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Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 8.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE WANTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

In writing a series of short articles on the wants of our colony, I cannot pass over the subject of education, though in the present condition of that business I would prefer remaining silent. I wish, however, to say that I do not find fault with those who have charge of this department of our public affairs, nor do I hold them responsible for the retrograde step that has been recently taken by the adoption of the denominational system. I may add that, bad as a sectarian school system is, I honestly admit that it may be more efficient than the one that we have just abandoned. It was neither national or denominational, neither secular nor religious. No one appeared to be responsible for the conduct of the work, and no one seemed to care. And we search in vain for any individual or any number of individuals on whom to roll the blame.

But things were bad—could scarcely be worse; a change was imperative. It was a splendid opportunity to take a step forward, and to place the education of his ancient colony on a par with other countries. That opportunity has been lost, and it may be long before another such is within reach.

I must emphatically exonerate the laity of all denominations from participation in the guilt that has been committed. With one consent, almost unanimously, they were opposed to sectarian education, or to a subdivision of the education grant.

It has been done, and how and by whom, and with what motives, Heaven knows.

These things it surely will effect—it will divide the sects still further, and foster a spirit of bigotry, already intense enough in Newfoundland. It will place power in the hands of the clergy, and they have always understood how to use it, to abridge personal liberty, elevate themselves, and promote creeds and catechisms, to advance *The Church* and not *The Christ*.

The denominational system has been a conspicuous failure whenever it has been tried. It is not likely that in Newfoundland it will fare better. Every other enlightened country is going in an opposite direction. National and compulsory education is now the order of the day, but in Newfoundland we have got back in this matter about as far as we can go. A very liberal amount appropriated by our Legislature to defray the expenses

of a good elementary system, conducted in a proper way. But when that amount is divided among the many denominations, when several training establishments are maintained, and two or three, or four or five, denominational schools in places where one would be ample, but a very small salary can be offered to teachers, and therefore good teachers cannot be obtained, and after going to the expense of training them, they cannot be long retained. It is waste, and reckless expenditure of the public moneys, and after all we cannot have a good system. All this to satisfy the ambition of the clergy. We are willing, while we thus write, to do our utmost to make the best of a bad arrangement. We will withhold no help that we can give to advance the education of the rising generation. Without the smallest regard to denominational interests, we will promote by every means in our power the education of all. At the same time we will hope, and wait with patience, for the dawn of a better day, and we do not altogether despair of seeing national and compulsory education even in Newfoundland.

HOME MISSION NEWS.

We paid a visit last month to the mission field under the care of the Rev. G. Harrington. We examined his two schools, and conducted services in his chapel-school on the Lord's-day and on a week evening. Though we were there in the busiest season of the year, the attendance at the day-schools was large, and the progress made by the children is very remarkable. I think those schools will compare favourably with most outpost schools of the same grade. Our esteemed friend has done a good work. From year to year we witness a steady improvement in the homes and habits of the people. Indeed there are few outports in the island where improvement is so marked.

Mr. Harrington's schools are supported by private subscriptions, and are open to all.

OBITUARY.

Miss Julia Langmead, aged eighteen years.—On June 7, this young disciple was called from the sorrows and sufferings of earth into the pure and everlasting joys of glory. For six years she was in fellowship with the Church. She was one of the first of the young people

admitted to membership, and we had never any reason to regret that admission from first to last, for her walk and conversation were in full accord with her profession.

She took great delight in the Sabbath-school and in the children's services, and not till failing health hindered did she neglect those opportunities of improvement.

Her Bible was her constant companion, many portions of which she had committed to memory. The loss of a dear sister a few months ago seemed to break almost the last tie that bound to her earth.

Death had no terrors for her. She longed to be laid in his cold arms. She could say

"I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear."

She gave directions about her grave, and talked about dying as one would do who contemplates a pleasant journey. Five minutes before she slept in Jesus she said, "Oh, I long to be gone, to be with Jesus. Pray that He may soon come. Oh, the angels are come."

Her death, like her life, was calm and peaceful. Her remains were followed to the grave by a large number of sorrowing friends, among whom were many of the Sunday-school children. When standing by the open grave they joined in singing the well-known hymn—
"When He cometh, when He cometh, to make up his jewels."

Her death was improved before a large congregation on the evening of Lord's Day, June 18, from Eccles. viii. 8.

HOPE.

The lightnings blaze, and with a mighty roll
The thunders crash impetuous; black as night
The sky hangs over all, save where the forked light
Darts forth its fiery ribbon. The angry waves,
Leaping in mountains, strive and strive
To o'erwhelm the goodly vessel; on they come—
A mighty host—dashing her painted sides,
And thundering o'er her deck with giant force,
Sweep all unfast before them.
Still she lives: battered and bruised she yet
Outrides the storm. And why? she's anchored.
Unseen amid the storm the sunken anchor
Held her fast, and proved a faithful friend.
So, 'mid the wrecks and storms of life may we ride on,
Anchored by Hope, to Jesus—that anchorage never
fails,
How great so'er the storm. Hope in Him
Saves many a noble vessel, which otherwise
Would soon be stranded, or drifted out to sea.
Unseen, bright Hope holds fast amid the waves of
trouble.
Steadying the soul, bracing and nerving her
For future conflicts, till the peaceful haven's gained
Within the veil, and Christ is all in all.

H. D. ISACKE.

PURE GOLD FROM THE MINES OF WISDOM.

Our prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well, while the one ascends the other descends.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

God never leaves any till they first leave Him.—*M. Henry.*

It is mercy to have that taken from us which takes us from God.—*Fenning.*

Where has infidelity ever purified a heart, or blessed a family, or enriched or tranquillised a community, or built a hospital, or opened an asylum for orphans, or, in short, done any good thing?—*Dr. Morrison.*

Where there is the most love to God there will there be the truest and most enlarged philanthropy.—*Southey.*

Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly success.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge.*

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—*South.*

Be sure your ground be good, and then be sure you maintain your ground.—*Flavel.*

I never trusted God, but I found Him faithful; nor my own heart, but I found it false.—*Dyer.*

Invalid Christians must breathe air from the sea of affliction.

We may compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of this life to a great bundle of fagots, far too great for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another that we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to carry it.—*Johanna Newton.*

THE NEGLECTED LETTER.—The Roman senators conspired against Julius Cæsar to kill him. The very next morning Artemidorus, Cæsar's friend, delivered him a paper (desiring him to peruse it), wherein the whole plot was discovered. But Cæsar complimented his life away, being so taken up to return the salutations of such people as met him in the way, that he pocketed the paper, among other petitions, as if unconcerned therein; and so, going to the senate house, was slain. The world, flesh, and devil have a design for men's destruction; we ministers bring our people a letter, God's Word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. But who hath believed our report? Most men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us, or read the letter, but thus, alas! run headlong to their own ruin and destruction.—*Selected.*

SMALL EVENTS.—The most minute events of our life—may, every need and every obstacle in our paths—are channels of the grace, goodness, and power of God; and those who wait on Him in prayer and watchfulness shall see it is no vain thing to rest on Him. The tide of our sorrows and sins has often arisen from a trivial spring; and the same is true of our earthly joys. Our daily trials and hourly blessings gather something of the radiance of the bow in the clouds in the day of rain, as we receive them from the pierced hands of Him whose death and intercession have made all things ours.—*Anna Shipton's "Waiting Hours."*

HOW TO HELP OTHERS.

WE can express our interest in other Christians by a simple nod of the head when we meet them on the street. You say, "There are Christians connected with our church I cannot speak to, because I have never been introduced." You dare not accost them because of the conventionalities of society. We must come upon a higher platform than that. We must remember that we are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. We must feel that as it would be a very strange thing for two brothers, born of the same parents and nurtured at the same fireside, to pass each other from time to time on the street without any personal recognition; so, and far more than so, it is outrageous when two men children of the same Heavenly Father, having been seated at the same Communion table, and baptized by the same Holy Spirit, and on their way to the same home, do not recognise each other, whether according to the ordinary laws of society they have a right to express such recognition or not. If you are sure that you are a child of God, and you are sure of the fact that the man you meet in the street is a friend of God, you have a right to give him your brotherly sympathy by a nod of the head. God made the muscles of the neck so pliable, and the bones of the neck so easily adjusted to a bow, that He intended we should recognise those who are brothers in Christ Jesus. And when you go along the street, let there be a lighting up of the face, and a gleam in the eye, and a congeniality in your manner, for all those who love Christ. Let it not be an outward and hypocritical demonstration, but from a heart warmed up with love for God and love for his kingdom, bow to every Christian man you meet.

Another way in which we can culture Christian sympathy, and demonstrate it, and make it practical, is by a shake of the hand. We do not refer to an unmeaning touch of the hand, to an indefinite sprawling out of the fingers; but we mean one warm, decided, positive grip which seems to say, "Here is my regard—my help, if you want it—my sympathy, my brotherhood." If secret societies have their signals—and it is stated that when one of their number gets into any trouble in any distant city, he gives some mysterious signal, and help comes; and one brother in the same Order recognises another by some peculiar way of placing the fingers—shall not we have some grip by which a child of God who has with him the secret of the Lord, shall recognise those who are of the same brotherhood, of the same secret society? for the secret of the Lord belongs only to those who fear Him; and wherever you find a man in that brotherhood, give him the grip. —*Christian at Work.*

A BLOW FOR A KISS.

"WILL you please tell me what is meant by *overcoming evil with good*?" said a little boy to his teacher.

The teacher began to explain it, when a scene took place which helped to show what it meant.

A boy, seven years of age, whose name was George, was sitting by the side of his sister, who was only five years old.

While the teacher was talking, George got angry with his sister for something, closed his fist, and struck her.

The little girl began to cry; but the teacher said, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry he looks."

