

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

"AN HANDFUL OF CORN."

The mission of Mr. Moody to Britain is now finished, and men, very naturally begin to calculate the results. It is fair and reasonable, as well as natural to ask for results, but in asking for results, in a spiritual sowing of this kind, let us remember:—

1. That a certain allowance is made, in all kinds of sowing, for some seed being lost. Is it not in the mouth of our children as the rule for sowing our corn—one grain for the grub, one for the birds, and so on, while only the remainder belongs to the sower as likely to carry seed. The parable of the sower recognizes the same rule of allowance for waste, assigning so much of the seed sown to the birds, so much to the climate, and so much to the weeds. Let us be prepared then to fear that of the seed sown, so patiently by Mr. Moody, a large proportion will come short of yielding the very lowest return that is compatible with fruitfulness in the eyes of the Divine husbandman.

2. That a wide range of observation is necessary to estimate correctly the value of a harvest. It is a narrow view even of a wheat harvest to content oneself with estimating the num-

ber of bushels measured in the barn of bare grain. To understand aright the value of so many *sheaves* of wheat, one must estimate how many pounds and tons of *bread* these sheaves will produce, and how many families that bread will *nourish*, how much work that nourishment will enable the workmen in these families to do, and how much that work is worth to the workmen themselves and to society. To have a correct estimate therefore of the true value of the harvests of a country one must bring within the sphere of his vision and within the scope of his calculation, that building up of flesh and blood, of bone and muscle that comes from the bread, as also the works of art, of skill, of use and of luxury that comes from the bone and the muscle. The harvests of a country, therefore, are to be seen not simply and proximately in so many bushels of wheat or loaves of bread, but indirectly and remotely in the ships that float in its harbours, and in the railroads that fret the face of the land.

To understand properly and value aright the product of spiritual sowing, we must after the same fashion widen the horizon of observation, and bring into our calculation something more than the number of hearers and the

effect of the word preached on them at the time of their hearing. When the voice of a God-sent preacher falls on the open ears of a thousand hearers it is like a stone falling into a placid lake over whose bosom, to the very verge, there chase each other thousands upon thousands of concentric circles, each one of a wider sweep than its predecessor. The sermons of Christ are still producing effects, and will continue to do so throughout the endless eternities. The ripples that the preaching of the Reformers produced in their respective countries—Luther, in Germany; Calvin, in France; Knox, in Scotland; Latimer, in England; are still in existence on the face of "the great sea," and spreading into its estuaries, bays and creeks. As regards, therefore, Mr. Moody's handful of corn, and the harvest thereof, it is better for men to cease from trying to estimate the result by counting *persons* and take to counting *principles*, which being eternal and immutable, "live and abide for ever."

As one of the results of Mr. Moody's preaching which will influence the religious teaching of the ministers and the religious life of the people of Britain for years to come, we would indicate as chief, the honour and favour to which he has raised the old-fashioned doctrines of grace, which some writer has called the three R's of the gospel—Ruin by the fall, Redemption by the cross, and Regeneration by the spirit. There is a strong tendency of late in the Protestantism of Britain to vagueness and indistinctness in doctrine. In 1740, Bengel, the German commentator, saw in his country the germs of this portentous evil. He said, 135 years ago, as we find it in his life:—

"Though Socinianism and Popery at present appear mutually aloof, they will in process of time form a mighty confluence, that will burst all bounds, and bring everything to a crisis. We may expect it in the following way. The residue of heavenly influence on

the professing church as a body, will have utterly evaporated, its holy things having been already more and more prostituted to the spirit of this world. The Holy Spirit being thus withdrawn from the camp at large, the world will deem its own victory and triumph secured. Now, therefore, a spirit of liberal Latitudinarianism will prevail everywhere—a notion that every one may be right in his own way of thinking, and consequently that all is well with the Jew, the Turk and the Pagan. Ideas of this kind will wonderfully prepare men for embracing the false prophet."

In the judgment of the Rev. J. C. Ryle, one of the foremost men in the ranks of the evangelical clergy of the Church of England, these dark forebodings are being realized to day in England. "How painfully correct," says Mr. Ryle, referring ten years ago to Bengel's words: "how painfully correct these prognostications made 125 years ago have proved, any one who observes the state of religious feeling in England, must know only too well."

The way to deal with this rationalism—this semi-philosophical, semi-sceptical theology—is not by philosophy or by logic, but by the Word of the LORD, which liveth and abideth for ever. At every turn it must be met (that is as regards the pulpit) by the authority of God and of CONSCIENCE. Now this is the very method of Mr. Moody. He goes forward to his work, and delivers his message in blessed unconsciousness of metaphysics, philosophy and science. He opens the word of God, seizes on its plain sense, and in words level to the understanding of all, without fear or favour, tells the old, old story,—sad and yet joyful—of man's ruin, of Christ's atonement and of the Spirit's work. It was said of Socrates that he brought wisdom down from the clouds to this earth. It has in the same way been the special mission of Mr. Moody to come at an opportune moment to the assistance of such men as Spurgeon foremost among the Baptists, Mr. Ryle among the Episcopalians, Mr. Dale among the

Congregationalists, Mr. Fraser among the Presbyterians, and Mr. Arthur among the Methodists, to the work of keeping the theology of English Protestantism from flying away to these same cloud lands where Socrates found the wisdom of his day. And it is impossible to estimate the value of the assistance Moody has given in this work. An old Scotch minister who has lately gone to his rest remarked, as his only criticism on a young man who delivered a high-flown discourse when on trial for license: "The eagle is a proud bird and soars very high in the air, but to lay an egg it must descend to the earth." Mr. Moody has made the lesson hidden under that parable plain to many a young preacher in Britain, and to some old preachers too. The spirit in which the lesson has been received, we can see from the following reference to the American Evangelists in the retiring address of the chairman (Rev. A. Thompson, of Manchester) of the English Congregational Union:—"What a demonstration we have in the spiritual phenomena now going on around us—(may God multiply them a thousand fold!) that those doctrines, which were the life and substance of the old theology, have lost none of their power, none of their adaptation to the wants of men! Speak them as you may, only speak them fully, and from the heart; utter them in the simplest, plainest, most colloquial style, garnished with stories of every-day experience, but with fervid, incisive application; chant them in strains that are level to the capacity of a child, to melodies no artist will own—(cheers) and they shall go forth like a tide of

living energy through the souls of millions, rising and swelling, and spreading still from the hills of Scotland to the factories of Manchester, the docks of Liverpool, the workshops of Birmingham, and the multitudinous thoroughfares and halls of the metropolis; and when men marvel at the success of these simple heralds of Christ, and ask, 'where lies the secret?' let them know that it lies *here*—in aiming point blank at the conscience and the heart with the testimony of God, that the blood of Jesus alone cleanses from guilt—(loud cheers)—that the spirit of grace can at once work a resurrection from the death of sin—that simple faith in Christ brings peace and righteousness, and proves its power by consecrating the whole man to God; preaching in short, the self-same doctrines which won the first victories of Pentecost, and which shall yet renew those victories through the length and breadth of the world." (Cheers.)

Mr. Moody has, without doubt, been the means of turning many from darkness unto light, though we think it useless for men to attempt to make count of the number; but more than that and of greater importance, he has magnified the truth and made it honourable, and exalted the name of the Lord Jesus, as Prophet, Priest and King, so that through this truth (brought once more to the foreground) generations yet unborn, succeeding each other, as the ripples on the water, will be saved and sanctified. Though it is only a handful of corn, and though the soil be the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.

Living Preachers.

THE GREAT DELIVERER.

ADDRESS BY MR. D. L. MOODY AT
CAMBERWELL HALL.

“Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?” (Isa. xlix. 24.)

If you will turn over to the 4th chapter of Luke, you will find that verse that I have quoted so often since I have been here—the 18th verse. If you are not well acquainted with it, you ought to be, for it tells us the seven things that Christ came to do. One of them is to deliver the captives. He did not come to show us his eloquence, to preach great sermons, or to speak of the greatness of man. The devil has preached that very well for the last 6,000 years. He did not come to preach about any of those institutions we hear so much of. He did not come to preach science or literature, but to preach *deliverance to the captives*. If everyone here would get their eyes off everything else, and fix them on this one thought, that the Son of God left heaven and came down to this world to deliver the captives; if they would stop trying to get the victory over the flesh and the world, and flee right to Christ, this would be a glorious night. And the quicker men and women who have been taken captives by Satan learn this lesson, the better it will be for them. Of course a man will not come to Christ until he learns this lesson. There is not a man or woman in all London who has not been taken captive by Satan. Some have been delivered; others are still under his power. Every man who has not been

saved is under the power of the devil; and the worst of it is, that those whom he has taken captive do not know it.

There is not a man or woman here, out of Christ, but is really a slave to Satan. He holds them by some besetting sin. Some are held by one sin, some by another, but Satan has got them all bound. I do not know how many people have come into the inquiry-rooms, night after night, and told me that for many years they have been bound by the powers of the evil one. If you will but take the text to-night, you need not wait until the second meeting before you get liberty. You can be set free this minute, because He came to deliver the lawful captives. Do you think He is not able to deliver every man and woman here? What we want is to know that we are captives, and then to bring our sins to Him, without attempting to put them away ourselves.

I have met with quite a number of men—I suppose there are hundreds here—who are slaves to the habit of *swearing*. Only the other night a man said he had tried many a time to stop swearing, but the more he tried the more he swore. Well, I can sympathise with that man, for I used to be a slave to that terrible habit. If I tried once, I tried a hundred times to stop, but I always failed. At last I gave it up; I thought there was no use in trying any more. But when I gave myself up as lost, and came to God for mercy,—that very night He snapped the fetters, and set my soul free, I found that Christ was able to deliver me from that awful sin.

Another class of people are troubled

with a *bad temper*. There are a great many who would shrink from the sin of swearing—they would not swear for all the world; but they have got terrible tempers. They try to control them, but they cannot keep them in their place. They have tried not to get angry, or say things that caused themselves and their friends a good deal of pain. My friends, Christ will give you victory over your temper; He came to deliver you from that very sin, and every other sin you can conceive of. There is not one in the whole catalogue but Christ can give you victory over, if you only come to Him; I do not care how great it is. The Son of Man came to deliver the lawful captive.

There was a lady in our country greatly troubled with her temper. If her servants did anything that displeased her, she would get angry and scold them for it. Then she would be ashamed of herself. She resolved she would control her temper, but her resolutions were broken about as quickly as she made them. She kept resolving and trying, and resolving and trying until at last she got discouraged. It was of no use, she thought. She was out one day with some Christian friends, and she told them what a struggle she had, and that she had become utterly discouraged. A lady friend said to her, "Did you ever think of allowing Christ to keep your temper for you?" "No, I never thought of that." "But He is able to do it; He has kept mine for a good many years." It was as if a light from heaven had flashed into her soul. "Why," she said, "of course Christ is able to keep my temper. I am not able to keep it, for I have tried and failed." She got hold of the truth that Christ was able to do the work, and the captive was set free. As she went along, it seemed as if she floated through the air. When she got home she found that the ser-

vant had tripped, and destroyed something that was very valuable. Her old temper rose up, She stepped into another room and said, "Dear Jesus, keep my temper." She came out with a smile, and spoke so kindly to the servant that it quite broke her down. It was so unlike her mistress. And Christ has been able to keep her ever since. Let me say to any of you who are troubled with this sin, that Christ can deliver you from it.

I need not go through the catalogue; there are a great many sins by which men and women are led captive. Let us put them all into one bundle, and say that Christ is able to deliver us from every one.

Here is some one, perhaps, who is full of *pride*. Bring it right to Christ and ask him to take care of it for you, and he will do it. He is mighty to save, able to deliver unto the utmost. I remember when I was first awakened, the thing that stood in my way (I was in business) was that I thought I could not sell goods without misrepresenting them. And I have had a good many letters from clerks saying that that stood in their way—that they could not get on, in plain English, without lying. The first time I ever went into the inquiry-room I told the minister who spoke to me that it was this necessity, as I thought, of lying in business that troubled me. He left me in horror and went right off. I suppose he thought there was no hope for me. And many may think that they cannot carry on business without telling downright lies. That is the snare of the devil. May God deliver you from it to-night. When I made up my mind that I would come to see Christ, though I would lose my situation and everything else, I found I had been deceived by the devil all these months. I got on in business a good deal better afterwards than I had done before. Don't you go away with that terrible

delusion; that you cannot succeed in business without lying, It is a good deal better for you to be right with God, then He will take care of you. He will stand by you in the time of trouble if you stand up on His side; He will never leave you. We want a Christianity that we can carry into daily life. If a man is not a better business man for being a Christian, I doubt his Christianity. If he is not more consistent in his daily walk, if Christ has not delivered him from doing mean, contemptible things, from a mean, contemptible temper, and from the mean habit of misrepresenting things, then he has not got the Christ of the Bible. He was without guile; and if we have got the Spirit of Christ, we must put on Christ.

