

Editorial.

FEDERATION OF EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

Under the head of "Christian Work" our readers will find reference to the union negotiations that are now going on in Canada among the Methodists and among the Presbyterians. In a few years, it is fully expected that, for the Dominion of Canada, there will be but one Presbyterian Church and one Methodist Church. The movement that has begun in Canada will, without fail, extend till the same thing can be said of Great Britain and Ireland, though in the latter case the consummation of union, being beset with greater difficulties, is an event, perhaps, somewhat remote. Let us suppose, however, that both at home and abroad, the union of the different branches of each denomination should go on until at length each denomination is one body, and not as at present many fragments. What shall be the next stage of this union movement?

Without venturing to predict what may be, or even to assert what should be, one thing can be asserted without fear of contradiction—that there is very generally among Christians—a yearning after closer Christian brotherhood, not simply within the pale of the same denomination, but across the boundary line that separates the different denominations. This cry for a comprehensive Christian union may come, and does undoubtedly come, to some extent, from an indifference about doctrinal belief. Christian *life* and *work* is exalted by some people at the expense of Christian *doctrine*, saying with Pope.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,"
"His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

It would augur ill for the future of the Church of Christ were this indifference about doctrine, which is in fact indifference about truth, to become a pre-

valent sentiment. Controversy and strife is sometimes a sign of life and health in the church. "The quarrels and divisions about religion were evils unknown to the heathen," says Lord Bacon, "because their religion consisted rather in rites and ceremonies than in any constant belief. But the true God has this attribute that He is a jealous God, and therefore his worship or religion will endure no mixture nor partner."

There is something, however, better than latitudinarianism and broad Churchism at the root of this desire for a federation of the Evangelical Churches.

It springs, partly from a growing apprehension of the formidable character of the enemies with which the Christianity of our day is confronted. It is confronted with a secularism that is busy teaching the artisans of the large cities that men can not know any more about the eternal world than they know about the politics of the moon, and that the only rational creed therefore is the three B's—Bread, Beef and Beer. It is confronted with a scientific materialism, that is busy teaching the educated classes that "the living thing differs from the non-living thing, not in quality or essence or kind, but merely in degree" and that death therefore is an eternal sleep. It is confronted by a Romanism, whose deadly wound is healed, and which has still all the unscrupulous ambition, all the despotic heartlessness, all the stern discipline, all the sleepless vigilance of the Imperial city that from its seven hills once ruled the nations with a rod of iron. It is confronted, and it is perhaps the worst enemy of all, with a self-sufficient indifferentism that says to the minister of religion, as the Glasgow cobbler said to Dr. Chalmers, "I have no time to listen, go ben and talk with the wife about these subjects." Confronted with

enemies like these it is very natural that Protestant denominations should begin to belittle their differences, and that the Evangelical Episcopalian should feel that the distance between him and the Presbyterian is a hand breadth compared to the distance between them both and Atheism or Romanism.

The desire for a comprehensive Christian union springs also, partly from taking a practical view of the mission of the Christian Church. One Christian Church has certainly a mission to discharge towards another Christian Church which it believes to be in error. It is certainly the duty of the church, which is in possession of some important truth, to lift up a testimony in its behalf in face of other churches which have lost that truth, or have never found it, just as it is the duty of a soldier that is in possession of a modern rifle, to lift up a testimony in its behalf in face of his comrade who is content to carry to the field a flint-lock gun. But as it would be foolish for the rifleman to refuse to fight under the same banner as the flint-lock man, because, though their hearts were the same, their weapons were different; so, (it is reasoned) it is foolish for the Protestant denominations to spend so much time and temper on the merits of their respective weapons when it is becoming a serious question whether, shoulder to shoulder, they can drive the enemy from the field, or even hold their own, this battle, on it. It would certainly be wrong to make *work* the only end or function of the Christian Church: just as it would be to make doctrine that only end; but as in time past, especially since the reformation, work has been held subordinate to doctrinal soundness, so (it is maintained) the time has come, to make doctrinal differences, on non-essential points, subordinate to practical business, in behalf of a perishing world.

We can well understand how thoughts like these create in intelligent and car-

est Christians a longing for the cessation of inter-denominational strife, and suggest to them the hope of yet seeing a federal republic of Evangelical churches. This longing for a broader brotherhood, good and scriptural in itself, is not, however, without its dangers.

In seeking a comprehensive scheme of union, which may be far away, men should not despise the narrower schemes which are nearer and more practical. There need be, indeed, no antagonism between the larger unions and the smaller ones. The large river that rolls its waters to the ocean, bearing on its bosom the commerce of the nation, has been formed by the union and re-union of r'ulets and streams away among the hills. Soldiers must be enlisted into companies, drilled as regiments, and formed into battalions, before they can take the field as a military division. So before the larger union can be at all practical, the smaller unions must be accomplished. In Israel of old it was the order that families should fall under the banners of their respective tribes, ere the whole camp moved forward. Let each ecclesiastical family then step into its position in its own ecclesiastical tribe, before the tribes gather in the general muster.

But further, in seeking to muster into one camp, the great Christian army, special care must be taken lest we forget to give His own place to the God of the army. God is not necessarily on the side of the greatest army. He can save by few as well as by many.

No service in itself is small,
None great although the earth it fill,
But that is small that seeks its own
And great that seeks God's will.

RECENT RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.*

* Our Work in Palestine: being an account of the different expeditions sent out to the Holy Land by the Committee of the Palestine exploration fund, since the establishment of the fund in 1865. Adam, Stevenson & Co., Toronto.

Researches in Palestine possess to

Christians something more than a sentimental or scientific interest. From researches, conducted by truthful and scientific men, light has been often shed on Scripture doctrine and demonstrative certainty imparted to Scripture history. A great deal was expected in this way from the Palestine Exploring Party that was organized some years ago to conduct their investigations after a careful scientific fashion. It is not much they can show, in comparison with exploration parties on the Euphrates, in the way of disentombing temples and palaces, for within the bounds of the Holy Land there is not what can be called one respectable ruin. They have done something, however, in the way of bringing things to view that shed interesting light on Scripture history and Scripture doctrine.

The water supply of the city, especially of Solomon's temple, and its connection with the Pool of Siloam, has always been a question of interest to Bible students. There has ever been a strong presumption that a living spring or springs exist under the temple area on which now stands the Mosque of Omar. It cannot be otherwise because we find that the besiegers of Jerusalem always suffered more from want of water than the besieged. If living water did exist under the temple area, was it—another question of interest—by the Pool of Siloam, which lies in the valley outside the walls of Jerusalem, it found an outlet?

On opening the volume whose title we have here given, our first act was to ascertain whether Capt. Warren and his party had been able to throw more light on this point. To some extent one is disappointed, for there is no distinct statement as to the discovery of a spring under the temple area: but there is new evidence of a good kind that points in that direction, at least. One interesting item of discovery is an immense reservoir, not however of Solomon's time, that may have been intended, according to Captain Warren, not simply for the

collection of rain water but for receiving a living stream from the north side or perhaps from a fountain near at hand.

"I tried to descend," says Captain Warren, in describing this reservoir, "but to no purpose, until I had nearly stripped to the skin; and even then, in my contortions, I managed to slip the rope over one arm. The narrow passage was only for 3 feet; and 10 feet from the surface I came on the floor of a little chamber, about 6 feet square, apparently on a level with the Haram area. The shaft down to the cistern continues through the floor of this chamber and is a moderate sized opening. On getting down to the water (12 feet from opening) I found it only 3 feet deep, and concluding from the size of the cistern that help would be required, I signalled for Sergeant Birtles to come down. On lighting up the magnesium wire and looking about me I was astonished, my first impression being that I had got into a church similar to that of the Cathedral (formerly a mosque) at Caradova. I could see arch upon arch to north and east, apparently rows of them."

This reservoir on being measured was found to be 63 feet long, by 57 feet broad; and 32 feet from the bottom to the crown of the arches. It is built in the bottom of the deep natural valley that runs here, and is in the very position it should occupy to collect and keep running water.

Its position indicates also the direction its surplus water must have taken—right in the direction of the Pool of Siloam. The opinion of the explorers on this point also is very clear. There was no other course, they say, for the waters of the temple than to seek this depression and emerge without the walls, somewhere in the place occupied by the Pool of Siloam.

In all this there is therefore a striking confirmation, (though no distinct proof) of the popular opinion of which Stanley takes notice. "All accounts combine,"

(he writes,) "in asserting that the water of the Pool of Siloam proceeds from a living spring beneath the temple vaults. It was the treasure of Jerusalem: its support through its numerous sieges."

May we now regard this as a fact, that the water of the Pool of Siloam proceeds from a living spring beneath the temple which was the "treasure of Jerusalem, its support through its numerous sieges?"

Once settled as a fact, a flood of beautiful light issues therefrom on various passages of Scripture. Was not Ezekiel cognizant of this fact in penning his vision of the holy waters?

"Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house, and behold waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward; for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar."—Ez. xlvi.

Does not this fact shed new light on the Pool of Siloam as a type of our blessed Lord?

Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means one sent from God,
And thus the Holy Saviour's name
It gently spreads abroad.

This Pool, the "*sent waters*," spread;

abroad the name of the Saviour, the *sent one*, in at least three striking particulars. The "*sent waters*" are typical of the sent one, (1) as to *origin*. "Hard by the oracle of God" run these waters. The Saviour came forth from the Father, the fountain of life, and the kingdom of grace in that passage quoted from Ezekiel, "came down from the right side of the house, at the right side of the altar," and the kingdom of glory as pictured in Revelation, "proceeded out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." The waters are typical of the person (2) as to *course*; "the waters of Shiloah that go softly," Isa. viii. 6, typical of him, who charged men that they should not make him known, who does not strive nor cry, neither does any man hear his voice in the street. The waters typical of the person (3) as to its effects. "The Pool of Siloam" Nehemiah tells us, "was by the king's gardens." "What these gardens were, how rich, how beautiful, because of the sweet, copious waters of Siloam, the Song of Solomon tells us. These gardens are, in their glory, but a faint image of the beauty of the soul, of the church, of the world, when in copious abundance is poured on them the water of life.

Living Preachers.

RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS.

By THE REV. S. HADDEN.

Preached in the Clapton Park Congregational Church on behalf of the Religious Tract Society.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth."—Psa. lxxii. 6.

This is "a psalm of Solomon;" but the thoughtful reader will pause at every verse, and say, "A greater than Solomon is here." Solomon was wise; but his wisdom was not equal to the originating and maintaining of such a kingdom as is portrayed here. Solo-

mon was strong; but all kings did not fall down before him. Solomon reigned long, and his reign was beneficent; but the blessed influences which are ascribed to the dominion here spoken of must have had a richer source than the grace in Solomon's hand. A greater than Solomon is here;—Christ is here, Jesus is here—that dear name of which we sing; and the brilliance, the splendour, the sweetness and light which pervade the kingdom as depicted here, will never be witnessed in the world until Christ reigns—until all nations bow to

Him and own His blessed sceptre. It is of Him that it is predicted, that He shall judge the people with righteousness, and the poor with judgment; through Him "the mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness;" "in His days shall the righteous flourish; by Him there shall be "abundance of peace;" "prayer shall be made for him;" "all nations shall call Him blessed;" and it is He that "shall come down like rain upon the mown grass."

My object this morning is, first, to present to you the thought here that Christ is of unspeakable value to men; and secondly, that as the rain comes to men, so Christ comes to men.

I. The *worth of Christ* is here. Language labours in vain to tell us how valuable and precious Christ is. I am sure there is not a Christian here this morning but would be absolutely puzzled to put into words his own idea of the worth of Christ to him. You have no language for it. You cannot represent the value of your Saviour. Your present estimate is a low and feeble one. When your soul is all on fire with the joys and gratitude which will inspire us in heaven, it may find expression for this thought; but not till then. Nature best illustrates grace. It is a happy thing when an author is also an artist, and illustrates his own book. When we say that nature illustrates grace, we say that God illustrates God. God in nature furnishes the best parallels to God in the kingdom of His Son; and how numerous and how beautiful are the illustrations which the Scriptures afford, borrowed from nature, of the worth of Christ to the human soul! As the fragrance of the flower, as the sweet light of the morning, as the invigorating beams of the sun, as the refreshing dews of an Eastern summer, as the breath of spring after the death of winter—so is Christ to the soul. What does the sleeping, frozen earth need to wake up into the beauty and fruitful-

ness of summer? It wants the sun and rain. And now nature smiles around us, and tells us God is visiting the earth once more. And what do all mankind want, my friends, but Christ? As the rain here, so Christ to the soul. Drought best suggests to us the value of rain. When God wanted to chastise Israel, and wake even the conscience of an Arab, and alarm the hardened, obtuse, and atheistic spirit of the Jewish people, He had but to send Elijah to say, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years." Then it was that all nature died. No rain means, no springs, no rivulets, no rivers, no green grass, no flowers, no fragrance, no fruits, no crops, no animals, and, by-and-by, no men. Let God cease to send us rain, and ere long the earth would be clear of all life. So necessary, my friends, is Christ to man. What is the human spirit without the Saviour? A clod of earth, hardened into stone, that may contain, perhaps, seeds wrapped up in it, but holds them as a tomb holds death, is but a type of the human spirit without Jesus Christ. It is death, it is uselessness, it is dearth; there is no light, no life, no God there. The dark intellect, the corrupt heart, the base affections, all remain. So, until the name of Jesus is pronounced, and the influence of Jesus touches that man. Look at the aged sinner going down to a dishonoured and forgotten grave. He is not in Christ. The state of the multitude outside the present reach of Christian truth is all due to the absence of Christ. The mental poverty and state of Italy, — the weakness, darkness, and grossness of the multitude of Africa are all explained by the absence of Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

But remember, brethren, Christ does not merely prevent our dying. It is not merely that we perish without Christ. Christ has not come to us merely to keep us alive, but Christ

comes for more than negative purposes. Christ comes with a blessed quickening upon the human spirit. The rain does not bring seeds—it simply quickens the seeds that are there; the seeds are in the earth, multitudes of them, and there they lie unproductive until the rain and the sun act upon them. Here, indeed, the simile fails, for Christ is the life of the soul; and Christ acts upon the spirit, not by giving to us a new mind—He does not take away the soul we have and create another—but there are certain latent powers in every one of us, and Christ acts upon the faculties we have; Christ is the renewal—indeed, He is the vital element of the Christian; He wakes up all the faculties and powers of the man, makes him worthy to be called a man, and a child of God. When thoughts about Christ enter the understanding, the truth begins to fall into a shape; it is like the clearing of a misty atmosphere, when a grand landscape opens out before you. When Christ is once enthroned in the understanding of man, when Christ is presented to the affections, there is something to love, and to love rapturously, and with a love stronger than death. When Christ comes before us, and bids us keep His commandments and copy His example, there is a purpose to live for; and the whole power of the man is directed and concentrated in that one course. When Christ comes to us, we become conscious of a new life; we feel that we belong to God and to heaven; new ambitions stir—pure, and holy, and heavenly—which God Himself approves, and will satisfy. If you could imagine the little acorn which has been lying dormant for years, as it feels the drooping rain, and feels the warming beam of the sun—if you could imagine the little acorn to have consciousness and foresight, it would have visions of the oak immediately present to its view when it felt the rain from heaven beginning to quicken its latent powers; and as soon as ever Christ comes to you, my friends, or to any

man, a new vista is opened before you, a blessed ascent stretches away into the distance, and reaches God's throne, up which you shall go towards ever-increasing light. Christ quickens; Christ comes and moves all our powers, calls out the secret forces of our nature, and transforms us into His own image.

Thus I have attempted to show how gracious Christ is to us. It is *Christ*, remember; it is nothing less than Christ. It is not doctrine—still less is it ritual; it is not the wine of the sacramental cup, nor the bread of the sacramental plate; it is not baptism; it is not any function that may be assigned to you, or may be wrought for you by the priests or any man—it is *Christ*. He, the blessed Son of God, comes upon us as the rain comes upon the flowers, and we feel its sweetness; we are conscious of its fitness; and we pronounce a thousand welcomes to the descending blessing. Christ, the incarnate Deity; Christ, the true man; Christ, the infallible revealer of God; Christ, the loving sympathiser with human sorrows and troubles; Christ, the perfect model of human character; Christ, who takes our prayers and presents them to the Father; Christ, who, having all spiritual power, is He that sanctifies, and we are the sanctified. Christ, the all-sufficient, mighty Redeemer, the Alpha and Omega for man, because the Alpha and Omega of God's gift to save him—it is He—nothing less, nothing besides—it is *Christ* that has this saving, cleansing, quickening, sanctifying effect upon poor human souls. This is old truth—common truth—happily.

II. And I wish now just, secondly and briefly, to say and show that *Christ comes as the rain comes*. The text, you observe, points to the greatest fact and the greatest act. The greatest fact in all history is that *Christ is come* as man's Saviour; the greatest act is the *giving* of Christ. Here, then, you have the greatest act—Christ given to man. He shall come like the rain. When God had, in His infinite and eternal

love, purposed to bestow Christ upon man, it was a question how He should bring Him home to human hearts; and, my brethren, it is a problem which ought to stir the enthusiasm of all Christian people. I wonder that we are not more alive to it—that we do not continually ask, How can we make Christ known to men? Was there ever given to angels—never, I believe—a work so interesting and so blessed as this, of making the Saviour known to one's fellows?

“Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.”

But here again nature helps us. The best illustrations of God's work in the kingdom of grace are to be borrowed from His work in the material world. What a beautiful Paradise has God constructed, and is ever working—ever “watering the hills from His chambers.” There is the great ocean; more than three-fourths of the world's surface is water; but in vain would that water lie round about the land, and lave and lick its shores; all vegetation would die if the water lay there; and so the great God has set in operation a wonderful mechanism. The sun daily, hourly, every moment, is taking the water out of that ocean up into the air; currents created by the sun float that vapour thousands of miles inland; and then the alternating strata of warm and cold air effect the condensation of that vapour, and it falls and comes down all over the world, wherever it is needed, and waters the earth. You remember that after it is said that God had created the heavens and the earth, it is intimated that there was deadness—no plants, no animals, no meadows, no streams; and the sole reason was God had not yet caused it to rain upon the earth; and there went up a mist and watered all the plants of the ground, and behold a Paradise. “He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth.” This is a symbol and illustration of the

various agencies by which Christ is brought to man. You will observe that this agency (I speak now of nature) works in accordance with great laws. Certain great laws are embodied in these forms of existence of which we have spoken, and the operation of these laws brings the water of the ocean on to the surface of the earth. There are great laws in God's kingdom. There is a written law, “Go, teach all nations.” “Let him that heareth say, Come.” And is there not a law of spiritual gravitation? If that *commandment* had not been in the world, would it not have been the prompting of every Christian heart to make Christ known. Of Andrew we read that “He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah.” Andrew should have been called Christopher, a Christ-bearer, for he was a pattern to all Christians afterwards. When we have seen Christ, and felt His inestimable value, the natural prompting of our heart is to tell of the Saviour we have found. These laws, the written command to preach the Gospel to every creature, and the law of sympathy and love in the Christian heart, are God's great provision for making Christ known. Then these operate in ways almost as numerous and various as the laws of nature in producing the phenomena of nature. There are certain spots which might be called great centres of evaporation and condensation. We pass places very often in London, and do not consider the wonderful interest that belongs to them. Amongst these centres is certainly the birthplace and present abode of the Religious Tract Society.

I remember, once in Scotland, and once in Switzerland, observing a phenomenon which illustrates this subject. Looking at some mountain peaks there, I observed that a cloud floated over the peak of a mountain. I expected it to disappear, as the wind was strong, but I was disappointed. Fragments of it floated off, and I could trace them in

banks and strata of clouds lighted up by the morning; but these fragments were reproduced, for, as soon as one was gone, the clouds seemed to expand, and to lose nothing by its departure. It was the invisible vapour rising on one side, condensed by the cold air of a mountain summit, and formed into a cloud. It was a cloud factory, that was for ever producing clouds, and sending them away over the land. Towards a certain point in Paternoster-row there is ever floating an invisible spirit of Christian thought; it is there examined, criticised, improved; it is condensed into print and paper, and it is issued, sent all the world over, and descends like rain upon human spirits. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass." It is wonderful to think how God blesses the rain; how the clouds overspread the heavens and bear their precious treasures wherever man requires the earth to yield her increase. And what shall we say of the issues of this wonderful society! Every one of them bears Christ; every one of them — whether science, biography, travels, poetry, or fiction; whether a farthing leaflet or a great volume — every one of them, like a cloud charged with moisture — is charged with Christ; and these go out, and influence and teach thousands and millions of human spirits! How widely! Take the report, which is a goodly volume in itself. You will find Africa is there; nearly all Asia is there; Europe is there, and notably those parts of Europe which are most in need of Christian enlightenment. It is wide in its influence — fourteen hundred and eighty millions since the first issue, and fifty-one millions since the 31st of March, 1872; and these issues are for ever going forth — one new work of some sort or size — every day of the working week. I must not enlarge further; but the wide-ness, the ubiquity of this society, is something to take the imagination, and inspire one with admiration and devotion.

Seasonably the rain comes—the latter and the former rain in its season. God sends it. And how seasonably these words come! Scarcely an emigrant ship sails but this society has kind words to give—healing words for wounded hearts, and words to welcome the emigrants when they land on the other shore. Scarcely a prison, but this society speaks words about liberty to them that are bound. Scarcely a hospital, but this society is at the bedside, speaking of Jesus, the Comforter. Scarcely an asylum, a union, but this society is there. Then, if there be any special gathering of people at the great centres of worldly pleasure, or at the great centres of economic interest, as at the Exhibitions, which are a feature of modern times—the society is there. Arrangements already are made of a very elaborate character for presenting to the great multitude which will gather at Vienna some of the issues of this society, which shall testify to the strangers of Christ Jesus. Then it is seasonable in regard to individuals. It speaks to the young man from home, to servants, to strangers, to the fallen, to orphans and widows, sailors, soldiers, and police. It has a word for every class of men. There is no society so polyglot and polyphonous—that has so many tongues and tones. It has a greater freedom than other societies, for it prints anything which is useful, if it can associate therewith the doctrines of Christ Jesus, and God's mercy in the saving of men.

If there were time, we might illustrate this by many facts. We will take just one or two. A young man, who had broken his mother's heart by his heedlessness and godlessness for years, sees a leaf floating upon a pond, and takes it up. It is the leaf of a tract. He reads it, and searches for the other leaves, which he finds. That tract troubles him, and takes his sleep from him. He tries to banish these thoughts, and says it is weakness; but the tract suggests to him that he must get the

Bible. His mother had before in vain urged him to take his Bible. He goes home to his mother; he will not tell her why; but, taking his opportunity when his mother is out of the room, he looks at the book-shelf, and sees the pocket-Bible, which had been lying there instead of in his pocket, as his mother had wished, and he is off again to his own lodgings. His mother, with joy, misses the volume, and knows that her son has taken it with him at last. A lady had made it a rule never to come home without distributing all the tracts which she had taken out with her. Once, after a considerable journey, she had one left, of a very peculiar character, intended for the fallen, and the only opportunity she had of presenting that was to a lady who was approaching. "Shall I give it?" She hesitated extremely, but at last thought she would do it in this way—"You may know some poor creature to whom that tract may be suitable." She gave it. The lady was offended—took it home, however; and that tract waked up her guilty conscience, for she, under all the respectabilities of society, had been living a guilty life. It broke her heart, and brought her to Christ. It was a drop of rain in season. Not very long ago the following fact came to my knowledge:—Two ladies in Derbyshire were driving through the Peak country, and met a company of Irishmen coming to seek work in England. The younger lady was asking the elder how she could glorify Christ. "Do something for Him now," she said. "Give to these men some tracts." They threw out a number of tracts. The men scrambled for them, and each pocketed one. Years passed away. The young lady went to Canada, and became a teacher in a school there; and rather recently, returning at the end of the week from the school to her own residence, in passing through a wood, she met a man running in great excitement towards the river. She arrested him. He was going to drown himself. He

said to her in despair, "There is no mercy for me." She spoke of mercy and of God's loving-kindness and forgiveness. He looked at her, and altered his purpose. She brought him to a house, and had him taken care of. There he looked into the face of the lady, and told her this story:—"Years ago I was in Derbyshire, and a young lady gave me a tract. The title of the tract was, 'Have you ever read a tract?' That woke my conscience, and brought me to Christ. But I have back-slidden, and resisted the Spirit; I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and I have no hope." "I am the lady," she said, "who gave you the tract; and the same Saviour who accepted you then will accept you now." Not long after, he died in peace. These are but a few instances out of thousands which occur in which God Himself seems to have directed, as He does in nature, the descending drop of rain to touch the very bud, or root, or flower which is drooping for the want of it.

I cannot close without expressing a hope that some soul here this morning, who has not received Christ yet, will take Him now. Are you a dried plant, a fruitless tree? You will remain so until you accept Christ. Dear fellow-sinners, let me beseech you verify what has been said by going to Christ for yourselves. I cannot bear to think of human spirits without Christ. It is better not to live than not to have Christ. Go and think. Yield to Him, welcome Him to your heart, and you will find that He shall descend upon your spirit with such sweetness and grace, and such refreshing, as the rain descends upon the mown grass; and your heart shall be as a garden of the Lord, sending forth its fragrance, and yourself shall make manifest the Saviour.

Poetry.

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

What poor weeping ones were saying,
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe.

Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song outgushing,
Rise in rapture, Lord, to Thee.

For, before the way was ended,
Oh we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heaven descended,
As I have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us
Never pours on us its rain;
Many a grief we see before us
Never comes to cause us pain.

Oft-times in the feared "to-morrow"
Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown,
Ask not, then, in foolish sorrow,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness—
Make a wiser, better choice;
Drink the wine of life and gladness;
God doth bid thee, man, " rejoice."

In to-day's bright sun-light basking,
Leave to-morrow's care alone;
Spoil not present joys by asking,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

C. W. MOON.

And I'm not afraid to say it,
I know He's wanting me!
He gave His life a ransom,
To make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise
To me His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary
To yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will while away the time.
And yet the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing
To know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and my food;
He's altogether lovely,
None can with Him compare,
The Chief among ten thousand—
The Fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient,
And mourn His long delay,
I never can be settled
While He remains away.
But we shall not long be parted,
For I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together
In that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a hope is mine.
Then in my Father's dwelling,
Where "many mansions" be,
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And He shall talk with me.

—London Christian.

COMMUNION.

A little talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road,
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort,
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tenderest love—
"I am coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above."

Ah, this is what I'm wanting,
His lovely face to see:

THE THREE BIDDERS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROWLAND HULL.

Will you listen, young friends, for a moment,
While a story I unfold:
A marvellous tale, of a wonderful sale
Of a noble lady of old:—
How hard and heart, at an auction mart,
And soul and body, she sold!

'Twas in the broad king's highway,
Near a century ago,
That a preacher stood,—though of noble blood,—
Telling the fallen and low
Of a Saviour's love, and a home above,
And a peace that they all might know.

All crowded around to listen;
And they wept at theondrous love,

That could wash their sin, and receive them in
His spotless mansions above:—
While slow, through the crowd, a lady proud
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room," cried the haughty outsider,
"You are closing the king's highway;
My lady is late, and their Majesties wait;
Give way there, good people, I pray."
The preacher heard, and his heart was stirred,
And he cried to the rider "Nay."

His eye like lightning flashes;
His voice like a trumpet rings.
"Your grand fetes days, and your fashions and
ways,
Are all but perishing things.
'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of kings."

Then,—bending his gaze on the lady,
And marking her soft eye fall,—
"And now in His name, a sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call.
Who will purchase the whole—her body and soul,
Crownet, jewels, and all!

"I see already three bidders,—
The world steps up as the first.
'I will give her my treasures, and all the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst;
She shall dance through each day, more joyous
and gay,
With a quiet grave at the worst.'

"But out spake the Devil, boldly:
'The kingdoms of earth are mine.
Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame,
On their brightest tablets shall shine;
Only give me thy soul, and I give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth to be thine.'

"And pray what hast Thou to offer,
Thou Man of Sorrows unknown?
And He gently said, 'My blood I have shed,
To purchase her for Mine own,
To conquer the grave, and her soul to save,
I trod the wine press, alone.

"I will give her My cross of suffering,
My cup of sorrow, to share;
But with endless love, in My home above,
All shall be righted there:
She shall walk in white, in a robe of light,
And a radiant crown shall wear.'

"Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,
That each hath offered for thee,
Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt thou lose,

This life, or the life to be?
The fable was mine, but the choice is yet thine,
Sweet lady! which of the three?"

Nearer the stand of the preacher,
The gilded chariot stole;
And each head was bowed, as over the crowd
The thundering accents roll:
And every word, as the lady heard,
Burned in her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she whispered,
As she rose from her cushioned seat.
Full well, they say, as the crowd made way
You could hear her pulses beat:
And each head was bare, as the lady fair
Knelt at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hand the jewels,
The coronet from her brow;
"Lord Jesus," she said, as she bowed her head,
"The highest bidder art Thou;
Thou gav'st, for my sake, Thy life, and I take
Thy offer—and take it now.

"I know the World and its pleasures,
At best they but weary and cloy;
And the Tempter is bold, but his honours and gold
Prove ever a fatal decoy;
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
Lord, I accept it with joy!

"Give me Thy cup of suffering,
Welcome, earth's sorrow and loss,
Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,
Perish her glittering dress,
I gladly lay down her coveted crown,
Saviour, to take Thy cross."

"Amen!" said the holy preacher;
And the people wept aloud,
Years have rolled on—and they all have gone,
Around that altar who bowed,
Lady and throng, have been swept along
On the wind, like a morning cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,
And around His radiant seat,
A mightier throng, in an endless song
The wondrous story repeat:
And a form more fair, is bending there,
Laying her crown at His feet.

So, now, in eternal glory,
She rests from her cross and care;
But her spirit above, with a longing love,
Seems calling on you to share
Her endless reward, in the joy of her Lord,
O! will you not answer her there?
Evangelist. T. K., Jr.

Christian Thought.

IS THERE TOO MUCH ARGUMENT IN PREACHING?

(Church and State.)

We mean by this, too much formal argument; too much discursive, dry, scholastic reasoning, with desire to convince the hearer. To complain of logic were as idle as to complain of truth; but there is a kind of logic which proves without convincing; which is sound as far as it goes, but which fails just because it never gets into the heart of things, and presents the truth with life and freshness. We all remember old Dr. Beecher's idea of a sermon, "First heavy, and then hot;" but many a sermon never gets beyond the "heavy," just because it never gets beyond the argument. The truth is imprisoned in a chain of reasoning. Or not to say that, the reasoning has failed to get hold of the truth, as to its inmost vital, persuasive quality. If, with Coleridge, we make a distinction between the understanding and the reason, we may affirm that only the understanding has come in play. There is the methodical, discursive process, the going from premise to conclusion, but there has been nothing of what Ruskin calls the "imagination penetrative;" that quiet process of the reason on which, at one glance, goes to the root of things, and seizing the truth bodily, portrays it in its most intense, stimulating, and life-giving properties. Do we say, then, that in this latter process there has been no reasoning? No; but the reasoning is concealed. A faculty which partakes of all the higher qualities of the soul, has fused the argument and caused it to disappear in the quickness of its process, and the intensity of its glow. These are results as manifestly as when the lightning slivers the oak, but the path by which it reached it is closed up.

Now, we are inclined to believe that the majority of preachers place quite too much reliance on formal argument. They think, perhaps, that this sceptical age demands it. To be up with positive science they must be as positive and rigid. And then, again, so many things have disappeared from the creed of Christendom that we must convince the world of the truth of what remains. But how convince them? By demonstrating Christian truth as we demonstrate a proposition in Euclid? But that is impossible. And then, too, a Gospel which demands no higher range of faculties than Euclid would be no gospel at all. It certainly would be nothing better than a gospel of science, and our gospel is a thing of redemption and life. The trouble with the formal argument, therefore, is that it does not reach high enough. It neither calls in play necessarily the higher powers of the mind, nor does it penetrate that truth which the mind most craves. It argues about the divinity of Christ, and yet, somehow or other, there is no Christ in the argument. It demonstrates and proves, and still, as we said before, the hearer is not convinced.

Now the preacher has to bear in mind that his hearers are not a company of logicians, and even if they are, they are vastly more. They are the creatures of hope and fear, of desire and longing. Within are obstinate questionings touching life and futurity, and of that destiny which awaits them. Within is a conscience which, though slumbering for the time, can never be insensible to the claims of God and duty. And there, too, is that world of emotions and affections ever in play and ever demanding an object on which the heart may rest. Now, as the dews and sunlight can only answer to the cravings of the flowers, let the preacher take for granted that the Gospel can only answer

to the cravings of his hearers. What is wanted is not so much producible argument, any more than the flowers, if conscious, want analysis of sunlight. Both the soul and the truth run deeper. The springs of being are not supplied from propositions, nor from so much careful, elaborate logic. They draw from the eternal sources of grace and truth. They want of his fulness of which, in the words of the apostle, "we have all received, and grace for grace."

Let the preacher take that for granted. Let him believe in the persuasive power, still more in the satisfying power of the Gospel. Let him go on the principle that some things are settled so far as the understanding is concerned, and that it only remains to stay the needs and distresses of the spirit. How to find peace and to be assured of God's favour; how to live in newness of life and in the abiding power of faith and hope; how to triumph over sin and regain the lost heritage of paradise and joy,—this is the soul's strongest craving. And what can meet it but the Christ of the Gospel? But what Christ? One who is for ever argued upon, demonstrated, proved? No; the Christ who proves himself in the presentation of Him; the Christ who judges the understanding, more than the understanding judges Him; the Christ who, in all the great facts of His life and history, is indisputable; the Christ who is His own convincing and overpowering argument.

How did Christ win upon the faith and love of His disciples? By a rigid process of reasoning touching His person and work? Never. He assumed from the first that He was the Christ of God. And so He went on quietly affirming what He had to say, knowing that the convincing power lay in His holy, blameless, self-sacrificing life. He taught as one having authority, and not as the Scribes, and the power of His words lay in a sort of axiomatic inherent truthfulness which was irresistible.