Mary looked at her brother. He seemed sullen and wretched. She threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

George was not prepared for such a kind return for his blow. His feelings were touched, and he burst into tears.

Mary wiped away his tears with her apron, and sought to comfort him.

"Do not cry, George," said she; "you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more.

And why did George weep? Would he have wept if his sister had struck *him* as he had struck *her*? Not he?

But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more keenly than if she had beaten him black and blue, that he had done wrong.

Here was a *kiss* for a *blow*—love for anger; and all the school saw at once what was meant by "overcoming evil with good."—(See Rom. xii. 21.)

MONEY.

IF money comes, let it come. He who sends it does not mean it to hurt us. We need not fear it with a feeble terror, though perhaps no sin has ruined so many souls as covetousness. We will not spring at it with a flutter of excited joy, for it is a grievous trial to the humblest and simplest.

And if money goes, let it go. Only let us see that it does not go through folly or sin of ours. Job lost his one way, and Lot lost his another. The end of Job was a crown of glory, but the candle of Lot went out in hideous night. Probably there are few of us who have lived to middle life, very few indeed who have passed it, to whose door could be laid no error of judgment in spending their money, no taint of conscience in wasting it. In this greatest of great trusts, who has not sometimes failed? Conscience has said, "Give," and we have not given. We have steeled our hearts, and summoned our coldest judgment to justify us in refusals, which now we would gladly get back, but it is too late. Witnesses to our self-indulgence surround us in every room we enter; if we have done something for our Lord, our heart whispers we might have done so much more!

But there may be time yet; and He who gives us power to get wealth will also give us wisdom to use it, if we really ask Him. Let us be wise, simple, and kind; faithful over a few things, that He may make us rulers over many things at last.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," replied the wife, "I know that sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the wind in his hand is my Father."

—*Selected.*

A CORNISH COBBLER'S SERMON.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon."

NOW I am sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after *one soul*. Every soul in the world do belong to our Lord. He made 'em every one, and he bought 'em every one with His precious blood. They're His every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our mother Eve in Paradise, he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, an' all he could do was to tempt her to steal her Master's apples. He haven't got anything at all of his own. . . . Andrew didn't say, "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing because he couldn't find any to do; but he says, "There's Simon; I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on tyin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal o' good in the world, if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folks a singin', an meanin' it, too—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present far too small."

An' because the realm o' nature wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all.—*Daniel Quorn.*

St. Bernard calls holy fear the book-keeper of the soul. As a nobleman's porter stands at the door to keep out vagrants, so the fear of God stands and keeps all sinful temptations from entering.

EVERY-DAY MIRACLES.

AFTER all that has been written of the possibility of miracles at the present time, it may be well to emphasize the idea that what is called the natural outgrowth of Christian principles, produces events which are as directly opposed to the sinful heart of man, as any of the miracles recorded in the New Testament are to the established order of physical nature; and these miracles seem in many instances to be the grander and more perfect type, toward which all Christians are striving in outward act, just as they seek to imitate in spirit the nature of the Master. Take the miracle of feeding the multitude. In times of famine, who organizes bands of relief, soup-houses, and all the modern contrivances for the alleviation of misery? We know there is such a thing as philanthropy independent of Christianity; but its exhibition is rare and unequal, not a steady force like that which believes that, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need . . . how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Again, who seeks to clothe and restore to their "right mind" those possessed of the evil spirits of Dirt, Ignorance, and Want, like the followers of Him who taught, "ye have the poor always with you"? Who uses knowledge to raise the masses but those who realise the promise, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them"? In all ages unilluminated by the light of Christianity, has not wealth been used to gain power over the lower classes rather than provide food for them? Has not knowledge increased the gulf between rich and poor, and been used as an instrument to keep in bondage those who were down? Were not both wealth and knowledge weapons of offence rather than beneficent implements? If, then, love to Jesus changes the rich man to the protector and benefactor of the poor, makes the ruler seek the welfare of those under him, turns natural selfishness into love for others, the miracle is eternal as the grace of God. Surely, those who have seen this regeneration, which makes the vile pure in heart, the proud humble, changes envy to quiet content—in short, makes the child of sin into a son of God, can need no other proof of the miraculous power of God's word. What though the miracle is not perfected in an instant? The life of a regenerate man, lived in our sight, gradually though surely coming to the "perfect stature of a man in Christ Jesus," is a real witness known of all men. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

COMFORTLESS.

A FRIEND of mine sat at the table of a lady friend on which the wine-cup stood. The lady's son was there, and my friend imagined that he sipped it as though he liked it very much. My friend put the question to her, if she was not afraid of her boy becoming intemperate—he seemed to like it so much. The mother was quite offended, though my friend had spoken to her in a Christian spirit. She said, "My Alfred become a drunkard? Impossible! He knows how to control himself and when to stop!"

When my friend wanted to persuade her to let the boy sign the pledge, the mother would not encourage it, but rather laughed at the idea. It was only eighteen months afterward that mother was in an agony of grief beside the coffin of her son, who had died in a fit of delirium tremens. He had been of a very genial disposition, and unhappily, those are the people who fall victims most easily to this vice. My friend went to her to try to comfort her; but, oh! dear, it is a hard case in which to give comfort. My friend was at a loss what to say; the mother almost frantic at one moment, and at another in the most abject grief, amidst floods of tears, said, "Don't talk to me about comfort, when you know here lies my only son, who has died in delirium tremens. Don't talk to me of comfort, when you know that his mother's hand gave him the first glass of wine, and his mother's voice encouraged him to drink it when you would have him abstain." Then came a fresh burst of grief. "Don't talk to me of comfort, when you know it is written that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God!" and my friend had to leave her in her anguish and sorrow. God forbid that any dear mother should have to feel that her hand has given the first glass of wine to her child.—*Selected.*

LETTER-WRITING FOR SOULS.

MANY of our readers during the course of the year write hundreds of letters. They usually begin with the cold "Sir," and end with the cold "Respectfully," and all between filled with dollars, cents, per centages, pounds, yards, articles of merchandise. Can it be that you have never in your letter-writing from day to day, expressed your friendship for Christ and for those who love Him. Many of these to whom you wrote are Christian merchants. Do you not greet them kindly and lovingly? Some of them are old, and they want condolence now that the ailments of life have come upon them. Why do you not give them the consolations of Christ? Why do you not recite some of your own experiences, and in some of those business letters tell them of the God of Isaac and Jacob and of Paul the aged, and of all those who put their trust in Him? Why do you not tell them that when the eyesight fails, and the limbs tremble, and the appetite becomes uncertain, and the foot that once leaped like the hart staggers and stumbles along the street—why do you not tell them that there is such a thing as eternal youth, and that those who gain it shall always have good vision and always be strong and always young in the presence of their God?

Then you write to many men in mid-life who are staggering on the verge of great temptations. Why do you not tell them of the God who is willing to be beside them in the fire? You know from the circumstances of those business men that they are tried from day to day. You have heard their credit is not as good as it once was. Why do you not bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ in your business letters to those men.

Then, some of them are young men. They have started out in life, and for the first time they feel the pressure of active business life. They are mightily tempted. You know how hard it is for a young man in this day to start in business and succeed in it. Why do you not tell that young man in your letter to-morrow that you have been through all that struggle, and know all about business life, its disappointments and perplexities. Let us make our correspondence a Christian correspondence. There is no getting away from a pungent, Christian letter.

THE AWFULLY PROFOUND MINISTER.

HE deals in metaphysics—talks about the laws of perception, the system of consequences, hypothesis, peripatetic doctrines and apologetics, until his audience can hardly see their hand before their face. He has a learned way of pushing back his spectacles, a learned way of clearing his throat, a learned way of employing his pocket-handkerchief. I have heard him cough until I could hear the echo of the ages. The audience does not know what he is talking about and he does not know either. The only cheerful part of his sermon is when he gets through. Now, when men are genuinely learned, they are simple in phraseology and manner. I never knew an exception to that. But a little learning will often make a man swell beyond all reasonable proportions. O, drop your sesquipedalian phraseology, and use short, sharp, plain words. I have seen a lake of water twenty feet deep so clear that if you dropped a silver half-dollar to the bottom, you could see it. And there is such a thing as being deep and clear at the same time. An Englishman crossed the Channel to France, and was exceedingly disturbed by the fact that he could not understand a word of the French language. He was met at the depot by a Frenchman, and the driver of the cab talked to him in French. When he got to the hotel he found nothing but the French language there, and a man, with French language, took him to his couch at night, and he was almost exhausted because of his incapacity to understand anything that was being said to him, and so sad mind he went to sleep. In the morning he woke up, and he heard the chancicler crow, and he said, "Thank goodness there's some English at last." And what a relief it is after hearing some men talk in learned technicalities, foreign to our capacity, to suddenly hear something the plainest people can understand. I know only of one use for words, and that is to let men know what you mean.—*Christian at Work.*

A GOLD-DIGGER'S LAST SUNDAY.

BY MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.

IN the year 1855—I was persuaded by my friend Joe Templeton, whom I had met accidentally in San Francisco, to accompany him to the mines. I allowed myself to be prevailed upon, contrary to my own reason, for I had never felt the gold-fever raging in my veins, as many others had; indeed, the sight of the number of returned miners would have scared many a braver heart than mine. If they by any chance reached the city with their "pile," or a chance nugget, it was only, with very few exceptions, to squander it in drink, or be cheated out of it in one or other of the many gambling houses. The majority, however, returned with their "pile" still a shadowy myth of the future, with their strength broken down, and the world all to begin over again. I laid this clearly before my friend Joe, but he would not listen—he was determined not to view the black side of the picture, and to look at the mines, only with rose-coloured spectacles. His final argument, however, had its effect. "My good fellow," he said, "no one would ever think of coming to California without visiting the mines; just you get it into your wise head that we are going on a tour through the Highlands in the old country, or anywhere else, as we used to undertake together, if it will suit your fertile imagination better. It's a shame to condemn the place unseen; there is certain to be a good side, like anything else, if you will only take the trouble to look for it." Thus he ran on, light-hearted, as merry an old Joe as ever he was in the days when we were lads together, and rather than lose sight of him, I consented to go for a short trial, though considering myself a fool, nevertheless. I left all the necessary arrangements to my friend, who was delighted with the task, only requiring me to give him "carte blanche" for the proper outfit and appurtenances.