There is another vice that a great many more people think there is no deliverance from, and that is *strong drink*. One thing that made me take this subject to-night was *I met a lady last night in the inquiry-room who was under the influence of liquor*. If ever I mourned over any person it was over this lady,—an educated, accomplished lady, yet she was under the influence of strong drink, And she seemed to think there was no deliverance. She says that she has resolved she won't drink, but her will is so weak that she cannot resist. If she is here to-night I hope she will not be discouraged. Let me tell her that Christ is able to give her the victory. It was when we were without strength that Christ died for us. He can turn your appetite and give you victory over the infernal cup if you come to Him for strength. No doubt there are many who have resolved to give up the drink; they have tried and failed, and tried and failed. Let me say, my friends, that if you will give up trying, and flee right to Christ and say, "Lord Jesus, keep this appetite of mine: hold me with Thy mighty power," He will do it. He has got

the power. If He could speak a world into existence, surely He can save the poor drunkard. He can save the weakest and most abandoned in all London. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. Thank God there is a Saviour who is mighty to save. He can give the poor woman power to hurl the infernal cup from her. "Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help." When will we learn the lesson that our help is in another, and not in ourselves? When will we learn to get done trying to fight with the devil?—we are no match for him. That old dragon from hell, as he is called—why, we cannot meet him, A little child might as well try to meet a lion, as for us to meet the lion of hell. But thank God! we have an elder brother who is able to conquer him. He met him at Calvary. There was a battle fought there, and when Jesus cried, "It is finished," it was the shout of victory. He had overcome the lion of hell. And if I flee to Him I am able to get the victory. I have heard of a little boy who was coming home from school, and a bigger boy wanted to fight with him. But the little boy said, "You stay till I get my big brother." He went for his big brother, and away went the other boy. We are no match for Satan; let us not attempt to fight him, but let us go to our elder brother, the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will give us power. He can deliver the lawful captive. May God deliver every poor captive here to-night. I suppose there is not a Christian man here but knows a great many witnesses that he could call up from those who have been slaves to drink, but have been saved by the Lord Jesus Christ. Did you ever hear of a man who came to Christ,—who threw himself right into Christ's arms, but He was able to deliver him? He can deliver from the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, from every sin, I don't

care what it is. He is able to save to the utmost. What we want is to bring our sins straight to Him and ask Him to deliver us.

There was a young man came into our Association in Chicago, a poor, miserable, drunken soldier, who had left his right arm on the battle-field. He grieved all he could get hold of, and I thought he was beyond reach. He came into our Association and wanted to know if we could get him anything to do. A friend of mine spoke somewhat crossly to him, and after he had gone out, his conscience smote him, and he thought "Perhaps I might have done him some good." He ran out after him, and, putting his hand on his shoulder, he asked him to come back. He talked to him very kindly, and asked him to come to the meeting that night. The man came, and to make the long story short, that act of my friend in putting his hand on his shoulder touched his heart, and he became a Christian. I thought he was one of the roughest diamonds I ever did see, when he was first converted, but now he is one of the most eminent Christian workers in all America. For the past six or seven years he has been one of the most successful laymen in our country. He was one of the most abandoned wretches you could imagine; his father, his mother, and family had cast him off, and he was a poor, miserable, worthless, drunken gambler. But now he is one of the brightest lights in all America.

I need not enumerate cases. I suppose London is full of them; I see them all around me now,—men who have been saved by the grace of God. What further testimony do we need? Is it necessary to try and prove that Christ is able to save everyone here? I can imagine some of you say, "But my case is a very peculiar one." Well we have got a very peculiar Saviour. I hardly ever saw a person who seemed

to think that their cases were more peculiar than that of anyone else. Like a good many of the towns we have been to, we have hardly ever gone to a place but they have said it was a most peculiar place. It was so at Liverpool, and Manchester, and Edinburgh: and when we came to London, they said London was so different from any other part of the world. But I find human nature is just the same here as anywhere else,—poor, miserable, lost humanity that needs a Saviour as much as in any other place. It is not a change of circumstances that men want; it is a risen Christ, and if they have got Christ in them they can overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Now, my friends, bear in mind that Christ came just to deliver the captives, and if there is one here whom Satan has led astray and taken captive, let me say that Christ came expressly to deliver you. Will you limit the power of the Holy One of Israel? Will you say he has not got power to deliver you, that He cannot snap the fetters that are binding you, and set your captive soul free? If you say that, it is because you do not know Him and do not believe his word; He is able to deliver every captive in Camberwell Hall, and if any of you go out without being delivered, it will be no one's fault but your own.

There is a little parable I once heard, I think from the lips of Mr. Spurgeon. A tyrant once ordered one of his subjects into his presence, and told him to go and make a chain of a certain length. He gave him no money to buy the material, but ordered him to make the chain. The man toiled and toiled, and after awhile he came, bringing the chain with him into the presence of the Emperor. He ordered him to go and make it twice the length. The man came again, and he again was ordered to make it longer. The man toiled and worked, and after

long hard months, at last he brought it in. When he had done so, the Emperor told some of his subjects to take that man and bind him hand and foot with the chain he had made, and cast him into prison. That is just what the devil is doing with every sinner, making you forge your own chain; and by-and-by he will have you cast into the prison-house of hell. But if you come to Christ to-night, He will snap the fetters asunder. The devil has got no power to bind you against the power of Christ. But do not think you can deliver yourselves, and do not go away with the delusion that you are not being taken captive by Satan. Many do not believe they are under his power. Suppose to-morrow, when you get up; you say, "I am going through this day without committing sin." See if you get through it! Not one of you could live one day without sin, and God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Therefore no one here ought to say so again, if they have said so before, that Satan has not taken them captive. You are already captive. And I come with the glad tidings that Christ can set you free.

In our war there was a military prison at Richmond, and there was a great many of our Union soldiers who were taken by the rebel army and put in there. When the Southern States were suffering for want of bread, many of these soldiers died for lack of food. When we heard the news, you may imagine our distress at the thought of our own brothers being taken captive and dying for the want of food. At last the lines were broken, and the Union army went marching into Richmond. There was the prison where hundreds of them were dying, in a strange land, away from father and mother, away from home and from loved ones, and buried by those who did not love them or care for them. All at once they heard the

tramp of a coming army, as it came along down those streets, and in a few minutes those iron doors were unlocked, those gates were thrown open, and those men proclaimed to be free. They came out with joy; their liberators had come. I bring you good news to-night—you that have been taken captive by the devil; you are in the prison-house of Satan. Here is One who is mighty to save. Do you want to be free? Flee right to Him, and this very minute he will speak the word of power; the fetters will fall off, and you shall go free. He is able to save to the utmost.

When Chicago was burnt up, there were a hundred thousand people on those Western prairies. We were very hungry, and it looked dark for twenty-four hours. All our telegraph wires were burnt; our newspapers were burnt, and we could not hear from the outside world. There we were with our wives and children, and the first news we got was a despatch posted up, "Help is coming." I saw men who before were worth millions, and who had lost all in the fire, yet they did not shed a tear. But when they read this dispatch, they could not keep back the tears. We wept for joy. We needed help, we were in ruins, and when help came we received it gladly. Poor sinner, you are in ruins; you need help; you cannot save yourself; your friends, or your ministers, cannot save you: I come to tell you that Christ can save you. If there is one here who really wants to be saved, receive Him as your liberator to-night. The God who delivered Israel from the hand of Pharaoh, is He not able to deliver the poor sinner from the grasp of Satan?

Some of you say, "What am I to do?" I will tell you. It is the simplest thing you ever did. Come right to Christ just as you are. A man said to a minister in the North of England, "I feel as if I was chained."

"Well come along, chains and all." My friend, you need not wait another minute. God will break the chains for you. You cannot break them; Satan has got you bound hand and foot, and you need not try. Come to Christ and He will do it. Did you ever hear of anyone coming whom he did not receive? Did your ministers ever know of one? ("No;" "No.") Of course not; you never heard or read of such a case. "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." You could have had a better

illustration than that of the prodigal son in the 11th chapter of Luke. He came to his father just as he was. He did not stop till he got some shoes and clothes. If he had he never would have come, for he could not get any. He was half-starved, and he came just as he was. So with you, poor sinner! If you could get rid of one sin you would not need a Saviour. But it is because you cannot do this you need a Saviour; therefore come just as you are, and come now. May God bring home the wanderers to-night.

Poetry.

LINES SUGGESTED ON SEEING A SUN DIAL IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Can anything be more misplaced
Than *Dial* in Kirkyard?
It surely is of *time* a waste
Where none can time regard!

The Sun may shine from morn to eve,
As day succeedeth night;
The Moon may bathe the silent grave
In showers of mellowed light.

The twinkling Stars with vigil eyes
Each night may watch the grave!
While ev'ry breeze that o'er it flies
Its verdure rich may wave.

Yet to the dead 'twill not avail,
From sleep they shall not wake;
Their eyes are fasten'd with a seal
No power on earth can break.

Here all around me lie at rest
Regardless of my lays;
All those on earth whom I loved best
In light of other days!

Though I with tears the grave beseech
 To speak one word to me,
 No echo's heard, nor sigh nor speech—
 Nought but mute mystery.

Oh! ever blessed be God's name,
 Who holds our fleeting breath,
 That Jesus has despised the shame
 And plucked the sting of death.

And blessed be His Holy Truth,
 The main-spring of our health;
 The world besides, is nought in sooth—
 Its pride, its pomp, and wealth.

Oh! blessed Saviour above,
 Who dwells in regions bright,
 We Thee adore that Thou in love,
 Brought endless life to light.

INVERNESS.

J. C.

HE LEADETH.

Not alone by waving meadows,
 Or through soft and pleasant places,
 By quiet water courses,
 Where the lilies lift their faces;
 But whether through green pastures,
 Or in the desert drear,
 His hand upholds our going,
 His presence quells our fear.
 And always with a tenderness,
 Proportioned to our need,
 He chooseth well the pastures
 Where his wayward lambs may feed.

Not unceasingly the sunshine
 Lights with joy the path before us,
 Lest we miss the dearer glory
 Of his smile, which shineth o'er us.
 But always in the darkest cloud
 Is his bow of promise set—
 A covenant of boundless love
 Our Lord will not forget.
 And with a gracious watchfulness,
 Foretelling all alarms,
 He shields us from the tempest
 In the shelter of his arms.

And we know, what e'er befalleth,
 That His love abideth sure,
 Through all desolate waste places
 That His presence shall endure,
 And His potent branch of healing
 Turns the bitter into sweet,
 While the pleasant water courses
 Follow gladly at His feet;
 For the Lord Himself is sunshine—
 Fragrant meadows where we feed,
 And the rock from which there floweth
 Purest water for our need.

Thou Thyself, oh! gracious Shepherd,
 Art the pastures cool and sweet;
 Thou the stilly water courses,
 Where the lilies kiss Thy feet;
 Thou the strong and fearless leader,
 Brave to conquer every foe,
 And the Hiding-place and Refuge
 Which we turn to in our woe.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

HOME MISSION PSALM,

BY REV. C. R. LURDICK.

Tune, "God Save the Queen."

Great God, our glorious land,
 With all its mountains grand
 From sea to sea;
 Where its great prairies roll,
 Where its broad rivers troll
 From North to South, the whole
 Belongs to thee.

Oh, may the people all,
 Who on thy name do call,
 Near and afar,
 All its vast treasures hold,
 The silver and the gold,
 In mines of wealth untold,
 With thee to share;

That through our Western World
 Thy banner be unfurled
 From Calvary ;
 Planted its hills and dales,
 Its plains and blooming vales,
 With fruit that never fails
 For man in thee.

There where Niagara's flood
 Lifts up its voice to God
 In accents grand ;
 From every inland sea,
 From wild Yosemite,
 From where bright valleys be.
 From all the land—

Let the glad song arise,
 Pealing from earth to skies,
 Loud let it ring ;
 Ring o'er our mountain peaks,
 Where thunder on them breaks,
 Ring till the nation shrieks,
 JESUS IS KING !

Let the Atlantic's waves
 Pour in their glorious staves,
 In thunder sing ;
 Roll the great anthem o'er
 To far Pacific's shore,
 Mingling with his loud roar,
 JESUS IS KING !

CRANMER'S BURNING.

You saw him how he passed among the crowd ;
 And even as he walked the Spanish friars
 Still plied him with entreaty and reproach ;
 But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
 Steers, ever looking to the happy haven
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death ;
 And I could see that many silent hands
 Came from the crowd and met his own ; and thus,
 When he had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,
 He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind
 Is all made up, in haste put off the rags
 They had mocked his misery with, and all in white,
 His long white beard, which he had never shaven

Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain,
 Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood,
 More like an ancient father of the church,
 Than heretic of these times; and still the friars
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,
 Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry:
 "Make short: make short!" and so they lit the wood.
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
 "Thou hast offended—this unworthy hand!"
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before
 The flame had reached his body; I stood near—
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan or pain;
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue,
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
 Gave up the ghost; and so passed martyr-like—
 Martyr I may not call him—passed—but whither?
Tennyson's "Queen Mary."

Christian Thought.

NOVEL READING AND CRIME.

(PRESBYTER AND HERALD.)

These do not always stand in relation of cause and effect, but the one is sometimes a powerful stimulant to the other. A case which recently occurred in Boston has attracted wide attention. Jesse Pomeroy "the boy murderer," a short time ago, killed two children, a little boy and a little girl. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. The Governor of Massachusetts and his Council, the most eminent jurists, and leading men and women of Boston, have been deeply concerned what should be done with Jesse. Many have petitioned for commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life. Strange as it may seem, delegations of ladies have besieged the Governor and Council to carry out the sentence of hanging, and it is now reported that this will soon be

done unless the decision should be reconsidered.

