as soon as he was sure that he might believe the testimony of his eyes.

"Well, yes, I have," was the quiet reply.

"What are you going to do?" asked the old man.

"Why, I'm going to set to work," replied James; "you've got a lot of men on, and surely you can give me a job."

"Well, yes, you can come on," added the father, and so concluded a contract which remained in force for some time. Father and son were now united by the new relationship of master and servant.

Not very long after this the old man was overtaken by his last illness—a man with the constitution of a rhinoceros must have succumbed at length under his manner of living, and he could not hope to be an exception to nature's rule. One evening when the men were just about leaving their work for the day, James, who had taken rather more drink than was good for him, noticed that his sire was troubled with an ominous cough—a cough that seemed to have some of the ring of death about it.

"Well, father," he remarked, scarcely knowing what he said, "that's a terrible cough; to-night may be the last time you may ever come out—have you given your heart to Christ?"

"Ah, my boy, if you lose your father, what will you do?" answered the house-painter, more affected by the question than he chose should appear.

"Do!" said the son, keeping to his point. "Do! Why the same as I do now; but have you given your heart to Jesus?"

To this day James Hampton cannot explain why he should have asked such a question as that—a question both suitable and earnest. He knew nothing about the power of the gospel, and to Christian workers of every grade he showed an uncompromising hostility; yet, as though it had come from the purest lips, the searching questions went home right to the old man's conscience. "Father, have you given your heart to Christ? Have you given your heart to Jesus?" The man was really ill; of late he had been drinking freely as usual, and now he was led homeward to his lodging in Searle's-

place by two friends, the question he had heard still ringing in his ears. When he entered the house he fell on his knees, called earnestly on the Lord to have mercy upon his soul for Christ's sake, and to blot out his long catalogue of sins in the blood shed on Calvary. The poor old house painter was visited by a good Christian friend, saw the way of escape through the Saviour, embraced the great atonement, and, as his son can testify, repented of his sins, and entered heaven a brand plucked from the burning, to live a trophy for ever of wonderful redeeming grace.

After the death of his father, James Hampton continued to work at the painting business, and he also drank as hard as ever. This course of life went on for some years longer, until a certain Sabbath morning in 1868, when a relative who was a Christian man called at the painter's lodging, and invited him to go and hear a sermon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. More for the sake of relieving the monotony of Sunday morning than in the hope of getting any good, Hampton complied with the request; but in spite of himself his courage failed, and he trembled under conviction of sin when the pastor proceeded to deliver a discourse on life from the dead, and the resurrection of Lazarus. As the preacher opened up his theme, and the miracle at the grave's mouth was vividly portrayed, Hampton felt that he too was looking on the scene. He thought of the old days in the hospital when he lay perfectly helpless, and of one time in particular when he was actually regarded as dead. Then came a stirring appeal, which aroused other and yet more mighty thoughts in the mind of this casual visitor to the Tabernacle. What if he could rise to new life? But no, no, there was no hope for him—he was too far gone for recovery; he was more than dead, he was lost! He left the building with his brain in a whirl, and with a heart over-

whelmed. When he regained the street his old companions were there; they were even waiting for him; but how horribly strange was the language they spoke, though two hour before it would have sounded perfectly natural.

"Arn't you coming to have some booze, Hampton?" said one, hailing his friend in the usual convivial tones.

"No, no! no more for me, I've done with it altogether," was the decisive answer.

"What? are you half dead?"

"No, I'm not half dead; but I've done with it for ever!"

Leaving his fellow workmen to enjoy their booze, and especially their horse-laughter at his expense, Hampton returned to his home. There was dinner on the table; but unable to eat anything, he hastened to his room in a distracted state, and there for the first time wept on account of sin, while for the first time he called on the Lord for mercy and pardon. To his wife he resembled a crazed man; she called on him not to "sit moping there;" proposed amusement and "a cheerful glass," the crisis being in all respects incomprehensible. All, however, was of no avail: the man had heard other voices calling to him from a better country whither he must flee for refuge, so that the language of his native land—the City of Destruction—grated harshly on his ear. Still the storm raged in his soul, and neither Sunday sermons, the sympathy of friends, nor the jeers of Monday morning had any influence to abate its fury. For three weeks he was in a state of utter misery, and could find no relief. Then at length the chains of sin's slavery were snapped; the heavenly mandate came—"Let there be light"—and the sinner, as if in a moment, became one of the Lord's freemen.

Having himself tasted of the blessing, Mr. Hampton at once felt a desire to tell the good news to others. He commenced to labour as an evangelist in

the south of London; but after coming in contact with a blind boy in needy circumstances, his attention was by degrees wholly directed towards that class. Among the blind he has laboured with singular success and with the most disinterested devotion. A hall was engaged in Kennington Road, and

as this has already become too strait for the accommodation of the numbers who attend, it is thought desirable to erect a mission-station when a site and funds can be procured. This is one of the works which Mr. Spurgeon is most anxious to carry out as soon as possible.—*The Sword and Trowel.*

CHRISTIAN WORK.

BENEATH THE SURFACE.

A vast amount of important work goes on in nature, silent and unseen, beneath the surface. After the seed is committed to the earth in spring, several days pass before the green blade appears, but these days are days of important work and critical interest to the farmer, though no ear hears the stir beneath the sod, nor eye sees the chemical and organic changes that are there taking place. It is to this quiet, unobtrusive, unnoticed work, in the setting up of the Christian dispensation, Christ refers in his conversation with the Pharisees: "When He was inquired of by the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God should come, He answered them and said: The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation" (i.e., so that it can be gazed at); "neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for behold the Kingdom of God is within you" (rather in the midst of you). "The Kingdom of God had already in its incipency," as Lange remarks, "appeared among them without their having even yet in their earthly mindedness observed it."

Of such silent Christian work, as is fully represented by the process of germination in organic matter and fermentation in matter inorganic,

there is a great deal going on, we trust, in our Dominion, this very winter. In the bosom of Christian families, in Sabbath schools, in public schools where the teachers are Christians, in prayer-meetings, in congregations which meet in the log churches of the back-woods, and in the large and wealthy edifices of the towns and cities, the silent work of germination or fermentation is going on without any manifestations that attract the curious, or any demonstrations that invite to the spot the reporters of the worldly and sensational press.

We have been led into these remarks by a letter which has just reached us from a minister of the gospel in Ontario, who has been a regular contributor to the *Christian Monthly* from its beginning, though of late, editor and readers have been missing his articles and wondering what became of his pointed and facile pen. His letter to the editor is given simply as an excuse why he has been silent. We do not take it for an excuse; but we take it as an illustration of the quiet work that is going on without observation in hundreds of places in Ontario under the eye of faithful and laborious pastors.