After three days of travelling, partly by steamer and partly on foot, we found ourselves on the Yuba River, at the particular portion of the mining district called "Long Bar." Joe was not long in finding a Chinaman and an Irishman to assist us, and we were soon settled in our tent, and all the arrangements made for our search after the precious metal. It was perfectly wonderful to watch how quickly Joe adapted himself to his novel mode of life; how dexterously he fixed the tent and stowed away the utensils, and was "hail fellow, well met" with all and sundry.

It is not my intention, however, to touch upon the technicalities of mines, or the details of a "digger's" experiences; it would be out of place in this short sketch. Suffice it to say that before a fortnight was ended I, for one, had quite enough of the rocker, shovel, and pan, and I found, both by ocular demonstration and practical knowledge, that digging for gold was about the hardest and most monotonous labour that could possibly be conceived. Even Joe, who was determined to see nothing but the bright side, reluctantly confessed that there *might* be pleasanter pursuits. On the second Sunday, Joe, seeming inclined to spend it in bed, I wandered into the country, being sick of the noise of the camp. It was a sad sight to see the majority of the men keeping the day of rest in the way they did, though they never handled a shovel, pick, or rocker on that hallowed day. They spent it in a worse way than if they had been at work. From morning to night it was a round of amusements, cards and billiards, gambling at the drinking booths, or if any had dogs, away for a hunt. Singing and reading as they lay at the doors of their tents might be considered as the most harmless way of spending their Sunday.

I think it is at a time and place like this, that any good there may be in a man asserts itself, at least, I felt it so as I climbed the steep side of the wooded gulch, and at last placed distance betwixt me and the riotous scene. Every little flower or shrub seemed to recall to mind, as I strolled along, some lessons I had been taught in days gone by, and my thoughts wandered naturally to the quiet Sundays spent in the dear "old country." As I sat down to rest under a huge redwood tree, I thought of my friends at home, and remembered how happy and pleased my mother used to look as she walked with our father behind her three sons along the quiet streets of the church, when the air was filled with the sound of bells, when sea and hill lay hushed in sight, and the grand old Scotch city was still on every side, except for the

tramp of hundreds going on their way to worship. Perhaps we used to weary of the too great length of a sermon in those days, but what would I have given now, to hear the toughest screech at a Highland tent preaching, or to stand up at the longest prayer ever uttered by Cameronian or Covenantant. Yet what a noble prospect around me! The scene reminded me of many in the Highlands of Scotland. "The same wide growth of oak corpse, the same deep glens and corries, even the "chapparral" or scrub, was not unlike the general effect of the broom of our bracs here and there. But, in particular, there was one characteristic of the scenery that closely resembled the opening of a park round some gentleman's property, only the background was now savagely grand. The rapid Yuba rolled a greater volume of water by far than the Tummel or the Bran, the distant mountains towered in loftier peaks than the Grampians, and the redwood trees lifted their colossal stems overhead with immense cedar-like arms against the sky, here and there appeared a strange, prickly cactus spreading like a chandelier, the sight of which made me feel that I was in a strange land. I had walked a long way from the camp, and was just thinking of turning, when my ear was arrested by the sound of a man's voice in the distance. I listened eagerly, but all was still and quiet, only the noise of the water falling over the stones in the "creek,"—or what we would have called a mountain burn at home—or the scream of a black vulture far over head, broke the grand stillness of nature. I must have been mistaken, I said to myself as I turned to retrace my steps, when it came again, clear and distinct, sending a thrill through me that makes me shiver even now to think of it. "Alone, alone," was the cry, and echo caught the wailing sound and seemed to toss it mockingly from crag to crag. I hastened, as soon as I recovered my senses, in the direction from whence the sound had come, and on turning round a projecting piece of rock, I saw at a short distance off, a small tent, half hidden away among the brushwood. The usual miner's implements were lying about the door, and the rocker was standing close by the creek with the earth dried hard in it, showing that it had not been used for many days. On entering the tent, I was horrified to find a man lying huddled in the corner amongst his blankets, but so emaciated that I scarcely believed it possible he could have had strength to call out even in a whisper. At first I thought he was dead, but he must have sunk down exhausted, and soon after my entrance he was seized with the most violent ague fit I ever witnessed. "Oh, to gaze upon a face once more," I heard him gasp. "Thank God, He has heard my prayer." I had taken with me some brandy in my flask, and I now poured a little into his mouth, for I saw he was sinking fast; it revived him a little, and I took the opportunity of asking what more I could do for him.

"Four days have I lain here all by myself; oh, do not leave me! stay with me, else I'll go mad," he exclaimed wildly, clutching me by the arm and holding me with a firm grip. I assured him that I would not leave him, but he would not let go his hold of me. "I buried Dickson on Wednesday night, and now I'm dying myself; what was it I was to say to his mother," he continued, looking up to me with his hollow eyes, brilliant with fever. "Oh, yes, that he loved her, that he died loving her, and my mother must be told the same. No, no," he screamed, tossing his arms wildly over his head, "she cursed me, for I ruined her, and the father that was kind to me."

For a long time he lay quite prostrate, and I fancied the grim messenger was drawing near, but when I had moistened his lips again with the brandy he recovered so far as to be able in long intervals, and with great difficulty to tell me his history.

He was born of English parents, and reared in the lap of luxury. He was sent to Eton in due course of time with an unlimited supply of pocket money furnished by his indulgent parents, and then to Oxford. Three times before he was twenty-three years of age had his father paid his debts, almost ruining himself to do so, always believing that the son who was so penitent would be certain not to err again. Then there had come a time of hopeless dissipation worse than before, and to pay for them, he had forged his father's name. To replace the money thus procured, and supply the means for his escape, the mother had parted with her jewels, though she sent him from her with a curse instead of a blessing. He went straight abroad to the New El Dorado, and there his downward course had been rapid and easy. Never accustomed to work, but being an adept at *rouge et noir* and other games of chance, he soon got employment in the numerous gambling-

houses and bar-rooms. Then the thirst for gold, the "gold fever" had seized upon him too, and he had come to the mine, to work for the first time in his life. His companion had fixed upon this out-of-the-way place, fancying they would get more than their neighbours down below, and not be so liable to intrusion. But after long days of toil, and just when they began to discover that there was gold to be found, and that in plenty, Dickson was seized with the fever and ague and in a few days' time he died. For three days the other had been so stupefied with the fever that he had not realised the extent of his misery, but on the fourth day he awoke and found his appalling position.

"All morning," he said, looking at me eagerly, "the words rang in my ears, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will answer you.' I must have heard it in church long ago, and I prayed to God to send me help, and he has heard my prayer. But the next world that Dickson wanted me to tell him about, what of it, how could I tell him about a thing I did not know myself."

"Surely," I said, "you were taught something of heaven and hell, and that we all must die some day." He laughed at me, with the wild gleam coming into his eyes again as he answered, "Who was to teach me about dying—my lady mother? No, she would have shrunk from speaking of that, it was life, life for her. What had she to do with death? and as for the lessons of church, they are long ago knocked out with the roughing I have passed through."

The fever asserted its power again, and before I had time to speak a word of comfort to lead him to the fountain of life, he was raving once more worse than ever. It was very sad to sit and listen to him calling upon his mother, and stroking the blanket, and fancying it her soft velvet gown. Then the recollection of the last interview would thrust itself upon his mind, and he repeated over again her words as she cursed him for ruining the father who was so lenient to him, and for causing such misery to the mother who bore him. After one of the violent attacks, he gradually sank, and in the course of another hour he died.

It was a solemn lesson, more solemn than any sermon I ever heard, or could hear, and I knelt down in that little tent beside the dead miner, and prayed as I never had done before, pouring out thanksgiving to my Father in heaven for having given me a mother who had taught me where to look for help, and strength in the hour of temptation.

On reaching the camp that night I intimated to my friend Joe, that I should "make tracks right away" for San Francisco. No, this time I was deaf to his persuasions; the largest nugget that ever was dug would not have tempted me, for the sight of that dead miner, lying far in the lonely backwood, was too vivid in my mind. I returned with some men the next morning, and buried him close to the creek, under a live oak tree; but I could not even carve his name had I been willing, for he died without telling me who he was.

CHRIST'S POWER.

