

Earnest Christianity.

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[NEW
SERIES.

REV. W. J. SHREWSBURY.

THIS distinguished man belonged to the class whom the Church has always delighted to honour. As a missionary, his was no sinecure life. Dr. Punshon says "He was no ordinary man. His history is full of incident, and some of the chapters of his biography have all the inspiration of romance; the while they are the words of truth and soberness. Mr. Shrewsbury had the Apostle's zeal and the martyr's heart. He was at once modest, meritorious, severely true. He owned no leadership but that of conscience, and knew no hatred but that of sin.

Deal, in Kent, England was the place of his birth, and February 16th, 1795, was the day on which that event occurred. Like many others of his day, he had but few educational advantages, for we find him at the age of *ten* taken from school to learn the trade of his father, that he might assist the scanty income of the family.

Happily, though his parents were poor, they were God-fearing people, who sought to imbue the minds of their children with the truths of Christianity. The mother especially took great pains with her offspring, and such was the success of her pious endeavours, that William soon gave evidence of his desire to serve God. He became so accustomed to pray that his brothers complained that they were disturbed at nights by his devotions.

On hearing the Methodists preach, he was convinced of sin, but could not see how he must "look and live." He thus describes himself: "Thus was I several years from being first convinced,

till the time I could fully rejoice in God. I apprehend the principal cause was, though unconscious of it, I sought it in some measure by the works of the law ; but, no sooner did I entirely renounce *self* and labour for faith, than I found that scripture true, ' all things are possible to him that believeth.' "

When a youth, Mr. S. was very fond of music. He was somewhat famous for his skill in this beautiful accomplishment, and was not only sought after by various choirs, but was even solicited by some theatrical performers to form one of their troupe ; but the following incident rendered this impossible. He had climbed a tree, from which he fell, and in the fall the little finger of his left hand caught a nail which inflicted such a wound, that he could never afterwards perform on the violin as he had been wont to do. He always regarded this incident as providential, and as the turning point of his life. When not more than eight years of age he listened to a missionary sermon which caused him to lay his head on the front of the gallery and weep during the remainder of the service.

In accordance with the well established usages of English Methodism, after his exemplary attendance at class and prayer meetings in which he took part, he was sent forth as a local preacher ; but for a time he was so much discouraged that it seemed doubtful whether he would succeed. He durst not relinquish the post, as any attempt to do so " made him exceedingly unhappy." He therefore sought by earnest prayer to know what was the will of God concerning him. At this important crisis of his history, though yet in his *teens*, he became a voracious reader. The Scriptures he read daily. The standards of Methodism were diligently studied. Such were the long hours he had to toil for his daily bread, that he could only secure time for study by rising early, sometimes he would be seen at his books at three o'clock in the morning. Through life he was always an early riser, a fact to which we call the special attention of our youthful readers.

Having given proof that he was possessed of " gifts, graces, and fruit," he was soon recommended " as a suitable person for our itinerant work," and was sent as a supply to the Canterbury Circuit, where for twelve months he gave full proof of his ministry, by yearning for the salvation of souls. Through life he seemed to

have a passion to save souls. He was a true son of John Wesley, who said, "to get knowledge is good, but to save souls is better."

In the year 1813, this youthful ambassador of Christ went to the West Indies as a Missionary, and where he toiled eleven years. Here is a description of one of the Missions, which was only a specimen of the rest: "Long rides, sometimes extending to fifty-six miles, had to be taken, great danger was encountered in crossing rivers, and occasionally the horse would plunge of a sudden into a swamp, from which both rider and ridden were extricated with the utmost difficulty. When a distant spot had been reached, and religious service had been held, the jaded missionary's resting place for the night was a square pew in the chapel, whence in the stillness of the night, he could hear his horse munching the guinea grass, or impatiently tugging at the fastening which secured it to an outside corner of the little sanctuary. If these long rides wearied the body, they were utilised for the culture of the mind. The whole of the Hebrew grammar was committed to memory as the subject of our paper rode leisurely along.

The state of things in the West Indies at this time, was not attractive, as slavery with all its horrors then existed. Those who interested themselves in the welfare of the down-trodden, not only had a most difficult task to perform, but their lives were frequently in jeopardy, and how many were put to death for no other crime than their love for the coloured race, can never be known until THE DAY shall declare it.

There were frequent insurrections among the slave population, and though the Missionaries did not stir up strife, yet there were those who endeavoured to fix the stigma of every act of insubordination upon them; hence their characters were traduced, some of them were cast into filthy dungeons, and they were made to feel that they were in the hands of those "who neither feared God, nor regarded man."

When labouring in the island of Barbadoes, "the sons of Belial" were especially indignant at Mr. Shrewsbury. His faithful warnings and earnest manner of life, were such a standing reproof to their flagrant wickedness, that their wrath knew no bounds. He would sometimes hear "gentlemen" say of himself, "that fellow ought to have a rope tied round his neck, hang him!"

An insurrection broke out in Demerara, in which a missionary of the London Missionary Society was executed, and caused "some rude fellows of the baser sort," to conceive the idea that now was the time to strike a death-blow to Methodism in Barbadoes. Base falsehoods were circulated with a view to inflame the public mind. Threats of violence were uttered, and attempts were made to set fire to the church in which the missionary was preaching.

He was obliged to flee to a place of safety. In vain did he appeal to the Governor for protection. That functionary seemed to be powerless. Mob-law was in force, in proof of which it may be stated, "the house of worship was pulled down, and the foundation stones were even cast into the sea." The depredators went so far as to say that "all Methodist preachers are warned not to approach these shores, as if they do, it will be at their own peril."

News of these calamities reached England in due course, and as is often the case when an opportunity presents itself, there are always some "philanthropists" who consider that all the blame should be cast upon the missionaries. So in this instance, *The Times* thundered against Mr. S. for interfering with "the peculiar institution." Sir T. F. Buxton and others were of a different opinion, and by their influence in the House of Commons, compelled the Government to interfere on behalf of those who were suffering so unjustly.

The reign of the wicked was short. The poor people of Barbadoes, though deprived of their pastor, still met together as often as they could, and encouraged each other in the Lord. After two years their numbers were even greater than when the persecution broke out, while some of the ringleaders in the strife had come to an untimely end. Another missionary was sent, and from that time to the present, Methodism has flourished in the island. A new church bearing the honoured name of *Shrewsbury* is to be seen not far from the site of the one which was demolished. There are also *fourteen* other churches on the island and *five* missionaries, *one* of whom is the son of the persecuted man, the eldest son of the family, who was born in the midst of the Barbadoes persecution, in consequence of which his father called him *Jeremiah*. There are also 2,000 members and 10,000 hearers, so we may see how God hath made the wrath of man to praise Him.

Mr. Shrewsbury was called home, and so much was he altered in appearance that even his mother and family did not know him. While in England he attended Conference, and became personally known to some of the illustrious men who were then conducting the affairs of Methodism. Of Dr. Bunting, he says, "his prayer was agony. I never heard a man plead so fervently with God. Take him all in all, there is not his equal in the connexion."

"The returned Missionary" had not a long furlough. Africa was henceforth to be the scene of his labours. Here for *ten* years he was "in labours more abundant." Revs. Barnabas and Wm. Shaw had laid the foundations of the Church in the south and south-eastern portions of the continent. Threlfall, of precious memory, had just fallen a martyr. The celebrated Africaner had embraced "the truth as it is in Jesus," and there were numerous openings for the heralds of salvation. Mr. Shrewsbury had to follow up the work which had been recently commenced among the Kafirs. Hintsá, one of whose titles was "the great bull," was at this time the ruler of the tribe, and his permission must be obtained before the Missionary could commence operations, but as Hintsá was just then celebrating the marriage of his *eighth* wife he was not disposed to give even an audience to the foreigners. For days they were kept waiting in dread suspense, during which they were compelled to witness scenes of the greatest horror. Here were more than a thousand men and women, not one of whom had a single article of clothing, while their bodies were besmeared with red clay. The Missionaries felt their need of confidence in God, as here they were far from civilization and surrounded by savage men who were armed with instruments of cruelty, and who could in a moment have put them to death.

After obtaining permission from Chief Hintsá, Mr. Shrewsbury removed his family to the place selected as the station, but there was neither parsonage nor furniture. In the heathen wilderness the servant of God had first to erect a house to live in as well as a place of worship, and other mission premises; indeed he was compelled to be a man of all work and be ready at all times for whatever might demand his attention.

The station now formed was called Butterworth in honour of Joseph Butterworth, Esq., who was the Lay Treasurer of the

Wesleyan Mission Society, and the first Methodist who occupied a seat in the British House of Commons. He was a princely man, but, though blest with affluence, he still held his office as class leader, and often presided at the anniversary meetings of the Missionary and other societies. He was worthy of the honour conferred upon him by the Missionary in Kafir land.

(Conclusion next month.)

MODERN ANANIASSES AND SAPPHIRAS.

HYPOCRISY had its birth in hell ; the hypocrite is one—

“Who steals the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in.”

Christian men stand aghast, and sceptics look on and disdainfully smile, when some glaring hypocrisy of to-day is detected in the Church of Christ, and bitter epithets are hurled at the unfortunate victim from pen, and pulpit, and pew, as if it were some new crime detected—just newly born. While the world joins in the hue and cry, and hisses and groans as it assails the Christian Church, as though *it* had found out some new fraud within its pale.

The truth is, hypocrisy is a monster that has lived in every age, roamed through every clime, and proudly stalked to and fro among men for nearly six thousand years! Adam was tinged with it when he hid himself among the bushes in Eden from the presence of the Lord. Achan was clothed with it, though he tried to cover it by his soldier's garb. Judas carried the purse, but he also carried a deceitful heart, so that in the very first band of Christian preachers there was “a wolf in sheep's clothing.”

Ananias and Sapphira professed the religion of Jesus and united with the “one hundred and twenty ;” but they proved themselves liars and hypocrites, and left a stain in the portals of the first church in christendom.

And as though God would teach us a lesson of the awful sin of lying, and of the dreadful crime of hypocrisy, he has placed the dead bodies of Ananias and Sapphira right across our very path—on the very threshold of the Christian Church. There—at the church's entry, lie the bleached bones and mouldering dust of two of its very first members! There—on the very steps of the sanctuary, stained in letters of blood—the blood of its first deceivers, are those awful words—“*The hypocrite's hope shall perish!*”—“*All liars are an abomination to the Lord!*”; and woe unto that man who, walking over their mouldering dust, dares to enter—or having entered, dares to deceive,—while guilty of their sin. “*Better were it for that man that he had never been born.*”

Poor Ananias and Sapphira! victims of their own folly, murderers of their own flesh, sorry patterns to all church goers and church members, yet glaring beacons for our warning!

Don't let us hurl sarcastic epithets, heap up scorn, neither measure out contempt upon them; rather let us mourn over their shipwreck and be on our guard lest we be wrecked upon the very same breakers! Recollect, dear reader, there are the very same dangers attending us, and although we may not do the very same things—yet we may be guilty of the very same crime. Far be it that we should palliate the sin of Ananias and Sapphira, or try to lessen the enormity of their crime; it was awful, sensual, devilish,—and justly rewarded by their miserable end. But after all we should look at plain facts in a very plain way, and in their real light, and bring it home to our own hearts as a very painful lesson of what sin can do and how low it will debase a man, and how far even the most godly among us may be led on in sin.

May God help us, dear christian reader, to examine our own hearts and lives, and enable us to see whether or not we have “*kept back part of the price.*” Like Ananias and Sapphira, we profess the religion of Jesus, we profess the very same faith, belong to the very same church, and have just as deliberately placed our offerings at the feet of the Master, and professed to consecrate our *all* to His service.

How often, O how often, have we said, and still continue to say:

“ My body, soul and spirit,
 Jesus I give to Thee,
 A consecrated offering
 Thine evermore to be.

But have we been honest with ourselves and with God? or have we Ananias-like "kept back part of the price?" Let us look at the question in several important respects:—

1. In regard to our Time.

When we professed conversion, joined the church and made a public acknowledgment of our faith, what did we mean, what did the church mean, and what did the world understand by it all? Why, that henceforth all our energies, our strivings, our yearnings should be for God—in fact that our entire days should be devoted to His service. It implied that we intended to be more careful for our souls than for our bodies, more anxious for heaven than for the world, more desirous of pleasing God than of pleasing man. Was it not so? Most undoubtedly it was. Have we then been true to our profession, or have we been "keeping back?" O, it is a solemn question to ask and to ponder. Here am I, a professing Christian, professing to be a child of God, an heir of Heaven, and a pilgrim to another country, publicly acknowledging to have consecrated my time wholly to God, and yet alas! how often have I robbed God by "keeping back part of the price!"

Have we spent all the time in prayer and praise demanded by our profession? Have we given as much of our time to those little acts of mercy and to those little errands of love as is implied in such a consecration? If not, have we not Ananias-like "kept back part of the price?" Let us to our knees—and seek forgiveness.

"O let us all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to Him."

2. In regard to our Talents.

God has given us talents for the proper use of which we are responsible. While the majority may believe this, very few act as if it were true. But we who profess Christ have publicly acknowledged a full and entire consecration of all these to God's service. Just as deliberately as Ananias went to the Apostles and professed to lay down the "whole price of the land." So we have come to the cross and have professed to lay all these talents at the feet of Jesus, to be used only for his glory. Have we fulfilled our pledge; or have we "kept back part of the price?" With our lips we sing—

"I only for His glory live,
I only for His glory burn."

But brethren, what do our lives say ?

O ! we fear there is too much of the spirit of Ananias in the church to-day !

Why is it that so many of our Sabbath Schools call so loudly for help—but in vain ?

Why is it that the Church calls and repeats her call for ready workers who are willing to go out into the highways and hedges of life, to compel men to come in ? Why is it that so few respond ?

The sad truth is, there are too many Ananiases and Sapphiras abroad—men and women, who profess to have given all their talents to Jesus, and yet “keep back part of the price !”

3. In regard to our Substance !

When we consecrated ourselves to God, we professed to give *all, i.e.*, we considered ourselves merely as stewards, and that all we possessed was the Lord's.

Our church allegiance means that, our public profession means that, our language and prayers mean that, and the world looks upon it as just meaning all that.

It is implied in our very profession, for we do not mean to say, “Lord, I give thee my body and soul, but I'll keep my substance.” No, what we mean is, that our *all* is the Lord's.

Dear reader, have we been true to our profession ? Have we, while professing to have given all to Jesus, and to be acting only as stewards, done our duty honestly, or have we been robbing God by “keeping back part of the price.”

If we acted as we profess to act, if we all gave as we profess to give, what an impetus would be given to Christ's church !

Why is it that God's cause is so often hindered ? Why is that the Macedonian cry is repeated so often without a response ? Why is it that we suffer so often from spiritual blight and famine and drought ? The answer is, because of modern Ananiases and Sapphiras, so many professing to have given *all* to God, yet deliberately “keeping back part of the price.”

May God help us, dear reader, to ponder over this important question, and may grace be given us to examine our own hearts, and to enable us to practice what we profess, and by so doing cultivate the true spirit of “Earnest Christianity.”

JOHN RIDLEY.

