



CROWNED GOURA PIGEONS.—(See page 155.)

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## THE HOLY CALLING.

“For God hath not called us unto uncleanness; but unto holiness. I  
Thess., 4:7.

THE reference here is not to the universal call of the Gospel; but rather to that *state* to which God has called His people.

The words were addressed to the Church at Thessalonica, which was one of the purest of the early churches; and the epistle is expressly directed to those who were “in God the Father and in our Lord Jesus Christ.” These Christians are very highly spoken of by the Apostle: “We give thanks to God always for you all; making mention of you in our prayers, remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God, . . . and ye became followers of us and of our Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy in the Holy Ghost, so that ye were examples to all that believed in Macedonia and Achaia.”

To such a people were the words applied: “God hath not called us unto uncleanness but unto holiness,”—words which repeat that high calling of God, wherein he cries “Be ye holy for I am holy,” and enforcing the same doctrine at Thessalonica which was given to the disciples at Rome: “Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.”

And if we enquire what that will of God is, we have the answer :  
 " This is the will of God even your sanctification."

Let us look at the doctrine of holiness which is taught in the text at the head of this paper, and in many other passages of the word of God. That such a doctrine is revealed in the Scriptures must be evident to every one familiar with the Bible. Take a few of the many passages which might be noted : " Speak unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, and cry unto them, Ye shall be holy ; for I the Lord your God am holy." (Lev. xix. 2) ; again, " Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy, for I am the Lord your God." (Lev. xx. 7). We gather from the earnest breathings of prayer from the hearts of devoted men,—such prayer as the Holy Ghost has seen fit to record for our instruction,—that a state of purity or sanctification is to be desired. Such is David's prayer when he cries " Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." (Ps. li. 10) ; and also that of Paul for the Thessalonians : " And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Thess. v. 23). Such was the prayer of our adorable Master, who unsealed the fountain for sin, and cast up the highway of HOLINESS, and who cries to his God and our God, " Sanctify them through thy truth." (John xvii. 17). But lest it be said this is a state which we are to strive to enter into yet cannot reach, we will still add to the command and the prayers that " Promise of the Father," (Ezek. xxxvi. 25-27)—" Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean ; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you : a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you ; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh ; and I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments to do them."

While this is the clear testimony of scripture, we see also how fitting it is to a scheme of redemption wrought out for us by a holy God. If God cannot look upon sin with approbation, He cannot wish to see it in his people. They who oppose the doctrine must believe either that God *cannot* save from sin or that he *will not*. The first they dare not say ; the second—let no one be so presumptuous as to say.

Methodists use several terms as synonyms which may be briefly noticed. One is "Christian perfection." The time was when our enemies in the gate, called us in derision "perfectionists," because we used this expression. But what saith the scriptures? "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto *perfection*." "Dearly beloved let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, *perfecting* holiness in the fear of God." (2 Cor. vii. 1, 2.) We see from these passages that we have not gone beyond the scripture record in using the term "Christian perfection."

The term *Holiness*, comes from the same root as our word *whole*, and means ALL, EVERY PART. So applied to the desires of the mind to serve God, we find that when the whole desires, the whole purpose of our mind, is to serve the Lord and the prayer of faith, "Lord thou cans't,—yea do'st—make me clean," is sent up to God, then are we holy; and we then fulfil that royal command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

The word "Sanctify," or "Sanctification," means to SET APART—to SEPARATE. We have a clear example of the meaning of the word as applied to certain articles used in the Temple service—they were to be kept for the service of the house of the Lord, and for that only. So sanctified believers are to be set apart as a peculiar people zealous of good works. Adding to the willing mind a present faith in Christ as a Saviour from ALL *sin*, God honours that faith and cleanses us from all unrighteousness.

Perhaps we will arrive at a clearer understanding of the subject by referring to some points of comparison between regeneration and sanctification. A person gets into deep distress of mind on account of his sins. He sees that a righteous Judge must condemn him; for he is a transgressor of the law. He tries to reform but soon learns his weakness, he feels his burden of guilt increasing; he tries in vain to free himself from a condemned conscience, and from the fear of death which is ever before him, until at last he cries in despair, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" He thus becomes willing to be saved by any means, and in any way which will deliver him from condemnation. The man who has been born from above, does not feel the condemnation, nor has he great fear of death, nor does sin have dominion over him; but he feels

that though his sins are forgiven him for His name's sake, yet there is still a heart prone to unbelief, and with evil passions and desires ready to start forth in an unguarded moment, which require his most stringent watchfulness and earnest effort to keep in subjection. Having a hatred of sin himself, and feeling that the HOLY ONE sees and knows those motions in the heart to sin, he feels an earnest desire that God would make in him an end of sin, root as well as branch, and he prays:

“The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health remove;  
Spirit of finished holiness,  
Spirit of perfect love.

Let us be careful not to confound these two phases of conviction, the first is conviction and repentance of actual sin; the second, a conviction that while sin is subdued in the heart, it is not destroyed *from* the heart. The first a fear of the wrath of God; the second a fear of sinning against God. The first arising from a feeling that we are the servants of sin, and that all our thoughts and works are displeasing to God; the second, arising from the difficulty we find in restraining anger, or malice, under provocation, pride in our own work, or power or possessions, when the pomp of the world is glittering before us. The first seeks to be delivered from the power and punishment of sin; the second from the drawings and suggestions of the heart to sin.

But how shall this be accomplished? This is what we have felt, this has been our affliction; and we have desired to be freed from it a long season. How shall we be delivered? Well, my brother, if one was to come and ask, “What shall I do to be saved,” would you not tell him to see to it that his repentance was sincere? “Will you give up all your sins”? And should he answer, “Are we saved by repentance?” you would say “No! ‘By grace are ye saved through faith,’ but that faith will not be given, nor that grace exercised toward unrepentant rebels, but to those only who give up all their rebellion, and with true repentance turn to God.” And should he say, “I will give up most willingly all my sins but one that I may be saved from this fear which hangs over me like a pall.” Would you not answer, “That must go too, or all your desires, your tears, your prayers, will be in vain.” If it requires an unreserved determination to give up all sin,

on the part of a sinner, in order to be saved, it needs on the part of a believer as full a consecration of all he is and all he has to God that he may be sanctified. Nor can we expect this blessing, if we hold back anything from God. Nor can we withhold one tittle; for to enter into holiness we must yield *our whole*. While this consecration is withheld you stand in the same position in obtaining sanctification, as the sinner who says, "I will give up all my sins but one," stands in regard to pardon. He goes without forgiveness; you go without a sanctified spirit. He was almost a christian; you were almost holy. He is quite a sinner; you are hungering and thirsting and not filled.

But methinks I hear one say "If the case be so, I yield; I will give up all; here, Lord, I give myself, my all, to Thee, 'tis all that I can do—what must I do to be saved? for I am now willing to be made every whit whole." Only "BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved." You would say to the truly repentant sinner, believe that when you come with true repentance to God, He will,—yea, He *does* through the atonement made by Jesus Christ, forgive you your sins; and he will give you grace so that you may have dominion over sin. Go trusting, and God will give you light and strength.

And if I should say unto thee, Brother, Sister, while thou comest with a willing mind, believe that God through the atonement made by Christ for thee says to thy heart—"Be clean." Will I say more than the word warrants me in saying, or more than you ought to accept? Ye longing souls, why are ye not sanctified now? Oh, cry, "Lord I believe! I do believe,"

Are the sanctified freed from all sin? Yes, most assuredly. But do not misunderstand me. By sin we mean a voluntary transgression against a known law. Therefore as moral agents, and responsible beings, it is necessary that we know a law before we can designedly sin against it. Laws may be broken through ignorance, even where the sincere purpose of the heart is to do God's will, and the result of an act may be very different from what we anticipated; but while such transgressions are not, in the strict sense of the word, sins, not having the concurrence of the will, yet they are violations of a perfect law, and as such need the atoning merit of Christ's death.

Is one who has attained Christian perfection free from all temptation? No! Adam in Paradise was not free from it; Christ, in whom was no sin, was not free from it; and "it is enough that the disciple be as his Lord."

Then where is the great advantage of possessing it? 1st—God hath commanded it. "Be ye holy for I am holy, saith the Lord." "If ye love Me keep My commandments." 2nd—Our communion with God is much closer and sweeter. If a little religion makes a man happy, more will give him greater happiness. 3rd—A man will be a brighter and clearer light, and more will take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus; and thus through his life he will be found pointing many more heavenward. 4th—He having, by his vow of consecration, promised to do all he can for the Master's cause, his faith in God is stronger, his love for the Kingdom of Christ and perishing sinners is increased, and his zeal being manifested, he will abound in works, and his labor will not be in vain in the Lord. 5th—Through those labors he will be found going from strength to strength: for as a man's muscular power is increased by proper exercise, so will his spiritual powers be enlarged by laboring in the Master's vineyard. 6th—But the greatest difference is, that while it is possible we may fall away, it is not nearly so probable that we shall. Before sanctification there were temptations from within and without: now they are all from without, the heart being clean. And as there is more danger of a fortress or city being taken when there are spies within, so is there more danger of our yielding through the deceitfulness of our spiritual foes, if they lurk within, ready to open the gates. Or it may be likened to a spark of fire, falling upon tinder or in water. The unsanctified heart is like tinder, and if a spark of temptation falls upon it, it requires our most strenuous efforts to keep it from bursting into a flame of sin; but if it fall upon a sanctified heart there is a No! and it expires, as fire dies when cast into the ocean.

J. E. W.

## ONE OF THE FATHERS IN METHODISM.

A MEMOIR OF BYGONE DAYS.

**S**HREWSBURY (or Salop, as more anciently called), an English County City, with its air of antique respectability, lays claim to no notoriety for its pushing enterprise or its rapid growth. Scarcely a greater contrast could be made than that between the Queen City of the West, Chicago, and this almost fossilized city of our native land. But it has a history which reaches back to the remote period of Roman settlement in Britain, and many names it has given to the roll of England's famous ones. These we stop not to examine, but select one to worldly fame unknown, but whom John Wesley called "The Father of Methodism in Shrewsbury."

In 1761, a way-worn traveller, sick and weary after a journey of twenty-five miles on a wretched horse, whose joltings were almost unbearable, with aching head and pain in his side, arrived for the first time in the City. His salutation was not flattering, yet not unprecedented. A mob gathered together apparently only to stare. Small in stature, but great in soul, he passed through them, entered an humble room, and preached as only John Wesley could preach, to the citizens of the place. A morning service at five the next day and he was gone; but in his brief stay he had planted the tree of the Methodist revival, and commenced a work which only Eternity shall terminate. Nearly each year, as it brought him to Madeley for a forenoon service in the Church of the Saintly Fletcher, brought him to Shrewsbury for an evening service, often accompanied by Fletcher himself. Jointly they laboured here; yet for very many years he saw but little fruit. Suddenly a change had taken place. In 1781, he went a little out of his way to open the new preaching house in Shrewsbury. "I did not," writes he, "so much wonder at the largeness as at the seriousness of the congregation; so still and deeply attentive a congregation I did not expect to see here. How apt are we to forget that important truth, that all things are possible with God." It was about this time that he said to a Mr. Thomas Brocus, an humble devoted class-leader and Local preacher, who for many years had lived in or around



Shrewsbury : " Bro. Brocus, you have done that for Shrewsbury, which neither I nor any of my preachers could ever effect. Your preaching has attracted a large congregation, and you have united scores in society. This is what we could never before achieve." In subsequent visits he mentions his large congregations, in which the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood were well represented, and Mr. Brocus he significantly styled "The Father of Methodism in Salop." The possessor of the Wesleyan Magazine for 1821, will find a memoir of this useful and somewhat remarkable man in its pages.

We first meet him on the road from his native village of Sedgely to Rugeley, a fatherless boy of only seven years of age, leaving a heart broken mother, to enter upon a long and melancholy apprenticeship to a man whose heart seemed to be without either sympathy or parental emotion. Perhaps the Parish had bound him apprentice, and the mother had as little to say in the matter as the slave mother of the South, in former years, when her child was brought to the hammer. "On the way," says he, "I was given to understand that I had now done with my mother; that I had nothing to love, and no one who would love me. I would fain have vented my sorrows in tears, but even this indulgence was denied me, for when I began to weep, I was beaten for it, and so hurried along till my agitated and frightened soul was ready to leave my body." Ten years of endurance of cruel and inhuman conduct from his mistress and master was his introduction into life. Yet the discipline was not without its beneficial influence upon his whole future, Had not the prayers of a poor widowed mother, denied the comfort of bringing up her own, her only son, much to do with that special providence which defended the fatherless boy, and that grace which sanctified his cruel treatment to his future benefit? "I well remember," says he, "the times when I was accustomed to sit on the lap of my dear widowed mother, who used to bedew my cheeks with her tears, while she told me her tales of woe, warned me of the evil of sin, bade me dread its commission, and expressed a hope that God, whose eyes were ever upon me, would be my father and friend through life. O my tender hearted afflicted mother, how dear is the remembrance of thy name to me!" At seventeen or eighteen years of age he was *free*, a proficient in dancing, and a complete master of the game of cards.

He soon found that he could acquire considerably more money in one week by gambling than he could earn in a whole year by honest labour. To him, and not to him alone, but to the hundreds to whom he was afterward made a blessing, it was an awful crisis. Again we think of a mother's prayers and godly influence. The Holy Spirit rendered him deeply sensible of the evil of his conduct. "My conscience smote me, and I looked upon myself with abhorrence, as an unprincipled robber of my friends. At once I formed a steadfast resolution for ever to abandon the iniquitous practice." And he was saved from the very vortex of ruin. A brand plucked from the burning!