UNDER the title of "The High Places of the Bible" (Loughley, 3s. 6d.), the Rev. John Thomas has written a very readable, instructive, and inspiring book. Mr. Thomas excels in descriptive power, and some of his exhortations and perorations are very forceful. For instance, in the chapter on The Mount of Prayer, after detailing the various lessons inculcated, the author concludes in the following words:—"The central figure in all the scenes that surround the mountain of Galilee is Jesus. Jesus by his own power feeding the hungry thousands out of the small but all-inclusive gifts of an humble few, and yet returning to those givers far more than they surrendered. Jesus, treading the stormy deep in the grey of early dawn to succour these same men, who vainly battled against wind and wave in unequal strife, and by His presence and word calming sea, and sky, and bringing the weather-beaten sailors safe to land. Jesus, between the two conditions, on the lonely hill, apart, during the still night, in prayer. The lessons are not seen at once, but are suggested by these incidents. Just as His people must, so did Jesus gain strength and power for His mighty mission, by prayer—not just the prayer he might have offered, when the twelve were near; but, by the agony of soul in fervent wrestling with God, when all the world slept and He and God were left alone! Oh, my readers! to do God's work, we must know what it is to tarry all night with Him! Jesus knew

the power of personal, long-continued agonising before God, when no human presence diverted, or hindered, or generalised the prayer, and He used that power; so, He was strong to work, to suffer, to help, and to bless. Ho who spends whole nights with God, can spend whole days with suffering, sinning, repentant men, and shed a hallowed blessing on them, as from the hand of the reconciled Father. Readers, we learn of Jesus how to pray; we learn of Him the vast importance of prayer; we learn of Jesus the grave necessity for prayer; we learn of Him, also, the prevailing power of prayer. But, there is another precious truth suggested by this scene, Jesus praying. "He ever lives to make intercession for us." He is on the mountain, apart, and by His prayers He obtains for us "grace to help in time of need." We may be seeking in active service to do good to souls, feed them with the bread of life; Jesus takes our small and mean supplies, and as we go from His intercession to our work, He multiplies our powers until they accomplish all that is to be done, and leave us richer than before! Oh, tempest-tossed soul! Thou art toiling with rowing, the sky has gathered blackness! the night is dark, the winds howl and rage around thy frail bark—the sea rises and lashes thy groaning, shivering vessel till every timber quivers and every joint starts. The laughter of devils seems to mingle with the shriek of the storm. And thou dost think that thou art alone, fighting alone, struggling alone, and that thy ship must go down. Oh the ship won't go down! Jesus is on the mount of prayer! He sees thee down there in the hollow trough of the sea. He sees thee again, poised on the treacherous crest of the angry wave. He sees thy vain toil and struggle, and forth from Him has come to thee the power of salvation—"saving to the uttermost;" and in the grey of dawn, before the morning comes, He will come to thee, my reader, and in the omnipotence of power—the power of prayer—which is thine as well as His—thine because His, He will shed peace and calm about thee; and thy weary panting heart shall grow reposeful and restful, for He will come into thy shattered bark, and steer it to the shore. Do I ever doubt the present meditation and intercession of Jesus? Let me then turn my eyes back to the days when He trod Galilee, and Judea, and went through Samaria—let me creep up the lonely hill, and hide me behind some sheltering rock, and listen to the midnight agonising of the "Man of Sorrows," as he pleads His father's promises, and opens up the rich treasures of his own trustful faith; and then let me watch from my hiding-place as He, the Son of Man, and of pain, and of weariness, and of tears, goes down the slope with quick steps to the sea, and on the pathway of storm hastens to give succour, and peace, and rest, and above all Himself, to the despairing and heart-faint disciples. Can I doubt Him then? No! My Lord, now that He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, still occupies the mount of prayer; and whether His disciples are trying in sin's wilderness to feed the hungry thousands with a too scant supply, or whether they battle for very life, or sink exhausted before the wild storms of adversity and woe, He will do for them all they need, and crown all He does with the abiding gift of HIMSELF!

We trust many of our readers will get this book.

"THE MON IS IN HEAVEN."

DR. HAWKER, in reply to one who came and asked him if he was not going out to see something very grand that was going on in the town, said, "What are all earthly sights to me? Mine eyes have seen the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. What care I about earthly sights? My eyes and all that belong to me are heavenward." That gracious old minister of the Gospel, Mr. Gadsby, once went to see the doctor, and he was not prepared to like him; he had heard that he did not dwell sufficiently on the experience of God's people. But, after sitting with him some time, on his return home a friend said to him, "Have you seen Dr. Hawker?" He replied in his Lancashire dialect, "I have not seen the mon. I have only seen his feet and his legs. The mon is in heaven. I never heard such talk in my life. He knows Jesus Christ most intimately."—Rev. G. D. Doudney.

Conscience is the magnetic needle which is given to us to direct our course. Worldly wisdom, like a spyglass, may show breakers ahead, but cannot guide across the ocean.

THE HEROES OF THE COVENANT.

BY FULTON SMITH.

"Freedom to worship God."

ON a bright morning in March, 1638, there assembled in the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, a numerous company of earnest pious men and women. It was a day never to be forgotten. Men, hoary-headed and bent with age, trudged many a weary mile from their homes among the glens and hills of their native land to be present at this important gathering. The highways leading from the surrounding districts to the metropolis were thronged with eager crowds of old and young. What could it be that so stirred the hearts of these men and women, made their conversation so animated, and caused tears to flow down many a furrowed cheek, while the countenances of the young beamed with a calm, cheerful look of buoyant hope? The time was ripe for the Scottish nation to make a clear and open confession of faith. Well may the aged mourn for the days when they could worship their God in peace, none daring to make them afraid! The young must now declare themselves upon the side of Gospel, truth, and liberty. Presbyterian worship, the worship of their forefathers, was in danger of being undermined, and finally swept away before the dread flood of Popery. King Charles I. wished to enforce his own form of worship upon the people; he resolved to introduce into the Scottish service some features which were only too closely allied to Roman Catholicism. His courtiers also had shown signs recently of adherence to the Romish Church, and it leaked out that the King himself, when in Holland, had sworn fealty to the Pope of Rome. A century had scarce passed away since John Knox had lifted up his voice and testimony against Papal aggression, and had succeeded in pulling down the monasteries scattered up and down the country. The enthusiasm of the first Reformation was, however, somewhat abated, but the weapons of Rome were only being whetted the keener during the lull, and the operations of priestcraft were being directed in a new channel. Through the ritualism of prelacy was the foe about to make a fresh and formidable attack upon the simple form of Presbyterian worship. In every succeeding age has it been so, the tactics of the aggressive power of the Vatican devising some subtler scheme to accomplish the overthrow of Christendom.

This, then, was the occasion and necessity of the first national covenant of Scotland, from the subscription of which arose the name *Covenanters*. It was originally drawn up by one John Craig, of Edinburgh, in 1557, but was renewed, with an addition, by Archibald Johnston, afterwards Lord Warriston, in 1638. The church and churchyard of Greyfriars was densely filled with the "gravest, wisest, and best of Scotland's pious sons and daughters," met together to declare their allegiance to God and to maintain the purity of his worship. The meeting was constituted by Alexander Henderson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in a prayer of wonderful earnestness, pathos, and sublimity of tone. The great roll of parchment was then unfolded by Sir Archibald Johnston, who began to read the covenant aloud in a clear and sonorous voice. The religious awe which pervaded that vast concourse was as each one felt they were alone in the presence of the Majesty of Heaven. The text of the covenant was as follows:—

"We, perceiving how Satan, in his members, the anti-christs of our time, cruelly doth rage, seeking to overthrow and destroy the evangel of Christ and His congregation, might, accordingly to our bounden duty, to strive in our Master's cause, even unto the death, being certain of the victory in Him—the which, our duty being well considered, we do promise before the Majesty of God and His congregation. That we, by His grace, shall, with all diligence, continually apply our whole power, substance, and our very lives, to maintain, set forward, and establish the most blessed Word of God and His congregation, and shall labour at our possibility to have faithful ministers, purely and truly to minister Christ's evangel and sacraments to His people. We shall maintain them, nourish them, and defend them, the whole congregation of Christ, and every member thereof, at our sole powers and waiving [expending] of our lives against Satan and all wicked power that does intend tyranny and rebellion against the aforesaid congregation. Unto the which

holy word and congregation we do join us, and also do renounce and forsake the congregation of Satan, with all superstitions, abominations, and idolatry thereof. And, moreover, shall declare ourselves manifestly enemies thereto by this our faithful promise before God, testified to His congregation, by our subscription at these presents. God called to witness."

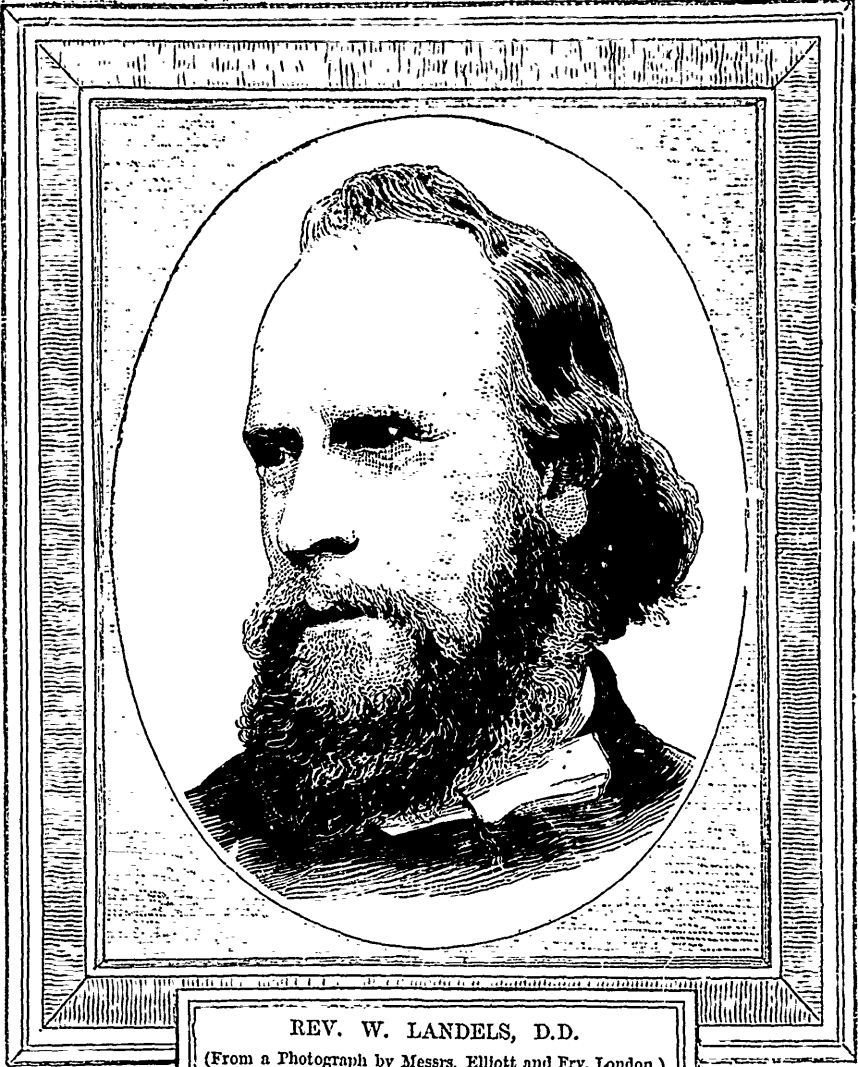
After the document was read, none seemed disposed to break in upon the solemn, sacred stillness which prevailed over the assemblage, as if each thought the other more worthy to subscribe the first name upon the sacred bond. "At length an aged nobleman, the venerable Earl of Sutherland, came forward slowly and reverentially, and with throbbing heart and trembling hand, subscribed Scotland's covenant with God. All hesitation in a moment disappeared, as name after name was added to the instrument. After all within the church had signed, it was taken to the churchyard and spread out on a level gravestone to obtain the subscription of the assembled multitude. Here the scene became, if possible, still more impressive. The intense emotions of many became irrepresible. Some wept aloud; some burst into a shout of exultation; some, after their names, added the words *till death*; and some, opening a vein, subscribed with their own warm blood. As the space became filled, they wrote their names in a contracted form, limiting them at last to the initial letters, till not a spot remained in which another letter could be inscribed."

