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QUESTIONS CONCERNING PERFECT LOVE.—No. 4.

“ IS ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION A GRADUAL OR AN INSTANTANEOUS WORK ? ”

THIS is one of the most important questions ordinarily put in connection with this subject. It has been the occasion of most of the controversies which have existed within the pale of Methodism, with reference to this doctrine and experience.

That there is a gradual work of sanctification in the soul of the true Christian, is a fact evident to every thoughtful mind. For as entire sanctification is the complete ascendancy of the religious principle over the heart and character of man, then every movement of the soul away from sin, every welcome given by the heart to God's claims, is a contribution towards that result. So then awakening, conviction, repentance, pardon, good works after the new birth, are all steps towards that blessed consummation. But while all those whose opinions are worthy of notice agree as to the reality of a gradual work, some will have it, that the gradual is the only work ; and others, of whom we are one, believe that a gradual work prepares for the instantaneous, but is so far from making the instantaneous unnecessary, that one of its main uses is to develop in the soul such a “ hunger and thirst after righteousness ” as alone prepares it to be “ filled ”—so filled as to be entirely sanctified.

By the phrase “ entire sanctification,” we mean that state of the soul in which there is no consciousness of sinful motive governing the will, even for a moment ; in which there is, on the other hand, a definite consciousness of being moved by the love of God, and gov-

erned by the will of God in every act, in every word, in every intention. Looking at the sinner in the position of a diseased person, it is complete convalescence, issuing rapidly in perfect moral health. Looking at the Christian in the familiar guise of a warrior, it is that decisive and complete victory enjoyed when the principal fortress of the enemy is taken, and every foe expelled from the citadel, though the sentinels must still keep sleepless watch, and the "Sword of the Spirit" must not be allowed to rust in the scabbard, while the enemy still encamps outside the city of Mansoul. Let it be remembered, however, that no single analogy however apt, is a perfect instrument for the conveyance of spiritual truth to the human mind, for although there are points in which the resemblance between the visible and the spiritual is complete, there are other points in which the attempt to run the parallel will fail. Even the Parables of the greatest of Teachers are not to be extended further than those points which He has Himself noted and revealed. Neither the logical nor the analogical statement of this subject will be adequately appreciated, except by those who are "spiritually-minded." Colours are inextricable mysteries to the blind.

Premising, however, that the reader possesses a tolerably fair conception of what this blessing is, we remark that if the need of it is felt, and if that need is supplied in this life, there must come an instant in which the consciousness of its being supplied becomes a reality.

One cause of doubt concerning the possibility of sudden sanctification, is found in the existence of an incorrect conception of what the advocates of the distinct work mean by sanctification. Some seem to think that the work said to be done thus suddenly, is the same as the result of a life's fidelity and steady devotion. That it is equivalent to that full maturity of grace, and high development of all the fruits of the Spirit which we may conceive, for instance, a John the Divine to have possessed, when just about to take "his triumphant flight from Calvary to Zion's height." This is not the idea which the advocates of the "second blessing" would present. On the other hand, their idea is that "purity of heart" is the blessing that may suddenly be received and possessed. Now purity and maturity are qualities distinct one from the other. In reference to this question of holiness, maturity includes purity, and cannot exist without it; but purity may and does exist, in many cases, without

maturity. The essential idea of purity is negative, being the entire absence of the sinful or impure element; the essential idea of maturity is positive—of something that has increased, grown, ripened, or developed. We make bold to assert—

1. That sudden sanctification as an experience is made probable by what has transpired in other lines of psychological life. In the biography of Dr. Adam Clarke by his son, it is related how, when a boy, he had been very dull and inapt in his studies—a veritable “dunce,” indeed—until, under the stimulus of emulation, he on one occasion, “felt as if something broke within” him; and from that time onward it was no trouble to him to learn anything to which he directed his mind. There are instances on record of persons who, by some accidental impression on the mind, or by some physical shock to the brain, have been transformed from semi-idiocy to intense rationality, and full powers of intelligence. There are numerous cases in society everywhere, of persons in whom the habits of half a lifetime have been given up suddenly and permanently—by whom a new moral stand-point has been suddenly taken, the soul’s attitude towards a large class of facts and influences has been suddenly and remarkably changed, so that subsequent life has been in these relationships entirely new. A sudden fright, a sudden elevation of fortune, a single scene which has powerfully affected the passional and imaginative susceptibilities of the soul has frequently produced such a change, as that the person so affected has become practically another character. Now, if such crisis experiences occur in other departments of the many-sided life of man, why should it be thought incredible, that through the religious susceptibilities of the soul, the will and conscience of a man might be suddenly brought into such a changed attitude towards God on the one hand, and towards all forms of moral evil on the other, that “abhorring that which is evil and cleaving to that which is good,” should ever after be the permanent temper of the soul?

2. The probability rises immensely when we remember that dependence is not placed upon peculiar circumstances, or remarkable phenomena to produce *this* change, but upon the action of God, the Spirit upon a human spirit. If we endeavour to realize the conception of the Infinitely Holy and Omnipotent Spirit entering, possessing, and filling a human soul, all thought of the impossibility of sudden purification must wither and die. And have we not such

narrations as "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost?" and are we not *commanded* to be "filled with the Spirit?" And when we add to these considerations the important fact, that the work supposed to be done is a work that brings the human will and heart into conformity with the Divine will, is it to be admitted that when the whole heart hungers for it, and the whole soul asks for it, the Lover and Father of human kind will, for the sake of illustrating His sovereignty, delay the saving gift? The thought is abhorrent to the believing soul. Let it perish forever!

3. But how does the Bible speak in this matter? Does the Word of God lead us to believe that we may be suddenly sanctified? Our first answer to this question, is that there is nothing in the Bible against such belief. It is true, that we are told to grow in grace; but growth is a natural phenomenon, of almost infinite variety of mode and degree. If the mode of spiritual progress is to correspond perfectly with growth in nature, then with what kind of growth must it agree? Will it be the growth of the fungi, the vegetable, or the animal? Must we wait like the elephant for scores of years ere we come to maturity, or may we spring into completeness and beauty as some insects do in a day? Must the human spirit, which is confessedly the highest thing in the system of this world's creation, be tied down to a conformity with the unchanging laws of lower organic life? If a tree or an aligator must take years to grow by the daily accretion of particles of carbon and lime and potash and phosphorous, must moral feeling and knowing power necessarily obey the same tedious law? We are told to grow, but it is in "grace" and "knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ—" *such* knowledge, too, as principally consists of spiritual experience. And by whose chronometer can we measure the minutes needed for a human soul to see Jesus as a complete Saviour, and to receive the fulness of the Holy Ghost?

4. The history of Christian experience given in the New Testament, favours the idea of suddenness in connection with salvation, and with what is sometimes called the "second blessing." By the statements of Christ in John xiv., 27 and in chap. xv. 3, 9, 15 & 19, it will be seen that the disciples were in Christ in an important sense previous to His crucifixion. After His resurrection He "breathed on them and said: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'" It is reasonable to believe that from that time onward they were Christians of a

very happy and definite experience. But these preparatory blessings, that "growth" during three years of Christ's teaching, and those definite stages in that growth did not destroy the necessity for the gift of Pentecost, which, as all know, was suddenly bestowed. Now as the Pentecostal blessing was predicted by John the Baptist, promised by Jesus, and bestowed by Him, and as by it the Christian Church was definitely formed and launched upon history, it forms a precedent and an example of the very highest description. In speaking of this example we refer rather to the blessing as received by the hundred and twenty in the upper room, than to the immediate result in the conversion of the three thousand. Look again at what is narrated in the fourth chapter of the Acts: "And when they had prayed the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost"—another sudden bestowment, so mighty in itself and so powerful on the after-life of its subjects as to be recorded in the Book of God.

5. The subsequent history of God's work in the world, is full of instances of the sudden reception of His blessing in its fulness. Almost every biography of an eminent servant of God, records with considerable distinctness, a time after conversion when remarkable light shone on the mind—when the heart was uncovered and God revealed Himself with a saving power far beyond any previous visitation—after which peace was deeper, love fuller, faith was unmixed with unbelief, loyalty to God was absolute, fear was banished, and sweet rest filled and satisfied the soul. In the lives of Methodist saints, such narration is scarcely ever absent. John Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher, Hester A. Rogers, Thomas Walsh, Pearl Dickinson, Thomas Rankin, Carvosso, Hick, Billy Bray, Burne, Tackabury, Ousley, Graham, Bangs, Hamline, Mrs. Palmer, Wooster, Bramwell, Stoner, Smith, Keyse, Hunt, Young, Collins and Cookman, whose lives have been thought worthy of being embalmed in books of biography, all tell the story of this experience in this sudden and definite form. And to their testimony may be added hundreds of those whose career of Christian power furnished material for biographical portraiture in the periodical literature of the Methodist Church, either in the pages of the magazine or in the columns of the weekly newspaper, who sought the blessing, found it, held it, and triumphed in its joy in the hour of death. And these have not been enthusiasts, in the popular sense of the word. They

were those who took everything in the light of Scripture, and as prompted by the Spirit of God.

Fanaticism has mixed itself with this experience ; self-deception has frequently been witnessed: but these proofs of human weakness are constant concomitants of everything that deeply stirs the human mind ; and once in a hundred thousand, perhaps, there is found an individual who seems to have passed into full salvation at the beginning of his religious career. But after all these remains the "great cloud of witnesses," to testify that having received justifying grace, they desired a "second blessing," and sought it by faith, and were abundantly satisfied, that having asked for bread they did not receive a stone. We are not of the number of those who sink the importance of justifying grace, in order to exalt the blessing of which we write. That perfect love is greater than justifying grace, is true *only* because, but simply because it *includes* that grace. It is greater as a complete thing is greater than an incomplete.

And yet, we are far from desiring to press all possible experiences into one mould. The minds of human beings are almost infinitely diversified in character. There are the intellectual, who are also emotional ; there are the intellectual, whose emotions are almost nothing ; and there are those whose emotions always rule them ; there are those whose imagination predominates, and those who have scarcely any trace of that faculty ; those who receive premonition in dreams and otherwise, and those to whom such things appear silly and superstitious. There are men of lofty and heroic enthusiasm, like Paul : of hearty and impulsive readiness of speech, and act like Peter ; satirical Jameses, who keenly see the shadows of human character ; and sceptical Thomases, who must see and feel before they believe. Add to this the endless variety in the quality and amount of moral and theological education producing special biases, prejudices and aptitudes. With such differences in the moulds, we may naturally expect differences in the castings. Yet all these variations have been found amongst those witnesses above cited and mentioned, and under the sanctifying power of the same Spirit, a wonderful and beautiful agreement in experience has been the result.

Does inbred sin trouble the reader ? Then remember first, that God hates sin in all its forms, and remember again that "Christ Jesus was manifest to *destroy* the works of the devil."

Are you fully ready to enter into the mind of God, to hate sin as he hates it, and to accept His Son as just such a Saviour, and just so *much* a Saviour as He is offered to you ?

Ready now ! Fully ready ? Then " According to your faith it shall be unto you ! "

" This is the glorious Gospel Word ;
Our God His heavens doth bow,
And cries to each believing soul :
Jesus saves thee NOW ! "

OLD MAN—V.

BY REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

THE town of Fort Hope, unlike Rome, was built almost in a day. Gold diggings had been discovered up the Fraser river and down the Fraser river, and so in a bend of the great stream Fort Hope rose, flourished, and decayed, like a great fungus, as it was, fattening on the rottenness from whence it sprung. In its streets miners, boatmen, and gamblers jostled and swore at each other—swore words of terrible welcome when they met—swore at everything and everybody they had cause to mention, and finished off with a string of original oaths that may have been coined by some fallen word painter for the orgies of Pandemonium. Behind Fort Hope the Cascade range of mountains lifted their massive peaks, whilst the river in front of it was lost in a mountain rift, which opened as if on purpose to let it through.

Down these mountain sides, in summer time, danced crystal rivulets, and in the winter time there came crashing down huge avalanches of snow as if a thousand giants were rushing along on a thousand hand-sleighs, and not one of them steel-shod.

The inhabitants of Fort Hope were almost as varied as Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost, or as San Francisco on every day in the calendar. Now and then a Chinaman would shuffle past, his gait now forward, now backward, oscillating fearfully between two heavy

heavy burdens which hung at either end of a long pole, the said pole pointing athwart his shoulder north and south, while his body looked one way westward and the other due east. Open these burdens and you would find a bag of rice, a pot of opium, some dried fish and chop-sticks, a tent, a blanket, a bottle of quick silver, a book or two, and pen, ink and paper; whilst dangling at the outside hung pick, shovel, frying pan and tooth brush.

Indians drunk and Indians sober, Indians clothed and Indians naked, were there by the hundred; whilst Kanakas fresh from Honolulu, Spaniards just from the Gulf of Mexico, mingled with the thousand and one nationalities ever found in a frontier mining camp.

But conspicuous among all these was "Old Man V." To see him stand in a crowd and push his hand over his bald head, as he always did when excited, and to hear him swear, was a memory like that of some horrid nightmare; it clung to you, though you got away from it, like the slime of the devil-fish in the northern seas. He lived with—well, let that pass, for once he lived with a wife who was now in the Golden City, and away in New York he had a brother who had never ceased to pray for the old man on the Fraser river. Nobody knew this then: they only knew he had been in California, in Oregon, and now in British Columbia, the hardest man of them all.

The mines fizzled out, the miners left, the gamblers went after the miners, the boatmen were either all drowned or up the river, and "Old man V." departed among the rest. Fort Hope was left to Chinamen, Indians, and some poor white trash, who were waiting for something to turn up.

Years have passed, and now down in a lovely prairie, hemmed in by snow-capped mountains, and fronted by the mighty Fraser river, "Old man V." has found a home. Grandly those mountains looked down from their higher life of unstained whiteness, whilst the broad prairie, intersected by clear trout streams and broken by tiny lakes, with the sward covered with many-coloured flowers, looked like a park fit for the gods. But amid all this grandeur and all this beauty, "Old man V." had sunk lower and lower, until it seemed as if the angel wife would wait for him at the door of heaven in vain, and his praying brother would find his prayers an investment in stock, blotted from heaven's bulletin-board for ever. But one midnight when the mountains were asleep under their coverlids of

snow, and the flowers on the prairies had nestled their heads under their leaves, and were asleep, too; when nothing was heard save the roar of the river and the shriek of the night-bird, "Old man V." lay wide awake, and the past came up like the spirit to Eliphaz, or the ghosts of his victims to Richard on Bosworth field. His dead, yet ever-living wife; his praying brother; his neglected Bible and his sins passed before him, and tremblingly he arose and fell on his knees to pray. God listened, and sent His angels down to minister; and, when the morning light shone on the mountains like the sheen of the sun on the hills of paradise, and the flowers had opened their lips to drink in the coming glory, the news had flashed through heaven, that down in that cabin in that beautiful prairie, and under the shadow of those mountains, the dead had come to life again, and the lost had been found.

Father V.—for like Saul he changed his name with his character—arose and travelled fifty miles down the river to tell to other and congenial spirits what God had done for his soul. He returned to gather his neighbours together; and as the old year was passing into the new, he told them of his passing from the old life of sin to the new life of peace and love.

The New Year's morning found many a troubled heart in that hitherto prayerless settlement; and a revival broke forth, which swept over the community with the force of one of its own fires, until hardly a soul was left prayerless or a family without God. Classes were formed, of both whites and Indians; churches were built; a parsonage erected; a resident minister appointed—and all dating from the morning when Father V. came forth from his cabin a converted man!

How the angel wife in glory must have sung the doxology that morning, and how will the praying brother shout when he too finds out that God heard and answered prayer!

Father V. yet lives; and when he puts his hand, as of old, over his venerable head, and with tremulous voice tells of the great love which lifted him up, that he too might lift others, the angels come down again to listen, and perhaps among them one he once called wife.

SOMETIMES the best way to check a scandalous report is to despise it; if we go about to stop it, it will run the faster.