"The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

Now, let us not be understood as saying that the preacher may be shallow, rambling, meagre. Rather should he try to apprehend the substance of the Gospel with greater power and clearness, and instead of arguing about Christ, put that Christ into his preaching who is the greatest argument of all. Let the preacher put faith in Him as the vanquisher of doubts, and the solution of the soul's most obstinate questionings. Above all, let him never overlook that deep disquiet of the soul which can never be satisfied with arguments. Let him understand how great are its needs, how profound its cravings, and that there are implicit assumptions of the heart which respond more readily to Christ and His salvation, than to the clearest reasoning and the most formal logic.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Rev. C. H. SPENCER, at the London Missionary Meeting.

We do mean to win the world for God; we intend to do it in right earnest; we will die trying to do it; but as we die we shall expire believing that it will be accomplished. Neither will any of us be taken away until we have achieved our share in it. Just now, perhaps, the attitude of the Christian soldier is not that which requires the rush, the high spirit of advance. We want now the Saxon courage which can form squares, which can stand still on the field of battle, and bear the attack even while the red hail falls about us. We have come to a position now when steadfastness is wanted, and together with that steadfastness there must go the "always abounding in the work of the Lord." We have read a few stanzas of the immortal poem that God has written. We expected that it would have come to a close ere long, and we knew that the last verse would blaze with splendour: but we are going at

present through some stanzas which mingle light with darkness, and where there is the sound of the sackbut as well as of the psaltery; and we are in a hurry, perhaps, to get to the end of the poem. At present, our work seems to be to look about us and see what can be done to strengthen the home power of missions. When Carey said he would go to India, he likened his going abroad to descending into a pit, and he asked Andrew Fuller to stop at home and hold the rope. The same relation exists between the missionary and the home-church to-day. We are holding the rope for the missionaries down below; but it is a great deal more than mere rope-holding; they do not merely depend upon us—the connection between us is extremely sympathetic. I think I might liken it to the man in the diving-bell—the man who goes down in the diving-dress, who is dependent almost for the breath of life upon the engine above that pumps the air down to him. Or, I might say that our missionaries are sitting at the other end of the telegraphic wire, and we must communicate with them. Practically, *we* must preach to the heathen; we must through them send the message, and send it forcefully, or else they will not be able to communicate it to those around them. I believe these various means of communication that have been spoken of all tend to make the connection between home and abroad more sensitive; and anything that will do that I am glad of. I trust that all your organizations will always tend to lessen the distance between the missionary abroad and the ministry and Church at home; making those abroad to know less of directors and secretaries, and more of home friends; for I am sure that will be a means of quickening to your foreign missionaries. They desire it, I know; and we may also desire it, for there is a reflex action, and any good that may go from the Church to them is abundantly sent back from them to the Church. The Church at

home must be kept right if the missions abroad are to prosper. For observe how much the mission is helped or hindered by the condition of our brethren. They are not all at home, and even if they were, the moral condition of England is cautiously observed by foreign countries. When they hear of the vastly increasing drinking of this country—when they hear of the other sins abounding in this land—our religion is so much the worse in their estimation. Oh, sirs, if our countrymen were full of the gospel, we might almost have done with missionary societies! When I saw the statement yesterday that there were a hundred of our countrymen in the employ of the Japanese Government, in addition to those belonging to America, and other professedly Christian lands, I thought that if only those men were full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, how much better they would be even than professional teachers of the gospel! how, from their own places, they would speak words with a force which could not be resisted! Oh! if our sailors were all bearers of the flag of Christ crucified, and our soldiers, too, and all who took situations abroad took them with this view, that they might spread the kingdom of God wherever they went, missionaries would, at any rate, be greatly strengthened, and I think the time when the whole earth would be converted would be greatly hastened!

Then, again, our missionaries depend upon the churches at home for very much of their spiritual power. You believe in prayer, my brethren. We have not been laughed out of that yet, nor shall we be, because we are in the habit of praying. Those who never pray soon come to doubt whether prayer has power; but those who habitually carry their troubles and trials to a throne of grace, no more doubt the power of prayer than they doubt the necessity of the vitalizing air around them. The missionary will often, I am persuaded, feel his spirit lifted by a mysterious

influence for which he cannot account; and yet, if he recollects the prayer-meeting at home, he may think, "My brethren are specially praying for me now." And perhaps some of you who have to lie awake half the night in pain, as I have done almost for the last fortnight, may have felt as if God had called you to be praying all night, that you might keep up the watches, and give Him no rest until He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. Your midnight prayers may be bringing down upon a Livingstone showers of blessings; brethren in Hindostan or the South Sea Islands may be receiving blessings because of your prayers. Oh, for more prayer!

I had an odd illustration of its power the other day in Italy. In the hotels there there are little ivory buttons in the wall, upon which you put your finger. They communicate with electric wires, which ring the bells downstairs. A friend came in to take tea with us, and I put my finger on the button, but nobody came. I did it again; still nobody came. "Now," said my friend, "I will put you up to a wrinkle—keep your finger on the button. If you only just put it on, it rings the bell; but if you keep your finger on, the bell will keep on ringing, ringing downstairs." Well, I did so; but even then the waiter did not come. At length, my friend said, "We have a couple of bedrooms here; I will go into one, and your friend can go into the other; let us ring all three bells, and then we shall fetch up all the waiters in the hotel." So we put our fingers on these three buttons, and kept them there, and, I warrant you, the passage was soon full of waiters, tumbling over one another. They thought the whole house must be on fire. We simply explained that, as the ringing of one bell did not do, we thought we would ring all three, and found it was a capital plan, but if they would only come more quickly another time we would do it no more. Every time a man prays he rings the great bell in

heaven. If two of you agree as touching anything concerning the kingdom, it shall be done unto you. There is no resisting it. If every man and woman here would begin to put their fingers upon the bell, the electric communication between earth and heaven, it would awake the very angels, and bring them down with untold blessings upon the Church and upon the world. We must pray. Call back your missionaries if you do not mean to pray. You may refuse your contributions if you like, or give them to some common educational purpose. They are altogether as much wasted as if they were flung into the sea. Unless the Church will pray it will be in vain for it to give. But upon the condition of our churches at home will depend even the contributions that come into the mission; for I believe that those churches will give most, other things being equal, in which the religious life is most active.

I heard the other day of a congregation that could not support a minister. They had one, but he was mainly kept by the Union—the County Union. An attempt was made to increase his salary, and a gentleman went round with a paper for that purpose. Having observed a poor-looking man who attended the place a couple of Sundays, he thought to himself, "Well, he is one; and every little will help. I will call on him and ask him for something towards the minister's support." He went to him, and said, "You know our minister has been mainly supported by the County Association. We ought to be doing a little more; what will you give?" "Well," said he, "our minister must be supported," and then he took his pencil and wrote £10 opposite his name. The gentleman collecting, said, "That is a very handsome contribution for you. I think you must mean 10s." "Ten shillings!" said the man; "do you think that the spiritual benefit and comfort that a man gets from such a minister as ours through a

year is only worth 10s. ? I reckon it to be worth a great deal more than £10, and I only hope that that will be accepted as a composition for what I owe, for really I cannot give more." Well, the good man who was collecting said to himself, "If this man can afford to give £10, I can afford to give £25;" but he had never given more than 10s. himself. At the public meeting that was held he mentioned this circumstance, and the principle seemed to be taken up as a really good one, so that they never had need to apply to the secretary of the association any more for help. How some people will ever get to heaven at all who talk so much about Christianity, and find so much fault with other people, and yet, when they die, leave hundreds of thousands of pounds, I cannot understand. I do mean it when I sing—

"Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;"

and when I go on to sing,

"I love my God with zeal so great,
That I could give Him all,"

I do mean it. And I should be ashamed of myself if I did not mean it; but I do not understand how they can be sincere in the use of such language, who, nevertheless, contribute such a trifle, and seem to think they have done a great deal when they have contributed that. Jesus Christ deserves all the money that we have got, and a great deal more. He deserves our whole body, soul, and spirit. He deserves that we should aid in his service; that the last breath we breathe should be breathed out for Him; and that every breath between this and that should be consecrated to the self-same end. Oh, if the churches felt this, your treasuries will be more than full, and then you will begin to cry out for men!

And the same thing that sends the money will find the men, for consecration will come to be common throughout the churches; revived piety, deep,

real attachment to the Master, and a solemn giving up of everything for his dear sake, will bring out our young men to the front. But, brethren, we want courage now; and may God grant it to many! I would like the colleges to feel that, in the education of men, it should be laid down as a principle that they are to be educated, not to take charges that are existing, but to form new ones for themselves, either in this country or abroad.

I should like our young men to consider that they are only doing a second-rate thing when they go and build upon another man's foundation—that the noble and the manly thing to do is to go for yourself, like the backwoodsman, and fell your own trees, and build your own house, and make around you the "wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose," as no other garden will ever rejoice to you; for the garden that you have reclaimed will be to you "a thing of joy and beauty for ever." Yes, young men—if I address any such here who are studying for the ministry—aspire to this. I shall not condemn those—for in so doing I should condemn myself—who follow upon others, and enlarge, and so on; but nobler far is he who leads a forlorn hope, who does not succeed brave men, who goes as a pioneer for God and for his truth. Young men, you may make money if you take to business; but if you really want to have fame that will outlive the stars, if you want happiness that will be enduring, and will increase throughout eternity, I beseech you espouse the cause of Christ, and take commission in that part of the service which will exact from you the direst self-denials, and will demand of you the fullest surrender of all things for Christ. The ruby crown is scarcely within your reach; the martyr time has gone; yet here and there a missionary snatches at the master prize of Christendom; but next to that there are the crowns of poverty, of shame, of reproach, of lonely

journeys, of "perils by robbers and perils by waters"—the mural crowns of those who first shall scale the walls that are in your way. Is there no Othniel to win such? Have we no brave hearts among us? I say there are such; they only need to be pressed a little, and they will surely come to the front. If the piety of the church be as it should be, these will surely be found. I do hope that the craving for results will grow among Christians. I believe in the man working for Christ unsuccessfully, but I do not believe in that man's being contented in being unsuccessful. Brethren, you will never win souls if you can live without winning them. Your whole nature must get big with the sacred passion of conversion. Until you feel ready to die in your work you will never bring men to Christ. Often when I have been preaching, and have used the best arguments I can with sinners, I have rammed myself down the gun and fired myself at them, and I have found the last argument tell. If you ask how I justify that, I reply, Paul says he was willing to communicate not only the gospel but himself unto them, if he might by any means win them to Christ. The whole Church must get this passion. You must get a longing; you must seethe and boil like a cauldron with the desire to see the nations converted. They won't be converted until you come to this. Do not let any mission report, if it is unfavourable, be put aside with the idea of sovereignty.

God makes the conquest of the world as a medicine to his Church. It is not merely the world He has in view; it is that his Church, when she comes out of her ultimate victory, may be fair and beautiful, and that the whole of her warfare may be tending towards her perfection in the image of Christ Jesus. We are rivers that filter as we flow. We have much to deposit. We are not fit yet, it may be, for complete triumph. Even in my own veins I feel—and I question whether I cannot speak for

others—that great success would make us exult, and give us a carnal pride. It were not all for Jesus nor all for Jehovah, if we now were greatly successful.

The Church, just now, wants enthusiasm for missions put into her, and not enthusiasm for societies merely. We want to have our churches full of an enthusiasm which is grounded, not on a love of sect, but on a love of Jesus Christ. Oh! if we could get our hearers who love his name to see Him by daily fellowship with Him; if they could get a glimpse at the thorn crown, and at the face, "more marred than that of any man;" if they could put their fingers into the print of the nails again, oh! they would all become missionaries—let alone helping missionary societies. The whole Church would become itself a missionary society, and every man a missionary for Christ. Oh! if our hearers loved souls, and felt terror concerning their fate unless they fled to Jesus, this would make the whole country full of a missionary spirit. It would not be merely a wave of it, but a very flood would cover the country, and there would be no fear about the work being carried on. I fear I must add that some of our churches want a deeper and a sterner faith in all the truths they preach. If we begin to doubt at home, we must fail abroad. If the fulcrum be taken away, what will you do with your lever? If the foundations be removed, what can the righteous do? May we feel that we would give everything up for the gospel of the cross and of the Crucified, the gospel of the Atonement, the gospel in which the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are equally magnified, and sinners are saved! You will get enthusiasm when the faith is strong and the love is passionate.

THINGS ESSENTIAL TO A REVIVED RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE CHURCH.

(BY THE REV. WM. DONALD, PORT HOPE.)

This article, crowded out of our July issue, an abridgment of a paper read by Mr. Donald before his Synod in Toronto, we insert, both on account of its own merits, and also as showing in connection with other papers in this and in our last number, how widely spread among Christians of all denominations is the desire and expectation of a revived religious life.

I venture, as the result of some thought and reading on the subject, to express the belief that four things, of which I wish to speak in this paper, are the certain and invariable preludes or accompaniments of every great work of grace. Wherever these things have been wanting, there the church's light has been low. Wherever they have existed, there mighty victories for Christ have usually been won. It will be admitted also that the things to which I refer are within the reach of all, and that, therefore, it ought to be the ambition—the fixed, invincible determination of all, by God's grace to possess them.

1. The first essential to a revived religious life amongst us of which I would speak, is a *previous expectation of the blessing and some previous desire for its coming*. I do not know that any great revival has ever taken place without these signs preceding. The expectation might be very vague, and the desire limited to a very small number; but such desire and expectation seem always to have preceded any new era of spiritual life and victory. As a case in point I have but to mention Pentecost. The Disciples wait for the promise of the spirit; they earnestly desire His coming. They return to the upper room, and continue expecting the fulfilment of their promise. That heaven-born desire is a prophecy—that attitude of high and rapt expectancy is a pledge that a true revival is coming.

2. A second element, vital and altogether essential to a revival, is *genuine*

care for souls—a consuming anxiety respecting their salvation. This anxiety is born of love and knowledge. The knowledge I mean is that of the soul's value and of its extreme danger. Every one must see that this combined love and knowledge ought to fill all Christian people and especially all Christian ministers, as with a haunting passion—a high and constant enthusiasm for saving souls. It is safe to say that where this enthusiasm is wanting, there has never been—and probably from the nature of the case there never can be—any great revival of the Lord's work. History seems plainly to prove that every extensive revival has been preceded as well as accompanied by evidences of this hunger of the Christian heart after the conversion of the unsaved. And wherever such desire for the salvation of souls has been awakened, and has been long and widely cherished, God has in a large measure granted to His people that desire of their heart. The Apostle, who was probably the greatest soul-gatherer of any time, travailed in birth, till Christ was formed in believers' hearts the hope of glory. It has been strikingly said of another most successful worker for Christ, that he was "infinitely, insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls."

3. A third element, also vital and altogether essential to a revival, is the *Abundance of Prayer*. Prayer must not be hindered. There must be the simplicity of a constant dependence on God. The strength of workers for Christ is born of earnest and habitual prayerfulness. The only success that is worth much—the only success, indeed, that is worth anything—is won at the mercy-seat. I have read a monkish story of a famous preacher whose sermons converted great numbers, and to whom it was revealed that not one of the conversions was owing to his eloquence or talent, but to the prayers of a poor lay brother who sat during the sermon on the pulpit steps, groaning before the Lord and praying incessantly

for the divine blessing on the preacher's labours. In form, this story is but a Romish legend, but it enshrines a precious truth. That truth is confirmed and illustrated by the history of all genuine awakenings, and by the experience of all those whose labours the Lord has most signally blessed. As I write thus there rises before my mind the thought of Knox pleading, "Give me Scotland, or I die;" of John Welsh wondering "how a Christian could lie all night in his bed and not rise to pray;" of Joseph Allen exclaiming, at four o'clock in the morning, when he heard the first noise of working men going to their daily toil, "How this noise shames me! Does not my master deserve more than theirs?" Of Edward Payson gaining his theology on his knees.

4. Of the Fourth Essential I must speak very briefly. It may be thus expressed:—Those of us who are called upon to teach others must endeavour with great directness and tenderness to deal with the hearts and consciences of our hearers in regard to the great truths of the Gospel. There must be greater *directness of aim*. This seems to have characterized all who have been markedly successful in winning souls for Christ. Probably we could all be justly convicted of having often wearily beat the air instead of taking a direct and successful aim. But with the directness must be tenderness. "Were you able to preach on that text tenderly?" asked Mr. Cheyne of a brother minister who had preached on a very awful subject. There is a most important connection between sowing in tears and reaping in joy. Those who over the perishing have been tender almost, or altogether, to weeping, have often become the joyous as well as the grateful winners of souls. And this directness and tenderness must be exercised in pressing the essential truths of the Gospel home on the heart and conscience. Men have often dared to preach another Gospel; and experience shows that connected with such

preaching there have not only been an interest and fascination but even an excitement and an apparently deep spiritual impression. But that only is genuine, divine, and permanent which comes from the everlasting Gospel of salvation for the lost through the blood of Christ. The sinner must still touch the hem of Jesus' garment and find that virtue goes out of Him. Revivals that come otherwise have only been caricatures or counterfeits of Pentecost, scorching and blighting, instead of blessing the heritage of God. It is probable that in every great work of grace, these four elements can be discovered.

INFIDEL AND IMPURE LITERATURE.

From Dr. Duff's address, which is being circulated all over the world, falling like a trumpet call on the ears of Protestant Churches, we extract a few paragraphs bearing on a point of deep interest to Ontario. In the amount of sceptical, sensational, impure literature circulated, on railway trains, through the Post Office, and by book pedlars, Ontario is in a much worse position than many imagine. Our agent, Mr. Morrison, was not many days in the field when he got tempting offers of engaging in circulating books, and here is deep cunning, some of which are good, but others of which are of such a nature as could not with decency be even named far less read in decent families.