This testimony, so influentially signed, strengthened the hearts of the people and prepared them to face the calamitous times which awaited them. The blue banner of the Covenant thus nobly unfurled was, alas! soon destined to be dragged well-nigh to the ground and be dipped in the blood of its defenders. The uncompromising persecution which almost immediately followed upon this declaration of civil and religious liberty is one of the saddest records in human history. The Covenanters were driven to take up arms in self-defence.

The memorable Assembly in Glasgow, which met in May, 1638, presided over by Alexander Henderson, and in which the Royal Commissioner made a forebode attempt to prevent the free action of its members to abolish prelacy in Scotland, brought matters to a crisis. The King deeming his authority and dignity assailed through the resistance, thus offered to his commissioner, at once despatched a body of soldiers to enforce submission to his commands. Little did Janet Geddes think of the results which would follow that eventful day some twelve months before, when she picked her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, as he read the prayers in St. Giles's, and dared him "to say mass at her lug." It was the spark which lighted anew the torch of the Reformation. The manifesto which the people assembled in crowds to sign, and the outbreak of Glasgow Assembly, were but the natural sequence to the disturbance which that zealous woman so unceremoniously inaugurated.

The rights and liberties which these, our forefathers, strove and died for, are the rights and liberties we enjoy at this present hour. While the mighty changes in religious thought and practice which are occurring in these days, at home and abroad, with electric-like rapidity, it may be well to stand by to look back on the history of religious progress, and see if none of the ancient landmarks, so nobly defended by these devoted men, are being removed. If John Knox and his followers apprehended danger from Jesuitical machinations, there is surely cause enough for our being on the watch-tower of a pure faith and worship to defend and maintain the dear-bought privileges bequeathed by our ancestors.

DON'T HURRY.—What is life, if we are continually in a hurry? A fearful proportion of men kill themselves while pursuing the bubble of wealth. This rush and worry day after day, this restless anxiety after something you have not got, is like pebble-stones in machinery; they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off. You have a great deal of needless care; throw it off. Pull in the strings. Compact your business. Take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down on your head. Stop thinking of business and profit. Stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times than these in this doomed world. Your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of his own world.



REV. W. LANDELS, D.D.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.)

CHRIST THE KING.

A SERMON BY THE REV. W. LANDELS, D.D.

"And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords." -Rev. xix. 16.

I UNDERSTAND this text as asserting the kingly authority of Christ in the strongest possible manner, by attributing to Him supremacy over all things. In the context He is represented not only as crowned, but as having on His head many crowns; and in other Scriptures we are told that kings are His servants, and rulers bow to His authority; and that they pay Him homage, who exact and receive homage from others. "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba offer gifts. Yea, all kings fall down before Him; all nations serve Him." He is the Prince of the kings of the earth, King of kings and Lord of lords.

In the first place, the title testifies to His pre-eminent kingly qualities. The true king is not merely the man who reigns, but whose qualities mark him out for dominion. He is, as the title itself indicates, the best regulator, or, as we say in our Saxon speech, the man who *can*, the capable man, the man who can command, not simply because he can wield the brute force, which compels the weak to submit, but the wise and good qualities which make it a privilege to obey Him, and who shows men what is fitting and best for them to do. We are far from saying that such qualities have been always united with the kingly office. Oftentimes, alas! they have been far enough divorced. The world is not always fortunate enough to find its true kings. Either they do not exist, or they have not been discovered, or, for some reason or other, they cannot be had. The title has been oftentimes borne, and the office filled by usurpers, who, by shrewd strength and cunning, have forced their way upwards, or by respectable or vicious nonentities, who received it by inheritance, much evil to the community, which they crushed or burdened, but did not govern, being the result of their elevation; but when the world has been happy enough to have the kingly qualities united with the kingly functions, it has shown by its satisfaction with their rule while it lasted, by the manner in which it has preserved their memory after their death, by the epithet which it has coupled with their names—thus it has shown that even in the public estimation the true King is a man, who by His great and good qualities is competent to guide men aright. The qualities which should be associated with the kingly office, judging from the writing of poets and others, are such as these: a courage which fears nothing but wrong; wisdom that can discern and direct; power to protect the interests and win the hearts of others; equity of administration; chivalrous defence of the injured and the weak; large-hearted generosity; a solicitous regard for the welfare of others, and a sacrifice of self in the promotion of that noble end. These, and such as these, are the qualities that befit a king. He who is distinguished by them is royal by nature. Be his rank high or low, he is a virtual king of men. If he fill the throne, these qualities shed lustre on his exalted station, and are fraught with benefits to the community which he governs; if he move in humbler spheres, then, so far as he is known, he wields over others a kingly power, commanding their homage in either case as no one else can. While a stern despot would only excite men's fears, and a weak sentimentalist elicit their contempt, the true King will excite their love and respect. Because of the calumny which sometimes assails a man so distinguished, he may not be at once recognised; but no sooner do men become conscious of his real worth than they instinctively pay him homage. The name of the Second Charles has become a by-word in the nation, which once so foolishly lauded him, while that of Cromwell emerges from clouds of prejudice and slander, and shines like the sun in the cloudless firmament. Such men and the power they wield inspire homage. The First Napoleon was not much of a man morally considered, but he was possessed of some kingly qualities; and there are few more striking scenes recorded in history than his presenting himself to the French army on his return from Elba, when the very soldiers who were ordered to take him bound or dead were struck as statues by his kingly eyes. He spoke; they broke their ranks; they clasped his knees. Such a tendency is common. Let any evidence of the heroic be displayed, and it will not fail to elicit in

some degree the homage and admiration of mankind. And what is this tendency but an indication and a result of man's need of someone to govern and to guide, someone to whose more powerful will they may surrender their own? Their happiness is greatly promoted, when they find one possessed of the requisite qualities; and not a little of their misery is occasioned by their rendering submission to those who are unworthy. What is one and all human governments but a proof of this, and a proof, too, of men's inability to provide for themselves what they so much need.

We dare not think for a moment of comparing our Lord with the men who have been most distinguished by the attributes which I have named. His immeasurable superiority would render such a comparison profane. I have but to remind you of what you have learned before, that whilst the noblest men have possessed these qualities but partially and imperfectly, they exist in Him in a perfected state, in harmonious combination, and in infinite measure. He is the world's ideal King, the object of all its longings, whether they have been related in story or uttered in song. Its fabulous heroes, or the true kings whom it has honoured most, almost deifying some of them, because of the good which they conferred on their people, whether or not they existed as they are seen through the haze with which distance and romance have surrounded them—these men, so far as they were good, are but darkened and shadowy types of the All-perfect One. He combined in Himself all that was kingly in them, while He is exempt from all the imperfections by which their kingly character was marred. Even in the days of His flesh, when His circumstances were so humble, His parents so mean, when He was known as the carpenter's son, the companion of fishermen, publicans, and sinners, a homeless wanderer, these qualities made themselves manifest through all the meanness of His condition. Even men who pretended to despise His teaching felt the majesty of His utterances, and confessed the presence of a kingly nature when they exclaimed, "Never man spake like this man." Even then He exerted a power which took captive men's hearts, and made them who had once felt His influence ready to be bound or to die for His sake, and to rejoice if they were accounted worthy even to suffer shame on His behalf. Since then the mere story of His life and death circulating among the nations, has charmed and won the affections of men, and brought them to bow in humble submission at His feet, until even the foremost nations of the world are more or less subject to His sway; and though He controlled the elements of nature, and asserted His mastery over death and the grave, and by these and other works proved that He was possessed of more than kingly power, yet it was less His miraculous works than His moral qualities—the purity of His doctrine, the beauty of His life, His indescribable moral majesty, the soul-subduing influence which surrounded Him as a halo and went out from Him—that gave Him His mastery over the souls of men. Oh, He is the true King! The heart of humanity, when brought into contact with Him, instinctively recognises its Lord. Though men, through self-will, may refuse allegiance, they cannot but feel how majestic, yea, how god-like was His life; and in proportion as he is revealed to men, in that proportion must they do him homage, voluntarily or by constraint. The noble souls recognising Him first, by reason of their greater sympathy with Him, will prostrate themselves before Him and thus lead the world to pay its homage at His feet, as the magi laid their gold and frankincense there. In point of kingly qualities there are none among the sons of men to be compared with Him. Above all kings He is *the* King, of all lords He is *the* Lord—King of kings and Lord of lords.