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

A MEMOIR OF BYE-GONE.—*Continued.*

AT the very time when Mr. Brocas wrote in his diary, "For some time I have had a strange desire to go and see the prisoners in the gaol," the immortal Howard had just completed his work of visiting, at his own expense, most of the county prisons and convict establishments of England. His report had excited the liveliest interest, both in the man and his mission. Wesley wrote concerning him: "I had the pleasure of a conversation with Mr. Howard. I think him one of the greatest men in Europe. Nothing but the mighty power of God can enable him to go through his difficult and arduous employments." And again: "Mr. Howard is really an extraordinary man; God has raised him up to be a blessing to many nations. I do not doubt but that there has been something more than natural in his preservation hitherto, and should not wonder if the Providence of God should hereafter be more conspicuous in his favour." The son of a retired London merchant, born in Cardington, Bedfordshire, John Howard began his wondrous life of sacrifice and labour, which has won for him the universal cognomen of Philanthropist, in the year 1773, by inspecting Bedford Gaol. A century previous, John Bunyan had been, for twelve long years, a tenant of one of its lonely cells. Surely the savour of his prayers lingered as a fragrance around the mouldy walls, and waited to shed their heavenly dew upon the head of him who was to become one of the world's greatest benefactors. The condition of England's prisons at the time when Howard began his work, and when Brocas felt a strange desire to go and visit the prisoners in Shrewsbury Gaol, was terrible beyond description. The gaolers received no fees, but lived by oppressing their prisoners. The rooms in which the latter were confined, were oftentimes underground cells, without ventilation, and without any furniture or provision for health and comfort. Reeking with filth, almost unapproachable from the intolerable stench which proceeded from them, were these dens of England's prisons. Sadder than the wildest horrors of fiction were the awful realities of England's dungeons—the worst in Europe, save those of the Inquisition. Religion and its rites were banished from a region cut off from civilization, apparently a precinct of hell, and

already made over to the government of fiends. The cruelty, lust, and cursed greed for gold of a brutal gaoler were indulged without restraint. Howard found comparatively few felons in the prisons. It was found cheaper to hang them than to keep them in prison. The unfortunate wretches were dragged on hurdles to the place of execution, and, amid every indignity, put to death.* The crimes for which they were thus sentenced, were oftentimes not only most trivial, but positively excusable. Thus the iniquitous press-gang would seize hold of a man, hurry him away from his wife and children; and after the lapse of years, he would return to find that his wife, driven to extremity, had been arrested, convicted, and hanged for stealing a loaf of bread to feed his starving children. O, England of the eighteenth century, thy sons blush to-day to mention thy inhumanity towards thy unfortunate sons and daughters. We have in imagination joined Mr. Brocas in his visit to Madely: let us join him now in a few of his visits to the prison. It is Sunday, February 27, 1785, just ninety years ago.

C.—“Good morning, Mr. Brocas. You seem dressed up for a journey. Where are you going to this cold, disagreeable day? Are you on your way to church?”

“Aye, Mr. C., but not the church that the fashionable and the great are fond of visiting. Come, go along with me, and I will show you sights at which your very soul will weep.”

C.—“Well, I don't mind if I do: just wait a moment till I draw on my great coat, for the day is bitter cold. Well, now, where are you going?”

Mr. B.—“I am going to preach to the poor prisoners in the gaol. My heart has been strangely moved towards them of late, especially since I read Mr. Howard's report of the state of prisons in England. It is near a year ago that I first made it my business to go to Shrewsbury to visit the prison; but alas! the cross was too heavy for one, and I could not prevail on any one to accompany me, so I gave it up; but my conscience gave me no rest, and I availed myself, therefore, of the first opportunity of going back. I met with a great many discouragements, but at last I obtained admission, and O, what a sight met my eyes! but what a blessing

*“John Howard,” by Rev. W. H. Withrow, in *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for July, 1875.

I received in preaching to the poor felons. Since that I go as frequently as I can find opportunity."

C.—"I don't wonder that it was a great trial to enter upon such a work, and surely it must be very disagreeable, too."

B.—"You may be sure it was disagreeable enough: the sights and smells of that awful place, and the language, too, are enough to appal any one; but I had such a sense of the value of their immortal souls, and of the possibility that some culprits might be for ever lost in consequence of their ignorance of Christ, that I could not keep away."

C.—"But how did you set about your work?"

B.—"When the gaoler admitted me into the long corridor where the prisoners were, I saw a young man in irons. I went up to him, and spoke to him: my heart was strangely moved with sympathy towards him, and while I was speaking to him, others gathered around; and the Lord helped me to speak to them of Jesus's love, and I promised to visit them again."

C.—"Did you learn anything of the history of the young man you first spoke to?"

B.—"Aye, and a sad one it was, too. It reminded me of my own. His father died while he was but a child in arms; and the mother, poor woman, with six children, struggled on as best she could for a few years, to get a living for them; but when he was only seven years of age he had to be bound apprentice by the parish. His master was a hard-hearted man, and the boy grew up without either example or instruction, until, maddened by bad treatment, he ran away and betook himself to dishonest practices, as well as to drinking and playing cards. At last he was detected in sheep-stealing, and thrown into prison, where I found him in March of last year; and a few days afterward he received his trial, and was sentenced to death, with twelve others, but was subsequently reprieved. But I have no account whether he has given his heart to the Saviour or no."

While the rain is descending on the paved streets, passing by St. Chad's, and the ancient fine cross Church of St. Mary's, with its tall spire and its south porch of Roman architecture, and the remains of an old abbey built by Roger de Montgomery in 1083, we come at last to the prison. It is a gloomy looking building—its great walls of hard, burnt red bricks; its massive gateway; its dreary court; its double rows of buildings, pierced with iron grated

windows; its repulsive keepers; and above all, its sullen and squalid looking inmates, make an impression not easily shaken off. But we are conducted to the prison chapel. It is in keeping with all the rest. The light struggles into it from one or two elevated windows, a few rude benches, a plain desk, and a motley congregation of eight or ten men and women are there. Nothing discouraged, but with a heart full of Christ-like pity, Mr. Brocas speaks to them about the coming Assizes. Thirty or forty others, hearing him, gather in. Some mock, others listen with breathless interest. They have learned to look forward with terror to the coming of their earthly judge—how natural to remind them of the greater Assize and the Judge Eternal. When attention is riveted, he opens the Bible to the fifth chapter of Romans and reads: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and not only so, but we glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given to us. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." Here he paused; and from these words, "Christ died for the ungodly," he preached. The sermon was a simple, plain, earnest and faithful application of Gospel truths, by an humble local preacher, to those who were in that state in which the preacher felt he might have been but for the grace of God.

Let us listen for a few moments to the preacher. His divisions were simple. I. The persons for whom Christ died—the ungodly. II. What Christ did for them—"He died for them." "An ungodly man is one who does not *know* God. Men often think that they know God when they are utterly ignorant of His true nature. They worship they know not what. Men are guilty for not knowing God. Satan hath blinded their minds, and corrupted their hearts. God has revealed Himself in His works, and especially in His Word. An ungodly man is one who does not *fear* God. He does not set God before him. He does not care to obey His Law. He says, Tush! God seeth not. He lives in sin and carelessness: he goes on from bad to worse, until his sins bring him into the awful circumstances of you who are listening to me to-day. O, my fellow-

sinners, your preacher was once like one of you—a wicked, godless sinner—and might have been where some of you are to-day, but for the grace of God. An ungodly man is not only without God, but without hope. Where God is he can never come. He must go to hell. Some of you think this prison is a dreadful place; and if you had to spend all your days here you would be terror-stricken: but I tell you of another prison. Its walls are fire, and its gates are never opened. That prison is *hell*, where all the ungodly will be driven. But think what Christ has done to save you. He died *for us*. Yes, for you and me—yes, for the chiefest of sinners. He *died*, and oh, what a death! He was loaded with our sins and shame. What a cruel death—crucified, hung for hours upon a cross in agony. What a shameful death—between two thieves; and who was He? God's only Son. God's great gift to man. He tasted death for every *man*. All may be saved through Him. He rose again from the dead. He lives at God's right hand. Whosoever will come to Him He will in no wise cast out. He saved the thief upon the cross. He has saved millions. He will save *you*. Some of you have not long to live on earth. Soon the Judge will be *here*, and for your crimes you will be punished: but you all may be saved. Yes, saved even now."

The preacher's very soul was moved with sympathy. His cheek was wet with tears; and when he had done thoughtfulness sat upon every countenance, and many were much affected. "I asked them," said Mr. B., "if they would unite with me in beseeching God to have mercy upon them; and they all kneeled down, and were perfectly silent while I engaged in prayer." With what power he pleaded for his wretched congregation may be imagined, but not described. His heart yearned over them. All of them would soon be standing before their earthly judges, and not a few of them would ere long be launched into eternity from the gallows. "I was not in the least intimidated," said he. "My brow became as brass, while my heart melted like wax at the sight of those miseries which were likely soon to overwhelm my poor, sinful congregation." From the prison he returned to his cottage home in the country hamlet, praying: "O my God! may I hope that this was a token for good. O save these miserable but precious souls!" and was soon again engaged in his daily pursuit amidst the flowers of spring and orchards of budding trees.

We have already met with Captain Scott—that serious officer in the army, and Whitfield's most successful supply in London. Let us go to-day (Good Friday, 1785), to Lady Hill's residence and hear him preach. Tall and handsome in form ; grave and beginning to be venerable in appearance ; wearing his military costume, and moving in the highest circles ; eloquent and ardent in zeal, Captain Scott was one of the most popular preachers of his day. The little private chapel is crowded. It is an antique place, with the family armorial crest suspended over the altar, and many a slab to commemorate the names and worthy deeds of the ancestral past. Of recent years it has welcomed to its pulpit the saintly Fletcher and the eloquent Whitfield, the scholarly Shirley, and the poetic Toplady, author of an immortal hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." But never, I ween, has it witnessed a greater assembly than to-day. Glance over it, for a few moments ! In the family pew beside Sir Richard and Lady Hill sits a tall youth, but twelve years of age, nephew of Sir Richard, but destined to raise the honours of his name to the highest pitch of military fame. It is the youthful Lord Hill, second in command at Waterloo, and one of England's greatest generals. The service opened by singing, and prayer by the Captain. "And what prayers !" exclaims Mr. B., "both before and after preaching. Truly might I say, God hath brought me into His banqueting house and His banner over me is love. But oh, what a sermon ! The preacher's text was : 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' He preached an hour, and no one moved ; an hour and a-half, and he began to complain, and said he must be very short ; and so, after he had preached nearly two hours, he was forced to conclude. Before he had done I began to think of St. Paul's preaching till midnight, and could have wished the Captain to do so too. Shall I not bless God to all eternity for this man ?" From that day an intimate friendship sprang up between the two ; and Mr. Brocas was occasionally employed in the garden of the Captain, who would come and take the spade with his humble employee, saying : "I can dig, and to beg *I am not* ashamed."

We have seen the humble gardener in the prison chapel, and we have sat with him, listening to the great preacher of the day : let us follow him to another scene.

It is a burning day in midsummer of 1784—a week day ; the city is full of stirs, and as he crosses over Welsh Bridge, and passes

by the only remains . . . at wall that once girdled the city, a cry is heard, which makes his heart grow sick, and his foot steps more quickly: "A full and true history of the lives and awful crimes of ———, and ———, who are to be executed to-day, by the authority of His Majesty. God save the King!" Aye! two of his prison congregation are about to be launched into eternity. Oh! are they prepared? is the one engrossing thought of this man of God. At the gateway of the prison, a rude cart is drawn up, and into it steps two ironed prisoners—one yet youthful in years, but old in crime; the other an old man: then the officiating clergyman. Mr. B. follows close after it, until it reached the foot of the scaffold. "As soon," says he, "as the clergyman stepped out of the cart, I addressed them on the sufferings of Christ, and on the eternal torment which awaited them if they should die without a knowledge of Him. The young man listened with apparent eagerness to every word, and with uplifted eyes and hands, cried aloud to God that he would save him from endless torment. While he appeared to be in an agony of prayer, I told him God could not save him but through the merit of Christ, who died for sinners, the just for the unjust. While he seemed to be suspended between hope and fear, I cried unto him: 'Look unto Jesus.' After the halter was placed upon his neck he implored the mercy of God, with strong cries and tears. I then exclaimed: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' The old man remained perfectly indifferent: when, turning to him, I begged of him for God's sake and for the sake of his own immortal soul to look unto Jesus Christ. The young man turned to him and bade him farewell in a very affectionate manner. Then they unitedly looked up to God for mercy; both cried unto Him with their voices till the last signal was given and they were launched into eternity. On the whole," says Mr. B., "I was glad that I had gone. I went with a dejected mind, and with trembling knees approached the place; but as soon as I saw the culprits my heart yearned over them, and while thinking of the King of Glory dying on a tree, I was ashamed of my shame, and all my fears vanished. Silence reigned through out the vast assembly; and for once I had the honour of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to thousands of my fellow-sinners, who all appeared on the sad occasion to receive the Word with gladness."

JAMES HARRIS.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

I. WHO WERE THE HEBREWS TO WHOM THE APOSTLE WROTE ?

THIS portion of Holy Writ has been regarded by some expositors rather as a tractate or formal treatise upon a set topic, than as an epistle similar to those addressed to individuals, or church communities by the Apostle Paul. Both views may be sustained. Contemplating its bulk, its regular treatment of the various subjects brought under consideration, and its completeness, we may well call it a treatise. Yet in the directness of its style and aim, in its adaptation to specific circumstances and individuals, it may quite properly be placed in the category of epistles. The author himself names it *a word of exhortation*, in the brief note or letter appended at the close. It was evidently written for the benefit of a society of Christians, an associated community of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who are held responsible for the belief and behaviour of their associates.

That they were Christians, appears from the style of expression adopted: "Holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling" (iii. 1.); "Beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation" (vi. 9).

They possessed some knowledge of divine truth, as is indicated by the words: "After ye were illuminated;" (x. 32). Yet their knowledge was not so profound, or so masterly and complete as might have been anticipated, from the time that had elapsed and the privileges with which they had been favoured. Hence they were open to the rebuke: "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again, the first principles of the oracles of God" (v. 11-12).

Although they had been subjected to severe afflictions, involving loss of property, they had not, up to the time this letter was written, suffered the fiercest onslaught of persecution unto death (xii. 4): "They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, but had not thus far resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

As a community, they were not in circumstances of penury and want; they had pecuniary resources, and had the heart to employ them for the poor people of God in other localities. "For," the

writer exclaims, "God is not unrighteous to forget your work of faith and labour of love, which ye have showed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister" (vi. 10).

They were unquestionably of Jewish origin and parentage, and instructed in Jewish lore, as the whole treatise implies. The distinctive appellation of "Hebrews" they claimed for themselves, it may be from a sense of ancestral dignity, or from their attachment to the Old Testament Scriptures, and the traditionary observances of their fathers. Yet they employed the Greek language as the vehicle of thought; for the author of this epistle, though himself a perfect master of the Hebrew tongue, addresses them in Greek, as the whole structure of the original proves. Even the quotations which he adduces from the Old Testament, to substantiate his arguments are made, almost without exception, from the Greek version of the Seventy, even where it differs somewhat from the Hebrew text.

2. WHO, THEN, WERE THESE CHRISTIAN HEBREWS?

The prevalent opinion, no doubt, is that this letter was addressed to the Jewish converts in Jerusalem. This cannot be correct, as they fail to correspond with the parties above described. Nor have we any historic grounds for the idea that such converts were designated by any means different from those usually employed, namely, Jews, Israelites, the seed of Abraham; or else, on the other hand, by the terms commonly applied to Christians, such as brethren, believers, disciples, Nazarenes, &c. Is there any instance of the word Hebrews, being applied to the whole, or any part of the community in Jerusalem, who received the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour King?

Further, the *circumstances* of the Church at Jerusalem, do not correspond to what we know of the disciples to whom this letter was written; for they were plunged in the depths of poverty, so that a collection appears to have been set on foot once and again, throughout the Gentile Churches, for the "poor saints in Jerusalem." But the Hebrews, to whom the letter was written, were so far in affluence, that they contributed once and again to the necessities of the saints, and were actually displaying their generosity at that time.

That these Hebrews constituted the whole, or part of the Church at Jerusalem, is altogether improbable, from the fact that that Church was provided with an inspired apostle as its instructor. And it is inconsistent with what we know of the character and the avowed plans of the Apostle Paul, to encroach upon another man's province. Can we suppose that the Apostle Paul (and if not Paul, much less any man of inferior standing) would compose a special treatise of unusual extent and importance, in order to instruct brethren who were already favoured with the ministrations of James, an inspired apostle, and companion of the Lord?

Once more, it could not be affirmed of the members of the Church in Jerusalem, that they had "not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." The memory of Stephen, the proto-martyr, and the terrible persecution which Saul of Tarsus had carried on, and which is graphically described as "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," would rise promptly to recollection, and check the utterance of such a sentiment.

Thus the converts from Judaism, in the Holy City, do not answer the description found in this letter, in several particulars. We must consequently look elsewhere for the community thus addressed.

3. IS NOT THE LETTER ADDRESSED TO HEBREWS AT CORINTH?

On a careful survey of the newly planted Churches, we find at Corinth, amongst the converts there, some who claimed—might we not say *arrogated*?—to themselves this title of Hebrews; so at least it might be fairly inferred from the indignant exclamation (2 Cor. xi. 22), "Are they Hebrews? so am I."