"I have been wishing," begins our esteemed friend, "to write to you for some time, but in the press of work

it has been delayed. This month I have preached eighteen times, and attended about eight other meetings, which I had to address. Connected with that there was a good deal of travelling, and a number of nights from home. I do sometimes feel weary, and cannot face my ink-bottle. Yet I should have written to you before now. I feel somewhat ashamed of the very little assistance which I have rendered to you during all your labour on the *Monthly*. I have felt more than ordinarily pressed with work for a good while past; so much so, that even my ordinary courses of reading and general study have been greatly broken up. I sometimes feel hungry for reading, as if I needed some quiet days, when I could plunge into books which I have by me, and add to my stock of information and ideas. But there has been such a constant distraction from one quarter and another, that I have had to defer such an enjoyment again and again. Still, I do not altogether regret these things. There have been many noble opportunities for preaching the gospel afforded me; times to make full proof of my ministry; and I know they have been very fruitful. It has seemed to me as if the work of a year might be done sometimes in the course of a night or two. A fortnight ago, I went to visit our small congregation of ——. It is vacant. I am the moderator of the Session. I had intended that the Lord's Supper would be celebrated when I came. I got there on Thursday night. The little church was full with about two hundred people. Meetings had been held every night during the week before I came, a neighbouring minister assisting them. Real spiritual interest was manifested. It had followed on some special services in other congregations round about, Methodist and Baptist. The next day I had two meetings; the evening meeting densely crowded; pews and

passages all alike. It was the same on Saturday—two meetings. The same on Sabbath; both services, each about three hours long, being kept up with the same intense and unbroken interest. So also on the Monday evening. It was heartstirring to see how the people seemed to thirst for the word, and how it seemed to tell on the heart and conscience. I was alone with them during these five days. The time occupied by the meetings held had been fully twenty hours. I was wearied after they were over; but during the time I had no sense of fatigue. Some were evidently savingly impressed. I was delighted on the Monday by the distinct, outspoken profession of two young men; both of them seemed fairly won over to the faith and love of the Lord Jesus. That is a specimen of work required just now; this region seeming to be pervaded by a quickened spiritual interest, which has been manifested in decided awakenings in several districts; and one dare not withhold the hand, when it can be put to such work. But you can understand that when I come home, after such an expedition, there is utter disinclination, for a day or two, for any other hard work."

ABOVE GROUND.

Though much of the work that is done for Christ must be in secret, and is as much outraged by dragging it into the public gaze as are the rootlets of a plant when some rude hand drags it into sun-shine, still there is a stage of Christian development when the work done challenges the gaze and scrutiny of friends and foes. Though the farmer never counts the roots busy out of sight in the field, he is quite right to count the sheaves of golden grain that he gathers into his barn. When men are only under conviction and halting between two opinions, it

is as well not to begin counting them! But when they take a decided step, when they make a public profession of their faith in Christ, and obedience to Him, it is no longer wise policy to hide them, but to set them before the public eye not certainly in the forefront of the battle, but somewhere in the army that they may learn first of all to keep step with their comrades, and then in good time assist as far as their strength and skill permit in helping forward the good cause. In this sense the work of God among the French of Montreal to which we referred last month is above ground. It is not our belief that the work is out of danger, but when men come forward of their own accord to have their names given to the public (according to the civil law of the Province of Quebec) as separating from the church of Rome, and joining for instruction, guidance, and examination, a Protestant church, such an event challenges public notice and public criticism. We accordingly gave last month Dr. McVicar's account of the work, and now give here first Mr. Chiniquy's account of the work, and then the estimate of the work formed by the Reporter of the *Witness*.

WHAT MR. CHINIQUY SAYS.

"Since a few days my eyes have seen things and my ears heard things which I cannot express: I see Rome tottering on its foundations. (Applause) I see the light coming in from on high, and the dawn of the beautiful day when our Saviour shall reign. On the 1st of January it was my privilege to send to Bishop Bourget the names of 296 of my dear countrymen who had signed a demission from his Church, as a Christmas gift. (Great applause and laughter.) My heart was glad at this great work, the result of one month's labours. About fifteen days after it was my inexpressible joy to see the names of 450 of my countrymen sent to the Bishop to tell him that they had

broken the fetters and had come to the feet of our dear Saviour. The work is so great that the Roman Catholics did not believe it. They said it could not be; this was on the 18th of January, but since then what have I seen? My rooms thronged—crowded to suffocation from eight in the morning till ten at night. (Applause.) They could not sit, but had to stand up, so many were there. I wish you could have seen them as they cried, "What must we do to be saved?" To day I counted the numbers of those who have left the Romish Church since the 19th of January, and I find I have the names of 470 of my dear countrymen, (loud applause,) who since only eight days have broken their fetters and are free in the love of Jesus. O my soul, bless the Lord for this! All told there are now some 2,000 converts; if all gathered together they would probably hardly be contained in the basement of this church, and all in such a short time! Some may say, "It is a great work and Chiniquy is a great man"—yes, the work is very great, but Chiniquy is not a great man—it is the Lord's work. I come here to bless my God, whose hand is so visible. I could keep you here all night telling you the different circumstances of these conversions, but will give you only one day's experience. Tuesday of this week, at eight o'clock in the morning, I was called to visit a sick woman, whom I found in a damp cold house with no wood and no food—her husband sick also. I prayed and read from the Bible, and gave her all the counsel I could. She had been a Roman Catholic, but didn't want to die one. Said she: "I wish to die in the religion of Christ." I got a doctor to visit her, and procured bread and meat. On coming back to my house I could hardly enter. It was crammed. I asked, "What are you here for?" "We come," said they, "to hear you speak of Jesus." I began to speak

and read to them, and continued for an hour and a half, and my heart was filled with joy at the manner in which they listened to and received the truth. It was then noon, and I now said: "Friends, do you wish to come to Jesus, who washes your robes in His blood? Now, my dear countrymen, who is ready to receive salvation, and reject the abominable, diabolical doctrines of Rome? How many came? Do you know?—Seventy-five! (Applause) Yes, I looked on the names of seventy-five, and in the rest of the day I got twenty-five more, so I got one hundred that day. (Great applause.) Some people ask: What kind of men and women are these that come to you? I might put the same question to you: "What kind of people are you here?" (Laughter.) Do not some of you do badly? (Applause.) God alone knows the heart; I do not know much about the inside, but when a French-Canadian comes forward and consents to have his name published in the press, and that in the face of the Bishop and the priests—in the face of his friends, of his father and mother or sister or brother, he must be in earnest. (Applause.) When the poor man comes to give his name that way; when he expects to be thrown out of his house because he is a Protestant, or to be abused and insulted, I say that man does not come as a hypocrite, for he commits a grand and noble deed. (Applause.) I fear many of you do not understand the manly action of the French-Canadian who comes to me and says: "Sir, I am ready to cut all the ties which unite me to my father, my mother or friends, and give up all that is dear to my heart and come to follow Christ." If you do not understand that that is the work of God, I have nothing to say. Only the other day while I was speaking to two young ladies against confession and purgatory; a young man came in looking