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

 A MEMOIR OF BYE-GONE DAYS.—*Continued.*

SCARCELY was the Shropshire gardener returned from the sad sights recorded in the last chapter, when an event occurred which filled his heart with grief, and draped Methodism in mourning. It was the death of the Vicar of Madeley. On the very day following the execution in Shrewsbury, Fletcher, struggling with his fatal illness, entered his pulpit for the last time. The news had spread of his being ill—a large congregation was present. Let us again mingle in imagination with it. We are occupying the same seat we did a few months before; we are gazing upon the same congregation with some changes. Mrs. Fletcher is in her accustomed seat, pale, calm, but with evident traces of anxiety. She has herself just risen from a bed of severe illness and from the verge of the grave. Her husband's prayers have prevailed for her life. The vestry door opens and Mr. Fletcher enters. The fever flush upon his cheeks gives him a greater appearance of health than we expected to see. He immediately enters the reading desk, and in a clear strong voice he begins the service. But as he proceeds with it, a deathly pallor comes over him; his utterance fails; he is fainting—perhaps dying. Many gather around him; his wife presses through them and entreats her dying husband no longer to attempt the service. The fresh air from several opened windows fans him; a fair hand throws him a bouquet of flowers. He rallies; entreaties are in vain; a premonition that it is about to be his last service on earth nerves him; he summons his failing strength; refuses all assistance, and enters again upon the service. The subject of his discourse was the mercy of God; his text, Psalm xxxvi., 5-7, "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thou preservest man and beast. How excellent is thy loving kindness," &c. His divisions were simple: 1, The unsearchable extent of Divine mercy; 2, The eternal duration; and 3, The astonishing effects of Divine mercy. God's mercy, said the preacher, was exhibited even to beasts. By sin some have made themselves as beasts of the earth; yet God would save them, for God preserveth men and beasts. God's mercy

is represented as having wings. These were outspread for us sinners to take refuge under. They are compared to those of an eagle for strength and protection, (see Exod. xix. "I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself.") And to those of a hen, for love and care. "Like as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings," &c. In the Jewish tabernacle, two cherubim were placed in the holy of holies, whose extended wings, joining together, overshadowed the Mercy Seat. When Christ died His arms were stretched out, and these were as wings of love which He opened, and still holds wide open to receive all that come unto Him. Let us then, said the preacher, enter boldly into the Holy of Holies. A friend threw me some flowers to revive me when I was faint, but the mercy of the Lord is far more reviving. It is this that I would hold out to you and drop into your very bosoms. May it sink deep there. His saving mercy is above the richest perfume, for He saves both man and beast."

His soul kindled into intense fervour as he proceeded, and the fervour of his soul seemed to throw a radiance around his very presence. To say he grew animated is below the truth. His weakness was lost sight of; freedom and even unwonted energy was in every utterance. It was as though an angel spirit from the other world had come down from the very throne of mercy, to minister to the congregation. His appearance and manner grew seraphic. He seemed to be carried above all the fears and feelings of mortality. An irresistible influence attended his words; an awful concern was awakened through the whole assembly. Every heart was uncommonly moved, and when he had ceased speaking, we caught ourselves leaning forward looking intensely at him. Everything around us had been forgotten. We were weeping, and felt as did the disciples on their way to Emmaus. Our hearts burned within us. He turned to descend from the pulpit. We felt a sad presentiment that we should hear his voice no more. He seemed already more than mortal. As he came down, he walked at once up to the Communion table. On his way thither we caught these words as they fell from his lips, "I AM GOING TO THROW MYSELF UNDER THE WINGS OF THE CHERUBIM, BEFORE THE MERCY SEAT." The scene became almost distressing from its very sublimity. The pent up feelings of the congregation found vent in sobs, and audible groans and tears. Again and again he sank exhausted,

and again and again his spiritual vigour triumphed over his bodily weakness. We gathered around the table; his own hand broke the bread and distributed the elements. Every once and awhile he called us to sing of Divine mercy, and we sang with peculiar fervor Charles Wesley's well-known hymn, "Depth of mercy, can there be, mercy still reserved for me." At last he concluded the service, and though it had lasted four hours we were loath to leave. He was borne from the church exhausted and faint, but like a victorious general wounded on the field of battle, yet triumphant, and grasping to the last sword and shield. He had indeed thrown himself under the wings of the Cherubim before the Mercy Seat, and we had bent with him there, and now we longed to go with him further. Angel wings were about to bear him from us to the true Mercy Seat. Heaven was already opening to let its faithful servant in. Jesus was rising to bid him welcome to the victors' throne. O might we enter and for ever dwell with him. Oh no! not yet. And we turned again to our earthly home, sad but rejoicing.

Tread gently, dear reader. "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven." A week has passed since the memorable scene in the church. It is Sabbath again. But rapidly has death been untying the strings of mortal life. We ascend the stairway of the vicarage. The shades of a summer evening are falling in tinted beauty all around, as we stand with an eager company of weeping poor, at the open door of that chamber. Hush! he breathes. A tender voice says to him, "My dear creature, for the sake of others I ask—if Jesus is very present with thee, lift thy right hand." See, he lifts it up! "If the prospect of glory sweetly opens before thee, repeat the sign." See, he raises it again! And now again! And now he summons all his remaining strength, and throws it up again, as though he would reach the top of the bed. "Are you in any pain?" says the voice. "No." He has spoken his last word. He has passed into a sort of sleep, though with his eyes open and fixed. Then he breathes once more, and is gone. Fletcher is dead!

"And I was now

A spirit, new born into a spiritual world.
Half dreaming, half awake, I lay a while,
In an elysium of repose—so glides

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A vessel, long beset with boisterous winds,
 Into some tranquil part, and all is still
 Except the liquid ripple round the keel—
 So in a trance I lay.
 Where am I? A gentle voice, in tones
 More musically soft than those the wind
 Elicits from Æolian harp or lute,
 Made answer: 'Brother, thou art by my side,
 By me, thy guardian angel.'
 I turned to see who spake, and being turned,
 I saw two overshadowing wings, that veiled
 The unknown speaker.

And again he spoke :
 'Before yon hills have caught the eastern glow,
 Will they expect us at Heaven's golden gates.
 The road is long ; but swifter than the beams
 Of morning is the angelic convoy
 Sent for thy escort home. Myself thy guide,
 And with me other two, ready stand,
 Waiting our summons. But, so please thee,
 Ere we set forth, brother, rise, and look round
 Upon the battle-field, where thou hast fought
 The fight of faith.'

To it, my home !
 My widowed, desolate, and orphaned home !
 My wife
 Had stolen to our silent chamber back,
 And knelt in tears beside my lifeless clay ;
 And o'er her stood a seraph, watching her
 With wondrous tenderness, and love, and grief.*

We turn away from the chamber where death, robbed of its sting, has unloosed, at the command of Jesus, a ransomed spirit from its frail and mortal body, and permitted it to return to its home—to the bosom of God. And we go and mingle again with the stream of life, especially as it flows by the gardener of Sansaw. He is in his garden. The ripened fruit of many a well pruned tree has been gathered that day, and perhaps his mind has been revolving the gathering of the ripe fruit of the tree of righteousness. It is August 18th—the day after the funeral—as we approach him with, "Good day, friend Brocas ; you haven't heard the sad news to-day, which is filling all our hearts with grief?"

* Bickersteth : Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.

B.—“Why, no. What is it?”

H.—“Here it is in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. Read it for yourself.”

B.—“What! Fletcher of Madeley dead! My friend! My counsellor! That champion for truth! That holy man of God!”

H.—“Aye; we shall see him never more on earth. We shall never again hear him preach the golden news of full salvation. His hand will pen no more checks.”

B.—“I can work no more to-day. Come in the house with me, or sit down here, and tell me all about it.”

H.—“He died at half-past ten on Sunday night last, after a brief illness of ten days, and was buried yesterday in Madeley church-yard.”

B.—“This is distressing news indeed to me, and I believe it will be to thousands. He continued his pious course to the end of his life. Many begin in the spirit but end in the flesh, but here is one who continued to the end, and, therefore, must be eternally saved.”

H.—“You may well say so. His death scene was one continued triumph. Not a murmur, not a doubt, but perfect resignation to the will of God was seen in him throughout.”

B.—“Can you give me any particulars concerning his illness and death?”

H.—“Yes. He was taken ill just two weeks ago to-day. On Sunday following, though very ill, he would preach, and read the prayers himself, though Mr. Gilpin offered to assist him. And oh, what a service it was. Never shall I forget the sacred unction of that hallowed time. Well, it was altogether too much for him, and he gradually sank, and became weaker and weaker, until he died. A few days before his dissolution he appeared to have reached that desirable point where the last rapturous discoveries are made to the souls of dying saints. Roused, as it were, with the shout of angels, and kindled into rapture with visions of glory, he broke into a song of triumph, which began and ended with the praises of God's unfathomable love. He laboured to declare the secret manifestations he enjoyed, but his sensations were too powerful for utterance, and after looking inexpressible things, he contented himself with calling upon all around him to celebrate and shout that adorable love which can never be fully comprehended or

adequately expressed. This triumphant frame of mind was not a transient feeling, but a state he continued to enjoy, with little or no discernable interruption, to the moment of his death."

B.—"When I hear of the holy resignation with which he was endued, I can scarcely forbear to exclaim, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'"

H.—"I had received from this evangelical man many excellent precepts with respect to holy living, and I desired to receive from him the important lesson with respect to holy dying. And truly this concluding lesson was of inestimable worth, since so much patience and resignation, so much peace and composure were scarce ever discerned in the same circumstances before, and I am led to exclaim, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'"

B.—"It must have been a strange Sabbath in Madeley."

H.—"You may well say so. While their pastor was breathing out his soul into the hands of his faithful Creator, his people were offering supplications in his behalf in the house of God. Little however was seen among them but affliction and tears. The whole village wore an air of consternation and sadness. Hasty messengers were passing to and fro with anxious enquiries and confused reports. In the evening several of the poor who came from distant parts, seemed unable to tear themselves away without a sight of their expiring pastor. Secretly informed of their desire, Mr. G. obtained for them the permission they wished. The door of the chamber being set open, immediately before which Mr. Fletcher was sitting upright in his bed with the curtains withdrawn, unaltered in his usual venerable appearance, they slowly moved one by one along the gallery, pausing as they passed by the door, and casting in a look of mingled supplication and anguish."

B.—"And how were his last moments spent?"

H.—"His weakness very perceptibly increased but his countenance continued unaltered to the last; if anything, he appeared more at ease and more sweetly composed as the moment of his dissolution drew near. Our eyes were riveted upon him. Mrs. Fletcher was kneeling by his side; another sat at his head, Mr. Gilpin sorrowfully waited near his feet. All was silence when the angelic minister suddenly arrived and performed his important commission

with so much stillness and secrecy that it was impossible to determine the exact moment of its completion. We pressed nearer him. His lips had ceased to move; his head was gently sinking upon his bosom; his warfare was accomplished; his happy spirit had taken its everlasting flight."

B.—"I knew Mr. F. well, and if I may be permitted to give my opinion of him, my opinion settled and grounded of Mr. Fletcher is, that a holier or a better man has not lived since the days of St. John. There, Sir, you have it all at once. I am deeply distressed to hear of his death."

H.—"A very high character has some one given in prose, and another in verse, in two of the Shrewsbury newspapers, and another appears in one of the Birmingham papers."

B.—"I have not heard one, even of our bigoted Calvinists, but who gave him the most exalted character that any mere man can have; though surely man never exposed Calvinism as he has done. O that a double portion of that spirit of love, which the Lord poured upon him, might rest upon me!"

Such was the prayer of Mr. B. upon hearing of Mr. F.'s death. The prayer was answered in a remarkable manner, when Mr. B. became a Controversialist writer upon the vexed Calvinistic questions, in which he showed a large amount of the same tact and spirit which had characterized the teacher at whose feet he had sat, and whose fervent spirit of love he so much emulated.

JAMES HARRIS.

GENTLENESS OF CHARACTER.—One of the early Christian teachers, who was born with a violent temper, became a model of gentleness as he grew older. On one occasion he was assailed with a torrent of most furious words. The good teacher looked at the passionate man who thus addressed him with a tranquil eye, and did not reply by a single word. The furious man, enraged, spoke more bitterly than before. The Christian man preserved his patience. When the fellow had at last retired, the Christian was asked how he could keep silence under such provocation. He said: "My tongue and I made a compact, and we have agreed that while my heart is full of hot feeling my tongue shall not say a word. Could I teach this poor, ignorant man better how to govern and restrain himself than by holding my tongue? and would his rage have been sooner appeased had I not kept silence?"

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE EPISTLE TO THE
HEBREWS.

(Concluded from p. 150.)

4. IS THIS THE MISSING LETTER TO CORINTH ?

In the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, the apostle speaks of the letters which he had written to that Church. "His letters," say they, "are weighty and powerful, but his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible" (2 Cor. x. 10). This implies that he had written at least *one* besides that which we call the *First*. Again, in that which has come down to us as the *First* to the Corinthians, there is an allusion to a former letter which the apostle had previously written to Corinth. Now, we would not willingly accept the idea that any part of God's inspired word has been lost to the Church. May not our Epistle to the Hebrews—let us say to the Christian Hebrews in Corinth—prove to be the missing letter here referred to ?

The reference we find in 1 Cor. v. 9, and quote from Conybeare's translation :

"I enjoined you in my letter not to keep company with fornicators ; yet I meant not altogether to bid you forego intercourse with men of this world who may be fornicators, or lascivious, or extortioners, or idolators ; for so you would be forced to go utterly out of the world. But my meaning was, that you should not keep company with any man who, bearing the name of a brother, is either a fornicator, or lascivious, or an idolator, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner ; with such a man, I say, you must not so much as eat. For what need have I to judge those who are without the Church ? Is it not your part to judge those who are within it ? But those who are without are for God's judgment. And for yourselves, cast out the evil one from the midst of .you." *

Now, if we turn to the work before us, we perceive a passage which we take to be precisely the admonition referred to. The writer, speaking as to an organised community having the power of discipline, says, "Look diligently, lest any man fall short of the grace of God, lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, thereby many be defiled ; lest there be any fornicator," &c. †

Again: "Let marriage be held honourable in all ; and let the bed

* Conybeare, ii. 85.

† *Ibid.*, version of Heb. xii. 15.

be undefiled; for whoremongers and adulterers God will judge" (Heb. xiii. 4).* The sentiment accords. The duty is inculcated. This is what the apostle says he wrote to the Corinthians.

Another reference is sufficiently explicit. Looking at the Epistle to the Corinthians (1 Cor. iii. 1, 2) we meet with a declaration of the insufficiency of their spiritual knowledge; the author expressly stating that he had already complained of the same lack. "I, brethren, could not speak unto you as spiritual, but as carnal, even as babes in Christ. I fed you with milk and not with meat: for you were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able."

Here it is clear that on some previous occasion the apostle had made complaint of their incomplete attainments, and the defectiveness of their knowledge in spiritual things. In confirmation of the view that the epistle before us is the missing letter in which that complaint was made, read the passage to be found in Heb. v. 11-14. He is speaking of Melchizedek, and says:

"Of whom we have many things to say, and hard to be uttered, seeing ye are dull of hearing. For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again what are the first principles of the oracles of God; and ye have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For everyone that uses milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness; for he is a babe. But strong meat is for them that are of age, who have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil."

These two passages contain a palpable allusion, the one to the other. Which is the later? We can have no hesitation in pronouncing the clause in the Corinthians the more recent. The apostle says (1 Cor. iii. 1), "I *could not* speak unto you"—he means on that former occasion—"for you were not then able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." So that we have not only a distinct reference to the words, but an indubitable assertion that he had addressed that letter (which we call the Epistle to the Hebrews) to the Church at Corinth. This brings us to the point: *the Hebrews* are those who called themselves by that name at Corinth, and who are alluded to in the Second Epistle (2 Cor. xi. 22).