Infidelity, with its usual concomitant *impure literature*, is coming in upon us like a flood. Many works are exclusively devoted to infidelity, and others exclusively to impurity; while many more are of a mixed character, so that it is not very easy to disjoin them. In former days such pernicious literature, whether infidel or impure, was comparatively rare, their authors and readers comparatively few, but now the name of either is legion. And oh, what a literature, alike in quality and quantity! Of an infidel kind from the dawnings of incipient scepticism to the midnight darkness of materialism and atheism—of an impure kind, from the first instinctive blushings of misdirected affec-

tion to the abominable excesses of shameless, brutal lust—we have swarming shoals of larger and smaller publications. That I might not be speaking at random on the subject, or from hearsay only, I have purposely used means to secure copies of upwards of two hundred of those scandalous infidel and impure publications. The very names of some of them are replete with blasphemy; while those of others are fitted and designed to excite wanton imaginations, and defile the heart, and stimulate to vicious indulgence. I cannot, I dare not outrage the feelings of this House, or do violence to my own, by orally enunciating any of these names. Of the subject matter, or contents of the infidel portion, it may suffice to say that therein and thereby, the claims of the Bible as an inspired book or revelation of God are held up to ridicule, contempt, and scorn; that there is not a character in it, not even the holiest and best, without excepting the Spotless One and the Just, who was “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,” that is not caricatured, villified, or abused; that there is not a doctrine in it, however heavenly and true and worthy of its Divine Author, which is not shockingly distorted, misrepresented, and exhibited in forms the most repugnant to natural reason, and colours the most odious to the moral sense; that there is not a precept in the decalogue which is not torn, lacerated, tortured, tossed into the mire, and remorselessly trampled under foot; and, finally, that in some the very existence of God, or the soul, or a future state, is peremptorily negatived with insolent derision!

Of the *impure* and directly demoralizing portion it might be enough to say that it abounds with everything that is inexpressibly low, coarse, vulgar, atrocious, and abominable. Lord Shaftesbury, than whom there is not a more competent witness and judge, has pronounced many of the publications as positively *infernal*. Mr. Boyd, the admirable secretary of the Religious

Tract and Book Society of Scotland, who has paid special attention to the subject, thus reports as the result of his many and searching enquiries:—

“The cheap and pernicious literature of the day appears in various forms. Intended especially for Sunday reading, several weekly newspapers are published at a penny, with an immense amount of reading, and giving much prominence and fulness of details to all trials before the police and divorce courts, and to all cases of *licentiousness and crime*. There are also dozens of penny and halfpenny magazines and serials issued weekly, and penny novels. Of these publications, the contents, with few exceptions, are highly sensational, and often made up of tales of intrigue, burglary, seduction, murder, and every species of crime, which the writer invests with a variety of attractions. The criminal appears as a hero to be admired, he outwits the police, and escapes with impunity, and lives merrily and in plenty without the drudgery of daily toil. Then the engraver employs his art to picture vividly what the pen has described, and thus greatly augments the mischief wrought by a corrupt press, whose issues are almost always profusely and strikingly illustrated.”

The more vile and villanous of the publications now referred to seldom reach, and seldomer still penetrate, the environs of really reputable society. But they do reach numbers not only among the masses, but among the middle classes alike in town and country, for the most part openly, but often through secret and special agencies that elude the guardians of our piety and morals, and there they act with a festering, corrupting, and even fatally mortiferous influence on the souls and bodies of myriads. In this way our once secure and supposed impregnable fortress is now in many directions vigorously assailed and beleaguered by this formidable foe, whose fiery and poisoned darts already overshoot the walls, destroying the faith of many, and sorely transpiercing their hearts and

consciences. To put the matter beyond all cavil and dispute, I have, from time to time, through able and willing agents, in several of our principal towns, instituted sundry inquiries which have issued in astounding and saddening results. At my suggestion, also, not long ago, the directors of the Religious Book and Tract Society of Scotland very kindly sent several searching questions on the subject to their numerous colporteurs in divers civic and rural districts of the land, from the Solway Firth to the Shetland Isles. To these there are about seventy returns in my possession, the greater part of them full and complete, and all containing a great variety of items of painful and startling intelligence.

Though I have carefully gone over the whole, and could furnish a faithful summary of their contents, I can only now briefly indicate something of the nature of these. In a few districts the people, for the most part, are simply sottish, stupid, inert, indifferent, and not much given to reading of any kind, though many even of these are delighted with prints of noted characters—highwaymen, housebreakers, murderers, and such like. Nor let it be thought, as some would have it, that this is a small evil. There is such an ulcerous and infectious tendency in all sin, and especially gross sin, that the knowledge of it, however conveyed, acts on the prepared heart with the promptitude of a spark on gun cotton or any other highly combustible substance. But in nearly the whole of the districts these mind-distracting, soul-destroying publications are to a greater or less extent circulated and read. They are read by persons of all classes, professions, sexes, and ages—by tradesmen and their apprentices, farmers and farm-servants, fathers and mothers, men and women advanced in years, young men and young women, while they often constitute the first and sole literary food of boys and girls, and even little children of the lower orders! As to the number

and read, the entries are usually in such words as the following: "Sold to a very great extent; the lower classes who are able to read, almost all read them; number sold very large; they have a great sale, and wide circulation; great numbers; a great many; a very great amount sold; they are found in almost every house in the district, except in the houses of God's children." The whole of the country people, with few exceptions, read them.

As to the evil effects produced, their name is legion. The stated perusal of them gradually indisposes most people for the reading of the Word of God, and other good books, religious papers, or magazines, or tracts. It leads to the neglect of domestic and other ordinary duties—unfits the mind for all serious and profitable reflection and thought—renders it incapable of fixing attention on religious subjects—fills it with pride, vanity, and self-conceit, with silliness, foolishness, and frivolity, with excessive love of worldly amusements and carnal recreations. It leads to habitual desecration of the Sabbath, by tempting numbers to stay at home to read these books. A woman, when disappointed on Saturday evening in getting her usual supply, was heard to lament, saying that "she knew not how to pass the Sabbath;" and a man, on obtaining his, gleefully shouted, "These will be my minister to-morrow; I can now spend my Sabbath finely in my bed, with these and a pipe." It has thus induced numbers to give up going to church and neglect the means of grace altogether. In these and other ways the perusal of such works has made numbers wholly inattentive or indifferent to the interests of their souls, their present and future happiness; it has hardened their hearts against the gospel, and, while deterring them from frequenting the house of God, has lured or driven them to low taverns, with all their maddening scenes of intemperance, revelry and vice—feeding and stimulating the appetite for all that

is noxious and depraved. In this way many have fallen into the ranks of secularism, materialism, and utter irreligiosity, declaring the Bible to be a lying novel or romance, and preferring the writings of Voltaire or any other infidel before it. And while many more have become loose, frivolous, and dissipated in their conduct, not a few, husbands and wives alike, have become irreclaimable drunkards, and their sons and daughters utterly abandoned characters. Having lost all taste or relish for substantial, instructive, solid reading of any kind, they have contracted a special hatred for anything that is holy or divine.

Hence the enormous difficulties encountered by zealous colporteurs in their truly noble and honourable occupation.

After being long habituated to such loathsome garbage for their sole intellectual food, men nauseate all wholesome nutriment, even as the savage Andamese or cannibal New Zealander, after being accustomed to strangely unnatural and inhuman fare, actually sickens when pressed or induced to partake of dainties and delicacies fit for a royal table. When earnestly besought by the friendly colporteur to abandon what is demonstrably unwholesome, and betake themselves to his nutritious viands, they in substance usually shout out, "Away with your religious books! Away with them; I want some novel, or weekly, or serial that will awaken sensations of a pleasurable or exciting kind."

Christian Life.

JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BIBLE.

Dr. Punshon's visit to Canada will not be readily forgotten. He has left in many a mind pleasant reminiscences of his eloquence; he has left, finished, though perhaps not yet out of debt, in Toronto, one of the handsomest church edifices in the Dominion. And now he gives us a memorial volume of Lectures and Sermons. This volume will confirm the judgment that has been formed long before this by the Canadian public of Dr. Punshon, on hearing these lectures and sermons from his own lips. In pathos, Dr. Guthrie (now, alas, taken from us) stood before him. In the power of searching the conscience, and of bringing the word of God to deal with the ups and downs of every day life, he is excelled by Spurgeon; but he excels them both in the richness of his literary illustrations, in the finished polish of his style, and in fervid eloquence.

Such of our readers as may not have seen this handsome volume, which is

truly a credit to Canadian book-making, will read with interest, (although they may already have heard, the passage from the lips of the eloquent lecturer,) the following sketch of the immortal dreamer of Bedford Jail: *

"He was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in the year 1628. Like many others of the Lord's heroes, he was of obscure parentage, "of a low and inconsiderable generation," and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. There are expressions in his works descriptive of his manner of life, which cannot be interpreted, as Macaulay would have it, in a theological sense, nor resolved into morbid self-abridings. He was an adept and a teacher in evil. In his 17th year we find him in the army—"an army where wickedness abounded." It is not known accurately on which side he served, but the description best answers certainly to Rupert's roystering dragoons. At 20 he married, receiving two books as his wife's only portion—"The Practice of Piety," and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." By the reading of these books, and by his wife's converse and example, the Holy Spirit first wrought upon his soul.

* Lectures and Sermons, by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1873.

He attempted to curb his sinful propensities, and to work in himself an external reformation. He formed a habit of church-going, and an attachment almost idolatrous to the externalisms of religion. The priest was to him as the Brahman to the Pariah; "he could have lain down at his feet to be trampled on, his name, garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch him." While thus under the thralldom which superstition imposes, he indulged all the licence which superstition claims. He continued a blasphemer and a Sabbath-breaker, running to the same excess of riot as before. Then followed in agonizing vicissitudes a series of convictions and relapses. He was arrested, now by the pungency of a powerful sermon, now by the reproof of an abandoned woman, and anon by visions in the night, distinct and terrific. One by one, under the lashes of the law, "that stern Moses, which knows not how to spare," he relinquished his besetting sin—from which he struggled successfully to free himself while he was yet uninfluenced by the evangelical motive, and with his heart alienated from the life of God. New and brighter light flashed upon his spirit from the conversation of some godly women at Bedford, who spake of the things of God and of kindred hopes and yearnings "with much pleasantness of scripture," as they sat together in the sun. He was instructed more perfectly by "holy M. Gifford," the Evangelist of his dream, and, in "the comment on the Galatians" of brave old Martin Luther, he found the photograph of his own sinning and troubled soul. For two years there were but glimpses of the fitful sunshine dimly seen through a spirit-storm, perpetual and sad. Temptations of fearful power assailed and possessed his soul. Then was the time of that fell combat with Apollyon, of the fiery darts and hideous yells, of the lost sword and the rejoicing enemy. Then also he passed, distracted and trembling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. At length, by the blest vision of Christ "made of God unto him wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," the glad deliverance came—the clouds rolled away from his heart and from his destiny, and he walked in the undimmed and glorious heaven. From this time his spiritual course was, for the most part, one of comfort and peace. He became a member of the Baptist Church under Mr. Gifford's pastorate, and when that faithful witness ceased his earthly testimony, he engaged in earnest exhortations to sinners, "as a man in chains speaking to men in chains," and was urged forward, by the concurrent call of the Spirit and the bride, to the actual ministry of the gospel. His ministry was heartfelt, and therefore powerful, and was greatly blessed of God.

In 1660 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles," and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favor as to move the pity of Sir Matthew Hale, beneath whose ermine throbbled a God-fearing heart like that which beat beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. His own words are, "So being again delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison." *Home to prison.* Think of that, young men! See the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affectation of indifference to suffering—no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man "that has the herb heart's-ease in his bosom."

Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy over subject hearts—if home be the spot where "fireside pleasures gambol," where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child, or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife—then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the day-time, is the heroine wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind and therefore best beloved. There, on the table, is the "Book of Martyrs," with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love: those old and heaven patented nobility whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing their secret source of strength; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is ever unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands the Heavenly Comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, "the prisoners heard them." The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did make him write." He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his own heart upon the page.

There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain, and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is the one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair—from the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendours—the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and THAT is the king in His beauty: until the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobb away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise. Now, think of these things—endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever fresh and ever comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write "I was had home to prison."

In 1672, Richard Carver, a member of the Society of Friends, who had been mate of the vessel in which King Charles escaped to France after his defeat at Worcester, and who had carried the king on his back through the surf and landed him on French soil, claimed, as his reward, the release of his co-religionists who crowded the jails throughout the land. After some hesitation, Charles was slammed into compliance. A cumbersome deed was prepared, and under the provisions of that deed, which was so framed as to include sufferers of other persuasions, Bunyan obtained deliverance, having lain in the prison complete twelve years.

From the time of his release his life flowed evenly on. Escaped alike from Doubting Castle and from the net of the flatterer, he set it in the Beulah land of ripening piety and hope. The last act of the strong and gentle spirit brought down on him the peace-maker's blessing. Love seized him in London

on his return from an errand of mercy, and after ten days' illness, long enough for the utterance of a whole treasury of dying sayings, he calmly fell asleep.

"Mortals cried, 'a man is dead :'
Angels sang 'a child's born :'"

and in honor of that nativity "all the bells of the celestial city rang again for joy." From his elevation in heaven his whole life seems to preach to us his own Pentecostal evangel, "There is room enough here for body and soul, but not for body, and soul, and sin."

There is no feature more noticeable in Bunyan's character than the *devoutness with which he studied the Divine Word, and the reverence which he cherished for it throughout the whole of his life.*

In the time of his agony, when, "a restless wanderer after rest," he battled with fierce temptation, and was beset with Antinomian error, he gratefully records, "the Bible was precious to me in those days ;" and after his deliverance it was his congenial life-work to exalt its honor and to proclaim its truths. Is he recommending growth in grace to his hearers?—The Word is to be the aliment of their life. "Every grace is nourished by the Word, and without it there is no thrift in the soul." Has he announced some fearless exposition of truth?—Hark how he disarms opposition and challenges scrutiny? "Give me a hearing: take me to the Bible, and let me find in thy heart no favor if thou find me to swerve from the standard." Is he uplifting the Word above the many inventions of his fellows?—Mark the racy homeliness of his assertion: "A little from God is better than a great deal from men. What is from men is often tumbled over and over; things that we receive at God's hand come to us as things from the minting-house. Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of Heaven upon them." Is his righteous soul vexed with the indifference of the faithful, or with the impertinences of the profane? How manfully he proclaims his conviction of a pressing want of the times! "There wanteth even in the hearts of God's people a greater reverence for the Word of God than to this day appeareth among us; and this let me say, that want of reverence for the Word is the ground of all the disorders that are in the heart, life, conversation, or Christian communion."

If ever Bunyan saw with a seer's insight, and spoke with a prophet's inspiration, he has in this last quoted sentence foreseen our danger, and uttered a solemn warning for the times in which we live. There never was an age in which reverence for the Word needed more impressive inculcation. There never was an age when there were battled against it

fierce elements of antagonism. Not that infidelity proper abounds—the danger from this source is over. Some rare specimens of this almost extinct genus do occasionally flounder into sight, like the Ichthyosaurus of some remote period, blurring out their blasphemies from congenial slime; but men pity their foolishness or are shocked with their profanity. That infidelity is the most to be dreaded which moves like the virus of a plague, counterfeiting, by its hectic glow, the flush of health and beauty, unsuspected till it has struck the chill to the heart, and the man is left pulseless of a living faith, and robbed of the rapture of life—a conscious paralytic who “brokenly lives on.” This kind of scepticism,—a scepticism which apes reverence and affects candour—which, by its impotency, has almost wearied out some of the sturdy guardians of the truth—which seems to have talked itself into a prescriptive right, like other mendicants, to exhibit its sores among the highways of men,—has, it is not to be denied, done its worst to infect society, and to wither the energy of religion in multitudes of souls. It may be that some amongst yourselves have not altogether escaped the contagion. Could I place the young men of this country in the confessional to-night, or could their various feelings be detected, as was the concealed demon at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, I might find not a few who would tell that stranger doubts had come to them which they had not forborne to harbour—that distrust had crept over them—that unbelief was shaping out a systematic residence in their souls—that they had looked upon infidelity, if not as a haven of refuge amid the conflicts of warring faiths, at least as a theatre which gave scope for the ideal riot of fancy, or the actual riot of sense, in indulgences and excesses far fitter for earth than heaven!

And there are, unhappily, many around us, at the antipodes of sentiment from each other, and yet all after their manner hostile to the Divine Word, who fan the kindled unbelief, and whose bold and apparently candid objections are invested to the unsettled mind with a peculiar charm.