pale. I said: "You are sick." "I have come to the conclusion," said he, "that my Church is not that of Christ, and I have come to give up the religion of Rome, in order to follow Christ. My father has cursed me, and my wife says she will desert my house if I would do it; but this morning I decided that to save my soul I would have to give up father, mother, and wife." I asked: "Are you quite ready to take up such a cross?" He answered: "With the help of God, I am." I said: "I hope your father and mother and wife will not desert you;" and this afternoon he came again, with the tears on his cheeks and said: "It is too bad; the priest came to my house when I was absent, and persuaded my wife to desert me, and she said at dinner she should leave my house, and my dear child is to go too." This is one case among hundreds. This afternoon I saw four young men pale and faint; they said: "We have been turned out from the house of our father; we have been cursed because we gave you our names." There they were on the highway without employment, and left to starve. I asked: "Do you regret what you have done?" They replied, no, they did not. Seeing they were starving, though it was late in the afternoon I gave them dinner, and sometimes Mrs. Chiniquy is not very well pleased with me about this. (Great laughter and applause.) What must these noble men do? Go to beg? No. Will they starve! Yes, unless help comes; unless you can employ them. I have more than three hundred men who are starving—noble men, who never beg; who prefer to faint than to ask for bread. Where will they go? They have lost their employment. The greater part of them had good positions; but the day they left the Church of Rome they were turned out of them; and in some cases with wages unpaid.

People, in the name of God I ask you to come to their help: in the name of Christ do something for these sufferers. (Applause.) I have no less than forty clerks, and over one hundred more of different trades, who have no employment, because they left the Church of Rome. This is a serious matter. After speaking of how remarkably his health was sustained in his arduous labours, he referred to Mr. Court and the noble band of friends who had stood by the cause, as well as the pioneer missionaries Olivier, Tanner, Vernon, Amaron, Doudiet, Rossier, Charbonnel, Lafleur, etc., who had, as it were, prepared the way; they had sown the seed, and he had come to reap.

WHAT THE "WITNESS" REPORTER SAYS.

"In a movement of this kind, as we remarked above, we need look for nothing else than that a large number might turn out to be insincere. We are glad therefore to find that the reporter estimates three-fourths at least as sincere in their secession from Rome."

THE SCENE AT RUSSELL HALL.

Since Monday morning Mr. Chiniquy remains during the day at his church on St. Catharine street, as his private residence is too small to accommodate the increasing crowds of people who come to see him. On Thursday at ten o'clock some sixty or seventy men and women were found waiting in the church for Mr. Chiniquy, who had not yet arrived. They seemed to belong, almost without exception, to the very poorest class, and were thinly dressed, and some of them unkempt and untidy. Some of the women had baskets in their hands, and the majority who were spoken with, admitted that they were there to get assistance. About one-quarter of them were French, and between these and the Canadians there was an

avowed want of harmony and sympathy. The Canadians complained that the French were better cared for by the committee than themselves, but the French upon being questioned, said they thought that no partiality was shown in the distribution of the aid. A Canadian woman, who stated that she had been a Protestant for three years, and had a sick husband and six children, said the committee only gave her two eggs, while they gave her French neighbour a fine beef steak. A Yankee Canadian, who spoke good English, and who had a decidedly rowdy air about him, declaimed strongly against the partiality of the committee, and expressed a disposition to pitch some of the Frenchmen out of the church. Subsequent enquiries showed that the committee, which is composed of French and Canadians, make no distinction in their distribution of aid, and they perform their peculiarly difficult duties in as satisfactory a manner as is possible.

ARRIVAL OF MR. CHINIQUY.

When Mr. Chiniquy arrived, at nearly eleven o'clock, there were not far from a hundred persons present. There was no fire in the church, and some of the people were almost shivering with the cold. Mr. Chiniquy went forward to the platform, and the people all seated themselves. He took from his pocket a book in which the names of the converts are entered, and opening it before them, addressed them substantially as follows:—

"I have here the names of some thirty men and women which I am obliged to strike off the list, for I have learned since yesterday that they are drunkards, thieves, and bad characters. I am very sorry to have to do this, but there is no other way. I am ready to receive both good and bad, but you must understand, my friends, that when you come here and give

your names as converts to the religion of Jesus Christ, you must be ready to serve God and become better men and women. Yesterday several persons came here and gave their names, but I have learned since that they are bad people who came only to get bread and money, and therefore I must take their names off. I am very glad to have you come here and give your names as converts to the gospel, but you must be honest and sincere, and ready to serve God with your whole hearts. All these names are going to be published in the papers, and it will be a shame to all of us to have it said that some of them are bad people. God has placed you on the earth to get ready for heaven, but there are two roads, and if you want to reach heaven you must take the good road. However, when I think what the Church of Romé has taught you, and how she has deceived you, I can excuse you to a certain point, for being bad. Yesterday a man named Chaput came here and asked to have his name struck off the book. I asked him, 'How long have you been a Protestant?' 'Only three weeks,' he said. 'Then why do you want your name taken off?' 'Because,' said he, 'you have not given me enough.' (Laughter.) Some people have told me that I was being deceived, and that we were giving bread to the *canaille*, while the honest people did not get any. Now, my friends, you must remember that in everything you do God sees you; and you must give an account one day of everything you have done. I have come here today to see you, my beloved countrymen, because I am grieved to the heart to see my country at the foot of an idol. All of you who are Roman Catholics are idolaters, because you adore a god made with hands, a thing that God has expressly forbidden you to do. You must cease to adore those false gods and those images, and give yourselves to Jesus Christ who shed

the last drop of His blood for you upon the cross."

TAKING THE NAMES OF THE CONVERTS.

When Mr. Chiniquy had finished speaking, he asked those who wished to leave the Church of Rome to come forward and give their names, and a committee would visit those who were in want. Immediately he was surrounded by a large number who, one after the other, gave their names, the street and number of their residences, which were regularly entered in a book. A father would give his name and those of all his family, and a mother would do the same. One man gave his name, but a bystander remarked that he had already given it a few days ago. He was rebuked by Mr. Chiniquy for this, and his name taken off. A fine-looking young man of about twenty, who had given his name, informed the writer that he came from France about a year ago, and since then had several times heard Mr. Chiniquy preach. Among others who gave their names were an old gray-haired man, and a pleasant-looking young woman, apparently his grand-daughter, who seemed very happy at what they were doing. Altogether about thirty new names were taken, enough, as one of the converts remarked, to make up for the bad ones that were taken off.

Mr. Chiniquy continued for some minutes longer to speak to them of the love of Jesus, and to instruct them in the Christian duties of humility, patience and charity. He then spoke of the various means adopted by the priests to get money out of the people by the sale of scapularies and images, and by the erection of churches to Notre Dame de Lourdes, &c., &c. He went on to tell them that Protestant countries were far more prosperous than Catholic countries, that it was Protestants who were at the head of nearly all the industries, and who used

their money in employing people to work, while the Romish priests used it for their own gratification, or to build fine churches with. Why were the Catholics everywhere poorer and less intelligent than the Protestants? It was because they adore idols, and God does not bless those who adore idols.

DISTRIBUTING SUPPLIES.

