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NEWFOUNDLAND

Monthly Messenger.

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

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ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION IN QUEEN'S ROAD CHAPEL.

BY THE PASTOR.

BELoved BRETHREN,—I am happy to meet with you once more at the annual meeting of the church and congregation. It is usual for us on such occasions to review the work in which we have been engaged during the year, to note the evidences of success or failure, and to pledge ourselves to more earnest effort for the future. Surely we have much cause to be thankful to the Giver of all good for His continued kindness and love to us as a people. Life, and health, and friends, and earthly comforts have been spared and continued to us. While thousands have been called to pass through the valley of death, or the fires of affliction, our religious privileges have abounded. We have had line upon line, and precept upon precept.

These Divine favours lay us under solemn and weighty obligations. To us has much been given—much will be required.

God will shortly call us to render an account of our stewardship.

I am addressing some who have made no profession of religion, and I am firmly persuaded that the day of grace is nearly ended with many, therefore I cannot allow this opportunity to pass away without sounding another alarm, and giving one more gracious invitation in the name of the Lord.

It has been my earnest desire since I came among you to be clear of the blood of all men, that in the day of eternity none of you may be able to say, "If our minister had warned us faithfully, we would not now be numbered with the lost." If any harden their hearts and refuse the pardoning mercy of God, may their blood be on their own heads, not on the watchman's.

It is important that we should deal faithfully in such matters. Nothing is gained by concealment. It will not improve our condition to refuse a searching investigation. The fact that we need salvation must be faced at some time, and it will be beyond description awful if this is not done till the light of the Judgment Day makes manifest both your guilt and

doom. Be sure thy sin will find you out, is the plain teaching of the Word of God. If it does not find out the sinner in a world of mercy, it will in the regions of despair. None should trifle with eternal things; many have done so too long already, and but for the longsuffering of God, it might have been fatal trifling long since. There is a limit to even Divine forbearance, and some may be nearer that limit than they suppose.

It is thought by many of the wisest and best of our times that we are nearing a crisis in the history of our planet, when it shall be well with the righteous and ill with the wicked. Earth's foundations are insecure, but if we build upon the Rock of Ages, in the universal conflagration we shall lose nothing, but smile to see a burning world.

Therefore, my friends, delay not to be reconciled to God through Jesus Christ. But let me turn to the members of the church. You have made a public profession of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; you have been washed from all your sins in His precious blood; you have received the spirit of adoption whereby you cry, "Abba, Father"; you are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. These are high honours, glorious privileges. Have we esteemed them such? and do we walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called? The people of the world are watching our deportment, and they have a right to expect us to be very different in our spirit and walk. They expect us to be pure in our words, upright in conversation, just in our dealings, consistent in all things.

Have we done our duty to those who are without? Having ourselves got to a place of safety, have we laboured to induce others to seek the same refuge? If we are true Christians, we cannot be unconcerned about the perishing around us, many of whom are members of our own families. We need much grace to be true witnesses for our Lord when so much depends upon our testimony. While I speak thus I rejoice that many have given proof of growing zeal and devotion to the service of God. Their constant attendance at the prayer-meetings, the Lord's table, and the public services of the sanctuary, their efforts in the Sunday-school, and in other departments of the church's work, all evince their growth in Divine grace. I have had the hearty co-operation of most members of the church

in every undertaking that has for its object the spread of Scriptural holiness and the well-being of our fellow-men.

There is also a marked increase in the attendance at the public services, both on the Lord's Day and on week evenings.

I have received into the fellowship of the church a larger number than any previous year of my ministry, except 1873.

Death has been reaping his harvest too. Four aged members of the church have fallen asleep in Jesus during the year—R. Mathews, J. H. Collett, Mrs. Burridge, and Mrs. Nickles. These all died in faith. "They are not lost, but gone before." Every year adds some to the death roll. Who next is marked to fall? Whose name will be mentioned next year as numbered with the dead? This is known only to Him who knoweth all things. But let each ask, Is it I? Am I prepared? I feel that I have much cause to be profoundly grateful to my Heavenly Father for the pleasant and profitable intercourse we have had in the past. Nothing has arisen to mar the harmony of our meetings, and now at the expiration of ten years, as your pastor I can look upon many evidences of substantial progress. The church-roll is three times as large, the congregation is more than double; so is the Sunday-school. We have three earnest missionaries at work in the island, and a fourth preparing for service. We have schools both in the city and in the outposts, and through the blessing of God every year we have been used of God in the conversion of precious souls to Him. To His great name we ascribe all the glory for ever and ever.

If you are faithful to your trust in the future, the great Head of the Church will doubtless make the Church a centre of light and power in this land. Be ready and willing to make sacrifices for Him, but let us do all as unto the Lord, and not to men; and let us be content to wait for our full reward when our heavenly Master returns to earth.

OUR MEETINGS.—No. VII.

THE VISITATION SOCIETY.

This very useful society is presided over by the pastor, who has for his committee the deacons, the members of the church committee, and the whole of the district and sick visitors. The district visitors number twenty-one, and the sick visitors three, exclusive of the Bible nurse, who is a very real and present help in time of sickness and trouble. Its members also consist of a superintendent, a treasurer, a librarian, a secretary, and a very necessary collector, since the society is entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions, and an annual collection in the chapel.

Under the leadership of their superintendent, the visitors meet in the chapel every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, whence, having asked God's blessing on their labours, they depart, each going a separate way to his or her district, bearing tracts, which they exchange for those left on the previous Sabbath, giving little books to the children at home, and entering freely into conversation with the parents and others, whom they earnestly desire to draw to the Saviour. By this means many never in the habit of attending a place of worship have become regular attendants, and some have been rescued from paths of sin and shame, and

become new creatures in Jesus Christ; others who have not yet been led to Christ have forsaken many evil courses, and become clean, respectable, and decent in their persons, homes, and habits, and ways of life: while many, very many, gladly look forward to the Sunday afternoon visit, and the new tract.

The worn condition of the tracts, and the general knowledge of them shown by the people, prove them in almost every instance to have been read, or heard read, while such of the children who do not attend a Sabbath-school anxiously look for their little book or card, and express their gratitude, not only in the usual "thank you," but by their sparkling eyes and smiling faces, for to many of them, probably, this is the only little kindness they meet with in their early rough, hard lives. Especially is this the case where the father or mother is a drunkard, or the latter a slattern; too often there are angry words, a kick, or a cuff, the reward of their little efforts to amuse themselves, or be useful, and the street becomes not only their only playground, but their refuge from violence.

The sick visitors do not confine their ministrations to the Sabbath; they visit their poor patients in the week as often as time and circumstances permit, bearing with them much to alleviate their sufferings, or comfort them in their infirmities; and now that we have a Bible nurse they receive constant attention, until they are either removed to another world, or in God's love and mercy restored to health. Many have cause to be thankful for a bed of sickness and suffering, since it was there that God met them, and revealed unto them their lost and ruined condition, and Jesus as their Mighty Saviour, able and willing to save.

At short intervals during the winter most of those visited receive invitations to a musical or other entertainment in the schoolroom, during which only two short addresses are allowed. These entertainments are highly appreciated, and 500 or more usually attend. At first a bountiful tea was given unto them, but this privilege was so shamelessly abused by some that it was obliged to be discontinued, and these entertainments substituted.

During last year 467½ quartern loaves were distributed by the visitors among the poorest and starving; fifty of the sick were provided with letters, which enabled them to obtain medical advice and medicine from one of the dispensaries, free of charge; 7,000 small books were given to the children, several hundred pamphlets to the adults, and 500 tracts circulated. Pecuniary help to the amount of £9 19s. 6d. was distributed in small sums to those who were ill or in great want; dinners provided for many of the very poor, or those recovering from illness, and requiring nourishing food; and at Christmas, through the kindness of a gentleman, 137 half-hundredweights of coals were sent to make glad and cheerful that number of homes.

Did space permit, many interesting particulars might be told of individual cases of good done and received; but their record is on high, and well known to Him who delights to see His children about their Father's business, and would have them go out into the highways and hedges, the back lanes, fever dens, and alleys of our cities, and by gentle force and persuasion compel all to come in, that His heart, His house, His home, may be full of those whom His dear Son died to save.

H. D. ISACKE.

THOUGHTS FROM THE FATHERS.

WE are too prone to seek our happiness in the creature, and to take more delight in the enjoyment of outward delights than in the enjoyment of God.

Sin will never leave thee so long as thou art in the body, and will never be got out till the vessel be broken; as it was with the vessel of earth defiled with leprosy, it behoved to be broken—no washing or scouring would do.

Labour to die to this life, the enjoyments and comforts of it, more and more every day; loose thy rooting in this world, and the tree will fall the more easily. Lie with Christ in thy arms and a promise in thy hand.

Know ye not, drooping saints, that there is a seed of enjoyment in all your disappointments. There is a sun under your cloud, your light shall shine out of obscurity, there is a harvest of joy in your tears, ye may have sown light in your darkness, faith under your doubtings, hope under your fears, and these in due time shall bring forth light.

JOHN SPALDING, 1690.

Loose professors are soon shaken off, and dead fish swim with the stream.

The more we desire holiness, the more ripe for heaven. This is a rule. The nearer we are to any good our hearts are set upon, the more impatient are we in the want of it.

If we will find the sin and disposition of heart, God will find the occasion; and a man that hath a commodity to put off (faith and a good conscience) will soon find a chapman to truck with him.

The promises of God are so many bonds wherein He stands bound to us; and these bonds may be put in suit, and His people have liberty and confidence to ask what He hath promised them.

The way to be fervent is to be frequent and often with God. A key seldom turned rusts in the lock. The fire of the sanctuary was never to go out; by great interruptions we lose what we have wrought. "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright."