The Jew, with prejudice as inveterate as ever, rejects the counsel of God against himself, and excludes the Law and the Prophets beneath a load of rabbinical traditions, the Mishna and Gemara of his Talmuds. The papist still gives to the decretals of popes and the edicts of councils co-ordinate authority with the Scriptures, and locks up those Scriptures from the masses, as a man should imprison the free air while men perish from asphyxia around him. The rationalist spirits away the inspiration of the Bible, or desants upon it as a fascinating myth, to be reviewed like any other poem, by ordinary criticism, or postpones it to the proud reason of Eichhorn

and Paulus, or Strauss and Hegel, or Belsham and Priestley. The mystic professes to have a supplemental and superior revelation drafted down into his own heart. Printing furnishes unprecedented facilities for the transmission of thought, and man's perdition may be cheapened at the stall of every pedlar. And finally, some ministers of religion, yielding to the clamour of the times, have lowered the high tone of Scriptural teaching, and have studiously avoided the terminology of the Bible. What wonder, with influences like these, that upon many over whom had gathered a penumbra of doubt before, there should deepen a dark and sad eclipse of faith?

Brothers, nothing will avail to preserve you amid the strife of tongues but to cherish, as a habit ingrained into the soul—as an affection enfibred with your deepest heart—continual reverence for the Divine Word. We do not claim your foudal submission to its sovereignty. It recks not a passive and unintelligent adhesion. Inquire by all means into the evidences which authenticate its divinity. Bring keenest intellects to bear upon it. Try it as gold in the fire. Satisfy yourselves, by as searching a process as you can, that the Eternal has really spoken it, and that there looms from it the shadow of a large immortality; but do this *once for all*. Don't be “ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.” Life is too short to be frittered away in endless considerations and scanty deeds. There can be no more pitiable state than that of the eternal doubter, who has bid the sad “vale, vale, in eternum vale,” to all the satisfactions of faith, and who is tossed about with every wind of doctrine—a waif upon the wreckage of a world. Settle your principles early, and then place them “on the shelf,” secure from subsequent assault or displacement. Then in after years, when some rude infidel argument assails you, and, busied amid life's activities, you are unable, from the absorption of your energies elsewhere, to recall the train of reasoning by which you arrived at your conclusion, you will say, “I tried this matter before—I threw these doctrines into the crucible, and they came out pure—the assay was satisfactory—the principles are on the shelf;” and when the Sanballats and Tobiahs gather malignantly below, you will cry with good Nehemiah, girt with the sword, and wielding the trowel the while, “I am doing a great work—I cannot come down why should the work stop while I come down to you?” Oh it will be to you a source of perennial comfort, that in youth, after keen investigation of the Bible—the investigation, not of frivolity or prejudice, but of candour, and gravity, and truth-loving, and prayer—you bowed before it as God's imperishable utterance, and swore your fealty to the monarch-ward. De-

pend upon it the Bible demands no inquisition, and requires no disguises. It does not shrink before the light of science, nor crouch abashed before the audit of a scholarly tribunal. Rather does it seem to say, as it stands before us in its kingliness, all pride humbled and all profanity silenced in its majestic presence—Error fleeing at its approach—Superstition cowering beneath the lightning of its eye, “I will arise, and go forth, for the hour of my dominion is at hand.”

ANOTHER INDIAN HERO.

Some of our readers may have seen a few years ago the series of brilliant papers that appeared in “Good Words” descriptive of “Our Indian Heroes.” To that gallery of eminent soldiers and statesmen another picture may now be added, by another hand, however, in the biographical sketch of Sir Donald McLeod, which appears in the June number of the “Sunday at Home,” from the pen of Major-General Edward Lake, which we give here abridged.

On the occasion of the Liverpool conference in 1860, a native minister of the Free Church of Scotland, the Rev. Behari Lal Sing, still usefully employed among his countrymen in India, was asked to give some account of his early history, and of the steps by which he had been led to embrace the Christian faith. Among other circumstances he mentioned how in early life he had come into contact with a civil officer, who had defrayed the expenses of his education in Dr. Duff’s school, and in the Government Medical College. “It was the pious example of this gentleman,” said the native minister, “his integrity, his honesty, his disinterestedness, his active benevolence that made me think that Christianity was something living—that there was a living power in Christ. Here is a man in the receipt of two thousand or three thousand rupees a month, he spends little on himself, and gives away the surplus of his money for education—the temporal and spiritual welfare of my countrymen. This was the turning point of

my religious history, and led to my conversion.”

The civil officer here referred to was Sir Donald McLeod. This case seems to show that there was something more than an empty compliment in the remark of another native gentleman, who recently observed, “If all Christians were like Sir Donald McLeod, there would be no Hindoos or Mahomedans.”

He was born in Fort William at Calcutta, on the 6th of May, 1810; and in the year 1814 his father and mother had to undergo that sore trial to parents in India of separation from their children. They had, however, the comfort of consigning their little ones to the loving charge of their grandfather, Donald McLeod. The little Donald was accompanied by his sister and by his elder brother, Duncan, and in the autumn of 1814 the youthful trio arrived at Geanies, the family home, where they were welcomed not only by their grandfather, but by his two daughters, the Miss McLeods, whose love and tender care supplied in great measure to the children the place of their absent mother. The loving care of his “Aunt Kitty,” as he always called her, and who has survived him, was always most affectionately remembered by Sir Donald McLeod; and in a letter written on the 21st January, 1865, announcing his appointment as Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, he thus refers to those early days: “To our loved Aunt Kitty it must have been a matter of solemn and devout thankfulness that she has lived to see the little boy she so tenderly cherished advanced to a post of so much usefulness and honour; and for her sake, at least, I am thankful it is so ordered.”

His first appointment was that of Assistant Magistrate at Monghyr, on the right bank of the Ganges, and half way between Calcutta and Allahabad.

Here he remained till 1831; and this was a very memorable period in his history; for here took place the great

change which altered the whole current of his life—a change so momentous that in comparison with it the most startling events of the most eventful life sink into insignificance. In the Highland home at Geanies, in the bosom of his own family, in school and at college, Donald McLeod had endeared himself to relations and friends—not only by the attractions of a most amiable and loving nature, but also because from an early period he had learned that there was no happiness so great as that of giving pleasure to others. Still he, like all others of the human race, however highly gifted with natural endowments, needed the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, of which the Saviour of the world spoke when He declared that “except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, He cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” The following extract from a letter of Sir Donald McLeod, dated Monghyr, March 9, 1831, gives his own account of this change. The Rev. A. Leslie, to whom this letter was addressed, was a devoted Baptist missionary.

“For about the last six months—that is, since I commenced attendance at your chapel—I have felt a change to have been effected in my spirit, towards which I have been gradually inclining for the last three years—that is, since my leaving England.

“This change I have for a long time had a strange conviction must at some time take place in my nature, as I felt it to be necessary to complete the being that God intended me to be. Of this unaccountable feeling I can tell you no more than its existence; and I have, in consequence, often thanked the Almighty that He formed me with weakness greater than the most of mankind, which forcibly led me to an unbounded reliance on Him, and led me to suppose that he had intended me to be a vessel formed to honour.

“My reasons for feeling this change to have passed over me are these: the whole tenor of my tastes and inclina-

tions is changed. Attendance at church, which I formerly disliked, and never performed but as a duty, has become to me a pleasure; the anticipation of which presents itself to me during the whole week. My wish to partake of the sacrament is also of this nature; but, of course, in every way more forcible.

“I have attained a confidence and tranquillity in regard to my worldly duties, from which the weakness of my character formerly debarred me; and I have now been freed from despondency and gloominess of spirit, to which for the five previous years, I was continually a martyr.

“P. S.—In reading my letter, I think it may convey the idea of self-importance. I will only add, in the words of Pascal, that religion has ‘abased me infinitely more than unassisted reason, yet without producing despair; and exalted me infinitely more than pride, yet without puffing up.’”

In January, 1865, Sir Donald was appointed Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, in succession to Sir Robert Montgomery, having been selected for this office by Lord Lawrence, then Viceroy of India. The feelings with which he entered upon the duties of this important post may be gathered from the following extract from a letter dated January 21st, 1865, and written a few days after he had taken up his new office:

“Truly, when I look back on the past and the present, how can I but feel amazed, and, I may add, penetrated with conflicting feelings, in which humiliation bears a large part, that one so full of weaknesses and failings should have been elevated to such a post—the post in which the strong and vigorous Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence won their first renown—the post which Sir Robert Montgomery has graced during the past six years by virtues rarely combined in one individual, and which has been filled by all of these with an ability, energy, and success which render the task of their successor doubly

onerous and responsible. In my consciousness of weakness, and the prayers of many good men, lies my only strength; and well do I know, deeply do I feel, that if I should ever cease to look above for guidance and strength, I must fail. God grant that it may never be so. I have felt much more solemnized than gratified by the position in which I find myself. But one source of unmixed gratification has been the hearty manner in which my accession to the post of lieutenant-governor has been hailed by a host of kind friends throughout the province, European and native. The nomination has been made, I doubt not, in a prayerful spirit by Sir John Lawrence, who is a God-fearing man. It has been accepted, I trust, in the same spirit; and I will not allow myself to doubt that it has been brought about, in the decrees of an all-wise Ruler, for the welfare of this very interesting province."

On the 1st June, 1870, Sir Donald made over the duties of his office to his successor, and hurried home. But for the pension he received from the state, he returned to England not much richer than he had gone out, more than forty years before; for although he had received for years a large salary, and his own personal wants were simple and moderate, he never grudged expense which would minister to the comforts of his friends, and was munificent in his charities. His friends in England, with whom he lost no time in renewing loving intercourse, were delighted to see him in vigorous health; and they fondly hoped that his career of usefulness was to be long continued.

In the proceedings of the Geographical, Asiatic and other societies he took a warm interest; and on many occasions, both in London and in the country, he stood forth a zealous advocate for the furtherance of Christian work at home as well as for the extension of missions abroad. He felt the deepest sympathy for the distressed condition of the poorer classes in the east of London; and, not

content with being a member of the East London Mission and Relief Fund, the ex-Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab attended regularly once a week one of the sewing-classes in Mile End Old Town, in order to give scriptural instruction to the poor women who were gathered together there. He was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India, the object of which is to train native teachers and instruct heathen children, and to create a vernacular literature; the Word of God being the basis of all operations. He was on his way to advocate the cause of this society when, in attempting to enter a train in motion, the terrible accident befell him, on the 28th November, 1872, which cost him his life. We cannot do better than give in the words of a living relative who was with him to the last an account of his closing hours upon earth: "The accident (he was crushed while attempting to step on a railway train in motion) happened about 5 p.m., and it was about an hour afterwards that I saw him in the accident ward of St. George's Hospital. He was laid upon a bed, awaiting an examination by the surgeon. There had been little or no hæmorrhage, and, owing to the shock, there was no pain; while the mind was clear. He suffered only from discomfort and prostration of strength. On seeing me, he smiled and asked me to tell him what had happened to him. He was told that the surgeon was about to examine his wounds. When this was done, and he was told of only part of the injuries, he was quite calm, and said he was thankful it was no worse. His left arm, which was much crushed, was then removed while he was under the influence of ether. He was then placed in a bed in a small room, the surgeon pronouncing the case hopeless, and that he was sinking rapidly, and could not survive more than half an hour. (He lived more than two hours after this.) While the operation was being performed, I had gone to fetch his sister, Mrs.

Hawkins; and, on returning to the hospital with her, we received this dreadful announcement. On being conducted to his room, we found him lying quietly in bed with his eyes closed, surrounded by his father-in-law, Sir Robert Montgomery, a young friend who was staying with him, the lady superintendent, a nurse, and the surgeon. He was told, as quietly as possible, that he was dying, to which he only replied, 'Is it really so? I don't feel very ill.' He was asked if we might engage in prayer to God, to which he said he should like it as far as he could collect his thoughts. We then knelt, commending him in earnest prayer to God, to which he gave a hearty 'Amen.' He lay silent for some time; not a murmur escaped his lips; and he retained the same placid countenance throughout. The breathing becoming oppressive, he asked if he might sit up: but on the nurse saying that this could not be, he was quite satisfied. At one time he was asked if he had anything to say about his temporal concerns; but he said he could not collect his thoughts to speak of these. About nine o'clock he was evidently getting weaker, and, except an occasional request for a little water or ice, he had been long silent. I now asked him how he was feeling. 'Peaceable, peaceable,' was the reply. 'But,' he added, 'you must go home and get your dinner.' I said that his sister had just gone to see about her husband, and he exclaimed, 'Poor dear John! he will be so sorry about this.'

"Presently I said, 'I have no doubt you can say, 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.'" He replied, 'MOST CERTAINLY!' 'And you can say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?"' He repeated the text, adding, 'I shall then be free from sin and sorrow, and for ever with the Lord,' or words to that effect. He then engaged in prayer, almost inaudibly; but the last sentence was, 'Praised be His holy name for

ever and ever.' These were his last words.

SIR JAMES SIMPSON.

In the following extracts from the Memoir of Sir James Y. Simpson, by J. Duns, D.D., F.R.S.E., we have a glimpse of his home teachers. The pious parents laid the foundation of that beautiful character which always suggests to us the words of Paul—"Luke, the beloved physician." The religious character showed itself in many ways, but most beautifully of all in his ministrations among the sick.

SIMPSON'S MOTHER.

"She was a woman in whom great force of character was combined with a quiet, gentle, and most loving disposition. Difficulties were needed to develop all her natural energy and strength. Deeply devout, she loved to sit at Jesus' feet. Like another Mary, she had found 'the one thing needful.' But this had not in the least unfitted her for the care and work of her house. Energy and thrift were constantly necessary in household management, yet her husband and children never found her 'cumbered about much serving.' Her bright, cheery, industrious habits, the knack she had of making the crooked things of domestic life straight, the weight of her words and the beauty of her example, were ever remembered by her children as a happy comment on the words—"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and catcheth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Mrs. Simpson died when James was about nine years of age. He had, however, been long enough beside her to be impressed by her character and influ-

enced by her example. In after years he loved to speak of her worth. During his childhood her health had begun to fail, and he was left much with her while the other members of the family were at work. The memory of her appearance as she knelt in prayer, which was her habit several times a day, continued fresh with him through life. The twentieth Psalm was one of her favorite portions of Scripture. She was wont to repeat the Scotch metrical version of it so often that the children came to call it 'mother's Psalm.' In trying times, and in the heart of much painful anxiety, it had been 'her song in the house of her pilgrimage.'

SIMPSON'S FATHER.

"With all his superstition, David Simpson's father held higher and healthier views. In 1785 his sons David and George, wishing to see the world, left home secretly, and travelled on foot to London, working for their own support by the way. 'David and George,' wrote the old man, 'this comes to let you know that we are all in some measure of health at present. Blessed be Him that gives it! Your mother has had a long sore trouble, but she is now a deal better. Your letters were aye like a cure to her, but your last made her tremble.

. . . Now I learn what was to be a pleasure to me in my old age is now become a grief. To run off to London to be made soldiers, either by sea or land, is what I never thought you or any belonging to me intended. The war is about to break out. If you had a mind to shun it you would come home and look something like your father's sons. But now I have lost all hope of seeing you any more. This I tell you with a most sorrowing heart.

. . . Now, my advice to you is to come home, if you wished not to be pressed to go to sea. . . Would you desire great riches? They sometimes take wings in the morning and flee away. There are some in our place I have seen great, who are now very

low. So if you have a small income well managed and content therewith, you will be as happy as they that have more. Our time in this world is but short. It is compared to a shadow that fleeth swiftly away. It is your business and mine, at home and abroad, to consider that we are in God's presence, and in a short time must appear before Him, who is the Judge of the quick and the dead. So that the best way is ever to live in His fear. Beware of what company you keep. . . .

Let us know how you are employed, and how you take to the place. If it answers not what you expected, send your chests directly back; I shall pay their freight, and will meet you gladly at what port you come to. Mother will be restless till you write your letter. It is not dear—only tenpence—so do not spare writing to us the truth. No more at present, but rest your affectionate father till death.'"

AMONG HIS PATIENTS.