Two or three minor matters are not unworthy of notice, which incidentally confirm the view here taken. These Hebrews, to whom the Apostle wrote plainly, had been visited by him before, for he

*Conybeare and Howson, ii. 547, where the imperative form is justified.

asks their prayers that he may be *restored* to them again (Heb. xiii. 19), which exactly agrees with the facts of Paul's residence for a long period at Corinth (Acts xviii.), and his repeated visits subsequently. He knew not only Aquila and Priscilla, but doubtless the greater part of those who had come from Italy, or were denizens of the city. Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, he had baptised with his own hand; Apollos, who also was of Jewish origin, entrusted with special charge, went to Achaia (Acts xviii. 27, 28), and is mentioned as residing at Corinth (xix. 2, 3). But these Christian Hebrews were well acquainted with Timothy (Heb. xiii. 23). Now Silas and Timothy arrived at Corinth whilst the apostle was in the very height of his labours there (Acts xviii. 5). Encouraged by their presence, he pressed the word home with greater urgency and boldness upon the Jews; and having seen the vision and heard the voice (Acts xviii. 9), he held on his course fearlessly, knowing that God had much people in that city.

Amongst the greetings, the apostle says, "They from Italy salute you" (Heb. xiii. 24), which would distinctly apply to such as Aquila and Priscilla who had fled from Rome, had sojourned for a considerable time at Corinth as well-known members of the Church there, and who were residing at the time this letter was written, with the Apostle Paul at Ephesus. No doubt the clause has been translated "they of Italy," and we need not dispute that it might apply to persons surrounding the apostle, supposing he were in Italy at the time of writing. But looking at the preposition he employs, and candidly weighing all the facts brought forward here, it is more natural to understand it: "They (who came) from Italy," and who are present with me whilst I write, send Christian salutations—particularly as we are in a position to give the names of persons answering to the phrase.

Strongly corroborating the opinion here advocated, that the Hebrews to whom our epistle was addressed formed part of the Church at Corinth, is the fact, that Clemens Romanus is familiarly acquainted with it. In all probability he is the Clement referred to by St. Paul in the closing chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, and is the earliest of the Church Fathers whose works have been preserved to our day. Two letters to the Corinthians, ascribed to him, are still extant. In the former of these, which is admitted to

be genuine, he makes no less than ten unmistakable allusions to the work which we now call the Epistle to the Hebrews, quoting it as a document equally known to himself and to the Corinthian Church. On the supposition that it had been written and sent to Jews in Judea, this would be exceedingly difficult to account for. But on the hypothesis that it was addressed to Hebrews at Corinth, Clement's knowledge of it is natural and plain, and he becomes an undeniable witness in favour of what we hold to be the truth.

Finally, with respect to the course of thought, when we regard the three letters—that to the Hebrews, and the first and second to the Corinthians—as all addressed to the same community, we are able to trace out an orderly and complete discussion of the several topics laid down in the sixth chapter to the Hebrews. Taking either letter alone, we find some of those subjects are omitted, or are insufficiently treated. But viewing the three letters as virtually one, because all open to the knowledge of the same society, we perceive them to be welded together into one harmonious whole by the interconnection of thought.

The subject of *Repentance* the apostle takes up in Heb. vi. 4-9; *Faith* he unfolds in Heb. x. 35., xi., xii. 2; *Baptisms* are dealt with I Cor. i. 11-16, and iii. 3-35; *Teaching*, I Cor. i. 17, onwards to iii. 1. On *Spiritual Gifts* or *Laying on of Hands* he expatiates in I Cor. xii.-xiv.; *Resurrection from the Dead* is discussed in that incomparable chapter, I Cor. xv.; and *Eternal Judgment* is repeatedly and fully brought into view in 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16, iv. 2, 3, v. 10, 11, ix. 6, x. 7, and xi. 1, 2.

Meanwhile he never loses sight of the matter of *Perfection* unto which he desires the disciples to be carried forward. It would prolong this paper unduly even to glance at the fulness of detail and variety of aspects in which this topic of Christian perfection is presented. Compare Heb. ii. 10, vi. 1, vii. 11, 19, 28, ix. 9, 10, x. 1, 2, 14, xi. 40, xii. 23; I Cor. ii. 6, ix. 24-27, xiii. 10, xiv. 20; 2 Cor. xii. 9, xiii. 9-14.

The fervid mind of the apostle, indeed, overflows into numberless subordinate topics, all pertinent, all treated with superhuman sagacity and consummate wisdom, all conducive to the edification of the people of God. The more wonderful the variety and fecundity of thought, the more beautiful appears the transcendent orderliness which pervades the whole fulness of his teaching.

A patient consideration of the arguments thus briefly stated will satisfy, we believe, the candid inquirer after truth.

1. That this letter was not primarily written to the Hebrews in Judea.

2. That there were in the Corinthian Church brethren of Jewish origin who were known and designated, for whatever reason, as "Hebrews."

3. That the apostle, antecedently to the letter known as the First to the Corinthians, had already addressed an epistle to that Church.

4. That allusions to the sentiments of that previous epistle, and quotations of its very words, shew that this to "the Hebrews" is the letter referred to.

5. That all the minute circumstances of person and place concur in sustaining this opinion.

6. That a connected course of thought, according to an arrangement of topics laid down in the primary letter (Heb. vi.) may be traced consecutively through all the three (Heb., 1 Cor., 2 Cor.), binding them into one whole, as addressed unto one community.

7. Finally, and most important deduction of all, the Epistles to the Corinthians being the unchallenged production of the Great Apostle, this also to the "Hebrews," must be held to have emanated from the same inspired source; and that notwithstanding any diversity of form or style discoverable therein.

We trust this subject will be pursued by earnest students of the original, who will not fail to discover many other indications of the truth of this view, so that their minds may become thoroughly established in the Pauline authorship, and the unquestionable inspiration of this instructive and vital portion of the New Testament.

THOMAS BURDITT.

NEVER set your foot in a dirty and crooked path for the love of money. It is a work that will bring bad interest if you wish to suck honey out of thistles.

A MAN who can take the place which God puts him in, and stick to it, and fight it through, and stand a man every inch, has, I think, waiting an estate of glory such as has not been known in this world.

THE SACRIFICIAL CONQUEST.

REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

O JESUS, the help of mankind,
 The gift and the glory of God,
 The hope and the rest of the mind,
 I know there is life in Thy blood.
 Thou blessed Redeemer of men,
 Descend with Thy heavenly powers ;
 O come in Thy spirit again,
 And the joy of Thy mercy is ours.

Exalted a holy High Priest,
 O Jesus, Thy pleadings' avail !
 Come gather us now to Thy feast,
 Our souls with Thy fulness regale.
 We wait in the light of our Lord,
 Come, Jesus, our glory and guide ;
 Transform by the strength of Thy word,
 And lead us in love to Thy side.

Thou Conqueror, red from the field,
 Ascended to glory above,
 The world to Thy triumph must yield,
 Subdued by the strength of Thy love.
 O Jesus, ride forth in Thy might,
 Repeat the grand conquests of old,
 Rehearse Thou Thy covenant right,
 And gather the lost to Thy fold.

We praise Thee for what Thou hast done,
 By the seal of the spirit of grace ;
 The Father hath honoured the Son,
 And shows us the light of His face.
 The stream of salvation o'erflows,
 Impelled by the power of Thy blood ;
 And thousands are finding repose,
 In the love of a pardoning God.

Thornbury, Ont.

NOT FORSAKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

CHAPTER IV.

OLD FARMER BEADE.

SO the years went on, bringing seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, according to the promise of God. The years seemed very much the same, with little change in them, save that father grew older ; and I also, I suppose, though I did not know or feel it. I had entered into a quiet and peaceful time. All the house seemed quieter than of old. The old servants remained about us, and my maids did not seem to wish for change, but stayed on year after year, doing their work orderly and well. There were no holidays now, with Stephen coming home, and going about the farmstead with the look and the step of a gentleman.

We had letters from him about twice a year ; those were our events. He was getting on steadily in the far-off country, dwelling with Mr. Garnett the lawyer, who seemingly had adopted him for a son. The country was so very far off that I never thought the letters came too seldom ; for it was surely a marvellous thing that they could come at all in safety over so many thousands of miles. The postman, who so rarely turned in at our fold-gate—except at Christmas to ask for a Christmas-box—brought these precious letters, and I used to watch for him, when I had written an answer, at the garden-wicket, looking down the lane to Conover, and saw him put it into his pouch, and carry it away. I did not know in what manner, or by what means, it would reach Stephen.

But at length, though the harvest came it was but scanty. Our land lay high, and the soil was barren ; and if the harvest was late, and the winter came on quickly, our corn was sometimes not garnered before the autumn frosts grew keen. I remember one harvest, after there had been much rain, and after that a sharp frost, we had to kindle fires in the corn-fields, both to light us at work and to do something towards keeping away the sharp cold. I even see father still at the head of his team, leading them from sheaf to sheaf, with the red light of the bonfires shining on his white head and anxious face, and on the scanty load of corn, all glistening with frost. Three harvests running were bad, and the stock did not prosper. We lost our calves and our lambs ; and hard work it was to make up the rent twice a year. Father was an aged man, and his spirit quite broke down under these trials.

"Margery," he said one evening, while the men were foddering the cattle for the night, and we were sitting alone in our chimney-

corners, "hast thee ever thought what we'd do if we had to leave the old place? I were born here, and married thy mother here, and nursed thee on my knee in this place. It 'ud break my heart to leave it, and have to sit in any other chimney-nook."

I saw his mouth quivering and his hand shaking as he tried to kindle his pipe at the embers in the grate, and my heart was very sore for him.

"If it be the will of God, it must be good," I said.

"But it canna' be the will o' God," he answered, fretfully, like a little child that wants comforting on his mother's lap; "the Almighty canna' ha' got any grudge agen me, as He wanna' leave me a-be to die in the old place. I say, Margery, the Almighty hasna' any ill-will agen me."

"No, father, no," I said; "God Almighty is love. Whatever He does is very good. He has no grudge against any one of us."

"Then He'll let me a-be to die in my own bed," said father; "I'll take that as a sign as He has no ill-will agen me. But, Margery, did thee write to Stephen, and tell him how bad the harvests were, and the stock barren, and the grass-lands poor for the milch-kine?"

"Yes," I said, reluctantly. "I wrote after last harvest."

"And hasna' there been time for him to write agen?" asked father; "he might send back that hundred pounds I gave him. He's been getting on rarely, he says, and he's hard upon three and twenty now, Margery; a young man, not a lad like he were when he went away. If it's as fine a country as he says, he could spare that hundred pound back again, and that 'ud set us up again. I'd not be fearsome then of dyin' away from the old place. Dost think he'll send it? How soon will we hear, Margery?"

I did not want to answer, for father had set his heart upon Stephen being able to help us, and it seemed cruel to dash down his hope. But he said again, in a fretting voice, "How soon can we hear, Margery?"

"I have heard, father," I said; "Stephen's answer came this morning."

"And what does the lad say?" cried father, his voice trembling; "has he sent us any help?"

I drew the letter from my pocket, and laid it out on the table, under the light of the candle. It was not a very long letter this time, but it was beautifully written, not at all like my poor cramped handwriting, or father's, which nobody could read. I read it aloud slowly and distinctly.

"DEAR MARGERY,—I am very much disturbed by the bad news contained in your last; but I am so far away from you that I can scarcely judge what it would be wise in me to do. If I were on the spot I would assist you as much as lay in my power; but at

this distance, and knowing so little your affairs, I am quite at a loss as to what advice to give you. The fact is, I believe the whole place is fallen into decay; it is worn out. Father himself is getting too old to see properly after his men; and you keep on old Jerry and all the other infirm, used-up men-servants. I do not see how you can expect to get on under such circumstances, and you must be content just to make your way. If you were out here I could help you; but it is almost impossible to do so as you are. You hint that I have money. Not much, Margery, not enough to keep a number of old people going. I have only a nest-egg, and it is so well invested, that you would be the first to cry out against the folly of withdrawing it. Yet, if you write again, say in six months' time after next harvest, and state that you must positively have that hundred pounds back, which father gave me to start me in life—and it was not much, Margery—why, then you shall have it, however hard it may be for me. But I trust you will do your best to get along without this sacrifice. Now do try, dear Maggie. Set your shoulder to the wheel, for you know the proverb, 'God helps those who help themselves.' Besides, you have your Uncle Simister; he might do something, and he is so much nearer to you than I am. I cannot write more now, being in haste to catch the post. God bless you both.

"Your affectionate

STEPHEN."

"A fine letter; a very fine letter," said father, as I folded it up again; "he's quite a scholar, is Stephen."

He always liked listening to Stephen's letters, and would hear them over again and again. But I did not want to read that letter any more to-night. There was something in it that made me feel chilly, as if an easterly wind was blowing somewhere through a little chink. I could not say exactly what it was; for it was only reasonable of Stephen to hesitate about sending us the money; and I had not positively asked for it. But it was just that feeling of chilliness creeping through me whenever I read the words that made me not wish to go through it again that night.

"That's a good thought about your Uncle Simister," said father, after thinking it over quietly, "but I hanna' heard a word from him these twenty years. I were never a good hand at letters like Stevie. But I donna' like what Stevie says about us all bein' old and worn out. The buidlin' is old; there's the barn with hole after hole in the roof, and the sheds are fallin' bit by bit. But, bless you, my lass, Jerry and me are as sharp as ever we were; quite sharp and pert. It's nothin' but poor harvests and barren stock as has brought us so low. Stephen's only a young lad yet. But for that about Jerry and me it's a fine letter, Margery; and it's all thy own doin', my lass."

Father sat chuckling over the letter almost like a child. He looked very grey and ashen-coloured in the dim light, and his voice quavered, as well as his laughter, as he went on glorying in Stevie's fine letter; whilst I pondered over it, always with a growing sense of chilliness.

For three weeks longer father went on with his daily work. It was November now, and the fogs were thick of a morning, but out he started at dawn, he and Jerry, tottering about the fields in the damp and cold. I had never noticed before Stephen's letter came how very old they both were; for they had grown grey and bent so gradually that it was like night coming on, it is dark almost before you know that the sun has set. Father had been going down the hill so long that I had not thought how near he must be to the valley; and it seemed to me that he had fallen suddenly into it, when, all at once, he gave up his work, and lay down in his old bed, with faded green serge hangings, where his father had died before him. That was three weeks after Stephen's letter reached me, and before I had answered it, telling him how bad things were with us. It was a slack time on the farm and in the dairy, so I could watch beside father, never quitting him day and night.

"Margery," he said to me the last evening that ever he lived in this world, as I sat on the low rocking-chair, which had been carried up from the chimney-corner in the kitchen, with the little round table beside me and a candle upon it, just as he had seen me sitting opposite to him every night since Stephen's mother died—"Margery, my lass, thee has had a hard life, I'm afeard."

"No, father," I answered, smiling at him, though tears were in my eyes; "it has been a good life, a happy life."

"Eh! but most lasses 'ud call it a hard life," murmured father; "never a bit o' pleasin', and neither husband nor chick nor child. I'm fearsome as I've done ill by thee, never makin' thee welcome to go to a house o' thy own. Old folks are selfish, Maggie; they'd keep their lads and lasses about them till they die, and then they are like nestlin's without a nest. Stevie was a wise lad for hisself. What's goin' to be done with thee I canna' tell."

"Never mind about me, father," I said.

"Margery," he said after a while, his eyes shining very bright under his grey eyebrows, "the Almighty's goin' to leave me to die in my own bed. He's got no grudge agen me, thee sees."

"Were you afraid of Him, father?" I asked. "Did you think that He was goin' to be hard upon you?"

"I thought maybe He's like landlord," answered father; "he'll turn me out when the time comes, however old I am. But He isn't goin' to turn me out. He knows I'd never turn away poor old Jerry; and isn't there somethin' in the Bible about bein' done by as we do to others?"

"He will never turn away them that go to Him," I said—"them that look to Jesus, He will in no wise cast out."

"That's how I come," he said, very solemnly, "through Him as was the Good Shepherd, and went after the poor lost sheep till He found it; and it stands to sense, Margery, that the Almighty 'ud never drive out the sheep again from the fold after Jesus had all that pain and trouble to bring it back. No, no; He hasna' got any grudge agen us, not any one of us, has He?"