A good many complaints were made to Mr. Chiniquy by men and women that they could not get served by the committee, and he said he would go and see what was the matter. He then left, telling them he would be back at three o'clock, and proceeded to the store-house and headquarters of the committee at 129 Vitre street. The place was full of men and women waiting for food. A large quantity of bread and meat were stored up, and three intelligent gentlemen, members of the committee, were very busy in overseeing the distribution. The committee operate in this way: They keep a list of all the names of persons who have signed their abjuration of the Romish Church, and two persons, who are paid therefor, go round and visit the applicants for aid, and endeavour to ascertain if they are deserving. Wood, meat, bread, and potatoes, form the staple supplies given, and the distributions amount in value to about \$100 per day. Those applying to Mr. Chiniquy get from him, if he considers them worthy, a certificate, which they present to the committee. It sometimes happens that this certificate is not honoured, and then complaints are made to Mr. Chiniquy. In these cases, however, the committee refuse to give food because they have learned that the applicants are imposters or undeserving. Both the committee and Mr. Chiniquy keep lists of imposters, which they compare together. Mr. Chiniquy has

a long list of thirty or forty names of such persons, whom he calls *œufs pourris*, or

ROTTEN EGGS,

comprising disreputable persons of both sexes, whose real characters have been ascertained. On Tuesday the distributors came near being mobbed, and the provision forcibly seized upon by some score or so of men whom the committee refused to serve on the ground of their being imposters. They say they must have one or two policemen there in future to keep order and protect the stores.

GENERAL RESULTS.

Out of the fourteen hundred persons who have given their names to Mr. Chiniquy as converts from Romanism, it is not surprising that at this unusual season of general distress, so large a number should be in want. Doubtless the hope of assistance has a good deal to do with swelling the lists of converts, and amongst so large a number it is almost inevitable that some should come in under false pretences. It is only the destitute that one meets with at Russell Hall, but it is the opinion of intelligent French Protestants of many years' standing, that fully three-fourths of all whose names are published are respectable people who are sincerely converted to the religion of Christ. Mr. Chiniquy is well aware of the difficulties surrounding the situation, and though he is occasionally deceived as to the character of some of the pretended converts, his large heart never errs in the desire to do them all the good he can, and to advance his Master's kingdom. As he well expressed it, he desires to get a current started from Romanism to Protestantism, and then it will draw within its influence a different class of people.

RESULTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

[In answer to the question "Was any good done?" in connection with Mr. Moody's visit to Philadelphia, we are glad to find an emphatic *Yes*, from such an observant and judicious witness as the *Presbyterian* of that city. In giving its favourable verdict the *Presbyterian* takes a broad, general view of the work done, which is far wiser than to count the number of conversions in regard to which there cannot be so much certainty till time tests them.]

We shall be compelled to wait until the issues of time are made up, to appreciate the value of the services held at the "Depot Church" in Philadelphia. The ungainly place was emphatically transfigured, and set apart from a common to a sacred use—so sacred did it become, that a sigh involuntarily rose as we turned away from the place of so many prayers, and we hope, the place of so many immortal births. And now that more than a week has rolled by since the last lingering echo of praise rose heavenward, we are better prepared to speak of the results.

CAUTION.

We do not as journalists, as is well known, represent what is known as the "gospel of gush." We have never committed ourselves to the mission of blowing spiritual bubbles as a business, hence we did not, in the beginning, rise to the bubble-heights of certain enthusiasts, and prophecy of the things probably coming on the earth, instead of telling our readers the truth about what was already here. It is better to spend one's breath in admiration of sunsets than sunrises, for the former tells what the day has been, but the latter cannot reveal what it will be.

We further denounced certain abuses which made the Brooklyn meetings largely a failure. We told the truth about this, to the chagrin of these same enthusiasts, and we believe that the note of warning, from this and other sources, saved us from a ruinous repetition in this respect. We begged

for places for the poor and neglected, and for consideration from the more fortunate church people of their privations, needs, and their disappointments in seeking for spiritual satisfaction; we think not without effect. In shaping public opinion to this blessed end, our editorials were quoted and commended in several of the best secular papers, as both considerate and just.

WAS GOOD DONE.

But now as the meetings have closed, we desire to be as candid in commending what we have seen, heard and felt, as we were in protesting against what would have been abuses, if they had not been squelched in the beginning. The question is now propounded all about, "Was any good done?" And some of the early enthusiasts who would not so much as tolerate a dissent begin to doubt. We reply, that one of the editors of the *Presbyterian*, who was on the Executive Committee, and had fair opportunities to know of both plans, operations, and effects, upon mature consideration, does not hesitate to say "Yes." And to any asking in what direction it was done, he replies, In many ways; in more than we will have either time or space to consider."

THE PRESS.

Among these is the fact that this has been the occasion of the utilization of almost the entire secular press in the interests of religion. Beyond computation is the influence in favour of vital religion from this source. For two months the secular press of Philadelphia has teemed with revival sentiments and revival fervours. Since the death of the Redeemer nothing like it has occurred. We might well ask, as we read the pungent editorials of many newspapers, both hopeful and encouraging in tone, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" There is no sign of mod-

ern times so encouraging as the change in tone of the public newspaper press on the subject of religion. It has not been long since even selfishness would not keep them from offending the convictions of Christian people. We believe that the change, with most, is due to something higher than the mean motives of selfishness, and it is itself a revival for which every Christian should return unfeigned thanks to God.

DOCTRINE.

In another respect we do not hesitate to say that the movement has been a blessing, in the popular impression made in the interest of religion. The public mind has been saturated with divine truth; impressions have been made, that while they may not yield piety, will always command respect for it. Religion, as a public movement, is on the top wave. Its power is admitted where its love is not felt; and its foes are compelled to compliment, when they would willingly stab.

THE WORD.

Among other blessings, we must not overlook the revival of expository preaching, which has never had any large amount of general favor in this country, but which is, as a method of combining instruction, awakening inquiry, affording logical, picturesque illustration and exhortation, the method *par excellence*. It is unsurpassed; and is the divine method of presenting the truth, gives an attractiveness through its directness and suitability to human need, and withal a variety which meets all healthy desire for novelty. We do not mean to say that Mr Moody is in any sense a critical expositor, but what is a constant marvel on any other supposition than that he was under the constant guidance of the Spirit, he but seldom missed the mind of the Spirit as he threaded his way through the context. It showed conclusively that the attractiveness of preaching is rather in the way the preacher presents

what God says, than his own opinions on the subject. And this leads to another goodly quality—a Christly quality. The common people heard Him gladly.

HIGHER CLASSES.

Whatever impressions were made on what may be called the higher classes, we are inclined to believe were mainly general—perhaps mainly in moral and intellectual stimulus. But as to the poor and neglected, we do not believe that ever, in the history of this city, have impressions sunk so deep in the hearts of this class. Multitudes of men, women, and children, have walked miles and back almost every night, who were too poor to buy car-tickets, and the comforts of that sacred place, so warm in the glowing sympathies of a Christlike piety, more than repaid them their toil. In the inquiry-rooms were many of the poorest people, in appearance, that we have ever seen inside a place of worship, and we are quite sure that such could not have been induced to have entered our plainest churches.