"At half-past one his consultations at home begin, and last till nearly or quite six. When he began this system of home *clinics*, for such they strictly are, his house was filled at all hours, so that it was impossible to keep any order. People would come at seven A.M. in order to be first. They would get breakfast at six, or earlier, and disturb their own families much. To prevent this he fixed the hour at half-past one to half-past five. The patients of the two divisions are in different, but equally large rooms. They draw lots for priority, have tickets, and come in as called, and so the most perfect order prevails. Everybody knows what are Professor S.'s hours, and everybody observes them. He has an assistant, who writes prescriptions to his dictation, directions, letters, &c., and also attends to cases. He examines cases daily when there is occasion to do so. From long experience and constant observation—the habit of recording cases—and of distinguishing them with all the ac-

curacy in his power, he is able to arrive at conclusions in the cases before him in a very short time, or to make his diagnosis. I see most or many of his cases—examine them after him, and I have again and again been struck in new ones, how true is his diagnosis. He proceeds at once to the treatment. If an operation is to be, he does it at once. Application of remedies are made and prescriptions given, with directions, and the patient is desired to call in a week, fortnight, in two days, &c., as circumstances may indicate. At times the case is written down from the answers of patients to questions. This is always the case if it be a new case, or it is probable that changes may be required in treatment, or the effects of treatment noted. Some notion may be got of this portion of Professor S.'s in-door or home professional life. He goes through this great labour quietly and methodically, and with as gentle, kind, and cheerful spirit as man ever manifested. The moral character of the daily service in disease is quite as striking as is the professional. The moral presides over the whole, and renders it one of the most interesting matters for observation that can occur. I have been utterly surprised at its executive patience, its efficient activity. Here are the poor and the rich together, with no other distinctions than such as will best accommodate both. And I can say, from a long and wide observation, that there is no difference in their treatment. The great fact of each in Professor S.'s regard is the fact that disease exists, which it is the physician's business to investigate and try to remove. He knows what is the prospect of success or failure, and makes his prognosis accordingly. But, even when the worst is announced, it is not spoken of as utterly hopeless, and something is done, all is done, for present comfort, when nothing may be done for cure. I am surprised again at the varieties of disease which congregate at No. 52, and of the number which is presented in each kind. It is this which gives character to the whole, and makes these *clinics* the very best schools. I have been every day a pupil here. I have every day learned much; yes, a great deal, which will aid me in all my future professional, yes, moral life. I had designed to visit Ireland, but so few days remained to me that I was sure the visit could amount to nothing important, and I concluded to remain at Professor Simpson's house, in the midst of his home practice, and to visit with him abroad such patients as he could show me. Wherever we went, the Professor was received with the same bright welcome, the same cheerful face, and I thought this made the beauty of his professional life. One was glad to see him so soon again. Another had been waiting with such patience as could be commanded for a visit. But with all was the appearance and the consciousness that something good was to come from the call. He had time for everything. He took his seat, and with his 'Come along now,' 'How are you?' 'How have you been?' &c., was always answered to satisfy perfectly the various objects in view. There was directness in his questions or directions to the patient; but it was so quiet, so easy, that though time was pressing on new engagements, it seemed that the present one only occupied his mind. There was persuasion with command, or demand in such proportions that the patient was only anxious to do the very best for himself, or for herself, and for the doctor. In this way, or by this manner, which seems no manner at all, Professor S. is able to do a great deal in a short time. His coachman understands by a hint where he is to go, and goes rapidly through his various service. As we pass along, some object of interest is at hand—the Botanic Garden, a ruin, a hill, a beautiful prospect. He pulls the string, opens the door which lets down the step, and 'Come away,' tells you there is something for you to see—something to please you, and there is time enough to see it. 'I

visit here, and for ten minutes I will leave you; go down there and you will find something.' Off he goes to his patient, and off I go to see what he has indicated."

Christian Work.

CANADA.—It is not always to countries politically great that the honour is given of being the birth-place of great movements. Countries weak and despised have been, often in the providence of God chosen as the theatre of events whose influence have stretched far and wide. As compared to Britain, Canada is insignificant in everything except extent of territory. In one thing, however, the less seems destined to excel the greater. In Canada, this year, one of the most interesting problems of our day is undergoing solution, the question, viz., if it is possible to have one national Methodist Church, and one national Presbyterian Church.

We have said that the question is only undergoing solution, for the Methodist Conferences, and Presbyterian Synods, have only affirmed in general terms that the thing is desirable, leaving the final decision in the hands of the Christian people. What their decision may be, it is at this moment impossible to say. It is satisfactory, however, to note these three features in this Canadian union movement.

1. It is conservative. There is a kind of union that is exceedingly to be dreaded by the Church of Christ, a union in which doctrines are ignored, and full liberty given to every man, not only to believe what he likes, but to teach and preach what he likes. The Protestant Church of France is such a union as this,—and it is just on the eve of being broken up,—so is the English Establishment, and what is it but tying corpses face to face with living persons? This is, however, not union, but doctrinal anarchy.

2. It is based on a full and free

acknowledgment of the rights of the people. There is a theory of the Church that ruled in Christendom for centuries, which is hardly eliminated from the public mind, the theory, viz., that pastors constitute the church, and that the people are almost literally as well as figuratively sheep to walk about as they are led. These union negotiations and discussions in Canada are clearly based on the principle that the ultimate decision of this important business lies with the people, and that in their hands it is to be left. In every instance the decision is: we, as the supreme Church Courts, approve of union, but we send the question to the people to be decided by them.

3. It is moving towards the centre. It is a precious hope which believers fondly cherish, that there is somewhere in the uplands, above the mist and strife of the valleys, a broad, bright platform on which all the churches yet will hold their Catholic Convocation.

A solemn murmur in the soul,
Tells of a Church to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll,
Before they reach the sea.

Where that platform is, and when and how it is to be reached, are questions hid from our poor eyes, but it is a good thing to see the Churches from opposite sides moving in the direction of the common centre. The union movement of Canada is clearly towards the common centre, not, it is true, in doctrine but without dispute, in Church Government. The truth is, that now since the Wesleyan Methodists have conceded the principle of lay delegation, the three great Protestant Churches of Canada,

Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian, are substantially at one on Church Government. Doctrine still divides them; but as far as Church Government is concerned, these churches might step without much trouble on the great central plateau.

ENGLAND.—In England, the Church of Christ is fighting at the extreme ends of the social scale, battles very dissimilar. Among the upper classes, Popery is without any doubt making great progress. For this statement, we have the authority of James Anthony Froude, than whom, none can be a better witness. "While the Church of Rome," he says, "loses ground in Spain and Italy, which had been so long exclusively her own, she is gaining in the modern, energetic races which had been the strong-hold of Protestantism. In countries where at the beginning of the century, a Catholic was as rare as a frost in July, and the idea of return to Popery would have been ridiculed as madness, there, nevertheless, Popery is returning with a rapidity and a force so remarkable as to challenge attention and explanation."

We accept Mr. Froude on the question of fact; but his explanation of the fact, as far as England is concerned, is only partial and on the surface. This is the work, he says, of the Oxford divines, *i.e.*, the Puseyites, and of the Radical philosophers, *i.e.*, the Whigs. Yes, truly, they have been the sowers: but what about the soil which has given such a kindly welcome to the baneful seed? We think old Dr. John Owen goes to the root of the matter, in his sermon on the "Chamber of Imagery," and there lays down a principle that covers the whole ground.

"The loss of an experience," he says, "of the power of religion has been the cause of the loss of the truth of religion: or it hath been the cause of rejecting its Substance, and setting up a shadow or image in the room of it. When churches or nations are possessed of the truth, it is not laws, nor fines, nor imprisonments, nor gibbets, nor fires that shall ever dispossess them, or deprive them of it. But when the

experience of the power of religion began to decay and be lost among the people, they were quickly deceived and drawn off from the simplicity of the gospel. The Jesuits and their associates have been for a hundred years (1650) contriving methods and arts for the dispossessing nations and churches of the truth which they have received, and the introducing the Romish superstition. But the folly of most of their pretended arts and devices unto this end hath been ridiculous and unsuccessful. There is but one way, to deprive any people of the profession of the truth, which they have once received, and that is by leading them into such *profane*ness and *ignorance* as whereby they may lose all experience of its power, and efficacy in communicating the grace of God into their souls, and therein all sense of the advantage which they might have had by it. When this is done, men will as easily lay aside the profession of religion as burden-some clothes in summer."

This is the true explanation of England's lapse into Popery—ignorance of the truth, and luxurious living. The true remedy is the Bible—Bible doctrines and Bible morals!

At the other end of the Social Scale among the working classes, Infidelity is making determined and bold efforts to possess the ground. An interesting experiment of a *College of Evangelists* is in operation in London, under the direction of H. Grattan Guinness and T. J. Barnardo. It is worth listening to what they say in behalf of this way of supplying, without a long and laboured college education, the lack of laborers for the ripened harvest field.

"Brethren, we are not doing all that we might do. How many of our perishing fellow-creatures in Pagan and Papal lands might see the light of life if we used all our resources and employed all our talents! If every earnest and gifted man who feels a deep desire to live and die in the service of Jesus Christ were devoted to that service and sustained in it, the number of our missionaries might be multiplied a thousandfold. And might not almost every congregation in our land find one such at least in its midst, and, by a little more self-denying effort, send him forth and sustain him in the mission-field?"

We desire to serve the Lord by turning to account, for the help of other young men, the experience we have derived from many years of active evangelistic work in various spheres, the measure of practical knowledge we possess of the home mission-field and of some foreign ones, as well as any little influence the

Lord may have given us with his people to whom our names and work are known. We have opened, therefore, in the name of the Lord, a simple

TRAINING HOME

in the East of London, where Christian young men, who feel themselves called of God to the work, and desire to consecrate their lives to it, may be prepared, both intellectually and practically, for future usefulness in various parts of the vast world-field. France and Spain, China and India, lie especially on our hearts. From France we hope to receive volunteers for the work of evangelists, who, by residing a year or two with us in the East of London, may become imbued with that boldness for the truth, and with that aggressive spirit, so deeply needed in their own land; and who meanwhile, by imparting their own language to some of their companions, may be helping to prepare fellow-laborers to accompany them on their return to work in France, going forth, like the seventy of old, two and two, each supplying what the other lacks.

THE LOCALITY

which has been selected for the Home is the densely-peopled and spiritually-needy sphere in which the East-end Juvenile Mission has for the last seven years carried on its operations.

Young men of the various evangelical denominations will be equally welcome to avail themselves of its advantages, and will be left perfectly free while inmates of it to remain attached to their respective communions. The object is entirely undenominational—the extension by their means of the knowledge of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. They will divide their time equally between study and active missionary work; and it is prayerfully hoped that the East-end Training Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, will thus, under the blessing of God, accomplish a double object—doing real, earnest evangelistic work among the thousands in the midst of whom it is situated, while affording to the students trained in it invaluable preparatory experience for their future work. We are deeply imbued with the conviction that the best of all preparations for missionary labor abroad is missionary labor at home; that just as they who would acquire any profession not only study it theoretically, but go through a period of preliminary practice; as they who would carry on any trade serve an apprenticeship to it; as in earthly arts practice is essential to perfection, and success the best criterion of efficiency; that so missionary candidates should be trained to and practiced in missionary work, and their fitness for the foreign field tested by their success in the home field. And there is room enough and to spare for such training; for heathenism is not, as is confined to Pagan lands. London, with its

one million souls living openly without God, presents enough of it to give employment to all the missionary students that are likely to be found.

SCOTLAND.—It is said that the country is happy that has no history. It is so, because, we suppose, history finds most of its materials in war. It was feared that the church history of Scotland was to have received this year a new and a sad chapter in the record of a new disruption, and the birth of another member into the Presbyterian family of churches, a family large enough as it is. At the 11th hour Dr. Begg and his party drew back, and the churches of Scotland have their hands free for more important work than fighting one another. There is much Home Mission work to be done. On the way of doing it, the Rev. Mr. Gall's remarks, the other day, are full of practical wisdom, so much so, indeed, that of them Dr. Arnot said they threw fresh light to him on the subject, and filled him with new hope.

Mr. Gall began by quoting the words of Lord Shaftesbury, that

“All our existing arrangements and organizations for recovering our lapsed population were inadequate, and that some new machinery must be devised in order to be successful.” He agreed with his lordship in thinking that the mere amplification or extension of our present agencies would never succeed in evangelising the country, but he did not believe that any new organization was necessary. The Christian Church, or rather the Christian congregation, is the society which was originally instituted by our Lord for evangelising the world, and he did not believe that there was any other kind of organization that was capable of doing the work. What is needed is that congregations should recognize this as the purpose for which they were instituted, and set themselves vigorously to its accomplishment. All their arrangements ought to be made with this in view, and by providing proper accommodation, see that every member is exercising the talent which has been entrusted to him so as to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. Formerly it was supposed that it was the ministers who were to evangelise. This he regarded as a great mistake. It is the people who are to do the evangelistic work, while the ministers are to be, as it were, the officers, to feed, and train, and bring them into action. It is

the Christian Church, and not the ministers only, that are represented as the salt of the earth, and the leaven that is to leaven the world. What the ministers have to do is to see that the salt does not lose its savour, and that the leaven is leavening at every point. Besides the want of suitable missionary accommodation, to which he had called the attention of the Presbytery in his last address, he specified five points upon which he regarded our present evangelical operations defective. First, he conceived that there was want of faith. We do not sufficiently realise the power of the instruments which have been put into our hands, or the grandeur of the resources at our call—the Bible, the Spirit, the promises, the omnipotence of prayer. With these we might subdue kingdoms and overthrow every adversary. In the second place, we presented far too prominently the motive of compassion for souls, instead of loyalty and devotion to the establishment of the reign of Jesus. Compassion for souls has little power to move hearts so little compassionate as ours, and would never produce a martyr; whereas loyalty to Christ in sight of a world that is in rebellion against its lawful Sovereign can create an enthusiasm greater even than that of the old Jacobites who would willingly have lived or died for "Prince Charlie." In the third place, we direct attention too exclusively to the lapsed masses, as if they were the only parties to be Christianised. They are but the external symptoms of an internal disease that is destroying the body politic, and which it is our duty to cure. They are the loathsome ulcers that attract our attention and compassion most, which we may dress but can never eradicate until the cause has been removed, the surrounding inflammation subdued, and the blood purified. In the fourth place, we are dealing too exclusively with the adults that are almost beyond our reach, while we too much neglect the children which are at present under our power. The former will soon die out, but the latter will grow up to be either a blessing to society or a curse, and to the Church either valuable friends or destructive foes. In the fifth place there is too much empiricism in our present home missionary operations. We have not sufficiently studied evangelism as a science, nor cultivated it as an art. One man proposes one thing, it is good and it is adopted; another man proposes another thing, and because it too is good it also is adopted; but we have no programme, no well-digested calculated plan of operations, in which there is the genius of generalship, and in which every movement has its strategic value. This is not what men of the world do in less important matters, such as a military campaign or the building of a tower. We ought to sit down and study the work that has to be done, the difficulties

to be encountered, and the resources within our power, and be able to tell, after one thing has been accomplished, how it is to be made the means for attaining that which is to follow.

IRELAND.—It is interesting to watch the progress of the Irish Churches since the birth of their new freedom. Truth and error are in keen conflict, which is a hopeful sign, for at any time the loud hurricane is better than the silent pestilence. *The London Record* gives us the following account of the parties into which the Irish Episcopal Church is divided:

"There are at least four distinct parties represented in the Synod of the Irish Church. In the first place there is a very small minority of extreme High Churchmen who hold more or less distinctly the doctrine of Mr. Bennet, and who, believing in the presence of the true body and blood of Christ in the bread and wine, are naturally anxious that the language of the Declaration should not be made more stringent. This party is headed by Canon Smith, who dexterously did the utmost damage in his power to the proposal of the Revision Committee by advocating the Real Presence while repudiating the adoration, and consequently by showing that there are forms of sacramental superstition which the proposed addition to the Declaration would not sufficiently condemn. In the next place a party, not weak in numbers, and considerable in station and influence, are anxious that no additional stringency shall be given to the Declaration because they wish to keep the Church as comprehensive as possible, and are afraid of secession. To this party the Bishops generally belong, in that timid instinct which appears to be characteristic of the Episcopal office, and both the Primate and the Archbishop of Dublin actively supported their views in the course of the debate. A third party consists of moderate Revisionists—men whose opinions generally correspond with those of the Evangelical section of the Church of England, resolute against Romish teaching, but anxious not to push changes further than circumstances rendered absolutely necessary. These men, for the most part, supported the proposal of the Revision Committee, although some of their number did not consider it to go far enough, or to be sufficiently definite. But a fourth party carried this feeling still further, and were resolute, at all hazards, to exclude once and for ever the slightest shadow of Romish doctrine. This party contained many laymen of great ability and influence, who greatly distinguished themselves by their debating power. They had the advantage of thoroughly knowing their

own mind, which was more than some clerical members of the Synod appeared to do. But on the other side their position was weakened by their pushing their views somewhat to an extreme. In their natural anxiety to avoid doctrine, either Romish or Romanizing, they incurred the danger of going too far the other way, and adopting a naked Zwinglianism, as the view is popularly called, which regards the Lord's Supper as simply and solely commemorative and not as in any way a means of grace."

FRANCE.—It is sad for France that the Jesuits have there regained their power. Already they have commenced their warfare against religious liberty.

"Two pastors," says a Paris letter, "connected with the Evangelical Society, who preached in 29 different places to thousands of Roman Catholics, were arraigned before the court for the crime of non-authorized meetings. They had petitioned for authorisation, they had even the permission of the Prefect. Nevertheless, they were condemned to a fine, and if they preach again in one of these places, they will be condemned to prison. Dr. De Pressense, who is one of the most conspicuous members of the National Assembly, and also a member of the Evangelical Society, went to Auxerre, in Burgundy, to plead their cause. He did it with great power, and the fine was made as low as possible; but the principle involved in the judgment is that no religious service held, without the permission of the Council of State, is lawful. I speak, of course, of the religious services not connected with the State Church. The Council of State, which the majority of the House has composed of thorough Jesuits, has not yet granted a single permission. In that way the liberty of worship is thoroughly confiscated.

Thereupon Dr. De Pressense, along with five other members of the House, made a proposal for abolishing that law which is the total suppression of religious liberty. That proposal is to be discussed by a committee before it may be allowed to come before the House; but we hear that the committee, which numbers thirteen clericals out of fifteen, is decided to hush up the proposal in such a way that it must be dropped without discussion. Will our brethren not pray earnestly for their brethren who are in the furnace of persecution! I am sure they will do it."