THOMAS MANTON, 1677.

Christ, in the Gospel, calls out of heaven to sinners by that very name, and tells them He hath salvation for them if they will believe Him. Nor doth He stand upon what sins, less or more, greater or smaller; so as none can say they are not called on, and proffered salvation, be they never so sinful.

The comeliness of Christ in the Gospel is a most desirable comeliness for the sons of men to love; it is the glory of the only begotten Son of God, full of grace, the sweetest object for those in misery to delight in. This is that beloved which is more than another beloved.

God takes us into covenant, not upon any condition in us before; He brings with Him Christ, and in Him all the conditions, and makes us as He would have us; not for the covenant, but in it, or under it; we are not His people before He be our God first. "I will make a new covenant with thee. You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

JOHN SALTMARSH, 1647.

God will have His children live by faith, as well for the preservation of their bodies as for the salvation of their souls. He will try hereby whether they that say they depend upon Him for the greater, will trust Him in the lesser. And God liketh to see and hear His children off in His presence. He hath, therefore, so ordered it, that their necessary occasions shall bring them before Him day by day.

Make no question what can God do, for He can do anything but this one, to deny Himself, and cease to be infinite—this He cannot do; and remember always that God's glory is the chiefest good; man's life, yea, man's salvation, is to be set behind it, which made Moses to wish rather to have his name blotted out of God's Book, than that God should be dishonoured by the Egyptians. Who would say, if God destroyed the Israelites in the wilderness, that for mischief He did bring them out to slay them.

HENRY SCUDDER, 1590.

Let me tell thee, poor trembling soul, God invites thee in particular, as by name, and all the sweetness in Christ, and in His precious promises, appertaining to thy poor soul; and thou hast as great an interest in them as any servant of God in the world whatsoever.

There was never any saved that was not a rebel first; nor any received to mercy that first opposed not the mercies of God, and His grace in Christ. The fiery serpents did sting the people in the wilderness. First, then, they were stung, and, being stung, there was a brazen serpent to heal them.

As you desire the comfort of your souls, and to partake of that rich grace that is in Christ; as you desire to have the rich promises of the Gospel put over to you, as ever you would have the Lord Jesus Christ a guest to your souls; you are entreated to give your souls no content till you have your eyes so opened to see your sins, that you may be convicted of them.

THOMAS HOOKER, 1647.

Thou that art running to God, and waiting on Him for an issue of thy pressures, and see no appearances of the day breaking, but rather that the night groweth darker, do not think that it will be aye so; do not follow out thy work and task as a hopeless undertaking; follow not Christ as Thomas did, to die with Him, but sow in hope, thy expectation shall not be cut off—then will be a performance of the things promised thee from the Lord.

There is no condition of the saints so low, no pit so deep, wherein they can be caught, but an humble suppliant will from thence reach the throne. A David buried quick in a cave, a Daniel in the lion's den, find that prayer can win up to God, and find audience, for the high and lofty One, who hath the heaven for His throne, and the earth for His footstool, hath an eye to them also who are of a poor and contrite spirit, and therefore no desperate case of the people of God renders prayer useless.

GEORGE HUTCHESON, 1691.

God never armeth His creatures in vain; He never sendeth them out to do His errand, that they return empty; but as He directeth them, so they accomplish His direction.

By the name of God is understood God Himself, as He maketh Himself known in the wonderful works which He worketh; as when He hath mercy on His Church, He is called a merciful God; when He keepeth His promises, He is called a true God; when He delivereth mightily, He is called a potent God. And so many works as He worketh, so many names He hath.

It is a matter of great consequence to subdue and tame the great idol of evil will. We may speak of it as we please, and say that we are able to do it, but of all the works of the earth it is the greatest; for such is the stubbornness of our will, that it will do nothing but what it liketh itself. The perfection of a Christian standeth in striving; we must either strive, or we shall not be crowned.

ROBERT BRUCE, 1631.

As Jacob smelled sweetly in Isaac's sight, when he came clothed with his elder brother's garment, they only then are acceptable to God, both in their persons and prayers, who are in Christ Jesus.

The cause that so few see Christ, the true Solomon, in His spiritual glory, beauty, and majesty, and be enamoured with Him, to seek after Him and delight in Him, is this—that they have never learned to go forth out of themselves, renouncing their own righteousness, evil, and corruption.

The two main temptations whereby Satan seeks to alienate or draw away our hearts from the love of Christ and His truth, and make us quit the same, are, on the one hand, the waters and floods of trouble and persecution; and if these cannot serve the turn, then the allurements of worldly riches which overcame Judas, and wherewith he tempted Christ himself, showing Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory thereof.

WILLIAM GUILD, 1657.

Believers are never more beautiful in Christ's eyes than when their own spots are discernible to themselves; and oftentimes when they are sharpest in censuring themselves, He is most ready to absolve and commend them.

Must not Christ be lovely when His people get eyes to see Him? And must it not be a heartsome life to be in heaven, where they behold Him, who is fair and lovely, as He is, and have their eyes fixed on Him for ever; when He is so beautiful even hereaway; when we see Him but darkly through a glass, and much of His beauty is veiled from our eyes?

JAMES DURHAM, 1656.

THE SECRET OF FAILURE.

BY REV. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

"Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."—Matthew xvii. 19, 20.

THERE was a want of faith on both sides. It was not only in the disciples but in the father of the child. Granted, that our Lord says "your unbelief," yet that in no wise affects the force of our argument. The unbelief of the father required the higher faith of the disciples, which was wanting. Let us for a moment or two look at the difficulty their little faith met in the father. He was a doubter. Before Jesus uttered a word of rebuke to His disciples, he said to him, "Oh, faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? Bring him hither to me." It is worthy of note also, that before he received the longed-for blessing, his faith had to grow. Mark, in his account of this miracle, records the fact, that before the devil was cast out of the lad a confession of faith was drawn from the father's lips. "Lord," said he, "I believe, help thou my unbelief." Jesus said unto him, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible."

Here then was one cause of the failure. *The disciples with little faith were trying to bless a man with less.* Ah, friends, there is such a thing as unbelief in the pew as well as in the pulpit! many a man is more to be pitied than criticised for his want of visible success. He is suffering through the sins of others. Possessed of only very ordinary faith himself, he is no match for a people possessed of far less. Backed up by a praying and believing people he might do something, but his little spark of faith falling on the wet blanket of their unbelief fails to scorch it, much less dry and burn it through. Remember, that it is said of the peerless preacher, "He could there do no mighty work because of their unbelief." Is it any marvel then, that surrounded by unbelief, some of his disciples can do no work at all? Oh, my hearers, whilst willing to take the giant's share of unbelief, I ask you if you are all clear in the matter? Though we have had conversions by the score, might we not have had them by the hundred had I my want of faith not been supplemented by your unbelief? But there can be no question that the chiefest hindrance to success was their own personal lack of faith. Had their belief been anywhere near perfection it would have triumphed over his unbelief, it would have laid hold upon the rugged tops of his mountain of doubts, plucked it up by the roots, and said, "Be thou cast into the sea." The faith that can triumph over others' unbelief, is faith of the highest kind. Alas, how few possess it! The faith of the majority is of that ordinary kind, that does very well in company, but is powerless when alone. Most logs will burn with tolerable brightness in a heap, but it is only occasionally you come across one so full of turpentine that it will flare and blaze away solitary and unassisted by other fires. So with Christians. But when do you come across such a one it is worth while to stop and look. You may well turn aside to see this great sight, for be sure that when a bush burns by itself in a wilderness, God is in the midst of it.

Nothing short of an in-dwelling God can keep a lonely saint blazing, yet unconsumed. I know of no grander sight under heaven than that of a man "believing down" all opposition and forcing his way through every obstacle by the sheer force of faith. A man whose confidence in God rises with every difficulty like the sea-gull on the wave; a man who sweeps along the most lethargic in his course, and by the power of his own momentum, draws others after him as an express train does the withered leaves that lie between the rails;—such a man is a grand man. Heaven works with him. Earth wonders at him. Hell dreads him. The disciples were not possessed yet of this all-conquering faith. They doubted, feared, and consequently failed. Perhaps the very appearance of the lad, and the more than usual ferocity of the fiend, staggered them. They only *hoped* he would come out when commanded. They took into account probable failure, and that paralysed their power. Any way, their faith fell short, and rendered them unable to cope with the difficulty. They lacked just one thing, and that was—not discipleship, not position, not propriety, but power. That power was lacking through want of faith. That faith was lacking through want of prayer and fasting.

Fellow-workers for Jesus, hear this word: We must have faith in our work if it is to result in anything more than miserable failure. We may be active even to restlessness, and

enthusiastic even to fanaticism; but if we lack faith our activity will be useless, and our enthusiasm worthless. Devils fear faith, nothing else. We must believe in the power of our God to cast out any and every unclean spirit. Never look upon any sinner as too far gone a case for sovereign mercy, and never preach or teach the truth as a kind of "forlorn hope." Believe in the power of God to change the most raging lion into the gentlest of lambs, and go to work under the inspiration of that belief. Believe in the actual presence of your Lord, and speak as one who sees him. I doubt not that this was one cause of the disciples' failure. They thought of him as absent, and often sighed, "Oh would that he was close at hand!" He was. But they knew it not. He who goes to God's work with the Lord no nearer to him than heaven's throne will never go with power. But faith sees him at its right hand, and goes into the battle side by side with its lord. It is he who fights in consciously Divine company that fights best. We must believe also that results shall follow. The faith that wins the day is the faith that shouts "Victory" before the sword is drawn! This is the kind of faith Jehoshaphat had when he went to meet in battle the children of Ammon and Moab and Mount Seir. The Lord had said to him, "Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours but God's. Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord, for he will be with you." Well, what did the king do? He took (God at his word, and never doubted the result. He placed in front of the army, not his most experienced swordsmen, or his most unerring archers, but his sweetest singers. They were not to intone a prayer, but chant a note of triumph, "Praise the Lord." The whole army files before the king and he gives them an inspiring word. What is it? Listen! "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper." Thus the whole army went forth determined to believe down the enemy. Who wonders at the result? They were three days, not fighting the foe but gathering the spoil, and on the fourth day they rested in the valley of Berachah, which, being interpreted, is the valley of blessing.