ONE SAD THING.

The only sad thing in this connection is, that now their under-shepherds are gone, none know who, or where multitudes of these people are. Many will, doubtless, find their way into the churches, if they are faithful in looking for, encouraging, and sympathizing with them. But the Church has to grope her way in the dark in quest of them. Their names and residences ought to have been taken at the time, for there is something unspeakably sad to think of much of this multitude now wandering as a flock without a shepherd. Such a fact moved Jesus. It ought to move His Church to the greatest possible diligence to bring these wanderers home to their Father's house.

Those who have been converted will surely, by the Divine intuitions of

love, find their way into the ark; but what will become of the merely awakened—in our judgment; far the greater part? Who will care for those into whose souls light has been but let in in straggling rays? who only see men as trees walking? What would have become of Saul of Tarsus, if friendly hands had not led him, in his blindness, down the street called Straight, in Damascus, to the house of Judas? or if some loving Ananias had not laid his hands on him, and led him into the church and fellowship of the believers? How many have professed conversion no one can ever tell, and how many are the children of God is only known to Him who calleth them by name and leadeth them out. So far as we dare conjecture, we think there are a great many, and especially of young men, who were better cared for, from several favourable causes, than the rest. Young men will find each other out, and their sympathies flow more easily than the other multitude, separated by distance, age, sex, and circumstance.

PEW-RENT AN EVIL.

One other point of interest demands a word. This revival demonstrated the folly and wickedness of our present church architecture and arrangements, if we mean by them to save the multitude. This itself is worth all expended, if the Church by it will get either heart or sense. The Church of Christ has been managed in Philadelphia for years by boards of trustees, in many instances, and according to the policy of mammon; ministers have been called and dismissed, to suit the financial policy of this legal, and often heartless corporation; and the very invocation and “amen” of the church has been pew-rents; and so if the pews were secure, the preacher could tickle the fancies, the choir could gratify the tastes, and the world could go to the devil. Whether this shall be

abandoned or not, depends on the piety of the institution; but that it has been spotted, and is shown to be leprous, is abundantly apparent. We must come to greater simplicity in our worship. Expensive choirs will henceforth lie in the wrecks of the past. The sooner pious men carry them and their operatic songs to their burial, the better for Christ and a dying world. And the sooner we have larger and less expensively managed churches, the better. And the sooner we have enough of the love of Christ to cease making the Church, and the place men sit in it, the measure of their social standing, and instead, look upon men and women perishing as our brothers and sisters, and consider how much they have cost Christ, and glorify Him by helping them to see of the travail of His soul, the sooner will we live to some account, and when we die, be numbered among the blessed.

STRIKING MOVEMENT IN ABYSSINIA.

We have seldom read, says the *Sunday Magazine*, anything more interesting and remarkable than the account of a religious movement in Abyssinia, contained in a memorial transmitted from the persons concerned, to the Bible Society, and relative explanations in the Bible Society *Monthly Reporter*. It is a very singular illustration of the manner in which the gospel of peace often follows in the tracks of war, and the sword becomes the forerunner of the Word of God. In 1868, when good Christian people felt very strongly that, along with our army, we ought to send something else to Abyssinia, a large number of Bibles were despatched thither, and through some channel unknown, and possibly undesigned, a considerable number of these Bibles reached a

place called Hamassien. The Bibles were eagerly read. The people say, in their memorial:—

“In the year 1868, the Lord looked mercifully down upon Hamassien, and threw, as it were, many Holy Scriptures into our houses. We took them up and read them. With great joy we assembled, read, and investigated them; and in course of time we found out the errors of our Church, and we began to lower our confidence and regard for her. Hence the priests and monks three full years spoke against us, excommunicating us, and exciting the people against us. Four times they gathered an assembly for expelling us from Hamassien. The fifth time they took us to Ras Barca, the Governor of Tigre, telling him these people must be stoned. When we were brought before him, he ordered our hands and feet to be fettered with chains. At last he said, ‘Now pay me wages for your having been put in chains.’ We gave him money, whereupon he freed us from chains, and said, ‘Now go, and teach no more.’ But we could not hereafter discontinue reading the Gospel, and speaking about it with the people; and therefore our impeachers grew more numerous. We were compelled to take refuge on the Egyptian territory.”

The Egyptian climate, hot and close, did not agree with these people, accustomed to free and bracing air. Some of them accordingly returned to Hamassien, but persecution again drove them away. Among their number were three princes. The king and the bishop issued a proclamation, bestowing their blessing on those who had seized the property of the Bible readers, but ordering their hands to be cut off, and brought to them. This obliged them to extend their flight to the Egyptian desert. There they were all seized with fever, but not one died; whereas of some persons

who had come to the same neighbourhood for the sake of mineral waters, a hundred died. Their exemption from death was looked on as a kind of miracle, and led many others to inquire into their views. The reason of their persecution is stated thus, in their memorial:—

“The real cause of our being persecuted is this: ‘the priests said to us, ‘Do abandon the Bible; receive as true books those which we have written, and which do not agree with the Scripture. Receive the worship of the Virgin Mary, of pictures, of the Cross, and of the saints and angels, as these intercede for us, and reconcile us to God; but reject the Bible, and never speak about it to any man, else your hands and feet will be cut off.’ This is the reason for which we have been persecuted, and driven to the wilderness, where we have met with great miseries.”

They then state what they wish the Bible Society to do for them:—

“Now this is our petition. We wish to live in our country; plough our land with our own cattle; serve the king with our bodies; but with our souls we wish to be subject to Christ. On this occasion we entreat you, most concernedly, that you will implore our king and bishop to grant us freedom of conscience. If it cannot be done, we are like fish out of water. In every case, pray for us.

“We have three times sent letters to our king and bishop, and supplicated for freedom; but we have never received any favorable answer, and are now like sheep scattered upon the mountains, and given over to the beasts of prey, so that any one who meets us may plunder and destroy us. We, the expelled and bereft ones, are one hundred and twenty persons, and thirty-three priests and deacons. Evangelical liberty is denied to us.”

The bare narrative of the facts plead for the people very strongly.

We have only as yet their own statement of the case; but the memorial bears evidence of being true; and the people whose case has so much resemblance to that of the French Protestants, the Scottish Covenanters, and other witnesses for the truth, is fitted to excite the warmest interest in all Christian hearts.

M. BOERRESEN'S MISSION AMONG THE SANTHALS.

The report of this very interesting mission, for the year 1874-75, has lately appeared. A hundred and forty-four villages have received the truth, and have now got thirty pastors, eight travelling catechists, and thirty-nine schools.