"Not one," I said; and I could say no more.

"If He'd let me be turned out of the old house, and die in a strange place," he went on, "I should ha' taken it as a sign He had ill-will agen me; but dunna thee take it as a sign o' ill-will, my poor lass. Thee'lt have to go, for certain; but thee wonna fret agen the Almighty?"

His voice was very troubled, and he looked anxiously into my face. I knew that signs were nothing, and that if father had died in the work-house, among paupers, God would have loved him all the same, and Jesus would have prepared a place for him quite as good and beautiful. *He* died upon a cross, with two thieves beside Him, and a crowd of people scoffing at Him. What death could be like His?

"I hope I'll never fret against God," I answered, looking him full in the face. "I'm not afraid of anythin' He gives me to do or bear. Anythin' will be good enough for me; and there's nobody else for you to trouble about except Stephen; and you're not afraid for him, father?"

"No, no; not for Stephen," he said. "He's had his share, and he's a clever lad, God bless him! But thou'rt not clever, Margery, and there's nothin' left for thee, not a stick or a stone. I canna see what'll become of thee; but the Almighty knows."

"Yes: He knows," I answered, very peacefully, for it did not disturb me at all, and I wanted to see father also at peace.

"But suppose He means thee to be very poor, and beg thy bread?" he said, uneasily.

"Father," I answered, "I can never be poorer than Him who said, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' Sure I need never be afraid of bein' worse off than Him."

"Ay, but I wouldna' like thee to be as poor as that," he said, groaning.

"No fear of it," I answered, cheerfully. "I'm strong and active; but if it even came to that, father, the servant shouldn't look to be better off than his Master, should he? Don't be fearsome for me; there is Uncle Simister and Stephen to care for me. Don't fret yourself for me, father."

There were not many more hours for him to fret about anything.

Before the sun rose the next morning the grey change had come over his wrinkled face, and he spoke no more, only lay with his hand in mine, till that went cold, and fell out of my fingers. There was no one with us ; but never had I felt so closely the presence of One who said before He went away, "I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you." He had come ; and though my eyes could not see Him I knew He was there, just as one knows in the dark night that home is all about us, and those we love close beside us, and that nothing but the light is needed for us to see it all. Upon father's eyes the morning was now breaking ; and he would see Jesus standing on the shore, and he would know that it was Jesus.

CHAPTER V.

UPROOTED.

FOUR months longer I had to stay in the old place, for the notice to quit served upon my father did not run out before Lady Day ; and the new tenant would not be ready to enter before that time. I suppose I might have if I wished ; but who then would keep order upon the farmstead, and superintend the usual winter's work both indoors and out ? Besides, I was glad to stay, though the place seemed desolate indeed, now father was gone. But there were the old servants—Jerry, and the rest of them ; as long as I stopped I could find work for them, and I had money enough to pay their wages.

In looking over the old-fashioned desk in father's room, I found his will, dated a few weeks after Stephen left us, in which he made me sole executrix, and bequeathed to me all the goods he should possess at the time of his death. I had never looked into this desk before, for father had always kept it carefully locked, and I felt half afraid all the time lest I was doing something wrong, something to be ashamed of, if he came in and found me turning over his papers. There I found my own mother's wedding-ring, with a lock of her hair, cut after she was dead ; and an old clasped pocket Bible, and on the front leaf were written all the births and deaths in our family. The last entry was the date of Stephen's departure, as if father had known that the separation would be as complete as death, so far as he was concerned. Some of my tears fell upon the page and stained it ; but left it for Stephen to enter father's death when he came back. It was a very small funeral ; for we had no one of kin to us except Uncle Simister, and I never thought of asking him to come all the way from London for a funeral. There

were two or three neighbours who came up from Condovery, and Jerry and I. We two walked home alone when all was over, across the fields where father had been thousands and thousands of times, till it seemed as if he must be there, only the fog hid him from us. Then in the evening I sat quite alone in the parlour, for it was even a more solemn day than a Sunday; and I wrote to Stephen, telling him all that conversation I had with father the night before he died, and putting in a few words at the end, to say I had found father's will, and everything was left to me. I thought there was no need to trouble him now about the bad harvest, and the rent not being paid. There would be enough to pay all our debts when everything was sold at Lady Day.

There were a few letters in my father's desk, and among them I found the one Uncle Simister had written years ago, when my second mother was alive, and when I had no share in anything that was being done. I had heard it talked of many and many a time, but I had never read it before; for my father had never cared to see anybody open his desk. This was what was written within:

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

"It hath occurred to me that peradventure you have a man-child, whom you may seek to place out in a position for getting on in life. If you have such an one, age from twelve to fourteen, health good, also able to read, write, and cipher, I am willing to take him altogether off your hands, adopt him as my son, bring him up to walk in my ways, and finally bequeath to him all my worldly goods. If you have no such man-child, you need not trouble to reply to me. I dwell still in Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, where I have always dwelt, and will always dwell, till I quit this Pilgrim Street of life.

"Your brother, respectfully and truly,

"JACOB SIMISTER."

"Why," I thought to myself, "is this all the letter father thought and spoke so much of?" The date was many years back, and I knew it had never been answered. Uncle Simister might be dead; and, after all, it was only a man-child, as he called it, that he wished for. It seemed scarcely worth while for me to write him a letter, though perhaps I might by-and-bye.

That convenient season never came; for writing was a great difficulty to me. You must not suppose that I am writing all this history of mine with my own hand. No; I am sitting in a pleasant chair in the sunshine, with my hands folded at rest upon my lap; and I have but to speak the words with my lips, and they are written down in a fair, clear hand, such as I could never write. If Phœbe had been with me at the farm, a long letter would have

gone to Uncle Simister; but, besides the difficulty, there seemed really no time for letter-writing. Though the farm was going into other hands, that did not keep the lambing season from coming on as usual. I was just as anxious and tender as ever over the young things brought in out of the piercing east wind. And I watched the slow sprouting of the green corn in the brown furrows, just as if I should see it ripen and be gathered into sheaves. I knew I should have to go away when Lady Day came; but if God brought the leaf-buds and the snow-drops, and the building of nests, and birth of young creatures before me, just as in other spring-times, why should I shut my eyes and heart sullenly against them.

But Lady Day came, with the sale of the stock of my own favourite cows and hens, that all knew me so well they seemed to look for me to notice their calves and chickens; and every piece of the house furniture, except an old sampler of mother's in a black frame, and a portrait of my father, cut out in black paper and pasted upon white. These the auctioneer put on one side, as not worth offering to the buyers. It was a stranger day than the day of father's funeral. There were the neighbours feeling at the feather beds, and holding up the linen sheets against the light, and ringing the earthenware to see if it was cracked, and going in and out just as they pleased. I felt like being in a dream, which came to an end only when the sale was over, and every one gone, leaving me in the empty, empty house. I was to sleep there alone, on a bed on the floor of my old room, soiled with the tread of strange feet, and spoiled of everything which made it look like home to me. Oh! if Stevie could but have been nearer to me at that time!

I awoke with the first grey of the dawn; for the curtains had been sold from the window, and the light shone full upon my face, so that I looked up to it at once, and saw it like the light in a mother's eyes. I rose up in a moment, as if I had been called, and opened the lattice-window overlooking the grassy orchard, where I had played when I was a child. I leaned out there for a long time, watching the light strengthen, till it touched the leaf-buds on the trees below me. The dainty freshness of the morning air, so different, even in the country, to the weary air of noon, played about my face and my smarting eye-lids; for I had been weeping bitterly before I fell asleep. Soon the birds began—at first with a little twitter, as if waking up reluctantly from their rest—and then singing as if all their happy songs had been frozen up during the frosts of winter, and were now bubbling out like a little brook thawing in the sunshine. My own white hen—mine yesterday—was astir among the roots of the trees, seeking food, and cluck-clucking to her yellow nestlings. "How often would I gather thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings!" said my Lord Christ; and again, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farth-

ings? and not one of them is forgotten before God." So the sun rose, moment by moment, very quietly, and I thought how vainly would any one try to stay its rising, and how we must give ourselves up to have the light shining all about us, whether we be glad or grieved. Then I heard the waggoners calling to their horses, and the creaking of the fold-gate as it swung on the hinges; but there was no lowing of cattle, and, except my little white hen, which the farmer who was coming after us had bought, there was no busy cackling of poultry. All the old familiar voices were gone, never to come back to my ears; Stevie's clear young voice, and father's call, and all the other sounds which had wakened me morning after morning. I sank down on my knees, and hid my face on the sill, saying nothing, but listening rather to the still small voice speaking to my heart.

Then, kneeling there, I saw that whether I took this trial rebelliously or submissively, it would remain the same: I could no more stay it than I could stay the rising of the sun. I was like a tree rooted up, and the soil about to be filled in and smothered over where I had been growing. I might become a tree of the Lord's planting in some other corner of His garden, or I might lie there where I was, to crumble into decay. I had my choice to make; and I made it there before I rose up from my knees.

The sun was glistening upon every dewy leaf on the orchard-trees before I raised my head, and I went down stairs, and through the kitchen—a bare and desolate place—and passed on into the garden, where everything was unchanged. There was a venture-some bee or two, tempted out of the hive by the fitful warmth of the spring day, wandering disconsolately about in search of honey-flowers. The east wind was tarrying somewhere, and the south wind was blowing softly amongst the trees. Against the faint blue of the sky stood our mountain, still with streaks of white snow lying here and there on its slopes, and looking more solitary than ever in its chilly paleness. I looked at it long this morning; for was it not like me, alone, and pale, and cold? Yet the sun was rising on us both, warm, and strong, and full of comforting life.

I sat down in the entry of the bee-arbour, close to the hives, about which they had wrapped some bands of crape when father died, which were now brown, and worn into shreds. Before long I heard the garden-wicket click, and I saw old Jerry come shambling up the path, with his white smock-frock on, and his worn-out felt cap slouching over his face.

"I wanted to speak to you, Miss Margery," he said. "What may you be thinkin' of doin', if I may be so bold?"

"I hardly know yet, Jerry," I said.

"You'd never be thinkin' of goin' into service, miss?" he asked.

"Not about home," I answered, feeling all at once a shrinking from becoming a servant; though even He took upon Him the form of a servant.

"If it 'ud been about here," said Jerry, "I'd ha' asked 'em to take me for nothin' save my keep, and I'd ha' done scores o' things to save you, miss, beside makin' it more home-like for you. But if you're goin' to leave this place, I reckon you'll be goin' to your Uncle Simister, as lives in Lonnon, and is so well-to-do, as old master used to say. He'd be mighty pleased to see you, I'll go bail. You're no lass for folks to turn up their noses at, Miss Margery. Maybe some o' the grand folk in Lonnon 'll be for weddin' wi' ye. They could na' do better, and they might do worse, as old Jerry could tell 'em."

It was the longest speech I ever heard Jerry make. But I could not give him an answer all at once. My mind was almost made up to go to London; but I wanted to see all I could both for and against it.

"I think I'd be best away from here," I said, after a while. "There's Uncle Simister, and he's the only relation I have, except Stephen in Australia. But it would take a deal of money to go to London, and I don't rightly know how to get there."

"Parson 'ud tell ye the road," said Jerry; "and me and the other men ha' clubbed together, and here's over twenty shillin' to help ye on it. God bless ye, Miss Margery! Take it kind, for it's offered kind. Ye've been mighty good to we; and we'd like to be a bit good back again."

I felt a sob rising in my throat; for the men were but poor labourers, and likely to be thrown out of work now. Jerry was putting into my hand a bit of paper tightly screwed; but I pushed it back again very gently.

"No, no, Jerry," I said; "I'm not so hard pressed as that. I've enough money to take me to London, if I make up my mind to go."

"Take it kind, for it's offered kind," repeated Jerry. "Me and the other men won't take it back, Miss Margery. Ye'll want a mint o' brass to take you all the way to Lonnon."

He pressed the money into my hands, and started off in an awkward run down the garden to escape from me. But he did not know how he had lightened the heaviness of my heart. With new courage and new strength I put on my black bonnet and shawl, and went down to Condoover to ask the rector how I could get to London.

He too was kind—kinder than I could ever have thought. I had scarcely spoken to him before, for our farm lay quite at the far end of the parish; but he seemed right pleased to tell me all I wanted to know; and when I curtsied to him, saying, "Good-bye, sir," he shook my hand heartily, and said, "Good-bye, and God bless you, Margery Beade!"

I stayed for a day or two to help to settle the new-comers in our old place; for the wife was sickly, and there was a brood of little children. But the last night came at length—the last night and the last morning.

CHAPTER VI.

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE PLACE.

SO in the chill of a spring dawn, whilst the grass and the moss on the roof were still white and glistening with a light hoarfrost, I left home—the only home I had ever known. The men had gathered together at the fold-gate, just as when Stephen had gone, to bid me good-bye; but there was no shouting of "Hurrah!" One of them had taken my box down to the inn the night before, and I had only my basket to carry; but Jerry was bent upon going with me through the woods to the highway, where the coach was to take me up; for there were no railways at that time in our part of England, and I had thirty miles to go by stage-coach before I could get into a train for London.

For near upon two miles our road lay through woods of fir-trees and oaks, and beeches, already budding with soft, bright little buds. The narrow footpath, winding in and out among the trees, and almost losing itself where they were thickest, was green with new moss and grass; and down about the brown roots of the trees young primroses were beginning to uncurl their crisp leaves, and set free their pale new blossoms. Up on the topmost branches of the larch-trees, where the earliest and the latest rays of the sun shone, there was here and there a crimson flower, like a ruby set among the fresh green of the new needles. A thousand yellow tassels hung upon the willows and the nut-bushes, waiting for the sun to dry up the tiny drops of frost still clinging to them. Every sound and sight was as dear to me as ever the garden of Eden was to Eve; and I was leaving them perhaps, like her, never to come back again, though no cherubim nor flaming sword would be placed before them to keep me away. The world lay before me, as before Adam and Eve; but it was only out of the garden they were driven. They dwelt still in the land of Eden, whilst I was going whither I knew not.

We reached the highway at last, and heard the ringing of a horn from the coach which was coming to carry me away. I had only time to take Jerry's hand between both of mine, and press my lips to his withered cheek, which I had kissed so often when I was a child. We did not expect to see one another again in this

life ; but all was like a dream. I lived as in a dream at that time ; nothing surprised me, nothing overcame me. I was like a child being led blindfolded over a rough road, but guided by a strong hand which I knew would never fail me. So we said good-bye to one another, Jerry and me ; and I saw him looking after us bare-headed, till the coach passed out of his sight.

It was late at night before I reached London, having journeyed all day at a marvellous speed ; for I had never travelled either by stage-coach or train before. I was told that it was London, and I stepped down on to a smooth platform, where there seemed hundreds of people hurrying to and fro. I went to the van where I had seen my box put in, and watched trunk after trunk tumbled out carelessly before my own came to sight. Then I stood beside it, not knowing what to do. The bright spring morning had turned into a day of drizzling rain, and I could see it falling in thick slanting lines against the gas-lights, whilst I shivered in the keen draught of the easterly wind. At length every one else had gone, and I stood almost as lonely and solitary as in the garden at home, when a stranger came up and spoke to me.

"Are you waiting for anything or anybody, ma'am?" he asked, civilly enough.

"Sir," I said, "I wish to know of some quiet place where I can stay till mornin'. I'm a stranger here, and I'd thank you kindly to tell me of any such place."

"There's heaps of places," he answered ; "you've only got to take your choice. I'll call a cab for you. Hollo, cabby! here's a fare for you."

Then there drove up a carriage, such as the young rector and his wife might have rode in ; and the man opened the door for me to step in before I could speak a word. It was so different from the old gig at home, that I stopped with one foot on the step.

"I'm no lady," I said, looking earnestly at the two men. "I'm nobody but a farmer's daughter, with not over much money."