At Corinth the Jewish element in the population was then more than usually prominent. The Emperor Claudius, had recently expelled the Jews from Rome, as we find from the historian Luke in Acts xviii. 2. The reason of the expulsion is definitively given by Suetonius, in his life of the Emperor Claudius, because they were incessantly raising tumults at the instigation of one Chrestus: "Judæos impulsore Chresto assidue tumultuantes Roma expulit," which, read in the light of more accurate information, means that the Jews, by their intense bitterness and bigotry, raging and combating in excited multitudes, by their ceaseless tumults disturbed the peace of Rome; and that this occurred at the instigation, or

through the influence of one whom the historian, knowing no better, calls *Chrestus*, and who was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. In Rome, as elsewhere, the discussion of His claims roused the fiercest passions, restrained by no moderation, and often leading to the extremes of lawless violence. Of this we have abundant evidence in the book of Acts. Such conduct could not be suffered in the imperial city; and wearied at length with their uproars, and their tumultuous gatherings, the Roman authorities determined to expel the whole race from the capital.

Corinth, splendidly situated for commerce, presented at that moment great attractions. It had now recovered from its ruin after the battle of Actium, and had risen to its former wealth, and to more than its former magnificence. Here mercantile industry and enterprise would find scope, scarcely inferior to that of the metropolis itself. Hither, therefore, multitudes of Jews congregated. Here the great apostle expended many months of earnest labour—labour for self-support, as a tent-maker, that he might not be burdensome to any, and indefatigable spiritual efforts for the enlightenment and conversion of his countrymen. Providentially for his safety, at this precise period the Roman pro-consul who administered the affairs of the province of Achaia from Corinth, as his seat of government, was Gallio, the brother of the philosophic Seneca. He is described by those who knew him best, as a person of a singularly amiable and gentle disposition. *Dulcis*, sweet, is the word applied to describe it,—“No man on earth is so sweet to his peculiar friend, as Gallio is to everybody.” When the passionate Israelites, their whole nature burning with intense indignation, rushed to the tribunal to lay their charges against Paul, filling the ears of the pro-consul with what he must have thought an unintelligible jargon of names, as they spoke of Jesus and the resurrection, of Pharisee and Sadducee, of Abraham and Israel and the patriarchs, and Moses and David and Messiah, one may well conceive that even the amiable Gallio would grow impatient. Public order was overturned. Public business was obstructed by the ceaseless disputations, rather than indictments. At length he issues a peremptory command. “Drive them,” said he, “from the judgment-seat, for I will be no judge of such matters.” The whole scene is depicted with great vividness, by the graphic pen of Luke (Acts xviii.).

Of the Jewish people in Corinth, many were believers in Jesus

Christ ; some before leaving Italy having found the truth, and others through the preaching of Paul, and his fellow-labourers. They appear to have lost none of their impetuous feeling, or party-spirit ; and they evidently arranged themselves into four distinct sections or parties, saying—I am of Paul, I of Apollos, I of Cephas, I of Christ. To which of these, the disciples who claimed the designation of Hebrews assigned themselves, it is impossible to say ; probably they may have joined themselves to the party of Apollos. Now, it is distinctly stated that Apollos, in his earlier career as a Christian teacher, was imperfectly acquainted with the sacred Scriptures. Possessed of a commanding eloquence, and mighty in argumentative power, he produced a great impression upon the Jewish mind, proving from the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ. Under the kindly instruction of Aquila and Priscilla, and doubtless, also subsequently, under the direct teaching of the inspired Paul, he obtained accurate comprehension of the harmony and fulness of divine truth.

Fiery discussions, however, are quite consistent with the presence of deep conscientiousness and piety of heart. Some of the members of the Church of Corinth, of Jewish parentage, we may well believe, were thoroughly sincere, and felt their need of that instruction which had been imparted to Apollos. It is natural to suppose that they ardently desired clearer light upon the Mosaic dispensation. For their information and guidance amidst the agitations of present controversy, and for the edification of the people of God in all subsequent ages, this noble treatise was penned. Most welcome to those who delighted in the name of Hebrew (if they were Israelites indeed) would be this magnificent exposition of the profound depths of significancy attaching to all parts of divine revelation. As they were taught to find a fitness in every appointment, and a meaning in every observance of the Mosaic institute, however imperfect may have been their knowledge before, from henceforth they might feel with gratitude, deep as their humility, that they were at length qualified to be teachers.

Nor can we altogether blame, in this aspect of the matter, their appropriating to themselves the name of Hebrews. They were not unbelieving Jews ; they were not now Jewish converts imperfectly instructed and trammelled in the letter ; on the other hand, they must not be allocated in the same class with Gentile converts,

recently worshipping dumb idols, and even yet ignorant of the vast range of truth, pertaining to the dealings of God with His chosen people through many generations. They had inherited peculiar privileges; they were now favoured with special and peculiar instruction; now they ascend to those lofty heights, from which, outspread before them as some vast landscape, they discern the whole range and harmony of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. What shall they call themselves? The name may have been assumed from pride, or it may have been affixed on them as a reproach; but henceforth will they delight to be known as Christ-loving Hebrews.

(To be Continued).

PERDITION OF UNGODLY MEN.

BY REV. DR. CURRY.

IT is not necessary to travel far in search of evidence that during the last few years, there has been a growing revolt in the popular mind against the immemorial belief of the Christian world as to the future state of those who die impenitent. Evidently a great wave of skeptical, or rather Pagan, reaction is sweeping over modern society, of which the signs, both moral and intellectual, are manifold, and whose ultimate issue is neither pleasant to contemplate nor altogether easy to forecast. Sometimes this tendency is indicated by an inclination to restore abandoned heathen usages instead of the Christian ones that have replaced them, as in the proposition to restore the old heathen custom of cremation, which has been so long superseded by Christian burial. The same spirit is, no doubt, to be detected in the diminished sense of the criminality of murder, and the almost complete venality of suicide; and, generally in that popular sentiment which resolves all crimes and criminalities into misfortunes and diseases. And along with this quiet and only partially developed skepticism there stalks a blatant and profane infidelity, which boldly denounces the whole idea of future punishment, and caricatures the Divine character, and the doctrinal teachings in respect to that idea, as odious and execrable beyond all comparison. Nor are these things heard only among the coarse and openly profane scoffers at religion; they may be heard in some of our most popular pulpits, where they are listened to by old and young together, and are dealt out as the preaching of the Gospel; and then they are reported for the daily or weekly

press, and so scattered broadcast over the country, entering into thousands of Christian homes, to be eagerly read by susceptible young persons, and assimilated into their moral and religious natures. Even believers are liable to be affected, however unconsciously, by this all-prevading atmosphere of doubts; and, therefore, while the simple disciple of the Bible, who has not stultified his own understanding by false systems of interpretation, still adheres to the Orthodox faith, he permits these terrible truths to be held in abeyance.

It is, however, well known to even the most superficial student of the history of Christian doctrine, that Universalism is a novelty in theology. It became known by name scarcely a hundred years ago, and has been propagated extensively among most of the anti-Trinitarian sects of this country and Great Britain; and, what is much more to be deplored, it has largely affected not a few of the so-called Orthodox and evangelical Churches on both sides of the ocean. On the Continent of Europe it came into being with the Rationalism of modern times, of which, indeed, it is an integral part. But during all the centuries of the Christian era, from the times of the Fathers to the latter part of the eighteenth century, the consent of the Church was almost absolutely complete in accepting the Orthodox teachings in respect to the doom of the finally impenitent. It is, therefore, in the face of the convictions of nearly three scores of successive generations that modern Universalists array themselves; and, therefore, upon them must rest the burden of disproving the prescriptive opinions of the long and unbroken past. And yet just the opposite course is usually taken, and it is deemed enough to simply suggest a doubt, and to require the holders of the old and accepted doctrine to restate its arguments, and to disprove all the sophisms of its assailants. In a tone of high presumption, and in the most confident terms, these men inveigh against the almost universal belief of the whole Christian world for eighteen centuries, based, as that belief has been presumed to be, upon the express declarations of Christ Himself. The entire weight of Christian tradition—with the solitary and uncertain exception of the Origenists—and what to any unbiased mind must appear to be the natural and the obvious sense of the letter of Scripture, are certainly against the notions of modern Universalism. The labour of its defenders usually consists very largely in attempts to show that the Scriptures do not say what they seem to, and that their obvious sense is not to be accepted as at all the true one. Instead of coming to the Word to learn what is the truth, a theory of what ought to be is first made out, and then the Word is compelled to agree with the pre-arranged system. With such a mode of interpretation, the Bible may be made to teach anything.

The pretense that human reason is sufficient to determine what may, or may not be compatible with administrative rectitude in the

government of God, is alike illogical and arrogant. If it may be declared in advance that certain things cannot be because God is good, why may it not be also declared that because certain very great evils do certainly exist, therefore, God is not good? Or else the other, and scarcely preferable alternative must be accepted—that evil, with consequent sinning and suffering, exists because God could not have it otherwise. Let those who so confidently tell us what may not be in the future, because to permit it would itself be morally wrong, remove themselves in thought beyond all knowledge of the moral system of which our world is a part, with its persons and facts, and then ask whether such a state of things could possibly exist. Our world is full of sin and suffering; who can say that the world to come shall be without them? If such a condition of things as our earth presents, is a confessed fact in the dominions of the Almighty, may not a similar, or even more terrible, state subsist in other parts of his domain? and if now they remain for a season, and till He shall see fit to change them, who shall declare how long they may continue elsewhere? A little chastened self-knowledge—that knowledge which teaches men how very little they can know of Divine things, except as directly taught by God—would marvelously moderate the arrogance of assurance with which some men dogmatize in respect to God's dealings with His creatures.

The primary defect in all this skeptical caviling respecting the doctrine of future punishment is a moral one, lying deep down in men's lack of spiritual appreciation. Because they fail to realize the spotless holiness of God, itself intensified by all the energy of the divine nature, and arrayed in judgment against all that opposes, they but very faintly apprehend the exceeding heinousness of sin, and its incalculable ill deserts. What is sin? In its direct relations to God's authority and person, it is "the traitor's act, who aims at the overthrow and death of his sovereign; it is that which, could the Divine Governor of the world cease to be, would be sufficient to bring it about." Sin is treason against God's government, and a warfare against His person; and, therefore, "the wages of sin is death." There are two unchangeable memorials of the character of sin—hell and the Cross of Christ. The reflection of the eternal fire, which he died to quench for all who will receive him, pierces the supernal gloom that hung around the Redeemer's Cross, and bears witness alike to the guilt which demanded, and the Divine charity which offered, that tremendous sacrifice.

It is a supreme objection to the Universalist hypothesis, that the article of the ancient faith of the Church which it rejects is one that is essential to the unity and integrity of the Christian system. That system is not an accidental aggregation of independent tenets, but a coherent whole, of which each member is an essential part. Revelation may be accepted or rejected, but only as a whole; it is not allowable to pick and choose, and take or reject parts at each

one's caprice. A *tinkered* Christianity, though much in fashion, has as little claim on the judgment of reason as on the obedience of faith. It holds good in faith, as in morals, that to offend in one point is to be guilty of all. Accepting the Bible doctrine of sin, the revealed doctrine of its chastisement becomes part of the Divine order; and to deny this is to change the revealed idea of the nature of sin, and of the atonement, and of the Divine government, and of God Himself, who is its fountain. Universalism cannot stop, therefore, with the rejection of its one obnoxious point, but must undertake to reconstruct the whole creed; and, accordingly, with logical consistency, Universalists for the most part deny the Divinity of Christ, the character of His sacrifice, and reject as a fable the stupendous mystery of Divine condescension, whereby the Eternal humbled Himself even to the death of the cross, to redeem and save those who, without his gracious sacrifice, must have perished forever. That which Universalism presents, as a logical system constructed about its one distinctive tenet as a nucleus, is quite another Gospel in its entire structure, than that which the *consensus* of the Church, through sixty generations, has derived and defended from the written Word.

While there is but little reason to doubt that the most effective objection to the doctrine of future punishment is the wish to disbelieve it, there are objections against it in the popular mind that deserve a more respectful consideration. In the first place, the material imagery in which it is often presented is objected to by some as altogether unsuitable to the nature of the soul and the necessary conditions of an eternal spiritual existence. Such are the various notions about the locality of hell, and the forms of punishment inflicted, and the material fire which, however, are merely speculations, which do not affect the substance of the doctrine itself. The truths of revelation, even the most exclusively spiritual, are set forth, for the most part, in a materialistic imagery, which, however, none but the very least enlightened receive in their literal sense; and this remark, no doubt, applies, with its fullest meaning, to the language of Holy Scripture respecting the future life.

Take away, then, from the state of the lost everything inconsistent with a purely spiritual being, and the essence of their sufferings remains: exclusion from the beatific vision of God; to be shut out from the presence of God, and the glory of His power; to have their portion with hypocrites and unbelievers, with the bitterness of remorse and the burning sense of guilt, and without the solace of penitential sorrow; and, to crown and infinitely intensify the whole, the fearfulness of despair. Such a view of this fearful subject entirely answers to the revelations in which the doctrine of future perdition is declared; and to any at all capable of appreciating mental and spiritual, rather than merely animal suffering, the

strong material figures used will be abundantly justified by the fearfulness of the damnation of hell.

It is often objected that the doctrine of future punishments that *seems* to be taught in the New Testament ought not to be accepted as true, because it inevitably dooms *the vast majority of the human race to hopeless perdition*. To this a variety of answers may be given. First, it is not true. The denunciations of the Word of God are against those who *reject* Christ and His salvation; and those are by no means the majority of mankind. How God, "the righteous Judge," will deal with the great unconverted masses who shall have never either accepted or rejected Christ, is not for any man to declare, simply because He has not informed any man. The Gospel message is for those to whom it comes, and to them are addressed both its promises and its threatenings. All else we must leave to God, in implicit faith that "the Judge of the whole earth will do right," and that no soul will perish eternally but such as perversely sin against light and knowledge, and those who choose death in the error of their ways.

But again: If it would be right in God to damn eternally any single being (say Satan) if he were the only sinner in the universe, would any numerical increase of such sinners change the moral and judicial aspects of the case? As a matter of sentiment the objection may seem to have much force, but in truth and righteousness none whatever. The fact of a multitude of transgressors in no degree mitigates the guilt of each individual. A few days since three men suffered death in our city for the same murder: had they been three hundred the law's demands would have been the same for each. And so, under the Divine government, the whole race—if all are equally guilty—are dealt with, each in his own proper individuality. While, therefore, it is not at all necessary to accept the horrible alternative of Universalism, of the hopeless perdition of the great mass of mankind, it is clearly seen that the doctrine of the perdition of the impenitent is in no wise affected by any possible answer to the impertinent question, "Are there few that be saved?"

We close as we began, recognizing the popular disfavour towards the doctrine of Divine retribution in the future state. The reason for that objection with the profane is quite obvious; with a better class it finds favour just so much as sentimental tenderness dominates over ethical purity and rectorial righteousness. But the Word of God, and the voice of His Church for eighteen hundred years, render this not an open question wherever their authority is final. "The wicked shall be driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death."

HOLINESS AS A REVIVAL THEME.

A NOTION that is very prevalent among the preachers and people of the Church is, that the preaching of holiness is unadapted to the promotion of God's work in places and with people where there is much spiritual declension and deadness. This notion, which is being continually asserted, is characterized by much carnal plausibleness, and carries with it a too general conviction, even among those who are religious teachers and preachers. The unadaptedness of such preaching is attributed to its super-eminent claims, its too advanced demands, as addressed to those who are in a religious state too declined and unappreciative to be profited by it. The notion is a—*notion*, that is all.

The thought comes of our carnal wisdom. It is one of our *policy* conceits. The error of it, and the untruth of it, are found in the mistaken idea that the *preparation* to receive blessing from God, is from and of ourselves; that access to men's souls for the convincing of them and the saving of them by the truth, is *gained* by ourselves and not *given* by God. This idea is totally and radically erroneous. The heart's preparedness to receive and to be blessed by the truth that is saving, comes from God only. Spiritual receptivities are inwrought. Grace, where truth is saving, is the truth's attendant, or rather its forerunner. The heart-opening Spirit that wrought in Lydia, must work like kindly and receptive dispositions in all others, before there will be or can be any saving entertainment of Gospel truth.

The effectualness of truth, communicated through preaching or otherwise, depends far less than we think upon our conceits of fitness as to the matter, or propriety as to the manner of preaching. Probably the most common ensnarement of God's ministers is to be discovered here. Preachers have a foolish imagination (which comes of the devil) that *they* must make the truth they preach salvable by properness of matter or prettiness of manner. As if God had subjected the virtue of His Gospel to the carnal vagaries of those who might become its preachers, or conditioned the success of His all-saving Word upon the short-sighted and ill-judged adaptations of those who might assume to teach it.