Then, again, this passage asserts His control over the mightiest and most exalted of men, for although his dominion is not so extensive as it is destined to become, and the title He bears has not in fact attained to its fullest significance, it is, nevertheless, true that even now He exercises dominion over the kings of the earth. Whether or not they recognise His authority, they are still under His control. Outward wickedness may characterise the steps by which they reached the throne; deeds of treason or of bloodshed may have helped and aided their success; they may never have recognised God as having anything to do with their affairs; yet they are, nevertheless, indebted for their position to Him, and it is by His power and will alone that they hold their crown, for "the powers that be are ordained of God." All the glory of kings withers when He breathes upon it. At His will their strength becomes weakness, the sceptre drops

from their hand, and their dominion is gone for ever. He raiseth up one and casteth down another. He removeth kings and setteth up kings. Even their actions, little as they think it, are ruled by Him, determined by Him. However great and seemingly irresponsible their power, they can do nothing, except as the Lord permit. I say "seemingly irresponsible" because in this life there is no such thing. The most violent and relentless despot is hedged in by inexorable laws, which he can no more successfully resist than the vessel the rock against which she is shivered to atoms. While they move within the limits of His permission they are free; but let them come into collision with His purposes they are consumed like a bubble, scattered like the dust on the threshing floor. Even the purposes of their heart are not independent of His will. Little regard as they have to His requirements, though they may consult only their own inclinations and make it their business to please themselves, yet they are but instruments which He uses for the fulfilment of His designs. The hearts of the kings, as of all men, are in the hands of the Lord, as rivers of water, to turn them whithersoever He will. In spite of them, or by means of them, He doeth according to His will in the courts of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. I do not say that kings or other men are treated like material things, and so deprived of their free agency and responsibility. I do not imagine that their actions are controlled and determined as the affairs of nature are: I believe something as different from that as it is possible to believe in this connection, something as different as is consistent with government at all. The Lord governs man as truly as He governs matter. We are of a different nature, and He governs us in a different manner. He rules us by motive and not by force. Despite all reasoning to the contrary, our conscience tells us that we have the power within certain limits to do as we choose. Freedom is granted wherever responsibility is imposed; and though freedom has actually issued in the voluntary rebellion of many of God's creatures, yet still even then the Lord reigns. He has set bounds beyond which rebels cannot pass. His creatures may offer opposition to His will, but they cannot overthrow his dominion. Foreseeing their opposition, He has woven it into the web of His great plan, and will make it all contribute to the accomplishment thereof. The Calvinism may be false, I should say must be false, which impugns the Divine character by limiting the Divine goodness; but the Calvinism which eschews the doctrine of chance, and connects all events with a Divine appointment must commend itself to every man with a right perception of the Divine. He who determined the creation of every atom must assuredly exercise control over the minis of His nobler creatures. If in the kingdom of providence and of matter He has left nothing undetermined, it is difficult to believe that there is any chance in the kingdom of grace and of mind. We may not know, nay, we do not know, how the freedom of his creatures may be made consistent with the Divine control; but we should not forget that God has modes of action of which we know nothing. Much as the problem may perplex us, it is, nevertheless, certain that the assaults of persecutors and the opposition offered by his enemies to the progress of His truth are as assuredly, though in a different manner, under His control, as are the affairs of nature. These things appear to us enshrouded in mystery. What then? Are we on that account to limit His dominion? No, verily, rather should our ignorance lead us to prostrate ourselves more humbly before His awful majesty, and to offer unto Him a profounder adoration. Committing all that concerns us to His righteous disposal without question, and without hesitation yielding up our wills, and identifying our interests with His, His supremacy will be the source of our consolation and the bond of our hope. Gladly shall we join in the song—"The Lord reigneth! Let the earth rejoice." This is our pledge for the destruction of evil and the triumph of good, for the ultimate prevailing of truth and righteousness, for vengeance on the oppressor and justice to the oppressed. He whose name is holy, whose heart is love, who died for us and wears our nature still, who doeth justice and loveth mercy, whose ways are righteousness and truth—He is the King of kings and Lord of lords, He doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. The Lord reigneth! Let the earth rejoice! Let the inhabitants of the world be glad thereof!

In the third place, this title foretells His universal dominion; and in so doing it does but chime with other scriptures, which need not now be quoted, inasmuch as all

Scriptures, however much they differ as to the means by which such a desirable consummation is to be accomplished, are one in the belief, that the same Lord, who governs in nature and providence, is yet to extend His dominion and be the acknowledged King over all the earth. It is not for us to say in what way this shall be brought about. I cannot quite endorse the opinion that it is to be effected by a gradual, and gentle, and almost imperceptible process, just as the darkness, when the day dawns, gradually gives place to the light of the sun. The vision in which the text occurs, as well as various other Scriptures, seems to justify the belief, that the transition will not be thus smooth and undisturbed, but that great commotions, great judgments on the ungodly, frantic efforts on their part to hinder the progress of the Gospel, followed by terrible disasters to themselves, will precede what we call the millennial age. But neither can I quite assent to the representations of those who speak as if the Gospel had proved a failure, and would try to make us believe, contrary to the evidence of our senses, that the world is constantly going from bad to worse, and will soon reach that state of deterioration and corruption, will soon become so utterly depraved and hopeless, that there will be no remedy at all for it. While loth to criticise the utterances of men who are so manifestly in earnest and devout, I cannot agree, for example, with such writing as this:—

" Evil darkly reigneth;
Fought of love remaineth;
And the Bride complaineth—
Come, Lord, come away.

To write this, is surely to blind one's eyes to all the facts of history, and to view things, not as they are, but as the exigencies of a theory require. Nor can I see what good is likely to arise from the indulgence of such morbid sentimentalism. While it is at variance with fact, it is mischievous in tendency, because it puts an argument into the mouth of the adversaries of the Gospel. It may be—I do not know whether it will or not—that the millennium is to be introduced by the personal appearance of our Lord; but, certainly, the theory is not commended to us, when we find men attempting to ignore the blessed and manifold fruits which the Gospel has produced, by telling us that nothing of love remains, that the world is becoming worse every day, and is worse to-day than it has ever been before—I say we cannot accept the theory any the more, when we find men trying to support it by such manifestly unfounded assertions as these. The world is far from being what it should be, or what it will be, when Christ reigns. True, wickedness abounds in the most enlightened nations, which dishonours God and calls loudly for the efforts of Christian men; but, after all, Christianity, since the advent of our Lord, has effected no slight transformation in its character, nor is there any sign as yet of its influence waning. Why, it is more aggressive, it not more powerful, now than it has ever been. The dew of its youth is upon it still; and whatever reverses may await it in future, it seems destined, ere long, to realise greater conquests than it has ever yet achieved. But whether the grand end will be gained in this way or that, the one comforting thought for every Christian is, that, in some way, the cause of Christ is destined to triumph. His universal sovereignty secures this, being King of kings and Lord of lords, Prince of the kings of the earth, vested with unlimited authority, and wielding an omnipotent sceptre. The prophecies which foretell the triumph of His kingdom cannot fail to be accomplished. Error or evil may be tenacious of existence, and long hold sway in the earth, but ultimately truth and goodness will triumph. The struggle may be long, very long; but the issue is not doubtful. The fiercest opposition cannot hinder, will not even retard for a moment the prophesied result. Faint of heart and faithless, dost thou fear lest the foe should prevail? Remember, we have a King on our side, who makes the clouds His chariot and rides on the wings of the wind, and wields for His own purposes the thunder and the lightning of the skies. Let His enemies do their worst; let infidelity wield its polished weapons of attack; let Popery chain the Word of God, and light its martyr fires, and make rivers of blood to flow as in days of old; let the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing; let the kings and princes of the earth plot against the Lord and His anointed, saying, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast their cords from us"; let persecutors cry, "Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war," "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." Their fiercest hostility will only manifest

their own impotence and the omnipotence of our King. His dominion shall extend, until every knee shall bow to Him, until every heart shall worship, until every tongue shall be vocal with His praise, until one song shall employ all nations, and all cry, "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us."

In conclusion, let me remind all present that we must have Christ for our sovereign, or we cannot have Him for our Saviour. Christ only redeems us, when He reigns over us. If we would embrace Him as our Sovereign, we must acknowledge Him as our King. We can have nothing to do with Him who is the King of kings and Lord of lords, we cannot enjoy His protection, we cannot look to Him for deliverance, unless we render ourselves to Him, as His willing subjects, give up to Him our heart's best affections, the control of our lives, and the submissions of our wills.

ARROWS.

THE editor of the *Christian Age* has just issued a compilation entitled, "Arrows and Anecdotes, by D. L. Moody" (1s. and 2s. 6d.), and many will be glad to have this compact and well got-up little volume. We certainly think it a waste of time and paper to devote thirty-seven pages to a biographical notice of the Evangelist, whose "life" may be had from a penny to half-a-guinea; but there may be others who think otherwise. At any rate the book, though late, is worth preserving, and heartily welcome, and we give a few extracts which may perhaps be fresh to our readers.

THE MOST REGULAR CHURCH-GOER.

