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## NEWFOUNDLAND

# Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 5.

MAY, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

### ST. JOHN'S AND NEWFOUNDLAND AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held in Gower-street Wesleyan Church, on Tuesday evening, the Hon. S. Rendell, president, in the chair. The opening service was conducted by the Rev. M. Harvey, secretary, who afterwards read the report. It appeared from this report that Mr. Scott, colporteur of the society, had visited Labrador last summer, and supplied forty-nine settlements on that shore with copies of the Scriptures, having distributed altogether nearly 500 copies. He next visited the North and South shores of Conception Bay, and during the season disposed of 1183 copies. The total distribution in Newfoundland, by sales and colportage, during the year, had been 2413 copies, making a total of 52,517 copies circulated since the formation of the society. The income of the society for the year was £256 18s., making the total amount collected since the society's commencement £8530 11s. The society is now in its thirty-first year. Harbour Grace Branch contributed last year £36 1s. 3d. to the funds, and the Ladies' Auxiliary £43 5s. 3d. Reference was also made to the last annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose issues for the year were 2,682,185 copies, and income £222,320. This society has now issued seventy-six millions of Bibles, Testaments, and portions, and spent eight millions sterling in printing and disseminating the Scriptures.

Able and interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Harris, Hall, Milligan, Dunn, and Patter-son; and by Messrs. Goodfellow, Ayre, J. Baird, Honourables R. Thorburn and J. J. Rogerson. A special vote of thanks was adopted to His Excellency Sir John Glover for his kindness in consenting to become patron of the society, and for his liberal contribution to its funds. There was a large attendance, and the whole proceedings awakened much interest.—*Morning Chronicle.*

### OUR MEETINGS.

#### I.—THE DORCAS SOCIETY.

I know little or nothing of your land of cold and fog, and possibly some of your readers know little of this mighty London, of which we are so proud; this city of nearly five millions of people, in which, notwithstanding its enormous wealth, its deep poverty, its sins and its sorrows, so much, so very much, is done for Christ and His cause. But it is not of London I intend to speak, but of "Our meetings," by which I mean the meetings of that particular chapel to which, in God's providence, I am attached. I have not the slightest idea whether you in Newfoundland have the same kind of societies and meetings which we are privileged to have and to hold; if so, it may not be

uninteresting to compare notes; if not, you may be pleased to hear of such as they are conducted in the metropolis—the mother-city of dear Old England. And first let me speak of the "Dorcas."

These societies take their name from the good Tabitha, of whom we read in Acts ix. 36-42, who in the Greek language was called Dorcas, which means gazelle, or roe, or doe, and doubtless was a pet name, given unto her on account of her quietness and gentleness, and her soft, expressive eyes. That she was a good woman is testified by her life, and by the deep sorrow of the widows and orphans at her first death. Her life, so "full of good works and almsdeeds," seems to have been largely occupied in making clothes for the necessitous poor, and in relieving the wants of the widows and orphans who had lost their natural protectors and helpers; and so greatly was she beloved that to this day she is had in lasting remembrance, and the odour of her name perpetuated in the numerous ladies' working societies for the poor, which are called after her.

Our Dorcas Society has for its object the providing of clothes for the deserving poor of our own neighbourhood. It is managed by the minister's wife as president, a secretary, treasurer, a committee of about twenty ladies, and another who acts as collector, all of whom are annually appointed by the members. The members are ladies connected with the chapel, who may subscribe any sum from one shilling upwards, or give materials, or only assist the society in making the clothes. The regular subscribers—of whom we have about fifty, at 5s., 10s. 6d., and one guinea each—in the beginning of November receive tickets to the value of their subscriptions, which they give to the poor of whose cases they approve. The secretary buys all materials at a wholesale City warehouse, and cuts out the clothes at her own home, storing them in a large cupboard in the schoolroom until the time of sale. We meet for work in the schoolroom on the Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, from three o'clock, till the evening service at 7.30, taking tea together at five o'clock, for which we each pay the small sum of sixpence. These monthly sewing meetings are very much enjoyed by the ladies. They are usually well attended, and a good deal of work is done by the hands as well as with the tongues, for as usual, where ladies are concerned, there is a good deal of pleasant social chat, and many inquiries made of each other as to the different cases of distress and need with which we are continually meeting. At tea-time we are usually joined by our pastor, who remains for some little time after, conversing pleasantly with one and another, and saying a little to all collectively ere he takes his departure to the vestry previous to evening services. When the time for folding up comes,

most, if not all the ladies, take home with them the article upon which they have been working, to finish it at home before the next meeting, and many take two or three articles in addition. Some who cannot attend the meetings send regularly for a monthly supply of work. During the months of July, August, and September we do not hold a meeting, those being the months in which all who possibly can, one after another, take the so-much-needed spell of rest in the country, or inhale the health-giving breezes of the seaside. At our meeting in June each lady informs the secretary of the quantity of work she would like sent to her house for those months, and on our reassembling in October these large packages of work are brought in, or in the following month, in time for the sale, and the finishing of all articles begun is pushed forward that all may be ready for the sale, which takes place in the second week of November. As the things are made by the ladies free, there is no charge for making, and a very small profit only is charged upon the materials, and each article plainly marked. Several ladies presided at the sale, the clothes being arranged on long tables. Each subscriber purchases to the amount of her subscription tickets, and as much more as she chooses to pay for, and gives the clothes purchased to whom she pleases; or she gives her tickets to different poor women who themselves attend the sale, and select what they require, paying the difference if the article or articles bought come to more than the amount of the ticket or tickets given to her. It is astonishing how eagerly and quickly the clothes are demanded, especially flannels of all kinds, the huge piles melting away like frost in the sunshine, sadly disappointing some who cannot be present at three o'clock, and who, arriving after, oftentimes find the articles they wished to possess all gone, for it is impossible to foresee the articles upon which there will be the greatest run, it being one thing one year and something quite different the next. But our good secretary is never at a loss; if the disappointed ones only make their wishes known, fresh materials are purchased, if not in stock, and in a few weeks' time the articles they desired are placed in their hands. At our sale in November last, 330 articles were sold in a very short time, and a good number of certain kinds which were not in demand then were returned to the cupboard for the next sale, when they will probably all be sold, so variable are the different years' demands. A general meeting is held annually, at which the accounts are presented and audited by two gentlemen of the Church Committee, or by two of the deacons, and the committee of ladies chosen for the following year. These accounts, and a report of the year's proceedings, are published in the annual Manual of the Chapel. The Society is a great boon to many, especially to the aged, who would suffer much more from cold and rheumatism were they not provided with the warm flannels, which are made in such numbers, and dispersed so freely among them. The "little ones" of the streets, too, are not forgotten, many a little shivering, barefoot one being made happy and comfortable with a warm suit of linsey, the ladies receiving their reward in the pleasure it gives them to give joy to others, and realising in numerous ways the truth of our dear Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

H. D. ISACKE.

### THE BULGARIAN WOMAN'S LAMENT.

My home! my home! my dear, dear home! reduced  
to ashes quite!  
My household goods all burnt or stolen, naught left to  
mark the site  
But blackened stones and festering bones exposed to  
garish day,  
To tell the tale of Turkish crimes, and those in  
Turkey's pay.  
My babe! my babe! my sweet, sweet babe! poised on  
the Bazuok's spear!  
That my sad eyes should see such sights, and live,  
and still be here!  
His little hands outstretched to me with his last  
sobbing breath,  
And I a prisoner held and bound, enduring worse  
than death.  
Five children graced my humble hearth a few short  
months gone by,  
The savage hordes came pouring in, and now they  
murdered lie;  
I cannot find their dear remains amid the heaps of slain,  
To pay the last sad Christian rite, or one last look to gain.  
My husband! oh, my husband! the pride of all my  
years,  
My better self! my monitor! for thee I shed no tears,  
Though ne'er again can I behold the love-light in thine  
eye,  
For in the Moslem's cruel grasp—tortured—I saw thee  
die.  
I saw thee turn thy dying eyes to where I bound was led,  
And dying breathe my name in prayer, and then my  
heart was dead.  
No tears refresh my haggard cheeks, nor fast nor slow  
they glide;  
Their fountain, like my heart, is sealed, since my dear  
husband died.  
Homeless and childless, all bereft, a widow sad I lie,  
No shelter from the howling blast, or the inclement sky.  
The harvest lost, the cattle stolen, starvation now I see;  
Mothers and wives in England, have you no help for me?  
Oh, God of Bethel! hear our cry! take pity on our grief!  
Open the hearts of Christian men to send us quick  
relief;  
They cannot heal our wounded hearts, nor give us  
back our dead,  
But they can raise us sheltering roofs, and give us daily  
bread.  
We ask not vengeance on our foes, but right to live in  
peace,  
Far from oppression's iron heel, where wars and strife  
may cease.  
We ask our birthright—liberty—to rule us as we  
choose,  
To worship God as conscience wills, nor her dictates  
abuse.  
We pant for freedom—'tis no crime; God-given  
instinct blest!  
Implanted by the Father's hand in every human breast;  
We cannot crouch to fellow-men, whate'er his rank  
may be,  
We cannot wear the Moslem's yoke; we dare, we must  
be free!

H. D. ISACKE.

## BEGIN EARLY.

A DISTINGUISHED educator advises young ministers always to have several sermons "simmering." This is the idea for us; cooks talk of a "simmer," of a "slow boil," and of a "hard boil." That which merely gets a little heat, but which is warmed, and soaked, and softened, may not thereby be made ready for use at the table, but when placed directly over the heat its final preparation will be more rapid and thorough. It is exactly so with a sermon, a lecture, or a lesson. Let it simmer along until the time for use is but one week off, then let it boil.

The true idea of an early beginning, then, is this: Let the lesson "simmer" for at least one week; let it "boil slowly" for another; let it "boil rapidly" for one more, and then serve hot. This process, repeated week after week, will keep three lessons in hand all the time; one under a mild course of preparation; the next under a medium course; and the other pressed intensely for early use. In all these stages make free use of pencil and paper, that your ideas, illustrations, questions, Scripture references, and gleanings of all sorts, be preserved. For each lesson use separate sheets, with the name and number of the lesson at the head of each.

But, having made such a start, how shall we proceed? During the first week with a lesson, read it carefully and often, think about it, read its connections in the Bible, and note its relation to lessons which have gone before it. The second week's work with a given lesson is simply to become still better acquainted with its parts and relations. Look it over each day, and think about it frequently. The third week's work is that of final and thorough preparation.—George A. Peltz.

## "GRACE TO THE LOWLY."

THE highest mountains are throes of icy barrenness. They gleam with rogal beauty, but are never clothed with verdure, or with fruit. And for human sustenance and human habitation, one sweet little valley is worth more than all the snow-crowned peaks that lift their imperial splendours beneath the starry skies.