Here is an interesting account of an attempt to expel the gospel being overruled to establish it more thoroughly:

"In a village called Matiajuri, where the pastor is a very good man, and also a number of dear Christians of some years' standing. The headman there has long been anxious to oust them, as they would give him nothing to sacrifice to the Bongas, and at last hit upon the expedient of introducing a number of heathens, thinking by so doing he would make the place too uncomfortable for the Christians, and thus compel them to go elsewhere. He succeeded in getting sixteen families to settle there, giving them the best land to cultivate, and exultingly told the Christians that now they would soon be tired of the place. The latter kept perfectly quiet until the new-comers had built their houses and fairly settled down, and then they cast out their net and caught eight of the sixteen families in it; and again, a short time afterwards, four more of the remainder shared the same fate, so that the Manjee's last state is worse than the first. These same Matiajuri

Christians did not confine their operations to their own homes, but worked hard, and perfectly of their own accord, for their Master, in all the surrounding villages, so that now we find children of God praising Him among the wild Sental hills, where, a few years ago, the tigers and other wild animals had it all their own way."

It would appear that all classes have shared in the blessing. Many chiefs and priests have been brought under the truth; and what is perhaps more remarkable, many of the class of witches and wise men. One is reminded of Ephesus and the men there who used "curious arts:"—

"The most remarkable fact in connection with the wise men and witches is, that they themselves say, that since their conversion they are no longer troubled by the dreams with which they were formerly visited, and to which they owed their supernatural powers; and we can only hope that this separation from the devil and his agencies may be a permanent one for them."

After referring to the great difficulty of making provision for the spiritual wants of so many converts, the Report says:—

"We have succeeded in dividing the Christians into thirty different congregations, the members of many of which are, however, unavoidably scattered at some distance from one another. In such cases they can only of course meet for service on Sundays; but otherwise, wherever practicable, they meet every morning and evening, and have worship together. Another practice of theirs is, whenever any of them are ill, to call the brethren together, and pray at the sick bed, and many and wonderful have been the answers to their simple, believing prayers in this way. We have eight of the older and more experienced Christians who are continually travelling about and visiting

the others, in the hundred and forty-four different villages that they inhabit, scattered over a very wide area, and we ourselves also visit them in their own homes perpetually."

Mrs. Boerresen had been absent for a time, in Europe, but had returned, accompanied by Mr. Skrefsrud. Their reception was not quite so brilliant as that of the Prince of Wales, but was interesting in its way:—

"A large number of Christians had come in from their villages the previous day, and the boys and girls of the schools and some of the neighbouring Christians had erected a couple of triumphal arches at the entrance to the compound. The new-comers were accordingly greeted by a large concourse of Christians, singing to them a hymn of welcome specially composed for the occasion."

VERNACULAR LITERATURE FOR INDIA.

While friends at home, both in this country and the United States, are deeply concerned at the progress of an unwholesome and immoral literature among the masses, the friends of India are even more deeply moved by what is found to be circulating most extensively among the natives of that country. Even the ability to read may be terribly perverted; and certainly it is a most deplorable fact that many who have acquired that ability in classes of society where hitherto education has not been common, seem unable to make a better use of it. The articles in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* are usually full and well-informed, and the paper in that journal for November of this year contains a copious statement of facts bearing on the subject we have named. It appears that many of even the vernac-

ular school-books used in the Government schools are of immoral character, and it is hoped that steps will be immediately taken to replace them. At the Allahabad Conference, a resolution was unanimously passed, instructing the managing committee to bring the whole subject under the notice of the Government. Mr. Yorke, Principal of the Vernacular Native Society's College at Dindigul, says:—
"There are tales and poems in praise of the gods so utterly vile, that it would not be possible to translate them into honest Anglo-Saxon."

And again:—"Though mingling with the people, and acquainted with their language, during my thirteen years' residence in India, I was not alive to the open manner in which these books were sold until within the last year of that period. Wishing then to make a small collection of native works, I sent to the book bazaar, requesting the owner to send me specimen copies of the works he had in store, that I might select and purchase. On examining them I was astounded. Many of them were of the most obscene nature. On consulting the bazaar-man's list I found these were the books which sold most readily, as the number sold was entered against the names. Further inquiries in Dindigul, and in the city of Madura, showed that such books were sold at every book-stall. At only one stall did the man assert that one of the worst could not be sold by him, lest the Government should prosecute him; and then the inquiry was made by me personally, instead of by a native agent, as in the other cases."

The facts of a similar kind that attest the extent to which the mind of the reader is polluted by Indian popular books and songs, are only too abundant.

It is gratifying to find that considerable progress has been made in supplying books of a suitable kind.

PRACTICAL PAPER.

LOVEST THOU ME.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

It is very necessary that all disciples, even the most privileged, the most talented, and the most famous, should often be asked the question, hear it in their souls, and feel its thrilling intensity, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?"

It must have been momentous indeed, or the Saviour would not have repeated it to Peter three times at one interview. He tarried on earth but forty days after his resurrection. These opportunities for conference, therefore, with his disciples would be few. On what subjects, then, should he speak to them but those which appeared to him of the weightiest import? Of the times or the seasons that must presently transpire, he refrains to divulge a secret. With the fulfilment of ancient predictions that prompted the curiosity of the Jew, or the solution of metaphysical problems that harrassed the minds of Gentile philosophers, he did not meddle. I neither find him interpreting obscure prophecy nor expounding mystic doctrine; but instead thereof I do find him inculcating personal piety. The question he propounds is of such vital importance that all other questions may be set aside till this one question is positively settled, "Lovest thou me?"

Hence, beloved, I infer that it is of infinitely more consequence for me to know that I love Christ than it is to know the meaning of the little horn, or the ten toes, or the four great beasts. All Scripture is profitable to those who have grace to profit by it; but wouldst thou both save thyself and them that hear thee, thou must know him

and love him to whom patriarchs, prophets, and apostles all bear witness that there is salvation in none other, and no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved. You may whet your appetite for logic, but you cannot with your heart believe unto righteousness while you occupy your thoughts, your tongues, or your pens wrangling about Calvinism and Arminianism, sublapsarianism and supralapsarianism, or any of the endless controversies of the schoolmen and sectarian! "Lovest thou me?" that is the moot point. Canst thou give an affirmative answer? Will thy conscience, thy life, thy God attest the verity of thy love to him; then, though thou be no doctor of divinity, though thou canst not decipher the niceties of systematic theology, though thou art unable to rebut one in a thousand of the subtleties of the adversary, yet thou hast an unction from the Holy One; thy love approves thee; thy faith has saved thee; and he whom thy soul loveth will keep thee; for time and for eternity thou art blessed. To my mind, I say, the gravity of the question is palpable from the time at which it was put. During the few days of our risen Lord's sojourn, he would not have given it such distinct prominence had it not been in Peter's case the evidence of his repentance, his restoration, and the full recognition he received.

But, brethren, what question can more closely appeal to ourselves, to each one of us? Love is one of the most vital of the Christian graces. If faith be the eye of the soul, without which we cannot see our Lord savingly, surely love is the very heart of the soul, and there is no spiritual life if

love be absent. I will not say that love is the first grace, for faith first discovers that Christ loves us, and then we love him because he first loved us. Love may be second in order, but it is not second in importance. I may say of faith and love that these are like two roses that are twins; or rather of faith, and hope, and love, that these are three divine sisters who mutually support one another; the health of one betokening the vigour of all, or the decline in one the weakness of all. "Lovest thou me?" Why, the question means, Are you a Christian? Are you a disciple? Are you saved? For, if any man love wife, or child, or house more than Christ he is not worthy of him. Christ must have from every one of his disciples the heart's warmest affection, and where that is not freely accorded depend upon it there is no true faith, and consequently no salvation, no-spiritual life.