As it was then, so is it now, and ever will be. They who go to God's work singing in the full confidence of victory shall always gather spoil, and rejoice in the valley of blessing. But how is this high kind of faith to be obtained? We purpose giving the answer to that question this evening, when we hope to preach on the more difficult text, "This kind cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting." Suffice it to say, that extraordinary power, or power over extraordinary difficulties—the two are one and the same—can only be obtained by the use of extraordinary means. The ordinary, world-mixing Christian is incapable of any high service. He may do for sitting on committees, acting as secretary, or looking after the secular affairs of the Church; but bring him face to face with a possessed man and he is powerless. The highest style of work calls for the highest faith, and high faith is inseparable from a high life of communion.

The secret of power with others is heart elevation. Staying at Hastings a few months since I was much interested in watching the building of a breakwater just opposite my lodgings. It was done by driving massive piles of wood into the shingle. They were driven by a huge mass of metal being let fall upon them from a great height. True, the blows were not very quick one upon another, for it took some time to raise the weight to the necessary elevation; but when it did fall it accomplished something. Now suppose an on-looker had suggested that time was being wasted in hauling the herculean hammer up, and had offered to tap the iron-bound pile with a child's spade, saying, "He could give a hundred taps to the one blow." what would have been thought of his suggestion? It would have been laughed to scorn, and he would have been told that one of their blows would do more than a whole century of his tapping; that there was no waste of time in raising the iron thunderbolt, for the power of its blow was in proportion to the height from which it fell. So believe, your power and mine to affect men is in exact proportion to the elevation of our soul-life, and this elevation can only be obtained by secret communion with God, and abstinence from all that panders to the flesh and hinders the Spirit's fellowship. Oh for a higher ambition to be made meet for the Master's use! a more intense longing for that secret power with God in private, that shall make us more than conquerors over hell in public! The Lord give us faith that shall overcome the unbelief of others, and clothe us with power to cast out devils, for his dear Name's sake! Amen.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY REV. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.

OUR anticipations of a start in the morning were doomed to disappointment. The weather was bitter cold, thermometer 41deg. in the evening, and during the night below 32deg. It snowed much of the afternoon, and all night the wind blew fiercely. Fearing our tents might be blown down by the gale, some of us arose and dressed to be prepared for the worst. We escaped without damage, but passed a comfortless night. Think of coming out of heat 80deg. in the shade into rigorous winter within a few days! This was an experience for the 19th of March, and gives an idea of the height of these mountains, and the extreme changes to which the whole region is subject.

March 20, I arose refreshed by a good night's sleep. Our mattresses from the tents were spread upon the divans, and made very comfortable beds. We were again informed we could not move.

The next morning (21st) we breakfasted early, and bade farewell to the convent. As we rode slowly off the full importance of the transaction which had here taken place more than three thousand years before, when the world was yet in comparative infancy, began to open out and to bind me to the place with a strange spell. Taking what there is every reason for thinking was the route of the children of Israel, we rode down Wady es Sheik—the same by which our pack train had entered Sinai—till we came to Wady Suweirah. For two and a-half hours Wady es Sheik is a broad, level plain, capable of accommodating large multitudes of people and cattle. Our way now lay northward. Winding by a rough path, Nagb Suweirah, over ledges of rock, we came out upon a rolling plain, which is the watershed between the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah. Crossing this, requiring about two hours, we came to the beginning of Wady Sa'al, which lies between the Fe'ra ranges of mountains.

The next day, being Sunday, was spent quietly. We had devotional services in the forenoon, the Rev. Mr. Dobbs preaching from Num. xxxiii. 48—50, "Moses on Mount Nebo." The day was bright, and passed happily. Its hours were busied with writing, talks of home and friends, discussions on the endlessly disputed points of Rephidim, the rock in Horeb, etc., or short strolls over the wide and beautiful wady.

Early on the morning of March 23 we had the first rain since the beginning of February. We were slow in getting started. The weather was showery till noon. In about four hours we reached Erweis el Eberig (Kibroth-hattaavah), the first stopping-place of the Israelites after leaving the Desert of Sinai. Num. xxxiii. 16. Here the people complained of the dry manna and lusted for flesh, and the quails were sent. The plague broke out among them, and thousands died, hence the name, "because there they lusted the people that lusted." Num. xi. 31—35. From er Sa'al we entered Wady Hebeibeh. As we emerged from this we came upon a low, wide sandy plain—Debbet er Rameh. We were again in the sandstone formations. Thus it seems that the same formations—limestone, sandstone, and granite in parallel lines—sweep across from Egypt through this desert; and, indeed, as we afterward found, through the mountains of Edom.

At half-past five o'clock p.m. we encamped at Herimat Haggag, an immense sandstone rock rising in successive layers, on which are inscriptions in Hebrew and Arabic, and figures of animals, evidently the work of pilgrims. We had travelled from eight to nine hours, making about twenty miles, and descended one hundred feet. The atmosphere was still very chilly; indeed, we had had no really comfortable weather since entering the Sinaitic range.

We resumed the journey early in the morning. Within an hour we came to a notch or cleft in the hills, looking through which, as a gateway, a deep gorge opened before us, in the centre of which stands a lovely grove. This is 'Ain Hudhera, the Hazeroth of Scripture, the third resting-place, if Taborah (Num. xi. 3) be counted one, of Israel after leaving Mount Sinai. We sent our camels around, as they could not go through this narrow, precipitous opening, and we descended to the grove.

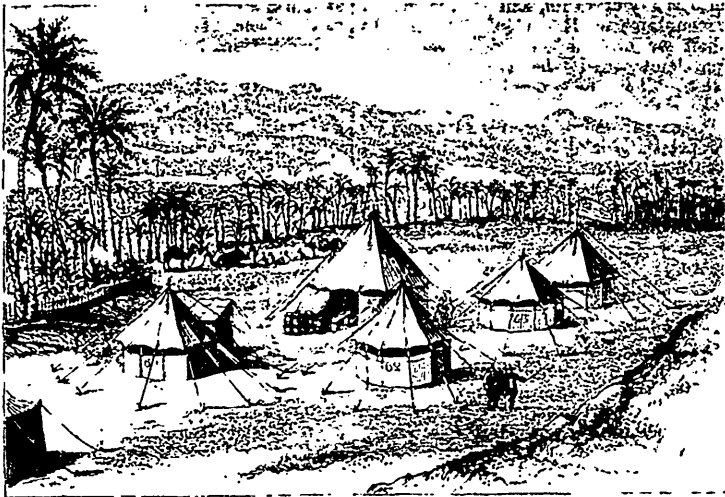
It was at Hazeroth that "Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married:" and a domestic blemish, whereby the dignity of the so recently elevated family was tainted, was, in their opinion, cause grave enough for them to question his official authority. It was a pleasant spot for Israel's encampment, this whole valley presenting, in its soft, warm enclosure, a marked contrast with the cold, rugged aspect of Er Rahah or es Sheik, around Mount Sinai.

The name Hazeroth, now Hudhera, means inclosure; and this is one of the strongest arguments for the identification of the locality. It lies on the most natural route from Sinai to the great valley of the Arabah. It is evident, also, that tradition has long regarded this site as Hazeroth from the indications that it was once occupied by a colony of monks. The main body of the children of Israel probably followed Wady Ghazaleh to its junction with Wady Hudhera, and then turned up and encamped between the junction and the fountain above.

On moving from the junction of Wadies Hudherah and Ghazaleh we turned abruptly to the right through Wady Weter, following it in an easterly direction. About two p.m. we came to a kind of narrow gateway, where the mountains rise almost perpendicularly to a great height; from thence the valley is more confined until it runs into Wady el 'Ain.

In the morning I was up early, but somehow did not get dressed before our tent was coming down about my head. Dr. Harvey and I went on in advance. After a walk of two hours we mounted our camels. About three and a-half hours brought us in sight of the sea. The mountains of Arabia, in their dim, grey outlines, first came into view, and then the blue quiet waters of the gulf. Through a rocky pass we debouched upon a gravelly reach, at least a mile distant directly from the shore. As we rode toward the beach no sign of life was to be seen except the play of the waves—no boat, no commerce, as when the keels of Solomon and his successors cleaved these waters on their voyages hither and thither in traffic with the great Tarshish of the East. Now all was still and dead. We came at noon to 'Ain Nuweibi'a, nine hours distant from 'Ain Hudhera, where is a small spring of brackish water, a depression in the ground, some palm trees, and a few Bedawin houses.

March 26. A mist overhung the sea and clung to the sides of the Arabian hills. We passed Wady Suweirah and pitched our lunch tent close by the sea, and soon discussed our n. a



Our Camp at Akabah.

meal. In the afternoon we passed some rough places between projecting rocks and the sea. Hammera took a drink of salt water; one draught was enough. The camels had no water since we left Wady el Ain, and very little succulent vegetable food. When they have plenty of green herbage they can go a long time without drinking.