"God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." The icy storms discharge themselves upon the snow-capped heights; but the gentle rains flow sweetly down the hillside, and fall refreshingly upon the valley. Still waters glide there, and there are the green pastures, and there the Good Shepherd feeds his flock in peace. No rivers flow upon the mountain tops; no waters murmur in sweetness and quietness there; but in the lowly valley we find the crystal stream, and the greatest rivers roll through the deepest vales. God gives when we are made ready to receive. God pours from his eternal fulness the tide of blessing into hungry and broken hearts. And if we who have sought for human honour, and coveted worldly power, will learn the lesson of lowliness and meekness and humility, we shall find that God, whose tender mercies are over the least and feeblest of his children, will care for us, if we but trust beneath the shadow of his wings.

"He giveth grace to the lowly."—Prov. iii. 34. Are we lowly? Let us see to it that we stand in the position of those on whom God bestows his favour, proving by blest experience that "though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly." And in all our lives, let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves, "Let us walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.—When Pompeii was destroyed there were very many buried in the ruins of it who were afterwards found in very different situations. There were some found in deep vaults as if they had gone there for security. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain. And there, while the heavens threatened him, there while the earth shook beneath him, there where the lava stream rolled, he had stood at his post; and there after a thousand years, he was found. So let Christians stand to their duty, in the post at which their Captain has placed them.

## THE PREACHER'S SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEMAN.

SOME time ago I read an article in an American publication to the effect that, as it was incumbent upon all Christians to observe the Christian Sabbath, those ministers who did not observe a day of rest some time during the week were guilty of the sin of Sabbath breaking. Without going so far as this, we, nevertheless, recognise the desirability of taking some day during the week, and making it a kind of holiday and a season of relaxation, when the active brain may rest, and all the other powers, physical as well as moral, may find repose. I find it a very beneficial thing myself. It is to me a positive gain. I throw off all restraint. It is not so much the spirit of devotion which I seek on this day, for I have already had that, in common with all other worshippers, when we met on the previous Sabbath, as well as at other times of religious exercise and prayer. What I want now is relaxation, rest, a free and easy way of enjoying myself, by which I may get over my mental exhaustion, and regain my intellectual vigour and strength. And I go about it right earnestly betimes.

Sometimes I walk out into the open country and find recreation there. To an attentive eye and a thoughtful mind nature is instructive, amusing, recreative. I do not try to think, but allow myself to wander almost at random from one scene to another, whilst the constant variety and freshness of the scenes presented to the eye keep me from dwelling too long upon any one subject, and so nature seems like a moving panorama, and I am pleased without being at all fatigued. If I am in want of mental rest more than physical, I take my spade and dig for an hour two in my garden, or else take a good sharp walk, or a good sharp trot on horseback. If I am more in want of physical rest I fling myself on the sofa and try to sleep, then rise up and seek the most pleasant company I can find, and have a game of croquet, or anything else that comes to hand. But sometimes I am waylaid by two young sharpers, who insist that we three shall have a "game of horses," when I am duly harnessed, and one mounts the pony, and the other drives him on whip in hand. It is one of the best, and healthiest, and most recreative exercises I know of, to be made to go on "all fours," or carry two youngsters "shoulder height," from one end of the room to the other, whilst they cry out "gee-up," and other eceteras, with which all drivers of horses are familiar. All recreation to be beneficial must be obtained outside the study. Shut the door, turn the key, and go away.

I select a day, generally in the middle of the week, after which I am fresh and strong to begin my work for the coming Sabbath. I would ask my brethren, especially my hard-working brethren, to try the plan. In my humble opinion they would require fewer long holidays if they did so, and would have far greater pleasure in their work. They would have increased mental vigour as well. They would do more work, and do it better too: I do not prescribe the form such exercise (or rest, call it by what name you like) shall take; I only plead for the thing itself. It is an injury done to self, not to do it; it is, in fact, tempting Divine Providence, and many men fail for lack of a judicious care exercised over their physical health. We have no more right to abuse our bodies than we have to abuse our souls. Our bodies are the "temples of the Holy Ghost," let us take care of them all we can, and make them do God's work as long as it shall be possible for us to do so.

Hope and Faith are closely allied in brotherhood. But their sister, Charity, crowns them with light, and brings an ever-blooming joy into their dwelling.

Make the first day of the week a bright, cheerful, sweet day at home, and it will shed its radiance on the other six days of work and play. Do not make it a Jewish day, fenced in by outward severities and traditions. Do not limit its sacred freedom by domestic "Blue Laws," which would make it to the little ones anything but a "day of all the week the best." But with music and prayer, with the Bible and other good reading, with cheerful conversation and gentle graces, with the glow of the altar and the spirit of the sanctuary, with thankfulness and love to God and man, any Christian household can make it a perpetual blessing to themselves and to the community in which its Sabbath lights are kept burning.—Intelligencer.

## RANDOM SKETCHES.

BY REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.

"TONGUES in the trees," says Shakespeare; and, verily, there is no tree without its tongue; without its special message and memory to special ears, as well as its general homily to the world at large. Some of us whose boyhood's days seem sliding further and further back, could bring the waning picture on the canvas in all its vividness out of the mist of gathering years, if only we could stroll past some broad elm, or beech, or oak, whose boughs are eloquent with the lore of old. There stands the tree whose topmost branch it was my boyish pride to climb; he doesn't look nearly so much older as I do, with his greenery of May round his brow. Those higher forks, where I would rest and laugh at my companions down below, they could not bear my weight to-day! There are many voices in that tree; voices of young playmates now grown old; voices of warm red lips now sealed and silent.

"In the days of old, when the spring with gold  
Was lighting his branches grey,  
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,  
To gather the dew of May.  
And all that day, to the rebeck gay  
We frolicked with lovesome swains;  
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,  
But the tree, he still remains."

Walking out with a friend one day, he beckoned me suddenly aside from the beaten path, and said, "Just come and let us sit down a minute under this tree." And we sat down under a broad branching plane tree. My companion was silent for a few moments, and seeing he was moved at something, I did not disturb him. At length he said, "My first act as a child of God was to climb up into this tree to fetch down my cup. I had been hearing an address which very much affected me, and sat down here to think about it; meditation soon deepened into prayer; and prayer was quickly answered by a sudden peace. With the fulness of assurance came a wild ecstacy; and flinging up my cap in the energy of my joy, it lodged in the branches, and my first act as a Christian was to climb up and fetch it down." From this it will be seen that my companion was what ordinary folk would call "peculiar"; but he was wonderfully in earnest, and there could be no mistaking the realness of the memories which that tree called into his mind. Would that we all had a tree which whispered such experience to us! What a tongue is that which murmurs softly into some distraught ear, which has, like the pilgrim, been pestered for years by the "satyrs, and goblins, and dragons of the pit," "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" And how sweet are the May leaves which are redolent with the peace of God which passeth all understanding! One would think that little Zachæus would often look reverently at the sycamore which he climbed as a vantage spot from which to glimpse the passing Christ, and fancy that its leaves and branches were still vocal with the call, "Make haste, come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house."

And in May the trees seem specially communicative. They seem inclined to break to us some of the sacred confidences they have heard. In one of the least romantic spots of unromantic Lancashire, there is a blackened elm tree, on whose bark the smoke of a hundred grimy factories clings thick, but which furls out its flag of green, its banner of buds, under the May sky as cheerily as if it grew in the wildest and remotest valley of the country. Whenever I pass by that tree in May, and hear the breeze sighing through its trembling fronds, I feel inclined to answer back, and, with my finger on my lip, to say, "Hush!" I feel afraid it is telling to all passers-by my secret. But the ivy clasps about its smoky stem, and my memory clings with the fibres that embrace it, and makes it sacred to the past, and living in the heart beats of a boyish love.

In Holwood Park, near Beckenham, there is a gnarled root straggling its holes over the ground; burrowed by rabbits, it stands out like a sinuous snake above the earth; twining in spring amongst anemones and primrose eyes, and almost kissed by the rich leaves upon the bending boughs to which it gives their life, marking the site of a tree whose tongue rang out a shout across the broad Atlantic, and made a million hearts leap with a new hope, and a million eyes sparkle with a new joy. It rung a knell over a hoary tyranny, and spoke

the birth-cry of the slave's regeneration. For the straggler past this monarch of the wood will find an old chair, into whose back is sunk a metal plate with an inscription. And it tells him, that while musing on the twisted roots of that old tree, the resolve was born within the large and tender mind of Wilberforce that he would move the British Parliament to decree the freedom of the slaves in British colonies. And to the mind of the philanthropist, that tree is full of the echoes of falling chains; and its tongue speaks of an act among the most magnanimous and sublime in the annals of the world, an act which transpired at the most auspicious period of the world's history; at a time of the most profound and general peace ever enjoyed since Augustus Cæsar shut the gates of Janus; when the crown of the fairest empero of the earth had just been placed on the youthful brow of Victoria, the beloved mistress of a free people. When a century shall have passed away, when statesmen are forgotten, when all our proudest naval and military achievements shall have faded from the recollection of mankind, when the blatant and ephemeral echoes of "the Reformer's Tree" shall have passed upon the breeze, one voice shall leave its testimony—the voice of that tree whose Wilberforce dreamed the dream of freedom; and it shall be recorded on the scroll of the eternities that the greatest glory England ever won was when she, with her girl-queen at her head, proclaimed the slave is free, and established in practice the principle enscrolled upon the American Constitution, which was so tardy to enforce it—that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Another tree! I saw it once in winter time, with all its twigs and branches bare, and a cold north wind sighed through its thin anatomy; and a sigh was at my heart as bleak and as desponding as the moan it made. For its boughs were dipping over a slab of marble, upon which I had carved the words "He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee." But this tree was hiding more than half the sentence, and all that I could read as I walked by was, "He took thee." Yes, took thee, and left me. Left me, oh, how lonely! As I moved a little further on, I could read the first sentence of the line, "He gave thee." Well, if He gave thee, surely He has a right to take thee. Why should I murmur? And yet I *did* murmur, and I walked away in heaviness. But I went past the same spot last Easter-tide, the time of resurrection; and the early green was on the boughs. A west wind blow gently this time, and it so tossed the branches that they covered up "He took thee," but left bare and legible "He shall restore thee." The spring buds spoke of resurrection, and a happy bird perched on the stone at the moment; and as it sang it seemed to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Yes, the bard was right. Trees *have* tongues, and they talk to us with varied messages. On *Ellen's Isle*, whose fescus are wet with the kisses of Loch Katrine, groups of graceful birch-trees look through their tresses in the mirror down below, and their white stems are reflected like silver wands dipped into the limpid stream. Two tourists, punting round the Trossachs Bay, were musing at the beauty of the scene. One talked of love-making and romance, and said the picture took him back to a few years ago, when he wooed the maiden, now a matron, and declared the tender passion which had now girdled his table with hungry mouths, and filled his nursery with many voices. "Oh," said the other, "it carries me much farther back than that; in fact, it makes me sore, not at my heart, but in my back. As I looked up at those birch trees I fancied myself across the knees of a stern schoolmaster, who always disregarded the injunction "This side up," and by whom I was constantly inverted, and the stripe of the old rod seemed to swish once more behind me. He used to say, it hurt him more to *larrup* me than it hurt me to be larrupped. But I only wish he had allowed our positions to be reversed, and I had been the flogger and he the floggee. I know it would not have hurt me so much as I would have taken care it should have hurt him!"