Many think they have been born again because they go to church. A great many say: "Oh! yes, I am a Christian; I go to church every Sabbath." Let me say here that there is no one in all London that goes to church so regularly as Satan. He is always there before the minister, and he is the last one out. There is not a church or chapel in London, but that he is a regular attendant of it. The idea that he is only down in the slums, and lazes, and alleys of London is a false one. The idea that he is only in public-houses—I will confess I think he is there, and that he is doing his work very well—but to think that he is only there, is a false idea. He is wherever the Word is preached; it is his business to be there and catch away the seed. He is here to-night. Some of you may go to sleep, but he won't. Some of you may not listen to the sermon, but he will. He will be watching, and when the seed is just entering into some heart, he will go and catch away. Now, I tell you, my dear friends, before you get home the devil will meet you and say: "Don't believe it, you can't be saved that easy"; and you will have a terrible struggle with him. But I'll tell you what to do when he meets you. Just quote Scripture to him, and he will flee away at once. That's what the Saviour did. He said to him: "It is written—it is written,"—and away went the devil in an instant; he couldn't stand Scripture. And that's the only way to conquer him. Say to him: "It is written, and I believe the Word of God before I believe you, devil,"—and depend on it he will leave you.

THE REPENTANT SON.

I remember to have heard a story, somewhere, of a bad boy who had run away from home. He had given his father no end of trouble. He had refused all the invitations which his father had sent him to come home and be forgiven, and help to comfort his old heart. He had even gone so far as to scoff at his father and mother. But one day a letter came, telling his father was dead, and they wanted him to come home and attend the funeral. At first he determined he would not, but then he thought it would be a shame not to pay some respect to the memory of so good a man after he was dead; and so, just as a matter of form, he took the train and went to the old home, sat through all the funeral services, his father buried, and came back with the rest of the friends to the house, with his heart as cold and stony as ever. When the old man's will was brought out to be read, the grateful son found that his father had remembered him along with all the rest of the family in the will, and had left an inheritance with the others, who had not gone astray. It broke his heart. It was too much for him, that his old father, during all those years in which he had been so wicked and rebellious, had never ceased to love him. That is just the way our Father in heaven does with us. That is just the way

Jesus does with people who refuse to give their hearts to Him. He loves them in spite of their sins, and it is the love which, more than anything else, brings hard-hearted sinners to their knees.

CUT THE CORD.

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the grey dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him, he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the thought struck him: "Surely that man is blind!" He turned round and said: "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

EVERYDAY RELIGION.

BY SALLIE A. HUMES.

EVERYDAY religion takes its lights and shades from the duties in which we engage. It we work because we must, but do not enjoy the labour, there will be little sunshine in the day, the spiritual sky will be cloudy, and there may be flashes of lightning and mutterings of thunder. A true Christian sometimes feels the ever-recurring duties monotonous, and wonders if he, one of God's chosen, is really called to such hard work. If the duty lies across his path it is his, and it need not be despised because there is nothing inspiring in it. Let it be done well, and as often as it presents itself, until the Master finds some other work for him, and another takes his place.

A religion that is worn every day must not be too good to wash dishes, sweep, iron, make soap, cook or sew; it must not wear broadcloth to plough, or kids to make hay, but with sunny temper and willing hands it must do the work, and, however monotonous, if cheerfulness be carried into it, the Christian graces will develop in its repeated performance. All honest labour is right, and will not hurt the purest religion we can wear while at the humblest work. We have no right, therefore, to put on a murky dress, or cloudy face to work in, because we don't like the job, nor any excuse for getting angry on wash-day, or laying aside religious obligations during a busy season. Machinery not in use soon becomes rusty, and a religious life that lies dormant when other duties are pressing, will not find many opportunities to shine.

IMPATIENT OF SUCCESS.

OUR Sunday-schools in some places have, I fear, caught a little of the spirit of the times, the frenzy of excitement, the impatience of delay, the mad haste to succeed. We are tempted to think that because the world has witnessed such vast changes since Sunday-schools were established, and our civilisation is so different a thing now from what it once was, therefore our work is different; forgetting that there are precisely the same conditions of success to fulfil, the same advantages, and the same difficulty—or rather difficulties arising from the same causes. The fact is, God's work is not to be done in a hurry now, any more than at any former time. Improvement in the contrivances of civilisation has not taught us how to compass our scholars' conversion in whole schools or even in entire classes—it has left us just where it found us in this respect, namely, that we have to bring them one by one to Christ in the good old way.—*Mr. S. Edwards, Birmingham.*

CHRISTIAN HOSPITALITY.

BY DR. TALMAGE.

THE day will come when we will all be turned out-of-doors, without any exception—bare-foot, bare-head, no water in the canteen, no bread in the haversack, and we will go in that way into the future world. And I wonder if eternal hospitalities will open before us, and if we will be received into everlasting habitations? Francis Frescobald was a rich Italian, and he was very merciful and very hospitable. One day, an Englishman by the name of Thomas Cromwell appeared at his door asking for shelter and alms, which were cheerfully rendered. Frescobald afterward lost all his property, became very poor, and wandered up into England; and one day he saw a procession passing, and lo! it was the Lord Chancellor of England; and lo! the Lord Chancellor of England was Thomas Cromwell, the very man whom he had once befriended down in Italy. The Lord Chancellor, at the first glance of Frescobald, recognised him and dismounted from his carriage, threw his arms around him and embraced him, paid his debts, invited him to his house, and said; "Here are ten pieces of money to pay for the bread you gave me, and here are ten pieces of money to provide for the horse you loaned me, and here are four bags, in each of which are four hundred ducats. Take them and be well." So it will be at last with us. If we entertain Christ in the person of His disciples in this world, when we pass up into the next country, we will meet Christ in a regal procession, and He will throw His arms around about us, and He will pour all the wealth of heaven into our lap, and open before us everlasting hospitalities. And oh, how tame are the richest entertainments we can give on earth compared with the regal munificence which Christ will display before our souls in heaven. I was reading the account which Thomas Fuller gives of the entertainment provided by George Neville. Among other things, for that banquet they had three hundred quarters of wheat, one hundred and four tuns of wine, eighty oxen, three thousand capons, two hundred cranes, two hundred kids, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four bitterns, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four hundred plover, one hundred quail, one hundred curlews, fifteen hundred hot pasties, four thousand cold venison pasties, four thousand custards,—the Earl of Warwick acting as steward, and servitors one thousand. Oh, what a grand feast was that; but then compare it with the provision which God has made for us on high: that great banquet hour; the one hundred and forty and four thousand as guests: all the harps and trumpets of heaven as the orchestra; the vintage of the celestial hills poured into the tankards; all the fruits of the orchards of God piled on the golden platters; the angels of the Lord for cup-bearers, and the once folded starry banner of the blue sky flung out over the scene, while seated at the head of the table shall be the One who eighteen centuries ago declared: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Our sins pardoned, may we all mingle in those hospitalities!

CHRISTIAN SUNSHINE.

ALMOST any one can endure a word of encouragement. There is nothing more depressing in a commercial or mechanical establishment, where a young man is trying to do his duty, than to meet with entire silence on the part of his employers, save when he has done something wrong or failed in a specific undertaking. And if men need encouragement in secular service, how much more do they need it in the service of God? Let Christian men tell all the joyous things they know, and recite the most exhilarating promises of the Gospel, and breathe out of their own life anything by way of encouragement into the hearts of those who may be depressed and despondent. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is the grandest practical encouragement any man can have. It is not a mere sentiment, or whim, or phantasy; it is something which a man may enter with his entire physical, mental, and moral nature.

The religion of Jesus Christ is illumination. There are a thousand things in life that are very dark to us. There are

many things in our own constitution that need explanation. We are coming across a hundred things in life that are beyond our capacity of solution. How grand to come back from all the mysteries and the unsuccessful soundings in life to God's word, and to the glorious Gospel, and find there an explanation for everything. The religion of Jesus Christ is never in all the Bible once represented as darkness. It is a lamp. It is a lantern. It is a daybreak. It is a noontide glory. It is an illumination.

More than that; our religion is warmth. It is not a light falling on icebergs. It is warmth, sympathy, kindness, congeniality. There may be men so egotistical or so self-proud that they can go through life without any expression of kindness or sympathy or help on the part of others; but we do not know such men. The vast majority of persons whom we have happened to meet are those who need the comfort, the all-heartedness, of religion. It is more than all this, for it is an anticipation. It pays down into a man's soul certain instalments of grace and satisfaction, but it goes on to give there will be other instalments—when days of trial and perplexity come, more instalments; when death itself shall appear before the soul, another instalment; the final instalment paid when the soul stands before the throne of God eternally emancipated. So that, however much religion may be to us now, it is a very small affair compared with what it will be to us after a while, when we have clambered up to higher associations, and have carried other burdens, and have gained other victories. Let us rejoice because of what it is now; but rejoice still more exhilarantly, because of what it will be in the future.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand secret sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets."

—Christian at Work.

BILLY BRAY'S TATURS.

I WAS goin' to tell the story that I heard from dear Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and is what he said:—

"Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my 'tatur. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, and says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'

"I should reckon he do," I says.

"Well, I don't," says the tempter in a minute.

"If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to 'em for his 'pinions ben't worth the leastest bit o' notice.

"I don't," says he, "and I tell 'ee what for; if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you as pretty 'tatur; so much as ever you do want, and ever so many 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it ben't no trouble for your Father to do anythink; and he could 'a' easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would."

"O' course I wasn't goin' to let him talk o' my Father that, so I turned round 'pon him. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may you happen to be, comin' to me a-talkin' like this? If I ben't mistaken, I know you, sir, and I know my Father too. And to think o' your comin' a-sayin' he don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'. An' I'm sorry to add, that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as ever a poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothing but a slap to my back, and a wretched home, and an' aching head, no 'tatur—and the fear o' hell-fire to finish up with. Here's my dear Father in heaven; I've been a poor servant of his, off and on, for thirty years. And he's given me a good heart, and a soul full o' joy, and a lovely suit o' white clothes never wear out; and he says that he will make a king of me before he've done, and that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him forever and ever. And now you come up a-talkin' like that!