The next morning, while the camels went around back of Point Huweimrat, we all walked along the beach, revelling in the sights which nature has thrown together in such endless variety. I had really expected to find Akabah a place of some importance, but it is a wretched village, situated in a beautiful palm grove at the north-east extremity of the gulf. It consists of a small cluster of rude stone houses, with a few fenced gardens ranging along the gulf, watered by the shaduf, in which grow, in addition to the date-palm, onions and other vegetables. The central figure is the old fortress, about two hundred and fifty feet square, built, as Burckhardt informs us, by an Egyptian ruler in the sixteenth century.

Sunday, March 29. Public religious services were held at ten a.m. Dr. Chambers preached on the death of Aaron. Num. xx. 23, 29. Our surroundings were not so favourable for religious observances as usual, but general quiet prevailed. I spent the afternoon reading and writing.

On the morning of Thursday, April 2, bright and early, the camp was stirring, and at a quarter-past nine a.m. we were in the saddle and on our way. Instead of following the Wady Arabah as far as Wady Gharandel, and approaching Petra from the south-west, the route usually taken by travellers, we turned eastward into Wady el I'thm, and thence moved northward, with the mountains of Edom on our left. In about an hour and a-half we had fairly got into the wady, with Jebel Barghir, sometimes called Jebel Nur, or "Mountain of Light," on our left. The same general range to which it belongs lay also on the right, sweeping down into Arabia, and diminishing in height as it recedes. As we advanced we approached nearer to Jebel Barghir or Nur, and going on we halted at half-past three p.m. on a plain lying north-west of the mountain.

The next day the ride was through the undulating plain of Humeiyumeh, amid beds of poppies and daisies, and barley-fields. The great mountains towered on either side, their lower slopes beginning to show signs of verdure; and ever and anon, as we rode, we were entertained by the flight and whistling of quails near our pathway.

Sunday, April 5. It was judged prudent to travel. The Arabs had only recently been at war among themselves, and one sheik was exceedingly afraid while in another sheik's territory, and this made them restless and eager to go forward. Our road was up and down, delving through chasms and over shelving rocks, until it dipped into a deep valley where were several sheep-cotes and some shrubbery. A Bedawy shot and brought in a quail. These birds seemed to be very abundant at this point. An ascent of about thirty minutes brought us to 'Ain Daltageh, where was a fall stream, and a grassy, sheltered spot amid the rugged and barren waste. It had been agreed in the morning that, if practicable, we should have Divine service at noon; and so there, without shade or cover, we sang and prayed and preached. As the conduct of the service fell to my lot, and it was Easter Sunday, I preached on the Resurrection of Christ.

One or two ascents and descents, and then a long, tedious climb, and we were at el Sasies, "the Summit," and all at once the panorama of Wady Arabah, Wady Musa, Jebel Huran (Mount Hor), Jebel Sherah, and Jebel Wady Musa, spread out before us. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Unfortunately the wind was blowing a gale, and it was impossible fully to enjoy it. We encamped at Buttin 'Ain er Ragaffe—the Butting of Murray. (.) The large fountain, a deep, broad, rock-built reservoir near by, gives the name. Mount Hor was full in view as daylight closed. Our height was three thousand feet—the highest point at the summit is three thousand five hundred feet.

And what a day was now before us! We were on the great range which separates Edom from the Eastern Desert; not high enough, however, to see toward the east. But, as winding along the westerly slope of this huge mountain, we looked westward, the scenery, I may safely say, surpassed anything for variety and grandeur I had yet seen. Far away, as far as the eye could see, glittering in white wavy outlines, were the Tih Mountains; below them, and distinctly visible, was the broad green valley of the Arabah; on the left was the head of the Saerah range, falling away toward the south; directly in front Mount Hor stood out, with its double ostel-

lated head, so distinctly defined from all surrounding mountains as to have led, from the first mention of it in history, to the appellation, The Mount; just under us was Wady Musa winding in its deep, wall-like course, cut here and there by mighty chasms, its red sandstone toned to the utmost softness as the early morning sun threw a mellow light upon its jagged forms; and immediately ahead was Jebel Wady Musa, rugged and stern, standing, as it had stood for ages, a great watch-tower over the city.

We ascended around the shoulder of Jebel Wady Musa. I noticed several waterfalls, and some gnarled old trees hugging the rocks. The general character of the rock of this mountain is limestone, with occasionally granite and porphyritic streaks. The party ahead followed the path down to the village Elju, inhabited by the Fellahin of Wady Musa; while Dr. Chambers, Dr. Vail, and myself sent our camels on and descended on foot directly into Wady or Sik. The wady takes its rise a short distance above the village Elju, near which is a spring that chiefly supplies the water which flows through its bed.

HITS AT HAP-HAZARD.

FROM A BOW DRAWN AT A VENTURE.

BY QUINTUS QUARLES.

"A ROLLING stone gathers no moss," says an old and well-worn proverb, which, like many another old saw, has a double interpretation, each being widely opposed to the other. If we are to take it for granted that moss is a desirable thing to gather, and that no stone is either happy or respectable without it, then the moral is altogether in favour of a steady and continuous adherence to one location, and condemns *in toto* that restless and vagrant condition of mind and body that "never continues in one stay." And, without question, the aged maxim has in it a very salutary lesson, regarded from this particular point of view. Perpetual changes are perpetual checks on both prosperity and peace, for he who is "here to-day and there to-morrow" is generally "nowhere" the day after that. "At it, and keeping at it," will either dig a mine or scale a mountain, but "in and out and round about" results in nothing but languid limbs and labour lost. "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee," as Poor Richard says, but if you try to keep a dozen shops, one after the other, in a dozen different places, you will have to shut up shop, and be yourself shut up into the bargain. "Three removes are as bad as a fire," for in all probability there will be precious little left to remove when the fourth change is contemplated. The man who is continually changing his mind ends in having no mind at all, and then, of course, he "settles down," either at Colney Hatch or Hanwell, and the "moss" he "gathers" is neither useful nor ornamental. Fools are fond of flitting, wise men of sitting, and by dint of patience, push, and perseverance, the latter can "lie down in peace and plenty," while the former are the shuttlecocks of fortune, to be knocked about by the battledore of circumstances, and find no rest for the soles of their feet.

This restless hankering after change is as mischievous and as common in the religious world as it is in temporal affairs, and results in equal leanness of flesh and poverty of spirit. There is a superabundance of religious gypsies, who go from church to church, and from chapel to chapel, cursed with a moral St. Vitus's dance, and with itching ears, and like the Athenians of St. Paul's time, ever agog for "some new thing." To-day they delight in the Tabernacle, and sit at the feet of Mr. Spurgeon; to-morrow they affect the City Temple, and swear by Dr. Parker; next week Ritualistic "music hath charms," and they bewail the "persecution" of Mr. Mackonochie or Mr. Tooth; anon Methodism has peculiar attractions, and Dr. Punshon becomes their Gamahel; and then the Plymouth Brethren and Lord Radstock have a monopoly of truth, and "all are slaves beside." Then Canon Liddon, or Dr. Vaughan, and Mother Church receive their fluctuating patronage; and finally, either Cardinal Manning or Charles Bradlaugh obtains their franchise—at any rate, until Mr. Moody or Mr. Aitken appears upon the scene, and then, like an unresisting football, they bound across the "common," in devious course, to some other momentary goal. "He who plucks the root can't pluck the fruit," and your religious transplanter is as barren and as uncomely as a pollard willow in a limestone quarry. "He who doth for pleasure rove will never hap on treasure trove," and so your pilgrim professor, who worships at many shrines, is drawn at

last, in the hunger of an unsated soul, to build an unconsecrated altar to an "unknown god." Such a "rolling stone gathers no moss," nor anything else that is worth the having. No church under heaven is anxious to gather him, for he isn't worth the having either, and is regarded on all hands as fotsam or jetsam, that the fitful waves of fancy throw up on the beach, and that is not worth the trouble of picking up.

Changes destroy chances, and the cobbler who does not stick to his last will soon have no last to stick to, and those who are continually changing their religious views will probably end either in the possession of views so nebulous that they are in a very "milky way" indeed, or, like Canning's knife-grinder, they "have none to tell" about. There is no garden without weeds; it is better, therefore, to go to work with the hoe than to take the useless trouble to change your landlord. Just so with Christian churches; there is no church that has not in it something that may be found fault with, if people are inclined that way. To settle down, do some work, and make the best of it, is ever the wisest plan. Those people who are for ever rushing about to hear popular preachers are generally as shallow in their mental capacity as they are lazy in labour and lean in soul. Continual transplanting will kill trees, and it will do just the same both to temporal prosperities and religious life.

Quintus Quarles would urge on all his readers this advice: get a home and stick to it, both for body and soul, and in choosing a house to live in, don't forget to ask whether it is sufficiently near a house to worship in. Suburban Christians often make a woeful blunder here to the lifelong disadvantage and injury of their rising family. Then having got your home and your sanctuary, remember that "east or west, home is best," so be content to stop there and do your utmost to keep a cosy hearthstone and sing a grateful hymn. If now and again trouble darkens the doorway, a hopeful heart, an honest effort, and the grace of God will enable us to bear it bravely, till the day dawn and the shadows flee away. Besides all this permit me to remind my readers that both home and sanctuary will pass away; that the earthly tabernacle that lives and worships there will be dissolved, and that the soul, the naked soul, the soul that will never, never pass away, will need a house and a home that will endure for ever. No frail tents, no refuges of lies, no shelters raised by human skill or merit will serve its needs, no house built on the sands can stand its final storm. What then is to be done?

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be passed;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last."