Dear reader! Look up not only with your eyes, but with your ears, at the trees this blythe May-time, and they will speak to you. They will take you back into the long ago, and Nature, with her many voices, shall teach you that there are—

Tongues in the trees; books in the running brooks;  
Sermons in stones; and good in everything.

## ONE OF HIS JEWELS.

BY A. RYECROFT TAYLOR.

## 1.

On the highway, some fifteen miles from the great centre of Lancashire industry, are two little tramps. It is early morning, and the raw November air strikes cold and chill into their poorly-clad limbs. The eldest, a girl about twelve years of age, is pale and thin, with a countenance suggestive of bad living and ill-usage. Her features are good and regular; intelligence gleams from her eyes; but there is a cowed, anxious expression in her face, as though on the constant look-out for a blow.

By her side, with his hand tightly clasped in hers, is her little brother, eight years old. He, too, is thin and pale, and bears signs of neglect, if not ill-usage. Poor children, they are wandering from home in search of a haven of peace and safety.

They are the children of a showman named Bulman, whose yellow caravan has followed the round of country fairs for many years. A man of violent passions and addicted to drink, he has, by his brutal behaviour, driven his meek, loving wife to her grave, and his children from home. Drink has become his ruling passion, and a long series of cruel beatings having terminated in an onslaught upon his timid child, which threatened her young life, a neighbourly showman had carried her senseless form from the caravan in the night, and, after bathing her bruised and bleeding limbs, had put her and her brother to bed; he and his good-hearted wife sleeping upon the floor of their wagon in order to give the children the rest they needed. In the early morning, after a good breakfast, their friend had advised them to tramp to Manchester, in order to avoid a worse fate, their father being past hope. Furnishing them with a little money and a little food to eat on their way, the showman put them on their journey, and bidding them keep up a good heart, had wished them well, saying to himself as he left them: "Poor little 'uns; it's very hard, it is, but they can't fare worse than they have, and they may do better."

The little tramps trudge along the damp highway, the keen, biting air nipping their hands and faces. Mattie tries to be cheerful and hopeful, but feels ready to cry at having left her father and home, bad and poor as they were.

"Mattie, where are we going, and why aren't we in the wagon?" asks Willie.

"You won't cry, dear, if I tell you; will you?"

"No."

"Well, we are running away from father," with a stifled sob.

"What for, Mattie?"

"Because he beat me so dreadfully last night. They thought I was dead. I am so sore, and my limbs do so ache. Mr. Williams said we must run away, as father might kill us both some night when he was tipsy."

"Did he hurt you much, Mattie?"

"Yes, dear; more than ever before; he didn't know what he was doing, so we mustn't think bad of him."

Think bad of him! this child with an angel's heart, would have gone back then, whilst her poor little head and arms and legs were aching and stiff with his ruffianly blows, and have kissed him, inwardly forgiving and willing to trust him again. But she felt she was doing right in taking Willie away from such scenes. He might perhaps beat him on some of these occasions, then her heart would break, she thought. Yes, they would go on. So on they go, slowly following the bend of the road, asking their way every now and then, and meeting many a surprised look as they tell their destination. Many and various are the questions Willie asks: "What sort of a place are they going to, and what are they going to do?" It passes the time on a little, and makes the journey less wearisome to Mattie trying to answer him. She has to draw upon her imagination a good deal, but it satisfies the child, and no harm is done. They stop here and there at the milestones, and rest, without understanding the significance of the inscription upon them. After travelling what seems to both a very great way, Willie says he is hungry, so they stop by a little ivy-covered church, and the gate being open, Mattie leads the way to a low, flat tombstone, and they sit down and eat some of the food the showman's wife gave them. The church and the graves make Mattie think of her mother, dead and buried in a similar place, and tears come into her

eyes as she thinks how lonely and friendless they will be now.

After resting awhile they again set out on their journey; with many a stoppage they manage to keep it up until night comes on, and it is quite dark. They are both tired out and footsore. Willie says he cannot walk any further, and is frightened at being on the dark highway by themselves. Mattie, too, is stiff and weary, but is anxious to go a little further, hoping they may come to some cottage where they can rest. She kisses her brother and bids him not cry, and try to be brave a little longer. In a while they see a light glimmering not far off. Encouraged, they push on towards it. They draw near, a flood of light pours across the dark road, and reveals from an open door the snug, warm interior of a wayside cottage.

"Oh, Mattie, if they would only let us go in, I am so cold and tired," says Willie, looking across the road into the light, cheerful room.

Summoning up her courage, Mattie crosses the road, and tapping timidly at the door, stands with beating heart waiting for some one to answer her. A woman with a child in her arms appears, and seeing two children shivering in the cold, exclaims, "Mercy on us, children, where have you come from on such a night as this?"

"If you please, we are cold and tired; we have been walking all day; will you let us rest and warm ourselves a bit?" says Mattie, looking eagerly into the woman's face.

"Bless me, yes, come in, and welcome." So they follow her and stand timidly inside the door.

"Nay, don't be frightened, come up to the fire," giving Mattie a chair and placing a stool by the fire for Willie to sit upon.

"You'll be hungry, I daresay," says the woman, going to the cupboard and fetching some new milk, and bread-and-butter, and bidding them eat while they rest and warm themselves. She is naturally curious to know what they are doing walking all day. Mattie, gaining courage, explains as well as she can how it is they have run away from home. The woman's sympathy is roused, and on her husband's coming into the room, she says:—

"John, here's two poor little ones, without mother, have had to run away from a bad father, who beats 'em. They are going to Manchester. Can't thee give 'em a little to-night?"

"Aye, I daresay I can. Run away from a bad father, have they? that's a pity, it is."

"What time shall thee start, John?"

"Why, about twelve, so as to get to th' market about three."

"Then they can have a nice sleep by the fire for an hour or two; it will rest and warm 'em."

So when they have finished their bread-and-milk, she pulls an old-fashioned sofa towards the fire; giving the baby to her husband to hold, she puts Mattie at one end and Willie at the other, and throws a big shawl over them, and bids them sleep until the wagon is ready.

Oh! how warm and cheerful the ruddy fire looked after the cold, dark highway; how brightly the lamp burned; how merrily the cricket chirped; how homely and comfortable the cottager and his wife looked—he quietly smoking his pipe in the chimney-corner, she rocking her baby to sleep, while she steadily plied her knitting-needles. Mattie, as she took in the warmth and comfort of the scene, fell fast asleep.

At twelve o'clock the wagon stands at the door ready loaded with vegetables. It is Friday night, and they are intended for the early-morning market at Shude-hill. Mattie and her brother are roused up, and find the cottager sat at table drinking coffee and eating bread-and-butter. His wife gives them each a mug, and bids them drink it to keep them warm; then the lamp is taken to the door, and there stands the wagon, with two horses attached, the one before the other. At the top of the load the cottager makes a hollow, and spreads some bags; his wife lifts Mattie and Willie up, one at a time, and they are drawn up by her husband, and deposited in the hollow, and covered with an old woollen shawl. Mattie wraps it well about them, nearly covering Willie's head, so as to keep off the raw night air.

When all is ready, the carter bids them keep quiet, saying they need not be afraid of falling off; then cracks his whip, and the wagon starts off at a slow pace on its journey. They soon get cosy and warm, and fall asleep, and do not awake until the wagon stops at its destination.

The carter climbs up on the top, and lifting the shawl, says, "Well, and how do you find yourselves? Was it nice and warm, eh?"

Mattie says it has been very nice and warm, and thanks him.

"Well, this is Manchester, yer know. I'd better lift yer down." Shouting to someone below, he hands them down, one by one.

"You'd better stay about the market till daylight, then you'll find yer way better," says the carter.

So, thanking him again, they stand a little way from the wagon, and leave the good-hearted man to attend to his business.

## II.

That Mattie is astonished and bewildered at the scene before her is not to be wondered at. The markets she has been accustomed to in the small towns and villages they have visited, sink into insignificance before this vast area, and the crowd of people selling and buying at noon hour when most people are asleep in their warm beds. Its exact size she cannot make out, for the dense fog which hangs everywhere about it; but from the rows of lamps which, from where she stands, fade away in the far distance, it must be very great, she thinks. Near the spot where they stand, wondering what to do next, the scene is one of constant noise and confusion. Dozens of carts stand round them; some being rapidly unloaded, whilst others await their contents being disposed of to some of the market people. As fast as one batch of empty carts clears the way, another arrives to block it, and the noise and bustle is kept up for a considerable time.

For some time Mattie feels too much afraid to stir, and stands with her brother's hand tightly clasped in hers; looking on at the scene, unable to tell what it all means. After a while, however, the carts begin to go away, the crowd grows less, and the noise subsides a little. Mattie looks about her, not knowing which way to turn. They go up one of the openings through a double row of stalls, all set out ready for the day. Then another and another, with similar stalls. Then across and down another, in and out amongst the rows, with potatoes, cabbages, turnips and carrots, celery, onions, and apples everywhere surrounding them, until they seem to be fairly lost amongst them. There is a coffee-stall, near, and Mattie feels for her slender stock of money, and purchases some food. She asks the stall-keeper if she can tell her the way out.

"There's many a way out," says the woman. "It depends where you want to go to; anyway, you go straight down this turning, and you'll come into Shude-hill; you can get anywhere almost from there."

Mattie has no idea which way she wants to go, so takes the turn the woman directs. As she has said it leads to anywhere almost, it certainly is to them the beginning of many crossings and turnings and thoroughfares, which they wander about all day.