Ministers, so far as their knowledge of things that are spiritual is concerned, are precisely like other people. Their consciousness of what any religious experience *is*, and of what may be the readier or better modes of its propagation, cannot go beyond their own personal realizations of such experience. An unconverted preacher cannot *know* what conversion is. We speak of the knowledge that is subjective and experimental. And just because he cannot know what conversion is, he cannot know how to promulgate it rightly. The unsanctified preacher cannot know, in the sense above, what

sanctification is. And knowing not what it is, he must remain ignorant of how to propagate it. The bare fact that any one is a preacher, gives him no advantage in the knowing of spiritual things. These are spiritually discerned. And whosoever is spiritual will know them, whether preacher or otherwise.

The preaching of holiness has been proven to be adapted to revival ends. The preaching of the Wesleys and their coadjutors stands as a historical vindication of its applicableness and its effectualness in arousing and saving souls from spiritual declension and death. Their ministry was a ministry of holiness. And it was exercised among a people who had fallen into a most neglectful and a most lost condition, in a religious way. The awakenings and conversions of hardened sinners, and reclamations and sanctifications of formal and backslidden church members which signalized their preaching and gave it a place in history as the most memorable and the most marvelous reformation of the later centuries, triumphantly attest the appropriateness of the holiness Gospel as adapted to the saving of men as professed sinners or professed Christians.

So profoundly impressed was Mr. Wesley with a conviction of the efficiency of holiness as the great and all-applicable Gospel theme, and of its indispensableness as a means of promoting the work of God, that with a constant urgency he laid it upon his preachers to preach sanctification. "Where this is done (he said), THE WHOLE WORK OF GOD PROSPERS." And he noticed that in certain societies, the spirit of declension and backsliding had entered, and immediately attributes their defection and apostasy to the suppression of the "Methodist testimony," the preaching and witnessing to full salvation, entire sanctification, the cleansing from all sin by the blood of Jesus. The same phenomena of a returned quickening and spiritualization, of a deepened and intensified quest of the grace that converts and saves from all sin, of the multiplying and maturing graces that characterize and give beauty to the spiritual life, are apparent in the current ministry of our own day, where the all-saving and sanctifying Gospel is faithfully preached.

In all this work of God in which His ministers and His people are engaged, our own self-sufficient wisdom is to go down, and the wisdom that is of God must be exalted; our own conceits of policy must be retired, and God's grand purpose of grace accepted; our own high notions of propriety adjourned, and God's long-tested modes of saving approved and implicitly followed. Thus doing, the all of truth will be preached, nor will His ministers shun to "declare the whole counsel of God." And all this, too, with regard to the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers. And herein is the wisdom of God. All else is the foolishness of men.

ESTHER.*

THE Book of Esther is the only book in the Bible which makes no mention of the name of Almighty God. This must have been intentional, because it was by no means an easy omission to make. Not very long after the Book of Esther was written it was translated into Greek; and the translators, besides adding to it many things of the truth of which we have no evidence, were unable to resist the temptation to put the name of God in four places in that part of the narrative which they translated faithfully in other respects. From this it seems clear that the omission of the holy Name was intentional, for an ordinary person could not bring himself to omit it in translating the story, so convinced was he that the hand of God was there.

The principal characters in the Book of Esther are Jews in captivity in Persia (Esther ii., 5-7). The King of Persia had occasion to choose a queen; Esther was brought under his notice, and he chose her, not knowing of what nation or family she was. Her cousin Mordecai,† who had brought her up, came to the court, and happened while there to become acquainted with a certain conspiracy against the king's life, of which he gave information. The conspirators were hanged, and the name of the informer, with the whole transaction, written in the public records. We are next told that the king promoted to great dignity a certain person named Haman, an Agagite (which means a descendant of Agag). Why this Haman was promoted, history does not state; but when was an Eastern monarch without a favourite? Haman's position procured him outward marks of respect from "all the king's servants, that were in the king's gate." These marks of reverence Mordecai thought fit to withhold. The king's servants observed the omission, and, like true courtiers, called Haman's attention to the fact. Haman was enraged, not only with Mordecai, but, for some cause not mentioned, with Mordecai's whole race, *i.e.*, with *all* the Jews. He thought scorn to lay hands upon Mordecai alone, but deliberately petitioned for a decree, which the king granted, ordering the extermination of every Jew in the king's provinces on a certain day appointed in the order. This decree probably extended to Judea and to the returned captives, for Judea was at that time a province of the Persian Empire. The decrees were issued in every province, to the greatest consternation and perplexity of the Jews.

Mordecai lost no time in manifesting his grief in the most open and public manner, even before the king's gate; so that Queen

* From "The Names on the Gates of Pearl." By Rev. C. H. Waller.

† He brought up Esther, his uncle's daughter (Esther ii. 7). Why do we so often hear Mordecai called Esther's uncle?

Esther, who had constant notice of his movements, soon heard of it and sent to inquire the reason. Mordecai sent her full information, and required her to use her influence with the king. This Esther could only do at the peril of her own life. No one could approach the king uninvited under penalty of death, and she had not been called for thirty days. However, after three days' fasting, in which Mordecai and all the Jews in the city were required to join, she entered the king's presence, and was favourably received. She did not at once present her petition, but invited the king and Haman to a banquet on two consecutive days.

Haman, on leaving the presence of the king and queen the first day, had been incensed by meeting Mordecai, who as usual took no notice of him whatever. Haman went home and had a tree prepared of the height of fifty cubits, at the top of which he intended, after the Persian custom, to impale his enemy. (This is what *hanging* meant in Persia). He was confident that he would be permitted to do so if he asked the king. But on the night after his preparations—the night between the two banquets—the king could not sleep. The book of public records was read to him. The whole story of the conspiracy discovered by Mordecai was rehearsed. What reward had been given to the successful discoverer? None whatever. It was now morning, and some one was already seeking an interview with the king. Who should it be but Haman, his feet swift to shed the blood of Mordecai, come to ask that the execution might take place at once. The king's business, however, comes before Haman's. "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" Haman gives the best possible answer, describing what he would wish done to himself, and is forthwith ordered to do it. He performs a perfect action of charity to his neighbour, with the bitterest hatred in his heart. He then retires to his house, and is comforted by a prophecy that this is an omen of his downfall.

There is no time to think, however. The queen's banquet is ready, and Haman is summoned to attend. He is not long kept in suspense. Esther's petition is presented. She asks for her life and the life of her people, doomed to die by the malice of an enemy. "Who is he—where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" The king is all on the alert. Esther says it is Haman, and the monarch is furious. Haman's appeal to Esther is the signal for his removal. What is to be done with him? The tree prepared for Mordecai occurs to one of the attendants. Just what was wanted. "Hang him thereon!" Haman had already given Mordecai what he had chosen for himself, and now what he had chosen for Mordecai is given to him.

The rest of the story is soon told. The Jews are still under sentence of death. The queen with tears entreats that it may be reversed. Mordecai's relation to her is disclosed of necessity, and

he and she are permitted to issue in the king's name any decree they please, to effect their purpose. The former decree was irrevocable. It still held good in law that the Jews were to be destroyed. But now it is enacted that the Jews may resist, and that the king's officers everywhere are to help them. One would think that of the two decrees in question the rulers of the provinces might have kept either, and been within the law; but they saw fit to keep the second, and thus, instead of a massacre of Jews, there was a massacre of their enemies on the appointed day, followed by great rejoicings on the part of the favoured nation. The days of rejoicing are ordered to be kept by the Jews for ever. Mordecai is promoted to great honour and advancement, and the story closes.

But why is this book in the Bible? What is the object of it? There is not a word of religion in it anywhere, except a three days' fast, which is not likely to be imitated by many, and a two days' feast, which is nothing to anyone except the Jews. The book says as little of idols as it does of the God of Israel. For all we know from the Book of Esther, the religion of Haman, Mordecai, and the king might have been the same. There is not a word about the matter. Yet the Jews had a saying that the Book of Esther would last as long as the book of the law. Historically and prophetically it is so closely connected with the whole thread of Scripture history that the loss of it would be a calamity which nothing could repair.

The historical coincidences it contains are most curious. We read in chap. ii. that Mordecai was of those Jews who had been carried away captive with Jeconiah, King of Judah, though if we are meant to understand that Mordecai himself was living at that time, he must have been very young. In Jer. xxiv. 5-7, we find a prophecy respecting these very people. The captives that went with Jeconiah are likened to a basket of good fruit—they should be "builted and not pulled down; planted and not plucked up." Further, in the second chapter of Esther we read that Mordecai and Esther were Benjamites, descendants of Kish, of the same family with Saul, the first King of Israel. Haman, on the other hand, was a descendant of the family of Agag, the royal house of Amalek. So the word Agagite has been understood by the Jews themselves. A strange coincidence, that *Saul* should be brought to the throne of Israel to destroy Amalek, and fail, but that a descendant of his family should come to the throne of Persia 500 years later, and accomplish the task. The remnant of the *people* of Amalek had been cut off in the time of Hezekiah. With Haman perished the family of their *kings*. Long ago it had been said by Moses: "When the Lord thy God hath given thee rest from thine enemies, thou shalt blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven: thou shalt not forget it" (Deut. xxv. 19). Here is a coincidence of words as well as fact. On what account were the days of Purim kept, except as the days when the Jews "*rested* from their enemies?"

Other things in the story of Esther are accounted for by this connection. How was it that Haman thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone, but planned to destroy the whole Jewish race? It is understood at once, if we remember that this was the very thing that the Jews had been doing with the race of Haman. The prophecy and the history of the Exodus explain why Mordecai and not Haman was successful. Does not this also explain why Mordecai would not do reverence to Haman? "His *King* shall be higher than Agag" was Balaam's prophecy concerning Israel. Had it been a mere personal quarrel between them, we must have blamed Mordecai; but not when it was a war of extermination, expressly commanded by Almighty God. The memory of Saul's disaster was enough to warn any of his descendants against sparing the sons of Agag. For sparing the King of Amalek, Saul had lost his throne.

Again, is it not somewhat remarkable that we read three times over in the 9th chapter of Esther, that the Jews who slew their enemies throughout the Persian Empire on the day of the decree took no plunder from the slain? "They laid not their hands on the prey." Why mention this so repeatedly, if it were not intended to remind us that the war was a sacred one that the plunder was accursed? In the war with Amalek, in the reign of Saul, the people "*flew upon the spoil.*" It is clear that the Jews had not forgotten the lesson they had been learned. Thus the Book of Esther confirms the narrative in Samuel, and shows that it was well known to the Jews.

The foresight and confidence of Mordecai are very remarkable. He bids Esther not to disclose the fact that she was a Jewess until the appointed time: then it saved the whole race. He says also to her: "Deliverance shall arise to the Jews." If we look at the Book of Esther only, his confidence seems to amount to rashness. But if we compare the earlier Scriptures: "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee;" and again: "When thou art in tribulation, . . . if thou turn to the Lord thy God, He will not forsake thee nor destroy thee," we can understand his faith. Here is the exact promise which justifies the confidence of Mordecai: They *were* in tribulation, captives in a strange land; but "the Lord would not destroy them." Then how could Haman's plan succeed? There *must* be deliverance to the Jews—if not from Esther, then "from another place;" and the question, "Who knowest whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" is the very formula of Jewish faith in all ages. "It may be that the Lord will work for us." "Who can tell if God will be gracious unto me?" "Who knoweth if he will return, and repent, and leave a blessing behind Him?" There never was a better form of expressing confidence, nor one that has been more often honoured by the blessing of God. The promise must be fulfilled,

that is certain; and "Who knoweth whether" it might not happen thus and thus?

We must notice one thing in the book which seems plainly prophetic, like so many similar things in other portions of Scripture. The turning point in the deliverance of God's people is that their enemy is hanged upon the tree—the tree which he had prepared for their deliverer. The decree for their destruction is turned into a sentence upon their enemies. Do not these circumstances illustrate that verse in the Epistle to the Colossians which speaks of God's "blotting out the handwriting of *ordinances* (the very word used to describe the king's decree in Esther) that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross"? and it is added: "Having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them *in it*."

There are many verbal coincidences between the Book of Esther and the New Testament—*c. g.*, the one just mentioned about the *decree*. Again, the very word used for the devil in the New Testament is here applied to Haman; the expression, "Let Him be crucified," and others.

Perhaps the unalterable decrees of Media and Persia, never revoked, but met by the operation of other decrees if it was necessary to alter the result, may represent the reign of law under which we all live. The law of Almighty God "altereth not"; and yet, under this unalterable law, Infinite Wisdom will contrive to open a way through every difficulty, and work out every gracious purpose of love.

And is not the view of religion presented by the Book of Esther one which is sometimes very necessary and very comforting for us to take? Here are a number of circumstances, all under God's control, working out His most gracious purposes, and yet His hand is hidden all the time. And, again, here are two persons at least acting strictly and steadily under His guidance, fulfilling His will with the utmost confidence, and yet you cannot discover on what principle they work, except by the result. That result, however, is "that the people of God have joy and gladness, feasting, and a good day"; for, "Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

ARE you covetous? Do you feel the world entangle you? You may struggle against this evil as long as you please, but if it be your besetting sin, you will never be delivered from it in any other way than by the blood of Jesus. Take it to Christ. Tell Him, "Lord, I have trusted Thee, and Thy name is Jesus, for Thou dost save Thy people from their sins. Lord, this is one of my sins; save me from it." Ordinances are nothing without Christ—the whole of them together—are worth nothing apart from him.

NOT FORSAKEN.

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

CHAPTER I.

THE FARM.

I T seems a strange thing for me to tell the history of my life, for I am a person of no consequence at all : a poor farmer's daughter, and an unlearned woman, having only learnt one lesson well, and even that not well enough—that all things do most surely work together for good for any one, however poor and unlearned, who loves God.

The old house at home was fully one hundred and seventy miles from London, hard upon the borders of Wales, and there never was a waft of city smoke in the sweet fresh air. Even to go down to the nearest town, which was three miles away, you had to go through green woods and coppices of dark fir trees before you came in sight and sound of streets. My father, and his father, and his grand-father had all lived on the same little farm—a farm of about two hundred acres of rather barren land, but with a right to keep sheep on the common, which stretched away to the foot of a solitary hill, rising straight up from the level land, almost a mountain, people said, and so solitary and alone that it looked higher than it was, maybe. Sometimes when the clouds rested on the brow of the hill of a morning, quite hiding it from our eyes, I used to fancy that perhaps the angels were there behind the white veil of mist ; or it made me think of Abraham going up the mount to offer up his son to God ; and I wondered if he and his son and the altar were not all hidden from the sight of the young men who were staying down in the plain afar off. When the clouds hung there hour after hour, thick and black, gathering all the darkness in the sky to themselves, I remembered the darkness covering Mount Calvary, that the people in Jerusalem could not see the Cross standing out against the sky. So the hill, solitary and sometimes mournful in the gloom, sometimes glad in the sunshine, became one of my dearest friends.

I remember the house so distinctly ! It looked old and grey, and seemed as if it were dressed in home-made country clothes, like my father, who always looked so different to the townfolk, when I went with him three or four times a year to market. The windows were small, and had little diamond panes in them, except that here and there in the dairy and other places there was lattic-work only, to give light and air within. The roof was pitched high, and thick

* This story appeared in an English Periodical under the title of " B. de's Charity."

tufts of yellow stone-crop gave it a curious colour in the sunlight. Strong tendrils of ivy crept in and out about the great timber beams, and climbed up into the gables, where there were scores upon scores of swallows' nests under the eaves, with young birdies twittering, and the old ones chattering and shrieking all the summer day. We seldom used any other door but the kitchen door, which opened straight into the fold, with the cow-sheds opposite, where morning and evening I milked my three cows, while the dairymaid milked her four. They were beautiful, patient, fond creatures, whose sweet breath filled all our rooms with the scent of it as they sauntered slowly along under the windows on their way in and out of the sheds. We had another door, which opened directly into the parlour out of the front garden ; but that was seldom unlocked and unbolted, except when Stephen was at home for the holidays.

And the gardens ! Even now, though it is thirty years since I saw them, I have only to shut my eyes, and they are there before me, just as they will be forever in my memory, even when I am in the Garden of God ! There is the deep, winding lane, with high hedge-rows on each side, running down towards Conover, where the church is. And I see the straight, narrow walk, edged with box, coming up from the wicket to the parlour door, with its little trellis porch covered over with honeysuckle, and with rosemary and lavender pushing their sweet flowers through the green laths. At every corner of the square grass plot stood a dark, sombre, ancient yew-tree, trimmed and cut, and trained into likenesses of the trees children have in their Noah's Arks. Ugly, some people called them, but they never seemed ugly to me ; and in the autumn, when the coral-red berries grew upon them, strung like beads on the dark green twigs, they looked as beautiful and as solemn as the holly and ivy looked at Christmas in the old church down at Conover.