That's it! Let us build there! A simple, saving, constant faith in the merits of the Saviour's death, and the power of His resurrection will put a foundation under our feet, a roof over our head, a wall around us that no storm can shake, no earthquake shatter, no crisis overthrow. Abide here! In Christ! The settled home of the soul! Unattracted by the pleasures of the world, uninfluenced by the craft of the devil, or the sleight of man, dwell in Him. Then when all earthly resting-places fail, you shall have a home with Him, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

But there is another side to this old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Now if moss is to be regarded as an undesirable accretion, hiding the stone, eating its substance, and robbing it of sunlight, then the old proverb is altogether in favour, not of a *restless*, but of an *active* life, as who should say, "If you do not want to be moss-covered keep busy." And very good advice too, you may rely upon it. Did you ever know moss grow on a mill-stone? But where is the mill-stone on which it won't grow? Man or woman who will live the lazy life of the latter will be moss-grown too; while those who, like the former, will grind something for somebody, are in no danger of decaying beneath the growths of unwholesome moral vegetation, the lichens of laziness and sloth. It is not the blade of the butcher's knife that rusts, it has not time, it's the scythe hung up on the beams of the barn from October to June that cankers from having nothing to do. If the body has no exercise it will grow moss enough in the shape of excrescences and humours, ill-health and ill temper, to make life a misery. If the mind be perpetually unemployed it will green over with the clammy growth of ignorance, and get

permeated with the blue mould of stupid prejudices. If the soul is allowed to "sleep on" in culpable indifference to God, and duty, and responsibility, that will "eat it as doth a canker," until hope of possible waking dies away. Activity is health, energy is happiness, to be busy is to be blest. Reader! roll on. Give yourself no time to rust. Give the moss no chance to grow. Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Providence smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and go to work as if they meant to do their duty and a little more. Labour is universally essential to man. If he does not need it for food he does for physic, and he will be a martyr to dyspepsia, mental or bodily, or both, if he doesn't engage in it. There is a species of fire fly in the tropics which is as dull as a cockchafer when it is at rest, but as soon as it begins to fly, its lamp begins to burn and glows on the wing as brightly as a star. Light, life, and love all live and thrive by labour. It is the destruction of dust accumulations, moss, mud, and cobwebs—a rolling stone gathers no moss. Christian reader! Thee the Master calls!

"Go labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?"

DON'T TURN BACK.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

BY WILLIAM QUEST, F.O.S.

I HAVE known scores of young men who started well. Their standard was high, their ideal of what Christianity demanded was just and lofty. They resolved that they would scorn the mean, the money-loving, and the selfish in life. They wound their conscience up to that point. But there the finger stopped, just at that figure: it told out still what their ideal had been at starting. And this was all; the clock did not go. They now have no sound, no tone about them. They still say how they scorn the mean, without aiming to do noble things; they still tell you that they hate avarice, but they are not benevolent; they have their theories about selfish Christians, but none bless them for their self-renouncing deeds. To stand still is impossible. Deterioration ensues; and the man who started with right aspirations becomes tortuous in his course, just because he did not persevere. Such a man may often be met with. He has acquired a character for being righteous, but is unrighteous. He has taken a Christian position, but follows the cunning and artful ways of the worldly. He first dallies with deceit, and then becomes confused in his notions of truth. The plain path invites him, but self-interest guides. Young men, if you would acquire permanent honour; if you would make your mark among men; if you would enjoy a growing weight of influence;—press onwards.

At the beginning of manhood you stand now; a few years and you will stand at the end. The span is brief; the earthly life and the eternal life are one. No interest can another have in your living a noble life that is comparable to the interest you have in yourself. Soon the shadows will flee, and men will be judged, not by the earthly standard, but by what they have been and have done. Sometimes when sales of merchandise leave England for a colonial port, the price put upon them there is very different from that they had here. So, when you have gone through the gates of death, the angels will not ask how you stood with this world, but they will estimate you by your fidelity, your sympathies, the consecration of your life to that which was true and good. Alone you will go into that eternity, as alone you came into existence: alone will you tread the path to the throne of God; alone you will be judged; alone will your opportunities come up in review; alone will you carry through eternity the results of the one earthly life you have lived. Said a noble youth, who lived long enough to fulfil high promise, "I shall die as an individual, I shall be judged as an individual; I am resolved, therefore, to live as an individual." It is just this purpose to which in God's name I summon you in this address. Let it be so, my brother. Take thy place with the illustrious ones of all times who have lived to bless the world. Pass on to manhood and to immortality with the seal of God upon thy brow. And then, when death has done its mission, disenthralled of flesh, thou shalt rise to the unobstructed sphere where hindrance never comes, and where thou shalt begin an illimitable work. There, with thy life grafted upon the infinite, it will be fruitful as no earthly life can be.—From "A Young Man's Safeguard."

BEACON LIGHTS.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"There is balm for every wound."

IT was years ago, but the sunset deepened then even as now; and young hearts beat in unison with each other while their eyes beheld, as only those can which belong to the pure in heart, the full beauty of the world around. They stood, those lovers of whom I am about to tell, on the banks of the Rhine, and the waters sparkled and gleamed 'neath the ruddy western light, while the barges moved lazily along over its surface; altogether it seemed like to some beautiful dream to those young eyes, gazing so lovingly, and yet so absently, on all around.

Here and there were houses, low-roofed and old-fashioned, and to the front of one—the nearest to the river bank—came a man, middle-aged, spare, and worn, with hair which in the

"Father," and the girl nestled close by his side, "is it not a lovely sunset? Johann says that he shall remember how it all looks, it will make a good subject for his canvas."

"Aye, child, aye; and Johann, child, I have not seen him for ages, and I have two new beetles to show him, quite rare specimens. I wish he would come!"

"Oh, more beetles!" and Gerba shivered as she shrank farther back from the glass case. "Ah, I see, and they are alive!"

"Tut, tut, child, they cannot hurt thee. Why dost thou not take a leaf out of thy sisters' books!" The pronouns "thee" and "thou" fell so gracefully from his lips; was that why Gerba kissed him, or why she blushed so rosy red? Nay, but perhaps she coloured as she remembered how surely she was even then treading the path her sisters had trod before.

It was Christmas Eve, and the professor sat as usual amongst his books—in fact, his whole life was taken up with them, now that he had retired from the arduous task of imparting to



"She fairly pushed the young couple into her master's presence." (See page 9.)

ruddy sunlight showed up as a mixture of grey and brown. He saw not the two as they stood, but his voice, thin and quavering, reached them as he called "Gerba! Gerba!"

"Coming, father!" and then Gerba and her lover Johann parted as lovers generally do, and the next moment she was running lightly up the slope to where the old man stood. He was old, old before his time by reason of study and care; but his child, his Gerba, was young, and oh! so fair, so sweet, with her blue eyes and soft, silky hair. He loved her too, you could see it in the way in which he patted her rosy cheek; and yet at times he was sadly forgetful even of his little Gerba.

They went into the room where were Gerba's spinning-wheel and her father's books and cases of dried insects; for he was a wise man in his way, only his children felt this same wisdom to be bad for him, inasmuch as it oftentimes seemed to come between him and them. There were two others, Anna and Wilhelmina, but they were married, and only Gerba was left—Gerba, at whose birth another Gerba had died and gone away to heaven.

others what he had himself acquired by dint of such hard labour. Perhaps he had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve. Not so Gerba, however; she was in her chamber, busy with her toilet; for she was to attend a grand party at Frau Gronan's, the maternal parent of her lover, Johann. Was it any wonder, then, that she tried to appear at her best? No, it was all quite natural and right; so she had obtained from her father the key of a large chest in which he had, years and years ago, stowed away with careful hands all that remained of the other Gerba, who was so fair, so good, and who had left him, her husband, to live on alone. Neither Anna nor Wilhelmina had ever seen these treasures, but Gerba, his pet, his darling, because she was the image of her who was gone, he could scarce refuse her anything. How daintily she touched them, those relics of the past, laying each article by itself upon her little white bed! There were soft laces, and lustrous silks which shimmered in the wintry light, oh, all was beautiful and nice; but partly because of her own great joy, partly because of the gentle mother she had lost, yet never known, Gerba bowed her head on her hands and sobbed

aloud. When she had again grown quiet, she glanced over the landscape through the diamond-paned window; the sun was low, and the mist from the river was rising; but far away in the distance she espied a man's figure, and she knew that it was Johann. So her young heart grew light once more, for present joy is all-sufficient with the young. What a quaint old chamber hers was, with a tiny oval mirror, in the centre of which a flower had been cut, while the frame was sufficiently heavy for one three times its size; but as Gerba piled fresh logs in the old-fashioned fireplace, and the flames leaped up right merrily, the glass reflected a pretty picture; for the girl's face, bright with Christmas joy, sparkled and glowed as she hastened to arrange her long, fair

Downstairs she tripped, just in time to meet Johann, who was coming in at the doorway; and then, when both entered the professor's room, he raised his dim eyes—dim with unshed tears—to gaze upon her loveliness. Like a ray of light, she stepped within the circle of the lamp, and Gerba saw him start—she did not know till long after that in her innocence she was wearing her mother's bridal dress, even to the circlet of pearls which he, her husband, had given her.

"Heaven keep thee, Gerba, for her sake!" he murmured, as he kissed her cheek: and Gerba knew, from the moisture on her own face, that his was wet with tears. But Johann was there, and love beamed upon his handsome face, so that she could not be sad; for Christmas was a glorious time, so she said, and yet I think that the glory was in a great measure due to Johann's presence! He wrapped Gerba up carefully in her warm cloak, and then they went lightly down the slope, all covered with snow, and neither of the twain guessed aught of the sad eyes which followed them, till their figures were utterly lost in the winter gloom.