Jesse Pomeroy is pronounced "a moral monstrosity." It is said of him: "He murdered two small children for no cause whatever. He did not rob them of even a pin: he had no quarrel with them, whereby his passions might have been excited: he suffered no revengful feelings towards the parents of his victims. The children and their families were perfect strangers to him. No cause for these murders is known." The details of this very remarkable case are fully given in the secular papers. They are horrible, and we do not think it well to reproduce them. When some members of the Governor's Council visited him in jail, one of them inquired of him how many murders he had committed, and his quick reply was "Two, sir!" When asked why he killed the little boy, he

said "I do not know." Besides these two murders, other cruelties practised by him toward children have been related. His common reply in regard to all such cases has been that he "did not know what he was doing." From all we have been able to learn we should say he ought to be put under medical treatment rather than be sent to the gallows.

What has especially attracted our attention in this case is an account of the mental ailment on which this "boy murderer" has been for a long time nourished. It is said: "Pomeroy has been a close reader of dime novels and yellow-covered literature until, as one of the gentlemen stated in his argument before the council, his brain was turned, and his highest ambition was to be the 'Texas Jack' of South Boston." It seems that his parents kept a store for the sale of newspapers and periodicals, and "trashy literature." Here probably he found the stimulant which led him to commit the dreadful deeds for which he now stands sentenced to be hanged. He had found his hero in these "dime novels," and he wanted to be a hero too.

We are strongly reminded of two cases which occurred a few years ago, one in England and the other in this country. An English nobleman had been murdered by his *valet de chambre*. It came out on trial, by the confession of the murderer, that he had been a great novel reader, and had been especially fascinated by the hero of "Jack Sheppard," one of the popular novels of the day; and his consuming ambition was to imitate that character in his heroic deeds. His ambition was satisfied in the murder of his master, and the law had its revenge in the execution.

The American case was still more thrilling, the main facts of which will be readily recalled. During the administration of President Tyler a mutiny occurred on board the Ameri-

can brig "Somers," a war vessel then at sea, under the command of Commodore Mackenzie. Midshipman Spencer, son of the Hon. John A. Spencer, Secretary of war in Tyler's cabinet, headed the mutiny. The intention was to put the officers to death, and turn the vessel into a pirate. The plan was discovered just in time to prevent its execution. Mr. Spencer, being detected as the ringleader of the mutineers, was tried under the provisions of maritime law, found guilty, and was promptly executed by being hung at the yardarm of the "Somers." Commodore Mackenzie's course was approved of by the President, and applauded by the whole country, although great sympathy was felt for the Secretary of War and family.

The significant fact which points the moral, without adorning this sad tale, relates to young Spencer's college life. He had enjoyed every advantage which wealth and high social position could bestow. His grandfather Ambrose Spencer, stood at the head of the judiciary of the State of New York, and his father was a cabinet minister. But novel reading had been his ruin. "The Pirate's Own Book" had been his constant college companion, and after his execution it was believed that he had sought and obtained a position in the navy for the purpose of putting into practice the lessons which that book had taught him,

All these cases afford instruction by which parents should profit. They should be very scrupulous as to the kind of "light literature" which finds its way into the hands of their children. The country is flooded with that which is destructive to the welfare of both body and soul. We should as soon give poison to our children. Novel reading is a perfect passion with multitudes. When it has attained such ascendancy it unfits the devotee for any good, even if it do not stimulate to the open commission of crime.

Christian Life.

HOW DR. GUTHRIE BECAME A TEETOTALLER.

"I was first led," he told a temperance meeting at Belfast, in 1862, "to form a high opinion of the cause of temperance by the bearing of an Irishman. It is now some twenty-two years ago. I had left Omagh on a bitter, biting, blasting day, with lashing rain, and had to travel across a cold country to Cookstown. Well, by the time we got over half the road, we reached a small inn, into which we went, as sailors in stress of weather run into the first haven. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as these were the days of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to the car-driver, we called him in; he was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my Ragged School in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,'—but the car-driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. *He would not taste it.* 'Why?' we asked; 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Plaze your rivrence, I am a teetotaller, and I won't taste a drop of it.'

"Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart; and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman; and I said, if that man can deny

himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister? I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, alone with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaller."

"When I was a student," he said on another occasion, "there was not, so far as I knew, one abstaining student within the University, nor was there an abstaining minister in the whole Church of Scotland." Even in 1841, when he met the poor Irish car-driver, there were very few persons in Edinburgh above the position of working men who were abstainers, and these few were regarded as well-meaning enthusiasts at best. Nor might he have taken his place among them, but for an ever-growing conviction that, on grounds of Christian expediency, a stand must be made against those customs of society which, in his belief, lay at the root of the evil. The incident which follows must have happened in the year 1844 or 1845:

"The first time that I met Lord Jeffrey in private, was at a dinner party in the house of my very kind friend, Mr. Maitland, Dundrennan,—afterwards, and for far too short a time, Lord Dundrennan. This was rather a trying occasion for me, in so far as it was the first on which I was to declare myself as belonging to the—at that time—despised sect of total abstainers or teetotallers. I had become convinced that my powers to do good among the lapsed classes lay in standing out

before them as one who, in following Christ and for their sakes, was ready to take up his cross daily and deny himself. If I was to prevail on them to give up the whiskey, I myself must first give up the wine. I had known so many instances of the sons of ministers, and of Edinburgh ministers, going to the bad; I had seen so many of my old Divinity Hall acquaintances placed at the bar of the General Assembly, and deposed for drunkenness, and other crimes which it leads to, that, with an eye both to the good of my family and of my parishioners, I resolved to stand out before the public as a total abstainer, and to bring up my children in the habits of that brotherhood and sisterhood. I well remember yet the day and place when I screwed up my courage to the sticking point. From how great a load of anxiety and care in respect of the future of my children it relieved my mind!

"But I confessed I felt it hard to have my principles put to so severe a strain, before they had time to acquire fibre and firmness, as they had to stand at Mr. Maitland's dinner-table. Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, with their wives, and others of the *elite* of Edinburgh literary and legal society, were there—people who might have heard of teetotallers, but certainly had never seen one before, and some of whom probably never dreamed of denying themselves any indulgence whatever for the sake of others, far less for the wretched and degraded creatures who haunted the Cowgate and Grassmarket.

"But by my principles I was resolved to stick, cost what it might. So I passed the wine to my neighbor without

its paying tax or toll to me, often enough to attract our host's attention, who, to satisfy himself that I was not sick, called for an explanation. This I gave modestly, but without any shamefacedness. The company could hardly conceal their astonishment; and when Jeffrey, who sat opposite to me, found that in this matter I was living not for myself but others,—denying myself the use of luxuries in which all around were indulging, and to which I had been accustomed, and which had done me, and were likely to do me, no harm, that I might by my example reclaim the vicious and raise the fallen, and restore peace and plenty to wretched homes,—that generous-hearted, noble-minded man could not conceal his sympathy and admiration. He did not speak, but his look was not to be mistaken, and, though kind and courteous before my apology, he was ten times more so after it. This was to me a great encouragement to persevere in the line in which I had entered, and which I continued to follow for twenty years.

"Independent of the good it did to my family and others, it was a great personal advantage to myself. It made my health better, my head clearer, my spirits lighter, and my purse heavier. I feel sure that all parents, though they themselves might not be able to shake off their old habits (a very easy thing after all to one who has not become the slave of drunkenness), if they but knew the load taken from my mind when I first resolved to bring up my family in total abstinence, would rear their children in the total disuse of all such dangerous stimulants."—*Life of Dr. Guthrie.*

Christian Work.

The annual gathering of Sabbath School workers has been held, as last year, at Lake Chautauqua. The religious education of the young is becoming one of the great and pressing questions of the day, and good is it to find such valuable aid to Sabbath School work as that annual assembly affords to those on the ground, and to those who read at a distance reports of the meetings.

THE TRUE IDEAL OF A SABBATH SCHOOL.

Mr. J. B. Tyler spoke in substance as follows:—

“We all have our ideals. Some are absurd, visionary; yet the ideal is always the parent of the actual germ of solid improvement. Steam and telegraphing were ideals existing in the brain of the inventor before they were brought to perfection. Most of us have our ideal of the Sunday school, far in advance of what has been realized. My ideal is that it is an institution that touches our whole country. How then shall we utilize this? By giving a higher order of teaching and management; we need higher efficiency in it among the instructors. If we wish to increase its power, to hold the boys and girls in it, we must advance it and make it rank with the secular schools. First—It involves on the teacher's part a higher order of knowledge and purpose. Second—Most exact knowledge not only of lessons but of the whole Bible. We expect an explicit knowledge of the subjects they teach from secular teachers; why not of spiritual ones? Third—We need a broader sympathy with childhood. Fourth—Higher teaching involves knowledge of manner and methods. We should learn thoroughly the value of illustrations and study the art of putting things

clearly. If we would use the school for Christian work the church should make more of the school. This care and supervision will involve the interests of each and make the bonds between the two stronger. We ought to have our teachers trained; they are in one sense artists, because they have much to do with modeling and fashioning men. Most of us are not natural teachers. We must learn to do our work as an artist does; just as a sculptor can in his mind's eye see a most beautiful figure in a rude piece of marble, so will the true teacher see in a rude exterior a most precious soul to save. Proper church supervision will demand more of Biblical understanding. Soon the Sabbath-school will insist on downright study as they do in secular schools. We should inspire in the school a wholesome love for it and the church. It should be next in the affections to the home. The scholars of to-day are the teachers and preachers of to-morrow. We should then be particular in their instruction. If a church suffers its young people to grow up without proper and thorough instruction, it will sooner or later be like the fig-tree. We owe a duty to each of our scholars to make them familiar with church matters. Boys and girls prayer meetings are a good way to improve freedom in Christian manner of public speaking. In conclusion I will say that if we would fortify our young from skepticism we must give them a thorough understanding of the gospel, to be had by teaching and pre-occupying their thoughts with plain Bible truths. I have no fear of skeptics from without; it is the half-hearted, imbecile workers who will do the harm,” etc.

On Sabbath School work considered as "*Sowing*" ("Blessed are ye that sow," Isaiah xxxii. 20), the Rev. Dr. Fierce, editor of *Zion's Herald*, spoke as follows:—

"There has providentially fallen to me this morning a privilege that even the angel Gabriel might covet. In my text it must strike the audience that it has pleased God to discriminate as between the skill of the sower from the command. There is a spiritual as well as a natural economy in God's administration. He gathers the crumbs as well as the larger quantities; and there is a graciousness manifested by God in establishing such a provision for all. He stands at the open avenue of every line of service, and so generous is He that He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of these little ones*, ye have done it unto me." It has pleased God to connect.

A BENEDICTION WITH ALL WORK.

It is a mistake to think that work is a curse. Man needed all the discipline to develop his powers of body and mind. He intended that man should work when he said to our first parents, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it." Before sin came, service was only a song; sin made it a curse; and the Saviour has redeemed it from the curse. It is significant that those forms of service receive the smallest compensation in this world. The richest reward for such service is the pleasure in the heart. There is

A CLASS OF SERVITORS

that are too often overlooked in these meetings, and that is the Christian physicians. There is no form of life that approaches nearer to the life of Christ. They go about bearing banners of healing for both body and mind. It is not the compensation that invests this profession with its interest. It is the warm pressure of the invalid's

hand, the "God bless you, doctor," and the consciousness that he is doing his duty. Our best physicians are not rich men. But no form of service is higher than

SERVICE IN THE MASTER'S VINEYARD.

It is one of the wonders of the present economy of God that he has entrusted such service to such unworthy subjects. But, thank the Lord, the whole system of God written in prophecy is being fulfilled, and the little stone cut out of the top of the mountain is rolling down, gathering strength and force as it rolls along. It was not for lack of other agencies that His work is entrusted to us. It might have been

GIVEN TO ANGELS,

but doubtless it is simply for our sakes that it was ordered as it is, that we might be brought nearer to God. A greater reason is that we might be prepared for a higher service above. Some say that God evangelizes only by

HUMAN INSTRUMENTALITIES,

falling back into the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel, and lo I am with you always." The centurion prayed and God sent down an Angel to say that He loved him, but sent Peter to pray with and comfort him. The most remarkable instance is when Paul, the man born out of due time, was on his journey, bent on persecuting the followers of the Master, was permitted to behold the Master himself descending from his chariot of fire.

PAUL BEING BLINDED,

and asking what he should do, was not answered by the Lord, but was sent to an apostle. There is a sense in which the "Doctrine of the Keys" is true. But God has not placed the keys in the hands of one, but in all. It is a wonder to me why men will run such risks in

ASCENDING MOUNT BLANC,

but I saw what may be an adequate result. The scenery is said to be as fine and the horizon better half way up. But there was a gentleman, a merchant from New York, who was sick and worn out, but standing at the base of Mt. Blanc he determined to ascend it. When half way up he was nearly ready to give it up, but an Englishman was beside him and determined to go on, and where Englishmen could go Americans would. He reached the top and planted his flag. When he came down again, he found that, in some way or other, somewhere on the way up or down, he had got rid of his chronic difficulty, and thereby he at least was benefited. So in this Master's work, if we do not succeed in benefiting others, if we work faithfully, and to the end, we will at least save ourselves. There are

THREE CLASSES OF LAWS

in this service of the master. I. Those relating to the subjects. We may take such passages of Scripture as "Come unto me whosoever believeth." "If we confess our sins God is faithful," etc. Under this class salvation is preferred to all who will accept and believe. It has been said that Christianity is ethnic and not catholic, but this is refuted by observation. The sun does not go down in Christian lands. It meets all classes, king and peasant, the scholar and most uncultivated and ignorant. This class of laws has been strained in apostolic times; 3,000 voices exclaimed "What shall I do to be saved?" There was no need of a "protracted meeting." All were saved at once.