He was a gardener, and his evenings were now given to mental improvement; and he laid the foundation of that knowledge, and formed those habits which in after life fitted him to become a merchant of no mean name in Salop—and an author, not despised by his contemporaries. His knowledge and skill recommended him to a situation as gardener to a Mr. Davenport, of Woolerston. This unimportant village was the home of Captain Jonathan Scott. Years before, a serious officer in His Majesty's army, a veteran from the gory fields of Minden, who desired to be a genuine Christian, and was daily accosted by his brother officers with the pleasantry "Well, Scott, have you read your psalms and lessons to-day?" while quartered at Oat Hall, was overtaken on a shooting excursion by a storm that drove him into a farm-house, the humble tenant of which was a Methodist, who conversed with such good sense on religious subjects, that Scott inquired where he had got his information. Pointing to a neighboring hall, the farmer replied that a famous man—Romaine—was now preaching there. Next Sunday Scott was one of Mr. Romaine's most attentive listeners, as he preached from the text "I am the way." The lips of the eloquent orator guided the serious Scott into the way of salvation by faith, and a light was kindled in the British army, and another light added to the ranks of Methodistic Revivalists. In Leicester he began his marvellous course as a preacher, and from that hour he never swerved, but zealously preached in his regimentals wherever he moved with his troops. The novelty of the sight of a military officer preaching in costume excited the liveliest interest. At Leeds nearly all the town turned out to hear him. At Madeley, where he could not canonically enter the Church, he preached at the invita-

tion of Fletcher, from the horse-block at its door to an immense assembly. Amazing crowds everywhere gathered around him. "A captain of the Truth, a bold soldier of Jesus Christ," wrote Fletcher concerning him. Whitfield wanted him to bring his artillery to the Tabernacle rampart, and try what execution he could do there. A great assembly welcomed him. The brave man's heart melted as he rose before them, and he, who had dared the cannon's mouth in the field of battle, nor ever turned from the sword of an enemy, and burst into tears; but recovering his self-control, he delivered a discourse which produced a lasting impression and rendered him henceforth one of the most popular preachers of the city. Preferring the sword of the spirit to that of steel, and a commission under King Jesus in the ranks of early Methodist preachers to the emoluments of his rank as an officer, he sold his commission, sacrificed the most flattering prospects in the army, and henceforth for more than thirty years was one of the most successful supplies of Whitfield's Tabernacle. Scott, now fully baptised with the spirit of the times, built many chapels in the neighborhood of his native village, and preached in them with power and success. Thomas Brocus was a young man of twenty-one years of age when he began to sit under his ministry. He had already been called a Methodist, though he has not the slightest acquaintance with that body of Christians; but he was totally ignorant of the corruption of his nature, and of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and was perfectly unaware of the absolute necessity of being born again. Captain Scott's burning words fell upon the ears of the moral young gardener like a bomb-shell in a camp of civilians. "Who will be on the Lord's side? Will you be the friend of the world or the friend of God? Time is short. You must now choose whom you will serve. I know no place but Hell for those who go on in sin. Indeed, if I knew any other place for the wicked I would tell you. Let the wicked man be cut off when he will, to Hell he must go." "I recollect," says Mr. Brocus, "once to have seen this holy man lifting up his eyes and his hands to heaven and saying with the utmost solemnity, 'I call the Almighty to witness, that I had rather that one soul were saved from sin here, and from hell hereafter through my preaching, than that I should possess thousands of gold and silver.'" The appeal was not in vain, the young gardener was cut to the heart. The words rang in his ears, "The man that continues in sin, to hell he must go—to

hell he must go." They followed him by day and by night. Satan and his agents tempted him to Atheism—he found strength and comfort by attending the ordinance of preaching. Mr. Scott put into his hand "Hervey's Meditations." Light and love broke in upon his mind while reading the conclusion of the biographical part of this work. "I felt my heart strangely dissolve in tenderness and humility. And on closing the volume, I could not but exclaim, Oh, that I might live as holy a life and die as happy a death as this excellent man. I was unable any longer to suppress the feelings of my mind, but falling down before the Lord I was not only convinced that there is a God, but that His nature and His name is Love. I cannot say that I received Him through a Mediator, but of this I am sure, He viewed me through one. Although I could not see how He could pardon a sinner and yet be just, I was fully persuaded He would extend His pardoning mercy to me. Soon after, when I heard serious people talk about particular redemption, I was astonished and could scarcely believe that such a thought could be entertained by any man who had the love of God in his heart. As to Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield, I had not so much as heard their names. I found such a love to all mankind that I could have embraced the most inveterate enemies." Of another time, he says, "When I arose from my knees and was walking toward the house and looking up to heaven, I exclaimed 'what must I do.' Returning therefore, to my place of retirement weary and heavy laden, I soon found that heaven was open to my view. Then by faith I saw Him who was the ALMIGHTY'S EQUAL, led as a lamb to the slaughter. I had heard it said that there is but one person in the Godhead, that this person is JESUS CHRIST; that if there were three persons there must be three God's, &c., &c. Frequently had my mind been puzzled with crude and indigested speculations on this awful subject, but now I saw the reasonableness of a TRINITY IN UNITY. Being convinced that if JESUS CHRIST had not been a person distinct from the FATHER he could no more have made reconciliation for our iniquities, or have paid the price of our redemption than I could pay a sum of money to myself on behalf of an insolvent debtor."

JAMES HARRIS.

## EXAMPLES OF EMINENT SANCTITY CONNECTED WITH CANADIAN METHODISM.

ABBOTT JOHNSON.

THE early English-speaking settlers in the townships and seignories bordering on the noble Ottawa River, properly called by the French *Riviere Le Grand*, from the Long Sault to the Lake of the Two Mountains, were mostly of American origin and of Puritan antecedents. An interesting people were they—distinguished by intelligence, industry, and hospitality. For some years after their first settlement in the seignory of Longueuil, townships of East and West Hawksbury, seignory of Vaudreuil, townships of Granville, Chatham, and the seignory of Argenteuil, their religious opportunities were small indeed. We have reason to believe those isolated settlements were sometimes visited by the Methodist preachers on the old Oswegatchie Circuit, who either crossed the Glengarry country or coasted the northern shore of the St. Lawrence and the south-western shore of the Ottawa, before the incoming of the present century; but in the year 1800 they had an appointment made to themselves by the New York Conference in the person of Daniel Pickett, a native-raised Canadian preacher. From that onwards they received a preacher to themselves, till the tragical and lamented death of Robert Hibberd, by drowning, in the fall of 1812, created a hiatus, poorly filled up by Presiding Elders' supplies during the war ending in 1815. At the Conference of that year no return was made for Ottawa, although the membership had once stood as high as 117. We are sure that at the date referred to (1815) the membership was small and a good deal disorganized, and perhaps we should say demoralized.

It was now, however, destined to rise again. The appointment by the General Conference of that intensely devout young preacher, of two years standing in the itineracy, Nathaniel Reeder, who himself deserves to be enrolled among these "instances of eminent sanctity," was a God-send to the little societies and English-speaking settlements in that region, albeit he was removed before the year was out, and another was sent on in the person of Israel

Chamberlayne. Mr. Reeder traversed the country from La Chute to the Bay of Pancote, and from L'Original to Cote St. Charles. He seemed, whether in the house or on horseback, to be in a constant frame of prayer and communion with God; and his godly conversation and rapturous singing were adapted to draw all with whom he came in contact towards God and heaven. His accoutrements as a travelling preacher, his solemnity of manner, and a peculiarly unearthly and ethereal expression of countenance. Mr. Johnson himself informed me, would arrest the attention of the passing travellers, and draw their eyes after him as far as they could follow him. The next year the return for the circuit was the highest it had ever been, namely, 153. There was a revival all over the circuit during the few months Reeder was there. Let young ministers remember that if they want the spiritual interests of their circuits to advance they must not so much send hither and thither for foreign aid, and seek some new-fangled means of attracting attention, but rather let them, like Bramwell, Stoner, J. Smith, Collins, Calvin Wooster, and Reeder, agonize in prayer by the hour for the unction of God to rest upon their souls—and that will make the “ordinary services” *extraordinary* in power and glory.

During Reeder's ministry an influential family of brothers—large men, living in West Hawkesbury and Longueuil—was broached. Chauncy, the oldest, was not converted till a good many years after; but William, the next in seniority, and his younger brother, Abbott, our present subject, were the fruits of Reeder's ministry. These two brothers were quite dissimilar. Abbott was larger than the average man, but William was almost gigantic. Abbott was constitutionally calm and moderate; William was vehement, ardent, and demonstrative. William's gifts and zeal were such as to prefer him to the class-leader's, exhorter's, and then local preacher's offices early in his religious life; but Abbott more slowly grew up into those things. The elder brother grew the faster, but the younger, perhaps, in the end, was the more matured Christian and preacher.

In 1832 I was appointed as the colleague of the quaint but saintly John Black to the Ottawa Circuit. He drove his family around by the Coteau du Lac and the Cote St. Charles in his waggon, and I rode across the country from Moulinette to Van Kleek Hill on horseback. My first night's rest on the circuit was

at Captain McCann's, a member of William Johnson's class at the Red School-house in West Hawkesbury. I "laid over" the next day to rest my horse, and visited from house to house, escorted by the Captain, whose conversation on the way was very spiritual. Among other things, he informed me that he and his leader, W. J., had covenanted to meet each other in spirit three times a day, to pray for what they called the "second blessing," by which they meant the blessing of a new heart. Among the many houses to which the Captain took me was that of the leader, William Johnson, where, if I mistake not, I also met his brother Abbott, who, at that time, was not an office-bearer in the Church at all. William was then beginning to fail in health, consumption having evidently marked him for its own. The muscles had begun to waste from off the gigantic framework of his large person; his broad palms and long fingers had begun to be attenuated; his skin was pale; and his once ringing, mighty voice was hoarse and husky, and the flow of his words was checked from his panting for breath. His soul seemed bound up in his class and the religious interests of his neighborhood, and his

"Longing heart was all on fire,  
To be dissolved in love."

I only remained on the circuit from August to mid-winter, when I was removed up the river to take charge of Bytown. While yet on the circuit, the elder brother confided his class to the younger, under circumstances detailed in the subjoined extract of a letter from the Rev. Asahel Hurlburt to the writer. Just about the time I was there, a coterie of pious women and others was forming at the adjacent hamlet of Suic Carty, (to spell it as pronounced,) consisting then of the Brother and Sister Clarke, mentioned by Br. H., and a Mrs. Hunter, whom he does not name. Mrs. McAlpin, mentioned by Mr. H., was there, and sometimes attended our meetings, but had not yet joined our church. All he says of her genteel connections, queenly appearance, good education, and lady-like manners, I can attest; but with her advanced religious experience I was not personally acquainted, although I often heard of it from others, especially from the Rev. G. F. Playter, who succeeded to the circuit as junior preacher during the year 1833-34. That calm, judicially-minded man always spoke of the pious coterie

of Brother Abbott Johnson and Sisters Clarke, Hunter and Mc-Alpine, with admiration bordering on enthusiasm. I may just say that, so far as my recollection goes, (and I often met with Brother A. Johnson at district and camp-meetings, for he became Recording Steward of his circuit as well as Local Preacher,) the first impulse of that work of holiness arose from the perusal of the life of Hester Ann Rogers, a piece of religious biography which has never been excelled.

A word of contrast between William and Abbott as preachers, and I will open the way for Brother Hurlburt's letter. William was the more gifted naturally—Abbott was the better educated; the former had a loud, clear, ringing voice—the latter a soft but impressive one: William's words flowed the faster—Abbott's were the more pondered and weighty; William would awaken the more sinners, but Abbott would in the end promote the wider revival, by getting the church in a state to work for God when he was absent.

Now to the Rev. Mr. Hurlburt's letter. He says of our subject: "Eden Abbott Johnson was the first white child born in that part of the Ottawa. The date I cannot tell. According to a statement of his own, the early part of his religious life was not distinguished for anything remarkable in the way of religious zeal and depth of personal piety.

"His brother William, who died before I went to the old Ottawa Circuit, was a local preacher and class leader in his own neighborhood, and at the time of his death devolved the charge of the class upon Abbott. But his brother told him, that though his desires were good, and though he was willing to be useful, yet he was not qualified for the duties of such an office, and impressed upon him the necessity and duty of a fuller consecration to God, and of seeking and enjoying a greater depth of personal piety. This was the means of awakening him to a sense of his duty and his need, and of leading him to seek a greater fulness of personal salvation. The above is the substance of the account which I had from him. It was (I think,) in 1835, that I became acquainted with him. In "a little waggon," as we called them in those days, with wife and three children I had performed a long and hard journey from Mr. Link's, a few miles beyond Cornwall, to Brother Johnson's, three or four miles the other side of "Van Kleek's Hill." It was late at night when I reached his house. The family was in bed—horse completely jaded out—self and wife "tired to death"—children tired, sleepy—indeed asleep—cross and hungry. We aroused the family. In those good old times, a Methodist family would rise at any time in the night to



receive, to make welcome and as comfortable as possible a mother and child, itinerant and family. Though so long ago, I remember the matter-of-course manner in which he received us, and especially his sympathy for the children—repeating several times—“now this makes me sorry.” He was then a widower. In the autumn of this year (I think in connection with our Quarterly Meeting) we commenced a “four days meeting” in the upper part of Wm. Johnson’s house, a two story building, Metcalf was there. There were three or four persons deeply awakened in the course of the services. My recollection does not enable me to say that there were any clear conversions : I think not. I was rather disposed to close the services ; but Brother Johnson would not hear of that. His soul yearned for the conversion of his neighbours. He travailed in deep anguish for the salvation of souls. Before the meeting was dismissed, on Sabbath afternoon, he pressed forward and addressed the congregation in fervent exhortation, entreaty and expostulation—and delivered from a soul glowing with incandescent heat. I never heard that address exceeded. We did not close; the meetings were continued in the “Red School House.” There were not less than 50 professed conversions. This was the *visible* beginning of that great revival—not less than 400 professed conversions during that year. The late Stephen Brownell was my colleague. He could endure any amount of labour, and a more willing helper I never had—a more agreeable brother I could not wish. As you mentioned, Brother Johnson was my colleague the second year. I returned at the end of the second year about 70 persons professing the blessing of entire sanctification. Brother Johnson was greatly instrumental in promoting that work. He made a clear and distinct professing of entire sanctification, and that as a continuous experience. And I fully believe that he enjoyed it. He understood what he said on that subject. He professed to enjoy constant communion with God ; and at any moment a heart uplifted to God.—“The upward darting of an eye,” brought an instantaneous and conscious answer. His power in prayer was remarkable. He possessed strong faith in God—his fervency was such as I have seldom heard. He seemed to pray with a conviction that he was not to be denied. He persevered till he felt that God had answered. In these little choice gatherings which were held at Brother Clark’s, under his pleadings with God for the outpouring of his Spirit, the house seemed filled with the Divine presence, and those present would be powerfully affected. (The same might be said of the prayers of others of that company especially of Mrs. McAlpine.) His zeal for God and love for souls consumed him. A penitent seeker of salvation seemed to draw out his whole soul in its behalf, and he felt as if he could not give up pleading with God till the blessing of conscious pardon was obtained. The impression which

his spirit and the general tenor of his life made on the community around was great, and its influence for good was felt in general through the circuit. I have no recollection at the present of having overheard any objection to his christian character. The manner of his life seemed to silence objections, and even suspicion; and I would say the impression was universal, that Abbott Johnson was a truly godly and deeply pious man. The Rev. J. F. Playter published in the *Guardian* some account of his christian character, life and death. I doubt whether he was prepared to appreciate such a man as Brother Johnson was or fully to understand him. I thought that the description did not do him full justice. I might say a few words about Mrs. McAlpine. Taken all in all, I never met her superior as a Christian lady. She was of a Scotch family by the name of Mears, a family holding in that part of the country a good social position; in person rather tall, erect figure, and well proportioned; queenly in her bearing. She had received a good education; she was prepared to mingle with good society. I think that the feeling was that she descended below her social level when she identified herself with the Methodists. But she was most hearty and cordial in her choice, and would freely acknowledge and associate with the lowliest of God's children. She made one of the little band at Brother Clark's. She was a woman of deep piety and strong faith in God. Under her prayers, it seemed as if "an angel shook his wings." Father Healy said that she was the most deeply experienced in the things of God of any woman with whom he was ever acquainted. I remember on one occasion—I think it was at Brother Clark's, and before the revival had broken out—she was pleading with God for the outpouring of his Spirit with a fervency which I never heard exceeded. Standing erect upon her knees, her arms extended, and her whole frame seemed paralyzed, she exclaimed, "Oh! it seems to me that the work will spread all over the circuit." And so it did. I think there was not an appointment when there were not more or less conversions; and we had about as many appointments as days in the week, and a circuit of 300 miles. Mrs. McA. would ride on the saddle from the Ivy, where she lived, to the Red School-house in West Hawksbury, if I remember right, a distance of four miles, to preaching on Sabbath and the class, and to prayer meetings in the evening. During the protracted meetings I think she was always present, or seldom absent, and made herself very useful."