At Frau Gronan's all was light and warmth, and a dozen gay young voices gave Gerba a merry greeting, and gentle, helpful hands divested her of her wraps, and led her away to the blazing fire. For awhile Johann sat near and watched them in their innocent joy, as they chatted away of this, that, and the other; then other guests arrived, some who had come from a distance too, and he was obliged to go away and attend to them, and his mother, whose right hand he was. Then, Gerba knew not how it came about, she was left alone for a little while; and as the fire grew clearer, figures came and went in its glowing embers. She saw herself, Johann, and her father in the old house, and then she thought how happy it would be to live thus together, Johann painting his pictures and she herself making life pleasant for them all! But the others returned and the charm was broken; nevertheless, her eye followed Johann more and more lovingly as he moved hither and thither amongst his guests.

After a sumptuous feast came the grand success of the evening, a *Christmas tree*. They plucked its fruit right gleefully, and Gerba, who was beloved by all, had many gifts; but one was a complete mystery, even to the good Frau Gronan herself. Johann gave it into Gerba's hands, and it was a sweet mystery to her, for when she had removed the covering of the tiny packet, she disclosed a ring of pearls, not too large for her own small finger. Out in the calm moonlight, when the entertainment was over and Gerba going home, Johann told his love—the love which, till now, had been but as a dream; his words, however, rendered it real, free, and unfettered as the Rhine which flowed on both by night and day. They said that the father must be told, and Gerba promised to break the news. Oh, they would all be so happy, the professor, Johann, and she! The midnight lamp was still burning, and the new beetles undergoing further examination, when the bright, love-lit face of the girl appeared upon the scene. Somehow she could not rest till she had told her secret, and with Christmas so near, she longed for her father's blessing on her early love. So she bent over him and shyly, lovingly told him the whole, never guessing but that he would share in her joy. Therefore it the more surprised her when he turned upon her sternly and resolutely, "Gerba," and there was no tenderness in his tone, "I cannot allow it. Here you have a good home; but what would the man you speak of provide? Your sisters married wisely and well, and you must either do the same, or remain here with me."

"Father, dear father, I never meant to go away; we might all be so happy together, and oh, I love him, I love him!"

Her evident distress smote upon him a little, yet still he held firm to his first determination. "A dreamer," as he was pleased to call Johann, "should never marry child of his. Let him work with his hands, Gerba mine, and we shall then

see." These were his good-night words; but Gerba knew well that Johann would never do aught besides painting, even for her sake, and in good truth she was well content that it should be so.

Days passed, then weeks and months. Johann had painted his first great picture—the sunset before alluded to; Gerba's presence, he said, had inspired him. Perhaps so for although the shades were both faulty and untrue, still the scene was well depicted, and there was genuine soul in the colouring. In gazing upon the picture you simply felt yourself inspired, even as the artist had upon that summer evening. A great gentleman, too, who was visiting at a castle but a few miles distant, chancing to lose his way, called at Johann's home, if perchance he might there find a guide, and seeing the picture, "Johann's first," was struck by the life-like character of the whole, and bought it there and then. Gerba told her father of her lover's good luck, for to her young, trustful heart, it seemed a goodly omen of what was yet in store; but again she was repulsed, for, truth to tell, till Christmas-eve the father had never dreamt that his child would ever seek or pine after other love than his, and the idea pained him so much that he almost hated Johann for stealing her from him. He was still a "dreamer" in the professor's eyes, whereas Gerba often found herself wondering which was the greater dreamer, Johann or her father; wondering as well what her mother's life must have been in that same dreary abode. Then she grew fretful and discontented, and her father seemed more and more oblivious of her presence, as he buried himself more completely than ever amongst his books and insects. Last of all, Gerba had her spinning-wheel removed to old Elsbeth's domain (Elsbeth was their one servant, she had known and loved the other Gerba in her time, and clung fondly to this one in remembrance of the other); so the good soul crooned over and petted her darling by the hour together, bewailing her master's strange ways in a manner so pointed, that the child began almost to think that his gloominess had broken her mother's heart. It would break her's too, and Johann's as well, so she argued within herself; and—when her lover pleaded, as he ought not to have done, that she would leave her misery behind and flee with him to England, to be to him his wife, his comfort, his inspiration all in one, she consented.

What need to linger over the last days Gerba spent in her old home? And yet I fain would; for if sad, they were at least peaceful—peaceful compared with what were yet to come. Well, at length the two were made one all unknown to the professor and Frau Gronan as well; indeed, the good Frau, looking upon the matter with her mature eyes, was very very when the news reached her, and the young couple were on their way to England. As for the professor, he said but little; but if Gerba could have seen him then—if she could but have foreseen his loneliness and bitter anguish, which he, however, kept locked up in his own breast—I do not think she could have gone. Five years later, and one glad summer evening a steamer made its way slowly up the Rhine river—slowly, I say, for as then steam was in its infancy, and men almost feared to tax its powers to its full extent. Close by the side rail stood two, a man and woman, who seemed utterly lost in their eagerness to reach the landing-place and some spot even now in view. You should have seen how joyously they sprang on to the pier and sped swiftly along the road, the little baby which the woman carried scarcely seeming as aught to arrest her progress. They stopped in front of the slope leading up to the professor's house, and then Gerba (for it was she and Johann her husband who stood there) went forward, and entered the open doorway of her old home. She was filled with amazement, however, for Elsbeth, who had now grown infirm with age, started back from her in terror.

"Elsbeth, what is it?" and Gerba caught the old servant by the arm.

"God be praised that it is even you," and Elsbeth breathed a sigh of relief at the friendly touch; "but I thought when first I saw you that the master was even right, for he says that my mistress is ever coming to him with you, her little Gerba, in her arms; and that she sadly reproaches him at such times for his bad care of her precious treasure."

"Go in, go in, and you too," for Gerba's husband stood now by her side. "A sight of you will set him up, I'm thinking," and she fairly pushed the young couple into her master's presence.

Neither of the two were altered much. Gerba was still rosy and fair, and Johann strong and happy—happy in that he had prospered in his work; but oh! their lives seemed not

to them as complete, because of the one false step at the beginning. They stood in the room—the room from which years ago Gerba had had her spinning-wheel taken away. Yes, it was all as then: the faithful hound who had ever stayed by his master, rejecting all caresses, save those of the professor, with a low, angry growl; the umbrella by the door, which her father had used when searching for insects in the daytime—poor man, he cared not for sunshine! How Gerba's eye noted the change in the dog, the umbrella, and the well-worn books; five years had left their impress on them all. Lastly, as though she yet feared some greater change in him, her eye fell upon her father. He had not observed their presence, so she softly said, "Father!"

He looked up, and a spasm crossed his face. "Gerba, I was a sorry keeper of your dying charge, and thou hast brought me another I see—Gerba, my own!" Plainly to him the daughter was the mother; of Johann he took no note at all.

"Father!" The tone was very piteous.

"Gerba, our darling calls me, and—and I would fain go to her." He strove to rise, but fell back. Then Gerba's heart died within her, for a something whispered to her the sad, sad truth, and—it was even so. Elsbeth and Johann had much to do during the night which followed to keep life in her; but by-and-by thought and feeling were restored, and she once more took up the thread of her tale—the tale with so sad an ending. Awhile they stayed in the old house, but she could not grow strong. She said that the nights tried her, for she scarce slept at all save in the day-time, and in the shadowy darkness they haunted her, they who were dead, and seemed to belong to the land of shadows. It was but her extreme weakness, yet to her it was all very real, so one day they again bade adieu to their sunny home, only old Elsbeth remaining behind. She never left the old house, for the memories of it and of the dead were pleasant to her, and Gerba and her sisters never allowed her to want, so that she was happy—happy as old age can be in solitude and loneliness.

The old house is gone now, but Johann is scarcely yet a thing of the past, for in the still inhabited castle his picture yet hangs. It is his best and sweetest production, it speaks to the heart as none other of his pictures ever have, for it was the work of a free hand and stainless heart; and Gerba, too, was then, as she never has been since, his *inspiration*. A shadow, the shadow which ever follows upon wrong-doing and lack of faith in an unseen hand to order and to work for us, dimmed his genius and her hope, so that life for them was never what their young souls had pictured—for,

"Over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost."

HOME MANAGEMENT.

BY REV. J. M'CARTHY, M.A.

If all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh, what could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give
Oh, who could venture then to die?
Oh, who could then endure to live?

THE power which rules the home should be heart, rather than brain. Love is the gravitation of this little home universe. As the subbeam is made up of millions of rays, so the light of home is composed not of any great dominant quality, but of ten thousand little things. There should be kindness in word and in act. The very tone of the voice is a home educator. Let a child grow up familiar with harshness of voice and abruptness of manner, and that harshness and abruptness are often perpetuated in that child's life. So of the opposite; love is contagious—like begets like.

Addison once wrote: "Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that very act bound themselves to be good-natured, affable, joyful, forgiving, and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives." And here is a fault in many families: there is no exhibition of heart; love is laid away in some dark closet along with the marriage certificate, to be forgotten, to be dusty and moth-eaten.

Someone has said: "Man is the head of the home; but woman is its heart." Never was any remark more true. A

mother's influence runs down along the journey of our life, to its close. No man, who is worthy of the name, ever forgets the one to whom he is most of all indebted for what he is. The family is a school, in which the mother exerts far the greater influence. She is almost the sole governor and teacher of the child during the first dozen years of its life. And many a man of the world, of fame, many a statesman of eminence, has gone back to ask counsel from the lips of mother. Many a great man, before engaging in some doubtful or hazardous enterprise, has said: "I must go and see my mother, and hear what she has to say."

It is said by some that the training of children devolves too much upon the mother. For our part, we think not. God has fitted her for her work. Her soft hand, her tender look of compassion, her musical voice, her deep and pure affection, act upon the child as the breath of a better land, as sunshine on the growing plant.