But that was the front garden : the great house garden was behind, with the dog's kennel close to the gate, and the poultry shed opposite, where my hens and chickens were locked up at night for fear of the foxes. There was a broad alley of grass running from end to end, with pleached trees on each side of it, and a narrow border of flower-bed, where grew all the old-fashioned flowers almost forgotten now. There were tall spikes of fraxinella, which I used to press gently through my fingers to make them yield their sweetness as my cows yielded their milk, and great red roses, scattering their leaves upon the grass, and blue lupins and Jacob's ladders, with bees ascending and descending on it incessantly, and yellow and purple flags, and tall evening primroses, and white lilies, almost losing themselves among the lower branches of the apple trees. In one corner there stood an arbour, once for pleasure only, but now with rows of beehives on the benches, all but one single seat at the entry.

That was my favourite place for resting in the cool of the evening when the day's labour was ended, and the sun was sinking down behind the hill, making all the pointed tops of the pine trees on the brow of it stand out very clear against the golden light. It was so still up there that I could hear the low, quiet, strange tap-tapping which one can always hear going on within a beehive, and the sound of the wind rustling through the fields of bearded barley came across the garden like a sigh. Stephen said it was like the sound of the distant sea, heard through deep silence. I used to feel as quiet and solemn there as when I sat in my old corner in the church at Conover, and heard the deep, thundering music of the organ, which made me tremble all through me. Those were happy days; and, as I said before, I feel as if I could remember my own garden, even in the blessed Paradise of God; and when I am walking there I can fancy, maybe, that the Lord will say to me, because he knows I remember it so well: "Margery, I was with thee there also; but blessed are they who did not see Me yet believed."

There were no more than two great changes in my life during all the time I dwelt in the old farm house—I should have said three, and the third was the sorest. First, there was my father's second marriage, with his cousin, when I was ten years of age, having never known my own mother. The second change was my second mother's death, twelve years after, when she left Stephen to my care, bidding me ever to set his interest and welfare above and before my own. I always did so: God is my witness. When I might have married and gone to a house of my own, my father would look grieved and sad at me, and Stevie clung to me begging me to stay at home for his sake. So I let the chances pass, one after another—for I had chances—till all the country-side knew that I had resolved to keep single for my father's and Stephen's sake.

I said the third change was the sorest. When I think about the garden at home, it is always as it looked the night before Stephen went away. He was going to Australia. I scarcely knew how it had come about; but he had grown quite into a gentleman, with no turn at all for the poor, homely life we were living. I had persuaded father to send him to a grand boarding-school ten miles away, because he was clever and quick at his books; and now that he was over sixteen he could not come back to us—our common, rough ways, and the hard work on the farm. He was like a restless young bird, whose wings were grown: you could not keep him in the narrow nest. And now he was going to spread his wings, and soar away very far out of my sight.

I was thinking it all over sadly enough, in my favourite place at the entry of the bee arbour, with my hands lying idly on my lap, when I saw Stevie strolling up through the long green alley, with

the setting sun blinding his eyes, so that he did not see me. How handsome he was, with just the look of a real gentleman's son about him! I could not help being proud of his fine, upright bearing, so different to the awkward, slouching walk of our country folk. I called to him very fondly and sadly, "Stevie! Stevie!"

He stood still for a moment to listen where the call came from; but he was forced to shade his eyes with his hand before he saw me. Then he came quickly, and threw himself on the grass at my feet, and laid his head on my lap. He did not often like to be petted, but he was going away so soon!

"Maggie," he said, "what do you want?"

"Stevie," I answered him, my voice sounding very low and sad in my own ears: "You'll be gone to-morrow, and I can't think whatever I shall do without you."

"Oh, you'll get along very well," he said; "there's father and the farm: you'll have enough to see after. Besides, you will have to write to me about everything, and you're not used to writing, so that will take a deal of your time. I want to know everything, you mind: how things go on, and how the farm pays. It ought to pay, Maggie, and I want it to pay. I want to be a rich man. It is of no use whatever to know all I know if I cannot be rich. That is why I am going to Australia. I intend to be rich; and what I intend to do I always succeed in."

"Stevie!" I said, meaning to tell him there were better things than money, but he stopped me.

"There, now, Margery: I know exactly what you are going to say, but it won't make any difference. I must be a rich man. And, Maggie dear, now I am going away I mean to spell my name different. It ought to be Bede, not Beade, with an 'a' in it. I should have done it at school, only the other fellows would have made fun. You'll direct my letters to Stephen Bede, Esq., won't you, dear old Maggie?"

"You're talkin' nonsense, Stevie," I said, half laughing at his earnestness.

"No," he answered, coaxingly; "I'm quite in earnest. It is such a little thing to promise; and I'm sure it ought to be Bede. There's a dear, good, kind Maggie, please to promise."

"I'll think about it," I said, smiling no longer.

"Then," he went on, "there's another thing or two I want you to do. You have such a pleasant voice—pleasanter than any voice I ever heard, but you spoil the words so. You never put the g's to the end of them, and you never use any h's at all. Oh, Maggie! I wish you would only learn to speak properly, and not do a lot of little things which no ladies do. You are not like common farm-house people, not at all, my Maggie; but you are not like the ladies I know. And oh! when I come back a rich man, I should want

you to be like them, and know how to talk, and walk, and sit down, and stand up like a real lady."

I sat silent for some minutes. Stevie was ashamed of me already! I knew very well I was not a lady—nothing but a homely country-woman; but I knew that I never could be one. Once, while the old rector was alive, his lady came to see us at the farm, and I thought of how she had stepped on tiptoe along the fold, and held her dress close to her, and chirped and chattered with a shrill voice, shriller than the swallows; and I felt sure I could never be like that. Everything seemed spoiled all at once: the light dying away behind the hill, the glimmering of the white lilies in the dusk, and the drowsy twitter of the birds falling asleep in their nests. It was the same as if we had been walking down a street with shop-windows on each side. I felt very grieved and troubled; yet I had something to say to Stephen, and there might be no other chance.

"Stevie," I said at last, stroking the boy's curly hair, "never mind about me not being a lady, but hearken to me. Very early this mornin', before the maids were stirrin', I woke, feelin' very heavy-hearted. I'd been dreamin' of you, that you were a little baby again; and as soon as I awoke the thought came over me as you'd soon be gone away from me almost as much as if you were dead. And I got up, and opened the window, and the sun was just risin' behind the fire coppice, and all the little birds of the air were singin'—singin' as if their hearts were as light as mine was heavy. And underneath my window among the ivy-leaves there was an empty nest, quite empty, only one little white feather lyin' in it, as if it had been left behind by the last little bird as it flew away. And I thought it would be like the house when Stevie was gone, with here and there a thing or two of his left behind; and as for me, I'd know no more where you were gone, than I knew where the linnets had flown to. So I was turnin' away very sad when I saw my Bible lyin' on the sill, and I opened it by chance to see what verse my eye would light upon. And the verse was this: 'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.' That verse was for you, Stevie! You are goin' to the uttermost parts of the sea, but His hand shall lead you, and His right hand shall hold you. I was very much comforted; and you will remember it, my boy: promise me you will remember it."

I felt Stephen draw down my hand to his face, and kiss it: but he did not speak; and we sat together in deep silence, till we heard father calling loudly: "Margery! Stephen! come in to supper!"

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST NIGHT.

I CALLED back to father that we were coming, and then we lingered down the grassy walk, loath to leave the garden and go into the house. The colour in the sky over the sunset was a clear pure green, like the rainbow round about the throne ; and the tall white lilies shone as if they gave light in the dusk. A belated bee or two flew past our ears with a deep busy hum, as if they must needs make a noise in the darkness ; and in the fir coppice a wild wood-pigeon was cooing to the stillness which was growing every minute. I stood quiet for a little while, pressing my hands upon my aching heart ; but Stephen marched on, not seeing that I had fallen behind. He was too busy with the day that was coming when the sun rose again.

I stopped again to pat Nero's head, and see if his supper was all right ; and then I went round by the fold, Stephen having gone in through the front door. The cattle were being let out for the night, and each of them came lowing past me, as if waiting for me to call them by name. My father stood in the door-way of the barn, and I seemed to see him more distinctly than ever before—an old man, with white hair and a ruddy face, dressed in a farmer's coarse home-spun suit, with grey stockings of my own knitting, and thick hob-nailed shoes. A good farmer, and a good old man, I said to myself, but not a gentleman, Stevie ! He was locking up the doors all around the fold, and when he had finished we went in to supper.

It was a very homely life we led in those days when father was alive, who liked to keep to all the old customs of his father. We never used the parlour but on Sunday afternoons ; the rest of the week we all sat together, father and me, and the men-servants and the maids. Father sat in his own chair within the cheek of the chimney corner ; and I sat opposite to him in my mother's rocking-chair, and with a little round table beside me, whereon stood the single candle, which we reckoned to give enough light for all. Below me sat the dairy-maid ; and below father sat the waggoner, and so according to their places, till the lowest servants, lad and lass, were together ; and often I had to call them quietly to order. But when Stephen was at home he sat on my father's other hand, away from the men, and had a candle to himself that he might go on with his lessons. At nine o'clock I read a Psalm and a prayer ; and then all the rest went to bed, often leaving Stephen and me stooping over the fire, and talking late on into the night.

That night there was a kind of stir among us all, instead of the usual sleepiness. Stephen was going away in the morning ; and there was a strange venturesomeness in such a boy daring to start

off alone for so far-off country as Australia, which nobody knew, and where we had no friends. None of us had ever been much beyond Condoover parish, or down to the fair in the nearest town, and everybody felt roused and excited. Stephen himself looked the calmest, though his face was flushed a little, and his dark eyes glittered; but he took up a book as usual, and seemed about to forget us all in his reading.

"Put it away, Stephen!" said father, laying his hard brown hand on the open page: "it's the last night thou'lt be at home in the old house, lad; and I want to hear the sound o' thy voice to-night. Thou'rt a good lad, a very good lad; but a trifle to fine to be ground in our mill. Who'd ever have thought such a fine lad 'ud come o' the old stock?"

He spoke as if he was half proud and half regretful. I knew he was just as proud of Stephen—ay, and as uneasy about him—as my little white hen was of her one duckling, when it would take to the water in spite of all her cluck-clucking.

"He's a fine lad, and a grand scholar," said Jerry, the old waggoner, sitting next my father, and his voice sounded very thick and muffled; "he'll beat 'em all out yonder in Australia—he will, mester."

"Ay, ay!" answered father; "I don't fear he'll make his way, with all the learnin' he's got in his head. It's an old head on young shoulders, Jerry. But I'd rather he'd ha' stayed a little nigher home. There's London! If he'd only chose he might ha' gone to his Uncle Simister, who has a shop there. They tell me London's the finest place in the whole world; and Uncle Simister's had a shop this forty year. He'd ha' been main glad of a fine young lad like Stevie to sell his watches and clocks to the grand folk. He wrote once, offerin' to take one of my children, tankin' I'd a whole brood of 'em. That were a good openin' for Stephen."

I saw Stevie smiling quietly to himself, as much as to say he would never have been content selling watches and clocks.

"I mean to do better in Australia, father," he said. "You'll see I shall come back a rich man, rich enough to buy up Uncle Simister. If his business had been as good as you think, he'd have made his fortune, and retired from it before now. A man doesn't go on slaving year after year after his fortune is made."

"He's a fine lad, and a grand scholar," said Jerry, looking with his dull, dim eyes into Stephen's face.

"Maybe thou'rt right, Stephen," said father; "maybe thou'rt right. It's thy own choice, any way; but it's costin' a sight o' money. If it hadn't been for Margery there, who's promised to take to all the dairy-work herself—and it's heavy work for a woman, heavier than thee ever put thy hand to, my boy; what with turnin' the cheese every day, and rubbin' it, and ironin' it, besides the

makin' of it, tis heavy work I tell thee—if it hadn't been for Margery, I say, thoud'st never have won me over to say ay, and put down nigh upon a hundred pounds to back it. It's Margery's doin', whether it turn out ill or well."

"Why shouldn't it turn out well, father?" I asked, feeling very low.

"I don't say it won't, my lass," he answered; "thou'rt doin' it for the best, I know. It were thee sent him to boardin'-school, and made a gentleman of him; goin' in plain clothes thyself, all along, with ne're a bit o' ribbin, or a flower, or a trinket, like other lasses. It's all thy own doin'; he's pretty nigh as much thy lad as mine. If he comes back a rich man he must pay thee, for nobody else can."

"I don't looked to be paid," I said, for I did not like to hear of payment from anybody for love, unless it were love back again, and then that brings everything else with it. And sure, Stephen would always love me! My heart was aching sore that night, though he was sitting then opposite me in the chimney-nook; but there were not many hours till to-morrow morning.

"I'll pay her!" he cried, eagerly; "she shall have silk dresses, and the best watch in Uncle Simister's shop, and servants to wait on her, and a carriage to ride in. Why, I mean to have Margery to live with me in London, if she'll only do two or three things she knows of. Even if I am married I shall have her to live with us, and take care of the house, and see after the children. That is one reason why I am going to Australia: I must be a rich man to pay Margery."

"I shouldn't wonder if thee gets a thousand pounds," said Jerry, speaking slowly but loudly; for it was an immense sum to him, who had never had more than ten shillings a week wages, when he lived out of the house with his wife and children, and found himself.

"A thousand pounds!" echoed Stephen, with contempt; "why, I shall want a hundred thousand to do all I mean to do. You don't know what you are talking about, Jerry. There are farmers in Australia who went out as poor as me, and now they have as many as five hundred thousand sheep of their own. Try to think of five hundred thousand sheep, Jerry!"

Jerry dropped his head upon his breast and shut his eyes. Even I could not think of five hundred thousand sheep. Father had never had more than a hundred and fifty, except one good lambing season, which Jerry had never forgotten, both for the extra labour and the glory of it, when the number of the flock rose to nearly two hundred. All the other servants were listening with open eyes, but they could not think of such a number. Stephen might just as well have said five hundred millions.

"How'll they all get washed and sheared?" asked one of them. The sheep washing was just over, and his voice was very hoarse

from a cold he had caught standing up to his middle in the sheep-pond. The shearing was coming on in a day or two, and no wonder he thought of how they would ever get through washing and shearing five hundred thousand sheep. Stephen did not seem to hear the question, for he said nothing.

"Well, well," said father, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "washin' here, or washin' there, it's all Margery's doin'. So keep that in thy mind, my son. It's little I shall have to leave her or thee. Times are hard and the land barren, and thou has been a heavy drain upon me, Stephen. Thou has never done a day's work for thy bread yet, but I don't grudge it, lad. If thou gets as much money as thou says out yonder, my money 'ill be well laid out on thee. So now, Margery, let's have prayer, for it's gettin' late, and we've a busy day before us to-morrow."

I could hardly bear that word "to-morrow," but I knelt down; and as soon as the scraping and shuffling of the chairs and feet upon the floor were ended, I read a Psalm and a prayer. Stephen always stood, for he fancied that the quarries were never clean enough to kneel upon, and truly his clothes were always so much better than ours. But that last night he knelt down, like all the rest of us. It was hard for me to keep back my tears and make my voice steady, and for a moment or two while I was silent the old clock by the stairs ticked very loudly. When we had prayer again to-morrow Stephen would be far away from us; and how long would it be before he knelt with us again?

CHAPTER III.

SOLITARY DAYS.

I SCARCELY knew how the time fled by the next morning. I was very busy up to the last moment, and then I felt Stephen's arms clasping me, and clinging to me, and his wet cheek pressed against mine. I saw him climb up to father's side in the gig, which was never used but on market-days; but now all the servants were gathered around it, and walked down with it, like a funeral train, along the stone causeway of the fold. I wondered that all the dumb creatures about the place should be barking, and lowing, and bleating, and cackling, just the same as if nothing at all was happening. Just a sight of him waving his cap to me I saw, all blurred and dim through my tears; and I heard the men shout good-bye and hurrah, as they drove away down the lane. Then I went back into the dark, dark house.