This lady was not fortunate in her marriage. She was then living apart from her husband, who was very unsteady. After some years she removed to the States. Canada lost her, and she has entirely passed away from the field of our vision.

We have searched the files of the *Guardian*, but can find no

particulars of Mr. Johnson's last days. His nephew, the Rev. Joshua H. Johnson, I think informed me his death occurred about the year 1839. So soon after his entire sanctification did he reach the goal. But all who knew him testified that he died as he lived—supremely devoted to God and exulting in his great salvation. His memory in the Ottawa country, to this hour, is fragrant with the odor of sanctity. Recalling the character and labors of this saintly man has had a hallowing influence on the writer's heart; and if the perusal of what he and his friend Hurlburt have written has the same effect on the reader, which he sincerely prays, his end will be answered. May all follow him as he followed Christ.

JOHN CARROLL.

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## PRACTICAL REPENTANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE afternoon when I was working in my garden a visitor entered and approached gently till he was about two feet from me, without my observing his presence.

"You seem very much occupied this afternoon," he said.

I raised my head, and was not a little astonished to see standing before me with an embarrassed air one of the most irreligious of men, who was also the most slavishly attached to this world's possessions of any in the parish.

"Yes, Mr. B——, these peas require supports around which they may be able to climb."

"And you appear as much occupied with your thoughts as with your work," he said.

"It is true, neighbour; we very much resemble these peas. We have need of a support to help us to rise above the earth, if we do not wish to be entangled in every kind of material and worldly care."

"I am, sir, just endeavouring to find such a support." He pronounced these words with a voice almost choked with emotion.

Filled with joy and sympathy, "My friend!" I exclaimed, "there is but one Support, which is Christ. We can rest upon Him with an entire confidence, for He is love and truth. It is not necessary to seek a long while; you have but to turn to Him with your whole heart, and lay hold on Him by faith, as the tendrils of this plant lay hold on the branch which I give for their support. All that He commands you is to repent and believe."

My neighbour was a man of mature age, whose earthly cares had early brought on grey hairs; his eyes were but little accustomed to express feeling. I was therefore moved to see his hard visage relax, and his eyes filled with tears as he grasped my hand. Little by little he relaxed, and continued, not without emotion, to relate the cause of his inquiry:

"I experienced a strange feeling about three weeks ago. I had lately made several good business transactions, and one evening when returning home, I calculated my gains with a feeling of pride and triumph at the thought of how I had made my way in the world by my labour and my skill. It was a starry night, and so silent that I heard nothing but the steps of my horse, when suddenly a voice seemed to say to me, '*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*'"

"Was it really a voice?"

"No, and I did not doubt for a moment that it came from my own mind; nevertheless it seemed to me as distinct as if some one had pronounced these words alongside of me. Probably I learned them when a child, but I had forgotten them; I looked in the Bible to see if they were there, and I found them indeed. I found many other things besides quite opposed to my mode of action, and which upset all my calculations. These ideas have not ceased to trouble me since then; nothing has been able to remove them; and I came to the conclusion that I must be completely changed and live for an entirely different aim; and now I have come to speak to you about it."

I have given in these lines the commencement of the religious history of Mr. B——, just as he related it to me himself; and I will now describe in his own words his conversion, as he narrated it some weeks later in a gathering of Christian friends.

“I went to see our minister ; I wanted him to help me to change my ways, but I had no idea of what repentance and a change of heart are. He conducted me into his study, and after having asked me to be seated, spoke to me a long time about the happiness of belonging to Jesus Christ, and of having an interest in His merits ; he represented to me that happiness as being something beyond all that the world can give, and he told me that it was worth being sought for with ardour.” Then he added,—

“Mr. B——, do you know the first thing that you have to do in order to become a true Christian ?”

“I did not know it.

“The Christian life,” our minister continued, ‘the life of a true disciple of Jesus Christ, can be secured only by repentance as a first step. Now it is easy to say and even to believe that one repents, but the only repentance of any value is a *practical repentance*. This goes further than sorrow for sin and a serious desire to abstain from it. True repentance impels us to repair, as far as we possibly can, the evil which we have done. Is there any one who can say of you, “That man has done me a wrong ?”

“He knew my vulnerable point,” said Mr. B——, pursuing his recital. “Every man has a vulnerable point, and I think that it is in that wound that the probe must first be used. His question penetrated to the very depth of my soul, like a pointed iron, which made me shudder and tremble within. The sweat covered my forehead, and I struggled a long time before answering. I saw that it would be difficult for me to become a Christian. Yet I resolved to get out of it as easily as I could, and to confess a roguery which I believed known to each one.

“An exchange of horses made in spring with Mr. Simon.’

“Then you did Simon an injustice ?”

“A little.’

“How much ? Tell me frankly.’

“I gave him a purisy horse, which I had doctored as well as I could, but which in reality was not worth more than fifty francs, for a fine animal that was sure and sound, and worth three hundred, and I asked from him one hundred and twenty-five francs to boot ; in fine, to speak the truth in the matter, I am afraid I extorted from him three hundred and seventy-five francs.’

“And do you pretend that with three hundred and seventy-five

francs which belong to Mr. Simon, you could commence a Christian life? Do you believe that God can hear your prayers and grant you the pardon which you ask of Him as long as you have the stolen money in your pocket?’

“I tried to exculpate myself by saying that business is business, and that people ought to open their eyes and know what they have to do when buying horses; but he interrupted me,—

“‘Your conscience would not admit these excuses, which are invented by your selfishness.’

“‘But the rule which you give condemns the most influential men of the parish. There is Mr. S——, who, although a member of the Consistory, is a horse-dealer, and cheats every time that he has had an opportunity of doing so.’

“‘It is of little consequence who is condemned by my rule or what Mr. S—— does. You ought to concern yourself only about your salvation, and look only to God. I warn you of it; you may have a hundred times the reputation of being converted, but if you keep a single crown unjustly acquired it will be always like a millstone about your neck. Nothing proves the reality of convictions like practically carrying them out.’

“I could hold out no longer. The Spirit of God made use of his words, and produced within me deep anxiety. I was greatly agitated, for the truth which the minister presented to my mind convinced my understanding with a power that was irresistible. I went away; and as it was impossible to find peace, I took the three hundred and seventy-five francs and returned them to Mr. Simon, having made him promise to say nothing about them to anybody, for I should have been ashamed for any one to have known that my conscience was troubled, and that I had restored the money. I returned to the minister to tell him what I had done. He did not praise me at all as I had expected he would, but appeared to consider the matter just as natural as washing one’s hands when they are dirty. On the contrary, he seemed to suspect that my hands were not yet quite clean, and asked if I had reason to charge myself with no other dishonesty than that perpetrated on Mr. Simon. I tried to answer in the negative, but my conscience would not permit me to do so. Not long ago I could have told without wincing the most barfaced lies, and it would have been possible for me to persuade myself of them, but his question now quite confounded

me. It appeared to me so much more difficult than I had ever supposed to become converted, that I regretted having ever come to converse about it with our minister. Like the young man who had great possessions, I was on the point of going away sorrowful. But my heart burned within me, and I was forced to speak:—

“‘It is certain,’ I said, ‘that in doing business I have taken here and there advantage of circumstances, as is the case with every one, and with those who make a profession of piety as well as others.’

“‘What others do ought not to be a rule for you or for me, Mr. B——. We ought to be the disciples of the Saviour in reality, and not to content ourselves with merely bearing the name.’

“Now I believed that Mr. R—— had paid me twice the same account. The first time he paid it we were occupied with another matter, and he forgot to get me to receipt the payment. Later on I found the account, and it was a great temptation to me. I lay awake the whole night asking myself what I should do. ‘Mr. R—— is a hard man,’ I said to myself, ‘and he has played the close fellow with me more than once.’ I resolved therefore to treat him as I thought that he would have treated me if a like opportunity had presented itself to him. I kept therefore that account long enough to let him forget that he had paid it, and one day I said to him as if by chance, ‘Now that I think of it, neighbour, if it will not inconvenience you, do me the favour to settle that little account which is already of some date.’ He was surprised and angry, said he remembered having paid it; but as it was not receipted, the matter ended by his paying it again, although with a bad grace.

“‘And what do you think of doing now?’

“‘I think that I must restore him that money.’

“I went therefore the next day to Mr. R——’s house, and said to him that on reflection I was sure that he was right, and restored him, to his great surprise, his five hundred and sixty-five francs.

“This time I thought myself right,” continued Mr. B——. “I tried to persuade my conscience to think the same. I feared, notwithstanding, to return to the pastor, knowing how it penetrates the recesses of the conscience and troubles the heart when the mire which is at the bottom, and is never perceived by us, is stirred up. Nevertheless, I felt that as long as I was afraid to see him I had no right to feel tranquil as to my state, and in examining myself

there came into my mind a little affair of mortgage. I had estopped a poor man who did not doubt that I would grant him time to disengage himself, and I had compelled him to yield me his farm. By that means I had acquired a property much larger than the sum which was due. As that procedure had been strictly legal, I tried to persuade myself that it was perfectly just, but my awakened conscience did not cease to tell me that I had deprived a poor man of his property without having given him the worth of it; it told me that I had violated, if not the law of men, at least the law of God, and that I should find no peace before I had repaired this wrong and all the others that I might have done. For a long time I revolted against this declaration of my conscience. It seemed to me hard to deprive myself of five thousand francs, and the interest of that sum accumulated since the day of the estoppel. I groaned in secret, and mourned over that money; I tried to pray, but that unhappy mortgage rose constantly between me and God, and I saw nothing but a threatening heaven. In short, it was impossible for me longer to resist the appeals of my conscience; I returned to the minister to confide to him my trouble and to ask him what I must do.

“‘You must be just towards your neighbour,’ was his reply, ‘if it should cost you your last shilling.’

“That was a terrible sentence; I went away tottering as if I had received a dreadful blow.

“‘O, my God!’ I cried out, ‘how is it possible for me to be converted?’ But His help was greater than I could have ventured to expect. Without it I should have given way in the struggle. I bowed my knees before God, and solemnly promised him, for the sake of His gracious love, I would not only act justly with that poor man, but that, if it was necessary, I would sacrifice all that I possessed in the world in order to find peace. An unknown feeling, full of sweetness and goodness, was diffused abroad in my soul, and seemed to hear a voice say to me: ‘Then even if thou shouldst lose all that thou possessest, thou wilt find the true source of all happiness and of all life in the possession of thy God and Saviour, and in the peace of a good conscience.’

“The consolation which I experienced that night after I was permitted to conquer in that struggle was so great, that to enjoy always the same precious possession I would have willingly accepted



poverty, exile and disgrace. The presence of the Holy Spirit in the soul, the Spirit of Love Who bears 'witness that we are the children of God,' was an ineffable privilege! The day following I felt as light as a bird, and I ran off in haste to Isaac Dor with the sum of money which I owed him. "Ah!" continued the newly converted man, while tears ran down his cheeks, "I wish you had been present at that interview. Poor Isaac had fallen little by little into such discouragement that he had resolved to set out for America. His wife and his children wept when speaking of that resolution; but they received me much better than I should have dared to expect, and said that I had acted legally, and that Dor had been guilty of great negligence. 'Yes, you have acted rigidly, but I was a great fool to contract such a debt. Of course all the world would in your place have availed themselves of the advantage which the law gives, but I am ruined, and what will become of that poor woman and these children.' At these words the poor man burst into tears.

"'Isaac,' I said to him, as soon as I could recover my voice, 'I wish to prove to you that people can be honest without being forced to it by the law. I desire to be just towards you, because God has commanded me to do so, and you need not depart.'

"When he understood what I meant, Isaac pressed his wife and his children to his bosom, and sobbed so as almost to break his heart. I counted the money, and I have never seen so much surprise and joy as then; they would have kissed my feet if I had not hindered them. I seemed to see heaven open, and the joy which inundated my soul at that moment passed all that I could ever have believed possible.

"My friends," added Mr. B——, "I have felt myself compelled to make these confessions to you, and I thank you for having listened to them. Our minister told me that being a true Christian is a very different thing from only making a profession of piety. I desire to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, and if ever my conduct gives the lie to my profession . . . ." He could say no more, but his emotion was more eloquent than his words.

I have nothing to add to this narrative; all that I shall say is that the example of his true repentance, of his child-like faith in the Saviour, of his rigorous probity, and of his exemplary conduct, had the best influence on all the rest of the flock. He looked upon

himself as a poor, unworthy sinner "justified by faith;" but it might be said in truth that, according to the statement of Luther, he "justified his faith by his works."

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A PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

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I THANK Thee, Lord, for giving me  
 My guilt and wretchedness to see,  
 Without Thy pardoning grace ;  
 For calling me, while in my youth,  
 To seek the narrow way of truth,  
 And walk in wisdom's ways.

I thank Thee for sustaining grace  
 Since first I sought and found Thy face,  
 Unfaithful though I've been ;  
 Thou hast not cast me yet away,  
 Whilst all along life's rugged way  
 Thy goodness I have seen.

How oft from Thee I've gone astray,  
 And gone in a forbidden way,  
 Unmindful of Thy love,  
 Which showed me first my sinful state,  
 And caused me then my sins to hate,  
 And towards my Saviour move.

Oh ! may I, then, no longer be  
 Ungrateful for Thy love to me,  
 But now, at once, begin  
 In earnestness to seek Thy love,  
 And by my own experience prove  
 Thy blood does cleanse from sin.

According to Thy precious word,  
 Which does encouragement afford,  
 May I not rest until  
 By faith I grasp the offered prize,  
 Once purchased by our Sacrifice,  
 And offered to us still.

Our Passover for us was slain  
 That through his blood we might obtain,  
     Not pardoning grace alone,  
 But grace to keep us ever free  
 From sin and all impurity,  
     And make us all His own.

Oh! may we, then, resolve to prove  
 The fullness of his boundless love,  
     And seek to be made clean:  
 May we not rest with sins *forgiven*,  
 But seek to be made meet for Heaven  
     By being *cleansed from sin*.

Then shall our lives, each day and hour,  
 Show forth the saving, *cleansing* power  
     Of Jesus' precious blood ;  
 From strength to strength shall we go on,  
 Till we at last obtain the crown,  
     And dwell with Christ our God.

Odessa, 1874.

JAS. LAWSON.

GAMBLING—A WARNING.—William J. Aiken, a member of the police force of this city, was recently detected in the act of committing a burglary, and on being arrested, confessed to having been guilty of a long series of similar crimes. He has since been sentenced to twenty years' hard labour in the State prison. When the usual question was put to him—what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him—he freely admitted his guilt, but remarked :—“*Gambling is a vice which I cannot overcome!*” In these few words the ruined and wretched man—who wept bitterly when he was reminded of his wife and children—stated a terrible truth, which, unfortunately, is applicable not only to himself, but, as a rule, with scarcely an exception, to all who have once become addicted to the practice of gambling. The habit furnishes a kind of intellectual intoxication, which is worse, if anything can be worse, even than the intoxication of strong drink. No one, after yielding to it, seems to be able to overcome the weakness—to resist the temptation. The words of this doomed criminal are full of warning to the young men of the country :—“Gambling is a vice which I cannot overcome!” Cut out these words. Paste them in your commonplace book. Whenever you are tempted to play any game, for a single dollar or a single cent, remember Aiken in his gloomy cell in the State prison, and his terrible confession :—“*Gambling is a vice which I cannot overcome!*”—*N. Y. Ledger.*

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## The Home.