O, what searching of heart this question demands! Do not flatter yourselves with any false confidence. Many persons have been deceived upon this matter. Alas! they are partial judges, who sit in judgment of themselves, for every defect they have an excuse; they find mitigating circumstances to palliate their basest crimes. No marvel to me, but infinite pity for them that they choose their own delusions and become the dupes of their own infatuation. Their feelings, enlivened by the music of a hymn or impassioned by the fervor of a sermon, they mistake for an inspiration of faith and love; and when the emotions pass off, as they quickly do, they grow loud in their professions. At first their own hearts were deceived; at length they

practice deception on others. O, ye church members! I beseech you, do not conclude that you are members of the invisible church because you are members of the visible church. Though your names may be inscribed on the roll of the faithful here, do not be too sure that they are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Never take your position before God for granted. Do not shrink from a rigid scrutiny as those who never dare ask the question; do not disparage self-examination like those who affect to think it is the devil sets them to the task when he would beset them with legal terrors. Believe me, Satan is too fond of lulling you into presumption to aid or abet in awakening you to make sure of your condition. There is a gross infatuation which is the counterfeit of faith in God. Its credulous victims believe a lie, and fondly they cling to it like limpets to a rock. But sound believers are not afraid of vigilant self-examination, they are prepared to endure a severer test; they say, "Search me, O God, and try me," It is your hollow dissemblers who resent all questionings, and take umbrage at any suspicions. The man who knows that he has pure gold to sell is not afraid of the aquafortis with which the goldsmith tests it, nor even of the crucible into which he may cast it. Not so the impostor who hawks a baser metal; he entreats you to be satisfied with his warranty, though it is worthless as his wares. "Search yourselves; examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves; know ye not that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

CONFESS YOUR SINS TO GOD.

The first thing I remember is the death of my own father. I was four years of age. My mother was soon taken sick, and my eldest brother ran away from home; all about the same time. Troubles never come singly. Day after day mother would send us a mile and a half to the post-office, to see if there were any letters from my runaway brother. She would often say, "Oh, could I hear that he was dead, it would be such a relief to me!" It seemed as if she loved him more than the rest of us. I remember hearing her pray, past midnight, "Oh God, bring back my boy! Bring him back, wherever he is!" She used to leave a vacant chair at the table for him. I can remember how her hair turned grey. Before I was a Christian I used to pray, "Send back that boy." One day a stranger was seen coming up the hill. He came up with arms folded, looking at my mother. She said, "Oh, my son, is it possible that you have come home? Come in!" "No mother," he said, "not until you forgive me." She rushed to his arms, and forgave him! But, my friends, this forgiveness is nothing to the sin that your heavenly Father wants you to confess to Him. Oh, may you be wise to come to Him now, while God is willing.—*D. L. Moody.*

WHEN PHILIP HENRY was settled at Worthenbury, he sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthews, of Broad Oak. The father demurred, saying, that though Mr. Henry was an excellent preacher and a gentleman, yet he did not know from whence he came. "True," said the daughter; "but I know where he is

going, and I should like to go with him." Mr. Henry records in his diary, long after the happiness of the union, which was soon after consummated: "April 26, 1680. This day we have been married twenty years, in which time we have received of the Lord twenty thousand mercies. To God be glory!" Sometimes he writes: "We have been so long married, and never reconciled; *i. e.*, there never was any occasion for it." His advice to his children, with respect to their marriage, was:—"Please God, and please yourselves, and you will please me," and his usual compliment to his newly-married friends: "Others wish you all happiness. I wish you all holiness, and then there is no doubt but you will have all happiness."

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

Without any colouring of romance, or any exaggeration of fancy, it is so. Some real lives do, for some certain days or years, actually anticipate the happiness of heaven; and, I believe, if such perfect happiness is once felt by good people, (to the wicked it never comes,) its sweet effect is never wholly lost. Whatever trials follow; whatever pains, or sickness, or shades of death, the glory precedent still shines through, cheering the keen anguish, and tinging the deep cloud. I will go further. I do believe there are some human beings so born, so reared, so guided from a soft cradle to a calm and late grave, that no excessive suffering penetrates their lot, and no tempestuous blackness overcasts their journey. And often, these are not pampered, selfish beings, but Nature's elect, harmonious and benign; men and women mild with charity, kind

agents of God's kind attributes. . . . But it is not so for all. What then? His will be done; as done it surely will be, whether we humble ourselves to resignation or not. The impulse of creation forwards it: the strength of powers seen and unseen has its fulfilment in charge. Proof of a life to come must be given. In fire and in blood, if needful, must that proof be written. In fire and in blood do we trace the record throughout nature. In fire and in blood does it cross our own experience. Sufferer, faint not through terror of this burning evidence. Tired wayfarer, gird up thy loins; look upward, march onward. Pilgrims and brother mourners, join in friendly company. Dark through

the wilderness of this world stretches the way for most of us: equal and steady be our tread: be our cross our banner. For staff we have His promise, whose "word is tried; whose way is perfect:" for present hope His providence, "who gives the shield of salvation; whose gentleness makes great:" for final home His bosom, "who dwells in the height of heaven:" for crowning prize a glory, "exceeding and eternal." Let us so run that we may obtain: let us endure hardness as good soldiers: let us finish our course and keep the faith, reliant in the issue to come off more than conquerors: "Art Thou not from everlasting mine Holy One? WE SHALL NOT DIE!"—*Charlotte Brontë.*

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

STRAY ARROW.

Dr. Hodge, in describing the preaching of Dr. Archibald Alexander, gives the following illustration, which every Princeton student will appreciate:

"There was another peculiarity in Dr. Alexander's preaching. He would sometimes pause and give utterance to a thought which had no connection with his subject, and then resume the thread of his discourse. He seemed to think that these thoughts were given to him for a purpose, and he sent them forth as arrows shot at a venture. When a boy, I attended a service which he conducted in the old school house, which stood on the ground now occupied by the First Presbyterian Church. I sat in the back part of the room, on a shelf, with my feet dangling half-way to the floor. The Doctor suddenly paused in his address, and stretching out his arms to attract at-

tention, deliberately uttered this sentence, 'I don't believe a praying soul ever enters hell.' That bolt, I suspect, pierced more hearts than one. It may well be believed that more than one poor sinner in that little assembly said to himself, 'If that be so 'I will keep on praying while I keep on breathing.'"

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb,

to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice:—"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse, and carry him home; but the rogue replied: "I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so: "It is I,

Daher; I have got the horse, and am off with him."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear:—"Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped, as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment; then, springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY COOKE, D.D., LL.D.; by Professor J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D.; with Portrait and Plates. People's Edition, \$1.50. James Bain & Son, Toronto.