II. The laws relating to the labourers in the Master's work; the words "Go ye into all the world;" "Lo I am with you always," and others. We were all somewhat startled some time ago when a challenge came from England to test

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER,

but we can have an answer to it in the text, quoted by the one who answered Tyndall, "Bring ye all the tithes in the storehouse, and prove me now if I will not open the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing."

There is no time when a man's impotency so comes before him as when one comes to have his soul saved. Just when we find our exigency the Lord shows the opportunity. If a man is faithful the harvest is sure. It pleases God to meet us at just the last end of our line and He is always there. And He comes if we will only receive Him. We don't need to invite the air to come in; all we need is to open the windows, and the sunlight will come in if you will only take away the curtain.

III. As to the mode, all successful Evangelization is personal. The church as a whole has a divine office to perform. But men and women are not saved by meeting houses, nor, and I am sorry to say it, by the church. She has overlooked her mission, and has inverted her order. Christ did not say to his disciples and believers: "Come to my church," but "Go ye unto all the world." A new dispensation is wanted to trust men out of the church to preach and work. We will stand off and fire catechisms and throw Bibles, and we are ready to pay others to go and preach for us.

THERE ARE THREE QUALIFICATIONS

necessary to use the laws.

1. Holiness. 2. Earnestness. 3. Tenderness. Oh that the Holy Spirit might write them in your hearts! There is no inspiration to do duty except holiness. Nothing can sustain us in that world but this, and no evidence is so overwhelming as this in this age of doubting.

[The subject following is one that is attracting the attention of all the Evangelical churches in our day. The paper (prepared, we suppose, for the *Congregational Union*.) by the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, we take from the *Canadian Independent*, certainly one of our best denominational monthlies. We are sorry that lack of room forces us to abridge the paper in some places.]

SPECIAL EFFORT IN CONNECTION WITH THE EXTENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

The conversion of the impenitent, and the edification of the church, must ever remain the distinctive work of those, who are called of God, to the work of the Christian ministry; and the faithful preaching of the gospel, by carefully prepared discourses on the Lord's day, and by earnest pastoral visitation from house to house, will continue to be the chief agency through which these all important ends will be secured.

But all this admitted, is there not room for the employment of other means, and even of other instrumentality? Does not every pastor alive to his responsibility, sometimes feel that there is a kind of work to be done, especially in bringing souls to immediate decision for Christ, which he is scarcely able to undertake, and in which he might be greatly assisted by those whose experience and adaptation fit them for such service? Must everything be done by the pastor of the church, and by him alone? May no one help him, without detracting from his influence or lessening his power for good? Must he be the exclusive instrument in the conversion of the souls of those under his charge? Surely not. Does not every rightly minded pastor long for the ingathering of souls to the fold of Christ, in *any way*, if it be in harmony with truth; by *anyone* if he preach Christ and him crucified? and in doing so, does no violation to the principles of order and

sobriety, by which everything in connection with the kingdom of Christ should be marked.

My brethren will pardon me, if I should now use great plainness of speech. The matter before us is one on which I have thought long and earnestly. Have we been wise in ignoring the work of the Evangelist, or when it has been theoretically recognized, of relegating it to a position altogether inferior to that of the ordained pastor?

It is too often supposed that almost every one is fit to be an Evangelist; and his education and training are considered matters of inferior moment. On this point I wish most emphatically to assert, that his scriptural authority is equal to that of a pastor; that his intellectual and spiritual qualities, if anything, of a higher type; and that his education and training should be as thorough and complete. Nay, the order of mind, which should be thus consecrated, to be effective, must be of the highest calibre. In Eph iv. 11, we find that following the apostles and prophets, evangelists are placed on the roll of those given to the Church by the ascended Saviour; and that they precede in order that of pastors and teachers. Philip, one of the seven, was of the primitive evangelists, a man of no ordinary ability, who did much service in the spread of truth. He it was who "went down to the City of Samaria and preached Christ unto them," and the miraculous power which accompanied his successful effort, no less than the skilful treatment of Simon Magus, and of the Ethiopian eunuch, proved that he was worthy of his high calling. That Timothy was also an evangelist is evident from Paul's second epistle to him, in which he says, "do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry."

Against all attempts, by the use of human means, and in dependence on mere human skill, to get up a religious

excitement, we would utter a solemn protest: but should not our churches be awakened to the duty of earnest and continued prayer for the manifestation of divine power in connection with the means of grace? No church will pray long in believing confidence and assured expectation without entering on a new career of spiritual quickening. When such a point is reached, the hour is come for special effort. There will then be a willingness to work, and a peculiar qualification for dealing with souls. But why employ special means? Simply because they are required.

That there should be an adaptation in the means to the end, is a principle universally admitted. Humanly speaking, the greater the adaptation the greater the likelihood of success. This is the fundamental law which warrants and demands the employment of special efforts. Growing out of this law the following facts will be generally admitted.

1. In times of awakening the cardinal truths of the gospel should be almost exclusively preached. The sinner's guilt, ruin, helplessness; and the Saviour's love and grace, His power and willingness to save, His finished work and His complete righteousness, the simplicity of faith and the duty of immediate decision, should be made to stand out with vividness; should be enforced by Scriptural authority, and with tender fidelity. Those who listen should be confronted with the *facts* of the everlasting gospel.

2. The *re-iteration* of the same all important truths has often a wonderful power, provided they are uttered with unabated earnestness. They are seen from different aspects. Their meaning sinks with growing force into the heart, and they are felt to be of augmenting weight and force.

3. *Continuity* in effort is an element of success. The impression produced is rendered more effective by frequent

repetition of the same truths. Until the soul is brought under the full dominion of Christ, there is danger that the influence exerted may pass away under the force of association with the world, or the deadening power of daily avocation. How often the conviction produced on the Sabbath has been lost ere the return of another Lord's day. But when, night after night, the same atmosphere of spiritual life surrounds the awakened spirit, and the gospel is continuously held up with clearness and force, there is, to say the least of it, the greater likelihood that a final decision will be made. The rock may split with the first stroke; but if it should not, the hammer is at once again brought down with might, and the effort should be renewed until the end is attained. The faith, expectation, and the determination of the preacher are inspired by the continuity of effort; while the hearer is made sensible of the awful moment of the subject, pressed so earnestly, and so continuously on his heart and conscience.

4. The opportunities furnished by special services for coming in *personal contact* with those who are concerned about their souls are of prime moment. After the word is spoken from the pulpit, it may be followed up by direct appeal; objections may be elicited and met; subterfuges may be discovered and exposed. The peculiar phases of unbelief, and the peculiar difficulties in the way of faith may be grappled with. There is something wonderfully solemn in coming face to face with one who is struggling into life; but it is just in such direct work that those yearning after souls find their chosen opportunity.

5. The old story repeated by a *strange voice*, often tells with singular power; but we are convinced that nevertheless the pastor should never at such seasons cease to take his part in the presentation of the gospel. He should

never be superseded, others may help with striking effect, but he should be at his post; and from no one should the message of salvation come with more touching pathos, or with intenser earnestness. Nor should it ever be forgotten, that both pastor and helpers must hide themselves behind the cross; and see eye to eye in the grand object of bringing men to the Lord Jesus Christ.

PERSONAL EFFORT FOR CHRIST.

From Mr. Thos. Bone's report in the *Bi-Monthly Reporter*, we find the following interesting and encouraging statements:—

"Another feature worthy of notice is a more general and earnest desire on the part of God's people to work in the Lord's vineyard. In different places young people have come forward, and asked me: 'What do you think I can do for Jesus?' I have generally recommended them just to use the talent God had given them, as they had opportunity. If they had a little leisure, they might take a number of tracts, read them, pray over them, and then go and distribute them, accompanied with a kind word of warning or welcome. One gentleman gave me a dollar to purchase tracts and send to him; another gentleman whom I happened to meet in the train from Cobourg gave me two dollars for the same purpose, saying he would distribute them himself. No less evident is the fact that a deeper desire for salvation is manifest among the people. I have been encouraged at the close of our meetings, to have one and another take me by the hand and say, 'pray for me.' At one meeting seven arose for prayer. And the following afternoon six of them came for personal conversation to the friend's house

where I was staying, and before separating they each individually professed to find rest in Jesus. And since then I have heard that they are walking in the truth and trying to bring others to Christ. I may also state that there is a greater readiness to enter into conversation on religious subjects and a more manifest interest in receiving and reading the gospel tract. Not unfrequently have I witnessed, while passing the tract to passengers in the cars, they would lay aside the sensational novel, and eagerly read the Gospel Tract, and return it in exchange for another. Often has the tract dropped there been like the manna, "Food in the Wilderness." Though small, yet beautiful, nourishing and pleasant. O that Christian travellers were wise to improve the golden opportunities afforded them while travelling in the cars, for circulating the precious words of life. This would be one way of lifting up a statement against the flowing tide of pernicious literature which like a flood is overflowing every avenue of travel, and as Brother Eastman remarks, it would be well if the Society could devise some means for the sale and circulating of its publications on the cars instead of that worthless and foolish matter so incessantly presented before the reading public."

THE DIVINE WORK OF UNION.

We copy here the language of Dr. Thompson, Edinburgh, describing the gathering of Presbyterian Churches recently held in London, England. To these remarks we append the Constitution of the Alliance of Presbyterian Churches.

"Upwards of twenty Presbyterian Churches are now gathered here, representing thousands of congregations, the representatives coming from all parts of the world, excepting only New

Zealand and Australia—and the omission from that quarter could scarcely be deemed an omission, because there had really not been sufficient time to allow of a response in person from the antipodes. They had estimable and tried men here as representatives of their Presbyterian faith and principles from the United States and Canada, from all parts of the United Kingdom, from all the principal Churches on the Continent—from Italy, from Spain (the youngest of their brotherhood), from Belgium, and from that land which has been consecrated by the centuries of martyrdom in the glorious cause of truth and liberty—from the land of the old Waldensian Church. (Applause.) In all likelihood the founders of that Church had shaken hands with one or two of the apostles." (Hear, hear.)

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ALLIANCE.

Preamble.

Whereas Churches holding the Reformed faith and organized on Presbyterian principles are found, though under a variety of names, in different parts of the world; whereas many of those were long wont to maintain close relations, but are at present united by no visible bond, whether of fellowship or of work; and whereas in the Providence of God the time seems to have come when they may all more fully manifest their essential oneness, have closer communion with each other, and promote great causes by joint action: It is agreed to form a Presbyterian Alliance to meet in General Council from time to time, in order to confer upon matters of common interest, and to further the ends for which the Church has been constituted by her Divine Lord and only King. In forming this Alliance the Presbyterian Churches do not mean to change their fraternal relations with other Churches, but will be ready as hereto-

fore to join with them in Christian fellowship, and in advancing the cause of the Redeemer on the general principle maintained and taught in the Reformed Confession, that the Church of God on earth, though composed of many members, is one body in the Communion of the Holy Ghost, of which body Christ is the Supreme Head and the Scriptures alone the infallible law. -

ARTICLES.

I. *Designation.*—This Alliance shall be known as "The Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian system."

II. *Membership.*—Any Church organized on Presbyterian principles which holds the supreme authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments in matters of faith and morals, and whose creed is in harmony with the Consensus of the Reformed Confessions, shall be eligible for admission into the Alliance.

III. *The Council.*

1. *Its Meetings.*—The Alliance shall meet in General Council ordinarily once in three years.

2. *Its Constituency.*—The Council shall consist of delegates being ministers and ruling elders appointed by the Churches forming the Alliance, the number from each Church being regulated by a plan sanctioned by the Council, regard being had generally to the number of congregations in the several Churches. The delegates, as far as practicable, to consist of an equal number of ministers and ruling elders. The Council may, on the recommendation of a Committee on Business, invite Presbyterian brethren not delegates to offer suggestions, to deliver addresses, and to read papers.

3. *Its Powers.*—The Council shall have power to decide upon the appli-

cations of Churches desiring to join the Alliance; it shall have the power to entertain and consider topics which may be brought before it by any Church represented in the Council, or by any member of the Council, on their being transmitted in the manner hereinafter provided, but it shall not interfere with the existing creed or constitution of any Church in the Alliance, or with its internal order or external relations.

4. Its Objects.—The Council shall consider questions of general interest to the Presbyterian community; it shall seek the welfare of Churches, especially such as are weak or persecuted; it shall gather and disseminate information concerning the kingdom of Christ throughout the world; it shall commend the Presbyterian system as Scriptural, and as combining simplicity, efficiency, and adaptation to all times and conditions; it shall also entertain all subjects directly connected with the work of Evangelization, such as the relations of the Christian Church, to the Evangelization of the world, the distribution of mission work, the combination of Church energies, especially in reference to great cities and destitute districts; the training of ministers; the use of the press; colportage; the religious instruction of the young; the sanctification of the Sabbath; sys-

tematic beneficence; the suppression of intemperance, and other prevailing vices; and the best methods of opposing infidelity and Romanism.

5. Its Methods.—The Council shall seek to guide and stimulate public sentiment by papers read, by addresses delivered and published, by the circulation of information respecting the allied Churches and their missions, by the exposition of scriptural principles and by defences of the truth, by communicating the minutes of its proceedings to the Supreme Courts of the Churches forming the alliance, and by such other action as is in accordance with its constitution and objects.

6. Committee on Business.—The Council at each general meeting shall appoint a Committee on Business, through which all commissions and notices of subjects proposed to be discussed shall pass. The Committee appointed at one general meeting shall act provisionally so far as is necessary in preparing for the following meeting.