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### OUR ENGRAVING.

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OUR Frontispiece this month represents the CROWNED GOURA PIGEON (*Columba coronata*). This splendid bird is the largest of the pigeon family. The length from the bill to the tip of the tail, is two feet four inches. The Goura is a native of Java, of New Guinea, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. The general color is a greyish blue. Parts of the back and wings are black and purplish brown, and the wings are marked by a white bar. The most remarkable feature of this magnificent bird is the large, semi-circular crest of narrow, straight feathers, furnished with disconnected silky barbules, and always carried erect.

The Goura is easily tamed, and in the East Indies it is not uncommon to find it domesticated. It has all the habits of the common pigeon,—billing, inflating the breast and cooing. The sounds it emits in the latter operation are, however, far from being so gentle as those which we are accustomed to hear from *our* little barnyard friends. In fact, cooing, with a Goura pigeon, is more like roaring than anything else. Some French sailors were terribly frightened on hearing it for the first time, in a wild and unfrequented spot on one of the islands where they had landed. They imagined it to be the cries of hostile natives lurking in the bush, and preparing to burst out upon them.

The flesh of the Goura is held in the highest esteem for the table. This fact and the additional one that in tropical countries it has been successfully domesticated, led, a few years since, to an attempt to introduce it into Holland. The climate, however, was not suited for it, and the attempt failed.

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WE do not find felicity in the veins of the earth, where we dig for gold; nor in the bottom of the sea, where we fish for pearls; but in a pure and untainted mind, which, if it were not holy were not fit to entertain the Deity."—*Seneca's Morals*.

## SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

**T**HERE is sunlight on the hill-top,  
 There is sunlight on the sea ;  
 And the golden beams are sleeping  
 On the soft and verdant lea ;  
 But a richer light is filling  
 All the chambers of my heart,  
 For Thou art there my Saviour,  
 And 'tis sunlight where Thou art.

Thou hast whisper'd Thy forgiveness  
 In the secret of my soul ;  
 "Be of good comfort, daughter,  
 For I have made thee whole."  
 The "fowler's snare is broken,"  
 And loosed my captive wing,  
 And shall the bird be silent  
 Which Thou hast taught to sing ?

In the dust I leave my sackcloth,  
 As the garb of other days,  
 For Thou "girded me with gladness,  
 And Thou robest me with praise."  
 And to that home of glory  
 Thy love hath won for me,  
 In heart and mind ascending,  
 My spirit follows Thee.

Choose Thou for me my portion—  
 My bitter and my sweet ;  
 The cup Thy hand doth mix me,  
 I will drink it at Thy feet ;  
 While I'm waiting for that moment,  
 The brightest and the best ;  
 When Thou shalt stoop to lift me  
 From the foot stool to Thy breast.

Oh ! ye who sit in darkness,  
 Ever mourning for your sin,  
 Open the windows of your soul,  
 Let the warm sunshine in ;

Ev'ry ray was purchased for you,  
 By the matchless love of One  
 Who has suffer'd in the shadow,  
 That you might see the sun!

Lord Jesus! Thou hast bought me,  
 And my life, my all, is Thine;  
 Let the lamp Thy love hath lighted,  
 To Thy praise and glory shine;  
 A beacon 'mid the darkness,  
 Pointing upward where Thou art;  
 The smile of whose forgiveness,  
 Is the sunlight of my heart.

ELLEN.

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## THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

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### PART I.—FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

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#### CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

AH! how wearily the long hours of the day dragged by! I had been an active woman all my life; and now there was nothing for me to do. I begged that I might help to scour out the old men's ward, thinking I might get a word with Transome; but they said I was past the age at which women were set to work. I asked the matron to find me some sewing to do: but she told me that it was all done by the girls in the workhouse. I saw then how the poor old women about me had sunk lower and lower, till they were little better than idiots; and nothing lay before me but the same fate.

The only time of the day when I felt myself alive was morning and night, when prayers were read in the big room. We old folks were not required to attend, for the room was cold and draughty; but I would not have missed it for anything less than the chance of getting out of the House again. Transome never missed going. We could neither speak to one another, nor sit side by side; but we could see each other's faces, and we felt that we were together whilst we were hearing the same prayers, and repeating the same words.

When we said, "Our Father," I would have kept silent, hearkening if I could catch his voice, only I was afraid he might be hearkening for mine; and I said it, and listened, said it, and listened, till at times I fancied I could hear a word or two from him amid all the hum of the other voices; just as a mother hears her baby sob in its sleep, though there may be a hundred louder noises about her. As we went out from prayers I could always see Transome looking towards me, with his patient smile upon his face. It used to go to my heart to think of him dragging himself across the yard when the rain was falling, or the snow was under foot, and him so weak with rheumatism. But then, it was our only comfort—his as well as mine; and he never missed coming morning and night.

But when Sunday afternoons came, and we had our half-hour together, we had very little to say to one another. We sat side by side, silent for the most part; and strangers that had seen us would have thought we cared nought for one another. Our lives were so dull, with no change in them, that there was nothing to tell, and Transome could never get his thoughts shaped about in words. All I knew from him was that his ward was just like mine, filled with old men, with all the life gone out of them. He was warmed, and clothed, and fed, as well as the rest, but that was all.

Yet when we had our afternoon out, and went outside the workhouse walls, then our tongues seemed unloosed. We had got permission to go out on the same day, and Transome was waiting for me in his workhouse clothes when I went through the great black doors. It was a chilly day in December, but it did not rain when we met, and we scarcely thought of the weather. Transome seemed more himself than he had done for a long, long while; and he crept along brisker, and with a brighter face than usual. We were like two birds that had been caged, and let out into freedom again for a little time, only with clipped wings, and a string that would pull us back again.

The workhouse was on the same side of the town as our old home, and because we had nowhere else to go to, we turned towards that, though we knew it would be gone, and had no more a place save in our hearts. The north wind blew coldly against us, but we scarcely took notice of it. We were together once more, out of the dark shadows of the workhouse walls.

But when we reached the top of the street where the dingle used to be, and turned the corner of the last house, to see the spot where our cottage had once stood, think what it was to find that it was standing there still! Not one whit changed! There was the poplar-tree, with a few brown leaves clinging still to its topmost boughs, and the thatched roof, all green with moss and house-leek, and the lattice windows, with the dried stems of the creepers hanging about them, and my bushes of rosemary and lavender, just as we had left

them! No, I could not believe my own eyes. I had been fretting and mourning over it in my secret heart as pulled down and destroyed; and now I saw it unchanged,—not a beam, not a handful of thatch gone; only there was no smoke from the chimney, and the kitchen shutter was not taken down. Transome lifted the latch of the wicket, and we walked down the old path together, as if we had only been to market, and I had the key in my basket. We sat down on the little bench beside the door, and looked in wonder at one another till I could not see him through my tears.

"Ally, lass!" said Transome, "it's like one o' my dreams: thee and me comin' home to th' ou'd house! Is it true, think's-ta? Grip my hand hard if thee thinks it's true."

"Ay, it's true!" I answered, "and the old master might have left us alone in it all this time instead of driving us to the workhouse."

"Hush! hush, lass!" he said; "it is na' a'together him. God sent us there, and we mun never set oursen agen' Him. But maybe He's keepin' it for us till we're ready to come out o' th' House agen."

"We'll come out at once," I said, "if we could only have the old house again at the old rent; I could win bread for thee and me. Let us leave the House at once and come back."

"Nay, Ally," he answered, "we're boun' to wait th' Lord's pleasure. Th' winter's frost and snow han to come yet; and we've got nayther bed, nor chair, nor table left. But i' th' spring, lass!"

We sat there all the afternoon, chilled to the bone, yet happier than we had been since the evening Transome came home with the bad news that we were to quit. A lass from one of the houses hard by came to us and told us how one of the biggest mills about there had failed shortly after we left that part of the town; and now, as trade had begun to fall off, no one had taken to the mill and set the looms at work again. Many of the houses in the dingle were empty, she said. That was why our old landlord had not pulled down the cottage and built more in its place.

But we were forced to go away at last by the nightfall, though we lingered till it was quite dark, now and again plucking up a weed or binding up a flower in the old garden, where we had so often worked together in the cool of the day. As we made our way slowly back to the workhouse, I talked over our plans as if I were a young wife again, and he had only just wedded me. As for Transome, he spoke but few words as usual, only muttering to himself from time to time, "I' th' spring, my lass—i' th' spring!"

It began to rain fast when we were more than half a mile from the workhouse; yet Transome, who was weary, could not quicken his lame feet. He bade me hurry on and get under shelter; but I begged and prayed him so to let me stay beside him as long as I



could, that he could not say me nay. For the rain did not take away the new hope from my heart or the new plans from my head; and I scarcely felt it for myself—only for him, for his coat was getting soaked through and through. He was shivering with the cold; but still there was a bright light in his eyes, and a smile upon his face, as he kept saying, "I' th' spring, Ally—i' th' springtime!"

Spite of the rain it grieved me to reach the workhouse-gates again. Transome and me had been happy together once more; and now we must go our separate ways, and never see one another save at prayers until Sunday afternoon came again. The gas was lit inside the doors, and I could see his face clearly; and I see it now when I shut my eyes. I suppose there must have been wrinkles on it, and the eyes were sunken and dim, and it was old and withered, and his hair was thin and grey; but to me it was like the face of an angel, with that loving, patient light in his eyes, which had been shining there whenever I had seen them, ever since we came into the House.

"My lass!" he said, holding me by the hand, "we mun lay none o' th' blame to th' Lord. When thee and me were young we never laid a penny by agen' a rainy day, thee knows. It were wrong on us, Ally; but there! aw niver reckoned that thee an' me 'ud ever grow ou'd. But whatever comes, we munna' threep agen' th' Lord."

"No, Transome, no!" I answered; "I'll bide His will; and may be He'll let us go home again in the spring."

"Ay: i' th' spring-time, lass!" he said, smiling, and lifting up his head as if he could feel the spring coming already. We bade good-bye, yet stood together a minute longer; as if, like young folks, we could not make up our minds to lose sight of one another. Then he went his way, and me mine.

But all that night I could not sleep, and the next morning I found that the heavy rain of the evening before had brought on many pains in my old limbs. I had no power to lift myself from the bed; though when the bell rang for prayers, and I thought of Transome going, and how he'd feel at not seeing me there, I wept sore for trouble and sorrow. I begged everybody that came near me to take a message to him, but I got no answer back from him. Ah! they were a long three days that I lay there, not able to stir hand or foot without a groan wrung from me, spite of myself. But on the fourth morning I made shift to get out of bed and crawl across the floor to the fireplace at the far end of the ward, and take my place among the old women cowering about it. I was stretching out my stiff hands towards the blaze, to gather all the warmth I could, when all of a sudden the door at the other end of the long room was thrown open, and a shrill voice called out to me—a sharp, shrill voice that rang through me—"Alice Transome, yo're to go quick to the sick ward, for yo're man's deen'."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## UNTO DEATH.

ALL my pains were gone in an instant—swallowed up by a greater pain. I started from my chair, hurried down the room, and across the yard to the sick ward, thinking of nothing, knowing nothing, hearing and seeing nothing, only the three words ringing in through and through my head—"Yo're man's deein'!" The doctor met me at the foot of the stairs, and I could only cry out the name, "Transome!" He shook his head, and said something, but my ears were dull of hearing, and his voice sounded smothered and low, I almost ran as soon as I saw the door of the place where he was lying; and I knocked at the door which had no latch on the outside, earnestly—earnestly, as if some terrible thing was hunting me, and I had fled there for safety. But the terrible thing was there before me; though I pushed in eagerly as soon as the door was opened.

The place was exactly the same as the ward I came from, and the ward he came from—a long, narrow room, with narrow beds on each side, and the same coarse blue quilts over them. But every person lying on these beds was ill as well as poverty-stricken. I saw Transome the first moment—I saw no one save him. He was alone, no one near him; for he was passing away quietly, and the nurses had much to do, and were glad to leave him to himself. Quite alone, lying with his eyelids closed, and drifting away tranquilly out of this troublesome life, as if he did not know that he was going—just as a child falls asleep without knowing it. So quiet and still he was, that when I stole on tiptoe to his side, as I used to steal to Willie's cradle, he did not open his eyes, or move the poor hands that lay outside the quilt. I put my hands softly upon them, and the icy chill that ran through me forced me to cry aloud.

"Oh, Transome!" I said, "are you going to leave me—to leave me behind you in this dreadful place?"

At that his face quivered all over, and his lips moved, and his eyelids opened. A smile came across his face, full of content, and his poor glazed eyes brightened as he saw me bending over him.

"Ally, my lass! Ally!" he whispered. I knelt down beside him, and put my arm under his old grey head; and he kept on whispering, "Ally, my lass! my poor Ally!" till I couldn't bear it a minute longer.

"Oh!" I cried, "the Lord is dealing very hard with us."

"No, no," he answered, "He's dealin' softer wi' us nor wi' His own Son, 'at were crucified upo' the cross. Nob'ry i' th' world has borne harder nor that. Aw'm a weary sinfu' ou'd man; but He were young, and there was no sin in Him, yet they put Him to

death upo' the cross. No! Thee munna threep agen' th' Lord, Ally."

"If He'd only let me come too!" I cried again, feeling as if God must hear my cry, and take me along with Transome.

"Ay; aw'd bide for thee a while if aw could, for sure" he said, tenderly; "aw promised to bide wi' thee till death parted us; but 'twere the workhouse first, and now it's death. But thee'lt not be long after me Ally."

"No," I said, but my throat was so dry and choked I could speak no more. If Transome died, all was over for me. I was a helpless, friendless old woman, with nothing before me but to live and die in the workhouse; yet I could not be sure that I should die soon.

"Ally," he whispered again, "aw've gi'en thee mony and mony a cross to bear. But thee'lt forgi'e me a' now."

"Thou never gave me a hard word," I said.

"Th' Lord knows," he went on, "'at aw love thee more now nor when we were wed. Dost remember lass? But tell me, quick, what were those words thee learned me th' neet afore we came into th' House? "Faithful unto death." Quick, Ally!"

God knows how hard it was for me to make my voice speak through my sobs; but quietly and softly I repeated the words, putting my lips close to his ear,—

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!"

"Gran' words," he whispered; "faithfu' unto death; crown o' life! Gran' words. 'Faithfu' unto death,' Lord!"

His grey head fell heavier on my arm, and his eyelids dropped half over his eyes. His breath came feebler and feebler. I knew what it was. He tried to speak once more to me, but his poor tongue was stiff and cold. His fingers groped about a bit on the quilt, till I put my other hand into them. I would not stir or utter a cry, lest any of the strange women who were in the ward should come nigh us, and perhaps take me away from him. So quiet he was when he passed away forever, that even the sick man next to him, whom I could have touched with my hand without moving, did not know that Transome was dead. Only I knew.

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BE POLITE TO YOUR CHILDREN.—Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare; to grow glad at your approach; to bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority, have politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

Again we say unto all—be polite.