Let us go back, in our memories, to our early homes, and what do we most fondly cherish? Ah, how quickly comes up our mother! How she imprinted herself on our very being! We will never forget her. She was to us the angel of our better life. Did she ever counsel wrong? Her head may have erred—for "to err is human"—but her heart was ever true. We may be suspicious of the friendship of others; but of a dear mother's, never. Others may desert us; but a mother clings to her child for ever. By a holy instinct, by the deathless passion of love, she protects, defends, and guides the footsteps of her child with an anxiety for its welfare that is only equalled by the depth of her love. Oh what a world this would be without her, or if she were any other being than she is! In the great work of redeeming the world, not least among the agencies will be ever found that of sanctified motherhood.

An eminent man was once asked what was the cause of his success in life; what one thing had most contributed to his eminence. He answered that he owed it all to his mother, who had taught him from his childhood always to hang his cap on the same nail behind the door when he came in from play. This was his first lesson in system. No one can be successful in any calling who is not systematic. Teach your child to be systematic—prompt—and you will make him more useful and happy in the future.

John Wesley acknowledged his indebtedness to his mother for whatever success attended his labours. Methodism is but the expansion of Susannah Wesley's nursery. George Washington carried, through his whole life, the impress of his mother's hand.

We have somewhere come upon the following rules, which may be of service to you:—

1. Regard your children as having entered upon a life of immortality.
2. Heartily dedicate them to God, and train them up in the services of religion.
3. Pray for them, and teach them to pray; for we never forget the prayers of our childhood.
4. Store their minds with useful knowledge, especially the Word of God.
5. Set them a Christian example every day.
6. Train them up to habits of industry, economy, generosity, and other good traits.
7. Check the first buddings of evil, and cultivate the first indications of good or right feeling.
9. Never rest satisfied until you see your children in the possession of converting grace.

The genius of patience must preside in the family. We must not let the hundred questions vex us, but answer them all if we can. And if the child is slow to learn, be patient; for some of the world's greatest men were dull boys. If the child makes mistakes, remember you have made as many. Never frighten your child into trembling; but calm its fears, and make it trust you and be truthful. "Provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

PERSONAL EFFORT FOR CHRIST.

BY P. L. MOODY.

SOME time ago I heard of a family in America whose daughter was sent to a fashionable boarding-school. They were very wealthy, and wished their child to have such an education as would fit her for gay and aristocratic circles. It so happened, however, that one of the lady teachers was

ALWAYS WITH US.

Words by ALEXANDER CLARK

Music by J. H. TENNEY By permission.

1. In our homes and on our way Christ is with us all the day Thrills a joyous air—sing Hallelujahs with in us such a

CHORUS
He, That our footsteps ne-ver tire, As we journey hence a-long O how sweet... His presence is! He is
O how sweet His presence is!

ours and we are His; O how sweet... His presence is! He is ours and we are His
He is ours and we are His; O how sweet His presence is!

Evening shadows, one by one,
Mark our journey nearly done—
And we turn aside for rest;
Jesus, Master, know before,
Tarry with us evermore,
Thou our Guide, be Thou our Guest.
O how sweet, etc.

Risen for us from the grave,
Mighty Saviour, save, O save!
Hide we low ourselves in Thee,
Resurrection is achieved;
Seeing not, we have believed;
Blessed ones indeed are we!
O how sweet, etc.

an earnest Christian, and she was watching to bring her pupil, if possible, to Jesus; and at last she succeeded, and the young lady, under her teaching, worked hard for Christ and brought many companions to Him, and that occupation carried her mind right out of the world. Her father and mother were much disappointed, and strove hard to bring her out into what is called "society" or high life. They gave large and fashionable parties, but she had no taste for such frivolities, and she turned her attention to the Sabbath-school, and asked the superintendent of one if he could give her a class. He was sorry to decline, but was obliged to say no, as they had more teachers than they really needed. One day as she was walking up the town she came across a very dirty, ragged, bare-backed little street-Arab-looking lad running out of a shoemaker's shop as if for his very life. The shoemaker was running after him, but not being able to catch him, flung a last at him with all his might, which hit the boy in the back, and then went into his shop again. Well, the young lady stepped up to the lad (no doubt the Lord had moved her to the work), and said, "My little boy, what is the matter?" and he, not believing she was sympathising with him, for he had not been used to it, said, "None of your business." "Oh," but she said, "I want to be your friend;" and after a short time she won his confidence, and then she said, "Did you ever go to school?" "No," said the lad; and then she found that his father kept him hawking articles instead of going to school. So she said to him, "If you will come and meet me next Sunday, I will tell you some beautiful stories"; and he promised at last to meet her next Sunday at the crossing of such and such a street.

I don't know whether any of you have tried that, but I have, many a time. I have often promised to meet a boy at the corner of a street, but he has not been there. Well, she got the little fellow to go to the Sabbath-school, and when he returned home he said he had been among the angels, he never heard such singing, they seemed like angels. So his mother said, "Ah, that's a Protestant school! you must not go there again"; and his father told him he would flog him if he did so; but the boy went next Sunday, and sure enough he was flogged. Well, he went again and again, and got a flogging every time, until one Sunday he said, "Father, I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I shan't have to think

about it coming afterwards." Well, the boy was so determined to go to the school that the father promised, if he would give it up, he would allow him to go out to play every Saturday afternoon, and to keep for himself what he had made by hawking.

So when the boy heard this he begged the young lady to teach him every Saturday as he had only an hour on the Sunday, and she did so, spending the whole of the Saturday afternoon in teaching this poor boy to become a Christian. And when she at last succeeded, although he durst not tell his father and mother, he became kind, dutiful, and obedient to them, and they saw the change in him.

Well, one day he was at the railway station hawking as usual. He was standing on the footboard of the train, his foot slipped and he fell, and the train passed over his two legs. When he had been carried away, and attended to, he said to the doctor, "Shall I live to get well, doctor?" The doctor told him, No, he was dying. Then the little lad looked up into his face, and said, "Doctor, won't you tell my father and mother that I'm dying a Christian, and I want to meet them in heaven!"

Ah, my friends, I think I see him standing on the happy shore waiting for that teacher, and taking her by the hand and saying to the angels, "This is she who took me and led me to Christ!" I sometimes think if an angel were to wing its way to heaven, and tell them that there was one little child here on earth—it might be shoeless, coatless, what you call a street Arab—with no one to lead it to the cross of Christ, and if God were to call the angels round His throne in heaven and ask them to go and spend, ay, fifty years, in teaching that child, there would not be an angel in heaven who would not respond gladly to the appeal.

We should see even Gabriel saying, "Let me leave my exalted position that I may go and win that soul to Christ." We should see Paul buckling on his old armour again, and saying, "Let me go back again to earth that I may have the joy of leading that child to his Saviour in heaven." Ah, my friends, the churches want rousing; there is too much apathy amongst professing Christians. Let us pray God that He may send His Holy Spirit to inspire us with fresh energy and zeal to do His work.

UNCLE PHILIP'S STORY.

BY AUNT MAY.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."



"I REMEMBER," said Uncle Philip to me one day, when I was a little girl, "that when I was a boy, I thought a great deal of myself. I mean that I fancied myself much better than other boys. Perhaps I was partly right; but you see, May, I had a good father and mother as well as a kind elder sister, so that I think the good was in them and not in myself after all. It was a bright day in early summer when I first found this out. The trees were of a tender green as they waved above my head, casting, as I remember, pretty, fanciful shadows at my feet. I see it all, the dear garden, with its bright patch of flowers and trunk of a tree in the middle, which served for my seat when I was tired of weeding, while behind and beyond lay the dear home, my childhood's home.

"Come, Phil, come down to the river and bathe." I started to my feet, the voice came from the lane outside, and the next moment Jim Jones was leaning over the paling and I talking with him. "Come on," urged Jim once again, as I pretended to turn away to my work. Pretended, I say, for I did not want to work any more than Jim.

"Father says I mustn't. He says the water is deep."

"Stuff," said Jim; "'tis no deeper than 'twas last summer, and you are older than you were then."

"I mustn't. Father says I mustn't." I stammered a little, for mother and Bessie were gathering peas just a little way off, and I feared they would find out my deception of a year ago. Just then mother and Bessie went in, and I, naughty and false as I was, ran off and found a towel, being resolved to go with Jim to the river and bathe. I don't know what induced me to sit down upon the old trunk, but I did, and then Bessie's voice reached me, she was singing at the back door, and might, I knew, come upon me at any moment, so I waited for her to go in, and in the meantime Jim, I was quite sure, was gone on to the river. Well, I waited, and conscience smote me for what I was about to do. I should be found out in the end, it said, and that argument prevailed.

"I mustn't go, I know I mustn't," I said to myself, and so all for fear I stayed where I was; but I never saw Jim again. Poor boy! he got out of his depth, so people thought. Anyway, he was drowned. Since then, May, summers have come and gone, and now I am getting old, dear; but often and often I have wondered which was the sinner of us two. Of course, we were both wrong; but which was the worst, poor Jim who had no one to teach him better, or I who never

spoke a word of warning to him? If it was dangerous for me, it was equally so for him; fear alone kept me back from accompanying him, and he knew it. If, therefore, you are tempted to do wrong, weigh the matter well, as to whether you are the better of the two, and, above all things, speak plainly, for a word in season is good."

"I often think of Uncle Philip, dear children, even now when he is sleeping in the quiet grave, and I hope that you will never think so sadly of anything, or anybody, as he did of Jim Jones. Try to do your duty faithfully; ask yourselves, 'would God have me do this, or that?' and then, when you have decided, go straight on and do it, never fearing what people say."