"Bless 'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like a shot—I do wish he had—and he never had no manners to say good-morning."

DAN'L QUINN

A SILVER LINING.

THE old proverb that "every cloud has a silver lining," is strikingly exemplified in a little book we have just been reading. Under the title of "Annals of An Unquiet Neighbourhood" (Longley, Is.), Mr. Yeames very tellingly narrates his ministerial experiences in the East of London, more especially in connection with the beloved Miss McCarthy.

"The following," says Mr. Yeames, "is the experience of a woman who has for many years walked worthily of her profession. We give it as nearly as possible in her own words:—

"It was on a Sunday morning that I was first made to think about my soul. I had been selling in the street as usual, when I heard a young man preaching at the top of Banner-street, and I went and listened. While I listened I became very wretched, and could not hold up my head. I was rooted to the spot and could not move, though I knew my husband's dinner was spoiling. "If all this is true," says I to myself, "it won't do for me to go on as I have been goin' on." I went home and said to my husband, "Now it's no use your making a noise, for I couldn't have come home before, not if fifty dinners had been spoiling; no more would you if you had heard what I've heard, and felt what I've felt." So in the evening I went to look for some humble place where I could hear more about my soul—not a big church or chapel, you know, but just a little humble place where nobody wouldn't notice me. I went down Chequer Alley, and there stood our old lady (Miss McCarthy) at the door of the little old room. "Are you coming in to-night, my dear?" she said, and so I says I was, and I went in. But I felt worse than ever. And in the prayer-meeting she saw how miserable I was, and she came and spoke to me, and she seemed to know all that was in my heart, she did. And she spoke so kind, and all—she is the best friend I ever had—God bless her! So afterwards they invited me to the little class, and I went, but I felt it wouldn't do for me to be selling in the street on Sunday mornings, and going to class in the afternoon.

"One Sunday morning Miss McCarthy came and said, "Now I want you to go to chapel with me." And I said, "Why, you'd be ashamed to walk along the street with such a one as me; besides, my husband won't let me go." "Oh!" she said, "I'll make that all right? let me help you on with your bonnet and shawl, and I'll go downstairs and ask your husband." "But you'd better not," I said, "he's sure to abuse you and swear at you." "But," said she, "I'm not afraid; God shut the mouths of the lions when Daniel was in the den, and He will shut his mouth." So she went down and asked him, and he said, "Take her, and welcome—I don't want her." We went to St. John's-square Chapel, and Mr. Perks preached, and my heart was more broke than ever. I went home and I said, "It's no use, I must save my soul, and I won't sell on Sunday any more." And soon I found peace with God, and I bless God for what He's done for me."

"She did not say, however—what was the fact—that she promised to go without food on Sundays, if her husband would not require her to sell in the streets. She has still to endure much, both of ridicule and annoyance, but once told me that, though she were thrust out of doors, with only a truss of straw and a crust of bread, she would never give up her religion."

PRAY FOR THE STANDARD BEARERS.

IT is sometimes the case that Christians forget to pray for those who really most need the help of their prayers. They look upon them as strong, and as needing no assistance. They think of their talents and abilities, of the works which they have done, and of the influence which they wield, and say, "Surely they have no need of any help from such weak ones as I!"

But greatness is no guarantee of goodness. Strong men have strong passions; great men have great faults. The man who to-day seems adequate to every emergency, capable of meeting and confounding every foe, may, by the subtle influence of temptation, before another morning dawns, be smitten, wounded, and destroyed. The fight rages most

fiercely where the banners wave above the fray; and those who have been set forth in the providence of God, and by the call of his Church to bear the standard in the fight of faith, of all persons need the earnest, sympathetic, prayerful help of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Many have fallen, and many now are trembling on the verge of overthrow. Pressed down with burdens, afflicted in various ways, tempted, tried, flattered, and praised, unless God interpose, it is a wonder that their lives are not an utter failure, and the hopes of those who love them wrecked in ruin and despair.

Let Christians remember the standard-bearers—those who lead the van, those who mould and guide the opinions of others, and who shape the sentiment which rules the hour. Let them be faithful to God in all they are called to do, and let us pray for them, that, fulfilling all His will, they may be accepted in His sight at last.—*Christian*.

WEAVING.

BY L. H. WATERHOUSE.

I SIT in the loom of life and weave. The Master stands by and patiently teaches me how to thread the shuttle and beat the threads in carefully. I must not stop until the work is finished, and the Master has promised to be with me to the end. I once fretted at my work, and tried not to do it, but the Master was firm and patient, and now I do it carefully through love for Him. I once was anxious to weave in threads of my own choosing, but I saw what pitiful work I made, and now I let the Master choose for me.

Even after I gave the threads into His care, I wondered that He gave me so many different kinds. Now I am satisfied with His choice for me. Some of the threads are golden and some are very dark. Tears have fallen over some places; my weary hand has often almost dropped the shuttle, but the Master has whispered to me, "Only a little longer, then rest."

Some of the threads are very, very fine. I can scarcely see them. I once scorned these, but I work carefully with them now, for the Master has a use for them. Once I often asked the Master when the end would be, now I am content not to know. I am glad that I have learned that it is blessed to weave. I once wanted the praise of those about me; now I ask, "Is the Master pleased?"

Sometime He will put His hand on mine and say, "The work is done; you need not throw the shuttle any more. Come with Me." I shall come down from the loom, He will cut out the web of life, and I shall go with Him and rest.

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

GIVE no countenance to the idea that the Sabbath-school effort is an outside affair, to be managed and conducted apart from the Church. It is rather the Church, the people of God, exercising their Christian activity in that particular mode. The Church has its Sabbath-school, as one of the means of training its own children in the doctrines and duties of religion. The children of the Church attend the school, and then, as a matter of course, remain with their parents to attend public worship. This fact is a good basis of operations for inducing the other children of the school to attend. Let the teachers and let the Church authorities keep this aim ever before their eyes. There is no way by which an irreligious family can be so surely and effectually benefited, as by inducing them to become connected with a Christian congregation, and to attend stately religious worship. Next to a house to shelter their bodies, a family should have some religious home, a place in some house of worship which they consider theirs, and in which they appear stately on the Sabbath. There is no means so effectual for securing this end as an efficient, well-ordered Sabbath-school. Teachers and superintendents should accustom themselves more than they now do to regard this as an important, indeed a leading part of their work. The Sabbath-school is an immense network of influences, and it should be continually putting out its feelers in every direction, to see what can be done towards reaching and bringing in those families which are without any Church connections.—*Dr. Hart*.

NO SECRETS.

THE moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those who are about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, I mean, of course.

A little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than women who tell too little. A man may be reticent and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman.

The girl who frankly says to her mother: "I have been here. I met so and so. Such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her great experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent.

You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.—N. Y. J.

RELIGION THE GREAT BUSINESS.

UNLESS I make religion my great and engrossing concern, I shall be a stranger to all solid peace and enjoyment. I have at times caught a glimpse of the comfort which yields to the spirit when I merge my will into God's will; when I resolve to have no will of my own separate from God. I feel quite assured that this renunciation of self and entire devotion to God's service, would give a simplicity and grandeur to my existence; would throw an unclouded sunshine over all my ways; would raise me above the cares and provocations of this life, would enhance even my sensible gratifications, and superadd those gratifications of a higher order which constitute the main and essential blessedness of heaven. O my God, may it be thus with me! Call me out of nature's darkness into thine own marvellous light! Give me to aspire after the graces and to hold forth to my acquaintances and above all to my children, the example of all righteousness. Conform me to the Gospel economy, under which I sit, that as Christ died for sin I may die to it; that as He arose again, I may rise to newness of life, and feel it my meat and drink to do Thy will.—Dr. Chalmers.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was most true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant, Dionysius, proffered to his daughters, saying that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable.

HABIT.—"I trust everything under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which in all ages the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wouted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying, cheating, or swearing."

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

What is the Real Distinction Between England and Rome? By the Bishop of Gloucester. (London: Cassell, Potter, and Galpin.) This little pamphlet is written with as much care as many would bestow on an article in the "Edinburgh." It is very elegantly got up, and the price—5s per 100, for gratuitous distribution—is very small.

Little Folks' Midsummer Volume. (London: Cassell. 3s. 6d.) We could almost wish to be young again to have the chance of enjoying such books as this. "Little Folks" has something to please all the youngsters, from the toddling one-year-old to the mature young gentleman of fifteen; and whether the visit fall with winter's snow or summer's flowers, they are always most welcome.

The Dear Old Home By I. B. L. (London: Stock.) A book for children, undoubtedly simple, yet forceful, and ingenious almost to a fault. We hope to see I. B. L. again.

Memorials of David Thomas, B.A. Edited by his Son. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) A living tribute to a man of sterling worth (the name of David Thomas will long be tenderly revered by those who had the good fortune of acquaintance with him and many who have never seen the subject of this Memoir will be glad to possess so simple narrative of so great, though unobtrusive a man.

Messrs. Partridge's monthlies are especially good this month—*Weekly Welcome, British Workman, Band of Hope Review, Children's Friend, Infant's Magazine, Friendly Visitor, Family Friend.* Their name is Legion, but the whole parcel only costs 11s., and the engraving in the "Welcome" is alone worth at least half the money.

Special attention is called to the Advertisement of "POND'S EXTRACT" in this issue. As an alleviator of pain and hæmorrhage—a healer of wounds—or as a subduer of any kind of inflammation, this extract has gained a reputation and sale in America so extraordinary, that it warrants the assumption that it is an article of great virtue. It is endorsed by Medical men, who more readily lend it their praise on account of its being merely a distilled extract of the Hamamelis or Witch Hazel Shrub, which is favourably mentioned in the medical works of all schools.

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