We are sinning when we *think* we are.

## OUR EASTER HYMN.

CASSIE was seventeen in August, and now it was the second week in December, and she was coming home from school, never to return. I remember what gladness filled my heart as I took our little phaeton to fetch her from the station two miles away. The time for which I had looked and longed had come at last ; for though Cassie was nearly two years younger than myself, we were, nevertheless, one in heart and mind.

Save during the vacations, our life at Ascham-Grove had been very quiet for the past two years, mamma being such an invalid we had very few visitors, and at times I felt lonely and in need of a companion ; but now Cassie was coming to fill up the gap, and I should be satisfied. I marked the unusual fervour of her embrace as we again met face to face, and how her smile was sweeter and her laugh more joyous than I had known it to be in past days.

Cassie was changed, I felt sure ; changed, but how ? That I could not tell, but there was a something pervading her whole spirit that shone out prominently in her every look, word and action ; and yet its real nature was indiscernible. Some fresh thoughts were stamped upon her heart, still, though I exercised strict yet secret scrutiny, I failed to decipher the mysterious characters. And I felt sure that mamma had feelings like mine, by the manner in which her eyes rested on Cassie, and watched her as she flitted like a sun-beam in and out of the room where mamma generally lay.

Our Christmas, too, was a happier one than usual ; there was more body in our merriment : I fancied that even Randal and Meredith, fresh from their studies in Edinburgh, guessed that the spring was in Cassie, and could not keep their hearts, any more than I could keep mine, from rendering her silent and imprecipitable homage.

It was a few weeks after our brothers had resumed their college life that I ran lightly down the stairs, my thinly-slippered feet falling noiselessly upon the soft Brussels carpet. I cannot describe the feeling that came over me as I heard Cassie say, " And is the change for the better or the worse mamma ? " That she alluded to a change in herself I felt certain, and this confirmed my yet unspoken surmises.

" You are happier, Cassie, I cannot but see that," came from our mother's lips : " and I have been puzzled to divine the cause of difference between your happiness and Joy's, because you are more united and knit soul to soul than are most sisters."

" I will tell you, mamma ; I have learned to talk to Jesus, and to walk with him ; and as I think of this all day long, it makes my heart so glad that I am desirous for others to have a share in my happiness."

"But why have you not told me before, Cassie? were you afraid of my anger?"

"I did think you might be displeased, mamma, but that did not deter me from avowing my allegiance to Him Whose I am and Whom I serve; for Jesus Himself said that whosoever esteemeth father or mother more than His love, is not worthy of Him. No, mamma, it was neither shame nor cowardice that tied my tongue; but the one wish of my heart being to see you and my brothers and sisters all in the possession of God's most precious gift. I saw the wisdom of first laying the beauty of religion tacitly before you. Mamma, I wish you knew Jesus."

I had dropped upon the mat at the foot of the stairs, not daring to move away, lest through the open breakfast-room door Cassie should catch my footsteps, and be disconcerted in her confidence with mamma. And now there was a silence so deep that even the beating of my own heart became an annoyance, and a fear crept over me that Cassie might step suddenly into the hall and be grieved through mistaking my conduct. At length mamma broke the stillness, but her voice trembled with an emotion like to what Cassie sometimes put upon the strings of her harp. I knew not why, but it seemed to me that tones more melodious had never before passed her lips.

"You may not know it, Cassie, but your father was a man of prayer; and I often marvelled to see how courageous he was in professing Christ before those, who in our early wedded days, were his chosen friends and associates. I know my adherence to worldliness grieved and distressed him beyond measure, and though I would have carried out his every other wish, I felt I could not comply with that,—the forsaking of those gaieties which held me so firmly by their fascination. But before you were a month old he lay upon his death-bed, and I looked in the last moment upon his uplifted eyes, my ears caught a prayer that his wife and children might rejoin him in heaven."

"God grant that we may," said Cassie, fervently; and after another pause, mamma spoke again:—

"Yes, Cassie, I have had very serious thoughts since I have lain so much upon this couch, and especially during the last few months; for in spite of all opposition, I feel that my remaining strength is quickly going, my life is fast ebbing out, and then will come the Great Beyond. I have so longed to converse with a minister or pious friend, but feared to request an interview, lest Joy should be unduly alarmed; you know how closely she connects thoughts of religion with nearness of death. But, Cassie, my darling, I am so thankful that you have found your father's God; will you teach me to come to Him as you came? It is late in the day, but maybe He will have mercy."

"He will, dear mother; but now you must rest; I will just step into the garden and gather a few more snowdrops, those have been in the house a day or two," and there was a something in Cassie's tone that brought tears to my eyes; and as she made her exit through the French window, I remounted the stairs with a heavy heart.

From my bedroom window I could see her culling the dainty blossoms, but with a grave demeanour that was not Cassie's own; and I knew how mamma's allusions to what might be ere long, had come like a hand of iron to crush the buds of joy that were but just peeping above the barren surface. As I sat there, I felt strangely alone; it seemed to me that a wall of difference had suddenly risen between Cassie and myself; our unanimity would henceforth be abolished, and our souls separated. But as I thought on and on, there came the pleasing remembrance that the change of which Cassie spoke had not come in that day, it had been there ever since she alighted from the train which brought her home from school, and had we not during that time been even more closely united than in other days? Yes, I felt that my sister, with the love of Jesus in her heart, was far more precious to me than she had ever been without it; and as day after day went by, my heart was irresistibly led to exclaim,—

"'Tis religion than can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live."

And the conversation to which I had so unintentionally listened was not for a moment forgotten, yet neither mamma nor Cassie alluded to it in my presence. Unaided, save by the Word of God, I sought for the pardon of my sins and a clear assurance of the same; and, like the prodigal's father of old, mine saw me a long way off and ran to meet me with the kiss of reconciliation. At once I told mamma, and O! how she wept, not in sorrow, but in joy, for she, too, was born again.

And so the weeks sped on; mamma drooped considerably in February, but upon March coming in unusually mild, she revived, and quickly regained strength. She did not again refer to her passing away from us, but more than once we heard her utter the grand sentiment, "'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,' therefore, living or dying, I am the Lord's."

Cassie wrote long, loving letters to Randal and Meredith, and told me how earnestly and persuasively she had spoken to them after Christmas. Mamma wrote too, and so did I, but we merely described the work of the great Renovator in our hearts, and the quenchless peace that now abode therein. The answers we received were very evasive and calculated to cheer us but little; yet now and then we caught a gleam of hope that even they might be led to

consider their ways and be wise. In one letter, Randal mentioned a conversation that he had held with a pious clergyman, and stated how he and Meredith had talked it over, and how they wished that mamma and Joy and Cassie were near to join them.

Our Good Friday's breakfast was complete ; mamma poured out, a thing she had not done for eighteen months, and our brothers were there also ; they had left college crowned with honours, and together we exulted in their success.

When the meal was over, Randal stayed indoors with mamma, but Cassie and I coaxed Meredith into the garden. It was a beautiful April morning, full of sunshine, song and perfume, and right happy were our hearts as we strolled beneath the silver beech-trees. I was wondering what kind of joy it was that filled his heart, when he looked into our faces yet more gladsomely, and asked, "Which has been the best Good Friday of your lives?"

Cassie forestalled me in a reply, which, however, was sufficient for us both. "We have not yet had a real Good Friday, Merry, for Christ crucified was nothing to us; but now he is our Saviour, our All in All; so that this is our first Good Friday."

"And mine, too," said Meredith, in his rich, full tone, and then he kissed us both. Our hearts were too glad to speak, but we knew that he understood our silence.

"And Randal?" I almost gasped.

"Ah, Joy, he is 'halting between two opinions;' but let us not cease to petition heaven until our brother has cast his whole soul upon the altar of consecration."

The answer soon came; we received the joyful news on Easter morning, when returning from the holy, soul-stirring service. There was such a genuineness in the tone of Randal's announcement, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," that we did not for a moment doubt his meaning, but with a rapture added, "Hallelujah!"

And in the afternoon we clustered round mamma's chair, and sang with one heart and one voice, the well-known transporting hymn.—

"Soar we now, when Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies."

"King of glory! Soul of bliss!  
Everlasting life is this:  
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
Thus to sing, and thus to love."

—*Wesleyan S. S. Magazine.*

Idleness is the great slough into which the vices of the world drift and settle, to rise again in miasma.

## GEORGE MULLER.

IN passing through the streets of the old city of Bristol, a few days since, my attention was called to a procession of children, stretching on to such a distance in either direction that neither end of the marching column could be seen. I concluded they must belong to the world-renowned "Müller's Orphanage," and followed on. Crossing the street, I joined two of the teachers, and entered into conversation in reference to Mr. Müller (pronounced Miller) and his wonderful institution. The children had just been to Mr. Müller's chapel in the city, and were on their way home. He is the regular pastor of a church called "The Brethren," bears the responsibility of this great orphanage, and conducts an immense tract publishing society. With all his toil and care he is calm and quiet, and seems to always have leisure for a good work. In the procession were eighteen hundred boys and girls, the whole number under his care amounting to two thousand and fifty. The children of each sex are dressed exactly alike, all their clothing being made upon the premises. About eighty teachers and managers are employed, and the whole runs like well-adjusted machinery. We walked on, through street after street, till we had reached an elevated spot some two miles or more in the open country. Here we came upon five immense stone buildings, very plain and substantial in their architecture. They resembled the large, well-constructed factory buildings of New England. No ornaments or fountains are allowed, as the founder is not willing that there should be the appearance of any extravagance about the premises, the whole being for poor children, who are here trained to earn their living by hard work. Several gentlemen have offered to place fountains in the grounds, and add other embellishments, but they have always been declined. The children are taken at an early age, many being mere infants when they enter. They all receive a fine education, and the boys are taught useful trades, whilst the girls are trained to become household servants. At a proper age they are placed out with families, and started respectably in life. The many thousands who have thus been cared for, and sent out hopefully in the world, have been gathered mostly from the degradation and poverty of large towns, and thus reared for industry and virtue.

This institution is especially famous for the peculiar principles upon which Mr. Müller has conducted it, from the outset. He declares that he has never asked any person for a penny, but has simply commended the undertaking to God in prayer, and trusted in Him for results. It would probably be safe to say that more than a million of dollars have been contributed, mostly by unknown



friends ; and in rearing these great structures, feeding these thousands, and paying teachers and others, there has never been a deficiency. Often the treasury has been exhausted, but before a new demand has appeared a new supply has been provided. Commencing in a private way, with a mere handful of children, the number has steadily increased, house has been added to house, and additional supplies of teachers have been engaged, and this man of faith has dared to go forward, satisfied that the work is of God, who will not increase the enterprise and fail to furnish the requisite support. Mr. Müller relates some most remarkable instances of answers to prayer, and cavillers have sometimes questioned the logic of his course. For instance, he mentions the case of an empty treasury and after commending the case to heaven in prayer, a letter arrives from India with several thousands of dollars. The doubter says there could be no connection between his prayer and the immediate arrival of the money from a distance of many thousand miles. But the arrangement is not to be regarded as made up of isolated instances of prayer and answers thereto. The machinery is ever in operation, and the supply of to-day may be in answer to the prayer offered many months before, and the prayer of to-day may have its answer delayed for many weeks. Like the great manufactory, goods are constantly going out and returns constantly arriving, though there is no connection in each day's disbursements and receipts. Some maintain that Mr. Müller sends out his reports and keeps the people informed of his needs, and thus there is nothing peculiar about it. If any such reasoners think it easy to establish, support and constantly enlarge such an institution by such means, it would be well for them to try the experiment.

Mr. Müller started as a poor German preacher of ordinary talents, and he has ever retained his poverty and devotion. He has accumulated no wealth for himself, and he has always lived on the most limited allowance. The question has often been raised, as to what is to become of this great undertaking when the founder departs, as depart he must before many years. In his last report he has stated that provision has been made for that event, and that though God may bury his workman He will carry on His work. The chief assistant, and Mr. Müller's son-in-law, are designated for the trust, and being men of like faith and prayer, no doubt the mantle of this devoted Elijah will be successfully transferred to these Elishas, and it is a question of great interest "whereunto this thing will grow."

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Perhaps the greatest good next to doing good to your "neighbor" is, to *benefit* your enemy. But some people heap coals of fire on their enemy's head to *scorch* him, thus making use of a Christian precept to do evil.

## OUT OF THE BACK DOOR.

THERE are two doors to our churches. At the front door new members are received. In revival seasons this door is thronged with in-comers. Some come in hastily, and without good evidence of conversion. And these are the ones commonly who disappear soonest through the postern door.

For our churches have a rear-door also. People do not go out through it in crowds; they slip out stealthily, one by one. I never knew of a concerted backsliding from Jesus Christ. Persons often urge the unconverted to repent and come in to Christ; but no one ever urges his fellow-member to steal out of the back-door, and become a backslider. The very proposal would shock and alarm. People backslide without urging—and often before they are fairly aware of it themselves. That church which during the last year has had more travel through the door at the rear than through the door of ingress, has *gained a loss*. They had better begin the new year with a day of humiliation and prayer.

Backsliding is usually a gradual process. It is not a bold sudden leap—but a series of slow and almost imperceptible slips. "Christian" and "Hopeful" first grew discontented with the straight road to heaven, and found the footing rather rough. Then they *looked* over the stile into the soft velvety By-path Meadow. It promised easier walking. They flattered themselves that the meadow ran close alongside to the King's highway of holiness. So after looking over wistfully, they concluded just to step over for a little while. But that crossing of the stile cost them a kidnapping by Giant Despair, and a wretched imprisonment in his dungeons, from which they were only delivered by deep repentance and the key of prayer. That wise man Bunyan describes only one door of admission into the Christian life, but the gateways of egress are very numerous. So our churches have only a single door of admission, but there are a great many posterns through which deserters slip out.

One professor begins to neglect secret prayer. If he keeps up the form, he loses the spirit of devotion. Presently he drops off from the social prayer meeting. A slight excuse suffices to quiet his conscience. "The meetings are growing dull," he whispers to himself. "A sociable," a concert, a sleighing-party, the opera, or almost anything that promise a lively evening, draws him away. He drops quietly out of the back-door, and gets fairly over into the ranks of the pleasure-seekers before he is aware. The number of professing Christians who owe their spiritual declension to sensual temptations is larger than is supposed. When a young man begins to desert from his post of duty, I soon suspect that the dance, or the drinking-cup, or secret licentiousness, is at the bottom of it. The besetting sin soon becomes an over-match for him; and if he does

not quit his sinning he will very soon quit his praying. The backslider who slips out the door to gratify fleshly lusts always intends to go "just *this once*" and then return again. But a person rarely commits one deliberate sin, and stops with that single transgression. When the devil fairly gets hold of a church-member he does not let go his grip so easily.

But back of all outward backsliding lies the decay of religion *in the heart*. Our heart must be in our religion, and our religion in our heart, or else it becomes an up-hill drudgery, or a sheer hypocrisy. Here lies the secret cause of many a church-member's desertion. He has no heart for his religious duties. They are a downright penance. He tugs at them awhile as a galley-slave pulls at the oar. He goes to his closet, or to the Prayer circle, or to the Sabbath-school, because he *must*, and not because he wants to. If the church-bell rings him to the sanctuary he hunts an excuse in the weather, or his health, and if none avail him he goes reluctantly to keep up appearances. Money-giving to the Lord's treasury becomes a *tax*, and he submits to it with a secret protest. It is not a free gift, but an *assessment*, like the tax on his house or his income; he pays it grudgingly. In fact, the whole routine of external service is gone through with, slavishly and reluctantly, and he shirks everything that he possibly can. As soon as the service of Jesus Christ ceases to be a cheerful, voluntary *labour of love*, back-sliding has begun. It is a mere question of time as to when he shall become an open deserter. His heart is outside of the door, and he soon goes with it.