But for all this, the work of God is proceeding slowly and quietly in the country districts, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:

"And now in this *dark* town, where for a thousand years there was not a single Protestant, a free, substantial chapel exists, where

God is worshipped three times a week by a small but serious congregation; a female prayer-meeting is also held, at which the Scriptures are read and explained. Sinners have been saved, and have entered into glory, as trophies of the Redeemer's cross; more are on the road, gathered from Auxerre and the surrounding towns, who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Satan exhibits his enmity to this good work. One Sunday morning, while the pastor was preaching, suddenly a large bullet was shot through the window, and fell on one side of the pulpit. Shortly after, another was projected into the pulpit, and fell on the arm of the minister; mercifully was he preserved, and continued the service. The enemy was found to be the son of a rich brewer, nearly connected with one of the principal Popish priests in the town.

ITALY.—Our readers are aware that in Italy two Protestant churches are at work. The (Chiesa Libera) Free Church, of which Gavazzi is the leading man, aims at setting up an Italian church, having no connection with any other Protestant Church except in the way of friendly alliance. Working in harmony with the Italian Free Church, but separate in organization, is the Waldensian church, a branch of the noble church of the valleys. It is at length decided, as our readers will see by the report of the conference at Florence, that the Italian churches which have been fostered by the Waldensian missionaries are to continue in connection with the parent church of the valley.

"The discussion which excited most interest was that which took place on Professor Kevel's paper, and which called forth some very warm feeling and some very able speaking. At the close, the following order of the day was voted unanimously:—

"The Assembly convinced that the 25th article of the Acts of the Synod of the Waldensian Church in the year 1855 was not at all meant to declare that the Churches formed by the Evangelists could not, if they wished, give to themselves an organization; Sincerely desirous of being one with the Evangelical Waldensian Church, to which they consider themselves debtors for a knowledge of the Gospel: Passes to the discussion of the project on the Organization of the Churches, presented for that purpose by Professor Albert Revel."

This order of the day was presented and signed by Messrs. Alfio Bellecci, Evangelist Catania, Giuseppe Variale, delegate from the

Church at Naples, and Gaetano Fasulo, evangelist at Trapani.

By having given this unanimous vote the young Churches in Italy say to the Waldensian Church:—"By sending evangelists among us you have brought us to the knowledge of the truth, without at the same time wishing to impose your forms upon us. For both of these privileges we thank you, and we profit by the liberty you have given us not to separate from you, as perhaps some hoped we would do, but to unite ourselves with you more closely than ever, and to declare that we wish to be *one with you*." There is no doubt that to the affecting unanimity with which the delegates of the Church represented at Florence have declared their wish to be always united to the Waldensian Church, the Synod will reply in due time with the same readiness of mind and heart. "You wish to be one with us," we hope they will say at Terrepellice, in September; "nothing could make us happier than this. We receive you with open arms, and all of us will lend a hand to enlarge the building that it may contain our reunited family."

INDIA.—Referring in our last number to the Missionary conference at Allahabad we made mention of the interesting fact that there were present there as delegates two native preachers who more than twenty years ago visited Britain, and spent some time there as students. It was in 1841 these men, then quite young, made public profession of Christ. They were pupils in the school of the Rev. Mr. Anderson of Madras, and showed themselves to be possessed of fine abilities and amiable dispositions. "After an intense struggle," writes one who knew the circumstances, "which is scarcely to be described in words, they both resolved to take the great step of publicly embracing Christianity. The conflict between a sense of Christian duty and the power of natural feeling was tremendous, but faith prevailed and enabled them to pass safe through the fiery trial. Their baptism gave rise to a very solemn scene, and the consequent excitement among the natives in Madras was unparalleled." Mr. Anderson, describing the scene in the Mission house when the youths were baptized, says:—

We felt for the time being as if we were sensibly placed in the midst of

some of the scenes in the gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles. We felt the presence of God passing from heart to heart. When I asked Rajahgopal what was his grand motive for wishing to be baptized, he replied, with deep feeling and modesty, "The love of Christ constrains me; he has suffered so much for me, I am bound to do his commandment."

The immediate effect of these baptisms was the almost total dispersion of the pupils attending the institution. The attendance sank from 400 down to 70 pupils. The indignation and rage of the Hindu community rose to a hurricane height. All Madras continued for days to be deeply moved. So dreadful and prolonged was the excitement out of doors that for six weeks the missionaries did not think it safe to leave the house.

That was in 1841, and now in 1873, after 32 years of service under Christ, these men, honoured native pastors, meet at Allahabad with others to lay plans for more extended work. That fact silences insinuations against the stability of native converts.

The following striking testimony to the power of the Word appears in the Fifty-eighth Report of the Calcutta Bible Society. It is communicated by the Rev. W. Bailey, who says:—

"In compliance with the request of your Committee, I have the pleasure to send a brief statement of the conversion of Anthravadu, the mess writer of the 41st Madras Native Infantry. On my arrival at Cuttack, I thought it advisable before committing anything to paper to seek an interview with our native brother, so that I might state nothing but matter of fact. I shall tell as nearly as possible his own tale. "Several years ago, while living in Berhampore Ganjam, Mr. Stubbins of the Orissa Mission gave me an English Bible. This Bible I have still in my possession. The reading of this book, without the help of any teacher, led to my conversion. Having personally felt the value of Christian religion, I resolved to seek the conversion of my own relatives. The thought then occurred to me that I might lead others to Christ. I commenced preaching to the drummers and sappers in the regiment, and by the help of God I have been instrumental in the salvation

of 120 persons. A few of these were bigoted Roman Catholics, but most of them are converts from heathenism. The greater part of these people are scattered in various parts of the country, but I have still under my pastoral care forty-two members, and our congregation on the Sabbath numbers about sixty. There are a few enquirers that I hope soon to baptize and receive into the fellowship of the church. Some of the sepoys are earnest men, and unite with me in my efforts to extend the kingdom of Christ. The gentlemen of the regiment are very kind, and give me every facility for conducting our services on the week-day as well as on the Sabbath.

"The church to whom Anthravady ministers is not connected with any missionary society. He receives no help or countenance from any committee, the joy of winning souls and the approbation of his Master is his only reward. As he holds sentiments in common with the Mission Church at Cuttack, there is often much pleasant and profitable intercourse between the two communities. Anthravady is well approved in the Madras Presidency, and all who know him esteem him highly for his work's sake. The officers of the regiment are unanimous in their testimony to his moral character and worth.

Practical Papers.

"AT THE PARTING OF THE WAY."

By REV. WM. MCKENZIE, ALMONTE.

This is a strange scene of the far-distant past. The king mentioned here by the prophet is Nebuchadnezzar the Great. Some little time previous, he had swept in a conquering march over Syria and Palestine, making all their kingdoms tributary to himself. He had not long returned to Babylon, when both the Ammonites and the Jews revolted, and refused the accustomed tribute. With his usual promptitude and vigour, Nebuchadnezzar assembled his army, and marched westward to quell the revolt. For some distance, indeed, all through the desert, there was but one route to Rabbath and to Jerusalem, the capitals of the two revolted kingdoms. But, when he drew near the borders of Palestine, he reached a point where it was necessary to decide against which city he should first direct his march. He seems not to have determined this on setting out: but now he stood "at the parting of the way." Before him, to the west, stretched the road to Jerusalem; and on the left hand, trending southward, the road to Rabbath. He had now to come to some instant and positive determination, and to give his army the word of command,—On to Rabbath, or, on to Jerusalem.

At this point the prophet Ezekiel sets the great king before us. "Appoint a way, that the sword may come to Rabbath of the Ammonites, and to Judah in Jerusalem the defended. For the king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination; he made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." The king used divination by means of arrows; a form of it well known to have been in use among the Chaldeans. It was after this manner. They marked on arrows the alternatives submitted to decision; or, as in this case, the places which they had in view. The arrows were then put into the quiver, and drawn forth at a venture. The first which came out with one of the marks upon it, was considered as not only giving the sought for response, but also as indicating the will of the gods, and giving an assurance of success in the projected enterprise. In this instance, the arrow for Jerusalem—bearing the name or sign of that city—came forth first: and straightway, without any further hesitation, the king and his army took the road for Judea and Jerusalem.

It is curious to note how tenacious of life old customs are in the East. These proceedings of the king of Babylon, so long ago, are almost precisely similar to a practice among the Arabs, which, as

Kitto informs us, has hardly yet fallen into disuse. In any emergency, requiring a decision about which they are doubtful, they would take three unfeathered arrows. On one they wrote, "Command it Lord." On another, "Forbid it Lord." The third they left blank. The arrows were then put into a bag, from which one was drawn by the enquirer. If the first or second was drawn, they decided for or against the project in view. If the blank arrow was drawn, no significance being attached to it, the whole operation had to be commenced anew.

And is there not something very touching in this blind appeal of men to a higher wisdom, and for a clearer light, than they have of themselves? There are points in the history of every one of us when we come to some critical "parting of the way," and where the next step will go far to determine the whole character of our future course. When our mind is at all alive to the probable consequences, then, just in proportion to the greatness of the results foreseen, is it loaded with a burden of anxious perplexity. These are the seasons when we grope after a clearer light, and sigh for a higher wisdom than our own, to direct us aright. Now, surely it does not become us to make a blind appeal to chance, as the king of Babylon did, when he stood at the parting of the way. But, have you indeed, any other resort, any light shining in the dark places, any higher wisdom, upon which you can safely trust to guide you in all emergencies rightly through?

A youth stands "at the parting of the way," when he is required to fix on his life-calling. The next step he takes shall go far to determine the whole outward complexion of his future life:—among what associates it shall be spent, to what special temptations he shall be exposed, what are the dangers he shall require to confront, and what the advantages and rewards which shall be within his reach.

A maiden stands "at the parting of

the way," when she is called to share her life with the partner of her choice. How much of help or hindrance is involved in that one critical step. A life sustained by a genial sympathy, and made glad by constant kindness; or a life overshadowed by estrangement, and made bitter by cruel neglect, may stretch away from that point. In every case, there are untried cares and responsibilities besetting every forward step, needing wisdom and guidance.

A parent stands "at the parting of the way," when he contemplates a removal to some distant place of abode. He turns his back on old scenes and associates, amid which his family has grown up. It takes long to re-knit all these pleasant bonds when once they are broken. Possibly, there are spiritual privileges which must be left, and which he cannot hope to replace. This is not a step to be lightly taken, seeing the far-reaching influence for weal or woe which may be bound up with it.

A young man stands at a critical parting of the way, when he is tempted, against his own sense of right, to take the intoxicating cup. Who can forecast all the consequences of a brave, successful resistance to the temptation, or of the weak, reluctant yielding before it? From that point two roads may branch off. The one *upward*, leading to an earthly life of respect and honour, in the enjoyment of all which is desirable here; the other *downward*, through a path strewn, but not beautified, by degrading pleasures, and ending soon in bitterness and shame.

All through life, and with every one of us, we come now and then to such a "parting of the way." Too many are content to be guided by a light purely earthly, yielding to the sway of the merest worldly considerations, having thought only for temporal advantage. Even though the decision must involve other issues, some as far-reaching as eternity, yet how many follow the lead of the lower considerations, and forget the higher altogether. Some supersti-

tious fancy or imagination even, may determine the course, as if nothing better could be done than to follow a blind chance. This old heathen king might read us a lesson in this matter. When he came to the parting of the way, he used divination; and though to us, who know that an idol is nothing in the world, his proceedings seem an appeal to blind chance, yet, to him, who knew no better, they were in reality an appeal to the wisdom of the gods in which he trusted for direction and success. And shall we, to whom is granted the revelation of the living God, who ruleth over all, be slow to seek the divine direction and blessing when we come to some critical point needing a clearer light and a higher wisdom than our own?

It is our privilege to draw near to God, and to look for His guidance always. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Our very action in drawing near to God when we come to some parting of the way, that He may direct us, has, in itself, a wonderful effect in making matters clear. By that action we weaken the power, or put altogether aside, those lower considerations which only mislead us to our hurt. We come at once within the range of a purer light which can never lead us astray. And more than all, we have the distinct promise of God, which cannot be broken, that we shall be guided by His unerring wisdom. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." When we come then to some critical point, and find it in our heart to draw near to God, saying, "Teach me Thy way, O Lord; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies," we shall surely find light.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence, will prevail to make.
What heavy burdens from our bosoms cast,
What parched grounds refresh us with a shower;
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak, we rise how full of power;

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And Joy, and strength, and courage, are with

It was a critical parting of the way when Naomi stood on the border line of Moab and Judah with her two daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth. The time had come for a final choice; either to take the forward way to Judah, or return back to Moab. So Naomi addressed them, saying, "Go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice and wept." Their hearts clung to their mother-in-law; but, like a wise and tender woman, she declined to accept their first impulse of passionate regret to go with her into Judah. That would break up all their old ties in life, and bring them among new surroundings which, possibly, they had not fully considered, and which a cooler judgment might not sanction. So she renewed her arguments with them; and at the last, "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, and returned to Moab; but Ruth *claved unto her.*"

There were many of the issues, to which we have already adverted, involved in the decision required of Orpah and Ruth; besides another, greater than all. The one way which led forward to Judah, involved a complete change of scene and circumstances. Old associations would be entirely broken up. All old social relationships would cease. The old familiar faces would be left behind. Among strangers they would require to form new associations, and to re-knit those social ties which make life pleasant. It was a critical point at which they stood. The way parted before them, and the choice to go on, or to return, would determine the complexion of their whole future life.

But besides there was another issue involved greater still. Moab was in

the darkness of heathenism, Judah worshipped the true God. And so, underlying all else, the going on to Judah, or the return to Moab, implied the choice of the true God, or the clinging still to dumb idols. The heart of Orpah was still in Moab. It was the home of her kindred, the centre of her affections, the dwelling place of her gods. A light purely earthly shone upon that way. Directed by it she turned, reluctantly, and went back. She went back, possibly with misgiving of heart, for surely some rays of better light must have reached even her, in her pious Israelitish connections, but still, with her whole heart she went back to the friendship and pleasures of heathen Moab. It seemed to her the best path. But Ruth clave unto her mother-in-law. Moab was also her native land and home; but her soul had been illuminated with a better light than she could find there, and so she could resist all its attractions, bravely break away from all its associations, and set her face resolutely towards Judah. Naomi, when she urged Ruth to follow Orpah, was overborne by the impassioned expostulation—"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

Orpah disappears in the darkness of heathen Moab. But, in the forefront of the New Testament, as if engraven on an imperishable monument, we find Ruth, the Moabitess. Of her came David the king, and a long line of illustrious men: of her, "as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."

Now, we must, all of us, come to this parting of the way: to that point when we make our choice between following Christ, or giving ourselves to the world. We must come to that point where the

final decision requires to be made. At that point two paths diverge: one, leading up to the glory to be revealed; the other down to eternal perdition.

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where;
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseent,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary, between
God's patience and His wrath.

To cross that limit is to die;
To die as it by stealth;
It does not pall the beaming eye,
Nor check the glow of health.

And yet the doomed man's path below,
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Nor feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed but damned.

Oh where is that mysterious loutne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost;

How far may I go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day--Repent,
And harden not your heart."

Now, are you standing at this "parting of the way," reluctant to choose Christ, and eternal life; and yet afraid to give yourself to the world and sin? It is dangerous to linger there. When Paul stood before king Agrippa, his fervent exposition of the blessings and hopes of the glorious gospel, greatly moved the heart of the king. For a moment a bright vista opened before him. He saw the way leading up to the life eternal. At that instant it seemed to him a not impossible thing that he should enter on that upward path. The words fell from his lips—

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." That "almost" was a fatal word. That look was withdrawn; and the world rushed in, in haste to secure its own.

It was not thus with Matthew, whom the Lord found one day sitting at the receipt of custom. Only the most powerful worldly bias could have led him to occupy the post of a publican. The lust of gain must have had immense power to steel him against all the contempt and hatred heaped on his office. A man who was both a Jew and a publican, seemed one given over to the world above all others. But as the Lord looked on, sitting in his office, He said, "Follow me." And without one apparent sign of reluctance, or sign of regret, Matthew arose, left all, and followed Him. That one prompt and great decision changed the whole tenor of his life. Now, instead of a memory buried under a burden of contempt and shame, the name of the publican Matthew is honoured and loved all the world over, as the friend and apostle of the great Redeemer.

How much we need a higher light, while we stand at this parting of the way. How much depends then on a prompt and simple obedience to the voice of God. The young Ruler stood at this point when he came running to Christ, saying, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" This earthly life presented itself to him in the most alluring form. For he was young, and he was rich, and already he was even counted worthy of earthly honour. It said much for him that his heart was not wholly taken up with that fair earthly portion, but that he was conscious of a desire for a higher and nobler life still. "Jesus, beholding him, loved him." There was much in him to win regard. He was highminded, pure, and blameless to all human ken. And yet withal, a sense of want, gnawing at his heart, prompts the question, "What lack I yet?"

"If thou wilt enter into life," is the

first striking word of the Lord. The life he needed was near: the way into it open. He might enter on it, not as a distant, future inheritance, but as a present joy and blessing: but how? The Lord's direction was comprehended in the word, "Follow me." As if He would say, "The way is before you; you may enter now on that life by taking up the cross, and following me." There he stood "at the parting of the way." Christ beckoned him on the one side, the world on the other. The treasure in heaven seemed hardly a full equivalent for his earthly wealth. To follow Christ seemed hard in place of earthly ease and honour. And yet, does your heart not sicken to see him choose the downward path? He trusted in the world's promise, rather than Christ's. Sorrowfully, reluctantly, and with sore misgiving at heart, he yielded to the power of meaner things, and followed his own false light. Did he not do ill for himself when he went away, refusing to obey the Saviour's word?