Towards evening, when the lamps are being lighted and the fog has begun to gather, they find themselves in one of the leading streets, weary with walking, and not knowing where they are going to sleep. People are hurrying to and fro, cabs and busses are going up and down and crossing each other, making the road dangerous to cross. Mattie, bewildered and faint, draws Willie up an opening, and they sit down on some steps in a doorway. She has spent nearly all her money; she has perhaps enough to purchase a night's lodging, if they can find one. Whilst they are sitting on the steps, she hears a buzzing sound as of many voices, reminding her of the noise in the market in the early morning. Then there is a shout, followed by a rush, and a number of boys and girls run past, shouting something at the top of their voices, which she can scarcely catch, but which sounds very like "Evenin' News 'ere," whatever that may mean. One of them, a ragged urchin, without cap, and his hair standing out in every direction, stops by them, and surveying the steps, throws a parcel on the unoccupied portion. Falling on his knees beside it, he begins folding the sheets into small squares.

Eyung Mattie and Willie, whilst rapidly folding his papers, he at last says:

"Am t' yer working?"

"No," says Mattie. "we have no work."

"Am t' yer got no tin?"

"What's the tin?" asks Mattie.

"Browns," says the lad; then, seeing she doesn't under-

stand him, says, "Well, yer is green; hasn't yer no money, then?"

"Only a very little."

"Then why doesn't yer spee' in *Newses*, like I does, and make yer fortune?"

"What's *Newses*?" inquires Mattie, in utter ignorance of this highway to fortune.

"Why, these 'ere's *Newses*," folding away at the sheets; "where iver did yer come from?"

"We have come a long way, and have nowhere to sleep, and my little brother is tired and his feet are so sore."

"Oh, I knows—yer on tramp. Well, I likes the looks of yer. Wait till I jist run round wi' these, then I'll p'raps git yer a shake-down at a crib I knows on," and he darts off, crying, "*Evenin' News, 'ere!*" and Mattie sees him slip under some horses' heads, and disappear. Probably an hour elapses, during which this cry is kept up right and left of them, and boys and girls continue running backwards and forwards with fresh supplies of the evening papers. Then the boy returns, and after counting his money and satisfying himself it is all right, turns to Mattie, and says, "Now you come along o' me and bring little white 'un, and I'll see if I can't git yer a crib."

They cross the road, the boy holding Mattie by the hand. Diving in and out amongst the cabs and 'buses, they go down a long street, until they come to a junction of several streets, where the shops and houses are smaller and shabbier, and at last to a wall with an opening in it, and a steep flight of steps which seem to go right down into the fog, and at the bottom of which, the dim yellow light of a lamp can just be distinguished.

Mattie feels somewhat frightened and Willie begins to cry, it is so dark.

"Don't yer be 'fraid," says their leader, "and look 'ere—there's lots of 'em hangs out 'ere, and if they says ought to yer, jist say as yer under the protection of 'Scud,' and they'll leave yer alone quick. Come on and stick to me."

"Down" a long flight of steps, called in the neighbourhood "Jacob's Ladder," they go, leaving the road high above them. It is scarcely possible to make out anything for the dense fog which prevails at the bottom; there are two rows of wretched tenements facing each other at close proximity and at one of these Scud stops. Pushing open the door without ceremony, he pulls Mattie and her brother in after him and calls out, "Aint there a light in the blessed place, Mother, when a gent brings 'is friends to see yer?"

An old woman comes shuffling in, with a tallow candle flickering in her hand. She is rather dirty and shabby, but not by any means ill-looking.

"Look 'ere mother, 'ere's two very pertickler friends o' mine from the country—they wants somewhere's to sleep, so jist make 'em nice and comfortable. They ain't very fly, so see as t' others doesn't put on 'em" says Scud.

"Has they any money," inquires the old woman.

"Yes, they has, and if they hasn't I has, so don't bother."

"Very well, Scud," meekly replies the woman.

"I'm obliged to go out again," says Scud to Mattie; "you'll be all right, and I'll 'ave a look at yer when I turns in."

"What a one he is!" says Mother Brown, when Scud has gone. "So your'e friends of his: well, I'll see what I can do, for I'm very full just now; but being friends of his makes a difference."

(To be Concluded.)

## THE INFLUENCE OF SONG.

A WAVE of sacred song swept over our land two years ago. Beginning in the large cities, it rolled on and on, till now there is not a hamlet on remote mountain-side, or by the sea, which is not often vocal with the sweet sounds of Gospel hymns. Passing the little white school-house by the lonely out-of-the-way road, you hear blended voices singing—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

From cottages and farmhouses, as you ride by them in the dusk, you are greeted by the notes of the piano or the cabinet-organ; and if you pause and listen, there will fall upon your ear words like these:

"It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this soul of mine  
Would of that love in all its depth and length,  
Its height and breadth and everlasting strength,  
Know more and more."

You stand by the dwelling of poverty, where a weary woman is toiling over the wash-tub to win her daily bread. Her children are playing by the door. There are six of them to be fed and clothed and sent to school and launched upon the world. Their father is dead. There is nobody but the mother, with her narrow opportunities and scant education, to do for these hearty, hungry boys and girls all that must be done before they will be men and women. It is a hard lot, and you pity her, and wonder whether she is not discouraged, whether she does not lie awake nights and cry, and wonder where she is to get flour and wood and coal next winter. She, wringing out her clothes, and carrying a great basket of them over the grass to hang upon the lines, gives unconsciously her answer:

"In some way or other, the Lord will provide.

It may not be my way; it may not be thy way;

And yet in His own way, the Lord will provide."

Perhaps there is an invalid's chamber where you sometimes sit an hour or two. You go to it, out of the bright world, so full of activity and movement, and you are sorry for your friend who has to spend so many monotonous hours—hours, too, of suffering and weakness—on couch or chair. But though you may sympathise, you need not condole, for there is a familiar hymn-book open on the bed, and you see that a pencil-mark has been drawn:

"No more heart-pangs nor sadness;

When Jesus comes;

All peace, and joy, and gladness;

When Jesus comes."

Of course there were hymns before Moody and Sankey bound up their sheaf and gave it to the Christian world. There was the grand, sublime, all-comprehending liturgy of the sacred Psalms, and there were what we still have and prize: the lyrics of Ambrose, Gregory, Bernard de Cluny, Richard of Clairvaux, and the saints who sang their lofty faith and their heroic courage from the darkness of cloister walls. There were the sweet hymns of Wesley and Toplady, of Cowper, Lyte, and Keble, of Faber, and of Ray Palmer and Horatius Bonar. All these speak for the heart when it longs to pour itself forth in a passion of praise. But what these later hymns have done has been partly because they have been wedded to fervent and inspiring tunes. The children catch them up and sing them as they go to school. The workman finds that their rhythm will keep time to the beat of his hammer, while the mother lulls her little one to sleep with their silvery cadences.

Is it not possible to make more use in our homes of the power which dwells in such melodies? Before the work begins in the morning, let the daughter's hand strike the keys, while all the family gather around her and sing. At evening have an hour of music. Sometimes drop the sewing and the studying, the planning and contriving, and brighten the busiest part of the day with an interlude of sweet song. It will be a tonic to the weary and a rest to the toilworn.

## THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT.

THE ruins of the Castle of St. Andrew's are within five minutes' walk from the churchyard. However a past generation may have neglected these ruins, it is certainly not so with the present. Everything has recently been done to keep them from falling to pieces; and they are now cared for as if they were flowers in a garden. Famous as they are, they are not the ruins of the castle in which Patrick Hamilton, Henry Forrest,

and George Wishart were confined before being led out for execution, and in which Cardinal Beaton was killed. This older castle was destroyed in 1546-47 by the French, while the present ruins are the remains of a castle built by Beaton's successor, Archbishop Hamilton. But modern as these ruins are, they doubtless give a correct idea of what the earlier one must have been, and in what frightful dungeons prisoners were confined in pre-Reformation times. The dungeon in the North Sea Tower is said to be eighteen feet in depth and sixteen in width at the base. It is entirely cut out of the freestone rock. The prisoners were let down, as if into a coalpit, by a windlass. As we looked down, the keeper lowered candles attached to a cord, and lighted up its dark recesses. They seemed a poor abode for rats, not to speak of men of whom the world was not worthy.

The Martyr's Monument is about five minutes' walk from the castle along the shore. It is a freestone obelisk, and is said to be forty-five feet in height. It was put up in 1643. The words of the inscription do not say much for the historical knowledge of the erectors of the monument, for the name Protestant was first heard of in the Diet of Spiers in 1529. And the name of Paul Craw, who suffered in 1433 at St. Andrew's, might have been included, as Patrick Hamilton has been, although a pre-Protestant martyr. The inscription on the east side is:—

"In memory of the martyrs, Patrick Hamilton, Henry Forrest, George Wishart, and Walter Mill, who in support of the Protestant faith, suffered death by fire at St. Andrew's, between the years 1528 and 1558. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

The inscription is repeated on the west side.—From "The Martyr Graves of Scotland."



## A MAN OF THE WORLD.

A SERMON

BY THE REV. LLEWELYN D. BEVAN, LL.B.

And Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field."—Gen. xxv. 27.

I PROPOSE to look at the life and character of one of two brothers Esau, the man of impulse, the man who was "a cunning hunter and a man of the field." Let me very briefly remind you of the history of the man, and then in a few words attempt a sketch of his character. In the first place, then, in the life of this man, we are told that there was

a struggle before the birth between the two brothers, Esau and Jacob. This, of course, was typical of the antagonism of life and character which would mark them. They were not in any way alike. Esau took after his mother, and Jacob after his father. The impulsiveness of the woman seems to be marked strongly in the son; she who was so ready to go into the wilderness, who would have no delay; she who, the instant she saw Isaac, "lighted off her camel" to meet him—all these little traits about Rebekah come out in Esau, whilst Jacob, the younger, was more like his father. And yet the mother's love was fixed on Jacob; Esau was his father's favourite. It is a thing which you find every day in almost every household, this favouritism on the part of parents towards their children. The evils of it are well taught in the Bible story. Foolish parents may study with advantage the families of Isaac and Jacob, and see the ill effect of regarding one child rather than another. And so the two grew up.