This paragraph will probably reach hundreds of church members who have been stealing away from their duties during the year just closed. Perhaps some of them will lay down this paper and say sadly, "Well, this means *me*. Oh, that I were as in months past!" The man or woman who honestly feels thus, I have some hope for. Where there is conscience enough to feel "pricked" and penitent on account of guilty wanderings from Christ, there is a possibility of recovery. And this is a good time to begin a new life.

Upon every backslider's ear, the bell that strikes the incoming of a new year ought to sound as a most solemn warning from heaven. This is the right time to repent and do the first works again. This is a good time to give up false hopes and rotten foundations, and to seek a new conversion. Multitudes of church members are living on the mere memory of an out-worn experience, or on a faint hope that they were converted long years ago. They are really *out* of Christ's fold. "I am the DOOR," saith the Shepherd's voice to these wandering sheep. The first step of these wanderers must be to Jesus. By Him alone can they re-enter the deserted fold. Backsliding professor! what thou doest, do quickly! Even to thee very soon that *door may be shut!*—REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

## Topics of the Day.

### TYNDALL AND HIS CRITICS.

SOME of Dr. McCosh's most ardent admirers were not altogether pleased with his allusions to Dr. Tyndall in his address delivered at the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in Montreal last October. The policy of belittling an opponent was not only questioned, but the justice of representing the author of the celebrated Belfast address as but a second-rate man was doubted. Upon the first of these points we say nothing at present; but, if we are not greatly mistaken, the preface to the last edition of the Address will go far to establish the correctness of Dr. McCosh's judgment. As a reply to adverse criticisms, it certainly is not what we should expect from a truly great man. It lacks the candour and frankness which we naturally look for in men of the highest order. As a witness for the truth, he must feel that mankind have a right to expect him to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and, moreover, that this be done with the utmost candour and straightforwardness. All equivocation, evasion, or attempted concealment, is especially out of place in such a discussion as that which Dr. Tyndall has provoked. He has put himself forward as one of the most advanced thinkers of the age, and, as such, claims to have light which is not in the possession of ordinary men. He has not only devoted a life-time to the study of the physical sciences, but, as if this enormous field was too contracted a sphere for his adventurous intellect, he has passed beyond the limits of scientific investigation, and entered the region of pure speculation; not content with exercising the functions of the physicist, he has undertaken the *role* of the metaphysician also; and, not satisfied with being a teacher of the most recent discoveries in science, he has even assumed the prerogatives of a prophet, and uttered strange and startling oracular deliverances, which, if they have sprung from a genuine inspiration—if the prophet is a real one and not one after the Joe Smith order—must have some definite

meaning, and, if they have, the world, to which they are addressed, have a right to know what it is. But this is precisely what we do not find in this paper. When he says he perceives in matter "the promise and potency of all forms of life," what does he mean? Had he any definite meaning, or was it merely intended as a sop to Cerberus—a tid-bit designed to conciliate the sceptical portion of his audience?

Dr. Tyndall must know that this utterance was susceptible of an atheistic interpretation; and he ought not to have been surprised or annoyed that it had been the occasion of alarm and pain to men whose special duty it is to guard and defend the truths of religion. If he did not mean to teach atheism, he ought to have promptly and cheerfully embraced the opportunity to set himself right before the world. He had a fine opportunity to have shown, if he really believed it, that his physical theory was not inconsistent with the existence of a personal God; and surely it was not beneath his dignity to have done so. Contempt for his critics can scarcely be accepted as a sufficient excuse for allowing such an opportunity to slip. He gives us an appalling view of some of his assailants, who are represented as possessing "a spirit of bitterness which desires, with a fervour inexpressible in words, my (his) eternal ill"; and, we frankly confess, if there were any such, which, for the honour of humanity, we must beg leave to doubt, he would have been justified in passing them over in silence. But he admits that there were others influenced by very different feelings and motives, who were not only "fair and manly" in argument, but were influenced by "the tenderest and holiest sympathy," and desire for his eternal good. For the sake of this latter class, in deference to the feelings of the holiest and best men in the world, whom he had reason to know were shocked and grieved, and that he might avoid making a wrong impression upon the thousands of his readers in all lands, it behooved him to have made an explicit statement of his views. It will be readily admitted that there are professing Christians with bad tempers and crude views. Even the loftiest ideals of the most gifted among men, too, doubtless fall infinitely below the reality, so far as they have respect to the nature of God; and it is not denied that persons from whom we had a right to have looked for something better, have uttered, now and again, some very foolish things. But to their own Master let these men stand or fall. Their faults

and follies do not absolve Dr. Tyndall from the obligation to let his light shine.

It is not the Christian world which is anxious to convict Dr. Tyndall of Atheism ; it is the infidel, who is not only anxious to do this, but has actually done it. There is not an atheist in Europe or America to-day who does not claim him as an ally. Even the disavowal contained in the first preface to his address has not had the effect of fully clearing him from this imputation. By Atheists it has been regarded as a cowardly concession to theologians dishonestly made, while the absence of frankness and thoroughness, by which it was characterized, has rendered it of little value in the estimation of those whom it was intended to conciliate. This last preface will probably make things worse, rather than better. We say this with regret. We are not unmindful of the debt of gratitude we owe to Dr. Tyndall and the class to which he belongs. We would not close our eyes for a moment to the multitudinous advantages which physical science has conferred upon society, and the part which it has performed as a factor of civilization ; nor would we ignore the assistance which even religion itself has derived from it ; but the very high value which we set upon it, and the respect which we feel for the men who have devoted their lives to its interests, make us all the more anxious that it should not be so interpreted as to bring it into conflict with truths which are still more closely identified with the highest interests of man. We regret, therefore, that Dr. Tyndall has seen fit, so far as the most important point in question is concerned, to adopt the cuttle-fish mode of warfare, and has darkened the waters of controversy, when the world, or at least the better portion of it, were looking for more light.

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DR. NEWMAN ON PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

It may well be doubted whether a thorough English Protestant can ever become an out-and-out Papist. The Romish Church is a thing of the past ; its spirit is the spirit of the middle ages rather than that of the nineteenth century ; and it is not easy for one who has enjoyed the intellectual freedom which belongs to this age, to submit to the iron yoke which Rome imposes upon her spiritual

subjects ; and if he does submit to receive it, he is not likely to ever become so accustomed to it as to wear it comfortably. Archbishop Manning appears to have mastered the difficult lesson ; but possibly, if we could but penetrate to his inner and more secret experiences, we would find that even to him this unreasoning submission to an unreasonable authority is not always an easy task. The loud professions of recent converts to any system, probably deserves to be received with considerable caution. The zeal and professed devotion of this dignified pervert may, after all, be the means to which he finds it necessary to resort to, in order to crush out the spirit of rebellion which he finds, ever and anon, rising up within him.

A greater than Archbishop Manning has, however, spoken out of late, and his utterances show that while the logical network in which he has become entangled holds him fast, so that in all probability he will never be able to extricate himself from this cruel system of intellectual and spiritual despotism, he is, nevertheless, wofully galled with the fetters which he is doomed to wear. The most remarkable contribution to the controversy respecting the dogma of Papal Infallibility and its bearing upon the allegiance of the Catholic subjects of Protestant Governments, started by Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Contemporary Review*, which has yet appeared, is from the pen of Jno. Henry Newman ; and it is every way worthy of the distinguished ability of the venerable Oratorian. It is, by all odds, the ablest attempt that has yet been made to answer the charge brought against his Church by the ex-Premier ; but if he succeeds in proving that an intelligent man may be a good Catholic, and at the same time a loyal subject, he does so at the expense of the dogma of Infallibility. Indeed, in the hands of Newman, this attribute of the Pope becomes so far modified and attenuated as to be a very different thing from what we may suppose it to be to the apprehension of most Romanists. But what is most painfully interesting in this deliverance, is the evidence it affords of the false position in which this great man has placed himself in becoming a member of the Romish Church. Deeply and painfully impressed with the unwisdom and fanaticism of his co-religionists, without any sympathy with the trickery and deception by which they seek to promote the interests of their Church, he finds himself helpless to do anything to effect a reformation. He

protests against that which his judgment and conscience cannot approve ; but, though probably the finest intellect in the Church of Rome to-day, and, withal, one of the most conscientious Christian men, he finds his protests and expostulations utterly powerless ; and when his Church has brought upon herself the very evils which he foresaw and deprecated, he finds himself called upon to defend it, but to defend it with a two-edged sword, which inflicts quite as much punishment upon his friends as upon his foes.

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### THE COMING STRUGGLE.

*Apropos* to what was said in a late number of this magazine respecting the dangers which threaten the Church, we not only hear of a series of popular lectures being delivered in one of the towns of Ontario, in the interest of "free thought" (an euphemism in this instance for blank atheism), but we find the same ghastly doctrine openly advocated in the contributed articles of a newspaper published in Toronto. Probably the lectures did not amount to much, and their direct influence upon the community in which they were delivered was, we have reason to believe, infinitesimal ; and the effect which the articles in question are most likely to produce is to run the journal in which they appear into the ground ; but they indicate the approach of a state of things for which the Church should be prepared. The storm which has swept over other portions of Christendom, without doubt, will in due time reach us, and woe unto us if we are found unprepared for it when it comes. This is a matter which deserves the careful attention of Christian ministers especially ; and more particularly of those who are intrusted with the weighty and momentous work of the education and training of the future ministry of the Church. The community of to-day is not the community of twenty-five years ago, and the methods which would have succeeded then, will not succeed now. The difference between the present and the period which is just, coming forward to meet us, will probably be still greater than that which distinguishes the present from the past. And as the work of the Christian ministry is more difficult now than it ever was before, we may be sure it will be vastly more difficult in the future than at present. Heretofore, at least in Canada, the arguments of the pulpit were almost exclusively biblical, and a successful appeal to the



testimony of the inspired Word was an end of all controversy ; but though it will be an evil day when anything is taught in the pulpit which may not be proved out of the Scriptures, preachers of the Gospel cannot close their eyes to the fact that before they can reach a large and growing class of hearers they have to prove the validity of the foundation upon which their doctrines rest. It will not only be necessary for the future ministry to know more of the Bible than is generally known by ministers of the present generation, but it will be necessary for them to be far more advanced students of other departments of learning. Systematic or Dogmatic Theology will still have its importance, but it will probably be but a secondary importance when compared with Biblical criticism and exegesis. The history of the Church, which is, in an important sense, the history of the race, will have to be studied in a way that it has been rarely studied in the past. From this source the enemies of Christianity are at this moment drawing some of their most powerful weapons of attack ; the Christian warrior who is set for the defence of the truth will have to be prepared to meet them on their own ground, and in order to do this successfully he must be equipped from the same armory. But the natural sciences will after all, most probably, be the chief battle-field upon which the war will have to be carried on. And no minister can be said to be "thoroughly furnished unto every good work" who has not a sufficiently accurate knowledge of science to enable him to feel the full force of a scientific argument, to distinguish between what is genuine science, and "science falsely so-called," and to give to a scientific man an intelligent and intelligible reason of the hope that is in him.

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#### THE ELECTIONS.

The Ontario elections, which came off too late in January to be noticed in our last issue, appear to have been the most satisfactory, both in their character and results, of any elections which have ever taken place in this country. The order and quiet which prevailed strikingly illustrated the wisdom of the Election Law as it now stands. The ballot and simultaneous polling throughout the country are such manifest improvements upon the former mode of conducting elections, that it is difficult to see why they should have

been so long delayed. The only complaint that we hear touching this matter is that a very large number of voters took no part in the elections—so large a number in fact that had all who did not vote at all, cast their ballots in favour of the losing candidates, in almost every instance the result would have been reversed. Various theories have been adopted in order to account for this. Some charge this apathy of the voters upon the unpopularity of the Government, and others upon the weakness of the Opposition; and some again attribute it to both of these causes, affirming that, in the judgment of the country, there is so little to choose between them, and both by the way are so little admired, that a very large proportion of the people cared little which of them won. One thing is pretty evident, the people of Ontario are becoming heartily tired of the senseless party warfare, with its gross personalities and its endless crimination and recrimination with which the country has been so long kept in hot water; they begin to learn, moreover, that those talismanic words which form the shiboleth of the two leading factions, such as “Reformers” and “Conservatives,” belong entirely to a by-gone generation, that they have no real significance at present. They have heard a certain line of public policy denounced by a faction in opposition, and saw the very same faction adopting precisely the same line of action when in power, until the conviction has forced itself upon them that the only real distinction between them is that one party is in power and the other wants to occupy their seats. Still, from whatever cause it may come, this apathy among the voters of the country is an evil symptom which bodes no good for the future; and it may be found necessary for its abatement to enact a law to compel every one who is intrusted with the franchise to exercise the right which the law has given him. If privilege and duty are but different sides of the same thing, we do not see why this should not be so.

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SAVING THE FRAGMENTS.—I remember a busy man who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

“How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?” I asked him one day.

“Oh!” said he, “I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of a year.”

## Our Love Feast.

### DEEPS OF EXPERIENCE.

FROM the time that I first received the blessing of full salvation, I realised that I had no will contrary to the will of God. It was no effort for me to bow to the will of God. In every event I felt perfect submission, but since my nephew's death I have received such an increase of grace, that I am enabled to *rejoice* in the will of God, and even to triumph and exult. I have no language to express what intense love and adoration I feel for the Divine will. No matter what takes place, only so that I realise that *God's will is done, I rejoice.*

In another letter, written about a year later, I find a further record of my experience.