It never seemed the same place to me again. The sun never shone so brightly of a morning, and the evenings were long and dull. I was as busy as ever: nay, more busy, for as soon as the

dairymaid left I took all her work upon myself. I had never done it before, and it was my own choice to do it now, that Stephen might have the chance he had set his heart upon. Father was a rough, hard-working man himself, but he had always been very tender of the women belonging to him, and could not bear to see them overburdened or overcome with many cares. Neither my mother, nor Stephen's, nor I myself, had been expected to take the heavy work there is in a farm-house. We might make up the pats of butter, or break the curd in the cheese-tub; but we had never had to turn the churn or carry the pails of milk into the dairy. I had had hard work to persuade him to let me undertake these things; and now that Stephen was gone he often spared one of the men to do the heaviest parts, whilst he himself held the plough or drove the waggon, making light of the weariness and stiffness he felt when he came to sit down at night.

Still my hands were very busy, and my heart was heavier than I could tell. Everything seemed gone with Stephen. I could know nothing of him, save the few lines he wrote from Liverpool, for many a long month to come. I knew nothing about his life on board ship; I had never seen a ship—no, nor the sea—and I could not form any satisfying idea of it in my own mind. Sometimes, when my heart ached the sorest, I fancied if I could only see the sea and the ship, which were carrying him so very far away from me, I could be more content. But I knew no more of it than of the life to come: nay, not so much, for surely I knew some little of that blessed place from my Bible.

Then I bethought me that I might study in Stephen's books, and so learn something of what he knew, and maybe get to speak and think and act like a lady, as he wished me. He had left a few books behind him, some in Latin and Greek, which were of no use to me, but others in beautiful English, very different from the common talk of us country folk. I think I learnt a little from them, and they helped to pass the time away; but I remained much the same as I had been before, a homely farmer's daughter, not at all fit company for grand people, like the rector and his lady.

I think father was happier instead of sadder after Stephen was gone. He often talked about him, but he never wished him back again. In some things men are so different from women. Perhaps I had not cared for him so much while Stephen was about: it is true that I had not thought of him so much; and now, though everything was very quiet and solemn about the old home, maybe he liked to see me watching for him to come in from his work, as I had never done before. Sometimes I read aloud to him, which I could not do whilst Stephen was learning his lessons; and often I walked with him around the fields of an evening, seeing how the crops were coming on, and how the cattle throve. I may as well say it here,

that one of those who had asked me once to be his wife came again, for she whom he had married was dead, and he needed some one to look after his house and his motherless children. My heart yearned towards the little creatures, but it was not for long. I could never leave my father, and so the last chance passed by for me ever to have a home of my own.

Yet under all the solitariness and heart-ache there was deep down a constant gladness, and a sense of not being left alone, which I am too ignorant to speak of fully. Many thoughts I had before Stephen went, solemn and glad thoughts, in the pew at church, and in the entry of the bee-arbour; and now they came to me oftener, till at times all my mind was full of them, as the hives were full of bees storing up cells of honey day after day against the winter. I do not know of any words to tell of them, no more than I could make you see how the sun shone if you were blind, or hear how the birds sing if your ears were stopped. But those who can hear and see know these things without words.

There was no one to whom I could speak—to whom I should have liked to speak—of God, of our dear Lord Christ, and of heaven. No one seemed to think of such things; yet there were good folks down at Condoover, who went to church pretty regularly, just as I did; for if the day was rainy, or father was loath to see me go, or there were cade lambs to see after, and only young servants to leave them to, I stayed at home, and read my Bible of a Sunday afternoon in the parlour. Towards the last father used to ask me to read out; and he would sit and listen, with his hands upon his knees, and his white head giving a nod now and then, when I came to a verse he remembered. Our old rector was dead, and another come in his place, who was set upon farming, and liked nothing so much as talking about crops and cattle; and the curate was a very aged man, too old to come out as far as our farm, but he was a very good and holy man, and may be I might have talked with him had I ever seen him. But there we were, a long way from our church and clergymen: only those thoughts, which I cannot tell, made me feel as if God was never far away from any one of us.

At length we heard from Stephen—nearly ten months after he had left us; for in those days it took longer to go to Australia than it does now. I have all his letters still, and could copy them word for word, but no one wishes me to do that—though I read them over and over again, and never read anything so good and clever in the best book he left behind him. The last sheet of his letter I will give you.

“We were a day of Melbourne when Mr. Garnet, the lawyer I told you of, asked if I had anything in prospect on shore; for if I had not, he would take me into his office. I am sure he thinks me quick and clever enough to be of service to him. So I said to him

that a lawyer's office was not exactly what I was looking out for ; I wanted to get upon a sheep-farm, where I could get a share in it by-and-by. He said I should be positively thrown away as a farmer ; but, if I liked to go into his office for six months on trial, I might look about me, and make inquiries before deciding what I would do. He says I am a keen, shrewd fellow. So after a little consideration I closed with his offer. I begin with a pretty fair salary ; and as I have still some of the hundred pounds left, I shall see how I can lay it out profitably. It is a nest-egg, which is to bring you silk gowns and a gold watch, Maggie."

That was very kind of Stephen ; yet he little thought how useless silk gowns would be to me, and how I would rather have one smile or a kiss from him than the finest silk gown ever made. There was what he called a P.S. to his letter.

"We have just reached Melbourne. Mr. Garnet is going to take me home with him. It is rare luck, and shows what a prosperous fellow I am. The captain says he is one of the first men here, and very rich. He has no children, but then he has only been married two years. I shall stay with him if he has not any children ; and perhaps if I do not make a fortune I shall have one left to me.

"Good-bye, my dear father and Maggie. I shall be quite a man before you see me again. Good-bye, and God bless you.—Your loving STEPHEN."

I kept this letter between the leaves of my Bible, where there was a flower or two which Stephen had pressed between them when he was a child : they had been there ever since ; and now and then, as I looked at them in church, the tears would gather under my eyelids, and I did not like to wipe them away, lest the neighbours should wonder whatever Margery Beade could be crying for.

(To be Continued.)

THE GREAT AUTHORITY.—The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made jest of religion in the presence of his own children ; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I asked her one day how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so opposed to her own. This was her answer : "Because to the authority of a *father* I do not oppose the authority of a *mother*, but that of *God*. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question—did they commit a fault—did they perform a good action ? I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reprov'd, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you."—*Rev. Adolphe Monod.*

"NOTHING TOO HARD FOR THEE."

IN one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Brooklyn in reading the Scriptures, he made the following comments on Jeremiah xxxii. 17:—

"Ah! Lord God! behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee."

"And there is nothing too hard for Thee." During the past two years, into every town and city that Mr. Sankey and I have gone, we always took this verse as the key-note to our work. We generally commence every prayer-meeting by reading this verse—nothing too hard for God—and it was a wonderful help to us. Sometimes our ways seemed hard ways. Then we came back to the old text and these ways were freed from all darkness. It sometimes seemed as if some men could not be converted. But we came back to the old text, and flinty hearts would break. At Edinburgh I was told that a young man who was pointed out to me was the chairman of an infidel club. I went and stood beside him, and asked him if he was thinking of his soul. He turned to me and said: "How do you know I've got one?" I thought it was no use trying, but then I thought nothing is too hard for God. I asked him if I might pray for him. He said: "You may pray if you like. Try your hand on me." I got down on my knees and prayed for him. His head was held up and his eyes did not notice me, and he seemed to say to the people that my prayers did not affect him at all. For six long months prayers were daily offered in prayer-meetings for the infidel. This was in January, or the latter part of December, and a year afterward, or a little over a year, when we were at work in Liverpool, I got a letter from a person in Edinburgh, who said that the infidel was at the foot of the Cross, crying for mercy; and just as we were leaving England we heard that he was leading a meeting every night. I was to give you this as our key-note—nothing is too hard for God. It is just as easy for God to save the most abandoned men as for me to turn my hand over. If this is God's work, we had better cling to it; if this is Christ's work, it is as lasting as eternity itself. I have a good deal more hope of this prayer-meeting than the meetings at the rink. It is not preaching that you want; you have plenty of preaching. You have plenty of men who can preach better than I can. You have plenty of men who can sing better than Mr. Sankey can. Let this be your key-note—nothing is too hard for God to do in His great power.

I asked my boy how God created the world. He said: "He spoke." That is all; "He said, let there be light, and there was light." He can convert the thief, the harlot, the most abandoned, and another class still harder—that is, the self-righteous Pharisee.

God can do it. Nothing is too hard for Him. Let us every morning keep this text in our hearts, "Nothing is too hard for Thee." Our God can do it. They tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the world, and our God created it. There have been eighty millions of other suns discovered, but these are only a fringe on the garments of God. Our God did it all. If then, God is so great, shall we not ask Him for great things? We honour God by asking for great things. Alexander had a general who accomplished a great victory, and it pleased him greatly. He told his general to draw on the treasurer for any amount he wished, and directed his treasurer to honour the draft. The draft was so large that the treasurer was afraid to pay it. The emperor said: "Didn't I tell you to honour his draft? Don't you know he honours me by making so large a draft?" Don't you know we honour God by asking for great things? The Church has been asking for little things too long.

"STAND STILL."

HOW sweet it is to work for the dear Lord, to be actively engaged in some employment which we know will bring comfort to His afflicted ones. The very sacrifices which we are often called upon to make seem like precious opportunities, by which we may show our gratitude for that which we have received from Him, and with joy we go forward to give our mite to one of His disciples in the name of Jesus.

Suddenly we are prostrated by disease; we find ourselves too weak and feeble to do any work for the Lord, and we hear the words, "Stand thou still." Now comes the test. Are we willing to do nothing, to be nothing, for Jesus?

The cry goes up from many a sufferer: "O Lord, anything but this! Only give me health and strength to labour for Thee; I will so gladly spend my strength in Thy service." But in the silence of the sick-room comes back the answer: "Stand thou still awhile." Sooner or later this experience comes to each one. To him who has led a life of activity in Christian work, this is no small trial; but He who has said: "I am with you alway," will give the needed patience and trust, so that even this heavy trial may draw us nearer to the heart of our divine Lord.

Amid the busy din of activity we may be able to accomplish some precious work for the Master; but while we are thus engaged we may fail to hear the still, small voice of Divine love which so nourishes and strengthens our inmost life. Our Father sees that we are

needing those graces which He bestows upon His chosen ones, and wishes to anoint them for a special service: so, as Samuel spoke to Saul, He speaks to us: "Stand thou still awhile, that I may show thee the Word of God." When we are willing to be still, and can say with David: "Truly my soul waiteth upon God," then there comes to the Christian heart "that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away." We know how David loved God's service, and how hard it must have been for him to hide away from his enemies, waiting for a plain path in which he might go forward; and perhaps he never thought that the sweet Psalms, many of which were written in these times of standing still, hidden away from his enemies, would be such words of heavenly comfort to some desponding ones, who would live hundreds of years after he had passed away. He says: "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living;" and then, as if he wished all to know how the Lord blessed the waiting soul, he cries: "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord;" and this Lord says: "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

A dear sufferer said, not long since: "I have learned so much of my blessed Lord, during these weeks of suffering, that I am very grateful to Him for thus laying me aside, for I know now the joy of waiting upon the Lord. It was very hard at first to think that I could not labour for Him, but I have been greatly blessed, though I am denied doing anything for others." The young Christian did not realize that her sweet testimony was at work for the Master; for the listener was then standing still awhile, waiting to know the Lord's will concerning her, and she was led to see how richly the Lord would bless her if she waited patiently and only trusted fully in Him. Thus the Lord blesses the willing mind, under whatever circumstances one may be placed. When waiting on the Lord, He can use us for His honour and glory; but, when we are not willing to stand still until His will is made known to us, but go forward without His command, there will be no fruit-bearing, no sweet results for the Master, and no rest to our own souls.

"He lives in us—in Him we live,
With life eternal blest;
And while by faith and hope we wait,
In Christ, our life, we rest."

MARIA BRUCE LYMAN.

TEMPERANCE REVIEW.

BY the time this number is in the hands of our readers, the Legislature of Ontario will have adjourned until next fall. From the number of petitions presented, and the various depositions which waited upon the Ministry, it was anticipated that there would necessarily be some legislation on the liquor traffic. The Temperance Bill was long anticipated, and now, that it has become law, it is not likely that it will give universal satisfaction. It was not to be expected that the Licensed Victuallers' Association would be satisfied with anything short of an extension of time for the sale of liquors. We are glad that there is no change in this respect: we would have been still more glad if saloons and shop licenses had been wholly abolished, as they are sources of unmitigated evil.

The Bill, notwithstanding all its faults, is a great improvement on all attempts previously made to regulate "the traffic." We are pleased that the Bill has been so freely commented on by the press, so that it will be well understood. We presume most of our readers are familiar with its leading provisions.

The removal of the licensing power from police commissioners and municipal councils, is a great boon. The appointment of license inspectors and commissioners, is also a wise measure. Limiting the number of taverns in proportion to the population, is an excellent provision, so that Toronto will have 170 taverns instead of 300 as at present; Hamilton, 70 instead of 111; Ottawa, 55 instead of 135; London, 41 instead of 92; and Kingston, 32 instead of 86. Municipal councils have power to reduce the number still lower, if they think proper to do so; while they may also refuse to license shops and saloons entirely, if they be so minded.

No doubt some parts of the Bill could be improved; but we regard it as the best Temperance Bill which Ontario has ever had, and, if faithfully carried out, will do much to lessen the frightful evils of drunkenness, which are so extensively prevalent. Temperance people should now use their utmost endeavours to get good men elected to all the municipal councils.

Ontario sometimes boasts of its position in the Dominion; but the recent report of Mr. Langmuir, the inspector of prisons, represents a state of things which is far from flattering. He states that while the population has increased in six years only *nine* per cent., crime has increased during the same period, not less than *seventy-nine* per cent. ! This is surely startling.

Mr. Langmuir confirms the view long held by temperance men, that the use of intoxicants leads to crime. In eight years the consumption of liquors has doubled, and criminal statistics have just about doubled also. Of 426 prisoners in the Central Prison in 1875, 353 were intemperate. Of the number of committals, 3,681 were temperate, while 6,392 were intemperate. Toronto City Gaol, contained in 1875 1,694 male, and 572 female prisoners. Of these, 1,126, and 362 respectively, were "drunk and disorderly." Probably if the truth were known of the others, it would be found that drink had something to do with their imprisonment.

The Inspector's report reveals the fact, that there is *one* criminal for every *seventy-two* of the Roman Catholic population, and *one* to 214 of the remainder

—that is, *three criminals in the Roman Catholic Church, in proportion to the population, to every one found in connection with all the other churches.* This is certainly very damaging to the “true church.”

Massachusetts now has a license law instead of prohibition. The prisons are crowded as they never were before : in some counties it is difficult to find room for the convicts. When prohibition obtained, the prisons were almost empty.

We were somewhat solicitous to know how Methodism stood in the Inspector's report. According to the census of 1871, the united members and adherents of the Methodist family in Ontario amounted to 462,274. The number of prisoners classed as Methodists in the said report for 1875, is 1,218, or *one criminal in every 379 Methodists*, while the Church of Rome supplies *one criminal out of every 72 of its adherents*, or over *five times more in proportion than Methodism.*

Some object to appealing to the Legislature at all respecting the liquor traffic, but in all ages it has been found necessary to do so. As far back as 1677, the following curious law for the regulation of taverns was enacted by the “Great General Court,” held at Plymouth, Mass. :—

“It is ordered by the Court and the authorities thereof that none shall presume to deliver any wine, strong liquors, or cyder, to any person or persons whoe they suspect will abuse the same ; or to any boyes or girdes, or single persons, tho' pretending to come in the name of any sicke person, without a note under the hand of some sober person in whose name they come ; on pain of five shillings for every such transgression—the one halfe to the county and the other halfe to the enformer.”

Drunkeness was punished by various penalties, which seem amusing to us, though doubtless considered otherwise by those who incurred them. Here are a few specimens :—

“Sergeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk.

“Daniel Clarke, found to be an immoderate drinker, fined forty shillings.

John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks.”

A man who had often been punished for being drunk, was ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year.

A few years later Rev. Isaac Mather preached a sermon at Boston, and thus deplores the use of rum :—

“It is a common thing that later years, a kind of strong drink called rum has been common among us, which the poorer sort of people, both in town and country, can make themselves drunk with. These that are poor, and wicked too can, for a penny or two pence, make themselves drunk. I wish to the Lord some remedy may be thought of for the prevention of this evil.”

All the Provinces of Canada are now alive to the importance of doing something to stop the liquor traffic, or at least to cripple it as much as possible. Nova Scotia seems to take the lead ; for it is stated that there are about twice as many pledged members in working temperance societies, in proportion to the population, as in the whole Dominion, no less than sixteen

per cent of her adult population being thus enrolled. The number of abstainers in the Dominion is estimated at 161,000, and the number in Nova Scotia 31,900.

The Good Templars there see that the laws against selling liquors to Indians are enforced.

In Prince Edward's Island, a Local Option Law has been carried by an immense majority, which gives the people an opportunity to prohibit the liquor traffic.