Esau became a bairy, ruddy man—a man who looked every inch a huntsman; he belonged to the open air; he loved manly sports, and delighted to chase the wild beasts of the wilderness. Jacob, on the other hand, was more quiet, more self-restrained; there was a good deal of the underhanded and scheming about him—a prudent, sharp dealer—a typical Jew who represented the mercantile spirit of the race. The other man, the elder, had more of the masculine about him; a grand man if he had only had the grace of God in his heart—a man of great physical strength, who might have been raised into a noble power, but who, as we shall see presently, went utterly to wreck and ruin—a faithful picture of many a young man who listens to me now. How many of you, I wonder, belong-

ing to places where numbers of men resort—colleges, shops, archouses, and so on—how many of you were interested in the boat-race yesterday! I do not know whether any of you went to see it, but considering the weather there must indeed have been a passion for boating in any who did go. There were many whose interest in it arose simply from a love of the sport, whilst there were many others who had "something on it." It is a poor thing to hear men talk of these athletic sports as a means of making money. Good-bye—good-bye to the worth of any game as soon as it is turned into gambling. If there are any of you who take a good, honest, manly interest in the courage, the discipline, the strength, the self-denial, the forbearance, which these men have to exercise to fit them

for their task, we can admire that—it has in it some of the character of Esau; the other is the character of Jacob. If there had been races in those days, depend upon it Esau would have been found pulling hard in the boat, and Jacob would have been *forza* betting on shore. One day the elder comes home, tired and worn out; his brother has made a pottage, a kind of savoury soup, and Esau asks him to give him some; but Jacob will not do that, he will only sell it to him. I have seen children develop that sort of disposition. There are some little ones who from the very earliest age were always buying and selling and making money even out of their toys. Some lads of this stamp are the money-lenders of the family; they are always getting pocket money at home or at school, and they are always lending it to their brothers and sisters or play-fellows, and getting a little interest on it. And this is a thing that cannot be too much discouraged. But to return to Esau. He comes home worn out, and asks Jacob



THE REV. LLEWELYN D. BEVAN, LL.B.

From a Photograph published by J. W. Allingham.

to give him of the pottage; but Jacob will only do so if he will sell him his birthright. Now a birthright in these early days meant a great deal. It did not mean only a possession, but the good use of the possession; and it was so sacred a thing that when it was once given there was no revocation of it, for you will remember the words of Isaac, "I have blessed him and he shall be blessed." But Esau is fainting, and wants to be satisfied, and he says, "You shall have my birthright, only give me something to eat"; and so the Bible strikingly says—and what meaning there is in those few words—"Then Jacob gave Esau pottage of lentiles, and he did eat and drink and rose up and went his way: thus Esau despised his birthright." For a mere present need and

present enjoyment he gives away and despises his right of birth. But the next event is a sad and painful one. Isaac feels that he is dying, or at least that death is drawing near, and like a wise man he wishes to set his house in order before he dies. I would have most of you who have got wives and families to remember that. Here was Isaac, an old man who lived many years after this, yet he makes his will. But he made his will wrongly. Under the Divine disposition it was a right one, but so far as he and Jacob and Rebekah were concerned it was wrong, and we see in it a warning to us not to put off that important duty of life until a time when we are unable to do it rightly, and so make a proper disposition of the things of this life which are under our control. Esau loses his father's blessing, and then comes the flight of Jacob. Esau remained at home, marrying amongst families altogether out of sympathy with his own. The daughters of Heth were a grief of mind to Rebekah; she was fairly wearied out with them. I suppose they were troublesome to her, as sometimes daughters-in-law are troublesome to mothers-in-law; and if we had the testimony of the daughters of Heth we should doubtless hear very much the same thing about Rebekah. But, still, there they were, altogether out of the way of life, and Esau was slowly separating himself from his father's gates to Mount Seir where the two brothers are reconciled, and then he turns to Mount Seir again, and for ever goes out into the darkness of oblivion, and we lose sight of him altogether. What became of him we know not; how he ended his life we know not. We see him strong, stalwart, impulsive, everything which we like about a man, and he occupies a large place in our hearts, and then passes away from us a striking and solemn lesson.

In the first place, he was a man of strong physical nature. He was a hairy man. You all know how common is the thought that a very hairy skin is associated with great physical strength. It was so in the case of Sampson with his abundance of hair. The energies of his nature expressed themselves in his love of the chase and athletic pursuits. He was a man of passion with little self-restraint. This is often associated with great activity of body, and some of the ancient legends bring that out markedly, showing us strong physical power linked with very much of passion in men led chiefly by the desires of the flesh and the lust of the eye. To have a healthy mind in a strong body is a high philosophy in life. But though a strong body is much to be desired, it is carefully to be guarded against and kept under, or it may very often lead to great wrong, as in the case of men like Sampson or David; because, although when we think of David we recall his great culture, his fine sympathetic nature, and his religiousness, we cannot forget that he had many of the moral weaknesses that are found in company with strong physical powers. Esau is hungry; he cannot endure that, and so parts with his birthright. He goes out into the desert and meets the daughters of the Hittites, and he cannot overcome the temptation, but is led astray by them into ties and entanglements which break up his relations at home. You see the emotional nature of the man burst forth when he loses his birthright. He exclaims—"Bless me, even me also, O my father," and he lifted up his voice and wept. That cunning hunter weeping like a babe! And we are constantly seeing that it is not those with the strongest physical natures who are the men of the greatest moral force. Some of those who have exerted the highest moral force in this world have not been physically strong. I do not know (and I cannot help referring to it again) anything more painful and humiliating than the orgies which are very often associated with the great efforts of the boatrace-day. You know the night of the boatrace is often very disgracefully spent by men who are intimately related to those athletic sports. Go out into the fields and enjoy those sports, but keep them pure; do not be tempted into licentiousness; do not let those strong bodies of yours become means whereby the devil may gain your souls and deceive you at last. He will tell you that you have plenty of physical strength, whilst all the time you are undermining and wasting it. Many societies which have met for the purpose of sport have been altogether destroyed because they have disobeyed moral laws, and retribution has come upon them, and the whole thing has been spoilt and the members themselves ruined.

Again, this man was a man of swift impulse. He is hungry—"Oh," says he, "I am dying; give me something to eat." "I will give you something to eat for your birthright," is the reply. "Very well," says Esau, "let us have it." And he satisfies his hunger, altogether unmindful of what is to become

of him. Then, again, he has been wronged by Jacob, and he instantly nurses revenge in his heart. "I will wait till my father dies, and then I will slay him." There was a recklessness about the man; he did not look round or pause to think; he never asked himself—Is this a part of a Divine purpose? Is there anything about which I should wait a moment and cautiously consider? No; he only sees he has been wronged and will avenge himself. There is something very affecting about these impulsive natures. We are constantly saying of so and so—"That's another mistake he has made, but he is so very impulsive." Men are willing to make allowance for people of impulse. But the man who is cautious, scheming, far-sighted, if he slips and falls there is no forgiveness for him. "No, no," we say, "that is not his manner of doing things—there must be something altogether wrong about him." No, men are often very kind to these people of impulse. Sometimes these impulsive men gain their ends with startling and complete effect. When Alexander the Great came to untie the Gordian knot, which had baffled so many, he simply took out his sword and cut it—"That," said he, "is the way I cut it." But the best work for the world is not the work of impulse. Men who have come in more sober fashion amongst their fellows and have gone slowly about their work have left not perhaps a greater and more splendid name, but have done greater and more splendid work. Impulse may achieve much, but after all it is not to be compared to that patient, quiet, plodding, far-seeing perseverance which sees its end and goes on to it day after day, week after week, and month after month, till the victory is gained. It is true every man has his peculiarities of nature, and yours may be a nature of impulse. But you must watch it narrowly and guard it on every hand, lest your impulse should be your destruction.

Then, again, he was a man reckless of consequences. The present, the immediate, arrests him. He was, as I have said, more like his mother in nature; and yet, strange to say, his father loves him whilst his mother bestows her affection on Jacob. There is a want of keen perceptive power about men of Esau's type; they do not think of what is to come; they do not seem to see the right and wrong of things, and that is the reason perhaps why we do not judge them very harshly. In other cases it is a want of moral culture. The man has never trained himself, and has never calmly sat down before each new possibility and asked himself—"What will this lead to—what will be the outcome of it—what is the moral worth of it?" Such men may become truly great in a certain sense—they may become Gideons in some emergency, but after all there is no purpose in their lives; they are tossed about like a barque without a helm, and their end will be utter shipwreck, and not a gallant entrance into the haven.

And then, lastly, the man does not seem to have any sense of spiritual things. You know there are two ways in which we look at men—as they are natural and as they are spiritual. There are men for whom we have a very high regard simply on the natural platform of things; men whom you cannot help admiring and loving, and Esau was one of them. There was very much about Esau altogether nobler in character than in Jacob; he was a more generous man—a man who was more forgetful of self; yet you cannot help seeing that Jacob has a sense of spiritual things. There is something in him indescribable and undefinable which you do not find in Esau. I have sometimes known a man with fine physical gifts, and a warm and generous nature, and yet his whole course has been downwards, till at last it has ended in ruin; and I have known another man who, put by his side, was not to be compared with him; he was never at the head of the school, never made friends like the others, and was one whom nobody liked, but strange to say, at last he grows up, and you find him, by some mysterious process, toned and moulded and beautified and ready to be gathered into the garner of God. The one man is the Esau going down and the other is the Jacob going up—a Divine culture in one and not in the other. Very frequently that will explain the difference which you have, no doubt often found between religious young men and other young men. Religious young men in society are frequently not very popular. Ah! but you forget what they would have been but for the religion in them. There are some things about Saul that are magnificent and splendid in character, and some day I hope to bring the whole life of that man before you. There was much about David that there was not about Saul; David was a great deal more bloody and cruel, more relentless in his purposes, which were sometimes carried to disastrous results; but there was in David that which there was not in Saul—a Divine spirit purifying

and cleansing and sanctifying him. The natural man may be admirable, splendid, lovely—but we must look at the end, and when God sets these men before you He sets the whole of their life before you from the beginning to the end. That seems to me to be the striking difference between Esau and Jacob.

Some of you like to hear people praise you for your physical gifts; for your long reach, for your good stroke, for your capital mark, and for various signs of a strong physical nature. And that is certainly a very fine thing. I like to see a straight and well-built supple figure. But, mark you, all that will get itself. A very few years indeed and your youth will be behind you, and you will have to mourn that it has passed away from you; for it is with sorrow and regret that we pass away from these times. There is a kind of satire about, a kind of irony in this growing older. But there is a spirit which will never grow older: there is a life which will only grow more steadily, stronger, swifter, and more perfect every day. You may go on and develop only the lower nature, and you will die an animal—a splendid brute. You may go on and develop the spiritual nature, and you will die—die did I say? No, you will live a glorified spirit, a redeemed man, the noblest being short of God—a sanctified, glorified son of human kind. There is a choice for you! The old Greek Legend put before Hercules these two things—virtue and vice. I do not put before you virtue and vice. I scorn to offer you that; but I put before you the growth that is only upon the natural platform, and the progress that is upon the spiritual platform. (Choose ye, my brethren—men and women, for it is for all of you—choose ye to-night which shall be your history, the history of Esau, or the history of Israel, the Prince of God!

## GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

**MAY 6. Morning. CHRIST'S LAST PASSOVER.** Matt. xxvi. 17—30. The feast of unleavened bread lasted for seven days, and was first instituted in Egypt in connection with that of the Passover (Ex. xii. 15). The first day of the feast was the 14th of the month, Tisi or Nisan, when all leaven, a type of evil, was put out of the houses. On this day our Lord's disciples came to Him with the question, ver. 17, for the Passover began on the next day. Its preparation consisted in slaying the paschal lamb, presenting it in the temple, and then roasting it whole, its blood having been taken by the priest and sprinkled on the altar, instead of the doorposts as at the first. Jesus sent them to some friend of His; but what meant He by the expression, "My time is at hand?"

Some have supposed that He anticipated the day, others rather that He meant the time of His sufferings. They went and found the room ready, and they placed upon the table, the lamb, unleavened bread, and wine (ver. 18, 19). He reclined at the table, and as they were eating He foretold the betrayal by one of them. "Lord, is it I?" said one, and another, and yet another, in deep sorrow; and according to John xiii. 23, Peter beckoned to the beloved disciple who was next to Jesus to ask Him, as in a whisper. The answer was given by a sign (Matt. xxvi. 23, 24). Judas said with daring effrontery, "Master, is it I?" He knew that it was, and he left the room bent on his dreadful work. The *sup* (ver. 23) was the *chavosth*, a kind of sauce made of dates, figs, and bitter herbs, etc. Jesus then gave them the bread as the symbol of His body; and after supper, the cup, or the wine as the symbol of His blood, thus turning the Jewish into the Christian Passover, and instituting that feast which is observed to this day. In the expression, *This is my body*, etc., the Church of Rome finds the doctrine of transubstantiation; but it bears no such meaning, and the doctrine was never heard of until centuries after Christ's death. From ver. 29, we learn that there will be a new celebration of this feast in the Kingdom of Heaven (Rev. iii. 20; xix. 9). The hymn they sang (ver. 30) was part of the great Hallel (Ps. cxv.—cxviii.), which is full of praise and joy, and after it they went to Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Learn I Cor. xi. 23, 24.

**Afternoon. THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA.** 2 Kings vii. 3—20. Learn Luke xviii. 27. Samaria was besieged by Benhadad, in consequence of which there was a dreadful famine (ch. vi. 23). Elisha foretold to the king that the next

day there should be such an abundance of food that a seah or peck of fine flour, should be sold in the market for a shekel, or about two shillings and fourpence, etc. An aide-de-camp of the king said it was incredible. On windows in heaven see Gen. vii. 11. How was it brought about? Four poor lepers, shut out from their fellow-men (Lev. xiii. 45, Num. v. 3), sat, perhaps in a house erected for the purpose (ch. xv. 5), at the gate of the city. On the point of starvation, they resolved to go in the evening twilight into the Syrian camp, and on reaching it they found no man there (ver. 3—5). What had become of the army? The Lord had scattered them. They had been seized with a panic and had fled, leaving behind them all their property (ver. 6, 7). What the noise was, or how it was observed we are not told; but probably it was an extraordinary or miraculous roll of thunder. The lepers satisfied their own hunger, and then, as their consciences dictated, went back and told the news to the watchmen at the city gate, who reported the fact in the king's palace (ver. 9—11). The king thought the Syrians intended it for a ruse to deceive them, and draw them out of the city; but he sent to see, and the messengers returned with the tidings that it was true (ver. 12, 13). Thus Elisha's prophecy was fulfilled. But the man who doubted his word was trod upon at the city gate, and died, as a punishment for his unbelief (ver. 16, 17). With God all things are possible. The meaning of ver. 13 is that there were five horses, or horsemen, in Samaria, and if they were sent and were killed, they would only share the fate of the people generally. Two pairs of them were sent with chariots and men.

**May 13. Morning. JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.** Matt. xxvi. 31—46. Gethsemane means *the oil press*, for there was a press, and probably a house near. It was a garden at the foot of the Mount of Olives, though now only a few old trees remain there. Eight of Christ's disciples were left at the entrance. Peter, James, and John, who had seen Him on the Mount of Transfiguration, were to be the only witnesses of the agony of His soul. What was that agony? It was a deep and overwhelming pressure of His soul (ver. 37, 38). It was anguish unto death. How was it occasioned? A bitter cup was put into His hands, for now already He was bearing the weight of the world's transgression, see Luke xxii. 31—46, who speaks of the bloody sweat which, in consequence of His grief, oozed through the pores of His skin. Hence He prayed that the cup might pass from Him, but in perfect submission to His Father's will. (Ver. 39, 42—44). His three disciples slept, and that after He came and awoke them. For it was the hour and power of darkness, and wicked spirits were near to do their worst. The third time He spoke with a sacred irony, "Sleep on now," &c.; that is, "if you can, for the hour of decision is come" (ver. 40, 43, 49). Learn ver. 42. The lesson is that of entire submission to the will of God. No one ever did, or would bear what our Saviour bore, yet His prayer was—*Thy will be done.*

**Afternoon. JEHU THE KING.** 2 Kings x. 18—30. Jehu pretended that he was about to serve Baal, the God which Ahab had worshipped. He proclaimed a festal meeting, and the priests, clad in their sacred vestments taken out of the wardrobe of the temple, filled the place mouth to mouth, that is, to its utmost limit (ver. 18—22). But he did it in subtlety, for he intended to slay them. This was right in itself; but his motives were selfish (see ver. 29, 30). He took care that none were in the temple but the priests of Baal, and then he appointed eighty men to watch, and to let none of them escape (ver. 24). When the sacrificing priest (not Jehu) had presented the burnt-offering, the command was given to the guard and captain to slay them all, and they smote the city—that is, the new temple-house of Baal, and burnt the images or columns which were probably made of wood. They then destroyed the whole temple itself, and made it into sinks, as a mark of insult (ver. 25—29). Jehu was commended for his zeal in this matter, but he was right in other respects, and to serve God by halves is never sufficient. God requires an undivided heart. Rom. x. 2 expresses Jehu's character.

**May 20. Morning. THE BETRAYAL AND ARREST.** Matt. xxvi. 47—58. Judas, the traitor, came. According to John (xviii. 3) the people who came with him had lanterns, and torches, and weapons. It was moonlight, being the time of the Passover, but they thought, perhaps, that Jesus would be hid among the trees. Judas knew the spot, and to make sure of his victim, brought with him a Roman guard from the castle of Antonia, consisting of 500 men (John xviii. 2, 3), and

In addition to these was the Temple watch (Luke xxii. 52), and besides priests and elders. He gave them a sign, but the kiss was a sign of homage and affection, hence our Lord's question (Luke xxii. 48). Of all signs this was the most hypocritical and false. But Judas thought perhaps that in some miraculous way Jesus might elude them, and hence he said—*Hold Him fast* (ver. 48). The words of our Lord in ver. 50 were an appeal to the conscience, but some understand them as an exclamation, meaning *do what thou wilt*. Peter (John xviii. 10) now drew his sword, and cut off, or nearly so, the right ear of Malchus, the servant of the High Priest. Jesus rebuked him, and, according to Luke, healed the man by a touch. The words of ver. 52 express a universal principle. All that *take* the sword in the spirit of revenge shall perish by the sword. Jesus needed not that His servants should fight. If He required help, twelve legions were at His command (ver. 53). A legion was about 6,000. How numerous must the angels be! The number twelve had reference perhaps to Himself and the eleven disciples. But He must suffer all, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, such as Ps. xxii., Isaiah liii., Dan. ix. 26, Zech. xiii. 7. Jesus now appealed to the multitudes (ver. 53, 56), but not until He had been bound, for He would not indicate that He was unwilling to be taken. He was often in the fore-court of the Temple, yet they did not then lay hold on him. Why? Jesus, not Matthew, replies, "that the Scripture might be fulfilled" (ver. 56), for these words were doubtless *His* (of Mark iv. 49). This last word settled the matter, and the courage of the eleven failed them, and they fled (ver. 56). Peter, however, as they led Jesus to Caiaphas, followed the multitude, but afar off—the first step towards his fall (ver. 57, 58). Ps. xli. 9 is the text for repetition. It was prophetic of the traitor's deed.

*Afternoon.* JONAH AT NINEVEH. (Jonah iii.) Nineveh was the capital of the Assyrian Empire, and an exceeding great city, or lit. "a great city to God." Its remains have been discovered in our times hidden under vast mounds of rubbish. It stood on the banks of the Tigris, and is said to have been 150 stadia, or furlongs, in diameter, and 480 in circumference. By winding about from street to street it occupied Jonah three days to go from one end of it to the other (ver. 3). He began to preach as soon as he entered the city, and he cried, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." The king heard of him, and probably sent for him to the palace, which was a magnificent building, with large stone figures at the entrance, representing human-headed bulls and lions. The monarch now on the throne was, in all probability, Pul, who was at one time the enemy of Menahem, king of Israel, B.C. 770 (2 Kings xv. 19). Others, however, think that the king was Adrammelech II., B.C. 840. He believed Jonah's message, and proclaimed a fast. The kings of Nineveh wore very splendid robes; these were now laid aside, and he and his people covered themselves with sackcloth and sat in ashes, indicative of their humility, penitence, and grief. Even the beasts—oxen, sheep, and goats—were covered with mourning cloths and kept from food, that their cry also might go up to heaven, and that God's anger might be appeased. The people also turned away from their sins, for they said, "Who can tell if God will return and repent?" etc. And He DID repent—that is, He changed His mind when the people changed; but the punishment was only deferred, for Nineveh returned to its former sins, and when, as Nahab predicted, the cup of its iniquities was full, it was swept away 200 years after the preaching of Jonah. The golden text is Matt. xii. 41—and a very solemn one it is. The greater our privileges, the greater are our obligations.

May 27. *Morning.* JESUS ACCUSED AND DENIED. (Matt. xxvi. 59—75.) According to John xviii. 13—28, Jesus was first led before Annas, who had been high priest, but was deposed by the Roman Governor. Annas sent him to Caiaphas, who occupied apartments in the same palace. Peter, after leaving the garden, followed afar off, ashamed to be seen near, yet anxious to know the end. Another step to his fall (ver. 58). The whole Sanhedrim were present, and now false witnesses were sought to prove Him worthy of death. Two came with the assertion of ver. 61; but this was a false representation of what He had said (see John ii. 19). Such evidence was insufficient, and Jesus was silent to it all, nor would He defend Himself. Caiaphas was troubled, and now put to Him a question in the form of an oath (ver. 63). He asked, "Art Thou the Messiah?" and further, "Art Thou the Son of God?" meaning the Son of God in the highest sense of the phrase. Jesus, being adjured, now replies (ver. 65), "Thou

hast said," or "I am," adding with great majesty the prediction of His second coming (Dan. vii. 13). It was enough. "He hath spoken blasphemy," said Caiaphas (ver. 65). In what did they say His blasphemy consisted? In claiming to be Divine (see John xix. 7). He was then condemned to die, and at once insulted in the most shameful manner (ver. 67, 68). Peter was there, and first a damsel came to Him, and then followed His first denial (ver. 69). Next another maid saw Him, and his second denial of His Lord followed (ver. 71, 72). After awhile He was accosted by others, who, on the ground of His Galilean dialect, charged Him with being one of Christ's disciples, and a third time He denied it. According to Luke xxi. 61, Jesus, who was near enough to see him, cast a look at Peter, and hearing the cock crow, he remembered the warning his Lord had given him, and he went out, perhaps to the garden, and wept bitterly. Well he might, for his sin was great, and but for those penitential tears and God's great mercy, would have been followed with consequences almost as sad as those which befell Judas. Heb. xii. 3 gives us a practical lesson.