### LETTER.

My dear Sister,—At the close of your note you requested me to write to you. Since then I have been thinking much of you, desiring to tell you of my trials and of my triumphs, as I have been wont to do in days that are past. You know, of my experience years gone by, that I have never dared to hide Christ's righteousness in my heart, but, as the Spirit gave me utterance, I have let it shine out, giving all the glory to God. I can truly say of myself, "By the grace of God I am what I am." Yes, the Lord God Almighty deigns to dwell in my heart, and abide there, without any rival. He talks with me as a man talks with his friend. He makes known to me His counsels, reveals to me His will, and continually feeds and fills me with his love. Jesus is mine, and I am His. "My life is hid with Christ in God." What have I to fear, though men and devils rage? "Roar on, ye waves; my soul defies your roaring to disturb my soul. Rage while my faith the Saviour tries, but cease when He shall say, 'Be still.'" "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." I am Christ's. Yes, Lord, I am all Thine; do with me as Thou wilt; give me ease or pain, give me joy or sorrow, give me sickness or health: what matters it so God is glorified? What matter how I fare on this earth, so that the will of God is done and His name glorified? One only desire I have, that while I live God may continue to glorify Himself in and through and by me in greater power than He has ever done. Oh, how well I know what a poor weak worm of the dust I am; yet the Lord does condescend to shine through me. Right well I

know that the Lord does hear, and is answering my prayers : to God be all the glory. I do know that through Christ I can take right hold on God, and move the arm that moves the world. Oh, the power of prayer. Holy Spirit, continually teach me how to pray, for I know that Thou wilt ever hear Thine own yearnings ! The Lord's name be praised. Oh, that everything that hath breath might praise the Lord. I will rejoice in the Lord and joy in the God of my salvation while I live, and when I get home to heaven I will cast my crown at Jesus' feet, and praise and adore Him forever. How vain are words, how little they express. When this mortal shall have put on immortality, then, then I can make known the goodness of the Lord to me. I have no wants or wish or desire contrary to the will of God. His will is my will ; let His great name be praised. I can with Paul, glory in the cross, rejoice in tribulation, count it all joy when I fall into temptation. Glory be to God that I am permitted to have fellowship with Christ in suffering. Tongue cannot tell the happiness and ecstatic joy that I experience in suffering with Christ. Suffering with Christ ! How can we but rejoice with joy unspeakable ? I can say with Paul, "I know both how to be abased and how to abound, everywhere and in all things. I am instructed both to be full and to suffer need." Oh, that I had language to make known to you how the Holy Spirit continually takes of the things of Christ and reveals them unto me ; how I am continually knowing more and more of God, sinking deeper and deeper into His love. "Oh, the height, the depth, the riches of His love." I can sit by the hour and commune with God, but it is in language that earth cannot understand, silently adoring the Triune. Remember me in much kindness to brother L., and bid him for me God-speed. How highly privileged are you both in being permitted to be co-workers with God in saving souls. Oh, the value of souls ! May God work through you in great power. May you be mighty through God in saving souls, and tearing down the kingdom of Satan.—Your sister in Christ.

One Sabbath morning, as I was sitting in my room reading and meditating on the Word of God, the ninety-first Psalm was given to me by the Holy Spirit with great power, particularly the first verse : "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." I very frequently had promises of the Bible given to me by the Holy Spirit, but never before with such power and unction as at this time. The Divine influence was so great that I was conscious of being in the immediate presence of God. It really appeared as if God spoke the words to me—that they were, in a special and peculiar manner, mine. The meaning of the passage, the full import, and the all-powerful protection promised by God to me, I realized. I did, indeed, dwell in the

secret place of the Most High, and God told me that I ever should abide under His shadow. The security, the perfect protection of constantly abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, conveyed a meaning beyond the power of language to express. Truly I could say, What can harm me, of what need I be afraid, although all earth and hell should encamp against me? I have nothing to fear, for I abide under the shadow of the Almighty; and what heavenly communion I had with my God while he thus talked with me, and made known the almighty protection that continually overshadowed me. All the promises of that precious psalm were given to me as if I were the only person living for whom they were intended. In all this I was greatly amazed at the condescension of God. The next day my heavenly Father let me down into a furnace seven times heated. Satan was allowed to assail me in every point with all his fiery darts. Often before have I had severe conflicts with the adversary, but never one so terrible as at this time. It did appear as if all the powers of hell were combined to assail me. I hung by naked faith on God. My feelings were like one holding on to a rope continually giving way; I could see nothing, feel nothing, but the terrible fiery darts. Oh, such fiery darts, none but those who have gone through such conflicts know. Yet, through all this, I believed. Yes, it was naked faith in God. I groaned before God, and said: Father, I abide under Thy shadow, and claim, in the name of Jesus, all the protection implied in the promise Thou hast given me. I felt that God knew all that was implied in that promise, more than my feeble mind could take in, yet I asked for all that was comprehended in it. The Lord tarried, yet He did come, and with what power did He deliver me! He did lift up a standard against the enemy, who, indeed, came in like a flood. Gloriously did the Lord deliver me; and this trial increased my faith. Precious it is in trial to plead the promises that have been given us by the Spirit; precious the ninety-first Psalm to me, for ever since, in time of trial and danger, I claim its protection.

Shortly after this I was led to visit some friends at a distance, some of whom were in peculiar trial and suffering. I had been prepared by the late struggle through which I had passed to encourage the faith of those suffering disciples; so I found that my faith had been strengthened, not only for my own good, but by it I was more fully prepared to help others in their Christian warfare.

Again, in a very unusual and marked manner, God aroused my mind to the vast importance and the blessed power of prayer. He showed me that I was unusually privileged in living so near and in such intimate communion with Him, and that he would hold me responsible for all these things at His bar.

At one of our national crises, when persons all over our land were becoming bankrupt, money was scarce, and the poor thrown

out of work were suffering, God especially, condescended by His Spirit to make clear to my mind the great power of prayer in this way. Suppose that the Rothschilds should make me one of their heirs, with full liberty from the present time, and while I lived, to draw upon them for any amount I chose, for myself, my friends, acquaintances, and all good and charitable purposes: would I not quickly avail myself of this privilege, and relieve those in embarrassments, and help others in their poverty and distress? and would I not draw largely and assist all good and charitable objects? Then God said, "What are all the riches of this world, which so soon perish, in comparison with the riches of heaven, which endure through all eternity? What is all earth, in comparison with the value of one immortal soul? And I, the Lord God of heaven, have given you full liberty to draw upon Me for any amount of heavenly riches for your friends, neighbours, and the world at large, and all the promises of the Bible are so many cheques you may present in the name of Jesus, and they are cashed upon demand." Would that I could by language make known how clearly God revealed to me the mighty power of prayer. I felt so clearly and deeply what was required of me, and what would be my responsibility at the bar of God, that I was overwhelmed, and lay before Him in the dust for days, and cried that He would teach me how to pray, that I might ask only what was His will and for His glory. I intensely desired to answer the end for which I was born, that I might do just the work, perform just the mission, that God designed in placing me upon earth. It is only as I receive grace, moment by moment, that I can fully do the will of God. Sometimes, for hours, I groan out my requests to Him that His will may be done, His name glorified. How full of meaning is that prayer, "Thy will be done;" and how glorious, too, that we are permitted to join in the prayer for the reign of Christ on earth. O, Lord, teach us how to pray; inspire, and then accept our prayer!

At the commencement of the rebellion of the Southern States I was led by the Holy Spirit to agonise before God in intense, ardent prayer. The great agony of my soul was that our Union might be preserved, and that we might be saved from the evils of civil war, which I feared would extend over the entire land. This deep burden of prayer lasted for several days. I could scarcely eat by day, or sleep by night. The suffering was so intense that I groaned in spirit, and besought the Lord that He would save our Union, and preserve us a whole and united people. The last day as I was groaning in deep sorrow of spirit before God, He spoke to me, and said, "Be still." Immediately I was quieted, and listened to hear His voice. He then said to me, "If it is my will to divide the Union, are you willing that it should be done. Which do you desire that the will of God be done, or that the Union of the States be preserved? For

an instant I was lost in astonishment ; it never having occurred to my mind that it was possible it could be the will of God to divide our Union. But I immediately answered, " O my loving Father, I desire above everything, Union or no Union, that Thy will may be done." Then God answered me that His will would be done, and that even this war would result in bringing about His glory ; that men could do only what He permitted ; that I must rest quietly in Him and not be troubled, no matter what took place, or what turnings or overturnings there would be, ever remembering that God was at the helm. Oh, how my soul then rejoiced, so deeply that I realised that all would be well, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.—*God's Furnace.*

## Missionary Department.

### RESULTS OF MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

GAIL HAMILTON, in her recent article headed "Per Contra," calls for information in answer to a number of interesting and important questions. Leaving those concerning the Sandwich Islands to others, I propose to answer, briefly, some of those which refer to China ; and without repeating her questions in exact form, I will do what I can to give the information she desires.

#### I. What has been accomplished ?

*Answer.*—Although the first Protestant missionary to the Chinese landed at Canton in 1807, and about sixty missionaries were sent from Europe and America between 1813 and 1842 to China and to the Chinese settlements in Java, Siam, and the Straits, the real era of the commencement of Protestant missionary labor in China is the year 1842, in which the treaty with Great Britain was signed, which opened the "five ports" to the commerce of the world. Our missionaries were then permitted to enter at all the open ports with the Word of Life. A long period of preparatory work was then entered upon—breaking down the prejudices of a people for centuries secluded from the rest of the world, overcoming the superstitions of the masses, and undermining their faith in idolatry. While this work was going on—for 10 or 12 years—there were scarcely any converts so that nearly all the converts have been received within the last sixteen years, and by far the larger part of them within the last seven years. The following table will show the ratio of increase during the last eighteen years :

In 1853 the number of native Christians was	351
“ 1863 “ “ “ “	1,974
“ 1864 “ “ “ “	2,607
“ 1868 “ “ “ “	5,743
The present number is very nearly.....	8,000

But we should get a very inadequate idea of the work done if we were to look only at the number of communicants. Over 500 different books have been printed in the Chinese language by Protestant missionaries, including the Sacred Scriptures, commentaries, theological, educational, linguistic, historical, geographical, mathematical, astronomical, and botanical works—books ranging in size and importance from the child's primer to Dr. Martin's translation of Wheaton's "International Law," Dr. Hobson's medical and physiological works, and Mr. Wylie's translation of "Euclid's Geometry" and "Herschell's Astronomy."

Besides, the vast advance made in eradicating the prejudices of the people, securing their confidence, and gaining entrance into the interior, is to be taken into the account. The fact that 50,000 native patients are annually treated in Protestant missionary hospitals is also full of significance.

It is a common thing for us to meet with people now who say that for eight or ten or more years they have not worshipped idols; that they were convinced by preaching that they heard, or books that they received so long ago, that idolatry was wrong, and had given it up. We find them now, in interior cities and villages, ready to become adherents of the Gospel of Christ.

## II. What are our prospects for the future?

*Answer.*—Rev. M. J. Knowlton, of Ningpo, calls attention to the fact that of late the number of out-stations of native preachers, and of converts has doubled once in a period of a little over three years; and that we may reasonably expect that by the year 1900 the native Christians will number over two millions. Bishop Kingsley, in addressing the native Methodist preachers at Foochow, in 1869, reminded them that there were more Methodists then in Foochow than there were in America a hundred years before. Let this fact be borne in mind—viz., that, although the Chinese move slowly, when they begin to move, they move in masses—and there is no reason why this rule may not operate to the advantage of Christianity. In the Foochow mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church we had last year 931 members and 969 probationers, showing the work of the year preceding to have equalled in the number of converts all the years of the mission's history that had gone before. Such facts as these will have weight with all thinking minds.

## III. What is the character of Chinese converts?

*Answer.*—As among converts at home, there is every variety of character among them; but in general they are faithful, earnest, devoted men. The difference between them and their Pagan neighbours is marked. The Pagan neighbour is dirty. The Christian



is clean. The Pagan lies, and delights in lying. The Christian becomes truthful. The Pagan treats his wife as a slave. The Christian treats her as an immortal being. The Pagan regards the birth of a daughter as a calamity. The Christian welcomes the little girl, gives her to God in baptism, and tries to prepare her for a useful life.

One of our native Christians at Foochow went on Saturday to an American mercantile house with samples of tea. The agent in charge said: "Come to-morrow." The native replied: "To-morrow is Sunday, and I never transact business on God's day!" (Some incidents of this kind may go far to account for the asserted fact that "merchants do not expect great things from the missionaries.")

When Li Cha Mi, a few weeks ago, was stoned by persecutors until he was nearly dead, and afterward, in attempting to elude his pursuers, fell over a precipice twenty feet high, while he was falling, he prayed: "Lord have mercy upon them, and forgive them."

After Ling Ching Ting had been beaten with two thousand stripes, as soon as he was able to move, he returned to the place where he had been beaten, and preached the Gospel so faithfully that some of the very men who brought that trial upon him were converted.

When Hii Yong Mi was driven from his home by a mob, and his wife cruelly outraged, they both held steadfast to their faith in Christ, emulating the spirit of Job: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

When old Father Ling, at Ku-cheng, was told by heathen friends: "You must not try to give up opium smoking now, after forty years' practice. It will kill you." His reply was: "I belong to Jesus. I have promised to give up every sin. I would rather die trying to conquer this sin than live an opium smoker."

I speak only of men I have personally known, whose Christian character commands my admiration, and whose Christian lives are evidence of the genuineness of their profession.

#### IV. What is the rank of Christian converts in Chinese society?

As yet, "not many mighty, not many noble are called." It is still true that "this sect is everywhere spoken against" by the haughty literati, by wicked Pagans, and by licentious foreign traders. Yet in China, as everywhere else, Christianity elevates its subjects. They grow not only in grace, but in knowledge, in influence, in relative position; and, if God still chooses "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," and "the weak things of the world to confound the mighty," in order "that no flesh should glory in His presence," why, the best thing we can do is to fall in with his arrangement.

## HOW TWO MISSIONARIES PRAYED AND WORKED.

The following is part of a speech in Exeter Hall, by the Rev. L. O. Skrefsrud, from Sonthalistan :—

“We resolved to devote the rest of our lives to bringing these poor benighted Sonthals to Christ if possible. Now this was no easy task, because we did not belong to any missionary society, and we saw that in order to effect any good with these Sonthals, it would be necessary for us to go into the forest and live amongst them. And so we did. My colleague, Mr. Boerresen, and I, have lived together now for eleven years, and we have never had a quarrel, so that you can understand that he is a good man. We have lived in one house, eaten from the same table, and had the same purse, and we have never quarrelled over it.

“Going into Sonthalistan, the first thing we did was to learn the language, and it was no easy task, as it is one of the most difficult languages under the sun. When I tell you it has twenty-seven tenses I suppose you will understand what it is like. The sounds are so outlandish that it is very difficult to pronounce them. The first thing we did was to take a looking-glass. I put a Sonthal and myself before the looking-glass, and I looked into his mouth, and saw how its muscles and sinews formed themselves, and on what part the tongue would strike. I tried again and again. I looked into his mouth, then into my own mouth, and tried to get it out, and then having got out the sounds we classified them. We had small books and pencils, and whenever a Sonthal said anything we would write it down. In the evening when they were chatting in their small huts, we were outside in the darkness, and we would write in our books what they were talking about inside.

“We threw ourselves entirely among the people. We went to their hunting excursions, their funerals, their marriage festivities, wherever they had services to their gods ; and when they went to the field or to the forest to cut fuel, we went with them, and thus we made friends with them. We studied their mythology, their institutions, their habits, traditions, and character, because we thought it necessary, before we could do any thing with the people at all, to know them thoroughly. We used to sit on the floor like a tailor, and eat with our hands with these people, and we slept in their cow-houses.

“Sometimes at their hunting excursions we had ten thousand Sonthals to speak to. We would go into the midst of them and begin to sing a hymn which we had been able to translate into the Sonthal language, to their own tunes. They thus took a fancy to us. They did not know there was a poison in these hymns—blessed poison ! They carried them to their sweethearts in the village, who taught them to other girls, and so the Word of God ran round all the villages.