We do not claim for Dr. Cooke the title of "The Irish Liberator;" but if there be an order of men who are entitled to the name of "Liberators of their Country," Dr. Cooke is certainly entitled to a high place in the rank of such patriots.

The work to which God called this man was to purge the Presbyterianism of Ireland from the leaven of Rationalism. Rationalism entered the Irish Church about the beginning of the eighteenth century; just as it is at

this moment threatening to enter some of our Canadian Churches. "A few philosophic theologians," says Dr. Porter, "trained in Glasgow and Leyden, and indoctrinated with the peculiar views of Hoadly and Samuel Clarke, imagined they might believe and teach what they pleased, and yet remain ministers of the Church. No Church, they said, had a right to interfere with freedom of thought; therefore no Church had a right to impose a creed upon its ministers or members. . . . Such arguments might have been relevant had those who held them been engaged in organizing a new ecclesiastical society; but they were already members of a Church, one of whose fundamental

laws, as an original branch of the Church of Scotland, was subscription to the Westminster Confession. They had entered it willingly. No man had forced them to enter: no man forced them to remain. They knew its constitution, and they had freely vowed to maintain it. Yet now, when the question was mooted, they refused to acknowledge the Confession: they even refused to tell the Church Courts what doctrines they held, or what they rejected."

This "New Light" party formed themselves, in 1705, into an association, called the "*Belfast Society*." This was the germ that became afterwards a poisonous tree of great size; a tree that threatened for a time to overspread the north of Ireland with its baneful shadow.

The man to lay the axe to the root of this tree must be made, qualified, and directed by God. Every true apostle of God is, like him of the Gentiles, "separated from the mother's womb, as well as called by his grace," to the life-work to which God appoints him. Dr. Cooke's mother was a woman of remarkable energy and decision of character; "she was tall in stature, masculine in carriage, fluent in speech, keen and unsparing in sarcasm; she had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a memory of extraordinary tenacity." Meet nurse, one would say, for him whose task it was to go out with his sling and five stones from the brook, to do battle with the proud, boastful, contemptuous Arianism that, in his early days, lorded it in the Synod of Ulster. To him God gave also, in a high degree, a strong intellect and trenchant wit, with pungent satire, without which the highest talent would be of little avail among his keen-witted countrymen, in the debates with the clever and unscrupulous Arian leaders. But above all, God gave him the *truth*, warm from a

mother's lips and heart. "She taught me," he says, "that man is naturally corrupt; that Divine grace alone can quicken and renew; that the Spirit of God reigning in the heart and mind is the only source of right principles, and pure, practical morality." God gave him, also, a finished University education, as he gave Moses, Paul, Luther, Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and as he *generally*, though not without some exceptions, gives to the men he appoints to difficult work.

To write of how the work was *accomplished*, would far transcend our limits. That it was accomplished, and that (mainly through him) Presbyterianism in Ireland was saved from sinking, as it did in England the century before, into Unitarianism, is evidenced, not only in this Life, which we commend to our readers, but in the present position of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, an orthodox Church, strongly attached to the "*old paths*," and full of zeal and good deeds, having on its rolls over 100,000 communicants, 634 ministers, 37 Presbyteries (one of these in India), and contributing last year to the cause of God over 700,000 dollars. What would be the position of Presbyterianism in Ireland to-day, if Arianism and Rationalism had been allowed to reign in Ulster?

THE DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT
VINDICATED AGAINST RECENT ATTACKS.
By the Rev. Professor Watts, D.D.
Belfast. James Bain & Son, Toronto. 30 cents.

RESTORATIONISM; TWO SERMONS; by
the Rev. J. Carry, B.D., Port Credit.
Hart & Rawlinson, Toronto. 25 cents.

The eternal destiny of man is a subject fraught with deep interest to every one. It is well to see many inquiring what Reason and Revela-

tion say on this awful problem. As Reason says very little, our only guide in regard to what happens after death is the Bible. One thing is clear, that the estimate formed about sin, transgression, moral depravity, in the Bible, is very decided and intense. The remedy for sin, (the sufferings and death of the Eternal Son,) is in keeping with the Bible estimate of sin. And the doctrine of eternal punishment is in keeping with the awful grandeur of the sacrifice on Calvary. In regard to sin—its demerit, its atonement, its desert—the Bible is throughout consistent. The tendency of the modern conscience is to light views of sin, and light views of its punishment. It is therefore to be expected that writers should arise in our day to deny the doctrine of eternal punishment. To this denial the two pamphlets named above are an answer, although in a fashion very dissimilar.

What does Mr. Curry mean when he says "that final separation between the righteous and the wicked, is not made till Christ's second coming?" Is it then that there must be an intermediate state where good men and evil are now. Cain and Abel, the antediluvians, and Noah, Judas and Peter, waiting for the judgment, and in the meantime preparing themselves for it, with a chance for Judas and Cain to repent and find entrance to heaven? Is this the doctrine. That there is not only a *Limbus Puerorum* where the souls of infants unbaptized remain, a *Limbus Patrum*, where the fathers of the old Testament await the general resurrection, but also a *Limbus Fatuorum*, or fools paradise, the receptacle of the foolish and the vile, to whom the gospel is again preached after their rejection of it on earth? Though such a doctrine was found in the Articles of the church of England published in King Edward the VI's reign, it was wisely expunged from the xxxix Articles as

having no foundation in Scripture save one passage in I Peter iii. 18-21, which is saved from such an interpretation by the awful denunciation of sin, and impenitent sinners found in the context. Though Mr. Curry writes as an opponent of the Restoration Theory, he thus virtually surrenders the ground to the enemy. Of a different character is the Tractate of Professor Watt. While Mr. Curry concerns himself to much with the question, What say the Fathers, Mr. Watt asks, What say the Scriptures, and takes that for a settlement of the question as it is truly.

A CRITICAL GREEK AND ENGLISH CONCORDANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Prepared by Charles F. Hudson, under the direction of H. L. Hastings. James Bain & Son, Toronto. \$2.50.

The review of this book which should have appeared in our January number we gladly make room for now. It is an English Concordance of the New Testament; but it is more than that. By means of this little book a Bible Student who does not know a word of Greek can ascertain for example such a fact as this;—that the Greek word for CHASTISEMENT, Heb. xii. 8. is the same word that is translated NURTURE, Eph. vi. 4. INSTRUCTION, 2 Tim. iii. 16. Chastening, Heb. xii. 5, 7; or again this other interesting fact that the words "conclude" "counted" "reckoned" "imputed" "accounted," and esteemed (Rom. iii. 28., iv. 3, 4., viii 36., xiv 14.) were in the original the same Greek word. It is moreover a book that accomplished Greek scholars can study with profit, as is evidenced by the fact that it is in constant use in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, by the translators of the New Testament. Mr. Hastings has done an important service to the work of Bible study in publishing this book, and our wish is that a copy might be in the hand of every minister in Canada.