We hope that when the Dominion Parliament meets, the members from all the Provinces will band together against the foe which rages throughout the land, and is doing more to impoverish the country than all the evils which can be enumerated.

It is sometimes a difficult matter to enforce temperance laws. The following illustrates what can be done in any locality. Some of the best citizens of Buffalo, U. S., are making a vigorous effort to close the saloons on Sabbaths. A public meeting was recently held which was numerously attended by clergy and laity, when the following resolution was adopted:—

"Whereas, it has been ascertained that ten citizens of Buffalo are willing each to find nine or more in addition to himself, who will severally pledge \$100, and thus secure at least \$10,000, which the hundred or more shall control by appointing an unsalaried executive, with power to call from time to time for five per cent. of each \$100 pledge; the executive to appoint a lawyer, competent, wise, and trustworthy, to see that the laws requiring all liquor shops to be actually closed during certain hours and days are enforced."

In various places, both in America and England, benevolent persons visit those engaged in the traffic, with a view, if possible, to induce them to cease to do evil. At Brooklyn, the Brotherhood of Christian Churches report the conversion of W. L. Bodline, liquor saloon keeper. He resolved at once to close his saloon, and go out of the business. Temperance prayer meetings are now held in the saloon.

Such personal efforts must result in good. The Handsford branches of the Church of England Temperance Society have appointed an agent at a salary of £100 a year. His regular duty is to gain interviews with persons charged with drunkenness at the police court of West Bromwich and Tipton. During the past year he recorded 1,949 visits, at a ratio of forty-two each week, Saturday and Monday being always spent at the police courts. He induced 238 persons to sign the pledge, 135 of whom are known to be keeping it.

It is passing strange that people are so blind to their own interests. Dr. De Marmon, in the *New York Medical Journal*, says:—"For the last ten years the use of spirits has, first, imposed upon the nation a direct expense of \$600,000,000; second, has caused an indirect expense of \$7,000,000; third, has destroyed 300,000 lives; fourth, has sent 100,000 children to the poor-house; fifth, has committed at least 150,000 people to prisons and work-houses; sixth, has determined at least 1,000 suicides; seventh, has caused the loss by fire or violence of at least \$10,000,000 worth of property; eighth, has made 200,000 widows and 1,000,000 orphans." If these figures are not enough to convince any sane man of the necessity for the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic, there is nothing on earth that will.

There are hundreds of drunkards, who would gladly see the traffic abolished, as they cannot resist the temptations to drink. Many years ago a poor man inserted the following advertisement in a paper at Bahama :—

“Whereas the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintance, and finding there is no possibility of breaking off the said practice, but through the impossibility to find the liquor; he therefore begs and prays that no person will sell him, for money or on trust, any sort of spirituous liquors, as he will not in future pay it, but will prosecute any one for an action of damage against the temporal and eternal interests of the public's humble, serious, and sober servant. JAMES CHALMERS, Nassau.”—*Bahama Gazette*, June 30, 1795.

As we design to give our readers all the information possible respecting the temperance cause everywhere, we have pleasure in directing attention to the Australasian Colonies, where both the Rechabites and I. O. G. T. are exerting great influence. In one district the first-named organization has a large benevolent fund for the benefit of its members, and the number of tents is very great. The latter organization is also advancing rapidly, while the Sons of Temperance are by no means lagging in the race. Lecturers of good ability are labouring in all the Colonies, and a healthy public opinion is being created. Here is what is said of one of them :—

“I found Mr. Matthew Burnett, the Yorkshire Evangelist, as he calls himself, standing in front of a row of young ladies, from whom the singing proceeded. A crowd of the most heterogeneous kind surrounded them—gutter children, fallen women, loafers, thieves, rogues and vagabonds—in fact, the outcasts of the city. What a contrast to them were the young ladies, who so pluckily went forth with Mr. Burnett to endeavour to lure some of those fallen ones into a place of worship! Of course the crowd was divided in opinion as to the affair. Many jeered, and scoffed, and laughed; but I noticed many a fallen creature, whose inmost heart was touched, and who at least for the moment was carried away. Mr. Burnett himself was a study. The inexpressible energy of this man is really wonderful. He appears over-full of vitality, earnest beyond the common. Whatever may be the opinion about him, I really think that after one has been present at his meetings no person will deny his earnestness. What on earth has Mr. Burnett to gain by going out into the streets and preaching to the wretched and the outcast? They have no money to give, and more kicks than half-pence are the rewards. What untold good may result from these nocturnal meetings? How many a heart may they touch to bring forth fruit in time? Who knows but God, what may be the result? I therefore hope that Mr. Burnett will continue his work among the fallen. No man but one like himself, full of enthusiasm, thoroughly understanding the way in which to catch the attention of the class he deals with, could succeed.”

We copy the following somewhat amusing incident from a Melbourne paper, showing the ill effects of “colonial beer” upon pigs. A publican was sending back some empty casks to his brewer, when the men who put them on the dray noticed that one of them contained a little beer: A suggestion that it should be drunk was negatived in favour of an amendment, that the stuff should be given to the pigs. This was done, and four well-bred porkers partook of the “colonial.” The result was the reverse of re-assuring to the admirers of the local product. Two pigs died almost immediately; the others were only got round with great difficulty, and after careful nursing on the part of the landlady, who has the reputation of being a great pig-doctor.

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

IT has long been the glory of the British Empire that the sun never ceases to shine upon it. The same may be said of Wesleyan Missions. The Parent Society has established missions in various parts of the world, which are now formed into separate conferences. The Methodist Church in Canada, and the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Australia may be cited as instances, while the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States sprung from the same prolific source.

The Parent Society does not, however, lessen its labours, by reason of so many independent conferences being formed. Far from this, fresh fields are sought, so that the Master's command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," is still the marching orders of the church. The *Missionary Notice* for January is now on our table; it contains letters from various parts of "the field," all of which are more or less interesting. Special interest however is felt—and no wonder—in the new mission in Polynesia, which has just been established in Duke of York's island, one of the group to the east of New Guinea. Rev. G. Brown and party arrived there August 14, 1875, and from his letters, it would seem that a favourable impression had been made upon the islanders. May their most sanguine expectations be realised!

At Barcelona, Spain, all the Protestants meet together for prayer and religious counsel. The Romish priests are struggling hard to regain their lost influence, as in other places; they hate the Bible as the following will show: "A short time ago I gave each of my Spanish workmen a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, in their own language, and simply asked them to read it, and ask God to bless it to them. It came to the priest's knowledge that such books had been given to these men, and a few Sundays ago he made it the point of a special sermon, denouncing the person (myself) who had introduced them into the parish, and requiring all who had these damnable books to bring them to him or to burn them, under the pains and penalties of being deprived of the partaking of the holy sacrament, and to be denied the Christian rites at their several funerals. This, however, had not the desired effect. He therefore called upon one and asked him for the book that the Englishman had given him. This was denied, and the man replying that he had read it and saw nothing in it that called for its burning, but rather a book to be kept and read always, as it contained the life and doings of our blessed Lord; and if he (the priest) was a servant of God, he would do well to read it and study it. He (the priest) was wrong, and the book was right; and he therefore did not care for the threatened excommunication. The priest retired dismayed."

The present condition of things in Spain is well illustrated by a recent occurrence at Corunna. Several English Protestants asked permission to open a chapel in that town. The governor flatly refused to allow it. They waited for a few days, and then opened their chapel without license, and hundreds flocked to it. The governor telegraphed to Madrid for instructions, and is said to have received this reply: "Let them be. It cannot be

helped." The meetings have been continued, and no further official notice has been taken of them.

ITALY.—In this stronghold of Rome, the truth is spreading. The priests are mad against the truth, and among other means used to stay its spread is the publication of a newspaper, in which they publish not exaggerations, but positive untruths respecting those who are labouring in connection with the various Protestant missions. They call Protestantism, "the seven-headed beast of the apocalypse," and say of Methodism, that it "arose in Wales, and the Methodists there take the name of jumpers, jerkers, barkers," and that their "worship consists in throwing themselves on the ground, howling and barking like dogs." These are only a few of the gross statements that are published among the Italians, to prejudice them against the truth. Surely a cause which needs such arguments must be tottering. There are now twenty-two Wesleyan ministers in Italy, only two of whom are Englishmen. Quite recently, five godly young men—men of athletic intellect—of some culture, and occupying high social positions, one of them the son of a judge, one a candidate for a professorship in the Lyceum, &c., presented themselves as candidates for membership into the Methodist Society at Naples. In one year not less than six thousand persons had heard the Gospel preached in Naples. A medical man offered himself for the ministry, and though his age, and the fact of his being a married man, may prevent him being received as a regular minister, yet seeing he does not look for position, but merely usefulness, and will require no pecuniary support, doubtless some plan will be discovered by which his services may be given to the church.

A missionary in Ceylon gives an account of his tour of 193 miles through eight countries, with eleven stations, in which six native ministers and five catechists are labouring, in all of which there are 264,230 inhabitants, of which 194,477 are Buddhists, 6,980 are Mohammedans, and 1,504 Hindoos, while the Christian populace is only 1,229. In the section of country thus traversed, there are 660 priests of Buddha, 91 devil priests, 46 astrologers, and 178 tantun beaters, who noisily join all heathen parades. Here there are twenty-three toilers for Christ, and 983 persons whose power all leans to superstition and idolatry.

From India there comes a pleasing letter from the Mysore district, containing an interesting account of the conversion of a man who came twenty miles to be baptized. His conversion was effected by the simple reading of the New Testament, a copy of which had been given him twenty years before, which he had read and studied with great profit.

A long letter is published from the Chairman of Queenstown District, South Africa, detailing a tour of several weeks among the Fingoes and Kaffirs, which gives indubitable evidence of the progress of Christianity among these people. Some of the circuits are very large, extending seventy miles from the Mission residence. Having to travel mainly in ox-waggons, which do not often exceed two and a half miles per hour, is very tedious. The missionary often sleeps in his waggon, and sometimes is awakened by the noise of wild beasts in the distance. Civilization is rapidly spreading among the people. European clothing and customs are almost universally adopted; while, alas! intoxicating drinks are producing sad scenes of demoralization, to prevent which, some of the chiefs have forbidden its introduction altogether, while others only give permission on condition of paying a large sum of money.

In one place a new church was dedicated, which was a season of great joy, as the services were not only attended by natives, but also Europeans. At one public meeting several impromptu speeches were delivered, all of which ended with contributions. Not less than fifty persons thus spoke and gave their gifts in gold and silver until several plates were thus filled with the precious coins, and thus the whole cost of the building, \$4,500, was met, not by promises but by cash paid down. A noble example, which, if followed on all similar occasions would save much trouble and vexation.

Great attention is being paid to education. There is a "Training Institution" at Heald Town which has been of great utility to the Missions, and as it was to be enlarged at a cost of not less than \$5,000, the people generously provided the amount. This is surely noble for a people who only a few years ago were in the lowest state of degradation.

Some of our readers may remember that the Kaffirs are the people among whom the late Rev. W. Shaw laboured so zealously and successfully for many years. Chief Kama, in honour of Mr. Shaw, called his eldest son William Shaw Kama. The old chief has lately died, and now the namesake of Mr. Shaw assumes the rule of his tribe. The old chief was a devoted Christian, and was always true to Britain. His son, who was at one time likely to become a missionary, is an earnest Christian, and a useful class-leader and local preacher, so that no doubt he will be a blessing to his people.

Other denominations, also, have missions established among the Kaffir people. Major Malan, a grandson of the well-known Dr. Malan, of Geneva, and formerly an officer in the British army, has raised funds amounting to \$5,000, and has employed two missionaries. He has obtained sites and erected temporary buildings, and started a new mission. He has given himself to the work with great devotedness, and is labouring incessantly and in a spirit of prayer, for the evangelization of the Galeka tribe of Kaffirs. Of his new mission, which he calls "Uxola,"—which means "salet," or "peace,"—Major Malan says: "Thus the mission has been opened: the hand of the Lord has been most marked with me in it, and I praise Him. The expenses have been great; and the money which has been given to me has been expended in the outfit, passages, material for building, food, waggon and other necessities of the mission." This is truly a noble way to spend money.

Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., is zealously performing the duties of his official mission in South Africa, which will doubtless result in the formation of a separate conference. Mr. Perks is much pleased with his visit. He had preached in several important towns, and was glad at witnessing the grace of God at the various places. In the native churches, also, he had seen much that was gratifying. He would never forget his visit to Heald Town, where a crowded congregation was presented to him, and forty persons were baptised, and there were also four hundred and fifty devoted communicants. He had inspected the day-school, and made examinations in reading, writing and geography, which completely surprised him. He was sure that there is a glorious future before South Africa.

Rev. Dr. Kessen, who formerly spent many years in the Foreign Mission field, but latterly has been labouring on English circuits, has been appointed to take charge of the College in the West Indies—a post which his eminent talents and extensive experience well qualify him.

Rev. W. B. Boyce, who has been one of the secretaries in the Mission House, some sixteen years, and has been a missionary in South Africa, and Australia, and was president one year of the conference in Eastern British America, and who presided at the first conference ever held in Australia, is about to vacate his active duties, and spend the remainder of his days at Sydney, New South Wales. He has been forty-seven years in the ministry, and is justly entitled to the quiet leisure upon which he is about to enter.

Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., who still holds the post of honorary secretary of the Missionary Society, for more than a year has not been able to speak louder than a whisper, but he has been usefully employed with his pen, having prepared the life of Rev. Gideon Ouseley, which is now being published. He is also busy with some works relating to Romanism, of which it is believed he has obtained a knowledge not surpassed by any other person of the present day.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

As our object is to furnish our readers with all the news possible respecting what is doing among all the churches in regard to Christian missions, we have much pleasure in referring to what the Baptists are doing. Like the Methodists, they are divided into various sections, but, both in England and America they have done much for the extension of the Gospel. Carey, and Marshman, and Ward, and Knibb, and Judson, were all Baptists, and their names will ever be deemed sacred in the annals of the missionary enterprise. The last report of the American Baptist Union is an able document; but like most of others at the present time it complains of a huge debt.

Burmah was for many years its principal mission, from which fifty years ago Dr. Judson wrote, "if you are not unwilling to risk the means of support on so forlorn a hope as the promises of God, at least pray for us, and in twenty years you shall hear from us again." Glorious things have often been spoken of Burmah during the last half century. Among the Karens there is an extensive mission. A mission has been established among the Assamese in Brahmaputra valley. When the missionary began his labours the people said, "we shall have to stop drinking liquor; we shall have to keep the Sabbath; we shall have to stop making offerings to the demons of the mountains, and then they will come and kill us." Ten young men belonging to some of the principal families resolved to brave all the dangers, and said, "our people may drive us from home or do what they please, but we will have a school and learn to read and ascertain what is true and false." The work is now spreading with encouraging results. The converts are steady in their renunciation of devil-worship, and their numbers are increasing. Native teachers have been raised up and the demand for schools is great.

In various parts of India, China and Japan, there are 140 missionaries labouring, with upwards 25,000 members, while in France, Germany and Sweden, missionaries are struggling hard to spread the truth as it is in Jesus.

In Ontario, the Baptists employ a missionary evangelist who goes from place to place to establish new churches. His labours have been successful, and during last year, 55 missionaries were sustained, who preached in the aggregate to 8,955 persons, and paid 9,218 pastoral visits, and travelled 40,615 miles, and baptized more than 4,000 persons.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT is a significant fact that notwithstanding the financial depression which has been so keenly felt by all classes of the people of this country during the last few months, the enterprises of the Christian Church were never better sustained. So far as we can learn from the accounts of the missionary anniversaries, which have reached us from all parts of the Dominion, there are signs of substantial progress in this important department of our church work. The Methodist people of the country, at least, are determined not only that this work shall not decline, but that it shall progress; and probably the same spirit is abroad among our sister denominations. The amount which will be poured into the missionary treasury of our own church this year, we confidently predict, will be considerably larger than that contributed for the same purpose in any former year. This is as it should be. Earnest cries for help from those who are not in a position to help themselves, are wafted to us on almost every breeze; the Macedonian cry is coming from all quarters;—the case is urgent, and the King's work requires haste. But it must not be forgotten, that, in thousands of instances, every dollar contributed this year involves a much greater sacrifice than would have been involved in the gift of two, or even four dollars, in some past years. This fact is necessary to be taken into the account, in order to rightly estimate the liberality of our people, and their self-sacrificing devotion to the evangelistic work of the church.