*Evening.* THE DEATH OF ELISHA. (2 Kings xiii. 10—25). Joash was now king of Israel; and he came to Elisha, who was sick unto death, and mourned over him, just as he had mourned over Elijah (chapter ii. 12). By a symbolic action, the prophet taught him that he might yet be saved from the Syrians. He was to take bow and arrows, and to put his hand upon the bow, and the prophet then put his hand upon the king's, to indicate that the power was to come from God. The shooting of the arrows to the earth was intended to symbolise the overthrow of the Syrians. Hence each arrow was called, "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance." The king shot thrice, and then gave over (verse 18). Elisha was angry at this, and told him that he should have gone on shooting, and then he would have gained a complete victory. But Joash wanted zeal, or faith in the Divine promise, and thus failed. Elisha died at the age of eighty, having occupied the prophetic office fifty years. They buried him, according to Josephus, with a splendid funeral, just as a marauding party of Moabites entered the land at the coming of their yearly return (ver. 28). The Israelites were about to bury a dead man, and seeing these marauders, hastily threw him into Elisha's open grave. Instantly that the dead man touched the bones of the prophet, he came to life again, a miracle which some think was intended as a seal of the Divine declaration given through the dying prophet concerning the victory over the Syrians; but was also intended to increase the reverence of the Israelites for the memory of the prophet. The Jews did not bury in coffins, but only in graveclothes (see John xi. 44). Verses 22—25 refer to the death of Hazael, king of Syria, and to the conquests gained by Jehoash over his son, Ben-hadad. Psalm cxii. 6 declares how the righteous are had in everlasting remembrance. Such men as Elisha are never forgotten.

## A REVIVAL MEETING.

REVIVAL Meetings, so called, have now almost become fashionable, and we sometimes fear they are wanting in that plain, straightforward thoroughness which our fathers were wont to inculcate. We were much interested the other day in reading a manuscript letter, dated March 18, 1837, from the revered Joseph Harbottle, of Acerrington, to his church, on the occasion of their holding revival services during his absence, enforced by illness. It is full of Christian zeal and common-sense, and we have much pleasure in reproducing it almost *verbatim*—

"I have for some time entertained the opinion that when a church of Christ is in a proper state to enjoy revival, and seeks it by proper means, nothing can hinder that church from receiving the blessing. But, brethren, it will be in vain for you to seek your increase in numbers unless you first seek increase of the power and life of godliness in your own souls. Revival of your own graces is the way towards the revival and increase of the church. If every one of you begin in earnest to seek a large portion of the spirit of Christ, and to manifest the same in your whole deportment, then you will soon behold a glorious spring-time—the wilderness shall blossom as the rose. Sometimes one may have seen a professor of religion, regular in attendance on public worship, moral and orderly in conduct, advanced far in knowledge of religious doctrines, but withal worldly in his disposition, trifling and light in his conversation, strong in his temper, haughty in his spirit, selfish in his deportment, censorious in

## SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1 Saved to the ut - ter - most : I am the Lord's, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, sal - va - tion af - ford,  
 2 Saved to the ut - ter - most : Je - sus is near, Keep - ing me safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear,

CHORUS.

Gives me His Spi - rit a wit - ness within, Whis - per - ing of pardon, and sav - ing from sin. Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter - most,  
 Trusting His prom - i - ses, how I am blest, Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.

Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine, Saved, saved, I'm saved to the ut - ter - most, Je - sus, the Sa - viour, is mine

3 Saved to the uttermost : this I can say,  
 "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"  
 Beautiful visions of glory I see,  
 Jesus in brightness revealed unto me.

4 Saved to the uttermost : cheerfully sing  
 Loud halleluias to Jesus, my King,  
 Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by His blood,  
 Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.

his remarks on others, and far, very far from the humility, meekness, seriousness, and disinterested benevolence, so remarkably shown in the example of Christ. Such professors may keep their place in the church, because there is no flagrant crime, but they only keep their place as the seed which fell among the thorns. And when does God employ such in the conversion of sinners or the enlargement of His church? Seldom, if ever. In proportion as you manifest the spirit and follow the example of Christ, the Lord will make you the means of winning souls to Him. The public preaching of the Word is the ordinary means of conversion, I admit, but the Word of God is equally as effectual in many instances when conveyed to the soul by other means. We lately had at one church meeting seven or eight persons to make profession. Not one of them, I think, was first awakened by preaching, though one or two of them were by attending on baptisms, and most of the rest by attending prayer-meetings, and by the conversation and conduct of others. The instrument of conversion is the Word of truth, but God sends the arrow of conviction by various means. Let every disciple of the Lord Jesus feel a holy and zealous concern to turn some to righteousness.

"And now, fathers and mothers of Israel, aged disciples who must soon quit this scene of action, your age entitles you to the respectful epithet of 'fathers and mothers,' but can you look on any around you as your children in the faith? Have you been the means of turning any sinners to the Lord, or of leading any disconsolate inquirers to the consolation of Israel? The night of death is at hand; and is there nothing that you may effect through God's blessing to glorify Christ before you go hence to be seen on earth no more? Think of Moses and Joshua, who after long lives of active service for God and His cause, could not be content to die without exerting the last energies of decaying nature to His glory.

"And you, my Christian brethren and sisters, that are in the prime of life or in youthful vigour, suffer the word of exhortation. Some of you have rising families; and, oh! remember the importance of such a charge. Are you training your offspring for God or for the world? Do they learn from your instructions and your example to regard an interest in Christ as the one thing needful, or do they learn to despise religion by the lukewarm and heartless profession of their parents? If you are free from the charge of families, you have more time and opportunity to serve the Lord and advance

His cause in other ways. It is high time to awake out of sleep, and if you believe that there is an eternal heaven: an eternal hell, and that redemption in Christ is the only way to God and glory, it is time to live as men fast hastening to the tribunal of the Lord. Let not your hands be slack, let your courage fail; for God can make the feeblest man productive of the greatest everlasting advantages. One reason why so few are converted is no doubt this, that we are much afraid of being accounted fools for Christ's sake. There is too little of what the apostle calls the foolishness of preaching, and this fault is the blame of churches as well as of those that preach the Word. I trust that you, as a people, are otherwise minded, and that you love the plain and affectionate exhibition of Christ.

"Let me exhort you all as a church to be united in stronger mutual affection. Look with pity and concern on the sect perishing around you. Humble yourselves before the Lord, and call earnestly upon Him. Avoid praying for prayers sake at all your meetings. Let your words utter the wishes of your souls, but remember that you must have such wishes to utter them is mere hypocrisy. Aim at the right object: aim directly at it—the glory of God in the good of His Church. Rely on His promise and His power; and though you may not cover many imperfections, and God discovers more, yet He will not despise the prayer of the contrite and sincere heart. You will see the work of His grace manifested around you, and you shall admire and adore. To me it appears useless to lament over want of success, unless Christians are alive to the cause and using the means. And if any of you see the need of zeal and activity in the church, do not spend your time lamenting or finding fault, for this only increases the evil: think to remedy it by speaking of it to others, though it may be needful in part. But let everyone that feels grieved for the desolation of Zion humble himself greatly for his share of the guilt, and begin to show all possible love and zeal and ardent concern for revival and for the conversion of souls, and the feeling thus brought into action will do more than a thousand exhortations or lamentations.

"At your meeting on Monday night it is likely many converted persons may be present, and what shall I say of them? Alas! the day will come when every impenitent sinner shall see his condition in a true light; but if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? Aged sinners! the hope of mercy still linger

but the time is short. You have much to answer for already, and the door of hope is just closing; and if once that door be shut your cries for mercy will be disregarded. Every Gospel sermon that you have heard will soon rise up in judgment against you, and you will find yourselves undone without hope of remedy. Why slumber on in the dreams of sin? Arise and call upon God that you perish not. Every sinner shall be awakened before long—for ever awakened; but how dreadful will it be to awake up in hell! If you ever wish to be saved, begin to cry for mercy with the earnestness of dying men. And you that yet are young, let me most affectionately admonish you to seek the Lord earnestly. Till you are pardoned and saved in Christ you will never taste of true happiness. The joys of sin and delights of the world are miserable things at best, and bitter is the remembrance of days and years spent in folly. Do you resolve to forsake the ways of sin? Alas! Your best resolutions will fail unless God give you a new heart. Never cease to implore His Holy Spirit, shun the company of the ungodly, read the Bible, commit your souls into the care of Jesus, and look for salvation by Him."

## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

MR. STANLEY'S African discoveries will stamp him as one of the most successful, if one of the most daring, of modern explorers. The "Alexandra Nile" (such being the name given by Mr. Stanley to the Kagera), which falls into the Lake Victoria, and which Speke and Grant crossed, but attributed little importance to, has been traced 310 miles, and it is supposed that its entire length will be found to be over 600 miles. He has also traced to its source a river hitherto unknown—the Shimyu—the length of which, from the Lake Victoria to its watershed, is 290 miles.

The presence of Mr. Gladstone, and his contribution to the "Pulpit and Pew" debate at the City Temple conference, has been freely commented upon by the press, and has led to much inquiry on the subject. The cry that "the Church is in danger" is an old one, and is about as reasonable as that which we might suppose to have issued from the lips of Cuzah in the ancient days, when the oxen shook the ark of God—"The Ark is in danger!" The Church will be preserved by One to whom it is neither Anglican nor Roman, Presbyterian nor Methodist, Congregational nor Baptist. Besides, there is too much vigour manifest to indicate decay or dissolution. There may be a battle for forms, but the life of the Church is immortal, and cannot die. A healthy sign is afforded by the interest shown by what is nowadays called "the lay element." There were never so many lay workers, whether as preachers or visitors, missionaries or deaconesses; and when we see the best talent of the legislature, the law, and commerce, exercised in earnest work for the Kingdom "which is not of this world," we cannot fairly conclude that the Church is in danger.