Now if you are awakened to some concern about your own eternal life, even as that young ruler was, then, in a special sense, you stand at this critical parting of the way. You have a glimpse of both ways. You look wistfully on the way that leads to life; it seems somewhat hard and difficult; and your heart pleads the cause of the world and sin. You are in doubt. Do you not wish for a higher wisdom than your own, and a clearer light, to guide you rightly on? Who can tell whether this may be the decisive moment that will mark your destiny to glory or despair? Most assuredly the choice you finally make between the two ways shall fix your state for ever. The world has only a promise, false and vain, wherewith to delude your soul. God's word cannot mislead. You can have the highest wisdom, the truest light, to guide you on. "Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live," the Lord cries to every perplexed and hesitating soul.

Let no one, then, to whom these, and

such like gospel words, have come, say, that he is lost for want of light, or because he had no one to guide him right "at the parting of the way." Nay: we are not left to stumble on in darkness, or at the mercy of a blind chance. Infinite love and wisdom come near at the critical moment, and beckon us into the right way. Have you not heard His word—"COME UNTO ME?" Possibly, He has seen nothing but perversity in you as yet, and in yearning love is lamenting over you, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Plainly you must reject the counsel of the Lord, and deliberately disobey His word, if, at least, you are found in the way that leads to death.

THE SPIRITUAL RESURRECTION.

BY REV. C. C. STEWART.

That will be a great day when the trumpet sounds, and the dead are raised incorruptible; but great and glorious as it will be, a greater resurrection is even now taking place in the world, yea, in our very midst. How can this thing be? Let us not be deceived: those things which are the grandest, in as far as pomp and appearance go, are not the most powerful and influential in the world's economy. The lightning and thunder of the storm are terrible, and who can hear the one, or see the other, without a feeling of awe and dread; but when the storm has passed over, how few, if any, are the traces which the fierce, noisy lightning has left behind. The wind, however, was invisible, and at the same time perhaps scarcely felt, yet in a very little while it bore the dark clouds, with all their loud thunders and weight of waters, beyond the reach of eye or ear. The rain too fell almost without a sound; but how great are its effects. The whole face of the earth is renewed, millions of living creatures are refreshed, and glad hearts break forth with songs of praise:—

"The earth thou visitest watering it,
Thou makest it rich to grow
With God's full flood; Thou corn preparedst
When Thou providest it so," &c.

Light breaks in silently upon the earth, and heat comes without a sound, but who can tell all their mighty influences, or number the smallest part of their results. Do we misinterpret these things, or do we do dishonour to the Almighty when we represent Him as often putting forth the greatest power in those things in which there is the least visible display? Is it not His way? When He would manifest Himself to Elijah, He said "Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind, an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice," and Elijah wrapped his face in his mantle for God was there. So we say that though the resurrection of the body will be a great and glorious thing, the quickening of the dead soul is a greater thing. The former will set forth God's power and majesty, as these were displayed in the storm, the earthquake, and the fire; but the latter shows Him peculiarly present, as in the still small voice. It is of this Spiritual Resurrection that I would now treat more particularly.

Christ we think has it in view when He says, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." And Paul declares it to be a thing accomplished in the case of certain to whom he wrote, when he said, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins."

To understand the resurrection we must understand first the death from which we are raised. It is well described as death in trespasses and

sins. Now whether we may make that distinction between the words *trespasses* and *sins* which some interpreters make, matters not, for we know well that the scriptures, as well as our own experience, show us sin in two respects, and hence the death in sins as a double death. Sin is a diseased state of the soul, and sin or trespass is the wicked act which is the result of that diseased state. We can easily understand this distinction, for we see many things analogous to it in the natural world. We have only to look at the maniac as he sits in his cell, his eyes glaring wildly, to know that his mind is deranged; and we have only to let him loose to see the terrible results of that derangement manifest themselves in awful deeds. The derangement of mind corresponds to the sin-sick state of the soul; the terrible deeds which result from it to the sin or trespass. Now every man is dead, spiritually dead, by reason of this soul sickness. Sin is a fearful thing, for there is a sense in which it is its own punishment, and that punishment is death. The sinner who finds so much that is pleasant in sin, cannot believe this now, because there are circumstances which tend to deceive him. In this world there are so many restraints—so many good influences—that he cannot see the dreadful effects of sin. But if he will just consider he can perceive that it is by reason of these restraints that he is able to get any enjoyment in sin. Why does the thief find any good in stealing; is it not that honesty is the rule and stealing the exception? Why does the adulterer find pleasure in sin? Is it not because purity is the rule, and adultery the exception? Is it not because there are so many honest people, that his sin is as stolen waters and bread eaten in secret? But let all restraints be removed; let lawlessness and rapine take the place of law and virtue, and then of his sin he shall *know* that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. Then he shall find

that unrestrained sin makes a hell of earth.

But apart from others, he does not yet know what sin can do in his own heart. He knows now the feverish excitement which precedes, and the loathing which follows gratified lust; but he knows not yet of the evil days in which he may say he has no pleasure in them. He knows now of what it is to have a prick of conscience, and what it is to drown it in a whirl of pleasure; but he knows not yet what it is to mourn at the last, when his flesh and his body are consumed. He knows not yet what it is to experience the pangs of remorse, that worm which never dies. All this sin, unless he forsake it, can and will let him know; will enable him to say in truth:—

“Me miserable! which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell,
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.”

He who carries in his soul the disease of sin, carries there the germ of eternal death.

The trespass also brings death. The law of God is inexorable. The commandment is exceeding broad, and the awful conclusion is. “Cursed is everyone which continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.” This law is eternal. As long as God remains what He is, and He changes not, so long shall it stand. There is no way of escape for sin; it must forever be held accursed.

Death in trespasses and sins is then an awful death, and great must be that resurrection which restores to life those who are under the dominion of such a death. “The hour is coming and now is when even such shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.” Already many have been quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins. God speaks in reference to all the guilt of both sins and trespasses, and says, “Deliver from going down to

the pit, for I have found out a ransom." He speaks again and the dead soul is made alive. We cannot hear any sound; but it is none the less a mighty quickening power which is put forth. It rebukes the disease of sin, and begins the work of the soul's restoration to perfect health. The Spirit of God enters the soul and it lives; the Spirit dwells there, and in due time it is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Just in proportion as the soul increases in health and life, just in that proportion does its liability to trespass cease, and know neither sin nor trespass more.

This is the great and glorious resurrection. When the dead, small and great, stand before God, the wonder of earth and heaven will not be that so many bodies have been recovered from earth and ocean; but that from a lost sin-polluted race, a multitude which no one can number has been washed, and made white, and prepared for the society of Him who sits upon the great white throne. And the song of the ransomed

hosts of heaven will not be in celebration of the resurrection of bodies which have long been held in their graves; but it will ascribe to the Lamb all power for this reason; "He redeemed them to God by His blood, out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation."

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in this resurrection: on such the second death hath no power.

Reader, are you one who has part in this resurrection? If you are, let me say in the words of Paul, "Since you then are risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." If you are not, remember that none but God can perform this mighty work, and turn unto Him; remember Christ through Whom and in Whom He does the work, and believe in Him; remember the Holy Spirit who alone can bring you into union with Christ, and pray for His help; and you shall live again, raised from death, a partaker of the blessings of the first resurrection.

Children's Treasury.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

IN A LETTER FROM HER MOTHER.

I have had a long talk with our little Mary after she had gone to bed, in which she brought out some of her heresies. She wanted to know, first—

"How can we be *sure* of going to heaven?"

I told her because the Bible said so, quoting, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." "Who his own self bare our sins on his own body on the tree."

"Oh, but," she said, "these promises only mean good people, and I am not good."

"No," I answered. "they mean believers."

"Very well," she replied, "then I can be just as naughty as I please, for I believe; so I'm safe."

"No," I said, "daughter, you can't be as naughty as you please, for when we believe, our heavenly Father gives us a new heart which hates sin, and wants to do right."

"Well," she replied, thoughtfully, "that is true, for I *do* want to be good, only I can't, somehow."

I told her that the reason she could not was because she trusted to her own strength.

"No," she said, "that is not the reason, for I *ought* to trust to my own strength; that is the right way to do."

"Oh, no, daughter," I answered, "for you have no strength of your own to trust to."

"Yes, I have, mother," she exclaimed, "I have a great deal, and it is just silly to think that I can't be good if I choose."

"Well," I replied, "daughter, if you will be good in your own strength a month, I will give you fifty dollars."

She agreed to this eagerly, and said that she would begin right off, and wanted to know what day of the month it was, "Only," she added, "you must not be provoking!"

I assured her that I would be as sweet as possible, advised her to make a great many good resolutions, and left her, praying that God would use this opportunity to teach her a never-to-be-forgotten lesson.

She waked up the next morning bright and early, and called out to me that now she was going to begin. It was a fair beginning, but in *less than five minutes*, without any observable cause, she was in a most unhappy, irritable state, which lasted more or less all day.

Her cousin slept here that night, and also last night, and so I could not have any talk with her, but I reminded her of it now and then. To-night, however, we had a chance to have it all out. She began by saying—

"Mother, I am cured of that about my own strength. But, mother, you ought to preach about this everywhere, for I expect a great many other people think the very same as I did; and I believe it is Satan that puts the notion in our heads."

I assured her I *did* teach about it every time I taught, and this seemed to satisfy her. And then in her prayer she said—

"I thank Thee, dear Jesus, for curing me of this; and if I am not every bit cured, please do it before to-morrow morning."

Then I continued—

"Well, daughter, since you have so much faith, I wish you would ask and believe for papa, that he may be prospered in the recovery of his health."

She agreed to this at once, and covering her face with her hands, prayed for it, and then said—

"Now, mother, I believe, so I am SURE He will."

A week or two later her friend Fanny had her birthday party here, and, of course, everything else had to give way to that. Her mother had filled Mary's and Fanny's heads full of the idea of being dressed in white, with sashes, and flowers, and everything in style. But when the day came, poor Fanny's dress came home from the dressmaker's a great deal too large, and she could not wear it. Of course, I had then to put Mary's white dress away, and this nearly broke her heart. She hid behind the bed to cry, and it really seemed as if she never could be comforted. I reasoned with her, and sympathized with her, and did all I could to comfort her, suggesting all possible ameliorations; but in vain; and I thought the day was utterly spoiled. Then, all of a sudden, she threw herself on my lap, and sobbed out—

"Mother, say 'The Lord will provide' to me."

I put my arms around her, and repeated a hymn of Toplady's all through, —the one beginning—

"Though troubles assail;"

and by the time it was over, she had got the victory, and was all sweetness and smiles again.

In the evening, going to bed, she said—

"Oh, mother, I am so glad I did not wear my white frock to-day!"

I asked her why so, and she answered—

"Oh, because I got such a victory, and it made me so happy."

I asked her how she got it, and she said—

"By asking Jesus to make me feel differently about it, and He did."

So I hope that she is cured of trusting in her own strength.

Let us who are older all be as wise.—
The Christian.

Editorial Notes.

OUR CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.—One can easily understand that it must have been with hesitation and misgivings the editor of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY entered on his duties. It was not simply that a beginning was made at a time when money is scarce and people busy, from early to late, in their fields, but a beginning was made in the face of the discredit and distrust that came from the failure and the stoppage of *Good News*, and its associate papers. It could only be a desire to discharge a duty that could supply adequate motive to such a work in these circumstances. It has happened, however, as often happens to us in such circumstances, fears have been to a large degree falsified, and hopes more than fulfilled. Some friends there are, it is true, who have not yet shown any practical interest in our work, but it must be remembered that it is, at this writing, only a short month since our first number made its appearance, and that in the multitude of business, things less urgent must stand adjourned. There are others again, and hearty thanks are due to them, who have grudged no pains to help on the work. From quarters very far removed, names come dropping in day by day. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Manitoba, United States, are on our list, but it is from Ontario our chief support comes, in which Province the counties of Simcoe, Grey, and Bruce, deserve particular mention. To one P. O. in Grey, 43 copies are sent, and 39 to another in Bruce: but in the Province of Quebec there is a county where the Protestant families are so few, that it can almost be said that the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY is taken by all of them.

Though, thus far, our success is beyond what circumstances would have led us to expect, it, however, goes no further, such are the expenses of publishing, than to enable us to say, that for this year, with God's blessing on

the future as on the past, our undertaking is on safe ground, and that it will bring loss to no one connected with it. This is much indeed to say, all things considered.

For the kind words of approval and encouragement that have reached us, we owe grateful thanks. Not one letter complains of loss sustained by the untimely stoppage of *Good News*, save the loss of its instruction and comfort; and pleasant it is to find that in every quarter, as far as known to us, the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY is welcomed as a fitting successor. Friends will be glad to know that through the kindness of a gentleman, whose name must not be given, copies of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY are being sent to some of the charitable and Christian institutions of Ontario.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.—One of the agencies for distributing pernicious literature over the land is the railway car. Our readers are familiar, at least, with the exterior of the publications that are persistently thrust on the passengers. These are not only offered for sale in the usual way, but they are lent out, as it were, to read for a little while, in the hope that the illustrations and stories may catch the eye, and thereby lead to a sale. Has the fact been noted that if a clergyman happens to be in the car, he is generally passed by, and no chance given him to purchase or to read? It would be indeed a noble undertaking to get possession of the railway car as a means of colportage, to spread abroad among people who never enter a bookstore, sound Christian literature. At the Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, the question was discussed, "What can the Association do to destroy the influence of pernicious literature?" The first speaker was Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*. He said almost all that has been done during the past year has been done by the Young Men's Chris.

tian Associations of the land. Laws repressing this vice have been passed, and nearly 100 men have been arrested in that time. Mr. Abbott denounced the practice on railroads of thrusting pernicious literature on readers, and urged associations to press religious literature into every railway car, town and village. Many a father sleeps Sunday afternoon over his religious paper, and does not know what his boy is reading in an upper chamber. Pernicious literature creeps into the house wrapped about new shoes, new hats, and bundles generally, and there is where the evil starts. Further reference to this important subject, we must defer till next issue.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. Kennedy's friends through Canada, and they are many, will be glad to read the following letter just received from her.

SALTOATS, July 10th, 1873.

According to promise I write to say that we arrived all safe in Glasgow, about a week ago, after a very pleasant passage of 14 days. We sailed from Quebec on the 18th of June, in the steamer St. Patrick, and we were very fortunate in having three very pleasant female companions in the same apartment with us, with whom we could hold not only social intercourse but true Christian fellowship. I met also a Mr. and Mrs. M.—, from Harrison, who were passengers in the cabin, with whom I had many a pleasant chat. They told me that they were subscribers to the *Good News*, and Mr. M— had known my husband a little.

Two of my children were very sick—Eva and my delicate little boy Willie. The latter got so weak one night that I was almost afraid to let him go to sleep for fear he might never awake; but by feeding him on beef tea and brandy he soon recovered his strength, and as the weather got very fine and the sea smooth I got him up on deck and he improved in health every day after that.

We arrived in Glasgow about six o'clock in the evening and I had the pleasure of seeing my sister and Mr. K.'s brother waiting on the wharf to receive us. I only remained two days in Glasgow, long enough to see my relations, and then came down here to visit Mr. K.'s mother who was anxiously waiting to see the children. I find this place (Saltoats) very beneficial to my little boy Willie, and am in great hopes his health will be greatly improved, if not even to the length of his disease being checked. The rest of the children and myself are in good health, and I am enjoying the

rest and quiet of this place very much after the turmoil and excitement of the last few months. Mr. Kennedy's mother and brother are very kind to me—nothing could exceed their kindness, as also the kindness of my own brother and sister; but still I know they all have got enough to do, and therefore, kind and all as they are, I would not like to be a burden on any of them; and I propose, as soon as I see my way clear, to try and rent a house of my own, and perhaps I might get a few boarders. Of course I am not able to decide positively what I will do. I have no doubt but He who has led me thus far and made provision for me will provide for me to the end.

My youngest brother-in-law, who was in Canada three years, is missionary in this place and has been very successful in his labours for Christ. Two other evangelists were labouring along with him, holding meetings, a few months ago, in which the minister took part. There was quite a revival, and a great many souls brought to Christ, and amongst these not a few children. The minister has still a children's meeting, which I attended last night and felt much interested in it. It is refreshing to me to see so much spiritual life here. There is to be a great open air meeting on Sabbath evening. Both my friends and myself return you our grateful thanks for the kind mention you made of me and my family in the *CHRISTIAN MONTHLY*. I hope you are getting encouraged in the undertaking.

I remain, &c.,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed,) AGNES KENNEDY.

It is understood among Mr. Kennedy's friends in Canada that the money now in the hands of the Revd. Andrew Kennedy, London, and whatever moneys are now being received and acknowledged on the cover of the *CHRISTIAN MONTHLY*, are to be appropriated in the way of furnishing Mrs. Kennedy's house, and so putting her on the way of providing for her family by her own exertions, the mode most congenial to her own spirit. For various reasons it is desirable that to friends in Canada should belong the credit and the privilege of doing at least this much for the family of a man who has done so much in spreading sound religious reading in our rural districts and in our backwoods. It would be creditable to us could Mrs. Kennedy say of the furnishing of her house, "That is the gift of my Canadian friends."