The educational anniversaries are just being held, and it were premature to speak confidently of their results; but, it will be a strange thing under the sun, if there is not progress here as elsewhere. Our colleges and schools are doing a work, the value and importance of which to the church, it will require another generation to properly estimate. It is, in fact, impossible to over-estimate its importance. Their schoolmaster is abroad, institutions of learning are being multiplied, and the people will be educated; but whether this fact shall ultimately prove to be a matter of congratulation or regret, will depend upon the spirit which is infused into the intellectual culture which they are receiving. Education to be made a blessing requires to be baptized at the fount of Christianity, and consecrated to the glory of God. The atheistic spirit which pervades much of the higher culture of our own time, only repeats the admonitory lesson which had been taught long ago, by the history of the most highly cultured nations of antiquity,—that intellectual development does not necessarily make men either better or happier; that the learned are just as likely to fall into degrading errors, and become the subjects of moral, social and political debasement as the unlearned, except their education includes the development and proper training of the moral and spiritual nature. "Knowledge is power"; but, as has been often observed, whether power for good or evil depends entirely upon the moral character of those who possess it. The age of Pericles was the culminating point of Grecian culture,—a form of culture which so far at least as æsthetic perfection is concerned, has not been approached in modern times—but it was the point, too, at which the glory was departing from the Athenian people—when in fact the whilom conquerors of the world were sinking under the weight of

their own sensuality and corruption. The Augustan age of Rome tells the same sad tale. And if history does not, in this respect, repeat itself in our own country, Christianity must prevent it. And a merely theoretical Christianity will not do it; the salt which is to preserve our modern civilization from the fate of that of ancient Greece and Rome, must be pungent and penetrative—it must have vitality enough to work itself into the whole mass, and impart its own conservative properties to every part of it. The church is acting wisely in determining that the education of her youth shall be carried on under the shadow of the cross.

Attention has been called repeatedly in these pages to the work of church extension which is going on in the country. The multiplication of really elegant structures raised for the purpose of religious worship and dedicated to the honour of God, is one of the most striking features in the current history of our country; and it is an emphatic reproof to that materialistic Atheism which is unhappily beginning to lift its head and make its voice heard among us. Each of these magnificent temples of the living God is in itself a silent protest against the appalling scepticism of the time. We have alluded to several fine church edifices which have been recently erected, and that are in course of erection, in our own denomination; and we are glad to know that the same work is going on among our neighbours. Two churches have been recently opened in this city which are not only highly creditable to the liberality and good taste of the denominations to which they severally belong, but are really an ornament and an honour to Toronto. The Baptist Church at the corner of Gerrard and Jarvis streets, and the new St. Andrew's Church, (Presbyterian) at the corner of Simcoe and King streets, are really magnificent structures, and would be creditable to a much older and wealthier city than the capital of Ontario. If the noble effort put forth by the Methodists of Toronto in erecting the Metropolitan Church has had anything to do in stimulating their neighbours to follow their example, it is only another instance in which the progressive spirit of the pioneer church of this country has exerted a beneficial influence beyond its own pale. It has been the glory of Methodism from the beginning that while she has been thoroughly in earnest herself, she has infused her own spirit of earnestness into others; while her warm and loving heart has prompted her to earnest exertion for the glory of God and the salvation of men, her example has provoked others to love and good works. The result has been, when she has been most prosperous, her sister churches have prospered most. May it ever be so in the future as it has been in the past.

The session of the Ontario Parliament has closed, and its Acts, having become matter of history, are fairly open to criticism. The political journals having had their say about them already, and those who have had the patience to read all that has been written on both sides—for and against them—may be presumed to know all about them, at least, so far as can be known at present. But some of the Acts of the session just closed will have to be subjected to the test of experiment before their wisdom or unwisdom can be decided. The Acts in which the greatest interest is naturally felt by the bulk of the people of the Province are that relating to our educational system, and the one respecting the regulation of the liquor traffic. It is no part of our duty, and certainly it is not our intention, either to praise or

blame the Government or their supporters; it may be presumed that they were mainly influenced by a desire to promote the interests of the public; in both cases something had to be done: and probably in these Acts are embodied what, to their apprehension, in view of all the conflicting interests at stake, appeared to be the best thing that could be done under the circumstances: and we are not prepared to say that their judgment was not correct, though we confess we have very serious doubts. So far as our educational system is concerned, it may well be doubted whether the change inaugurated by the new law will be an improvement. Dr. Ryerson, the father of our common school system, has repeatedly declared himself to be in favour of this change; and in respect to this matter, we have more respect for his opinions than that of any other living man; but if our recollection of the past be correct, there have been several instances during the Doctor's own brilliant career in which the stability and integrity of our school system depended in no small degree upon the fact that, by his own consummate wisdom, it was kept aloof from the party politics of the day. But for this it would have been almost inevitably torn to pieces. The Romish Hierarchy is the implacable enemy to our system of common school education, and how an Ontario Minister of Education, loaded with the double responsibility of conserving the strength of stability to the Government to which he belongs, and at the same time of promoting the efficiency of the department intrusted to his care, will be able to resist the encroachment of such a wily and unscrupulous ecclesiastic as Archbishop Lynch, with the Catholic League at his back, remains to be seen. We are free to say we are afraid it cannot be done; and these being our sentiments, it is unnecessary to say that we do not regard the change without apprehension.

The temperance legislation of the session appears to us to have accomplished little. The concentration of power in the Government may indeed be an advantage, but then again it may be the very reverse. If the Government should always be in the hands of thoroughly patriotic and upright men, who in the selection of inspectors of licenses should always have a single eye to the public interest and not to party aggrandizement, the new law would doubtless work well. But on the contrary, should political hacks and hangers-on of the party in power be appointed, for the double purpose of rewarding them for past services, and keeping them constantly in the field as political missionaries, to pull the wires and get things ready for coming elections, it requires no uncommon sagacity to see the mischievous effects which it may produce. Mr. Mowat has the reputation of a Christian gentleman, and his sympathies are understood to be in favour of temperance, and we may assume that he will do the best he can to see that the new law is so worked as to promote as far as possible those great interests which may be supposed to lie near his heart; but he has to do with politicians—professional politicians—a proverbially slippery class, and he will have to exercise more than ordinary wisdom and firmness to avoid sending out some who will be the very reverse of an improvement upon the men formerly appointed by the local authorities.

We regret that our information is not sufficiently accurate to enable us to speak with all the confidence with which we would like to speak in respect to the religious movement which is going on in the city of Montreal, under

the ministry of Father Chiniquy and his co-labourers ; but from all that we can learn, it appears that a real spirit of awakening is abroad among the people, which, though in its infancy, has already resulted in turning many hundreds from the Romish communion. Already the Protestant churches begin to feel the grave responsibility which has devolved upon them in their being called upon to provide for the instruction and pastoral care of these people ; but we have mistaken the character of the Christian people of Montreal if they do not prove equal to the occasion. Many earnest and devoted spirits have been long pleading for this awakening ; and if it proves to be, as we trust it is, a genuine work of grace, the converts will find themselves among friends who will be but too glad to care for their spiritual interests. Let us hope that a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins, has more to do with this moment than a mere desire to get rid of the burdens imposed upon them by Romanism ; and that these people are more desirous of communion with Christ than to be free from the tyranny of the priest. Some of the so-called reformations among the Canadian people have, we fear, had their origin in selfishness—people have changed their church relations because they supposed they would get rid of some temporal burdens and improve their worldly circumstances—but we trust this has had its origin in a higher motive ; for, though divine Providence may, and doubtless often does over-rule what has had its commencement in a low and unworthy motive so as to make it in the end work for his own glory and the salvation of souls, it naturally tends to create a prejudice against it in the minds of the better class of those among whom it were desirable for the work to spread. As to Chiniquy himself, we have entire confidence in him—he is made of the stuff that martyrs are made of—and if anything can give his countrymen an idea of the reality and spirituality of Christianity, his teaching, illustrated by his own faith and example will be likely to do it. If he is only sustained by men with equal earnestness with himself, we may entertain the most enlarged expectations in respect to the progress of this work. Christian people should be much in prayer that wisdom may be given to the leader in this movement, and that their labours may be crowned with abundant success.

The Mercer will case, which was before the Court of Chancery a few weeks ago, and which attracted so much attention at the time, supplies much valuable food for thought. First of all, it curiously illustrates the Divine law of retribution which connects sin and suffering together, so that “though hand join in hand, sin shall not go unpunished !” Mercer’s own life furnishes a striking commentary upon the words of the wise man that “the way of the transgressor is hard.” When he “humbled” the unfortunate Bridget O’Riley, he little thought how deeply he was degrading himself, and how thoroughly his sin was destined to embitter his whole life. He gave this unfortunate woman a power over him which evidently caused him to spend his life in terror, and made his home a hell upon earth. This case too, shows the folly of a man leaving his temporal affairs unsettled. Mercer’s is not the only case in which the private affairs of individuals and families have been dragged before the public, to the damage of the reputation of the living and the memory of the dead, simply because a will had not been made. Strange that any man having property should not take this simple

precaution against which every right thinking man must look upon as a calamity. This case gives us a glimpse, too, at the dangerous character of the ecclesiastical system which was mixed up with this case, and which is so often mixed up with cases of the same kind. We say nothing of the testimony of Archbishop Lynch and Father O'Riley; let us charitably hope that they were mistaken; but that marriages solemnized without either license or the publication of banns, in the absence of witnesses, and of which no return is made to any officer of the Government, should be brought forward for the purpose of establishing a claim to an estate amounting to a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is in itself alarming. What if some person personating Mercer had actually gone to the priest in the Gore of Toronto, a marriage had really taken place and a *bona fide* record had been made? Besides if marriages of this kind are allowed to take place, and if they are held to be good in law,—what security is there to anybody getting married? How can either of the parties feel but the other has been party to a "conscience marriage" with some one else before? When will the Roman Catholic Church be put upon equal grounds with other churches, and be held answerable to the same laws?

The celebrated Keet Tombstone case has at length been decided by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and the right of a Methodist Minister to prefix the term *Reverend* to his name even on the tombstone of his daughter, in one of the historical graveyards of Great Britain has been "vindicated." The history of the case doubtless, is fresh in the minds of most of our readers. It was briefly this, the Rev. Mr. Keet was prohibited from erecting a tombstone at the grave of his daughter in the Owston Ferry grave yard, by the vicar, because the inscription on it described the deceased as being the daughter of Rev. Henry Keet, Wesleyan Minister. Application was then made to the Bishop's Court of the Diocese of Lincoln, to have the decision of the Vicar set aside, but Mr. Phillimore, Chancellor of the Diocese, in a judgment expressed in terms intemperate and insulting to the Wesleyan Church, sustained the Vicar in his intolerant course. The case was then taken to the Court of Arches in which the father of the younger Phillimore, as Dean of Arches, happened to be the presiding judge. The judgment which he delivered on the occasion was so extraordinary that it is not likely to be soon forgotten. He held that the incumbent held the graveyard as "freehold," that he had a right to pasture animals in it, and that he had authority if he saw fit to use it, to exclude tombstones from it altogether as an invasion of his rights and an unwarrantable interference with the privileges of his animals. And of course if he had a right to exclude *all*, it logically followed that he had a right to exclude *any*—if he could rightfully say that no tombstones should be erected in the graveyard it would necessarily follow that it would not be wrong for him to forbid the erection of any particular one that might not be in accordance with his taste. Such is a free rendering of the logic of this precious judgment, which, of course sustained the decision of the court below. The case however was not allowed to end there. Our Wesleyan brethren in England are patient and long suffering, but when they are thoroughly aroused they are not easily put down. The next step was to carry the matter to Her Majesty's Privy Council; and the Judicial Committee of that august body, the highest Court

of the Empire, has just given judgment, reversing the judgment of the Courts below, and ordering the tombstone to be erected. Thus after a long fight common-sense has triumphed over narrowness and bigotry, and the decision of the highest judicial body in the Kingdom is in accordance with the free and enlightened spirit of the English people. The word "Reverend" is declared to be no official distinction but a mere laudatory *epithet*; and therefore is not to be treated as a *title* which belongs exclusively to any particular class.

A little snow has come at last, and those who have work to do in the woods are rejoicing; but they rejoice with trembling, for some who have a theory that each winter has just about so much snow, have predicted that as much snow is to fall within the next four or five weeks as usually falls during the whole winter; and in that case it is felt that we would have too much of a good thing. But the cause of anxiety with others is the very opposite of this. Because our snow storms this winter have, as a rule, ended in rain, it is feared that the same thing will occur in the present instance. Personally, we are not disposed to borrow trouble, believing that it is time enough to cross a bridge when we come to it remembering, too, that infinite Wisdom has said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," we are disposed to wait the developments of time. The soft weather has no doubt been an inconvenience and loss to some; but we fully believe it has been a boon to a far greater number. Indeed it is difficult to see what many of our suffering poor would have done, especially in our large towns and cities, if winter had come to them with as stern a visage as it ordinarily comes. But whether we realize it or not, our Heavenly Father careth for these poor people, and it is not beneath Him to temper the air so as to adapt it to their suffering condition.

The handsome retiring allowance which has been given to Dr. Ryerson, so far as we can learn, meets with general approval. It is felt on all hands that anything that can be done for him in this way is only an imperfect acknowledgment of the invaluable service which he has rendered to this country. What St. Paul's Cathedral in London is to Sir Christopher Wren, the common school system of Ontario is to Dr. Ryerson. He has built his own monument; his works praise him; and when the history of Canada becomes ancient history, his name will not be forgotten or his noble and patriotic work be permitted to pass from the memory of men. May the evening of his days be peaceful and happy, and may he long live to enjoy the comfort of dignified retirement.



MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter.....3rd, 4.30 a.m. | Last Quarter17th, 8.7 p.m.
 Full Moon10th, 0.55 a.m. | New Moon25th, 2.54 p.m.

1	W	The word of our God shall stand forever.— <i>Is.</i> xl. 8.
2	Th	Sanctify them through thy truth ; thy word is truth.— <i>John</i> xvii. 17.
3	F	Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.— <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 105.
4	S	Thy word is very pure : therefore thy servant loveth it.— <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 140.
5	S	Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.— <i>Rom.</i> x. 17.
6	M	All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.—2 <i>Tim.</i> iii. 16. [xv. 3.
7	Tu	Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.— <i>Jno.</i>
8	W	The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.— <i>Ps.</i> xix. 7.
9	Th	The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.— <i>Ps.</i> xix. 7.
10	F	Thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.— <i>Ps.</i> cxxxviii. 2.
11	S	The word of God is quick and powerful.— <i>Heb.</i> iv. 12.
12	S	Take heed therefore how ye hear.— <i>Luke</i> viii. 18. [heard.— <i>Heb.</i> ii. 1.
13	M	We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have
14	Tu	He that is of God heareth God's words.— <i>John</i> viii. 47. [xxxii. 46.
15	W	Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you.— <i>Deut.</i>
16	Th	To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.— <i>Heb.</i> iii. 7-8.
17	F	Unto you that hear shall more be given.— <i>Mark</i> iv. 24.
18	S	Some fell among thorns, and the thorns . . . choked it.— <i>Luke</i> viii. 7.
19	S	Take heed, what ye hear.— <i>Mark</i> iv. 24. [<i>Col.</i> ii. 8.
20	M	Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit.—
21	Tu	Shun profane and vain babblings.—2 <i>Tim.</i> ii. 16.
22	W	Search the Scriptures.— <i>John</i> v. 39.
23	Th	I will delight myself in thy commandments.— <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 47.
24	F	As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word.—1 <i>Pet.</i> ii. 2.
25	S	Receive with meekness the engrafted word.— <i>James</i> i. 21.
26	S	Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.— <i>James</i> i. 22.
27	M	Hear therefore, O Israel, and observe to do it.— <i>Deut.</i> vi. 3. [cxix. 129.
28	Tu	Thy testimonies are wonderful ; therefore doth my soul keep them.— <i>Ps.</i>
29	W	If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine.— <i>John</i> vii.
30	Th	Hear ye the words of this covenant and do them.— <i>Jer.</i> xi. 6. [17.
31	F	He that keepeth the law, happy is he.— <i>Prov.</i> xxix. 18.

I'LL BE THE NEXT.

(From the "Guide.")

Rev. H. B. Hartzler,

Mrs. Joseph F. Muadd.

1. I'll be the next to go to Je-sus, Long have I borne my load of sin;
2. I'll be the next to live for Je-sus, Oh, He hath done so much for me!

I'll be the next to plead for par-gion, Oft have I longed His love to win.
Now to His will I all sur-ren-der; He my e - ter - nal all shall be.

Chorus,

I'll be the next, I'll be the next my Lord to own.

I'll be the next, I'll be the next my Lord to own.

3. I'll be the next to walk with Jesus—
Oh, what a Friend my soul shall find!
I'll be the next to learn from Jesus,
Till I shall know and own His mind.
4. I'll be the next to wait with Jesus,
Wait till the perfect day comes in;
Wait till He bears my ransomed spirit
Out from this land of woe and sin.