"Never mind, ma'am," said the driver. "I'll do it as cheap as e'er a man on the station. P'raps it's nothink but a shilling fare. Where do you want to go, ma'am?"

"I don't know," I answered. "I want a quiet, decent inn, not too dear."

"Ay, ay, ma'am!" he said, slamming the door so sharply that it made me start. Then he mounted to his seat and drove away, carrying me with him.

It was past eleven o'clock. Father, and the men-servants, and the maids had been in bed and asleep these two hours, and all the house at home was shut up and quiet. But what was I thinking of? Father was dead, and Stephen far away, and the old house at home was ours no longer. I was a stranger and alone in the

streets of London. Many a shop was open still, and there were large windows glittering with the light within them at every street corner. A great number of people were out, though the rain was falling fast; and I saw young children pattering along the wet pavement barefooted! Not one or two, but several little children barefooted on such a night as this! My heart ached at the very sight of them. I did not think to see barefooted children in London.

The cab stopped after a while at the door of an inn, where two men, thin and very sallow-faced, came out instantly into the rain, with no hats upon their heads, to help me to get out, and to take charge of my basket and my cloak, which I would rather have kept on my own arm. How far away I was from my own country, where everybody knew me to be only Margery Beade!

I followed the man, without speaking, up a long, narrow flight of stairs, till I found myself upon a landing at the door of a very large room, all in a blaze of light, with a number of small tables in it set for dinner. Though it was so late at night, almost midnight, there sat groups of people, eating, drinking, talking, and laughing, as if it were still early in the evening. My head was aching already, but it went giddy at the sight of it. Nobody seemed to see me; nobody stopped in their rapid talk to look once at me. I might have been quite invisible, save for a smartly-dressed, but weary-looking young woman, who stood at my elbow, and asked me again and again what I would like to have.

"I couldn't eat a morsel here," I said. "Please to show me to a quiet, clean room; only it must not cost much."

My feet felt stiff and aching, though I had been sitting still all day, cramped up in the railway train. I found how stiff they were as we went up one flight of stairs after another, till the young woman showed me into a dark little room, very scantily furnished. There was no window belonging to it, except the three lowest panes of the window which lighted the room above; and it had a very close, musty smell, which made me almost gasp for breath. I sank down on a chair set beside the bare wooden dressing-table, where I could see my face in the small looking-glass—such a face! Pale, travel-stained, weary, with the white cap in my bonnet already soiled. How different I used to look at home! Stephen would not know me again. The girl, who was turning down the bed, and shaking up the pillows, glanced at me from time to time pityingly.

"You're up from the country, ma'am?" she said.

"Yes!" I answered.

"First time you've been in London, I suppose?" she continued.

"Yes," I answered again, with a somewhat sorrowful voice.

"I used to live in the country myself," said the girl, sighing; "but you'll get used to it, ma'am. You'll feel better in the morning; so if you won't take anything, I'll bid you good-night."

"Stay!" I said, yet feeling almost ashamed of it. "I wish you'd kiss me, and say good-night." I felt all at once a great hunger for some outward sign of love. My heart rested upon an unseen perfect love; but just then I yearned for something that made me seem less friendless in this great city. The girl looked astonished, and hesitated as she gazed into my face. Then her lips parted into a smile, though the tears came into her eyes, and she put her arm round my neck and kissed me.

It was a comfort to me, though maybe it was a weakness. I suppose few people at my age go suddenly from such a still, quiet place as our old farmstead—which was even far away from any village—into the very crush and throng of London. I took out my night-dress, which had been bleached upon the orchard grass, and scented with rosemary and lavender, and the sweet smell brought it all like lightning, as clear and vivid to my mind. There was the close, suffocating room, with its dingy bed, and dirty flooring, and my memory brought to me the fresh, sweet breeze, and the flowers, and the fields, which seemed so very far off in the past, though I had only left them that morning.

There were noises about the house long after I was in bed, which kept me alert and wakeful. Somewhere not far off there was the clatter of an endless washing-up of dishes, and the clicking of knives and forks dropping one by one into a box, till there seemed to be thousands upon thousands of them. Towards morning a dead stillness followed, and I slept a little; but as soon as a glimmer of daylight shone upon the three panes of glass, I got up and looked out. They opened upon the roof, and I could see, as far as my sight reached, nothing but roofs and chimneys, begrimed with smoke and dust. It was a vast city, a wilderness of dwelling-places, through which I might have to wander in a solitary way, finding no place to dwell in.

CHAPTER VII.

WATCHMAKER AND PHILOSOPHER.

WELL, well! I was faint-hearted that morning. I went down early into the large room I had seen the night before, and found that I was again invisible, except to the tired-looking men, who were waiting upon the people. I had reckoned upon seeing a pleasant, friendly-spoken landlady, like the landlady at the Sun, where father put up on market-days, who used to ask me into the

bar, when I went down two or three times a year to do my shopping, and take ever so much interest in what I had bought. I had thought how I would speak to her about my plans, and ask her if she knew anybody who wanted a country housekeeper, provided my Uncle Simister did not wish me to live with him. But there was no such person to be seen. I sat down at the table nearest to the door, for I had not courage to walk far into the room; and a young man brought me the breakfast I asked for.

Till then I had not quite resolved upon going first to Uncle Simister; but as there was no landlady for me to speak to, I could not see what else I could do. I made a few inquiries from the girl I had spoken to the night before, and started off to find out his house amongst the twisting and winding streets, all crossing one another, and turning first to the right hand and then to the left. The din and uproar stunned me; thousands upon thousands of wheels were rattling over the large paving-stones; and the yelling of street-cries was utterly distracting. I had never thought that the world itself could hold so many people. I felt myself out of keeping with the eager, bustling crowd, all moving so much quicker than I was; for I was not used to hurry, and, maybe, the carrying of milk-pails and baskets of butter and eggs upon my head had given me a slow and measured walk unlike that of the London people. In what I was different I could hardly tell, but I felt different; and many a person I met looked steadily at me, as if they could see what a stranger I was to those busy streets.

I must have gone far out of my way before I found Ludgate Hill, and walked slowly up it, with the great church of St. Paul's before me, its roof high above all other roofs, and its dome standing out clearly against the sky. But I did not look up much at that, for my heart was beating fast with anxiety, and my eyes were searching everywhere for Pilgrim Street. I could not find it on either hand; and though many persons were passing to and fro, they all appeared too busy for me to venture upon asking any one of them. At last I saw three little children dawdling down the hard stone flags, in rags, and thin-looking, but staring in at the grand shop windows without any shyness, such as I felt. The eldest was a boy, about nine years old, with nothing on but a torn shirt, and a pair of trousers so large for him that he had turned up the legs, and tied them round with a bit of string. I thought it looked very strange to see such children gazing in at the grand jewellery and at the costly silks and satins in the shop windows. The boy saw my eyes fixed earnestly upon them, and he pulled one of the others by the arm.

"See! There's a lady smiling at us," he said.

"My boy," I said, taking a penny from my purse, "do you know a street called Pilgrim Street about here?"

"Do I?" he said; "I should think I do! Any chap with his eyes in his head 'ud know Pilgrim Street."

"Show me where it is," I answered, "and I'll give you this penny."

He darted away in an instant across the street, through all the throng of carriages, twisting in and out among them, and then stood on the other side, beckoning me to follow him.

But it was like a rolling river between us, and we stood on opposite sides.

I can see him now, his bright, eager face, dirty and grimed, but with a very pleasant smile upon it. He would have been a handsome boy if he had been a gentleman's son. My heart warmed towards him at once; for it was the first face that had smiled at me since I set my foot in London. Presently he came back, and stood at my side till the course was a little clear, when we ran across, his hand in mine.

"Here's Pilgrim Street," he said, turning down a narrow archway between two shops, just large enough for one carriage to pass. At the back of the archway was a very winding street, turning here and there, with houses whose tops almost touched one another, or at least seemed to shut out the sky. It was quieter than in the larger streets, and I could hear my own voice again.

"Here's your penny, my boy," I said. "Tell me what your name is."

"What do you want to know for?" he asked, sharply.

I scarcely knew what to say. If any of the children from Condoover ever came up to the farm, I always asked their names; but then I knew something about them all. There was no good in asking this London lad.

"I ain't afeard of telling you," he said, looking long into my face. "My name's Corporal, and my mother's name's Bell. I'm Corporal Bell for long, and Cor for short."

"But Corporal isn't your crissen-name," I said; "you must have some other name."

"I ain't got no other," he answered, steadily. "Corporal Bell for long, and Cor for short."

I went on slowly along the stone pavement, which had made my feet ache again, and the boy followed me.

"Are you looking for anythink?" he asked.

"I'm lookin' for a watchmaker of the name of Simister," I answered.

"And why couldn't you ha' said so afore?" said Cor; "he's a friend o' mine. Leastways, I'm the very lad as cleans his boots and his front for him. I should think I know him; I do. It's close by here."

It was my turn to follow now, for the lad pattered on with his

bare feet before me, for a very short distance, and then pointed to the window of a watchmaker's shop. It was a little place, with small dusty panes in the window, across each of which hung a row of watches, mostly of silver, and very old-fashioned, as I found out afterwards—for I was too anxious to notice them then—and I knew little enough about watches. I could see a small, spare man bending over his work till he showed the bald patch at the top of his head; he had a magnifying glass, and was holding a watch close under a jet of gas. But as I stood before the window looking in, he lifted up his head, and a curious, wrinkled face, like the carved oak faces in the church at Conover, peered out at me.

"He's a very good watchmaker," said Corporal Bell, eagerly. "If I'd a watch I'd allays let him mend it."

I opened the closed door very hesitatingly, and went up to the little counter, leaning with both hands upon it; for I was all trembling, and could not speak a word. Uncle Simister stood on the other side looking up at me, for he was a head lower than me; but he had keen eyes, and kept his glass up to one of them in some strange way, till he suddenly let it fall by a movement of his eyelid, which startled me.

"What is it you want, madam?" he asked, in a sharp, rasping tone.

"Uncle Simister," I said, in a faltering voice, "I'm Margery Beade, and my father is dead, and I'm come up to London to you."

He was startled in his turn, and fixed his eye-glass again into his eye, looking at me as he had been looking at the watch when I saw him first through the window. The ragged boy at my side also gazed with wide-open eyes into my face.

"Margery Beade!" he repeated, slowly; "but it was a man-child I wrote to your father for; and that's many a long year ago. I hate women; they are always chattering and gadding about, and going into hysterics. They are dirty, too; making a dust wherever they go. There hasn't been a woman up my stairs these twenty years. I daresay you wear those long, draggle-tailed petticoats the women love so much."

He tilted himself up on tiptoe to look over the counter; but my skirts were country-made, and only came down to my ankles.

"Uncle Simister," I said, "I did not come to be any burden or trouble to you. I am strong, and can earn my own livin'; but you're my only relation, save Stephen; and he's far away. I came to you because you're mother's brother; but if you hate women I'll go away."

I was turning away very cast-down and heavy-hearted; but Cor caught my dress in both his hands, holding it very tight, so that I could not move.

"Stay!" cried Uncle Simister, "stay, Niece Margery. I'm a philosopher, and hate women; all philosophers do. But you did

not choose to be a woman, poor thing! and you're the very image of my poor sister, and you're of my own blood; so you must not go away like that. Bless you, Margery! I haven't seen any one of my own blood these thirty years or more."

He had come briskly round the counter, and stood before me, bent and withered with old age. I felt my love go out towards him, and I stooped down and kissed him, as I would have kissed father. A deep red flushed over his face, but he did not seem angry. He opened a door at the back of the shop, which was at the foot of a flight of stairs, leading to the floor above; and telling Cor to put the chain across the door, and shout if any customer came, he took me up into his home, which was to be mine also for many years to come.

There were no more than three rooms; a kitchen, scrupulously clean; a small bedroom; and a very small closet, where stood a low, narrow bedstead, leaving scarcely space to move about in it. Uncle Simister pointed this out particularly to me.

"I bought it for the man-child I wrote to your father about," he said; "but if it's good enough for you, and you can put up with an old philosopher that isn't used to women and their ways, you may stay instead. And I don't say that I shan't be glad to have you, if you're only quiet and clean; for I'm growing old, and want somebody to take care of me. I've thought sometimes of taking Corporal in; but it's venturesome, and he's too young. Not that a woman can take care of anything properly. Look at a woman with a watch! She's sure to spoil it. Women's watches are always stopping, and breaking their springs, and going too fast or too slow. I hate selling my watches to a woman."

I was as glad to find a little place for myself in the great wilderness of London as the swallows were to find their old nests under our eaves at home. I was glad too to be dwelling with one who was of kin to me. I knew Uncle Simister would be grieved if I left him alone in his old age, though his words were rough. Cor went back with me to show me the nearest way to the inn, and to find a cab to bring my box away; and then he rode outside by the driver, making triumphant gestures to other ragged boys along the streets.

That night I wrote to Stephen, telling him that Uncle Simister had offered me a home, and that I should remain with him, unless he had need of me himself in Australia. I felt settled after that, and fell quickly into Uncle Simister's ways, keeping his small house as clean as ever it had been before, and striving my utmost to take care of him. We lived very silently together; for at times days and weeks would pass by and we scarcely exchanged a sentence with one another. I believe he thought that he must keep up his character as a philosopher.

(To be continued.)

MORE MOMENTUM.

THE Church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One-half the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, and enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half-and-half professors ought to do, either withdraw their names from the church-roll, or else go so near the fire as to warm. Do you not know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for Christ and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying.

Wake up! Do something before you are dead. Either help to pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way. We want more old-style holiness—the kind they had before railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs. A consecrated heart is momentum for all Christian work. Your gun is well enough, but the gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life. We cannot do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. We cannot pull others out of the surf when our own feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration, will be more momentum.
—*Christian at Work.*

THE SOLITARY FEAST.

IN the almshouse there is an old coloured woman. Sickness and age, some years since, threw her a pauper upon the cheap charity of the county, and the evening of her troubled life is passing away in the poorhouse. "Aunty," as the people call her, is a devoted disciple of Jesus. She is rich toward God. She owns by inheritance much real estate in "the city which hath foundations,"—yes, real. All other property is but fiction and the dream of an hour. It was my privilege, when visiting the almshouse one Sabbath morning, to look in on the old saint. The man who conducted me to her little room told me that we had better approach without her knowledge, as it was about the hour of her worship, and he believed this was ordinance Sabbath. "And do you have the supper administered here in the almshouse?" I asked. "No," he replied, "but Aunty is too feeble to go out to any church, so she spreads

the feast in her room; at least," he added, "she thinks it is the supper, and I sometimes think the old soul gets as much real good as though she were sitting in the assembly of the saints."

"But who administers the ordinance?" I asked. "Herself alone," replied the man. "Aunty is minister, deacon, and church."

The scene presented, as we reached the room, was a picture for a painter. The door, which was opposite a raised window, was partly open. A vine had climbed in the wire grating of the window, and it was filled with blossoms whose fragrance came in on the Sabbath air with the bright sunshine.

There on the bench sat the old woman, quite unconscious of our presence. She had clothed herself in the best her pauper wardrobe could afford. Her dress was clean and neatly ironed, and the cap upon her head was snow-white and carefully adjusted. Immediately before her was a little pine table, covered with a clean, white cotton cloth.

The entire furniture of the table consisted of a white earthen plate, on which were a few small pieces of bread, and an earthen tea-cup filled with water, while at her side lay a copy of the Bible and a small hymn book.