IV. CHANGE OF CONSTITUTION.—No change shall be made in this constitution except on a motion made at one General Meeting of Council, not objected to by a majority of the Churches, and carried by a two-thirds' vote at the next general meeting.

Practical Papers.

CHARITY.—WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

BY THE LATE MR. A. T. SKINNER, HAMILTON, ONT.

The grace of charity is exalted as the highest attainment of the Christian life by several, indeed, I may say

all, of the apostolic writers, in an eminent degree by Paul, by Peter, and by John. Now these three men were very different from each other, indeed each was the type of a distinct order of character. St. John's character, for instance, was tender, emotional and contemplative; accordingly, his writings exhibit the feeling of religion and the predominance of the inner life

over the outer. Paul, on the other hand, was a man of keen intellect, and of soaring and aspiring thought, which would endure no shackles on its freedom, and his writings are full of the two subjects we might have expected from this temperament. He speaks a great deal of intellectual gifts, and very much of Christian liberty. Peter, again, was remarkable for personal courage, with a soldier's nature, frank, free, generous, irascible. In his writings, accordingly, we find a great deal said about martyrdom—stirring appeals for obedience and decision.

Now, each of these men, so different the one from the other, exalts love above his own peculiar quality. It is very remarkable, and not only so—not merely does each one call charity the highest, but each names it in connection with his own characteristic virtue, and declares it to be more divine. John, of course, calls love the heavenliest. That we expect from John's character. "God is love." "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God." And again, "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us." But Paul expressly names it in contrast with the two feelings for which he was truly most remarkable; and noble as they are prefers it before them. See how he contrasts it with intellectual gifts. "Covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet show I unto you a more excellent way, though I speak with the tongue of men and angels, and have not charity, it is nothing." Again, see how he contrasts it with that liberty which was so dear to him. Christian liberty permitted the converts the use of meats, and the disregard of days, from which the strict law of Judaism had debarred them. Well, but there were cases in which the exercise of that liberty might hurt the scruples of some weak Christian brother—and what is Paul's comment? "If thy brethren be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably." Liberty said you have a

perfect right to indulge. Christian charity said stop, refrain. In exercising your liberty, you may injure your brother, so that according to Paul, there is one thing, and only one, to which Christian liberty must be sacrificed. That one thing is Christian love. Now let us see how Peter does honour to the same grace at the expense of that which we should have expected him to reckon the essential grace of manhood. In one of the verses I read to you out of his epistle, he says, "Be sober and watch unto prayer." Why, this is a sentence out of Peter's very heart. In it we have prayer represented as the night watch of a warrior armed, who must not sleep his watch away. "Be sober and watch," the language of the soldier and the sentinel; words that remind you of him who drew his sword to defend his Master, and who, in penitence, remembered his own disastrous sleep in the garden, when he was surprised as a sentry at his post. But see what follows, "and above all things, have fervent charity among yourselves, just as if he had said sobriety, self-rule, courage, manhood, yes, yes, all very good and necessary, but the life of them all—the very crown of manhood, without which sobriety is but prudent selfishness, and courage is but brute instinct—is love.

The three passages I have read to you suggest a variety of topics, but I must confine myself to two, viz.:—What charity is, and what charity does.

Now, what is this charity which these inspired writers exalt so highly? Brethren, it is not easy to find in any language one word which rightly and adequately represents what Christ and his apostles meant by charity. It certainly is not represented by our word love; because love is, by conventional usage, appropriated to one species of human affection, which in vulgar minds is the most selfish of all our feelings, and in the highest, too ex-

clusive to represent that charity which is universal. Nor is our word charity a perfect symbol of its meaning, for charity has become identified with another form of love—alms-giving. Benevolence or philanthropy does indeed come nearer to the idea, but you feel at once that these words fall short; they are too tame and cold, rather as states of feeling than forms of life.

Paul himself could not explain what he meant in shorter compass than in that exquisite description of his idea which occupies six verses of the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. As we have, therefore, no sufficient word to represent this mighty word—love—there is no help for it, but patiently strive to master its meaning in the only light that is left us—the light of the Saviour's life. "That ye love one another, as I have loved you." There you have it—as I have loved you—that alone expounds it. Christian charity may be defined in two sentences. The desire to give and the desire to bless. The desire to give, not to *get* something, but to *give* something. To give, whether alms, or time, or self. But sacrifice in some shape or other is the impulse of love, and it is only satisfied and gets relief in giving. You remember when the poor sinful woman gave her costly ointment

with a large profuseness, Christ saw in it an evidence of her love. She loved much for love gives.

Again the desire to bless. All love is this; in a degree, even weak and spurious love desires happiness of some kind for the creature that it loves. Alms-giving is often nothing more than sheer indolence; we give to the beggar to save ourselves the trouble of finding out fitter objects. Still indolent as it is, it is an indolent desire to prevent pain. What we call philanthropy is often calm and cool—too much so to waste upon it the name of charity; but it is a desire that human happiness were possible; it is in its weak way a desire to bless. Now the love of which the Bible speaks and of which we have but one perfect personification, viz., in the life of Christ is the desire for the best and true blessedness of the being loved. It wishes the well-being of the whole man, body, soul, and spirit. The highest love, therefore, is the desire to make men better, to transform this earth into a kingdom of God, what good old Knox called a *theosophy*—where men cease to quarrel and to envy, to slander and retaliate.

Thus far my definition of charity, which you can take for what it is worth.

(To be continued.)

Christian Miscellany.

FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

When life is over, its battles fought, its hopes, and fears, and sorrows ended, and no more need nor opportunity remains for human cheer and friendliness to kindle the glazed-eye or thrill the heart that has ceased to beat, then the elegant casket is provided, and the sweetest and costliest flowers are

heaped around. Their language is eloquent of tenderness and sympathy, speaking more than even lips or tears can utter of garnered affections, and sundered ties, and broken hopes. As the funeral hour arrives, how many friends appear! Every room is crowded by an unwonted presence. More flowers are brought. Their perfume loads the air with a heavy sweetness,

and when the narrow hearse receives its occupant, loving hands still cast in the flowers, the last sacrifice that the heart can offer. It is all well. Who shall forbid the flowers? Who shall desecrate the best sentiments of humanity by crying, "Why all this waste?" And yet, could those eyelids move, could those eyes behold the friendly crowd, that marble face feel the dropping tear, would not that oft-discouraged heart have great surprise in knowing that so many did really cherish such regard?

And if the flowers could speak, would they not ask: "Why did not you scatter us beforehand along the paths of the living? Why not have suffered us to tell of your affection while the ear could listen; to delight the admiring eye when it could appreciate? Why not oftener, before this, have filled the house with the fragrance of your kindly sympathies? You came to the funeral, and your coming was no pretence. You really cherished that departed friend in your heart of hearts. But how little knew he of it! In the hurry of your secret love, you have passed him by on the other side," and have gone on forgetful of the sorrows, and trials, and discouragements, and weariness which your presence and your sympathy might have alleviated. Why should we waste our fragrance on the dead? Should not our beauty and our sympathy be shed rather upon the living, whose hearts are sad and sore, and whose weak hands are weary with the cares and toils of life?

Such might be the questions of the flowers, if speech were granted to them. And a higher and more authoritative voice has said: "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Our opportunity is now. Death closes each avenue of usefulness, and shuts each door of service that stood open before us. If

we have love and sympathy, let us show them now. Let our flowers be scattered along the paths of the living, rather than on the coffins of the dead. Let them be used to bless the hearts that are torn and broken, rather than wasted over those who have gone beyond the need of our sympathy and the reach of our approval. Let our care and love be for those who are still pilgrims in a world of pain, rather than for those whose tears are past, and whose sorrows shall return no more. The living claim our love,—let the dead bury the dead. *Boston Christian.*

THE BIBLE IN CONTRAST WITH PRETENDED REVELATIONS.

Two Mongul Tartar chiefs went from the borders of China to St. Petersburg, to examine the arts and manners of the Europeans. They were represented as the most ingenious and noble of their tribes. During their stay, among other things a German clergyman engaged them to assist him in preparing a translation of the Gospels into the language of their country, and they spent some time every day in study. At length the task was done, the last correction was made, and the book was closed on the table before them. Still they sat, serious and silent. The minister inquired the cause, and was equally surprised and delighted to hear them both avow themselves converts to the truths of the blessed volume.

"At home," they said, "they had studied the sacred writings of the Chinese, and the more we read the more obscure they seemed; the longer we have read the Gospel the more simple and intelligible it became, until at last it seems as if Jesus was talking with us."

Thus the entrance of God's word giveth light—it giveth understanding

to the simple; and the reason why multitudes of sceptics do not believe the Bible is, they take very good care not to read it. Those who candidly, carefully, and patiently search the Scriptures, ever find God's word a lamp to their feet and a light to their paths, a light that shineth in a dark place, till the day dawn and the day-star arise.

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED.

The following instance of prayer answered on its way to heaven, was lately narrated by Dr. Carpenter, at the San Francisco daily noon prayer meeting:

"When Dr. Scudder was living in Madras, he wrote one day to his two nephews, who were attending college in one of our Eastern cities, telling them that he intended to make them the subject of prayer for two months, beginning that day. After the two months should have elapsed—which would be just about the time the young men would receive the letter—he could only promise to pray for them in a general way, as he did for all his relatives. A few days after the letter was sent—while it was speeding its way over the mighty deep—the elder nephew came to Dr. Carpenter of his own accord, to talk with him about religion. He said he felt that, for the last few days, he had been very much troubled about his state as a sinner. After passing through an experience of distressing doubt and darkness for a few weeks, he, at length, found light and peace in believing. His younger brother who was in declining health, also experienced the joy of forgiven sins about the same time.

"It was an interesting coincidence that the very evening on which the elder nephew expressed his desire to the session of uniting with the Church, he found, upon returning home, this

letter from his missionary uncle. Thus, it was evident that it was the prayers, and not the letter, which had been the means of his conversion. The two months ended on Sunday, and upon that very day the elder nephew made a public profession of his faith, and the soul of the younger one took its happy flight to heaven.

"Truly in this case, it could be said of Dr. Scudder, that while he was yet speaking, the Lord heard and answered his prayer."

"THE CHAMBER OF DEATH."

In the year 1849, the destroying angel in the form of cholera, visited Toronto. To all thoughtful persons there, the time of his stay was one of the greatest solemnity. The counsel of the wise man: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," had, then a peculiar force. Many, who at a certain hour were in perfect health, were, before the same hour next day, carried to the home appointed for all living. Many, however, indulged without restraint in foolish amusements; heedless of the awful scenes constantly taking place around them. The only theatre then in Toronto, was all the while open, and well patronized. One Saturday night, when the ravages of the destroyer were at the greatest, a play by Victor Hugo, called *La Tour de Peste, or the Chamber of Death*, was acted in it. The performance did not close until a very late hour. Early in the morning of the following Sabbath, one of the actors named B—n went in his stage dress to the hotel in W—n street, where he boarded. In the afternoon, another actor who was to take part with him in *Richard III.*, on the following evening of the following day, called on him to have a joint rehearsal. He found him in bed, and some of

their fellow actors standing beside it. At once he saw that B——n was suffering from cholera. No sooner had he expressed his conviction thereof, than the rest of the visitors fled. Of course, he was utterly unable to speak to the sufferer in a manner suited to a dying man. In this sad state poor B——n, soon after, breathed his last. Ah! little thought he the night before, when he was taking part in representing a mimic chamber of death, that before twenty-four hours should have passed away, his own bed chamber, should by his own death, become a real chamber of death. After all was over, the visitor went home, and brought hence, out of his own effects, wherewith to dress the body of his brother actor for the grave, to which it was taken on the following day. The performance took place in the evening just as if such an event as his death had not taken place. All the difference that the latter made, was another actor taking the part allotted to the dead.

F.

ONLY HALF AN HOUR.

On my lately visiting a friend who lay on his death bed, I was met in the lobby of his house by another friend who just then saw him, and who stated that the invalid had only *half-an-hour to live!* Whereupon I sorrowfully retired, not thinking it prudent to encroach on this *final* but precious *half-hour*. How the ominous announcement grated on my ear. What a rush of associations—a sudden retrospective glance of my mind over a period of thirty years of occasional and frequent happy intercourse with him—poured into my mind. *Only half-an-hour* of precious time to go and come upon. What awful eternal destinies depended upon that last solemn *half-hour!* Oh! that each

and all of us should oftener look forward to *our own last half-hour*, in order that it might cast a reflex influence over our own whole life, to mellow, sanctify, and illuminate every hour of our short and precarious lives, and help in building us up in the righteousness of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, so that when our last *half-hour* shall arrive, nothing will remain to be done but to listen with due reverence and humility to the Master's final call: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt. xxv. 21.

INVERNESS.

J. C.

SCARLET AND CRIMSON SIN.

BY THE REV. D. B. DODGE.

"Saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."
—Isa. i. 18.

God speaks these words to those who feel that their sins are great: He offers to forgive and accept them.

Scarlet and crimson rags cannot be made into white paper; but scarlet and crimson sins can be forgiven.

He who realizes that he is red with guilt is often tempted to fear that God does not hold out mercy to him. The ocean, which covers pebbles, rolls over mountains also.

If the seas were turned into ink, and paper covered the sky, the heavens would be black with writing, and the waters drained dry before half the love could be written which God has toward the greatest sinner; for He so loves him that He gave His Son to die for him.