“Another point is this: instead of going away for hundreds of miles and so leading the people to think that perhaps we should never return again, we thought it our duty to take a central place and work it up well, by which we might be known. So we went from house to house, and spoke to men, women, and children, and we used to read and sing to them and thus we made friends with them. They then asked us to speak to the chiefs, as they wanted them all to come back to the ancient and true God, as they call Him. After more than a year of prayer and hard work and much anxiety, the Lord gave us the first fruits. Three young boys were the first who were instructed and baptised in Christianity. They had seen the prayerfulness of my colleague, and the earnestness and intensity with which he worked, and the same spirit went into the hearts of the Sonthal lads, who prayed day and night for the conversion of their parents and relatives; and the Lord has listened to them, because their friends and relatives have been converted. After a time there were some girls became Christian, and they commenced to pray for the conversion of their parents; and the boys in their house, and we in our house, and all of us prayed together, and we said, ‘There is no necessity of saying many words to the Lord. It is according to the agony felt in our souls for these people that he will convert them.’ And He has done it. The Sonthal chiefs laughed at us. We said, ‘The prayers that these boys offer up to the Lord will change your hearts too.’ And so it seemed to be. After a time the Lord changed the heart of the heathen chief, and then some of his people.

“We have at last between 600 and 700 communicants, after six years’ labour. The money they used to spend upon drink is now put into the mission-box, and the women, instead of keeping their ornaments, have brought them and laid them at our feet, and said, ‘Sell them, and put it into the mission-box.’ This is not worthy of applause, my friends, but it is worthy of being copied. There is not now a boy, girl, man or woman, who does not preach the gospel. What I wish to impress more particularly upon you now is, that we are now under no pecuniary relation to them. They build their own chapels, support their own pastors and teachers, and they have, in addition, formed a missionary society to carry the Word of God 2000 miles away to other people. Is that not worthy of being listened to? My heart burns within me when I think of the immense wealth we have in the European countries, which we might bring to bear upon those myriads. What right have we to monopolize the Word of God, and not give it to anybody else? I have to request you ladies to think of the misery of your sisters in Sonthalistan, and of the possibility there is of your carrying the Word of God to them. There has been a good deal of talk about missionaries not doing their duty. I am not going to define what missionaries are. If you want more missionary spirit among your missionaries,

it must come, my dear friends, from you. You cannot expect the wine you pour into the glass to be better than that in the bottle. I ask all you young men who can go out in the name of Jesus; and you young who cannot go out, but have the means, do not think of accumulating them, for the Lord will not thank you for that; but He will thank you on yonder day for having been the means of bringing souls to Jesus Christ, when we shall see the myriads of heathen stand before us and praise the Lord for having brought peace and reconciliation to his lost children.

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## Editor's Portfolio.

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OWING to a press of other matter, "Studies for Preachers," and "Church and Parsonage Architecture," are unavoidably omitted from the present number.

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REV. J. S. INSKIP AND REV. WM. McDONALD IN CANADA.

OUR Churches in Hamilton and Toronto have been favored with the services of Rev. J. S. Inskip, of New York, and Rev. Wm. McDonald, of Boston. These are well-known Brethren ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and members of the National Association for the promotion of Christian Holiness.

The official Brethren of the Centenary Church, at the November Quarterly Meeting extended a hearty and unanimous invitation to those brethren to come and labour among them for a short time. As soon as the action of the Centenary Church was known and there was a prospect of having these Brethren in Canada, the churches of Montreal, Toronto, Brantford, Stratford and other places made applications for their services. Their visit to Canada has been greatly owned of God.

The Rev. H. Johnston, pastor of the Centenary Church writes of the work in Hamilton, as follows:—

"The meeting opened on Sunday, January 10th. The day was bitterly cold, but the spacious edifice was well filled at each of the services. At 11 A. M. Rev. J. S. Inskip preached from 2 Thess. 2: xiii—"God has from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." His theme was the two-fold agency of the Divine and human in accomplishing the salvation of man. In the afternoon Rev. Wm. McDonald preached from Isaiah 62: 10—"Lift up a standard for the people;" and defined the true standard of Christian holiness. In the evening Bro. Inskip preached from Heb. 7: 25—"Christ able to save to the uttermost"—an uttermost salvation for uttermost sinners.

The people were at once won by the earnest, Scriptural and Wesleyan pre-

sensation of the doctrine of entire sanctification, and when at the prayer-meeting the invitation was given to all who desired this great grace, the altar was at once crowded with seekers after a clean heart. Two services were held daily with increasing interest and power. Ministers flocked in from all sides to hear the Brethren, the President of the Conference, Professors in colleges, Chairmen of districts, ministers from Toronto, and the adjacent towns and circuits, and all were delighted with the presentation of the doctrine as taught by Wesley, Fletcher, Watson—and exemplified in the saintly lives of Bramwell, Carvosso, Smith, and other worthies of former days. Indeed the brethren were surprised at the unanimity of ministers and people in regard to the doctrine, and when they found that the experience was not more prevalent, they were ready to charge us with *inconsistency* in adhering so tenaciously to the doctrine, and yet living without the experience. We were holding "the truth in unrighteousness." But the interest in the great theme was rising. Soon there began to be unutterable longings for the deeper baptism of the Holy Ghost. Ministers and official members took the lead of the people in dedicating their hearts and lives renewedly, and in a deeper sense than ever before, to the one work of entire salvation.—Numbers dared to take God at his word, to venture on his promises, to lay hold of the blessing, to claim it as their own, in all its fulness and glory, and were preciousely saved. The unconverted began to flock to the altar. Sinners were born into the kingdom, and saints shouted aloud for joy. The sermons were excellent. Scriptural, earnest, joyous, full of the marrow and fatness of the Gospel. The afternoon meetings were of indescribable sweetness. Jesus always drew near, and seemed to say, as of old, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Many hearts fully trusted, and were "filled with the Spirit."

The testimony meetings were of extraordinary interest. Such singing! Such faith! Such thrilling experiences! Day by day fresh witnesses gave testimony to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all unrighteousness. The prayer-meetings were made up of earnest pleadings and wonderful deliverances.

On Saturday and Sunday afternoons meetings were held for the children and young people, conducted by Sister Inskip, and as the result of these services nearly two hundred gave in their names as having happily found the Saviour. Our beloved Sister, though in most feeble health, was abundant in labours. At the altar she was ever found, helping seeking ones into the fountain of cleansing; and every morning her home was besieged by earnest seekers, who would come weeping and go away rejoicing, so that the house of precious Mrs. Jackson became at once a Bochim and a Bethel. The tide of salvation continued to rise higher and higher, and culminated on Thursday and Friday, the 28th and 29th, when *all day meetings* were held in the church, on the plan of the National Camp-meeting. The brethren spent the Sabbath and preceding days in Brantford, Sister Inskip remaining and conducting the afternoon meetings, and when the brethren returned, invitations had been sent out to the adjacent circuits, and numbers flocked in to attend the Winter Camp-meeting in the church. These were wonderful days. The people literally hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and many were filled. In every session there was an unction and all-subduing influence, a deep conscious realization of the presence of God. The work of conversion and the work of sanctification went on gloriously. The teachers and students of the Wesleyan Female College were greatly benefitted, and on the last afternoon of their attendance, between eighty and a hundred stood around the altar in testimony that they had either received the forgiveness of sins or entered into the joys of full salvation. The parting from Mrs. Inskip, who had been made such a blessing to them, was truly affecting.

The closing service on Friday was most memorable. The students from the Boys' College at Dundas, some six miles distant, had been brought down for the day, and the Spirit was doing his work upon their hearts. Mr. Inskip's closing sermon was from Ecc. 9 : 10, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," etc. The audience room was crowded, and the deepest religious feeling pervaded the assembly. When the altar work began, penitent sinners

with seekers of perfect love crowded the altars. Young men from the college pressed forward and kneeled in every available space around the altar. It was an awful scene. There could not have been less than one hundred and fifty bowed before the Lord seeking converting or purifying grace. I said to Mr. Falkner, of New York, who happened to be with us, "Do you have such meetings down in your city?" and the answer was, "I never saw such a meeting in all my life." The slain of the Lord was many.

At the close of the prayer-meeting a short valedictory service was held. The pastor after addressing the brethren and thanking them for the great blessing they had been made to him and to his Church, and to the other ministers and their Churches, requested all who had obtained spiritual blessings during their visit to rise up and remain standing. A great company at once arose, some of whom had received pardon, others purity, and others a fuller baptism of the Holy Spirit. Bros. Inskip and McDonald each addressed a few parting words to the people, and commended us to God.

The work in this city still goes on, and the results of this visit will be far reaching and abiding. The holy fire is spreading in the rural districts round about. Rev. Bro. Eby and some of his people were greatly blessed, and a precious work is going on among the Germans. Special services are being held in several of the churches of the city, and there are rich displays of God's converting and saving power. Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb. To him alone be all the glory!

#### THE REV. MESSRS. INSKIP AND McDONALD AT TORONTO.

Toronto heard of the "blessed enthusiasm" that was excited by the ministrations of the above-named brethren and Mrs. Inskip in the city of Hamilton. Many here coveted something like it, and a pressing invitation was sent to these workers to "come over and help us." Though wearied, they responded heartily, and on Sabbath, January 31st, commenced their labours—Bro. McDonald preaching in the Metropolitan Church in the morning and Elm Street Church at night, and Bro. Inskip at Elm Street in the morning and the Metropolitan at night. The effects produced in both Churches were marked. The men are very different in physical appearance and style. Bro. Inskip is medium height and weighty; nothing loose about him; all seems bound together by a sort of compact family tie; and he looks as if every part of his material system had agreed never to disagree. The *tout ensemble* of the man conveys the impression of one thoroughly happy, who himself enjoys what he advocates to others, and exemplifies to a remarkable degree what he aptly termed "religion in good humour." His *appearance* is itself a powerful sermon in favour of "Earnest Christianity," and when he gets into his subject you cannot help feeling that soul and body, intellect and heart, are one. His grasp of thought is nervous and his range a wide sweep, thoroughly practical. No stray fancy, no fleeting, flimsy, worthless idea creeps into his mental dwelling to find a lodging-place, but is confronted with the enquiry of mingled gentleness and decision, "What can you do?" and *if it can do any harm* is suspiciously guarded, or if it *can't do any good* is made to feel that the position is tremendously awkward, and it better be off. His sermons and addresses are full of points,

that are wonderfully active and successful in finding their "own place;" and if their "own place" be *your* heart or intellect, instead of being irritated with the *point*, you feel a kind of intense regret that you were within range of it—sorry not so much that you were *found out*, as that you *deserved* to be found out.

Bro. Inskip's *enthusiasm* is remarkably infectious. No matter what you believe or don't believe, you *feel* lively, active, inclined to be up and doing. *Opposition* to the preacher, your own consciousness of manliness will not allow. If the preacher asks you to "stand up" for Jesus, hypocritical indifference, or put-on profession, is a very uncomfortable attainment. He so earnestly believes, and so thoroughly knows what he believes, that when his enthusiasm comes in contact with your inner life, you have to know something about yourself. And so thoroughly emphatic has been the pressure on the hidden life of many that they have been compelled to take *some* stand, to make some public acknowledgement; either to stand up or kneel down, or go forward, or go away.

Bro. McDonald is in many respects, the reverse of his co-labourer. He is tall, graceful in action and appearance, quiet and unpretentious, and yet producing the impression of *power*. Look at him as he sits a listener to his friend, thoroughly enjoying his discourse; now smiling at his racy utterances, then assenting to his powerful appeals; all the while watching carefully to see whether any method of attack upon sin has been omitted; and rejoicing in every success as though his own. When he takes his stand to preach the audience gives itself to quiet thought. He is calm, argumentative, forcible, evidently intent upon clearing away difficulties in the minds of seekers, and removing stumbling blocks from the path of the believers; and he presents the truth in a logical, convincing manner, they cannot easily controvert.

And these two, so different in many respects, present the old fashioned, too-oft ignored doctrine of "Holiness" with a remarkable clearness and efficiency. Every exhortation, every sermon bears upon this subject. Ministers, class-leaders, Sabbath school teacher, Church officials of every name, and private members, who do not enjoy the blessing of heart purity, or perfect love, or entire sanctification,—call it what you will,—are lovingly exhorted, and earnestly entreated to seek and obtain it at once. And many did so. God's Spirit was present, the word came with power, old doubts and fears and prejudices were removed, idols were cast aside, and hearts fully opened to receive Christ as an *all-sufficient* Saviour to cleanse and sanctify.

The impetus given in this city to the preaching and enjoyment of this doctrine, we count of incalculable benefit, and doubt if ever the churches can recede far from the advanced position they have taken. Be it allowed that some have not thoroughly understood the doctrine, and have mistaken the upward step in the religious life

for the distinct and higher blessing of heart-cleansing, yet even that movement which they have made must be one of great importance, and helps the church in its onward progress to the Heaven above. We cannot tell the number blest, but many testify to the converting grace of God, many to sanctifying grace, and many to a special baptism of the Holy Spirit. Delightful were the testimonies so readily given, and often the meeting had to be closed while yet many longed to witness for Jesus.

The method of these dear brethren in conducting a prayer meeting was essentially their own. Brother Ministers, we commend it to you. After inviting seekers forward, no *official* praying was allowed, no intercessory prayer invited, but anyone, every one was requested to pray who desired some special or personal blessing, and believed God was able and willing to grant it to *them*. No time was allowed for a lengthy description of the attributes of the Deity, nor a homily upon the duties and short-comings of man, but prayer was required to be the asking from God those things which we desire, and which we believe He is willing to bestow. This method was a wonderful improvement upon old stereotyped habits. Silent prayer often followed, and then after a simple exposition of faith, and of what God required from each, and frequently by the singing of an appropriate hymn, all were encouraged to unite in an act of full, complete trust in Jesus as their Saviour. Long will be remembered and sung in our homes those now familiar lines :

“ I am trusting Lord in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary ;  
Lowly at Thy Cross I bow,  
Save me Jesus ! Save me now !”

and then transposed to

“ Jesus saves me, saves me now !”

Oh ! how many while singing that verse, and raising high their right hand, entered into the rest of faith.

One delightful feature of our meetings was the spirit of union and harmony pervading them, and the *home* feeling experienced while worshipping in neighbour churches.

The services were divided between the Metropolitan, Richmond-street, Elm-street, and Berkeley-street Churches, and closed by an all-day meeting—a kind of winter camp-meeting in the Metropolitan Church. On this occasion, Bro. Inskip's gifted and devoted wife, hitherto prevented by illness, was present, and by her words and inspiring song made many feel how much had been missed through her absence. Our heartiest and best wishes follow our dear Brethren and Sister Inskip. Not soon, no *never* in some hearts, will be forgotten their memorable services, and often will this prayer be offered, that by the conversion of sinners and sanctification of believers, God may honour more and more their advocacy of a free, full, and present salvation.



## UNDER HIS WINGS.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a - bide;

No ref - uge, nor rest so complete, And here I in - tend to re - side.

## CHORUS.

Oh, what com - fort it brings, As my soul sweet - ly sings:

I am safe from all dan - ger While un - der his wings.

2.  
I dread not the terror by night,  
No arrow can harm me by day;  
His shadow has covered me quite,  
My fears He has driven away.—Cho.

3.  
The pestilence walking about,  
When darkness has settled abroad,  
Can never compel me to doubt  
The presence, and power of God.—Ch.

4.  
The wasting destruction at noon,  
No fearful foreboding can bring;  
With Jesus my soul doth commune,  
His perfect salvation I sing.—Cho.

5.  
A thousand may fall at my side,  
And ten thousand at my right hand;  
Above me His wings are spread wide,  
Beneath them in safety I stand.—Cho.