"The Religious Difficulties of the Day" was the subject of Dean Stanley's valedictory address to the students of St. Andrew's University, of which he was Lord Rector. The dean beheld nothing to fear in the conflicts of the present day, and deemed them only "a passing malady." His belief in the progressive tendency of religion is sufficient to satisfy him as to its future. More recently, the dean has been lecturing at Darlington, on "Our Common Christianity," and he is announced to deliver an address at the Festival of the Children's Home (the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson's) Bonner-road, thus further evincing that catholicity of spirit which to him is the ruling principle of his life.

It is stated that Her Majesty the Queen will be one of the exhibitors at the Caxton Exhibition, to be held in June. At a meeting held in the Mansion House the sum of £700 was raised towards the expenses.

A deputation from the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, comprising several M. P.'s and other gentlemen, recently waited upon the Chinese Ministers in London. An address was presented by Lord Shaftesbury, who introduced the deputation, expressing a hope that means might be discovered whereby Great Britain and China could unite in a mutual effort for the suppression of the traffic. His Excellency Kuo (chief Minister of the Imperial Court) thanked the deputation, and while he promised to bring the matter under the notice of the Chinese Government, said that they sincerely believed that the opium trade had injured the condition of the Chinese people, and they were anxious to stop the traffic; but they were certain that it could not be

done without the co-operation of other Governments besides that of Great Britain.

The Alexandra Palace has been leased for twenty-one years to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, and it will be reopened the first week in May. The whole of the interior will undergo considerable change, and the new proprietors have determined that the entertainments shall be of a high-class character.

The Pope is seriously indisposed. He has lost the use of his legs, and grave doubts are expressed as to his recovery. Meanwhile rumour is busy forecasting the name of his successor. Cardinal Manning is spoken of amongst others, both by the British and a portion of the Continental press; but it is considered by others that the large number of Italian cardinals who are presumed to be looking seriously towards the Papal Chair will reduce his chance of success. Efforts are to be made for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, and large sums of money are said to be promised for the enrichment of the Holy See and sovereignty. The movement receives popular support from the Irish Catholics.

The *Liverpool Mercury* says that the White House at Washington will scarcely know itself again. General Grant scarcely ever had a cigar out of his mouth, but Mr. Hayes never smokes at all. Moreover he is a staunch teetotaler. He has great nerve and immense calmness of temper, so that throughout the whole of the late exciting time he never showed either elation or depression.

Mr. Frederic Douglass, whose freedom from slavery was purchased by English people several years prior to the general emancipation of slaves in the United States, and who is as well-known in this country as in America for his powerful oratory in behalf of his enslaved brethren, has received from President Hayes the appointment of Marshal of the District of Columbia.

A work is being done in St. Giles's, which is deserving of notice. Mr. George Hatton and his friends have opened a home for reformed thieves, in Earl-street, Seven Dials, in connection with which is a *Theves' Honest Labour Society*. The labour afforded so far is that of wood-chopping and knife-grinding, but efforts will doubtless be made to secure situations for those who are capable of more skilled employment. At the opening meeting of the Home, nine men were received who sketched their sad experiences of criminal life, and all of whom were believed to be truly sincere in their professed change of heart and life.

A large gathering of the friends of Wesleyan education met at Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening, April 10. It was the twenty-third annual meeting, and was characterised by much enthusiasm. A well-trained choir of 600 voices—consisting of students from Westminster and Southland Colleges, day and Sunday scholars, as well as the children from the Rev. T. B. Stephenson's "Home," discoursed excellent music; and the speeches of the chairman (Mr. Alderman Mitchell, of Bradford), the Revs. T. B. Stephenson, J. E. Clapham, and J. Walton, were thoroughly practical without attaining to any high flights of oratory. The subjects severally dwelt with were "The Children's Home," "The Sunday-school Union," and "Day School Education;" and from the addresses, as well as the exhaustive report of the Rev. G. O. Bate, it appeared that in each of these departments there was no lack of vigour nor any meagreness as to the results.

After all that has been said and done, there are ominous signs in the East, and with a strange perversity, the Turkish Government seems bent upon a policy which it will probably be left to carry out single-handed, and which will as probably end in utter confusion. With an overwhelming force against it on the part of Russia, and the abandonment and withdrawal of sympathy on the part of former allies, the almost inevitable conclusion of the matter will be disastrous in the extreme. Thomas Carlyle's idea of extermination thus seems nearer its fulfilment than was thought of when, some months ago, he advocated it in the columns of the *Daily News*.

The Advertising Art Agency (whose advertisement appears in the present number) is issuing a most elegant and artistic rendering of the twenty-third Psalm. The psalm itself is very tastefully illuminated, and is surrounded with a border of flowers executed in the best style of chromo-lithography. The whole is printed on a superfine stout card (25in. by 19in.) for framing, and we can unhesitatingly say that it is honestly worth double the money asked for it.

They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he is not

kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.—*Bacon.*

**COLD WEATHER.**—The best way to make up winter clothes quickly and well is to use Whight and Mann's Prima Donna Lock-stitch Hand Sewing Machine, obtainable at 12, Holborn Bars, London. See particulars on back page of this paper.

Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating's Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals.—Sold in tins 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and all Chemists (free by post for 14 and 33 stamps).

**POND'S EXTRACT** of Hamamelis, for Painful Inflammations and Swellings of the Flesh and Veins, or for Hemorrhage from any organ, is renowned as the most healing lotion in the world, and is sold by all Chemists.

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**SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS**

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BOTH FREE BY POST FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

Teachers can easily teach them; Children can both learn and teach them; Parents can use them at home; and Ministers without study can examine upon them, and the Lord does bless them.

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AT WHOLESALE PRICES,

Saving from 30 to 60 per cent. Elegant Walnut and Rosewood Pianofortes,

Full compass, from 19½ guineas.

Oak, Mahogany, American Walnut Harmoniums,

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SOLE AGENTS (United Kingdom), for

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For Cottage, Parlour, or Church (7 Prize Medals)

These Instruments are manufactured from the best Materials, contain all improvements, and are WARRANTED SEVEN YEARS.

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**IMPORTANT TO ALL.**

As a **HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, COOLING,** and **INVIGORATING BEVERAGE,** or as a **GENTLE LAXATIVE** and **TONIC** in the **VARIOUS FORMS** of **INDIGESTION,** use

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT**

(PREPARED FROM SOUND RIPE FRUIT).

It is the best preventive and cure for all Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temperature, arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Itchy Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, or Feversish Colds, Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Sea Sickness, Thirst, etc., and to remove the Effects of Excess of Eating and Drinking; also Gouty or Rheumatic Poisons from the Blood, the neglect of which often results in Apoplexy, Heart Disease, and Sudden Death.

Notwithstanding its medicinal value, the **FRUIT SALT** must be looked upon as essentially a refreshing and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda water, etc., etc., only it is much cheaper and **BETTER IN EVERY SENSE OF THE TERM, TO AN UNLIMITED EXTENT** being a genuine product of nature, it is a true or natural way of restoring or preserving health.

On that account it is impossible to overstate its value, and if its great value in keeping the system in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

To **EUROPEANS** who propose visiting or residing in **HOT CLIMATES,** I consider the **FRUIT SALT** to be an indispensable necessity, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter the result of eating to nearly the same extent, and of too rich food, as they do in the colder climates, while so much heat-making food is not required in the warmer climate. By keeping the system clear, the **Fruit Salt** takes away the groundwork of malarious diseases, and all liver complaints, and neutralises poisonous matter. From a large number of Testimonials we select the following:

A gentleman states: "In cases of bilious headaches, followed by severe attacks of fever, **Fruit Salt** has acted like a charm, when all other treatment failed. The day is not distant when neglect of its use in all fevers and diseases resulting from poisoned blood will be considered criminal." See "The Stomach and its Trials" (Tenth Edition), for fourteen stamps post free. **J. C. ENO, Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

A lady writes: "Everything, medicine or food, ceased to act properly for at least three months before I commenced taking it; the little fool I could take generally punished me or rather my life was one of great suffering, so that I must have succumbed before long. To my great family it has been a great earthly blessing. I feel I cannot say too much for it. The benefit it does is to my best to make the **Fruit Salt** known to other sufferers. I am getting better and expect to totally recover, after spending hundreds of pounds, and travelling about for 12 months."

**Messrs. Gibson and Son, Chemists, of Hexham,** say: "Since we introduced your **Fruit Salt** Hexham a few months ago, we have sold upwards of 1,000 bottles, and it gives general satisfaction as customers who get it almost always recommend it to their friends. We have had numerous instances of its great efficacy in the cure of bilious headaches, indigestion, or other complaints, etc."

A gentleman called in yesterday. He is a constant sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia, and taken all sorts of Mineral Waters. I recommended him to give your **Salt** a trial, which he did, and received great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he took your **Salt**, and for the future shall never be without it in the house.

Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

**KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.**

**THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE**

Purify the Blood. Cleanse the system. Go to the root of disease, and restore health. Established 37 years. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

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Our Chimney Tops Never Fail to Cure the Most Inevitable Chimneys. We fix them anywhere. "No Cure No Pay," or send them to all parts on trial or approval.—**EATON and CO, 128, Steel House-lane, Birmingham.**

**FREE.**—The Believer's Present Death and Resurrection with Christ.—This Tract will be sent without cost to any true and thoughtful believer.—Address, "B. P. D.," 39, Clarendon-square, Leamington.

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WITH ITS  
**AUTOMATIC TENSION**  
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TRADE MARK.

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The basis on which they propose to work is as follows:—

Any work of art that can be produced by printing (especially chromo-printing) can be turned out in large numbers at a fractional part of the cost per copy, incurred in producing the small editions generally published.

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WITH THIS OBJECT, as well as to ascertain which newspaper forms the best advertising medium, the Coupon system will be adopted, and the time limit strictly adhered to.

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The picture is intended for framing, but from its extremely low price, it is expected that it will also be largely used for school-room decorations.

It is published at 2s. 6d. per copy; the trade price is 1s. per dozen (thirteen as twelve), but to anyone producing the ticket annexed before the 21st of May, single copies will be supplied at a price, viz., 1s. 3d. each, or sent post free for 1s. 5d., on card 24 by 17 inches. (The full size will not pass through the post.)

A precisely similar work was published last year at 3s., and has sold remarkably well without advertising.

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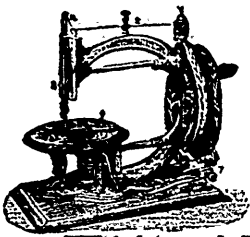
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