A young man was bitterly set against his father, and went half-a-mile to a

neighbour's to live. His father died, and friends assembled at the funeral. During the service, the son sat in sight of the open coffin—unmoved—not a tear. One of the foremost in the procession, he took the last look at the grave unrelenting. In a few days he was called home, as the will was to be read. In the room sat the mother, sisters, brothers, and a lawyer, when James entered. The lawyer began to read—a third was given to the wife—so much to one daughter, and so on; until, read the lawyer, "I bequeath to my dear son James that farm with the buildings on it, situated on the north-erly side of the old turnpike," having such boundaries and valued at so many thousand dollars.

A stifled sob from a bursting soul pierced all hearts; and James, staggering to the door, dragged himself to that new grave and nearly wept his life away.

Crimson and scarlet sinner! You have been a rebellious son or daughter; but your Heavenly Father has not forgotten nor cast you off. In the Old and New Testament He has remembered you. He bequeaths you perfect forgiveness and angel purity.

TAKE BREATH, SIR.

Stop a minute. Don't hurry so. Move slower; it may be you will move surer. Grind, grind, grind; one everlasting grind from five in the morning till ten at night, chasing the bubble of human riches. What is the need, pray tell me? You already have enough, and even more than you can use. You are heaping up wealth for others to waste, or perhaps quarrel over when you are dead. And half your heirs, instead of recollecting you gratefully, will contemplate your departure form this hurrying scene with infinite satisfaction. Do rest awhile! You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is need, and in this

way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry day after day, this restless anxiety after something you have not got, is like pebble stones in machinery; they grate and grind the life out you. You have useless burdens; throw them off. You have a great load of needless care; dump it. Pull in the strings. Compact your business. Take time for thought of better things. Go out in the air, and let God's sun shine down on your busy head. Stop thinking of business and profit. Stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times than these in this doomed world. Your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of his own world. He is still alive, and is the King. Do not imagine that things will all go to everlasting mash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Don't fancy that the curse of heaven, in the shape of the vain task of righting up a disjointed earth, is imposed upon you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry, early and late. The good time is coming, but can never bring it; God can, and will. Take breath, sir. Sit down and rest, and draw a good long breath. Then go calmly at the tasks of life, and do your work well.—*D. T. Taylor.*

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

Vain thoughts, idle words, and wicked deeds, are like so many drops to quench the Spirit of God. Some quench it with the business of the world; some quench it with the lust of the flesh; some quench it with the cares of the mind; some quench it with long delays—that is, not plying the motion when it cometh, but crossing the good thoughts with bad thoughts, and doing a thing when the Spirit saith not. The Spirit is often *grieved* before it is *quenched*.

A GOOD INTRODUCTION.

A missionary in one of the Western territories of North America once lost his way when travelling through an extensive forest. Wearied with efforts to find a path through the almost trackless wilderness, tired and hungry (for he had been in the saddle long before daybreak) he became at last completely worn out and discouraged. In this situation he could only lift up his heart to God in earnest prayer, and ask to be delivered from the perils that surrounded him; for the shadows of night were already falling, and, the country being newly settled, there was great danger of an attack either from wandering tribes of Indians, or the hardly less savage beast of prey.

After a while he resolved to allow his faithful horse to become his guide. So, throwing the reins on his neck, he left him to pick out his way through the woods. The wearied animal began to prick up his ears and quicken his pace into a trot. After a few miles he neighed frequently, as if they were coming into the neighbourhood of civilised life; and, to the gentleman's great joy, there soon appeared the forest broken by the clearing of a settler, with its little log hut and neat paling fence.

The traveller alighted and went into the house, intending to ask for shelter and food, both for himself and his tired animal. But he found the man and his wife, who were the owners of the cabin, rather unwilling to receive him as their guest for the night, although it seemed impossible for him to continue his journey. The woman especially, as she placed some eatables on the table, looked at him with suspicion and distrust on her countenance.

The good man, who could not help seeing he was an unwelcome visitor, felt not a little embarrassed, and, noticing two bright-eyed boys playing

about the room, he began to talk to them in the winning way that children love. Taking from his pocket a book with coloured pictures, which at once drew them to his side, he went on to tell them about Jesus, and how he loved and blessed little children such as they.

The woman listened with much emotion. A tear stole down her cheek.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, as her husband came in from attending to the traveller's horse, "this is a good man; we need not fear lodging him to-night. Now, sir, you will tell us something about the Saviour we both love. We have not heard preaching for years.

The good missionary complied; and when, in the course of years, the settlement grew, and a church and Sunday school were formed, neither he nor his entertainers had cause to regret that he had once lost his way in the wilderness.—*Child's World*.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Here is an utterance that has the sunbeam in it: "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." What an assurance this is to carry with us in all our wayfaring through this world! The future is always dark to us. The shadows brood over it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadow, what is behind the veil, what is advancing out of the impervious mist, none of us can know. We have no anxious questions to ask. This is enough for all that is coming: "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." The morning yet to break upon us may be heavy with storms. No matter; the new mercies will not fail. Come, live a comfortable, happy, and thankful life! Don't borrow trouble, Don't be cast down with care or work. Take up each day as it comes, certain of this, that whatever it lay upon you to do or to bear, it will bring new mercies for new deeds.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God; as a great people never did. The scepticism of the last century could not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of the millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment. The forms under which it is professed may decay, for they, like all that is the work of man's hands, are subject to the changes and chances of mortal being; but the spirit of truth is incorruptible; it may be developed, illustrated and applied: it can never die; it never can decline. No truth can perish. No truth can pass away. The flame is undying, though, generations disappear. Wherever moral truth has started into being, humanity claims and guards the bequest. Each generation gathers together the imperishable children of the past, and increases them by the new sons of the light alike radiant with immortality.—*Bancroft.*

HINTS FOR THE INQUIRY-MEETING.

1. Let the meeting be conducted as quietly as possible, so that one worker may not disturb another. If possible only deal with one inquirer at a time.

2. Cast the burden of each separate case upon the Lord, and ask to be "filled with the Spirit," so that the words you speak may be *his*—not yours.

3. Enter *fully* into the difficulties of each inquirer,—remembering that it is a matter of *life and death* in which you are engaged. As a variety of motives induce persons to attend an inquiry-meeting, be sure and ascertain *distinctly* at once their reason for being present.

4. Take the inquirer to the Bible.—*this is all important.* The following

passages have been found very useful:—Isa. liii. 6; 1 Pet. ii. 24; John xix. 30; Isa. lv. 16; 2 Cor. vi. 2 (end); Rom. vi. 23; Matt. xi. 28; John vi. 37 (end); Rev. xxii. 17; Isa. i. 18; 1 John i. 7 (end), and 9; Heb. x. 17; Luke v. 32; Luke xix. 10; Rom. v. 8; John iii. 16, 18, 36; John v. 24; 1 John v. 10, 11, 12; Acts xvi. 31; Gal. ii. 20 (end); 1 John ii. 12; Rom. x. 13.

5. As *most* "anxious ones" are waiting to *feel* that they are saved, instead of taking God at his word, avoid the use of the word "*feeling*" in your conversation, and point the sinner straight to the Saviour and his *finished* work.

6. Besides praying with the inquirers, *encourage them to pray with you*, and (*if* the Holy Spirit has enabled them to *receive* "the truth") to *thank God for having forgiven them* before they leave the room.

7. If you are unable to meet the difficulties of any particular case, it is sometimes better to pass it on to another worker.

8. Be sure and take the name and *address* of the person you have spoken with, and see that the work is followed up afterwards.

I FIND that were I so wise as to walk closely with the Lord in the blessed pleasant paths of universal duty, my way would, through grace, be daily and hourly growing more sweet, lightsome and pleasant, as one duty would fit and prepare and furnish for the more successful and comfortable discharge of another. "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright;" yes, and light too.—*James Calder's Diary.*

GRACE and glory are one and the same thing in a different print, in a smaller and greater letter. Glory lies couched and compacted in grace, as the beauty of a flower lies couched and concealed in the seed.

WHY ARE YOU NOT A REAL CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because you esteem temporal things more than eternal things? "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

2. Is it because you are indulging in some sinful practice, which you are not willing to give up? "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

3. Is it because you fear you are too great a sinner to come to Jesus? "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

5. Is it because of the inconsistent conduct of some church members? "But why dost thou judge thy brother? So then every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

6. Is it because you are ashamed to confess Christ before the world? "For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory."

7. Is it because you are afraid of backsliding? "He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

8. Is it because you think there is time enough? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

9. Is it because there is no advantage in a religious life? "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and that which is to come."

10. Is it because you have not received the most pressing invitations? Christ says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28. "The Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

Why then are you not a member of Christ's Church? What excuse can you give at the hour of death which is near at hand?

THE CONTRAST.

A faithful Christian uses the name of God reverently, spreads his Word before him, calls on him from the heart—praises him, confesses him.

The wicked man does exactly the contrary; treats God's Word as a fable; blasphemes him, curses men.

A Christian holds the office of the preacher dear, hears and learns God's word with earnestness and diligence.

The wicked does the contrary; despises the preacher's office, hears God's word carelessly, or not at all.

A true Christian honors and obeys, for God's sake, parents, magistrates, ministers, teachers.

The other obeys not parents, serves and helps them not, nay, dishonors, despises, and troubles them: despises them when they are old, infirm, and childish; obeys not authority.

A man of true heart envies not his neighbor, speaks not evil of him, bears no ill-will against him, desires not revenge, helps him as much as he can.

The other hates, envies, rejoices in his neighbor's troubles, is busy with slanderous reports.

A God-fearing man lives temperately and chastely; the other the contrary, in thought, word, and act.

A good man maintains himself by labor, lends, helps, and gives to the needy.

The other takes every advantage.

A good man speaks evil of no man—yea, even if he knows that his neighbor is guilty, he covers his sin with love.

The other backbites, detracts, misinterprets, betrays.

HUMANISING INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS.

A seaman, in returning home from Scotland, after a cruise in the Pacific, was asked, "Do you think the missionaries have done any good in the South Sea Islands?" "I will tell you a fact which speaks for itself," said the sailor. "Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands where I knew that eight years before, a ship was wrecked and crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive for only a more cruel death. When day broke, we saw a number of canoes pulling for our poor ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress, and heard some of them speak in the English language. On that very island the next Sunday we heard the gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions, but I know what I do."

"HERE, LORD, TAKE ME."

"Four years ago my mother passed away from earth. Her last words to me were, 'My boy, I want you to be a Christian.' As time went on, I was careless and unconcerned. When Mr. ——— preached here that night, the words of my mother came back to me. I attended another meeting, the words still followed me. Some of my friends talked to me; wished me to rise for prayers. I was determined I would not, until I was ready to seek the Lord in earnest. At last I did not want to rise, but seemed wedged to the seat. I waited until the last line of the last verse was being sung; then I started to rise, praying, 'Here, Lord, take me for what I am worth.' Immediately the light came. I was happy in the Lord."

This is the substance of an expe-

rience related by a young man before the Church, during a series of meetings when the power of God was shown in a wonderful manner, in turning the hearts of many to Himself. "My boy, I want you to be a Christian." The influence of that mother was living still, though she had gone to her rest. "Here, Lord, take me for what I am worth;" unconditional surrender of all to God. This is the point, giving up all and trusting Him. Many have found by joyful experience that right here the burden has fallen from the heart, and the dark, dreary road has been transformed into a radiant pathway leading to the "throne of God and the Lamb."

A poor wounded boy was dying in the hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand on his head, she said to him, "If this is death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been His Kingdom," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," questioned the lady gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the dark valley and shadow of death. And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier-boy's soul had gone up to its God.

An old German minister is said to have prayed, "O Lord, when I try to do a little thing for Thee, and give up something near to my heart, Thou comest and gives me back a thousand times as much."

DR. GUTHRIE AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

In the second volume of Dr. Guthrie's life (issued by the Carters) we find the following incident, which afforded him great encouragement in his project of establishing his "Ragged Schools:"—

"Strolling one day" (probably in 1845 or 1846) "with a friend among the romantic scenery of the crags and green valleys around Arthur Seat, we came at length to St. Anthony's well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it, to have a talk with the ragged boys who pursue their calling there. Their 'tinnies' were ready with a draught of the clear cold water, in hope of a halfpenny. We thought it would be a kindness to them, and certainly not out of character in us, to tell them of the living water that springeth up to life eternal, and of Him who sat on the stone of Jacob's well, and who stood in the Temple, and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' By way of introduction, we began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless, the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and bad character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath-school.

"Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enterprise, the idea of a Ragged School was then floating in my brain; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said, 'Would you go to school if—besides your learning—you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them; the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as, hearing of three sure meals a-day,

the boy leapt to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Ay, will I, sir; and bring the hail land (all the children in the same 'land' or tenement of building) too;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed, 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir.'"

THE SILVER AND TWINE.

While able to employ the highest instruments of thought in his great work, Mr. Binney did not disdain to use a very homely illustration, if he saw it would serve his purpose. The writer of this sketch was in his congregation at the Weigh-House more than thirty years ago; and in the course of his sermon that morning, after one of his characteristic pauses, the preacher said: "The other day I gave my little boy a sum to do. After a while I went to him and said, 'Have you done it?' 'No,' was the reply. Presently I went again and asked, 'Have you done it?' 'No,' was the answer. I went the third time: 'Have you done it?' It was the same reply over again, 'No.' I could not make it out, for he is quick at arithmetic. Looking at him carefully, I noticed that one of his hands was closed, as if containing something. 'What have you got there?' I asked. The hand was opened, and I saw a bit of silver and twine that he had been playing with. Ah"—thus was the lesson sent most impressively home—"you see what was the matter! His mind had been on his bit of silver and twine—*pretending* to attend to one thing, *really* attending to another." The danger lest the thought that ought to be given to the great concerns of the soul should be devoted to worldly things was then dwelt upon, one of the closing remarks being to this effect: "Mind you do not lose your souls in busying yourselves with your bits of silver and twine."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

Children's Treasury.