"If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *A Young Man's Safeguard in the Perils of the Age.* By W. Guest, F.G.S.
- (2) *Daily Texts and Daily Mottos for Young Christians.* [London: Hodder and Stoughton.]
- (3) *Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands.* By Rev. J. R. S. Clifford. 2s.
- (4) *Peter Penwelly.* By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. 2s.
- (5) *Bristol Methodism in John Wesley's Day.* By Rev. John S. Pawlyn. [London: Wesleyan Conference.]
- (6) *Dare to be Singular.* By "S. M. H." 9d.
- (7) *James Sullivan.* By Grace Stebbing. 1s. 6d. [London: Book Society.]
- (8) *How Peter's Pound became a Penny.*
- (9) *How Paul's Penny became a Pound.* [London: S. W. Partridge and Co.]
- (10) *The King's Son: A Memoir of Billy Bray.* By Rev. F. W. Bourne. 2s. 6d. [London: Hamilton.]

MR. GUEST writes fearlessly and yet cautiously. The perils of the age are manifold and nigh overwhelming, and the book before us (1) does good service in warning the coming men of their danger. This little volume should be read and re-read, and the reader would be wiser and better for it.

Of daily text-books we may well say the name is legion. The one before us (2) is as good as any we have seen, but there is nothing in it calling for special comment.

A very pleasant, chatty little volume is that just issued from the pen of Rev. J. S. Clifford (3). "Homes and Home Life in the Holy Land" are graphically and instructively discoursed of, and the book is full of engravings which considerably enhance its attractiveness.

"Quintus Quarles's" last book (4) is exceedingly characteristic. Written originally for children, it contains many homely lessons that we should all do well to take to heart, and they are all inculcated with that jovial breeziness that Mr. Wray so well knows how to use to advantage.

"The early history of Methodism," says Mr. Pawlyn, more closely connected with Bristol than with any other city in the world." And in the small but comprehensive volume just published (5), the author fully establishes the claim of the beautiful city on the banks of Severn to a foremost place in the history of the great founder. Concisely, clearly, and, we may say, lovingly, does Mr. Pawlyn tell of the great things done in Bristol, and we heartily commend his recital to all our readers.

Written as if by a miner, "Dare to be Singular" (6), is wonderfully effective in its quaint style, and we could wish that this little volume were in every cottage home in England. It would be a power for good.

"James Sullivan" (7), is the title of a larger, but very similar volume, appealing to a somewhat different class of readers. It is full of striking incidents, and the moral, though obvious, is not so apparent as to repel even the most sensitive reader.

Messrs. Partridge send two little books got up in their well-known attractive style, showing in one (8) case the sad results of Peter's improvidence and in the other (9), the great things which Paul achieved by his persevering, saving habits. We don't know two better books for reading at cottage meetings.

The name of "Billy Bray" is a household word in Cornwall, the home and birthplace of the Bible Christians, and we are not surprised that Mr. Bourne's very interesting narrative (10), has already gone through fourteen editions, and is now issued in an improved and illustrated form. All who have not seen this book should get it.

GEMS RE-SET.

Thou art, and shalt be ever ;

But we are shadows flitting by,
Which passing winds can sever.

Lord, Thou art rich, but poor am I.

Thy soul is unpolluted,

No guilt may near Thee stay ;

But sin in me is rooted,

Full oft I fall away.

Yet, since Thy presence blesses one like me,

My Soul must sure possess some gift for Thee.

A heart repentant, broken,

A contrite heart that mourns for sin,

Thine own sure word hath spoken,

Is, Lord, the gift that Thou wouldst win ;

For, Christ, Thou never spurnest

A struggling heart and weak ;

Then help me, meek and earnest,

Thy blessed face to seek.

Nor yet, Redeemer, take my heart and thoughts alone,

But cause my lips to praise Thy love in thankful tone.

From the German of Johann Rist. Born 1607, died in 1667.

Oh, weary heart, why fix thy home

Where ocean's waves tempestuous come ?

Say, canst thou safe and peaceful dwell

Where stormy billows rave and swell,

On human reason's rock so bleak,

Where none e'er found what thou dost seek ?

Why carnal wisdom make Thy nest,

Or seek through lore to win the light,

While doubts thine own weak heart molest,

And earth-born clouds obscure thy light ?

But seek the vale where, meek and mild,

Faith sits at rest a happy child ;

Content, though light doth slowly dawn,

She knows at last 'twill bring the morn.

There, sheltered by unfading trees,

Thou, too, canst sit at rest and ease.

That vale thy happiest home will prove,

For though e'en there skies oft are dim,

Still on it shines the Sun of Love :

No mists shut out light shed by Him.

From the German of Schmidt von Lubick.

Upon a hill a tree doth stand,

(Sprung from a never-withering root,)

And countless tribes from every land

Have come and plucked thy golden fruit ;

To it have come both young and old.

The leaves they've gathered for their health,

The boughs they've shaken for the gold,

And gone back rich with boundless wealth.

Who finds this tree hath amplest store,

Without it, e'en the rich are poor.

And, strange to tell, this wondrous tree

Through all these years hath ne'er grown bare ;

Howe'er despoiled its boughs may be,

Fresh fruit and leaves grow always there ;

This tree which all that wealth can yield,

Say, springs it from material soil.

Where grows it, on the world's vast field ?

'Tis, questioner, the Word of God :

This glorious plant sheds health and grace

And riches o'er this earth's wide space.

From the German of Barth.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S reception has been most enthusiastic since his return to England. He has given explanations of the extreme measures which he occasionally adopted with antagonistic tribes, and which he considers were demanded by "necessity and justice."

The Rev. Robert Thomson, of Well Park Established Church, Glasgow, and Convener of the Glasgow Presbytery of the Established Church, telegraphs thus to the Vatican:—"If your proposed Papal Hierarchy in Consistory be

promulgated, an interdic' against it will be demanded from the Supreme Civil Court in Scotland, and the laws of the country rigidly enforced against it."

During the last four years the average of cases of accidental deaths among railway servants was 740 a-year, and the yearly average of serious casualties 2250. A crowded meeting has been held in Exeter Hall for the purpose of urging Parliament to pass a measure entitling railway servants to compensation for injuries, and to adopt other recommendations of the Royal Commission on Railway Accidents.

The Bishop of Rochester, in a recently-published letter, has expressed himself thus:—"It depends far more upon the English laity, and especially the heads of families, than on all the bishops and clergy put together, whether in the course of the next generation the English people go back to Rome or abide by the principles of the Reformation."

The centenary of Voltaire's death, which falls in May, will be celebrated in France.

The bicentenary of the publication of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" occurs in the present year. The first edition was issued in 1678, by Nathaniel Ponder, at the sign of the "Peacock," in the Poultry.

George Cruikshank, caricaturist, painter, social reformer, has passed away, at the ripe age of 85 years. One-half of his life he was a total abstainer from all intoxicants. Beginning his career as an artist when only a child, while his character as a humourist was early developed, it was not long before the moral purpose of his sketches was recognised; and when he espoused the principles of temperance he entered vigorously into the ranks of its most devoted workers, and his pencil achieved more than the most eloquent advocacy of his tongue. Consistently he persevered to the end, and in his 86th year, with almost youthful elasticity of spirits, he still did his daily portion of work. The announcement of his death has been received with much and wide-spread regret.

The "Merchants' Lecture" has been delivered in the Weigh House Chapel, on the Tuesdays of the month of February, by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.

It was reported at the annual church meeting connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle that there were 3,045 members. During the year 337 have been removed, and 437 have been added, leaving a net increase of 100 members. Mr. Spurgeon is improving in health, and hopes to be able to resume his pastoral duties about the middle of March.

From the "Wesleyan Chapel Report" we learn that eighty-five new chapels have been completed during the past year, the cost, with schoolrooms, ministers' houses, etc., being over £290,000.

General Garibaldi has been reported "alarmingly ill," but later reports announce that he is considerably better.

Cleopatra's Needle, after a stormy voyage, and not a little misadventure, now lies safely moored in the Thames, opposite the Houses of Parliament.

The Rev. Dr. Bousfield, vicar of Audover, has been consecrated to the Bishopric of Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by six bishops, performed the ceremony.

The Bishop of Manchester lately consecrated the new church of St. Cuthbert's, Over Darwen. In the course of his sermon he cautioned the clergy not to "lord it" over the people, and urged them to live on terms of affection with their dissenting brethren.

The announcement of the death of the Pope was scarcely felt as a surprise, as it could not be expected that Pio Nono would live to be a much older man than he was when he succumbed to the common foe. The vital spark often sank low of late, but as often revived; and the mental vigour of His Holiness was as unmistakable as it was astonishing. Occupying the papal chair longer than any of his predecessors, none of them experienced more revolutionary changes. The temporal power destroyed, the Pope at Rome on sufferance only, the Church divided on the subject of Papal Infallibility, the old persecuting spirit held strongly in check, but the spirit of aggression, emboldened by questionable concessions, strongly at work—such, briefly, is the position in which Pope Pius the Ninth has left the Romish Church at his demise.

A proposal has been made to establish a lectureship in connection with the Irish Presbyterian Church, similar to the Baird and Cunningham Lectureships of the Scottish Churches, the Fernley Lectureship of the Methodists, and the Congregational Lecture of the Independents.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Duff, well known to the Church as a zealous and successful missionary in connection with the

Free Church of Scotland Missions, has taken place at Sidmouth. Dr Duff went to India about fifty years ago, and remained there thirty-four years. He was often spoken of as the "prince of missionaries." He was an excellent linguist, and did much by his translations and otherwise for the spread of Biblical knowledge in the various languages and dialects of India. He was twice elected to the Moderator's chair.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind!" He turned round and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.—*D. L. Moody.*

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

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