Aunty began the service by singing, from memory, two or three verses of a sweet old communion hymn in that tone and manner so familiar to her race. She then opened her Bible and read the story of the Crucifixion as given by Matthew. At the close of her reading she reverently read these words, "The Lord Jesus, the same night He was betrayed, took bread and blessed it"—and then, holding the plate of bread in her hands upon the table, she bowed her head for some moments in silent prayer. The supplication ended, she again took up the gospel language, "Take, eat: this is my body broken for you. This do in remembrance of me;" and as she spake the sacred words, she took a crumb from the plate, and with eyes closed, and in silence and tears, she ate the bread. Again she sang a verse:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Then succeeded the service, beginning, "After the same manner also, he took the cup and gave thanks," and, with the tea-cup of water in her hands, once more she offered prayer; but this time, though her voice was low—almost a whisper—I was able to catch nearly every word. As I listened, I quite lost sight of the almshouse hall. Christ was visibly set forth crucified before me.

Her offering of thanksgiving and supplication ended, she solemnly took the cup, and, as she lifted it to her lips, repeated, "Drink ye all of it; this cup is the New Testament in my blood, shed for the remission of sins; this do in remembrance of me."

With these words, she drank from the cup, and, setting it down upon the table, again bowed her head in silent prayer. "Hallelujah! Glory to God!" she suddenly exclaimed, as a smile, almost a laugh, of holy ecstasy was upon her face. "I sees the gates!" she said, looking up to the ceiling of her little room—"I sees the open door of heaven! I hear de angels singing! Yes, I am on de road, and almost home! Hallelujah!" Then she sang:

"I'm but a traveller here,
Heaven is my home."

At the close of the services, Aunty, turning around, discovered me standing at the door. "Why, chile!" she exclaimed, "I didn't know you was here. I thought there was nobody near Aunty but de Lord and de angels."

As I walked away from the almshouse that day, I asked myself the question, What, in the sight of "de Lord and de angels," was the full import and significance of the service I had just witnessed in the old black woman's room? Might it not have been the Lord's Supper?

Could not the Lord have turned the almshouse into a sanctuary that day?—Might not He who wrought the miracle of the feast in Cana of Galilee have changed the cup of water into wine on that little table? I know not! This I do know, that never have my eyes beheld sacramental vessels more sacred than the plate and cup on Aunty's table, and I think that in the book before the throne, there is a record of Holy Communion celebrated in the county poorhouse that bright Sabbath morning by one whom the world calls a pauper.

WHAT THE SABBATH-SCHOOL DOES.

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent of the *New York Evangelist* furnishes an incident which, for readers of all ages, will be an interesting, practical commentary on what is said of God's ordaining strength out of the mouths of children. It is of a little parishioner of mine—a girl eleven years old. About a month since she was brought into court as a witness in a trial for murder. Her natural temperament was rather shy; and the scene, so new to her, was every way calculated to put her self-possession to the most severe test.

As usual, in cases of those so young, the question of competency was raised, and she was asked if she understood the nature of an oath.

"It means, sir, that I must tell the truth."

"And what if you do not tell the truth?"

"God will punish me, sir."

"How do you know God will punish you?"

"I read it in the Bible."

By the Judge—"Do you go to the Sabbath-school?"

(With animation)—"Yes, sir, every Sabbath I can."

By Counsel—"Has any one told you what to say here?"

"No, sir."

"Did your parents say anything to you before you came?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"They told me not to be afraid, and to tell the truth."

The first impression of the judge, from her childish appearance as she stepped upon the stand, was a very dubious one, especially as a human life hung on the issue of the trial; but this examination, as much in the modest and conscientious self-possession in which it was sustained, as in the answers given, perfectly re-assured him, and she was admitted to testify. Her testimony, intelligent and straightforward, lost none of its consistency under the badgering of the opposing counsel, who in the end united cordially in the comments of both bench and bar at the close of the trial, and the congratulations personally accorded her by one and another, as the best child-witness they had ever seen on the stand. She received it all very quietly. She had come to tell only the truth. So she had it in her Bible, and so she told it. The judge remarked with much significance, "That is the kind of witness which the Sabbath-school gives us."

From such strength is ordained for stilling the enemy and the avenger. The good sense of the people cannot be captivated by the sophistries of infidelity so long as the Bible is seen moulding the conscience of a child into truth, and into telling only the truth under the sense of responsibility to God.

"PUT AWAY ALL LYING."

LYING is the foundation stone of all sin, for the devil is the liar. It is reckoned the chiefest sin, next blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. The liar shall be cast into hell. Rev. xxi., 8, 27. God hates the liar, and man despises him.

But some think a white lie is not black, and that a lie is no lie (what an untruth such a thought is!) and a self-excusing lie is surely good, as it is told that good may follow (oh, what an untruth is this!)

Mothers, do you lie to your children? Probably you do. Is it because you "don't think?" Oh, well! perhaps so; but the seed grows all the same. And bad seed it is: it brings up the children for the devil instead of for God. Do you not see it? Why are your children disobedient? It is because you say one thing and do another; you deceive them, in their childish truthfulness. Oh, awful deed! the triple lie—to your own soul, their souls, and their future life. For though perhaps they cannot tell it, they know it, and sooner or later the dragon will call for his own.

"Put away *all* lying"—all deceit or prevarication, or twistings. Let your communications be: "Yea, yea, and "Nay, nay;" whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. "For He said, surely they are my people, children that will not lie; and so He was their Saviour." Isa. lxiii., 8.

HINTS TO EVANGELISTS.

FIRST you go after souls. Everything else, therefore, must be subordinate to this.

2. You are a servant. Therefore, do not "put on airs." Do not assume authority unless it is really yours. If given you, do not act the king; regard the feelings of others. Do not "preach the meeting to death," nor exhort it to death, either. Some folks in this world—near at hand—can preach, or exhort, or lead a meeting. To do all is to seem an egotist. Do not form a close "ring" of workers: try that humble brother or sister; for almost every meeting develops a good worker or two. Do not be affected, in manner or speech. Say little of yourself, or your past work; if you do, look out for under-currents of disgust. Say little of small congregations, if you have them, or the idea will go out that you are particular, or discouraged. Beware of prating of "sacrifices."

3. In intercourse with the people, beware of favouritism: the poor are as good as the rich. Be carefully courteous, and win by gentleness; get the Christly gentleness: then, when God gives you strong words against sin, it cannot be said: "It is only his way." Be neat in person and habits. "Do not "board around," though you visit around; you have a right to a home, if it is for only a week or two. Wait on yourself in all proper ways, nor be exacting with either host or servant. Do not expect dainties, nor be a glutton: if not careful at this point you will drive away the Spirit you seek to woo; fast occasionally. Never eat after evening service—never—as you value your life; nor sit up and visit; it is then time for rest, for sleep.

POWER IN PRAYER.

TOWARDS the close of 1823, a young man was visiting at the Rev. John Nelson's, in Birstal. It was the quarterly fast day. He right heartily united with the praying band, and with strong confidence asked the Lord to save ten souls that day. Thoughtful suppliants hesitated to say Amen to so definite a prayer, and afterward the supposed indiscretion was subject of remark.

The evening meeting came. It was intrusted to the zealous brother, who again urged his desire and faith for ten souls that day. Eight persons present yielded themselves to God, and obtained forgiveness.

"It is time to conclude," said a quiet, orderly brother, adding, as he thought, to give force to the suggestion, "and you've got eight."

"Yes; but I asked the Lord for ten, and I think I asked in faith."

"But I know every one in this room, and they are all converted."

"Well, but there are many unconverted outside. Let us have more prayer."

On the prayer-meeting went. Three young persons entered—two nieces of John Nelson, and a servant. They had been listening outside, and felt they must now come in. Very soon the two former obtained peace with God.

"Hadn't you better conclude now?" it was again suggested.

But there was the eleventh penitent? How could he leave that struggling soul? Praising the Lord for ten, he declared his belief that God would save her also as a "make weight," and that prayer would thus be abundantly answered. Her soul was at liberty before the meeting ended.

The visitor soon after went abroad as a missionary. In twelve years he had returned, and one day during the Leeds Conference he was surrounded by the very ten who, so long before in that one meeting, had found rest to their souls; and the eleventh would have been there if circumstances had permitted.

Nearly all of them are now in glory. In the summer of 1872, I saw the man of God, now—

"In age and feebleness extreme."

He had not preached for many years. I told him I had heard the story of the eleven conversions, and asked if it were as commonly reported. "Oh, yes," he said with a holy laugh, and, as though it had been but yesterday, proceeded to tell the facts as here related.

"And I will tell you something else," he said. "After that meeting, Mr. Nelson said, 'I wish you could get them to take hold

on God for five hundred ; as many more as the Lord will, but not less than five hundred."

He went on to say that about that time there was a general mighty awakening, and hundreds were brought to God, which led him to think the people did "take hold."

I take this as an illustration of the practical working of "the law of faith"—not the blind, credulous thing which even good men sometimes call faith, but that which penetrates the invisible, which understands God, which consciously "takes hold" on Him, which is itself "the evidence of things not seen." How is this evidence understood? Only in the light of God. "I shall have souls to-night," said Thomas Collins ; "I know His sign ;" and it was so. Let us live near God, and—knowing the future and men's susceptibility to gracious influences, as he does—He will "inspire" in us the faith, which has at once "power with God and with men."

J. C. GREAVES.

THE FENCE STORY.

A MAN who prided himself on his morality, and expected to be saved by it, who was constantly saying, "I am doing pretty well, on the whole. I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am strictly honest. I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I never was drunk in my life," this man hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his lot. He gave him very particular directions. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his work, the man said, "Well, Jock, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong?" "I canna say that it is all tight and strong," replied Jock, "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there, a yard wide, or so ; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a very good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I canna just say that it's perfect in every part." "What!" cried the man, not seeing the point ; "Do you tell me that you have built a fence around my lot with weak points in it, and gaps in it? Why you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will all go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the dry Scotchman," but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seemed to me that we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence won't do for them, I am afraid that an average character won't do in the day of judgment. When I was on shipboard, and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the captain cried, 'Let go the anchor!' But the mate shouted back, 'There's a broken link in the cable.' Did the captain, say, when he heard that, 'No matter, it's only one link. The rest of the chain is good. Ninety-nine of the hundred links are strong. It's average is high. It only lacks one per cent. of being perfect. Surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not break away from it?' No, indeed; he shouted, 'Get another chain!'" He knew that a chain with one broken link was no chain at all. That he might as well throw the anchor overboard without any cable as with a defective one. So with the anchor of our souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable, it is not safe to trust it. We had better throw it away and try to get a new one. that we know is perfect."

HE REDEEMED ME.

A GENTLEMAN had paid his money for the ransom of a slave, and had given her her freedom. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment which her deliverer brought to prove it to her: she only looked at him with fear. At last he got ready to go his way, and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it did dawn on her what freedom was. With the first breath, "I will follow him," she said, "I will follow him; I will serve him all my days;" and to every reason against it, she only cried, "He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

When strangers used to visit that master's house, and noticed—as all did—the loving, constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, night by night, and day by day, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it: "He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

Is this *your* motive-power for serving God—"He redeemed me?" or is it only, "Well, I hope I may be found among the redeemed, and meanwhile I do the best I can." Wretched slavery, with the chain of death or doubt hanging on the limb! Rather take God at His word now, and joyfully exclaim, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant. . . Thou hast loosed my bonds."

TEMPERANCE REVIEW.

A CORRESPONDENT writing of Templarism in Australia, says: "Though I believe our order is not increasing in numbers as heretofore, it is making a name for itself, and is beginning to be felt all over Australia. If all will *do* more and *give* more, the order is sure to become a great power in the land."

I. Taranaki, New Zealand, a Good Templar's settlement is being formed on a block of 100,000 acres; and strenuous endeavours are making to ensure success for a scheme which might profitably be imitated in other colonies as well as New Zealand.

We are sure that our readers will join us in praying that great success may crown the labours of all temperance organisations in the Southern World.

The press is a powerful auxiliary in all good movements. We are pleased, therefore, to find that such a large number of books are being published on the temperance question; while the number of periodicals, weekly and monthly, are simply legion. E. Jenkins, Esq., M.P., late Dominion Emigration Agent, created a sensation some time ago by means of a little work, entitled "Ginx's Baby," but he has just thrown a bombshell into the army of liquor-sellers, by another book called the "Devil's Chain." We have not yet seen a copy, but have read several reviews of it; and we agree with the editor of the *Casket*, when he says that at least some of the reviews are influenced in their views by affection for the traffic and by dislike of Mr. Jenkins' politics. We are indebted to a contemporary for the following notice, which we gladly insert, of a book which we doubt not will have a large sale:—

The motto of this work is a verse from Ezekiel: "Make a chain, for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence." In the dedication to Sir Wilfred Lawson, Mr. Jenkins says: "Perplexed between the extremes of a disease, at once so complicated and outrageous as that which you work so hard to remedy, I do not attempt in this book to prescribe the purge. My aim is here—as it was in "Ginx's Baby"—rather to exhibit in rude, stern, truthful outlines the full features and proportions of the abuses I would humbly help to remove. It is a great thing done if we can get people to think about the reality, bearings and size of an evil; and in spite of the exposures, through the press, of the dismal fruits of the traffic in drink, I find men going about, and dining comfortably, and voting steadily, in utter disregard of their fell, disastrous, and diabolical effects. I cannot acquit myself of having too long done the like. I have therefore tried to bring into one small picture a somewhat comprehensive view of these evils, in the hope of rousing some men of quiet digestion out of their apathy, and so of aiding your noble work. The heroine of the book is the daughter of Mr. Bighorne, a member of Parliament and of a firm of eminent distillers, who could hardly walk a street in London without seeing the name of their firm blazing in letters of gold on certain houses. This daughter becomes interested in religious work among the poor, and is startled to find the close connection between vice and disease and the creamy gin which bore the

name of Bighorne. She discusses the subject with her father, but none of the powerful arguments which she presents have any effect upon him. Among other things Miss Bighorne inquires :

“But now, papa, how many public houses in London are you interested in?”

Mr. Bighorne—“I don't know.”

Emily—“Well, I got Henry to tell me : it is one hundred and twenty.”

Mr. Bighorne—“Confound Henry !”

Emily—“Papa, in two streets in Westminster there are fifteen public houses, and you own four of them.”

Mr. Bighorne—“I don't, I tell you : I only lent the money. Do you know the Dean and Chapter are said to own a lot of public houses? Have you heard that the Bishop of London, when he goes from St. James Square to Fulham, passes nearly one hundred public houses owned by the Church of England? I'm as good as the Church, at all events.”

Emily—“No, I don't think you are. The Church is in a bad enough position, but you are worse. They came into that property. Your money buys them or puts them there. They would not have been there but for that.”

Mr. Bighorne—“Yes, they would. Some other house would have put them there.”

Emily—“Well, it is the same thing : you are all a lot of rich capitalists, and between you your capital builds all these public houses.”

Mr. Bighorne—“No more than are required by legitimate trade : it is regulated by the law of supply and demand.”

Emily—“No, no ; if it were left to that there would not be so many houses ; Mr. Holiwell says so—every one says so who knows anything about it. It is you wealthy distillers and brewers, who can afford to wait a long time for your returns, who are always creating new business ; and, my dear papa, if you will only go with me and see, I will show you you are making it out of the death and ruin of your fellow-creatures.”

Mr. Bighorne (testily)—“Oh dear ! oh dear ! when you women or your friends, the parsons, who are just as bad, get on economical questions, you run so wide of the mark.”

The story of Emily Bighorne and her brother, who was destroyed by means of her father's business, occupies but a part of the book. The connection between drinking and vice among all classes of society is clearly shown—so clearly that the fastidious may object to the strong lines in which the picture is drawn, but none too clearly for the truth of the matter. It is a book which will undoubtedly be read by many who never read a temperance book or tract before, and it is no time to merely hint at evils which are “filling the land with bloody crimes, and the city with violence.”

Those engaged in the traffic do not like others to speak against it, but occasionally some of *themselves* drop a word which confirms temperance people in the views which they entertain of *the trade*. At the Brewster sessions recently held at Brighton, England, Mr. Lamb, in applying for a provisional license on behalf of J. M. and F. J. Kidd, brewers, said he was astonished to see Mr. Ashby, a brewer, opposing a public house. Mr. Ashby explained that he did not oppose it as a brewer, but as a private individual, and as a person who had paid a large sum of money, hoping to get a

residence free from annoyance. He asked Mr. Lamb as a father of a family, how he would advocate the erection of such a serious nuisance, if he had the slightest regard for the welfare and proper bringing up of his family.

The Right Honourable John Bright once told a deputation of licensed victuallers that their trade was doomed. The future will tell how correct the distinguished statesman was in the opinion which he thus expressed. We have great pleasure in recording the following, which harmonises with the views of the right honourable gentleman :

Two years ago, at a session of the Grand Lodge of the masonic order in Idah, the following resolutions were adopted: "1. That the keeping of saloons for the sale of spirituous liquors, or for gambling purposes, is a masonic offence, and such unmasonic conduct shall be subject to admonition, reprimand, suspension, or expulsion, and masters, at their peril, must see that this vice against masonry no longer finds a hiding place among masons, and it is strictly forbidden hereafter for masons in this jurisdiction to engage in the business. 2. That masons now engaged in the business shall have until the first day of October, 1873, to close their business of saloon keeping; and masons neglecting or refusing to do so shall be proceeded against by the subordinate lodges under whose jurisdiction they reside, and dealt with according to the spirit of the resolution preventing saloon keeping, and the worshipful masters and the wardens of each subordinate lodge within this jurisdiction shall, at the next annual communication of this Grand Lodge, make a report of each case coming under these resolutions."

One of the noblest features of the temperance movement at present is the activity of women in seeking to bring to an end a trade which converts so many husbands and fathers into fiends. A short distance from where we now write, a brutal man came home one night mad with liquor, and abused his wife and children; he even turned some of the latter into the street almost naked, and would have done the same to his wife, only that she defended herself so nobly that she became master of the situation. The poor children would no doubt have been frozen—for there was a pitiless storm raging at the time—only that some good Samaritan neighbours gave them shelter. The poor mother spent an anxious night by the bedside of one of her children which was sick.

From the annual report, just published, of the "Female Mission to the Fallen," we gather that a large percentage of cases are brought to ruin by means of drink. One said that she "took drink to drown thought, care and grief." The society, proposing to invite some of the "fallen" to tea, were obliged to hold the meeting in the afternoon, as the young women were not so likely then to be under the influence of drink. Who would not labour to destroy a traffic which makes such havoc of the best portion of society?...

Only some could act as a young lady in Rutland, Vermont, is reported to have done. She did not like the idea of her father spending all his own and her money for drink, so she tied his hands and feet together with a bed-cord, and, having considerable muscle, transported him into an upper chamber, where he had twenty-four hours to meditate.

The women of Canada have nobly distinguished themselves by their exertions in getting up petitions, and we hope that they will still persevere in the cause of temperance. Their sisters in the United States are forming

associations and rallying all their forces against alcohol. They now publish a periodical, which is edited by one of themselves, called "Woman's Temperance Union," with a staff of contributors in every part of the Union. It will do good, and deserves to be scattered like leaves in autumn.

There is nothing to fear. Truth will win the day. The churches are more alive to temperance than at any former period. We regret that some ministers defend the intoxicating wine for sacramental purposes; but even here a change for the better is taking place. One thousand churches in the city of London are supplied with unfermented wines for the communion table by one firm alone.

Dr. Ritchie says: There are about 120 warnings and admonitions in Scripture against intoxicating drinks, while there are not over twenty instances of distinct approval of wine under all its names in the whole Bible. The approval is of the "pure juice of the grape" in its unfermented state. The Jews never used fermented liquor at their feasts. Dr. Isaacs, a Jewish Rabbi of New York, says: "Fermentation is to them always a symbol of corruption, as in nature and science it is in itself decay and rottenness."

We sometimes complain of the lack of principle among public men, but now and then we meet with noble specimens of sanctified humanity. Here is one:—Sir John Bennett, who was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of alderman in the city of London, said at the recent election: "Physical health is essential to the performance of an alderman's duty. For five and twenty years he had not had a headache. He had been able to give six hundred lectures, and never missed one engagement out of the number. When he filled the office of sheriff, he had attended to public business on more than 1,000 occasions—being more than three a day. They would thus see that he was not one to shrink from duty on the ground of physical indisposition. He had a good character from his last place. He had kept his head clear in his early days. He was a teetotaler for thirty years; ten pounds paid for all the wine he drank between thirty and forty; and since then, nobody could accuse him of forgetting his senses in the bottle."

Here is another. Alderman Fatham declined being Mayor of Leeds this year, assigning as his reason for doing so, that he could not conscientiously "extend civic hospitality to distinguished visitors and strangers in the usual way," and further said: "If I have a mission, it is to show the princes, dukes, and judges, magistrates, aldermen, councillors, and others, that intoxicating drinks are not necessary for their due and proper reception; and this I feel that both the council and the public at large are not ready to accept." The editor of the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, referring to this case, says: "Alas! these 'civic hospitalities' in London, Leeds, and such like places, are responsible for the flow of rivers of wine; and what is there to show for it? Year by year millions of money are simply washed away in this senseless and profitless channel—a bad example, and, alas! too easily copied."

At present, in addition to the lecturers that are employed by the various organisations, there are some distinguished labourers from the Old World who are aiding by their powerful advocacy the cause of temperance. We welcome Rev. John Ryan, J. Bell, and J. H. Raper, Esq., and bid them God-speed wherever they may go.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

FROM all parts of Christendom the most delightful news reaches us respecting what is being done to revive spiritual religion in the churches. The week of prayer seems to have been well observed, and the seasons of refreshing which were then enjoyed is a proof that "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous" still prevails. December 4th was observed mainly by the Episcopalians as a day of prayer for foreign missions. The venerable Dr. Moffatt, now eighty years of age, delivered an address in Westminster Abbey, in which that devoted man in an artless plain manner, told of what had been done by the proclamation of the Gospel among the Bechuanos, who now read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are now at New York, where extensive preparations were made for their coming. An immense edifice, the Hippodrome, was made suitable at an amazing expenditure of money. Ministers of various churches delivered preparatory sermons to arouse the people to earnestness. A choir of 1,000 persons was organised from all the churches; bands of two persons each were formed to visit the people and distribute tracts, so that it would indeed be a marvel, if with such extensive preparation there should not be great success.

Revivals are now being more sought after than usual by all denominations. In some places hundreds have professed to find mercy. There is a village in Ontario where there are *three* Methodist congregations, all of which would not make more than one worthy the name. They have, however, united for special services in each other's churches, and even during the first week there were tokens of good.

Some Presbyterians on the Hudson River inaugurated an excellent plan of special meetings. Several clergymen visit a single church and hold two or three services, in which the addresses are short and pointed. Such meetings are largely attended, and institute special work which the visited church can afterwards continue. The bands of visiting clergymen are changed frequently, and all churches in the Presbytery are visited in turn. Great good has thus been done.

From Bengal, India, we hear of a "Kurrarpucker Singing Society," which is an interesting example of spontaneous effort on the part of native Christians, and which shows that in the case of races which have the natural gift for music, singing the Gospel may be a most feasible way of spreading it. This little society has been at work for the last three years; they have laboured in nearly thirty places, and have seen abundant fruit result from their humble work. Poetry and music have a great power over the Hindu mind.

We regret to learn that some who have been very active in the "Higher Life" movement, have injured the cause by controversy and other means. With Methodists holiness is an article of faith, and we have no need to be ashamed of such of our fathers as were patterns of piety. Mr. Fletcher was called the "Seraphic Fletcher," because of his sanctity. John Hunt, the

Fijian missionary, was not afraid to profess and profess entire sanctification. We are pleased now and then to receive a testimony which contains the right ring, such as the following from a minister :

“Converted at the age of sixteen, I had for eleven years known my sins forgiven, and had for five years preached the ‘glorious gospel of the blessed God.’ But now there came to me so clear a realisation of my own impurity on the one hand, and of God’s willingness to ‘cleanse from all sin’ on the other, that my heart longed for God ‘as the hart panteth after the water-brook.’ I longed for freedom from sinful pride, ambition, petulance, and jealousy. My constant prayer was, ‘Create in me a clean heart.’ In this state of mind on Sabbath evening, November 26th, 1871, I left the parsonage for the church, three miles away; the darkness about me finding its parallel in the darkness within. Reaching the pulpit, a sudden trembling seized me, and I announced, after prayer, the 285th hymn, emphasising the second verse :

‘Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.’

Still praying for divine assistance, I undertook to preach from Judges xiii. 22 :—‘We have seen God;’ and in conclusion presented Christ as present, revealing Himself when we put ourselves on the altar of consecration. Just then, as I spake of Manoah laying a kid on the rock, my soul rested on the ‘Rock of Ages.’ I seemed lifted to a mountain peak—halted a moment to ask myself: ‘Am I on earth, or in heaven?’ and then exclaimed: ‘I have seen God! This place to me is Tabor! I hear the noise of wings!’ At this point the Holy Ghost fell on the people, as I afterward learned. A brother, seated before me, who had long been seeking, received the baptism also, and was cleansed from all unrighteousness. I continued: ‘I see no man, but Jesus only! ’Tis done, the great transaction’s done. The altar sanctifies the gift! Glory to the Lamb!’

“From that hour I rested sweetly in Jesus. That night I awoke at twelve o’clock, and said, ‘I am on Patmos, hearing the sweet music and basking in Heaven’s own light.’ At two o’clock I said, ‘I am at Bethel, leaning my head on the stone hewn out of the mountain without hands, and the shining ones are here.’ And as the sun rose in the morning, I found myself in Canaan, plucking and eating the ripe clusters.

“Nearly four years have passed since ‘this bliss was given,’ but during that time every dungeon has flamed with light, and in every furnace Christ has appeared. Life has been a luxury, and testimony for Jesus my supreme delight; and to-day I realise, with the precious Steeles, that ‘heaven stretches clear across to these earthly shores, even taking in a slice which Paul calls the heavenlies.’

‘O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace!’”

BAPTIST CHURCH.

THE "TOMAHAWK" CHURCH.—There is a Baptist Church in the United States called by this name. This is its origin: During the Indian wars a treaty of peace was signed between the whites and Indians on or near the spot where the old church house was first erected, and there they buried the tomahawk. An excellent spring was near the spot, and a creek which runs by it received the name of Tomahawk. When the church was built on such historic ground no better name could be suggested than Tomahawk, since here the tomahawk had been buried, emblematic of peace. . . . The said church now pays its pastor about \$10.50 per sermon. Pretty good average.

The edifice of the First Baptist Church in San Francisco has been sold for \$30,000, and is to be turned into a Chinese lodging house. After paying all debts, there is a surplus of \$12,000. Another church is to be built, the cost of which, including land, will be \$65,000.

As there are large numbers of French, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, settled in the manufacturing towns in Maine without any Christian missionary labouring for their evangelisation, the Board of the American Baptists Home Missionary Society, in response to an appeal from pastors in that state, have appointed Rev. Eusebe Leger to devote himself to their religious instruction.

Within the last few weeks the American Baptist Missionary Union have sent out thirteen men and women as missionaries to various foreign stations.

Rev. Dr. Nathan Bishop, who serves the Baptist Home Mission Society as secretary without salary, makes an offer to the Baptists of the state of New York. He and Mrs. Bishop will give \$20,000 to the Society, provided the Baptists of the state will raise their annual contributions to the society during the present financial year to \$40,000.

Rev. G. A. Lofton has been appointed agent to raise \$300,000 for the Endowment Fund of the South Western Baptist University at Jackson, Tenn. This is a mode in which they intend to celebrate the Centenary of American Independence.

In Toronto there were only two Baptist churches ten years ago, with a membership of 500 and 400 Sunday School scholars; now there are six churches, with 1,700 members and 1,500 scholars.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The union of the various Presbyterian bodies in the Dominion of Canada has proved of great utility to the Church, though it is to be regretted that a few congregations have determined to remain isolated from the united body. We behold with pleasure the marked progress of this community. In Toronto there is a church extension movement established, which will do much in the way of raising mission churches in new localities, by means of establishing Sabbath schools, and erecting their places of worship.

A magnificent church, called "New St. Andrews," was recently dedicated in Toronto for the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, which is pronounced to be one of

the best in that city of churches. Its cost is somewhere about \$90,000. The crowds were so great at the opening, that hundreds were unable to gain admission. Old St. Andrews' is still to be occupied; so that there is increasing accommodation for the church-going portion of the people.

Much good is being done among the lumbermen, by means of what is called "the Shanty Mission." During last year several young men, chiefly from the colleges, were sent out as missionaries, carrying with them bibles and tracts for distribution and sale, and holding meetings wherever they could do so, in the shanties, or any place where they could collect the men together. In this way it is believed that at least 3,000 were brought under the influence of the Gospel.

Though the minister is still living who preached the first sermon in Australia in connection with the Presbyterian Church, a little over fifty years ago, there are now in the colony of Victoria alone 125,000 Presbyterians.

We are glad to learn that our old friend and neighbour, who was sent as a missionary to Formosa, China, little more than a year ago, has begun to preach to the people without an interpreter.

Rev. C. Chiniquy's work among his own countrymen seems to be carrying forth the most glorious results. God has put great honour upon this devoted and earnest man, who has already published the names of several hundreds who have renounced all connection with the Church of Rome. It is believed that some of those are spurious conversions; but after making due allowance for all such, there can be no doubt but that Mr. Chiniquy has been the means of leading many of his countrymen into the way of truth and righteousness. The French Canadian mission is being prosecuted with great vigour.

We may also state in this connection, that other denominations are also labouring zealously among the inhabitants. The power of the Pope is not what it once was, even in priest-ridden Quebec. The late anniversary of the French Canadian Missionary Society was the best ever held. Rev. J. Borland, who is superintendent of the Methodist, French, and Indian missions, in that Province, writes very hopefully, notwithstanding the outrages at Okla, to which we referred in our last. We trust soon to hear of the erection of an educational institute at St. Lambert, so that with those at Point Aux Trembles and Grand Lyne Mission, there will be additional rays of light to dispel the darkness and superstition in which so many are enveloped.

PERSONAL.

SACRIFICE.—William C. Burns, an eloquent young Scotch divine, co-revivalist with M'Cheyne, upon whose lips thousands hung with awe if not with rapture, dropped all his popular prospects, and in 1846 sailed for China, where for twenty years he lived among the natives, dressed like them, ate and slept with them, and preached successfully in their dialects, from Canton to Peking. It cost very little to keep him.

FINNEY.—An endowment of Oberlin College, Ohio, is proposed, as a memorial of the late Dr. Finney, its former president

CURRENT EVENTS.

NATURE itself appears to have caught the revolutionary spirit of the times ; and even the long-established character of our old Canadian winter has not been able to resist the changeful tendencies of the age. We have seen the boy scarcely in his teens aping the habits of manhood, and the man written all over with the characters of age absurdly affecting the peculiarities of youth ; and, for the nonce, we have seen January and February exhibiting all the peculiarities of March, and March showing all the qualities which usually belong to the sterner season of the year. The winter months have been exceptionally mild ; perhaps it is this fact which makes March appear exceptionally severe. Our winter this year is said to have resembled very closely the English winter ; but the observation can only be true of the former part of it, for though we were ploughing in January, we were not, like our English neighbours, sowing in February. Indeed, if our husbandmen find a fair opportunity for casting in the seed in April they will be abundantly satisfied. We used to have a theory, that just about so much heat and cold came every season, and that if it did not occur at one time it was pretty sure to come at another ; we are glad, however, that, like many other ill-founded prejudices, this theory has been upset by the registered observations of scientific men. If we had the prospect of enough cold weather during the spring months to bring down the mean temperature of the present season to that of last year, the prospect would be gloomy enough. It may be, however, that the equation of temperament which we ignorantly attributed to the single year, belongs in reality to a cycle of years ; if so, the exceptional mildness of the winter just closed may be put over against the exceptional severity of that of last year. We have no theory, however, to propound ; but we thankfully accept the fact that the suffering of the poor, such large numbers of whom have been without employment, has been so materially lessened by the mildness of the winter ; and we have confidence enough in the merciful God that rules the seasons—" who maketh the clouds His chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind"—that even the frosts and winds of March will prove to have been, in His hand, the instruments of blessing.

The past month has been specially barren of events of extraordinary interest, so far as the Churches are concerned. In the religious communities of this country there is peace, and so far as this may be taken as an indication of prosperity, they may be prosperous ; but there is no remarkable movement in any of them that can be taken as an indication of unusual vitality and energy. There is much everywhere to be thankful for—growing intelligence and liberality are specially prominent as characteristics of the Christianity which is prevalent among us ; but a grand revival of primitive spirituality, and zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of souls, is still the great *desideratum* of the Church here as well as elsewhere.

The work under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy appears to be still progressing. The reformatory influence seems to be spreading, and Romanists, in large and increasing numbers, are embracing the Protestant

faith. Not only is this work going on among the lower grades and more illiterate classes of society, but we learn it is making headway among influential and educated families. We rejoice in this, not because one soul is more valuable than another, or that, in the sight of God, the rich is to be preferred to the poor, or the learned to the illiterate, but as an illustration of the depth and comprehensiveness of the work, and as affording ground of hope that it may prove permanent and progressive. There is no movement which can possibly take place in this country in which we are, both on patriotic and Christian grounds, more deeply—perhaps we should say so deeply—interested as this. It is useless to attempt to close our eyes to the fact that not only does the interests of individual souls, but the integrity of our educational system, and even the stability of our political institutions, depend upon the limitation of the power of Rome in this Dominion. This Church is not only the open and avowed enemy of our common-school system, but it is incompatible with the genius and spirit of our free institutions. Of this we have had ample proof in the occurrences of the last few months. The incidents of the Guibord case, the Oka outrage, and the insolent and unseemly fulminations of Bishop Bourget against the Liberal Catholics in the Province of Quebec, and the movements of Archbishop Lynch and the Catholic League in Ontario, show that this system is just as much at war with every element of human liberty and progress to-day as it ever was; and that if our rights and liberties, as free men and Christians, are to be maintained at all, it will only be at the expense of "eternal vigilance." And the whole of our political history, past and present, shows how little we have to expect from politicians in this matter. Of course, all that we have a right to expect, and all that we as Protestants desire, of our public men is that the Church of Rome be placed in all things upon a level with the other Churches—that the same rights and privileges, neither more nor less, be accorded to it that are allowed to them. But this even-handed justice we have heretofore looked for in vain. Protestants have to stand by, from year to year, and see immense sums taken from the public funds of the country and handed over to the Romish priesthood, to be employed in building up a system which they verily believe to be at war with the very best interests of the country. Well, perhaps it is just as well that it is so. We are naturally but too prone to trust in the arm of flesh; and it may be just as well to learn from the stern logic of facts, what we might have learned from the Bible, that "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man: it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." Recognising the hand of Him who alone is "our help" in this matter, in this work in which "Father" Chiniquy is engaged, we heartily wish him and his co-labourers God-speed and abundant success.

The scriptural sentiment that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," has found striking illustration in the case of the late Secretary of War in the United States. If Mr. Secretary Belknap and his gifted, accomplished and beautiful wife, had been willing to live in a style of republican simplicity, and to keep their expenditure within their legitimate income, they might have enjoyed a nation's respect and confidence to-day, instead of being regarded as a national disgrace. Their case, however, is but one of thousands. It is only the elevated position which they occu-

pied which makes them different from others. Wrecked fortunes, ruined reputations and blighted prospects are to be found everywhere, which have resulted from the same cause. Washington differs not much from other places in this respect. There may, indeed, be more opportunity there than elsewhere for inordinate display, and a proportionately greater temptation to indulge in it; but the love of it is innate in the human heart, and, unless placed under pretty stern repression, it is likely wherever it exists to lead to disastrous results. Not only has every town and city its Belknaps, but they may be found in every village, and even among the rural population probably of all lands; and it becomes those who censure this fallen man and his wife, who is so largely responsible for his crimes and his misfortunes, to knock at their own bosom and ask it what it knows that is like these people's fault. Whoever has begun to live above his legitimate income has already entered upon the path which has terminated so ignominiously in their case; and the probability is that in their own case the same causes will, except prevented by their promptly turning over a new leaf and adopting a different style of living, produce similar effects—dishonesty, and in the end exposure and disgrace.

At the very same time that the Benknep scandal was being unearthed at Washington, our own rulers at Ottawa were setting an example which, if followed by the country, can scarcely fail to produce a plentiful crop of the same kind. The "Fancy Ball," which has occupied so much space in the daily press, was something which we may well hope will not soon be repeated. We have no reason to doubt either the kindly feeling in which it originated, or the patriotic considerations by which it was promoted, but we cannot resist the conviction that it was a mistake. Though not so intended, it was an offence to the more serious part of the people of the country; and it set an example which can scarcely be regarded in any other light than as pernicious and dangerous. The ball given by the Premier to the proprietor of an American newspaper—a man who, apart from wealth and the accident of his being the proprietor of a journal which has earned for itself the memorable distinction of being the most unprincipled and unscrupulous of the great papers of the United States, is really of no manner of account—is even more reprehensible. Let these things be multiplied and we will have speculations and defalcations enough. The sooner it is understood by our public men that the country looks to them for an example which can be safely followed by the people—an example which will strengthen the hands of serious and thoughtful parents who are endeavouring to train their sons and daughters to habits of virtue and usefulness—the better for all concerned. It is not pleasant to criticise unfavourably the conduct of our public men, especially when we have reason to believe they are actuated by amicable and generous feelings—feelings which we thoroughly appreciate and respect; but we cannot close our eyes to the pernicious effects which must necessarily follow, if we foster this spirit of extravagance and display among us, and especially among our public servants. Every man who has a voice should speak his mind upon a subject which so intimately concerns our national life.

We hope it is not so; but we fear there is but too good reason to believe that one of the most devoted heroes and useful missionaries of this gener-

ation—the Rev. George McDougall—has fallen at his post in the Northwest. As far as we can learn from meagre reports which have reached us it would appear that he was overtaken by a storm on the prairie, probably lost his way, was unable to find shelter, and was frozen to death. If this sad intelligence should prove correct, as we have but too good reason to fear it will, not only has the Church but the country sustained a great loss. Perhaps there was none of our missionaries whom we could less afford to lose, and his death is a national calamity. No living man probably was better prepared to conduct the delicate and difficult negotiations between the Government and the Indians which will become necessary. His work had just begun to be known and appreciated by the authorities of the country.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

MINISTERS WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. F. W. BROWNE. Bible Christian Book Room, Bowmanville.

Sermon literature is generally pronounced the most unsaleable of its kind. It is often a matter of surprise how some sermons which have produced a wonderful excitement in the delivery are so remarkably tame when read in private. This is one reason we suppose why so few sermons, comparatively, are published. Now and then we find a few exceptions. Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, though more than a thousand have been issued, are still in great demand throughout the civilised world. Dr. Talmage's utterances from the pulpit of Brooklyn Tabernacle have a prodigious circulation every week.

The book mentioned at the head of this notice contains eleven sermons of a very superior kind, and were delivered quite recently in London and other towns in England to numerous auditories. Several of them were preached on special occasions; the first was the official sermon at one conference, another was preached at a sister conference whither the author had been sent in a representative capacity. Others were preached at church dedications, or in connection with anniversary services.

They are not all of equal merit, but they are all worthy of being preserved, and will amply repay a careful perusal. The first and second display the most extensive research, and give evidence of having had more than ordinary care bestowed upon their preparation. Three others are deserving of special mention, inasmuch as they contain such a clear description of the grand doctrine of "justification by faith." All are clearly evangelical, and are calculated to do good.

The denomination to which Mr. Browne belongs, though bearing a very significant name, is purely Methodistic, and has not we believe produced

many authors. Its age is little more than half a century. Mr. Browne is one of the leading men of the Church, and has for some years past occupied the double post of editor and book steward, but preaches twice every Sunday either in London or some of the provincial towns. He is evidently a well read man. The volume which he has now issued will establish his fame as a minister; while the "Memoir of Billy Bray, or the King's Son," entitles him to fame as a biographer. We hope the sermons will have an extensive sale.

LIFE OF REV. W. SANDERSON. By C. KENDAL. Primitive Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

More than forty years ago we heard the Rev. W. Sanderson preach. He was then the Chrysostom of the Primitive Methodist pulpit, and the announcement of his name was the signal for a crowd, for which the northern counties of England were famous in those days. Though strictly memoriter and always *verbatim et literatim*, he was never dull or insipid, but always seemed fresh and lively. On the platform he was always at home, but his speeches, like his sermons, were well prepared; even the same anecdotes would always be called into requisition. In private he was one of the most genial men we ever knew. He was strictly a man of God, and lived much in his closet. For several years before his death he was physically incapacitated for circuit work, but did a great deal of pulpit duty for anniversary and other special occasions.

The "Life," as published by our old friend Kendall, while no doubt it is a mark of esteem for one whom he so highly esteemed, yet we must say we are much disappointed with it. True, we dare say the materials were scanty, so far as journals were concerned; but surely one who had preached in almost every town and village in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, and who for forty years was almost ubiquitous among the Primitives of England, should have had a better book published as his life than one resembling a school primer. We are of opinion that a better book should have been issued; and notwithstanding the lack of materials of which the author complains, we think a better one could have been.

DISRUPTION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By E. H. MYERS, D.D. Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. \$1.00.

Dr. Myers is a leading minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and has been appointed by the bishops of that Church as one of the commissioners to confer with the Northern Church on the matters of dispute between the two Churches. Judging from the volume now before us, he is a man well qualified for the onerous position to which he has been appointed.

There is a tendency at the present day for Churches to unite. There have been too many divisions; the Church has been weakened by them. Time and money have been expended in warfare which should have been spent in diffusing Christianity. God grant that all breaches may soon be healed.

The year 1844 will ever be a memorable epoch in the history of Methodism in America. That was the year of the separation. Methodism then became two bands, or two divisions in the same army, but unhappily the divisions did not always act in unison. For years brethren were estranged, and volumes of angry controversy were published which did not tend to promote union among brethren.

The Northern General Conference of 1872 sent delegates to the General Conference of the Southern Church, with a view to form a fraternal union between the Churches, which had had no intercourse for thirty years. The brethren in the South received their Northern brethren very cordially, and seemed to be disposed as far as possible to fraternise with their brethren; but they believe that the brethren in the North have done them a serious injury, both by misrepresentation and otherwise. The South is evidently very sensitive, and appears to be resolved to honour the memory of their fathers; hence Dr. Myers has published the book before us, intending to give a candid and impartial view of the whole question of separation from the beginning. He has not published opinions or theories, but has confined himself almost wholly to documentary evidence. As far as we can judge, he has endeavoured to be historically correct, and we suppose that his book may be regarded as the Southern view of the perplexing question.

Different opinions of course are held respecting the book. There are those who think it displays bad taste to publish such a volume at this time, as it can serve no good end, and will only widen instead of closing the breach between the Churches. Others of course hold that there is nothing improper in the book, and that it only contains facts with which all ought to be acquainted. We do not pretend to understand the matters in dispute between the two Churches as those who belong to either Church, but we must say that we have seen no book from which we have derived so much information respecting the separation of 1844 as Dr. Myers has here given; and his own Church at any rate should be thankful that they have here, in such a concise form, a history of that movement which all should understand before they enter into a union of any kind. As long as the truth is spoken in love we cannot see what harm can result from such a course.

We shall be sorry if the course pursued by either or both the Churches should increase the difficulty of forming an honourable union. We would fain hope that when the brethren meet they will be willing to sacrifice everything but *truth* for the sake of presenting to the world, that the Methodists can love as brethren. In the meantime, while we feel deep interest in the welfare of the two Methodisms, North and South, and shall look with no small amount of anxiety for the result of the deliberations at the next general conferences, we are sure that all who read Dr. Myers' book impartially cannot fail to admire his Church loyalty, and the freedom from acerbity which characterises his book.



MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter1st, 10.45 a.m. | Last Quarter16th, 3.20 p.m.
 Full Moon.....8th, 2.21 p.m. | New Moon.....24th, 1.46 a.m.
 First Quarter.....30th, 5.9 p.m.

1	S	To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord.— <i>Ex. xvi. 2, 3.</i>
2	S	God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.— <i>Gen. ii. 3.</i>
3	M	Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.— <i>Col. iii. 16.</i>
4	Tu	Study to show thyself approved unto God.— <i>2 Tim. ii. 15.</i>
5	W	Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.— <i>Prov. iii. 11.</i>
6	Th	The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life.— <i>Prov. xiv. 27.</i>
7	F	Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law.— <i>Gal. iii. 13.</i>
8	S	Be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools.— <i>Ec. v. 1.</i>
9	S	Blessed is the man that . . . keepeth the Sabbath.— <i>Is. lvi. 6.</i>
10	M	We which have believed do enter into rest.— <i>Heb. iv. 3.</i>
11	Tu	We walk by faith, not by sight.— <i>2 Cor. v. 7.</i>
12	W	Faith is the substance of things hoped for.— <i>Heb. xi. 1.</i>
13	Th	Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ.— <i>Gal. iii. 26.</i>
14	F	Faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone.— <i>James ii. 17.</i>
15	S	The prayer of faith shall save the sick.— <i>James v. 15.</i>
16	S	Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary.— <i>Lev. xix. 30.</i>
17	M	Sin shall not have dominion over you.— <i>Rom. vi. xiv.</i>
18	Tu	Create in me a clean heart, O God.— <i>Ps. li. 10.</i>
19	W	Renew a right spirit within me.— <i>Ps. li. 10.</i>
20	Th	Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.— <i>1 John iii. 9.</i>
21	F	The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.— <i>1 Thess. v. 23.</i>
22	S	Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.— <i>John xvii. 17.</i>
23	S	I gave them my Sabbaths to be a sign between me and them.— <i>Ezek. xx. 12.</i>
24	M	They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.— <i>Gal. v. 24.</i>
25	Tu	I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live.— <i>Gal. ii. 20.</i>
26	W	Mortify your members which are upon the earth.— <i>Col. iii. 5.</i>
27	Th	See then that ye walk circumspectly.— <i>Eph. v. 15.</i>
28	F	Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.— <i>Eph. v. 11.</i>
29	S	Walk as children of light.— <i>Eph. v. 8.</i>
30	S	The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.— <i>Mark ii. 27.</i>

LOOK AND LIVE.

Tenderly.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Look to Je-sus, wea-ry one, Look and live, look and live; Look at what the

Lord has done, Look and live; See Him lift - ed on the tree, Look and live,

look and live; Hear Him say, "Look un - to Me," Look and live.

Chorus.

Look! the Lord is lift - ed high, Look to Him, He's ev - er nigh,

Look and live, why will ye die? Look and live.

2. Though unworthy, vile, unclean,
Look and live, look and live;
Look away from self and sin,
Look and live;
Long by Satan's power enslaved,
Look and live, look and live;
Look to Me, ye shall be saved,
Look and live.—Chorus.

3. Though you 've wandered far away,
Look and live, look and live;
Harden not your heart to-day,
Look and live;
'Tis thy Father calls thee home,
Look and live, look and live;
Whosoever will may come,
Look and live.—Chorus.