WHAT'S THE USE.

Suppose, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head;
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose are red?
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke?
 And say your glad 'twas Dolly's,
 And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down;
 Will it clear off sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout?
 And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get;
 Will't make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And wouldn't it be wiser
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest,
 And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
 And some a coach and pair;
 Will it tire you less while walking
 To say "it isn't fair?"
 And wouldn't it be nobler
 To keep your temper sweet,
 And in your heart be thankful
 You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
 Nor the way some people do;
 Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
 And isn't it, my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatever comes or doesn't come,
 To do the best you can?—*Selected,*

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN."

We have learnt, dear mother,
 What to you we read—
 What our Lord's disciples
 To the mothers said;
 How they did rebuke them
 As they round Him press'd,
 When they brought unto Him
 Children to be bless'd.

How those children's mothers
 Must have sighed and wept,
 When with cold denials
 They were backward kept;
 Yet they still would linger
 Watching, waiting nigh,
 Till their looks beseeching
 Caught the Saviour's eye.

Then how kind the welcome
 All around Him heard!
 We remember, mother,
 Every gentle word:—
 "Let the little children
 Now to Me be given;
 Chide not nor forbid them,
 For of such is heaven."—G. BENNETT.

THE TWO SQUIRRELS.

TO HERBERT.

Two happy brown squirrels that lived in a wood,
 Had chosen an old ivied tree
 To build a nice nest, of soft mosses and wool,
 In a safe place for no one to see.

And there, nestling close to their mother's warm breast,
 Two delicate little ones lay;
 Whilst the father, delighted, watched over his nest,
 And brought nuts to them every day.

How happy they lay in their own mossy bed,
 With their curtain of green leaves around,
 With their lullaby sung 'mid the boughs overhead,
 And their carpet the grass on the ground!

But alas, for the squirrels! one fine summer day
 Their sheltering nest was espied;
 Their kind watching mother was driven away,
 And they in a handkerchief tied.

They were placed in a basket—a beautiful pair!
 And were fed with warm milk and with bread;
 But they pined for their own gentle mother's kind care—
 In two days one poor captive was dead,

It no longer could open its bright sparkling eye,
 Nor answer its playfellow's call;
 In the wool and the moss it no longer could lie,
 Nor roll itself up in a ball.

'Twas a beautiful creature—the other one left—
 And soon from our fingers it fed;
 Nestling close to our bosoms the little thing slept,
 And in our hands cradled its head.

But alas! all our care and our nursing were vain;
 We soon saw it sicken and die:
 It never can sport or be happy again,
 Nor leap mid the branches so high.

Ah, poor little squirrels! had you been let stay
 In your own mossy nest and green tree,
 You still would be sporting and bounding away
 From bough to bough, merry and free.

Now I hope my dear Herberts will never forget
 To be gentle and kind to each thing;
 To spare e'en the beetle's thick casing of jet,
 As well as the butterfly's wing.

And be sure, dearest boy; whatever befall,
 There is pleasure in store for the kind;
 For they who will listen to mercy's sweet call
 The purest enjoyment shall find.

AUNT MARY.

"TWICE RESCUED," OR "I JUST BELIEVED IT."*

Will you go back in thought a few weeks, and try to picture to yourself an upper room at the Refuge? There, on a little bed, lies a small child, ten years old she looks in size, but with an old, old face, for Katie has known sorrow early, and that, you know, brings wrinkles on the forehead, and hunger and cold pinch the cheeks, so that they lose their roundness as well as their roses. She is but thirteen; and only five weeks before the time we write of, was brought to the Home very, very ill. Now she is in bed, propped up with pillows, a little flannel jacket round her shoulders, her hair done up in two funny little plaits.

Katie can no longer run about like other children, for Jesus has taken her aside to teach her some sweet lessons she would not otherwise have learnt.

When you are sick, mother lets you nestle your tired little head upon such soft, cozy pillows; but dear little Katie cannot do this, for she has a terrible cough, which prevents her ever lying down night or day, though her head throbs with pain, and she is too ill to eat anything but a few grapes.

Isn't this a very doleful picture, darling? No wonder it makes the big tears come into your eyes as you think of it; and doesn't it make great hot tears burst from our hearts when we know that this is only what happens to hundreds of little perishing children, who, while you are tucked up so snug and warm in your little beds, are every day, and all night long, exposed to the cold, and rain, and the hunger, and nakedness, which sap away all their strength of body, and never let them know the joys of childhood.

But now come and look at a brighter

side. Kissing the fevered little cheek we remark—

"How hot your face is, darling, and your little hands are so cold!"

"Yes," she answers, "I am often like that. Sometimes my feet are dead cold, and then I get into such heats! It was just cold after cold I took, tramping about with father, and now they say it's consumption. My hands and all are wasting away."

And sure enough the tiny hand is a mere skeleton.

"Well, dearie, your pains are nothing to what the dear Lord Jesus bore for you, are they?"

"Oh, no," she replies, quickly, with such a sunny smile.

"What message shall we give the school-children from you, Katie?"

"I don't hardly know, unless you will tell them that Jesus loved me, and died for me, to forgive me my sins."

"How long have you known this, dear? And who taught it you?"

"Only since I came here, five weeks ago; Mrs. Merry told me, and I just believed it. And it made me so happy; I don't know now what it is to be down-hearted. The girls come in sometimes, and say, 'Why, Katie, you are always laughing!' And so I am; for I don't know what it is to be down-hearted. How could I bear all this pain, without him always near me!"

A few weeks longer the little one lingered, often suffering intense agony, but bearing it so sweetly and patiently, and her little face shining with such perfect peace, and joy, and rest in Jesus, that to every one in the Refuge she was a wonderful testimony of God's great love to a little child, showing how even such a young life could bring great glory to his name, by bearing pain uncomplainingly for Him, and living to the last in simplest faith on Jesus.

Was it any wonder that, three nights before her death, she said to

*A little tract issued from the Home of Industry, London.

Mrs. Merry, "I have been *twice rescued!*"

She sent word to Miss Macpherson, "Tell her I will ask Jesus to fill her full of Himself."

For another friend who had sent her some sweet violets, she sent a message — "I shall thank her at home."

One night, just before the last, when very ill, she said often to the lady who was tenderly watching her—

"Oh, is he not long of coming? I thought of being home before morning? What time is it?"

"Two o'clock, dear. Maybe He will come by cockerow."

When asked when that was, she opened her large eyes, and said—

"It is just four o'clock in the country; but it will be just when He likes in His time."

The following days were spent completely resting in Jesus; then the last morning came; and after the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," had been sung to her, she lay quiet a little; then looked up, and sang—

"My Father calls me; I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land."

Her agony was so inexpressible, she begged them to pray for her release, but said, "I will not grumble; I will wait till He comes. He said He would, so He will; but I want Him to come now. Come, do, dear Jesus!"

These were her last words on earth. The loving Shepherd gathered his tired little lamb to rest in his own bosom.

We have still her four little sisters to care for through the winter. Katie said, "Pray for them; Jesus can save them."

Dear little child, do you know the wondrous secret which made wee Katie so happy? It is all contained in those five words, "And I just believed it," and it is such a blessed reality.

E. A. H.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

Hester loved to do things to help his mother, and have her call her a faithful servant when she did them well. One day she had been talking with her mother about God, when she quickly raised her head with a bright thought in her eyes, and said, "Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! I am *His* little errand girl too."

"Yes, dear, He has given us errands to do, and plenty of time to do them in, and His book to show us how we may rightly serve Him. Every day we can tell Him how we try to do them, and ask Him to help us, so that when He calls us, we may run to meet Him, and give Him our account."

"I like that," the little girl said, nestling back to her comfortable seat: "I like to be God's little errand-girl."

"One of my errands is to take care of you," said her mother.

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honour and obey you," said Hester.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

A little girl sent about ten shillings to a gentleman for the purchase of some missionary tracts; and in her letter she says—"She who takes this freedom to ask so much of a stranger, began this letter with a trembling hand. She is indeed young in years, and in knowledge too, and is not able to talk much with a gentleman on religion; but her mother has taught her, almost eleven years, to say, *Thy kingdom come*; and she believes she cannot be saying it sincerely, if she does nothing to help it on among the heathen. This thought emboldens her to write to a stranger, almost as though he were a friend."

TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and the power of truth is from the pen of Mr. S. H. Hammond, who was an eye witness of the scene in one of the high courts of America:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath."

"I dont know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There your honor," said the counsel addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, the child stepped forward to him, looked confidently up to him with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little child stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean were you ever a witness?"

"No, sir; I was never in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered:

"Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little girl, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with mother, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the

judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent;" he continued—"Were I on trial for my life and innocent of the charges against me, I would pray to God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to the heart. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement nothing. The truth as spoken by the little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villainy to pieces, like the potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.—*Band of Hope Review.*

BABY'S BOARD.

I have just seen a pretty sight—one that suggested pleasant thoughts. This is a world in which so much trouble comes to all, that when a pretty picture is seen, and a happy thought awakened, one longs that others should see it.

Come with me, and peep through that cottage door.

It is a neat cottage—pictures on the wall, books piled neatly on the chest of drawers, and little ornaments on the mantel-shelf show neatness and refined taste; while the bright fire in the grate,

the clean brick floor, and the shining table and chairs assure us that a good housewife reigns in that little abode.

But the prettiest sight, and the one which attracted me, was Baby, a curly-headed, sturdy little fellow of sixteen months, his cheeks full of dimples, and his eyes of roguish fun, as they turned from his work to look at the visitor.

For Baby was indeed at work, and very hard work too. The task he had set himself was to pull down a board which his mother had put up between the kitchen and the back kitchen, where she was washing. Baby was nearly half as tall again as the board, so he could hold himself up by it, and look beyond it, and hammer away with his little fists on the top, or pull and fret at it; but he could not move it, for it was securely fastened with pegs.

He could catch a glimpse of his mother's face now and then as she turned from her work to look at him, and he could talk to her in his own baby fashion, and listen to her, and choke himself with dirt. Many a time he will be carried into the house much against his will, and the door closed after him. As he grows older he will be able to open that door, and go in and out at pleasure; but his desires will grow faster than his ability to satisfy them, and he will long to go forth into the world and do great things. Removed at length from the care of father and mother, he will find that he cannot always go where he will, or do what he will. A watchful eye will still be over him, and a restraining hand.

Some board will still confine within limits powers which he longs to exercise, and keep him from pleasures which he thirsts to enjoy.

Oh that he may retain the trusting faith of his infancy, and sing as he looks beyond the board—and waits—*Selected.*

WINTER WORK FOR LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

"Don't you want to be a missionary?" "I! How can I?" asks some little child, with a look of wonder: "it takes men and women to be missionaries." But has Jesus left no small spot for the children to work in? Oh yes, indeed he has. I will tell you of some little home missionaries that are at work. The other day I went in to see a mother, and her little daughter sat beside her, knitting. Kluck, kluck, kluck, went the needles. "Who is this for?" I asked, taking the child-work to look at it. Bessie blushed. "It is the third pair of stockings Bessie has knit for the poor children, said her mother. "And I like it," whispered Bessie. Here was a little missionary.

One morning I met Fanny, with a little basket on her arm. "Where now, Fanny?" "I am on my way to take poor old Mrs. Watson two pies, answers Fanny; "and she's so thankful." Here was another.

Sarah went by with a book in her hand. It was a holiday; and where was Sarah going? She was on a visit to a cottage, where she spends an hour as often as she can, reading to a blind woman. She is reading "Henry Martyn" now; and the old blind woman takes great comfort in it. Here is more missionary work.

Yes, and I know a little boy who goes and prays with his associates. He holds little prayer-meetings. Before the cold weather they used to go into a grove; then they adjourned to a barn; and now I believe they hold their meetings in his uncle's house.

Has not the Saviour green little spots all over the world for the children to work in? Can you not pick up a scholar for the Sabbath school? Can you not go and pray for that wicked boy across the street or along the road? It is blessed to do good. That

is a sweet little prayer, "Lord, what will thou have me do!"

A little sick girl once prayed it—"I suppose what the Lord wants me to do is to be as *patient* as can be," she mildly said. And her meek and quiet look was a great sermon to all who saw her, showing them that it was sometimes as sweet to *suffer* God's will as to do it.

THE LORD BLESS MY PENNIES.

A little girl, six years old, was desirous of putting her pennies into the missionary box with others. When saying her evening prayers at her papa's knee, she hesitated a moment, and then added, "Lord bless my two pennies, for Jesus' sake! Amen." After the child had gone to bed, her father asked his wife, "What made Gracie say that?" "She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the missionary box," was her mother's reply.

Do you, dear reader, pray, "God bless my two pennies!" when you give your mite to some Sunday school? If not, pray earnestly for the blessing, and you will soon find that prayer will do more than your pennies.—*Our Little People.*

NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY,

A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner-table, than wine and spirits were produced, and was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of wine, then," said the host, "or a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this, the intemperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

TRUTHFUL AUGUSTUS.

A little boy, named Augustus, was sent by his mother to get some milk. His brother wanted to go in his stead, and when they had got into the street, he tried to force the pitcher from his hand. Augustus, who had been sent by his mother, held the pitcher fast, till at last it fell on the ground, and was broken to pieces between them; and Augustus began to cry bitterly. A woman who was in the street, and saw how it happened, not fearing God, told him to say when he went home that the woman who sold the milk had broken the pitcher. Augustus, wiping his eyes, and looking steadily at the woman, said, "That would be telling a lie! I will speak the truth, then my mother will not scold me: but if she should, I would rather be scolded than tell a lie."

"I WILL RUN FOR HIM."

Some time ago I was passing through a pretty shady street, where some boys were playing at cricket. Among their number was a little lame boy, about twelve years old. He was a pale, sickly-looking child, and was supported on two crutches, but evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with this assistance.

The lame boy wished to join in the game; for he did not see how much his infirmity would be in his own

way, nor yet how much it would hinder the sport of the other boys.

His companions good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand on one side and let another take his place.

"Why Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run you know."

"Oh hush!" said another, the tallest boy in the party, feeling that the lame boy would feel pained; "never mind I will run for him, and you can count it for him;" and he took his place by Jimmy's side, and prepared to play. "If you were like him," he said quietly to the other boys, "you wouldn't like to be reminded of your lameness."

HOW ROBBIE LOST HIS RIDE.

"Get your hat, Robbie, as quickly as you can," said grandpa, as he drove up to the gate in a new shining buggy, drawn by his beautiful black horse, Dandy Jim. "I will give you a ride."

"Goodie, goodie," said little Robbie, clapping his hands and dancing in great glee.

"But you must be very quick, because I am in great haste," said grandpa.

Robbie rushed into the house, crying, "Quick, quick, mamma, get my hat: grandpa is going to take me to ride."

"Where is your hat?" said his mother.

"I don't know where I left it. Oh dear me! where can it be?" said Robbie, as he ran up stairs to look for it, while mamma hunted down stairs.

"Come, Robbie, I can't wait another second," called grandpa, gathering up the reins; "you must learn to take better care of your hat," and off he went, leaving poor Robbie crying very hard, as he watched Dandy Jim prancing down the street.

Careless Robbie learned a good lesson that day, for he was very careful afterward to put his hat where he could find it at once.—*Congregationalist*.

Through Phenicia.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM—ITS SOLUTION—
THE PROOF—ALEXANDER'S CAUSEWAY—
NEW TYRE—THE DAY OF REST.

It was towards evening as we drew near the city of Tyre. It would never be suspected that this sandy neck of land, that leads out into the sea, where we see these ruined walls, was originally formed by the hand of man. Yet so it is. When Alexander the Great laid Palestine and Syria at his feet, there stood out still in defiance the city of Tyre, built on an island, some little distance from the shore. To get possession of the Island City, which could in his rear be a dangerous enemy, commanding the great sea whence came his supplies, Alexander built a causeway, to connect the mainland with the island. In this way he took Tyre, and the bridge by which he passed over his army and warlike engines has become that sandy road, built up by the waves and sand into an isthmus fully half-a-mile wide.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

The island, the site of new Tyre, is about a mile long, and much less than that in width. The question has not yet been settled as to whether the Tyre of the time of David and Solomon, and the Tyre of the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel, was on this island or on the mainland. After examining the locality, and reading a great part of what has been written on the subject, it seems to me that the preponderance of evidence points to this conclusion that ancient Tyre was on the mainland; but that its holy places and citadel were on the island that guarded the mouth of its harbour.

ITS SOLUTION.

It would seem necessary to conclude that ancient Tyre was on the mainland: 1. From the necessities of its commerce. There is no city of antiquity, if we except Athens and Rome, in regard to which we have such a full account as Ezekiel has given of Tyre, in that chapter of unrivalled description, the twenty-seventh of his book. It would occupy nearly one of our pages to enumerate the articles of traffic that found a market in Tyre, and an outlet thence to the markets of Egypt and the west. Is it at all likely that a city with such a trade should be situated on a small island? 2. From the character of its water-works. In our last chapter, mention was made of our visit to the "fountains of Tyre," about four miles south of the island, on the shore. Now if the city was on the island, and if it received its supply of water from these wonderful reservoirs on the mainland, it could have been the easiest thing in the world for a besieging army to capture the island-city, by cutting off its supply of water. It is clear that the city for which these magnificent reservoirs, the most wonderful of the kind in the East, were constructed; could not have been on the island, but on the coast. 3. From its name. The word *Tyre* is derived from the Hebrew word *Tzor*, which means a rock. But what kind of rock? It is not the kind of rock that we see in the low-lying island of modern Tyre; but exactly the kind of rock that we see raising its proud front over the sea, some miles south of the island, and known to sailors as the *White Cape*. That is the kind of rock that the Hebrew *Tzor* means. "They embrace the rock for shelter."—Job xxiv. 8. "The mountain of the Lord, the rock

of Israel."—Isaiah xxx. 29. "He is the rock."—Deut. xxxii. 4. In all these, and in many other cases, the word means a high, elevated rock, to which men go up for protection. We might go further, indeed, and say it means a ridge, high and sharp, for the word *Tzore* is used of the edge of a knife or sword. There is no doubt it is the same old Hebrew root that we find in our own word "*Scur*," (another form of Tyre is *Sarra*, which meets us in Plautus and Virgil,) in such epithets as the "*Scur of Figg*," which Professor Jamieson says rises to a great height. "Viewed endways," Hugh Miller says, "the *Scur* resembles a tall, massy tower, 470 feet in height, perched on the apex of a pyramid, like a statue on a pedestal." That is, we should imagine, how the White Cape looks to sailors approaching from the west. The White Cape is, therefore, the "fortified *Scur*" of Joshua. "Then the coast turneth to Ramah, to the strong city Tyre (*i. e.*, literally the *fortified Scur*.)—Joshua xix. 29. 3. From the statement of Strabo, who, three hundred years after its destruction by Alexander, tells us (*xvi. 2*) that ancient Tyre stood four miles south of the insular city, *i. e.*, between the fountains and the *Scur*. In that very plain, an hour and a half south of the fountains, Irby and Mangles mention "the rubbish of an ancient city."

From these and similar arguments, we are strongly of opinion that the Tyre of the Old Testament was on the mainland; that it arose, like Edinburgh under its rock, under the protection of the *Scur*; hence its name, *Tzore* or *Sarra*; that at last it extended eight miles along the coast; that the island in the mouth of the bay became its sacred place and its citadel, the site of its famous temple and of its castle; and that when the magnificent city fell, all that remained of Tyre took refuge on the island,

and has been content since to be there "cribbed, cabined, and confined."

THE THEORY EXPLAINS THE LEADING FACTS.

This theory gives consistency to history and Scripture, in all their references to Tyre. In this theory we see explained: 1. How the city could grow to such vast proportions. There could never have been a great city on the island, nor room for a great fleet in its harbours, but the scene assumes the grandeur becoming the days of Tyre's glory, when we place her on that bay which, not unlike the bay of Naples, sweeps from the foot of the cape to a point opposite the island, when we cover that coast with groves and vineyards, like Eden, the garden of the Lord (Ezekiel xxviii. 13); when we adorn it with palaces, the "perfection of beauty" (xxvii. 4); when we surround the city with walls and towers, and fill this vast bay—her harbour—with forests of masts (xxvii. 9), such as we see in the harbours of our own great trading ports. In this theory we see explained (2) the strange riddle that Tyre was *destroyed*, and yet that Tyre *flourished*. The prophet Ezekiel tells us plainly that Nebuchadnezzar would destroy Tyre. And yet the same prophet tells us (ch. xxix. 18), "Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, caused his army to serve a great service against Tyrus; every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled: yet he had no wages, nor his army for Tyrus for the service that he served against it: therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar . . . and it shall be wages for his army." That Nebuchadnezzar took Tyre, and yet did not take it, is explained by the fact, that though he took the city on the mainland, never again to raise its head, yet he could not, for want of a fleet, take the stronghold on the rock, which work remain-

ed to be done by Alexander the Great, who did it by building the causeway to which we have already referred.

ALEXANDER'S CAUSEWAY.

It was no doubt in building this causeway that the words of the prophet received their full and final accomplishment; for, let the reader mark well, that the prophecy in chapter xxvi., from verse 3rd to verse 6th, is general, covering about three hundred years. "I will cause *many nations* to come against you." That includes the Chaldeans and the Grecians; both the siege of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Alexander. "They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers." That is Nebuchadnezzar's work. "I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock; it shall be for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." That is Alexander's work. "For a spreading of nets." How? Some, foolishly, have said, by the shore sinking and the sea advancing. There has been nothing of the kind. Others say, by fishermen carrying their nets inland. No. Quintus Curtius tells us, without ever dreaming of Scripture, how this remarkable Scripture has been fulfilled. He tells how Alexander fought with the sea in constructing the mound from the shore, and how the sea washed away in the night all the work of the day, till the iron-willed Macedonian bethought him of the ruins of old Tyre, that had lain there for three hundred years. The words of the historian are these: "A great quarry of stones lay ready to his hands, in the ruins of ancient Tyre." ("Magna vis saxorum ad manum erat, Tyro vetere praeistente.") The ruins of old Tyre, buried beneath the water, gave the material and means to conquer new Tyre. "Her stones, and *her timber*, and *her dust*," were sunk in that causeway, which is now a place to

spread nets on. How awful, in its literalness, has been the fulfilment of the prophecy, "I will SCRAPE HER DUST from her: thou shalt be sought for, yet THOU SHALT NEVER BE FOUND AGAIN." We should think not. Men have brought back to light the ruins of Pompeii, of Nineveh, of Ephesus, and recently even of Troy, but who will bring up from the bottom of the sea the ruins of Tyre? When the matter is so impressively simple, and so grandly literal, it is a pity that travellers and writers on prophecy have sought for the fulfilment of the words "It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea" on the island and in its ruins, to which the words never referred.

NEW TYRE.

New Tyre, on the island, which did not come within the scope of the prophecy, became an important city; rose and fell, and rose again, like many other cities. In the time of our Saviour it was a flourishing town, and being only thirty miles distant from Nazareth, may have been visited by him before he began his public ministry. Once during his ministry he visited at least the neighbourhood, and walked probably over this causeway, on which he might have seen fishermen drying their nets, and where lies buried the city, whose idolatrous religion ruined the ten tribes, and came very near being the ruin of the southern kingdom also. Might there not, therefore, be a deep and reasonable root of aversion in the objections Christ made to help a woman belonging to a race so deeply debased, and so wickedly concerned in the ruin of God's chosen people? It was not that he pretended to refuse the woman; but he spoke what he felt. The Phœnicians had degraded themselves below the level of "dogs." Their city, like the cities of the plain, was so abominable, that it must, like those

cities, be buried in the depths of the sea. But her strong faith carried the day against that awful record of guilt, and brought from the lips of Christ the exclamation, "O woman, great is thy faith."

So much of our time has been spent in trying to clear up the unfortunate confusion into which writers have fallen with regard to new and old Tyre, that little can be said now as to our visit.

THE DAY OF REST.

Having ridden through the streets of the little town, a place of some two thousand people, we passed out to the western side, (where there are no walls,) and found our tents pitched on an open space looking out over the Mediterranean, which lay like a sea of molten silver beneath the beams of the moon. Here we passed the Sabbath, for our company, (consisting of Americans, among whom was one of the Astors, of New York, and some gentlemen from Australia,) had agreed to cease travelling always on the Sabbath, which was a sweet boon to our animals and their drivers. There was then no Protestant church in Tyre, so we gathered into the tent of the American party, and there we all joined in worship, reading as the lesson for the day those chapters in Isaiah and Ezekiel to which reference has been already made. The day was calm, the sky was clear, and the sea lay motionless. From the door of the tent we could see the Lebanon range, with Hermon in the background; the White Cape closing in the view to the south, while the country above Sidon met the eye in the north. A respectable woman, calling herself a Protestant, sought us out. Her boy had been with the American missionaries, and she was exceedingly anxious to talk with us about spiritual things. Her heart seemed drawn to us because we were Protestants. We were re-

minded by her and her boy of the Christian Church that Paul unexpectedly found in this very place. "We landed at Tyre," Luke says, "for there the ship was to unlade her burden: and finding disciples, we tarried there seven days; . . . and when we had accomplished those days, we departed and went our way; and they all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city, and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed."—Acts xxi. 4, 5, 6. Tyre early became a Christian bishopric; and the fourth century Jerome speaks of Tyre as the most noble and beautiful city of Phœnicia, and as still trading with all the world. Here, again, we find fulfilled the words of the prophet Isaiah, which, in the light of the distinction drawn above between the two Tyres, are quite in harmony with the threatenings which were so literally fulfilled on old Tyre. "And it shall come to pass after the end of seventy years that the Lord will visit Tyre; . . . and her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord." Is there a fulfilment of these words, in still a higher and more literal sense, yet in the future? Will Tyre again rise to glory, in connection with Christianity in the East? Or may not these words refer to that nation which now occupies towards the western world the place Tyre occupied in ancient times? If Rome is modern Babylon, and heir to its vices and punishment, why may not Britain be modern Tyre, and heir to this promise? Whether this be so or not, it should, without doubt, be the supreme desire of every Tyre, *i. e.*, of every commercial people, to realize the condition foretold of Tyre: "Her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord. it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing."