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EDITORIAL.

THE REVIVALS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

In the October number of the *Princeton Review* there are two articles by one of the editors, Dr. Lyman H. Atwater, on *Revivals of Religion*, which deserve attention at the close of this Centennial year. In the first article, entitled the *Great Awakening of 1740*, Dr. Atwater shows:—

1. The *causes* that produced the *deadness* in the American Churches, from which they were roused by the great awakening under Whitefield, Edwards and the Tennents. He specifies these causes to have been, in general, "a practical reliance on the externals of baptism, church membership, christian parental teaching and training, regular attendance on public worship, and a good moral life to insure salvation."

Then he goes on (2) to show that the *truths* which became, in the hands of the great preachers referred to above, the *instruments* of awakening the churches from their cold formalism, were the *Scriptural doctrine of grace*, especially the doctrine of man's ruin by the fall, of redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Spirit. People were made to feel, as Dr. Tracy expresses it, "that all those hopes of heaven which they had built upon their own doings—upon their morality, partaking the Lord's Supper, or using means of grace, were entirely swept

away by the doctrines of the Gospel. They were made to see that God has not appointed anything to do before coming to Christ by faith: that all their previous works were unacceptable to his sight, and lay Him under no obligation, either on account of their worthiness or His promise to grant them any spiritual favour." These were the doctrines that dispelled the prevailing formalism, and which brought into unwonted distinctness and prominence—incited, shaped and moulded the great and blessed revival that reached its height in the year 1740.

Dr. Atwater takes occasion next to point out (3) the evils and disorders that came in the train of this great awakening. One evil, ("an error," as Edwards says, "that supports all other errors,") was giving to one's own thoughts, feelings and inward experiences the authority of a Divine revelation. Another error was the denunciation of ministers who kept aloof from the movement as *unconverted*, no matter "how devout and holy their lives, or fruitful their ministry, in the quiet and steady winning of souls to Christ." A third evil was, the exorbitant *exaltation of lay exhorters and teachers to invade the province of the regularly ordained ministry*. Connected indirectly with these errors in principle, were fanatical disorders, such as bodily agitations, convulsions, outcries and screamings.

Dr. Atwater's second article "The Revivals of the Century," is a continua-

tion of the first. He mentions *five* seasons in this century as distinguished by general and all-pervading awakenings, each marked by some distinct and essential characteristic. These are 1821-2, 1831-2, 1848-4, 1857-8, 1875-6. We cannot follow our reviewer very closely in his interesting sketch of these. It is pleasing, for one thing, to notice how the American revivals, even in the first two decades of this century began gradually to throw off the errors and abuses that marked the closing period of the great awakening of 1740, and how, even with the beginning of this century, of these revivals were begotten a zeal for the conversion of the world to Christ which gave birth in 1810 to the American Board of Foreign Missions, as also to the Theological Seminaries of Andover and Princeton, with the great Temperance Reformation, which, after half a century, is only now in its infancy, but bringing with it so far in its growth, inestimable blessings to the church and society.

In connection with this history and review of American Revivals during the last century, these reflections naturally arise:—

1. That there is a constant danger to the church of God of pushing doctrines into a position out of harmony with what is called the "analogy of faith." We see the same tendency in every department of investigation with which man meddles. The only safety from the danger lies in a constant studying of the Word of God, not in parts but as a whole.

2. That prepared material, which is to be got only by the due training of people in religion from their youth, ought to be the main reliance of the church for increase and a "holy generation." Professor Dabney in investigating the results of a wide-spread excitement, which swept over the Presbyterian Churches in the valley of Virginia, mentions the testimony on

that point of one of the ministers in that section, the Rev. Mr. Morrison. This minister stated that of 100 communicants that had been added to the church after a long course of careful training in Sabbath Schools and Bible-classes, only three or four could be reported, after several years, as having fallen away from their Christian profession; while of 100 who were added to the church of unprepared material during that religious excitement, all but five went back again to the world. We believe that the general experience of ministers is similar to the experience of Mr. Morrison.

3. That while the revival of 1875-6 is on the whole sound and Scriptural, there is danger of its pushing some doctrines and practices to an extreme length. While combating the formalism that suspends salvation on ordinances and sacraments, is there no danger that we may run to the other extreme of neglecting and despising the means of grace that God has established, and through which, as through golden pipes, the blessings of salvation flow, and have flowed to his church. While the work of Christ *for us* is fully and faithfully presented in recent revivals, is there no danger that Christ's work *in us* and our work *for him* as a part of our "salvation" may be overlooked. One thing, however, is cause of great thankfulness in connection with the revival of 1875-6—with which the name of Moody is associated—that we see in it less of the evils that marred, to some extent, the preceding American Revivals of the century, and more of the fruits of the spirit which is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance." Our present revival has its roots, we trust, deeper than was seen before in these revivals to which reference has been made, and so far, its fruit has not yet degenerated into fanatical extremes, nor very decided doctrinal errors.

LIVING PREACHERS.

SEEKING AND FINDING.*

BY THE REV. WM. COCHRANE, D.D.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon him while He is near."—Isaiah lv. 6.

In this chapter, as in many others, there is exhibited both the Divine and the human side of the plan of salvation. On the one hand we have presented the great long-suffering and willingness of the Almighty to pardon; and on the other, the obligation that rests upon every sinner to avail himself of the pardon that is offered, and the means by which it may be obtained. Whilst there are many things obscure to our understanding connected with the work of redemption, and which must necessarily remain so in our present state, there is nothing dark or uncertain as to our duty. We may not be able to explain God's sovereignty and man's free agency; how the Spirit operates and how we become co-workers with the Spirit in the matter of conversion; but this much is abundantly manifest, that man's ability to repent is never once called in question. Therefore the prophet no sooner describes the infinite provision made for the wants of a dying world, than he calls upon men to drink of living waters. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

Let us at present consider the human side of the plan of redemption, and the call addressed to men to repent and accept of offered mercy.

Seek—call; He may be found; He is near.

I.—*The exhortation.* "Seek." "Call."

We need hardly explain what is meant by seeking the Lord. It is again and again used in Scripture to denote an earnest desire after forgiveness and peace through the death of Christ. It is said of the good King Josiah that "while he was yet young he began to seek after the God of David his father,"—implying singleness of purpose and aim; one object paramount to all others claimed and absorbed his attention. In striking contrast with the conduct of his predecessors, whose lives were stained with gross licentiousness, he sought to mould his public and private life in conformity with the will of heaven. The claims of God were of more importance in his estimation than the honours of his kingdom. David the Psalmist also uses similar language. "With my whole heart have I sought thee," intimating that above and beyond all else God was the great object of his desire.

The text does not imply that the object of search is afar off or difficult to be found, or that he tantalizes and evades the sinner by repeated disappointments; but that wherever there is a sense of sin and human weakness, there will be a corresponding desire for the Saviour's presence, and active efforts to secure all those blessings that his coming brings.

The seeking of the Lord is a personal act. In one sense we seek the Lord in the sanctuary, in the prayer meeting and at the family altar. But seeking the Lord in the true sense of the word means an outgoing of the

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soul in quest of a personal Redeemer. God's presence may be in the church in its collective capacity, and yet many hearers of the Gospel know nothing of an indwelling Saviour. By very many, I fear, the outward organization of the visible church is regarded as a joint-stock company, where religion is dealt out to the many because of the merits of the few. Once a man is enrolled as an adherent he is entitled to share in all the spiritual benefits that are supposed to belong to the society of which he is a member. The minister and officials transact all the business, and disburse the revenue, just as an insurance and banking company pay the profits to their shareholders. We do not perhaps hear such language applied to churches, but the indifference of thousands in our land proves that the idea of individual responsibility is forgotten, and personal effort to secure salvation woefully neglected.

It is not to be denied that God often blesses wicked men for the sake of the good. But it is also equally true that he never yet saved a man because of the piety of his neighbour. Such a doctrine of imputation has no place in the scheme of grace. If a man is to gain the friendship of his Maker, and share in all those blessings that flow from union to Christ, he must personally seek his favour and an interest in his death. Men are saved always as individuals, not as churches or nations. To secure peace and pardon, each man for himself must put forth all the powers and capabilities of which his nature is susceptible.

Seeking the Lord should also be the first duty of life. "They that seek me early shall find me." "Early will I seek thee." "With my spirit within me will I seek thee." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Many act as if religious obligations were the last that should be fulfilled. If a man, after de-

voting his time and talents, his intellect and substance through a long lifetime to the world, can find a little leisure to look after the things of eternity, so far well; but to make the safety of the soul the paramount concern of his life seems to many the very height of fanaticism. A man who starts in life looking upon the tremendous issues of the future world as of first importance, and the concerns of the present as only secondary, is esteemed far from wise and prudent. Now, supposing that the question of time in no way interfered with the result, and that salvation was sure in any case, what do you think of the man who gives the last moments or years of his existence to the service of his maker as a return for the mercies of a lifetime? Judged by the low standard of honour that passes current in the world, such conduct merits the contempt of all high-minded men. And yet there are, no doubt, some here to-day who are acting after such a fashion. Year after year, O, impenitent sinner, you have depended upon the bounties of Providence; blessings undeserved, nay unexpected, have been lavished upon you with unsparing liberality. Nature and grace have combined to crown your days with loving kindness. God by his servants, his Word and his Spirit has appealed to your reason and your conscience; but you have withstood every argument and refused every overture. And it is only when in sight of the judgment seat and great white throne that you reluctantly yield to his demands and give yourself to his service. Such conversions are emphatically "mean conversions." God may accept such a man; but not with the favor and regard that he bears towards those who have for their entire life on earth devoted themselves to the pursuit of piety and the advancement of his cause on earth.

The language of the text denotes that seeking the Lord is a work which

demands earnestness and perseverance. "Seek," "Call," says the Prophet, as when men in positions of peril and danger call aloud for some strong and friendly hand to render aid." "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." The Psalmist, speaking of the straits into which sinners bring themselves by their disobedience, says: "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses." When the converted soul is earnestly seeking peace, he calls or cries upon God. "Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many I say unto you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able," so speaks Christ. The word "strive" is literally agonize. It denotes a struggling and wrestling; a putting forth of all the powers and energies of the soul to effect its object. "So run," says the apostle, "that ye may obtain." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." The taking of strongly fortified forts and redoubts is no child's play to the most daring soldiers. Amid showers of red hail and deadly shells they must steadily advance, until the national flag is planted proudly upon the enemy's soil, and victory is gained. And so in securing a place in the kingdom of heaven, difficulties must be overcome and hardships endured. Says the bride in the Song, when mourning an absent Lord: "By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. I will rise now and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not." This is the experience of many an awakened sinner, until at last he says: "I found him whom my soul loveth; I held him and would not let him go."

It is not to be wondered at that so many men complain of fruitless endeavours after inward peace; of seeking, but never finding Christ. If they were as lukewarm and indifferent to the things of this world, they never would secure a competency. But no difficulties or obstacles check or cool their zeal and courage. If misfortunes and unexpected reverses meet them, these only nerve them for greater sacrifices and qualify them for greater conquests. But in the matter of seeking Christ most men take two steps backward for one step forward. They go about the interests of the soul as unconcernedly as if nothing were at stake.

II.—*The promise.* "He may be found."
"He is near."

It is not peradventure, nor chance search. You may start in business and hope to amass great riches, but meet with bitter disappointment. You may leave your native land for the gold regions of California and labour for years in attempting to find the precious metal, but with little recompense for all your toil. What gold you find is adulterated, and needs the refiner's fire to make it marketable and exchangeable. But no man ever yet earnestly sought Christ in vain. No man ever yet lamented that his labour was lost. "Ask and it shall be given you: seek and ye shall find: knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." When Andrew finds his brother Simon, he says: "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." And Philip finding Nathaniel says: "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write; Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nor is it more difficult to find Jesus now than in apostolic times. "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain." "If thou seek him he will

be found of thee ; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever."

What is it to find Christ? Much more than merely reading the words of Scripture wherein his character and life work are set forth. Much more than outward reverence for the sanctuary, and attendance upon the means of grace. Much more than subscribing to a creed and confession of faith and form of doctrine. These things, good and well in their place, are but the shell, through which the soul in the exercise of a living faith must penetrate. But it is in such a way that many men find Christ. They never go further than the exhibition of his person and work in symbolic ordinances, and never find perfect rest in believing. Their religion is no better than that of the pagan idolator, who kisses the image and falls prostrate before the altar. All these things are but the outer courts that lead the enquiring soul into the Holy of Holies. They are but finger posts pointing to the Saviour. To find Christ is to find peace, comfort and consolation amid all the agitations and ills of life: it is the assurance of forgiveness and the joy of pardon: it is the inbreathing of God's Spirit in the soul—the implantation of a new life, of new desires and aims: it is the fellowship of heaven for the remainder of life's journey, and the prospect of God's presence throughout eternity.

He not only may be found, but he is near. "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me." "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew and my locks with the dew of the night." "Say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven (that is to bring Christ down from above); or, who shall descend into the deep (that is to bring Christ up again from the dead); but

what saith the righteousness which is by faith? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." The truth taught us in the text and similar passages is, that we are followed at every step by an anxious Saviour, who is willing to respond to the feeblest cry of the returning penitent. Quicker far than light travels from the sun, or the electric spark flashes along the wires, does Christ come to the assistance of the broken-hearted sinner. You can fancy a mother following—all unknown—her prodigal son through the haunts of vice and the purlieus of wickedness in the crowded city. She dare not reveal herself during his madness and debauchery; but she follows on, until at last wearied and worn out by his wild excitement, he lies down upon the first rude pallet that offers him temporary repose. As he sleeps he dreams of other days, in infancy and childhood, when, innocent and happy, he was the idol of the household. In his quieter moments he lispeth the name of "mother" just as in the past, when in childish weakness he clung for protection to her side. No sooner does he breathe the name, than that mother, trembling with emotion, bends over him, and assures him of her complete forgiveness and her fondest love. Oh, how sweet to the half-awakened, half-conscious outcast does that mother's form appear in that hour of wretchedness and remorse! So it is with the sinner and the Saviour. At the very first dawn of mental consciousness; when the eye is but opening upon the new existence on which it is entering; when the mind is troubled; when the step is feeble; when doubts and perplexities are many, and faith and love are weak and fitful, then the Saviour's

words are precious beyond language or conception, when he says, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not be dismayed for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea I will help thee. Yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

I think the promise of my text one of the most comforting in the Bible, and one which should most powerfully appeal to unconverted men. Mark the words, "He may be found"—"He is near." It is not simply that ministering angels are at hand, to carry your message to the gates of heaven and sue for mercy on your behalf; but Jesus stands near you, ready to forgive and welcome you to his open arms. His nearness to the soul is constant—at all times and in all circumstances. It is very true that there are periods when salvation seems more likely than at other times; when, as we say, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and the angel comes down and stirs the pool of blessing. God's Spirit on such occasions seems to act more powerfully upon churches and individuals, and grander results are seen than under the ordinary ministrations of the sanctuary. But to teach that it is only on such memorable occasions that salvation is possible, is false and opposed to the whole analogy of Scripture. In every emergency Christ is at hand to aid us. He is far more willing to help us than we are to call for his assistance.

Mark, finally, the striking phraseology of the text:—"While he is near" call upon him. He is to be found just now. The promise belongs to the present moment. There is a limit to man's probation. There may not be a closing up of the avenues of love and hope, nor an end to entreaties and invitations; but the heart will harden, and the voice of mercy be in vain. I do not love to exhibit Christ as shutting his ear to the penitent's cry, though offered at the eleventh hour.

Ever at this late period there is hope. Deathbed repentances are better than none; but that is about all we can say of them. To trust to some occasion in the near or far future when you will be more impressible and tender, is foolish and dangerous. Christ may then be gone from your side, and gone for ever. Your birthright is now trembling in the balance—your destiny for eternity depends upon the decision of the present moment.

The line between probation and reprobation no man can point out. That awful crisis, beyond which reformation is impossible and mercy is unknown, is often reached long before the hour of death. Nay even in the agonies of dissolution, the hopeless state of the soul may not be understood, save by him who is cognizant of the doom and destiny of every human being.

If there is danger that by some he may not be found, act as under this conviction. Life is too valuable to be dreamed away in sanctimonious but unprofitable reverie, and death too near and certain for men to trifle with the great question of immortality. There cannot be too much concern in regard to the safety of the soul. For one man who becomes a monomaniac on the subject of religion, ten thousand become insane and perish, because they turn a deaf ear to the warnings of Scripture until it is too late. Indeed, philosophers speak very solemnly of the danger of excitement, and multiply instances where men and women become shattered in intellect by the alarms of the pulpit. The true cause is, that when men despise the warnings and entreaties of God's Spirit, and at last become conscious of their folly when too late, they are driven to despair. They did not seek the Lord when he might be found, nor call upon him when he was near, and he leaves them to the bitter accusations of a tormenting conscience, that

hastens them to the grave. There is no need for such a sad end. Prepare now for that awful but blessed future which stretches out before you. Leave not the great question of peace with God unsettled till the day of death:—

"Thou inevitable day
When a voice to me shall say:
'Thou must rise and come away.

"All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last."

NOT SAVED.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jeremiah viii. 20.

These words are invested with a melancholy interest, when we consider the circumstances in which they were spoken. The Jewish nation was now on the verge of destruction—its glory about to be eclipsed, and its name and honour buried in the dust. Often before this, had the prophet proclaimed the certain punishment that awaited the people for their sins, but these warnings were all unheeded and despised. Earnest entreaties had been followed by fearful threatenings, and threatenings by judgments. Vial after vial of the Almighty's indignation had been poured upon the guilty nation, but all without effect. At last the cup of their iniquity was full to overflowing. The long-suffering and forbearance of Jehovah was about to terminate, and the fury of his anger sweep over them in terrible reality. The nation was now ripe for judgment. Society, through all its ramifications, was polluted. Kings, princes, priests and people, had all, more or less, fallen into gross abomination. The reins of government, as a consequence, were slackened; cruelty usurped the place of justice, and lawlessness reigned supreme. At different periods in the history of the nation, God had raised up faithful rulers and fearless prophets,

whose example had they followed, and whose admonitions had they regarded, would have restored them to the favor, and secured for them the forgiveness of heaven. One after another, these holy men had passed away, testifying against their impenitence. Shortly before the period alluded to in the text, the good King Josiah sat upon the throne. Many acts of reformation had been effected during his life, and for a time it seemed as if the predictions of former prophets would remain unrealized, and the judgments of heaven be delayed. But not so. This partial reformation was but the prelude to greater deeds of violence. Just like the calm before the storm, when the mariners are allured to slumber by the gentle motion of the ship and the placid bosom of the ocean, when suddenly the sky above them darkens, the hurricane begins to blow, and the bark drifts upon the rocks—an untimely and unexpected wreck—so was it with the Jewish nation at the period under consideration. The last faint star of hope was fast sinking in the moral firmament, and a gloomy night of long duration closing in around. In such circumstances the prophet Jeremiah, standing as it were on the brink of the nation's fearful doom, and looking forward with prophetic vision upon the dark and doleful future, gives expression to the words of the text. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

The Prophet's words are invested with a still deeper interest, when we consider the literal truth of the statement: "The harvest is past the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The time of harvest in the land of Judea, was the time when the inhabitants generally went forth to war. The Jews were in daily expectation of promised aid from the Egyptians. Trusting more in an arm of flesh than in the omnipotence of Jehovah, they hoped

by the assistance of Egyptian armies, to conquer the King of Babylon and free themselves from bondage. But time rolled on, and no Egyptian army came. The summer was over, and the harvest was past, and yet their hopes were unfulfilled. In such circumstances how exceedingly appropriate the words of the Prophet: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

The text admits to a more extended application than the Jewish nation.

Every young person who has allowed the morning of life to pass away without serious impressions of divine things, may say: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." We do not limit the grace of God. Sovereign mercy is not circumscribed by man's circumstances. What seems impossible of accomplishment to the creature, is easy with God. Divine grace is sufficient for every stage of human existence, so that the dying thief on the cross received its benefit at the eleventh hour as savingly as Timothy, who from a child knew the scriptures, and passed imperceptibly into the Kingdom. Nor is it limited in its efficacy by the sinner's guilt. A Manasseh and a Mary Magdalene were as perfectly washed from their sins as were Enoch and Elijah, who passed into glory without tasting of death. But while all this is true, it is also to be borne in mind that scripture gives no countenance whatever to what is known as death-bed repentance. That souls are saved in a dying hour, no one will gainsay; but these are so rare, no sinner dare venture to hope for such a radical change in the closing hours of life. In the spiritual, as in the natural world, there are certain laws, in virtue of which God wills and acts, and through which he carries out his eternal purposes and deals with fallen man. The husbandman sows his seed in the appointed time. He waits patiently for the early and the

latter rains, and the warm beams of the summer's sun to mature and fructify his crops, before he gathers them into his garner. At the appointed time of harvest, he expects a return for his previous labor,—nor does he look in vain. Although he may have sown in tears, he reaps in joy; although bearing his precious seed, he may have gone forth weeping, he returns rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. But the man who suffers seed time to pass without the necessary labour, and still expects to gather in his sheaves, is regarded as foolish in the extreme. He is unfit for the duties and demands of society,—an enemy to his country, and a traitor to his own best interests.

Transferring this common illustration from the world of nature to the world of grace, what shall we say of the young man or young woman who squanders early years in carnal indulgence and unprofitable pastimes? Have such persons any chance of real happiness in after life? Have they a right to expect God's blessing on their subsequent career? It is likely that the spirit of God, so often stifled and resisted, will again strive with a soul hopelessly given up to the world and its pollutions? Have such any right to hope that they will eventually be saved, or is it not rather all but certain that their dying exclamation will be the words of the text: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved?"

It is very true that God might without man's aid and co-operation render the most hardened sinner instantaneously fit for heaven, and capacitated to enjoy the exercises and delights of the redeemed. He might, by suspending for a time the laws and operations of the material universe, and by miraculous agency, fill our storehouses with the productions of the field without the aid of human instrumentality. But this is not God's uniform mode of pro-

cedure either in the natural or spiritual world. Co-operation on the part of man is presupposed in every offer of salvation. We are to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, realizing at the same time that it is God worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure; confident that he that begins the good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

Secondly, when seasons of revival are allowed to pass unimproved, and sinners obstinately refuse to avail themselves of such special means of grace, unconverted souls may exclaim: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

God's Spirit is always present in the church and the world. But for this unseen but not less almighty power, evil would become uncontrollable, and spiritual life would die. There are, however, in addition to the constant operations of the Spirit, occasions when the Spirit of God draws specially near to our guilty world and individual souls. The Jewish nation was favoured again and again with such seasons of revival. The guilty city of Nineveh also experienced such an awakening, when the inhabitants, from the king upon the throne down to the meanest subject of the kingdom, repented of their sins and mourned in sackcloth because of their iniquities. It was not the preaching of the Prophet Jonah that accomplished such a mighty reformation, nor the strange words that echoed through its thoroughfares, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Often before this, doubtless, the Ninevites have been called to flee from coming wrath; but now the preacher's words were accompanied with the demonstration of the Spirit, and pierced the conscience of that guilty mass of human beings. The result was in proportion to the means employed. Nineveh repented. Its inhabitants abandoned their acts of

violence, and turned from their evil ways. That was also a marvellous revival when on the day of Pentecost there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, with cloven tongues of fire and supernatural utterances, resulting in the conversion of three thousand souls, and on a succeeding day of not less than five thousand. These indeed were plain and striking exhibitions of divine power, but not more so than have appeared in modern times. Blessed be God that although apostolic days are past, the Spirit remains; although inspiration has ceased and miracles have ended, the power of divine grace still continues to operate on human souls. Nay, have we not in many parts of our own land experienced but recently, such gracious visitations? After a long period of deadness and darkness the sun of righteousness has arisen in many localities with unusual effulgence, cheering the hearts of God's servants and causing moral wildernesses to bloom and blossom like the rose. These droppings of heaven have been felt more or less in all our congregations, and large accessions have been made to the church of the living God.

Now, when such remarkable seasons pass away, and special efforts to awaken careless souls avail nothing, the result is sad indeed. Humanly speaking, the case is desperate. Gospel hardened hearers are the most hopeless. They are not chargeable with the commission of vulgar crimes. They scorn the name of profligate. They boast the name and standing of nominal Christians. They attend God's house with tolerable regularity. They give of their means for the support of ordinances and the dissemination of Christianity—more perhaps as a matter of civil policy than any real belief in its efficacy. They respect the externalism of religion, and are in a word, what the world calls good moral men, honourable in their business dealings

and correct in their outward deportment, although not professed members of the visible church. They have lived so for many years, and conclude that all things considered they have as good a chance of heaven, as many inconsistent church members. Occasionally, it is true, they are annoyed by slight compunctions of conscience. There are bitter moments in their history, when the still small voice of conscience reproves them for their indifference, and warns of coming danger. These, however, they come to regard as the whims of melancholy and the vagaries of a diseased imagination. By many and diversified providential dealings also God has struggled with their slumbering souls. By the daily continuance of mercies he has endeavoured to win them to his arms. And when the voice of mercy has failed, by judgment after judgment he has endeavoured to alarm. Family bereavements, personal affliction and commercial disasters have all in turn been sent upon them, and yet they remain impenitent. They are unmoved alike by the tender ministrations of a dying Saviour and the threatenings of eternal death. Truly it may be said of such, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and they are not saved."

To such I now appeal. If these direct dealings of the Almighty do not lead you to speedy repentance, what will? The Spirit will not always strive. Continue thus to resist his gracious invitations, and soon he will be gone for ever, rendering your eternal destruction inevitable. That comely garment which you have so laboriously woven out of the good actions of a lifetime, will avail nothing at the bar of God. These very ordinances which you now enjoy, the many pointed appeals which you hear from the pulpit, and the exalted privileges you inherit as a member of a Christian community, will but increase your condemnation. No man can sit under

the preaching of the gospel and remain stationary. It will either break the stony heart in pieces or render it tenfold harder, making ultimate conversion improbable if not impossible. Be warned I beseech you, and flee from coming wrath. Lay hold upon a waiting Saviour while he is within your reach. Delay not until mercy has fled and judgment is sent, when you shall experience what now you deem chimerical—the wrath of an angry God. "I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as a desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind."

Finally, at a dying hour, when the sinner is called to meet the grand realities of the spirit world, burdened with a load of unatoned for guilt, how truly is may be said:—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and he is not saved." There is something unspeakably pleasing and consoling when standing by a Christian's death-bed. Unappalled by the terrors of the grave and the dark valley of the shadow of death, he can breathe forth the language of perfect resignation and gladly say,—"thy will be done."

"Life's duty done—as sinks the clay
Light from its load the spirit flies:
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blest the righteous when he dies!"

But how different with the unconverted soul?

"What scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed;
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night."

We can but faintly speak of such a death-bed. God grant that no soul present may ever experience its inconceivable misery. In that crisis of despair, when the silver cord is about to be loosened, and the golden bowl to be broken; when the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern; when dust is about to return

to dust, and the spirit to the God who gave it; when the brittle thread of life is fast yielding to the convulsions of expiring nature, and the flame is flickering in the socket—Oh, in such an hour, what must be the anguish of a poor lost soul? One could almost wish, that in such an exigency reason had deserted her throne, rather than listen to the wailings of an immortal spirit on the brink of perdition. Truly of such an one it may be said: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and he is not saved."

Now if not saved what then? *Lost! Lost for all eternity!* Says Job: "What is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?" "What is a man profited," says Christ, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The question in both cases is hypothetical. No man can gain the whole world, but he can lose his soul; and in losing the soul he loses everything. Nor need we despise the world in magnifying the overwhelming importance of the soul. It contains much that is good. It has beauty to enrich the eye, knowledge to enlarge the mind, melody to charm the ear, wealth to gratify the taste, and pleasures to fascinate the senses. These things are worth something and may be procured. But when possessed they fail to satisfy. They cannot purchase exemption from sickness and death; they cannot avert suffering; they cannot impart peace and pardon at the close of life. The dying millionaire and pauper are on a level. Rothschild, and Astor, and Stewart, and Vanderbilt, are crowded at last into as small a space as the poor-house pauper, whose last obsequies the poet describes when he says:—

"Rattle his bones over the stones.
 'Tis only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

All that is in this world is fading.
 Matter in its most beautiful and at-

tractive forms is subject to decay. The flowers, the stars, the rainbow,—all die. The soul alone is immortal; when created matter has vanished, it enters upon an existence which knows no end. Surely the salvation of such a soul must be precious! Think of its wondrous powers and capacities,—its tender sensibilities,—its possible attainments when emancipated from sense and sin, and the cost of its redemption. "The worth of the soul! who can estimate it? Angels!—ye know it not—ye never fell. Devils!—ye know it not—your sufferings are never at an end. Son of God!—Thou knowest it, for Thou didst pay the price of its redemption."

If not saved this soul is lost for ever. It shall live on, but in a condition compared with which death were preferable. Duration unsaved is increasing woe. "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death." Surely it needs no argument or persuasion to show the necessity of escaping such a destiny and securing a blessed immortality. If we are saved at all, it can only be through believing in Christ, and the offer extends not beyond the present moment. No amount of regrets or floods of tears, can wash out the guilt of a misspent life. The character of our death depends upon the conduct of our life. We may write our names upon the sand by the seashore, and the returning wave will obliterate the impression, but when the recording angel has once engrossed the story of our lives, no erasure or change is possible. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and that is holy, let him be holy still."

I speak to some whose consciences endorse every word that has been uttered, but who never pass beyond resolutions as to a change of state.

They are sensible of their present guilt, and ready to acknowledge the misery of their condition out of Christ, but cherish the hope that at the close of life all will be well, notwithstanding their continued apathy and indifference. "God who is so merciful and compassionate, will pity their weakness and worldliness, and by some miraculous interposition, change a godless life into a happy and peaceful death." *Never, O sinner, unless you now cry for mercy.* That cry he now waits to hear. Although another summer has ended, and another harvest is past, the offer of salvation is not recalled. If lost you may yet be saved. The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost. Though condemned, you are yet prisoners of hope. Through the iron gratings of your cell, beams of mercy are this day glancing in upon you. Once more the gospel invitation is made, and a loving and forbearing Saviour beseeches you with out-stretched arms, and in tones

of deepest tenderness, to become reconciled to an offended God. To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts. Let no more seasons of grace be neglected, nor providential warnings pass unheeded, but *now*, this very moment, take hold of Christ, confessing Him to be your Lord and your God. Let not the last utterance of your life be the terrible confession of the text, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The season of the year again reminds us of the rapid flight of time and our nearness of eternity.

"Some of the leaves are early changed
Yellow, and brown, and sere;
And we are not far from the fading time,
The autumn of the year."

But if we are Christ's we need not
fear the change. To all such:—

"The winter comes not too soon,
And when autumn draweth nigh,
They shall be ready for snow and wind,
And not afraid to die."

POETRY.

GOD IS LIGHT.

God is Light: his Spirit moves
O'er the void which dreariest proves:
Through the depths, unstirred which stood,
Light is flashed; and all is good.

God is Light: he gave the sun,
Duly through the day to run:
Yet the night was not forgot;
Lights there be for darkest lot.

God is Light; the doubting mind
Needs but patient heart to find:
'Midst the twilight's wakeful ache,
Truth will like the morning break.

God is Light: he makes the clear
 With the holy keep the sphere ;
 Whoso all His will would do,
 All His truth will compass too.

God is Light: His Word hath shone,
 Like a beam from distant throne:
 Yielding, as it streams from far,
 Warmth of sun, and sway of star.

God is Light: the living Word
 Love to stand for light hath stirred :
 We, when Christ awakes the ray.
 See, and follow in the way.

God is Light: apart from him,
 Faint the onward track, and dim:
 All the path is plain and bright,
 Lit by gleam from heaven in sight.

God is Light: with God for friend,
 Light is garnered for the end :
 Long though lasts the gloomy prime,
 Light will come at evening-time.—*Lord Kinloch.*

KNOCKING.

Knoc'ing, knocking, ever knocking :
 Who is there ?
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before :
 Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder
 Undo the door.

No,—that door is hard to open ;
 Hinges rusty, latch is broken ;
 Bid Him go.
 Wherefore with that knocking dreary
 Scare the sleep from one so weary ?
 Say Him no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking !
 What ! still there ?
 Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
 With the glory-crowned hair,
 And those eyes, so strange and tender,
 Waiting there ;

Open! open! Once behold Him,—
Him, so fair.

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy-vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What! still knocking?
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning,—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me,
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest,
Rest,—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping;—
Open to thy soul's own Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over,—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming.

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door;
Though forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever-patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair,—
Still a God is waiting there.—*H. B. Stowe.*

THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

Was it a dream? I seemed to see a field of bending grain,
That ripe, in yellow splendor rolled like billows o'er the plain;
And when the morning sunlight threw its beams of glory there,
Forth came the laborers, each in place, the harvest work to share.

First were the reapers, then by some the golden sheaves were bound,
And other hands soon gathered these; none idle could be found,
For there was nothing lost that day of all that bounteous store,
Because of sloth, or that some tired before the task was o'er.

But all, with cheerful spirit, gave their utmost strength and skill,
Or where these lacked, their place was filled by patient, earnest will;
Some, to refresh the weary ones, brought food and water too,
The service in itself was small, yet all that they could do.

There even children had a place, and in the Master's sight,
Not trifling was the work they wrought, with hands of slender might,
That gleaned the scattered blades of grain through all the sunny hours,
Though one, a tiny, prattling one, had gathered only flowers.

And when the evening sunlight threw long shadows on the sward,
Each who had borne a part that day, received a fit reward;
While all alike rejoiced, because all shared the labour done,
The welcome night brought rest at last, sweet rest for every one.

And then I thought, if it were thus, in God's broad harvest field,
How full the gathering there might be, the rich abundant yield;
For over all the hills and vales, unfolded to the view,
A glorious fruitage ripen's fast, and "labourers are few."

'Tis true that some go forth at morn, nor cease when night is near,
But where the number that should haste the fainting hearts to cheer?
Shall servants of a mighty King be laggards to the last,
Until the grain is garnered, and the harvest time is past?

Or any say, with careless speech, "I have no work to do?"
Oh, thoughtless ones, the world is wide, there is a place for you;
And in our Master's field to-day, some work for *every one*,—
Work for the willing hands to do, and rest when toil is done.—*C. S. B.*

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

MOHAMMED AND HIS RELIGION.

BY DR. MURRAY MITCHELL.

The Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell delivered a lecture, in Morningside Free Church, Edinburgh, on "Mohammed and his Religion."

Dr. Mitchell set out by describing the high mental and physical qualities of Mohammed. The time, said the lecturer, when Mohammed lived was marked by great mental agitation. The Paganism of Arabia was breaking up; its ancient idolatry was felt by multitudes to be erroneous. Various other systems were pressing forward. There was a large body of Jews in Arabia zealous for their ancient faith. Christianity also was present, having entered the south of Arabia from Abyssinia; and from Syria it had powerfully affected the north. Even the Zoroastrianism of Persia exercised a considerable influence. The broken fragments of early Christian heresies mingled in the seething mass of thought. Great discussions were often held on religious subjects, and there was no difficulty in explaining the interest which the subject of religion awakened in Mohammed's mind even from early years. At forty Mohammed had become abstracted and melancholy. More than once did he attempt suicide at this period. Himself originally a devout heathen, in all honesty he had cast it from him, and he expected others to feel and act like himself. Some smiled and others loaded him with insults. Preach he must. Dr. Sprenger, one of the most learned biographers of Mohammed said:—"He was for some time a complete maniac, and the fit, after which he assumed the prophetic office, was a

paroxysm of cataleptic insanity." The old explanation of Mohammed's character, which made him out to be a cold-blooded impostor, he (the lecturer) could not accept. Mohammed first came forward as a preacher, hardly claiming to be a prophet. Mohammed had been met with the objection when he inveighed against his countrymen's idolatries:—"God has sent us no prophet; He wills, therefore, that we continue thus." Having described the probable workings of Mohammed's mind at this crisis, and just before he assumed the office of prophet, Dr. Mitchell said his conviction was that Mohammed actually believed he had seen the angel Gabriel and heard him speak. Vividly imaginative at all times, and half insane when the fit—or, as he thought it, inspiration—came, what marvel if he saw a vision and heard an unearthly voice? He (the lecturer) believed that Mohammed sought to proclaim certain grand fundamental truths of religion, and that he honestly believed he was commissioned by God to do so. But, beyond all question, Mohammed ere long employed deception, at all events knowingly did what was wrong. He did evil that good might come. With his desire to do good, baser motives mingled even from an early period, perhaps unconsciously, but inextricably. The best authorities represented him as declaring from an early date that if his countrymen would once unite under the banner of the Divine Unity, the sovereignty of the world was within their grasp. Tremendous bribe! Towards this end he struggled resolute, remorseless, and shrinking from no crime that helped him on. Nevertheless, up to the end of his career he appeared to have believed that he was

doing God service. The spectacle was wonderful. After all, however, it was only a very striking instance of the deceiver becoming his own dupe. This might be called the Nemesis of falsehood. Dr. Mitchell held that in Mohammed they traced the corruption, and finally the ruin of a character which in many respects was originally high and noble. Well, then, Mohammed came forward as a religious teacher at the age of forty. He died at sixty-two. Of the twenty-two years between these dates, the first thirteen he spent at Mecca. At first his utterances were enthusiastic, abrupt. Mohammed becomes boldly confident, and stands forth in heroic calmness, assured of final victory even when his followers are filled with despondency. In 622 Mohammed fled from Mecca, taking refuge at Medina, and from this date commenced the era used in all Mohammedan countries called the Hejira, *i.e.*, the flight. The lecturer showed how in the next ten years Mohammed developed into the warrior, and treated of his wars. Then Mohammed's character became gradually coarse. He grew more selfish and cruel, and more given to sensuality. Dealing with the religion of Mohammed, the lecturer said, under *iman*, or the dogmatic part, came the doctrine regarding God, angels, the sacred books, the prophets, the resurrection, judgment, predestination, or, as it might be called, fate—in all, six great articles. The great formula, which might be called a summary of the Mohammedan creed, is *La ilah ul Allah, wa Mohammed rasul Allah, i.e.*, there is no god but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God. Then the five "pillars" or "foundations" of practice are—(1) The recital of the Kalimah, (2) five stated periods of daily prayer (in Arabic), (3) the thirty days' fast of the month Ramazan, (4) alms-giving, (5) pilgrimage to Mecca. The great boast of Mohammedans was

that they emphatically teach the unity and glorious attributes of God. It was one of the deeper questions of theology, averred the lecturer, whether the naked theism of Mohammed, with its stern rejection of the doctrine regarding the Logos, renders the Divinity inconceivable, and true worship impossible. Further, God was conceived as an almighty despot. In its conception of Paradise, or Heaven, the Mohammedan creed fell far short of many heathen systems, certainly below Hindooism. Even the idea of the old Norse religion, Odin quaffing flagons of mead with the brave in Walhalla, is higher and better than that supplied by the sensual Paradise of Mohammed. The lecturer went on to deal with other vital points especially noticing the family life. Towards "unbelieving" nations the duty of Mohammedans was to offer a choice of three things—conversion, tribute, or death; and if Mohammedan nations did not still continue to deluge the world with blood it would be because they were unable to execute the behests of their Prophet; for, said he, "Not until Antichrist appear (that was the end of the world) must the war for the extension of the faith be allowed to cease." Apostacy from Islam was punishable with death, and that doom was inflicted in all Mohammedan countries except Turkey, in which for some years past the great European powers had extorted some concessions in favour of Christians. Slavery was allowed by Mohammedan law, and sanctioned by the example of Mohammed himself. Every true believer might have as many slaves, male and female, as he could acquire, only they must not be Mohammedans. The accursed slave trade which had desolated tens of thousands of villages in hapless Africa was carried on mainly by Arabs. One could not see how slavery could be crushed until Mohamedanism itself is crushed. As pertinent to his sub-

ject, the learned doctor next touched upon Turkey. He said (speaking from a paper he had written five years ago) in Turkey there was chronic misrule and corruption. Settled for centuries in the garden of the world, the Turks had gradually turned it into a desert. He spoke especially of Asia Minor. The population of Syria, for example, was now only one-eighth of what it once was. Well might it be said. "Where the Turk's horse plants his foot there no grass can grow." Reforms in administration had been to some extent forced on the Government by the European Powers, but the Turk himself seemed unchanged and unchangeable. Meanwhile, Lamartine said nearly forty years ago "Turkey is perishing for want of Turks"—that was, the Mohamedan population was steadily declining—dying out in fact. It was generally thought, said the lecturer, that the Turks were a great deal worse than all other Mohamedan nations, but in truth, the Mohamedan rule all over the world was execrably bad. For example, in reference to the kingdom of Kashghar they had the following testimony from Dr. Bellew, which showed that Mohamedanism in that part of India had lost none of its intolerant and cruel spirit. Dr. Bellew says:—"During this eventful period were enacted in the states of Kashghar a succession of mean intrigues, and base treacheries, a *role* of wholesale

assassinations and summary imprisonment, and a course of confiscations, executions, and tortures, the details of which are horrifying, though by itself incomplete without the addition of the tyranny of Islam—its merciless massacres and forcible conversions, its intolerance of the unbeliever, and destruction of every trace of his religion, its awful plunder of his property, and its equally legal enslavement of his person and his family." He (Dr. Mitchell) did believe that these things were about to cease, certainly cease in time, throughout the whole Turkish Empire; and he did hope that not only would relief be sent to those who had been suffering from the fearful despotism and merciless cruelty of the Turks, but that a new feeling would spring up with reference to the Mohamedan nations—a determination to spread as far as they could the blessed Gospel, which alone could bring life to those poor people the Turks themselves. They were to enter on a spiritual crusade. They had done very little for the Mohamedan nations, and it had been difficult to work for them. Conversion on the part of Mohamedans would end in death, but the Christian nations could interfere to prevent that taking place. They had the power in Turkey, and let them exercise it. Let the Gospel be preached with a zeal and devotedness which the Church had never hitherto manifested.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TRUE TO GOD AND THE KING: A SKETCH OF A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Towards the beginning of this century there were great suffering and

great grief in the shire of Sutherland, in the extreme north of Scotland. The Duke of Sutherland, under the influence of hard hearted advisers, allowed the order to go forth that several large and populous parishes on his immense estate, should be cleared of their in-

habitants to make room for wild fowl, sheep, and deer. The Colonies of Britain were not at that time, from physical and political causes, very inviting homes, especially to Highlanders, whose language formed a barrier between them and the strangers among whom they must settle on foreign shores. It was, therefore, with feelings of sorrow into which Canadians, who are accustomed to change about so much, cannot enter, the news came among the upland parishes of Sutherland-shire, that the old home of many memories, and the parish-church, sacred with hallowed associations, and the family burying ground with the family history engraven on its tombstones, must all be left behind for a foreign land or a miserable home with nothing to do, in the fishing villages on the coast. At the time, however, when the Sutherland clearances were taking place, the Napoleonic wars were crying out for soldiers, and better men for fighting and fatigue could not be found than the Highlanders of these remote districts, who were accustomed to hardships and who had never come in contact with the wickedness of the large cities. The Duke of Sutherland was eager to coax into the army the young lads whose parental homes he was baring to the winds of heaven, and it was reported that those families who gave sons into the army would receive some indulgences which were denied to others in the matter of their homesteads.

In the county of Sutherland, there lived somewhere in the district of the Mackays, a family of that name who were esteemed for their honesty and piety. But their short and simple annals we prefer to give in the words of one of their descendants, a nephew of the Christian soldier, the subject of our sketch.

"Our ancestors were people that were noted for their Christian character. Charles Mackay and Elizabeth Ross, our grand-parents, were

looked upon as pious people, and were members of the Church of Scotland of those days, —first in the parish church of Loth, and afterwards that of Latheron in Caithness, whither they removed after being cleared out of Sutherland during the time of the so-called "Sutherland clearances." Their house was always resorted to by people from other districts attending the sacrament at Loth, or on their way to the same ordinance at other places. Our grandmother, I am told, was a woman of a peculiarly amiable disposition, so much so that Mr. Charles Gordon, a noted Christian churchman of Thurso in those days, and who used to call for them while attending the sacraments at Latheron, used to say in a jocular way, that her meekness was not natural, till on one occasion he observed her impatience at seeing a cow trespassing in the corn, when he exclaimed that now she was natural. I am further informed that our grandmother on the day of her death called for some water to wash her hands, feet, and head. Her daughter was surprised, but she insisted, and actually washed herself as she intended, remarking that it would give others less to do. A few hours after this she was in eternity. Her people were weeping, but the above Charles Gordon told them not to weep, as she had entered into glory, or words to that effect. My sister Margaret tells me that some time ago she was introduced to an old elder in the parish of Clyne, now dead, when he remarked to her that he liked to see her, as the blood of the righteous flowed in her veins. After her death our grandfather came to stay with us in Gartzmore, and subsequently removed to a house in the neighbourhood which was built for him and his daughter Janet, who acted as his faithful nurse till his death, which occurred on the 26th Oct., 1832, aged 89 years. My mother tells me that he was a man of prayer, as was also his brother John Mackay, who was for a long time Catechist of the parish of Loth, and who died Oct. 24th, 1839, aged 78 years, and who was a man eminent for his spiritual gifts. Our grandfather's memory in his latter years was rather weak, and we may almost say that he was getting into his second childhood; but even then, to show the prevailing bent of his mind, he frequently supposed that every day was Sabbath day, and his daughter Janet who was staying with him would be occasionally amused by his telling her to get up, that he was afraid they would be late for church. He was buried in the churchyard of Loth, where also his brother John the Catechist is buried, and where also is situated our family burying-ground. I have written thus far at random, but the substance can easily be condensed into a more regular shape. The incidents narrated may be considered in themselves so far trivial, but I

think sufficient to show, in regard to our ancestors, that their sympathies and choice were on the side of God."

Out of this godly family two sons joined the army, and fought under Wellington in Spain and elsewhere, one in the 93rd and the other in the 42nd regiments. The question naturally occurs how young men with such home training as these lads had, came to enlist as soldiers. They were not cajoled to enlist by the arts of the recruiting serjeant, nor seduced thereto by companions and drink as is too often the case with the privates of the British army. The enlistment of the Mackay brothers is a pleasing and remarkable instance of filial piety and love.

"The circumstances," writes the son of William, who joined the 93rd, "under which our family was 'cleared out' of their home were peculiarly dishonourable to the Sutherland family, or rather to their agents. It was on condition that their parents be allowed to remain in the old home that the sons agreed to enlist. When my grandfather received a summons of ejection, his son William, my father, was working as a shoemaker in his father's house with two apprentices. On being told that the summons of ejection would never be served if some of the sons were found willing to join the 93rd Sutherlandshire Highlanders, then in course of being raised by the Duke of Sutherland, immediately William got up, threw off his apron, saying he would not be the means of his father's removal, went to the office and enlisted as a soldier."

John also enlisted, and thus the two sons were gratified to see a written document duly signed, put into the hands of their father, making to him a promise that he would be no further disturbed by the agents of the Duke. This document was, it is said, wheedled out of the hands of the family never to be recovered. When these men returned to their homes, after risking their lives in the service of their country, great was their indignation to find that the promise made to their father was broken, and that he along with thousands more were "cleared out" of their houses and their native parish, to make room for strangers and for

sheep. William, who so suddenly doffed the shoemaker's apron for the soldier's knapsack, served with credit in his regiment, became serjeant-major, and passed many years after his return from the wars, in the employment of the Duke of Sutherland.

It it, however, with John, we have to do in the remainder of this brief sketch. He served with the forty-second in various places, but his recollections in later years, when the writer of these lines became acquainted with him, were of Spain, and especially of the famous retreat of Sir John Moore, to Corruna, in which the forty-second took an honourable and conspicuous part. It was only in answer to questions he felt inclined to talk of this terrible march, and the horrible scenes of affliction through which Sir John Moore effected his retreat, and thus saved 20,000 of his men from falling into the hands of the French. Being a man under, rather than above middle height, broad-chested, strong-limbed, and of temperate habits, he stood the march well. He would tell in simple language, which was always free of exaggeration, how the French kept harrassing the rear of the retreating army, and how near their cavalry came to the covering party of the retreating force. He told of the hunger of the men, and with the merry twinkle of his one remaining eye, narrated how some of the forty-second entered a Spanish cottage where they found a pot of potatoes boiling on the fireplace. They sat down till the potatoes were cooked, by which time the French cannon began to thunder close behind. It was no time to enjoy their dinner with such music in their ears. Accordingly after pouring the water off the potatoes they emptied the contents of the pot into their knapsacks, and went on their way rejoicing over their good luck.

"A British army," says a certain writer, "may be gleaned in a retreat,

but cannot be reaped. Whatever may be their misery, the soldiers are always to be found ready for a fight." It was even so in this disastrous retreat. Again and again the retreating army offered battle, which however the French would not accept till they got the British army cooped up at Corunna, on the shore of the Bay of Biscay. In this famous battle Sir John Moore approached the forty-second regiment, which had formerly prevailed against Napoleon's "Invincibles," and simply said: "Highlanders, remember Egypt." They rushed on driving the French before them, Sir John accompanying them in their charge. But a cannon-ball struck him on his left shoulder and beat him to the ground. He raised himself and looked with anxiety in the direction of the forty-second, but when he was told that the Highlanders were advancing his countenance at once brightened. Assisted by a soldier of the forty-second he was removed behind the shelter of a stone wall, whence he was carried by six soldiers, of whom Mr. Mackay was one, to the rear, and thence to Corunna. This fact I did not receive from Mr. Mackay, who indeed spoke very little of his soldier life, except in answer to questions, but his children remember well to have heard him state, when he talked more of these things, the sad duty he discharged on this occasion to his general, of whom he always spoke in terms of much affection and esteem.

Wellington, however, arrives in Spain, and once more the forty-second is in the field. Burgos is invested on the 19th Sept., 1812. This city, the capital of old Castile, the original seat of the Spanish monarchy, is beautifully situated in the fertile valley of the Arlanzan. Connected with it are many historical associations, being the birth-place of Gonzales, and the spot where Edward I. of England was knighted by Alphonso the Wise. Here the priests show as relics the handker-

chief of the prophet Elijah, and a lock of Abraham's hair, and an image of the Saviour carved by Nicodemus. The Castle of St. Michael stands on a conical hill towering above all the houses of Burgos, and when the siege began this hill from base to summit was encircled with lines of field work bristling with cannon. On the 22nd of September, an attempt was made to carry the exterior line or outer escarp works by escalade. "The ladders were reared, and the storming party forced up the wall most gallantly; but as soon as the leading men gained a momentary footing they were bayoneted down, and those on the ladders were either shot or knocked down by heavy cannon balls and combustibles which caused the men's pouches to explode. After repeated attempts the storming columns were obliged to retire with the loss of half their number killed and wounded."—(Life of Duke of Wellington.)

Among the wounded was Serjeant John Mackay of the forty-second, who had volunteered along with the rest of the storming party for this work. He was the second man on his ladder. The first man got to the top, only however, to be hurled to the bottom dead, while Mackay was wounded in the right arm. Finding himself useless for further fighting he slung himself round by the left hand and clung to the ladder beneath, and then dropped himself into the ditch, to allow his comrade a passage upwards to glory and almost certain death. He was taken to the hospital, and the arm amputated. His soldiering for his king and country was now at an end, and he returned to his native land to serve, as he did to his last breath, as an humble, but firm, and dauntless soldier in the army of the Lord Jesus Christ, "whom he served from his forefathers with a pure conscience."

On these ladders on the 22nd of September, among that forlorn hope, was

another young man from a neighbouring parish who was wounded, but only slightly, for he again joined his regiment and fought at Waterloo. While these pages were being written, the following notice of him appears in an Edinburgh newspaper just come to hand, taken from the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of October 3rd:—"The death of another old soldier, for very many years a resident of Gibraltar, occurred yesterday afternoon—Sergeant A. Ross, late barrack-sergeant in this garrison, which appointment he held for thirty-seven years. He was in his 89th year at the time of his death. Sergeant Ross joined the forty-second Highlanders (Black Watch) in 1808, and served abroad in the Peninsular War and the Waterloo Campaign, being wounded at Burgos, when in the forlorn hope, at the storming of St. Michael, and again at Waterloo. He wore the war medal with eight clasps, the Waterloo medal, and the Regimental Peninsular medal. He was present at Corunna, at the general actions of the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Salamanca, Ciudad Rodrigo, Fuentes d'Onor, Quatrebras and Waterloo.* He arrived in Gibraltar to join his regiment in 1820, and after his discharge obtained the appointment of barrack-sergeant; having retired from which appointment this fine old soldier enjoyed his well-earned rest in this fortress, and has passed away at a very advanced age, amidst the regrets of his many friends, who no less valued him for his merits than respected him for the high character he bore and for his eminent military services. The funeral will take place this afternoon at four o'clock, with military honours." A correspondent adds that Sergeant Ross was born in the parish of Creich, near Bonar Bridge, in the county of Sutherland.

* From all I can gather, Mr. Mackay was present at all these engagements,—save, of course, the last two; but he never took the trouble to apply for his medals.

The Rev. J. Coventry before conducting the funeral service, among other remarks said, he died surrounded by his children and grandchildren. He was greatly respected for his high character. He loved his Bible, and although so aged, and lame from his wounds at Waterloo, he was never absent from church, although he had one and a-half miles to go. He was one of the original subscribers to the Scotch Church in Gibraltar.

Settling down in his native land, Mr. Mackay married a Miss Polson, who was his faithful and beloved wife for over forty years. With his wife and a family of several little children he sailed for Canada in 1839. In his own handwriting (which was very good, and the composition and spelling of a superior order), he kept a journal from the time of their sailing till they arrived in Canada. The only points in the journal that interests one at this distant time are his habits of accurate observation, his great care over his family, and the supreme regard with which he revered and kept the holy Sabbath. On board ship, as is often the case, there was open violation of the Sabbath by passengers, against which he raised his testimony, by which he sometimes incurred the displeasure of the offenders.

Here is just one extract which is very characteristic of the man:—

Sunday, 12th August 1839.—What I have seen of the coast of Canada is a continuation of high lands covered with woods with no signs whatever of cultivation. One thing is remarkable in our voyage, that there has been no reef in our top-sails since we left the Skerries on the coast of the Reay country until this day. *A fracas* about religion. Some would have me converted to their belief by physical force. I alleged there were devils on board. One man would have me withdraw the charge on pain of my feeling the effect of his manly powers. I defied him to try it, adding at the same time that Christ and His disciples used the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

About the year 1840 the forest coun-

try round Owen Sound, now the county of Grey, with over 60,000 of a population, was just thrown open for settlement. Mr. Mackay resolved upon moving his family into the woods, and carving a home for himself out of the unbroken forest. This is what he says as to the way the Sabbath was kept in Owen Sound on the 15th May, 1841:—

"Nothing done by the few in this place to sanctify the Sabbath. . . . In the Indian village in our neighbourhood it was different. A horn sounded frequently, calling the people to prayer and other acts of devotion. It looked to me as if the Indians were the Christians and we the heathen."

He chose a lot on the Garafraxa road, about four miles south of Owen Sound. On this matter we find in his journal the following entry:—

"Tuesday, 28th June, 1841, a fine, warm day, took possession of the north quarter of the 9th lot, 12th concession in the township of Sydendam. I am the first that struck an axe in his own right. Helen, my daughter was the first white woman that arrived in the place, having landed at the village on the 23rd inst."

On his lot, containing a hundred acres, a portion of which is now a railway station on the Toronto Grey and Bruce Railway, he built a house which was for upwards of thirty years the home of any one who stood in need of a night's lodgings or food on his journey. In the county there was no house where the greeting was heartier, and the hand opener, than in this house. It was the home of ministers of the Gospel of every denomination, and often did praise and prayer resound from its walls. From the very first he resolved that the Sabbath should be sanctified as far as his house was concerned, and the neighbours who dropped in to have a little gossip on the Lord's day, were treated to a series of chapters in the Bible, till at last he was visited on the Sabbath only by those who could enjoy his way of spending it. In the evening the Shorter Catechism must be repeated, to be follow-

ed as well as preceded by reading, singing and prayer, with a military precision from which there was no remission or deviation till he passed his ninetieth year, when his large family, by deaths and marriages was reduced to one beloved daughter, who must still help him to his knees after she has duly repeated the words of her catechism, as she used to do, a fair-haired child at his knee.

The clearing of the Canadian woods demands a strong frame, as well as muscular and trained arms. It is a proof of Mr. Mackay's great strength, and of his indomitable will, that he did the work, of clearing and fencing on his farm, with his left hand. To the right hand he had an iron hook fixed with which to lift a weight, but in wielding the axe he used only the arm he carried complete from the siege of Burgos, and with it he hewed with many a sturdy stroke a large clearance out of the "forest primeval."

He was a cheerful, happy, contented Christian, fond of books, not given to much speech, and as prosperous in the world as he cared to be. But the shadow of a great affliction darkened the happy home at length. His son, Charles, the comfort and stay of his old age, went out full of life and manliness, to assist a neighbor to raise a barn, but falling from a considerable height, he received a mortal injury in the head, and was carried home speechless. After lingering for a day or two, convulsions set in, and the soul of the beloved son and brother departed without one look or word of recognition to the dear ones around his dying bed. All through this sore trial the father was calm, saying very little, and doing his best to comfort the sorrowing and well-nigh despairing mother. When the funeral procession was setting out for the cemetery, he whispered to his pastor, the writer of these words, "Don't go with us, but remain and comfort the poor mother."

The death of his son weaned him entirely from the world—a heart that was partially weaned before—and from that time he ceased to interfere in any way with the management of his farm. He devoted himself entirely to reading, meditation, and attendance on the ordinances of public worship, until the infirmities of a great old age shut him up at home. His closing years were very like that of his venerable father, as described by the nephew whose letter we have quoted above,—memory gone, perception of outward things dim; but God, Christ, eternity, heaven, clear, distinct, real in the inward vision of his mind. He was in this state of second childhood, when in 1874, Lord Dufferin paid him the visit thus described in one of the local newspapers:—

“The reason why the procession stopped so long at Rockford Castle was to give the opportunity to His Excellency to pay a visit to one of the heroes of the first Peninsular war under Sir John Moore. Mr. John Mackay, pensioner of the forty-second Highlanders, was a soldier under that great general, and went through the hardships of that masterly retreat to Corunna, and fought in the battle which cost the gallant Moore his life. He saw Sir John’s burial, when, according to the poem with which we are all familiar,—

‘We buried him sadly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the glimmering moonbeam’s dusky light,
And the lantern dimly burning.’

There on Corunna’s shore they ‘left him alone in his glory.’ Mr. Mackay, who is now 97 years of age, was a sufferer in that glorious war, having lost an arm. His Excellency entered into conversation with him on the subject of his battles, Mr. Mackay having been presented to him by the Mayor.”

Verging, this year (1876), on a hundred years, there did not seem to be a single bodily ailment rooted any where in his robust frame. It was only on matters of religion he would at last talk at all. He was always happy, always contented, never seeming to want a single thing, never complaining of any thing but the hardness of his heart, and his unfitness for the home

to which he felt himself drawing near. A day or two before his death I spoke to him sitting in his own chair, and suffering from a heavy cold. He listened to the chapter, to the words of direction and comfort that followed, but it was hard to persuade one’s self that he understood the words, or that he knew the voice that was speaking to him. It was a mistake, however. When I rose to leave the words I heard from him so often “you are not going away already,” told me that he knew his pastor’s voice. I, was no surprise to hear that, a few days afterwards, he literally fell asleep in Jesus, without any struggle or pain. The volunteers of Owen Sound kindly gave him a soldier’s burial.

The life and death of this man, and of men like his brother William, and of his companion-in-arms, A. Ross, who last month followed him to glory from Gibraltar, with the children and grandchildren they have left behind,—these things, I say, shew as facts only can shew, that the puritanism of the Highlands under which these men had their early training, is fitted to make men brave soldiers, honest citizens, good neighbours, and cheerful Christians. By its fruit we know religion. Can that religion be bad that produced such men as these? It is a thousand pities that a Highlander like Norman Macleod allowed himself, through his associations with the rationalists of Germany, and the broad church clergy of England, to ridicule the views of the Sabbath, and the tenderness of conscience of men like these, who would sooner face death than break the Sabbath, or do a dishonest or dishonorable deed. The character of these men was built around a “conscience void of offence towards God and towards men.” Sentimental piety cannot stand the strain of life’s rough discipline. The only motto that can carry us conquerors in the strife is the motto of the great Captain, which was also the

motto of these three soldiers now crowned with glory and honour: "Lo, I COME TO DO THY WILL, O God."

THE REV. JOHN McRAE.

Another of our Disruption worthies has departed to the better country. Mr. M'Rae "has come to his grave, in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." He has died in his 84th year, after a career, in some respects, remarkable beyond ordinary, and distinguished by much that makes life desirable.

Mr. M'Rae was a native of the district of Kintail, Ross-shire. In his early years he followed the line in which he was brought up—a fisherman—when herrings visited Loch Duich and Lochalsh; a shepherd, the keeper of his father's sheep; and, when the case required it, or when leisure afforded opportunity, a labourer in any useful work brought to his hand. His education was such as, at the time, was usually acquired in the parish school in the Highlands, often very defective in its character, and not much calculated to elicit natural talent and genius where it existed, or to cherish it when brought into light. Mr. M'Rae's superiority was felt and acknowledged when he yet had not emerged from the humble sphere in which he had his place. Possessed of great intellectual natural vigour, and of a bodily frame, in stature, strength, elasticity, worthy of the "wild M'Raes" with whom he claimed kindred, he took a first place among the Highland youth of his time, reared under the shadow of Scourouran, and amidst the scenery of the rough, picturesque, and romantic region lying around that prince of Highland Bens. Mr. M'Rae was, in all his course, of respectable character, but much of his youth had passed before he was brought to know the Lord. The recital of the manner of his conversion, and a description of

the instrument by which he was brought to Christ, may interest some of our readers, illustrating as it does, God's sovereignty in His ways as well as in his works.

In the early part of this century the Highlands, particularly the West Highlands, enjoyed the advantages, or suffered the disadvantages, as men were pleased to consider them, of a self-constituted mission of unique description. Finally Munro was, in one view of his history, an *Onesimus* of his kind, a runaway servant of a worthy master, who might have overtaken him with penalties, but who did it not, and all the more did it not, as there was good reason to believe the unfaithfulness of which Munro had been guilty, through an awakened conscience, and under overwhelming convictions, had been sanctified in leading him to the Cross, where he found forgiveness, and, with a sense of forgiveness, peace with God. He forsook the district in which he had committed the offence, and never returned. Filled with love to the God of all grace, the God of his salvation, he began to speak to his fellow-sinners, whenever he had opportunity, of what He had done for his soul. That Munro was an enthusiast no one who knew his course would be inclined to deny; but he was such an enthusiast as we have had many happy examples of, who, whatever their defects in many things, God has often been pleased to use extensively for good in this evil world. Munro had a sweet, powerful voice. His knowledge of Divine truth in its carnal doctrines was thoroughly Scriptural. He had acquired it by having been for many years the hearer and the domestic servant of one of the most eminent ministers of the north. He never, in a single instance, attempted to speak except in his native tongue. In the use of that tongue he was one of the most eloquent uneducated speakers to which the Highlands ever gave birth,

which is saying very much for him. He became an itinerant missionary, holding of no Society, connected with no Church, owned by no Party, much suspected by the Clergy, but followed by crowds wherever he *spoke* (for he would not have it said that he preached), and becoming the means of remarkable local awakenings, which made no small stir at the time. His labours lay principally in the northern parts of Argyshire and the western portions of Inverness-shire. His support came wholly from the goodwill of the humble people whom he sought to benefit. He never wanted an open door to welcome him, nor such fare as the people themselves had which they shared with him and asked him to bless, as they partook of it together; one of themselves, and contented, he had thus a continual feast.

At the period to which we refer the "Parliamentary roads" were being constructed, or were under the course of extensive repairs, on the slopes of Maam Ratrachan, stretching, on the one hand, down towards Shalhouse, at the head of Loch Duich, and, on the other, down towards the Kirkton of Glenelg through that the most beautiful of all Highland glens. It is a warm summer day. A large body of men, who had just been engaged with wheelbarrows, spades, picks, and other implements of their craft, have sat down and are partaking of their midday repast. A stranger, with one or two who seem to be his followers, approaches the group of seated workmen. Little speech passes. The travellers stand in need of refreshment as the workmen do. They thankfully partake of what is extended to them. The stranger then proposes to give thanks to God for His bounty in providing so richly for them all. No opposition is made to this, although it had not been asked. The thanksgiving over, the stranger addresses the little congregation sitting on the dry

green sward before him. At first his voice is low, and his manner quiet and most sedate. In a little the eye kindles, the hands get loose, his voice swells into the sweetest tones. Whoever has heard the chant sometimes indulged in by Highland ministers in delivering their discourses—in the use of which the late Dr. John M'Donald was a master—will understand the style of Munro's mountain address. The wail of it penetrated all hearts. The sense of sin—the sense of God's grace in being ready, able, willing, waiting to forgive, the urgent pleadings that his hearers should have mercy on their own souls and accept forgiveness, were overwhelming. When Munro perceived the effects, after a short prayer, as if his work were done, putting on his hat, he bade farewell, and was gone, with his followers, down the steep declivity, before any one had recovered sufficient presence of mind to thank him for his service. It was Finlay Munro, of whom they had all heard by rumour, but whom they had not before seen or heard.

John M'Rae was one of the hearers. From that day he became a changed man. Continuing his usual occupations he gave attention to his education in a way and in a spirit he had never done before. He made rapid and great progress. Forsaking his work in Kintail, he opened a school in a district of Glenelg. There he remained for some time studying, as he best could, the Latin, the Greek, and mathematics, at the same time saving his means to bestow them on higher education in another field, and with better advantages. When the season for attending college, after all this, came, he proceeded to Aberdeen, the smallest provision, perhaps, ever made for the expense of a college life in his hand. His knowledge of the English language was such only as he had gained from books, or from intercourse with those who spoke it as defectively as himself,

In these circumstances he offered himself as a competitor for a bursary in Mathematics. He succeeded, and by the help thus secured, added to his purse, he concluded a not undistinguished session.

From the first, besides his school, diligently taught, he gave himself to reading the Scriptures to the people, and exhorting them. In this service he proved very acceptable, and was much honoured. He became a licentiate of the Established Church in due time, held several appointments in Lewis, Knockbain, Ross-shire, Greenock, and again in Lewis. When minister of the parish of Knockbain the Disruption took place. There was no difficulty with Mr. M'Rae. He had led the movement in the district with which he was then connected, and when the crisis came he was at the

head of the people, who adhered to him to a man. The intimate friend of the late lamented Rev. Alexander Stuart, of Cromarty, his neighbouring minister, they ever took counsel together, and were the strengthening of each other's hands in a time of much agitation. Nothing could have been more happy for Stuart at the time of the great crisis than to have by him, as his friend and counsellor, a man of the robust mind, resolute purpose, undaunted courage, calm and dispassionate spirit, above all, ardent piety and mighty eloquence, such as M'Rae. How great their esteem for each other was, how great their comfort in each other, and how much a blessing, because of their united efforts, to all the north, those know who remember the times to which we refer, and the great things which were then accomplished.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

We are indebted to the November number of the *Evangelical Christendom* for some of the following summaries of Christian work for the month:

THE Annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held this year at Southport, has not, in respect of the attendance at its meetings, the importance of the subjects treated of, or the interest evinced in their discussion, been inferior to any of the Conferences of that body held in former years. One pleasing feature of the yearly report was the proof of increase it afforded, new centres having been formed, and the members of the Alliance having received a considerable accession to their ranks. It will be satisfactory to all the friends of Christian union to note that the topics which chiefly engaged the attention of

the Conference were so eminently practical. As the operations of this organization having been extended year by year, it has more and more become plain that the tendency of its principles is to stimulate Christians of different denominations to combine in zealous energetic action, alike for the glory of God and the highest welfare of their fellow-men. The objection expressed against it in its early days, that it was, or would be, a sentimental rather than a working body, has been abundantly refuted; hence its numbers and its influence have steadily increased. The discussion on the power of the Evangelical Alliance, and how best to use it for local purposes, showed how important, in the estimation of those present, was the recognition of the fact that, while religious differences are unavoidable,

they never need be marked by intolerant or uncharitable feeling, and that the repression of all such feeling, by natural and likely means, was one chief end of the Alliance. The state of Christianity upon the Continent was, of course, largely and exhaustively discussed, and we would commend this part of the proceedings to the special attention of those who seek to know how the various nations of Europe stand affected towards Evangelical religion, and how the Gospel in each may be most effectually and extensively diffused. Reference was also made to the interference of the Alliance on behalf of the oppressed Christians of Turkey; and the desirableness of close co-operation with Continental Churches, and of a general conference with special relation to missionary work, occupied a large measure of attention. For the many other important topics which engaged the notice of the Conference, and for an adequate idea of the entire proceedings, and the spirit which throughout pervaded the assembly, our readers will, of course, refer to our full report.

THE sixteenth annual Church Congress, which assembled at Plymouth on the 3rd ult., was on the whole well and influentially attended, although less so than on some previous gatherings which have been convened in larger and denser centres of our population. All sections of the Church, however, were represented; and the Evangelical party, in particular, more efficiently so than at many of the Congresses of former years. The position of Plymouth, in an extreme corner of the empire, probably explains the absence of many who have taken part in previous meetings of this kind. The judicious and temperate address of the Bishop of Exeter in opening the Congress, gave in large measure the tone to its entire subsequent proceedings, which, if somewhat

less animated and decidedly less disputatious than those of former Congresses, approached, perhaps, in character and spirit, far more nearly to the true ideal of a deliberative ecclesiastical assembly. A calm earnestness pervaded the discussions, and however diverse or even antagonistic were the views expressed, however erroneous we may consider some of them to be, it appeared evident that the speakers were duly impressed with a sense of their personal responsibility, that they listened with forbearance at least to the opposite opinions of others, and that all were desirous, according to their various views, to make the Church a means and instrument of greater spiritual good throughout the land. The Old Catholic movement and its character, the causes and influences of unbelief in England, the relations between Church and State, the constitution of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a final court of ecclesiastical appeal, the spiritual wants of our Army, Navy, and sea-faring population—these and other topics largely engaged the attention of the Congress, and their mention serves to show how varied, and how important were the themes on which its careful thought and labour were bestowed. Speaking for the Evangelical section of the Church, the Rev. Joseph Bardsley enunciated, in a frank, courageous, manly style, certain wholesome truths, more than ever necessary in these Romanizing times to be firmly and completely grasped. He noted that the State did not dictate a single article of faith, that it only found men of learning to declare what the Church herself had taught, that disobedience to the law of the Church was associated with the promoters of the so-called Catholic revival, that their conduct was the most likely of all means to lead to disestablishment, but that much as many would regret that, it would be a far

less evil than that the Church of England should become the means of teaching the people the doctrines and superstitions of the Church of Rome. Notwithstanding this plain speaking, however, Mr. Bardsley was listened to without unseemly interruption, as were also clergymen who did not scruple to avow extreme Ritualistic views, and, in one instance at least, openly to advocate the practice of confession. On the whole, there was a large amount of deep sincerity and earnestness displayed, and also far greater toleration for the most opposing diversities of sentiment. In these respects, this sixteenth Church Congress may most certainly be viewed as a success.

THE autumnal meetings of the Congregational and Baptist Unions, held this year respectively at Bradford and at Birmingham, have been largely attended, influential in their composition, and characterized by hearty earnestness and zeal. In the former, over which the Rev. Dr. Aveling presided, the subjects of Christian union, evangelical effort, and the prominent controversial topics of the day as affecting the promotion and growth of Scriptural Christianity, were, as is usual, ably and earnestly discussed. But the distinctive and special feature of this year's gathering was the propounding of a financial scheme whereby, it is hoped, the great objects of the Union in promoting the consolidation and united action of the Congregationalists throughout the land, may, at a considerably less expenditure, be largely and effectively advanced. It is proposed that the "County Unions," by which the poorer congregations are now aided, shall act as the organs of a representative and national Council of Finance. By this means every duly accredited Congregational minister might be secured a minimum stipend, less inadequate than that

now in many cases received, and adequate help might be contributed more judiciously by town to rural congregations. At the Baptist Union — Dr. Landels presiding — it was stated that the income of the Foreign Missionary Society had, in the last twenty-five years, more than doubled; and the subjects of missions, both home and foreign, engaged a large share of attention, the interest in the subject being intensified by a crowded missionary meeting in the Birmingham Town Hall, and by a designation service, in which several missionaries were set apart for foreign fields of labour. The state of the smaller churches in the country districts, the disadvantages resulting from their, in many instances, isolated condition, and the need for a far greater concentration of the energies of the denomination in Church life and work, were subjects of serious consideration. The attendance was larger and more influential than at any previous meetings of the Union.

THOSE Christians who are alive to the importance, on all grounds, physical, social, and religious, of the observance, in every so-called Christian country, of the sacred Day of Rest, will rejoice and congratulate each other on the success of the Geneva Conference on this all-important subject, with which the promulgation of the Gospel, the growth of spiritual life, and the practical morality of nations are so inseparably linked. That Conference, consisting as it did of 440 delegates from almost all Christian nations, was itself the outcome and result of much careful thought—much prayerful, anxious, and unintermitted toil; and itself forms a new starting-point for fresh and arduous exertion which will tax to the utmost the wisdom and energies of Christian men striving to promote the spread of true religion both in Europe

and America. The proceedings of the Conference consisted mainly in a review of what has already been effected in the way of advancing the observance of the Lord's-day throughout Europe, in both Roman Catholic and Protestant countries, and in the adoption of plans for the future. These plans include influences brought to bear upon the various Governments, but they contemplate more especially the promulgation of sound views and the production of deep convictions amongst the several nationalities of Europe respecting the social benefits to be obtained, and the spiritual blessings to be secured, by the general and religious observance of that day which Divine wisdom has set apart for the advantage of man's entire nature, the refreshment and re-invigoration alike of his body, soul, and spirit. In the prospect now opening up before those who have set themselves, heart and soul, to the furtherance of this great and holy cause, there is much to cheer and to encourage, although the obstacles in their way are such as divine power alone can enable them to meet and overcome. Our report of the Conference we are compelled to defer till next month. Meanwhile we must express our grateful sense of the services which have been rendered to this important movement by its foremost leader, M. Alexandre Lombard, without whose long and persevering efforts it is doubtful whether any such gathering as the Geneva Conference could have been held.

PERSECUTION in Spain continues to increase, and Protestants throughout that country are in a state of great peril and apprehension. Romish intolerance is daily assuming new phases, and manifesting itself in the most offensive and alarming forms. From the negative stage it has passed into the positive, and instead of mere prohibitions we have now overt acts of

violence and outrage. It is stated, on the authority of a *Times* correspondent, that at Barcelona a Protestant has recently undergone seven days' imprisonment in a filthy cell for no other offence than his nonconformity to Rome. In the neighbourhood of Seville, a Scripture-reader was arrested and carried before the Alcalde, who ordered him to prison for a day, and told him he regretted that he could not sprinkle him and all the Protestants in Spain with petroleum, and then set them on fire! The Bishop of Minorca has fulminated the greater excommunication not only against all Protestants, but against all who associate with them on friendly terms, lend them money, leave them legacies, employ them in their houses, or dare to speak a word on their behalf! This is "Catholic unity" with a vengeance, and seems to take us back to the dark days of mediæval tyranny, when the Inquisition reigned supreme, and the national intellect, will, and conscience were alike prostrated in slavish and degrading bondage to the priests. It is not so much any acts of the Spanish Government itself that our brethren in that country have to fear, as the fury of the priesthood, and the fanaticism of such of the civil functionaries and State officials as are under priestly influence and sway. By the manner in which the present Government has chosen to interpret the Eleventh Article of the Constitution, restricting within the narrowest possible limits the liberty of conscience it confers, this fanatical intolerance has been stimulated to the highest pitch. It is satisfactory to know that the British Minister at Madrid has been instructed by Lord Derby to obtain on behalf of the Protestants the utmost possible concessions, and to urge an interpretation of the Constitution more in accordance with those principles of freedom which, in every other country of Europe, are now recognized as the

fitting basis of society. It is still more satisfactory to find that the sufferings and apprehensions of our persecuted brethren in Spain have stirred up in this country a spirit of fervent prayer on their behalf. The large and influential attendance at the devotional meeting on this matter held at Willis's Rooms bears to this fact a pleasing and decisive testimony. The deputation to Lord Derby no less proves that, in the judgment of British Christians, prayer and effort in such a matter should go hand-in-hand. We trust that neither prayer nor effort in this direction will be permitted to relax until our brethren in Spain are not only freed from present fears and dangers of a personal description, but permitted, without let or hindrance, to continue in that country the work of evangelization which has there been so auspiciously begun.

THE French Home Mission continues to flourish. It has been recently engaged in promoting open-air services in the beautiful district of Ardeche, where vast chest-nut trees characterize the valleys which open from the highlands of volcanic Auvergne into the plains of the fruitful south. As many as 800 hearers have attended these services at one time, and much religious awakening is described. The hills of the Jura, which the labours of Felix Neff made classic ground, have been visited by a small band of evangelists, who write in rapture of the revival and delight produced by their

visit. They made the valleys resound with praise to Christ, sang hymns at halting-places, and sought out the scattered members of the flock like shepherds. The Gospel vindicates its appellation of "Good News" by the joy which attends its pointed and intelligent proclamation wherever its claims are really apprehended, however slightly.—*Freeman*.

THE Paris Society for the observance of the Lord's-day has at its head military officers of rank and reputation, and an efficient organization for aggressive work. The society is divided into three sections. The work of the first consists in active endeavours, by printed and spoken appeals, to convince both Christians and the world of the great religious, moral, economic, hygienic advantages which flow from the proper observance of the Sabbath. The second is devoted to seeking the means by which rest on the Sabbath may be procured for persons who are employed in public service, companies, mines, magazines, offices, theatres, and public works. Finally as the Sabbath should be at the same time free and holy, well kept and well employed, a third section will work to attain this end, to make men endeavour to participate in the blessings of divine service, the children attend the Sunday-schools, and will furnish libraries, papers, rooms for conversation and lectures, that there may be an inspiration of desire to fulfil the duties of the family and of charity.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

GIVING AS AN ACT OF WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. J. M. GIBSON, D.D., CHICAGO.

There is no practical Christian duty of our day that is less understood and more neglected than the duty of giving as an act of worship. Men give considerably, to speak after the fashion of men, to religious and benevolent objects, but they give by fits, they give because others give, they give for the sake of the man that asks, or because of the good singing by the choir or because of the tea and cakes, they give as a man tosses a piece of money to an unfortunate beggar who wears and shames one by his importunity. For such giving there is no praise or reward, no encouragement in Scripture. Let our readers ponder well the words of the Rev. Mr. Gibson, D.D., Chicago, on this subject.

There are three ways in which the grace of Christian liberality is commonly presented and commended: as a matter of *duty*, as a matter of *pity*, and as a matter of *profit*. It is well that the subject should be presented in all of these aspects; but there is another, and very important one, which is much overlooked, viz: giving as an act of *worship*. It is especially important that we should consider the duty in this, its highest aspect, on account of the general tendency in our times to degrade it. It is not a very common thing to look upon the collecting of money for charitable and evangelical purposes as nothing else than a necessary evil? "If our Christian work could only be carried on without that continual appeal to the purse of the Christian community how much better would it be; if we could get rid of this constant *begging* for religious purposes, how much more smoothly and comfortably would every thing go on." So many seem to think. They see the beauty of praise and prayer in the House of God; but

they see no beauty, nothing but stern, secular, hard necessity in the bringing of an offering. The vessels used in the communion service are sacred in their eyes; but the collection plates are common, if not unclean—secular, if not profane—something of the world brought from dire necessity into the Church.

Such ideas as these would have no place if giving to the Lord's cause were looked upon in the light in which it is presented from first to last in the word of God, viz: as an act of worship, a *sacred* duty, a devotional exercise.

It could very easily be shown that giving is a very *natural* way of expressing many of the feelings which enter into our devotions, such as reverence, gratitude, love. But, not to be tedious, we present at once the *scriptural* testimony, or such portions of it as we can find space for.

Taking up the Old Testament, the very first act of worship of which we read was an offering: Gen. iv. 3-4. Passing on to the father of the faithful, we find him giving tithes to Melchizedek, as priest of the Most High God. When Jacob at Bethel suddenly found himself, before he knew it, in the House of God and at the Gate of Heaven, he hastens to bring an offering with him. No funds were needed to build that temple or keep it in repair or maintain its ministers; and yet the solitary worshipper brought a princely offering to the Lord.

The entire Mosaic economy might be appealed to as a proof that God desires to be worshipped by offering. A very large part of the service consisted in the presentation of offerings to the Lord; and besides the offerings pre-

scribed by law there was an indefinite margin left for free-will offerings—purely spontaneous works of worship. Observe too that the same language is used in setting apart the tenth of substance as the seventh of time. It is not: "So much money is needed for this and that and the other thing, and you must bear your share of the burden!" but this: "It is the Lord's: it is *holy unto the Lord*," Lev. xxvii. 30. And this same tone is kept up throughout: "*Honour the Lord with thy substance.*" "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; *bring an offering and come into His Courts.*" And so in many other instances.

Turning to the New Testament, here again the very first act of worship we meet is a presentation of offerings: Matt. ii. 11. And mark, it was not to replenish an empty exchequer, or prop up a sinking charity fund, or extricate a struggling evangelization society, that the wise men presented these offerings; but simply to worship the Lord. Again, read Matt. v. 23-24, and you will see that the Lord Jesus recognizes the offering of gifts to God as among the duties of His kingdom, and moreover that He recognizes it as a strictly devotional exercise, demanding a right state of heart as imperatively as the Holy Communion itself. For the apostolic view of the subject, reference may be had to the directions given to the Christians to lay aside their contributions *on the first day of the week, i.e., on the day specially set apart for worship.*

A word now in reference to the place that giving holds in New Testament worship. Our ordinary public worship consists of three parts; *hearing, asking, giving.* The last of these is twofold, for what we have to give is of two kinds, "*the fruit of our lips,*" and *the fruit of our labours.* We thus find that giving as a part of worship ranks along with praise. And is not this the highest place of all? It is a

great privilege to be allowed to stand in God's presence and hear Him speak. It is a greater to be permitted to speak to Him as suppliants. But is it not the greatest honour and highest privilege of all to be permitted to bring Him a present out of the poor things which we can command? "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and therefore, if we are to distinguish between the different parts of worship, the service of song and the offering of gifts take precedence both of prayer and of the reading and preaching of the word. They are second in sacredness and dignity only to those solemn sacramental acts of worship by which God's covenant with us is signified and sealed.

As to the *significance* of giving as an act of worship, it might be shown that it is a most appropriate expression of the *homage* which we owe to God as the stewards of that which is really His—the *gratitude* we owe Him for all His gifts, and especially "His unspeakable Gift"—the *love* to God and man which inspires self-denying devotion to the cause of God and man—and the *faith*, which is exercised by those who really believe it to be better to give to God than to lay up for themselves. All this however is left without illustration, that space may be had for a few inferences from this view of the subject.

First, in regard to the *blessedness* of giving. The only difficulty here is the counting of the gains. (1) Every act of worship, simply as an act of worship, is "twice blessed."—There is the blessing realized in the exercise itself, and there is the reward afterwards. Take the cause of prayer, for example. In the very offering of prayer there is spiritual profit gained—the first gain. And then there is the answer which comes in its own time—the second gain. So it is with giving. There is blessedness in the feelings which as an act of worship it

expresses ; there is blessedness in the very expressing of these feelings ; and then, there is the manifold return which God will certainly make, if not in kind, then in better kind, according to His promise and His invariable procedure. But (2) what is offered of our substance not only is itself " holy to the Lord," but *consecrates all the rest*. Just as giving a part of our time to God hallows all the rest (for what Christian is there who does not feel and rejoice to think the whole week is consecrated by the Lord's Day at the beginning of it,) so the giving of a part of our substance in worship to God hallows all the rest, makes it much more enjoyable, and more beneficial. Then, (3) besides that special blessedness which is attendant on giving as an act of worship, there are all the advantages which spring from giving simply as a matter of duty or benevolence, such as the satisfaction of having discharged duty, the joy of doing good, the pleasure of watching the ripening fruit of your liberality. To say then that giving as an act of worship is " twice blessed" is but to beggar the theme. It is blessed a thousand fold.

2. As to the *mode* of giving. Much might be said here, but we shall only insist on regularity and system. If it is a part of worship, it should be regular like all other parts of worship. And surely once every Lord's Day ought not to be considered too frequent. " Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

Observe the last clause. It is obvious that the apostle wished the duty discharged calmly, deliberately, systematically, as in the presence of God, rather than of Paul. How different is the course so generally adopted now : the people gathered together, the case fully and feelingly presented, a powerful appeal made, and then a collection or subscription taken up before the excitement has died away. Surely the other is the more excellent way.

3. As to the *extent of the obligation*. Are the poor to be excluded from any part of the worship of God ? Are the children to be excluded ? Are any to be excluded ? Thank God. His worship is not restricted to any age or class. " Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store." Let no one despise the smallest gift. Think of the poor widow and what the Lord of Glory said about her. By all means, let all the poor be encouraged to give, and let all the children know the luxury and the blessedness of it.

4. As to the *amount* of the giving. The Lord Jesus is sitting over against the treasury, and looking you full in the face as you drop your offering, representing, symbolizing, embodying, expressing your gratitude and love to Him. Realize this, and then please yourself as to the amount. " Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sake He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." Do you ? *Do you ? DO YOU ?* Then give just what you think right.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

"LET GOD RULE THE PRESENT."

Oliver Cromwell's secretary was dispatched on some important busi-

ness to the continent. He stayed one night at a sea-port town, and tossed on his bed unable to sleep.

According to old custom, a servant slept in his room, and on this occa-

sion, soundly enough. The secretary, at length, waked the man, who asked, how it was his master could not rest.

"I am so afraid anything should go wrong with the embassy," was the reply.

"Master," said the valet, "may I ask you a question or two?" "To be sure," answered the envoy.

"Did God rule the world before we were born?" "Most assuredly He did." "And will He rule it after we are dead?" "Certainly, He will." "Then master, why not let Him rule the present, too?"

The secretary's faith was stirred, peace was the result—and, in a few minutes, both he and his servant were in a sound slumber.

Believer in Jesus! your heart has been aching within you. You were busy at work for the Master; many depended upon you. You almost seemed to be the mainspring of the machinery. But sickness came—and you lie helpless on the couch. And unbelief creeps in. "Will not dear S. go back? Will not my class go

off? Who will read to dear old D. or carry a few comforts to poor Mrs. A?" Dear friend, suffer me to whisper in your ear, "Let God rule the present." He sent your affliction. He sits by, as the Refiner, till He can see His own image formed in you, and there is some gracious purpose to be accomplished in the present dispensation. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 17.

A MAN may preach from false motives. A man may write books, and make fine speeches, and seem diligent in good works, and yet be a Judas Iscariot. But a man seldom goes into his closet, and pours out his soul before God in secret unless he is in earnest. The Lord himself has set his stamp on prayer as the best proof of a true conversion. When he sent Ananias to Saul in Damascus, he gave him no other evidence of his change of heart than this:—"Behold, he prayeth." (Acts ix. 11.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

GRACE WESTERVELT; OR THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT. Jas. Bain & Son, Toronto; A. Kennedy, London, Ont.

This is a very excellent book to put into the hands of young parents. The first portion of the book is controversial, but into the merits of the controversy it is not our desire to meddle. There can, however, be no controversy about the main proposition of the book.—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The object of the story of *Grace Westervelt* is to show how truly God keeps *this promise* to the parents who keep *this covenant*.

Grace Westervelt and Josie Eldredge were bosom companions. As young girls they sought the Lord, and to all appearance they both found him; but with this difference that Grace came more under the guidance of *conscience* and a sense of duty, whereas Josie gave herself over more to feeling and *sensitiveness*. Grace married a husband who feared the Lord; Josie took for her husband a free thinking, pleasure-loving man of the world. Children grew up in the homes of both. In the home of Grace, these children grew up surrounded by the refinement, cheerfulness and restraints of a christian house. In the home of Josie the children grew up without religion and without home

joys. The two families mixed a good deal because of the two mothers. Through the firmness and watchfulness of Grace, her children escaped from the contamination of Josie's children, all save poor Harry, soft and yielding, who became the associate of Josie's eldest boy Ned, a bad lad who led Harry into gambling and dissipation, which ended in both the boys fleeing to Boston—Ned carrying with him five hundred dollars stolen of his father's money. After years of wandering and suspense the prodigal Harry returns to his sorrowing parents in the last stages of consumption to die beside his mother. But even in his case was the promise fulfilled, "when he is old" he will not depart from it. We will however give, in the author's own words, the story of the prodigal's return, which many parents will recognize as a life-like sketch of something, alas! that may have happened in their own family history:—

There were changes in the household. Totty, the baby, was beginning to be quite a young lady, and spurned the pet names in which she had once delighted. Mary had left school, and had gathered about her quite a circle of congenial friends. Arthur had graduated as a College Student, and was studying for the ministry—a profession on which he had set his heart to the great joy of his parents. John was doing well; he had laid up money, and was thinking of starting in business for himself.

Harry had never been heard from, and was seldom mentioned. He had gone down from among them, and the waters of oblivion had closed over him. There was now scarcely a ripple upon the surface to call to mind the active, merry boy, who had once been not only the disturbing element, but the life and the soul of their family circle.

Mary was in the garden training up some vines with her father's assistance. Her mother stood beside them, alternately offering suggestions and admiring their work. Alice was setting out some roses and pinks in the bed which was her own peculiar care. The air was balmy and fragrant with the breath of flowers. The setting sun gilded the whole scene with his parting beams, and made it radiant in beauty. They were all so happy as scarcely to be conscious of the extent of their own happiness, when they were startled

by a loud, shrill, scream, from the maid-servant who was opening the parlor windows.

They looked up with one accord, and saw her wringing her hands as she cried out, "It is a drunken man. He has come to murder us!"

Almost at that moment the figure of a man came down the garden walk. Such a figure! tall, slender, and slightly bent, though not by age, with long, rough, brown hair, with a face sunburnt, though far from rough or repellant, with a beard that had not known the touch of a razor for weeks, with coarse garments, and a dark blue cap without a visor, gathered in at the top of the head by a large brass button.

Alice screamed aloud at the sight of him, while Mary uttered an exclamation of fear and drew closer to her sister.

Mr. Westervelt advanced to meet the intruder, demanding angrily,

"What do you want here, sir?"

The man paused, and then said, in weak, quavering tones,

"Do you not know me, father?"

Ere any one could seem fully to take in the meaning of these words there was a sudden cry:

"It is Harry, my son! He has come back!" And in another moment the mother and son were clasped in each other's arms.

Oh, there was great joy in the Westervelt family that night! Harry had come back—weak, wandering, erring, Harry had come back.

What mattered it that he came in poverty and wretchedness? What mattered it that he had sinned against much love, had wandered far and long, and had wrung their very hearts? He had come back! After many years his heart had turned to them once more, and had led him home.

Oh, if there can be such joy as this in an earthly home over a penitent child, why should we doubt that there is indeed joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth? Oh, if there can be such forgiving love on earth, why should we doubt that there is forgiveness with God, when the poor lost souls for whom Christ died, would fain turn back from their wanderings and go home to seek their father and their friend?

Not a word of reproach, not a word of blame, was there for the loved one who had come home. In the first glow of the welcome, all unpleasant recollections were unnoticed. But as the excitement of the moment passed away it became evident to them all that there was still room for anxiety about Harry, though from a different cause. The bent form, the language which was not natural to him, the constant hacking cough, were symptoms which could not be overlooked.

* * * * *

Harry lingered a few weeks, but he daily

grew weaker. Overnight, as they were all gathered in his room, he begged them to sing his favourite hymn together. They complied, though every now and then a perceptible tremor in the voices of the girls told that the task was almost too much for them. In the last chorus the tenor voice once more blended with theirs, and continued firm and clear to the end.

After singing, Harry seemed so weary that they all silently kissed him and went out, all except his mother. She never left him. To minister to his comfort was now her dearest earthly delight. As she arranged the pillows, she heard him whisper, "Oh, what a Saviour! He saved the thief on the cross! He has saved *even me!*"

She bent down and kissed him. He smiled upon her with a look of childlike love.

"Pray with me mother," he said, "as you used to do when I was a little boy."

She sank on her knees and poured out her heart in prayer. When the prayer was ended, he said,

"Thank you, mother. Now put your hand upon my head and say, 'God bless you, Harry.' You said it the night before I went away. Don't you remember?"

His tones were very faint and low. She thought he was sinking to sleep. Very tenderly she laid her hand upon his forehead, very fervently she uttered the words, "God bless you, Harry!"

Again he lifted his eyes to her with that bright unearthly smile. Then there was a sudden gasp for breath, and the light faded from his face. Poor, weak, erring Harry was at rest; his sorrows, his temptations, struggles were overpast.

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WAT ADAMS, THE YOUNG MACHINIST, AND HIS PROVERBS, by Mrs. Mary D. R. Boyd, author of "Stepping Stones Over the Brook," &c., &c. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

Among so much of this kind of literature, we are glad to find so readable a story. Although the plan of the narrative is rather common-place, this defect is redeemed by the natural homely style, and by a truthful delineation of character, which indicates a certain acuteness in the authoress's observation of human nature. In keeping with the general tone of the book, each of the twenty-one chapters is

headed by an appropriate motto in the form of a proverb.

In the first chapter we are introduced to the hero, or "Old Proverbs," as he is afterwards nick-named by his school-mates. At the age of thirteen, by the death of his father and mother, Wat is left as the only support of his sister and grandmother. His subsequent troubles, of course, bring out the noble character of "our hero;" but we would here remark that Wat seems to have had somewhat less than his share of life's trials and troubles, and that he was rather too successful in all his undertakings, and had too much of the saint with too little of the sinner in his constitution, to be a genuine life-like character. Passing over details, we find him an apprentice in a large machine shop, where he at length completes a valuable invention, and is brought under the notice of a wealthy engineer, who set up an extensive iron manufactory in Wat's native village, and makes our hero chief manager of it. Here the story leaves him, and, as containing the moral of the whole, we quote the last paragraph of the book in full.

"And now we may take our leave of Wat Adams. We have seen how manfully he struggled to resist temptation, how earnestly he resolved to do what was right, and how he made his way in life through many difficulties, and trials, steadily looking upward and onward. The secret of his success was his early determination to act out the whole duty of man in fearing God and keeping his commandments. And he realized even in this life the truth of that golden sentence of the king of proverbs: 'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.'"

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FEWIT'S NEXT SERIES; by Miss Martha Finley. Board of Publication, 1334 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia; Jas. Bain & Son, Toronto; Andrew Kennedy, London.

There are many fathers among our readers who have little children just

beginning to read, or perhaps not quite that far, but who like to hear some one read to them some child's story. As Christmas and New Year are drawing near, the little one will be looking for some little gift. Here is the very thing to gladden the little heart and keep it merry and wise weeks after all the toys are broken. What is it? A complete little library of a dozen books, neat pretty gems, all "snug as a bug in a rug," in a little box. And such reading! About how Harry said this, and did that, how he questioned his mother about killing a mouse, and what she said, and all in language a child can understand, with pictures too!!

LEAVES AND FRUIT; by M. E. Griffith, author of "Boys at Eastwick."
Jas. Bain & Son, Toronto; Andrew Kennedy, London.

This is also a story, There is, how-

ever in it no controversy. It is intended to show how George Savage rose from being a boy in the engine-room of a great factory somewhere in the United States, to be a graduate in one of the colleges, and afterwards a civil engineer. The boy owed his education to his master, the proprietor of the factory, who took an interest in the lad, and paid for his education. The picture of the boy George, of his mother, and of his surroundings is true, we suppose, to the realities of life, among the operatives in the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts; but we fear that the pictures of the master and his family, of his speeches and ways toward George, is not copied from real life as it exists among the manufacturers of the United States. The master was rewarded for his kindness to George, by the influence for good George exerted on his son Max. But the boys who wish to know all about it must buy the book for themselves.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY FOR 1877.

The *Canada Christian Monthly* has many warm and true friends throughout the Dominion. It is hardly necessary to say that without them and their help, in extending its circulation, our Magazine would have gone down under the financial pressure that has overborne many a periodical of older date and of greater merits than ours. From one of these good friends away in the Island of Manitoulin, we have just received a letter in which these words occur: "The *Christian Monthly* is a periodical from which I derive much benefit in my lonely hours. In fact I know not what I would do without it; there are in it such fine stories and sermons." Another, a minister of the Gospel writes this week, (we only refer to letters just received.) "I am pleased to be of service to the *Christian Monthly*, and will hope to be able to help it much more in the future." Another minister who occupies an important position in a city pulpit in the United States of America, and who finds time to send us many welcome contributions from his pen, says in a letter now before us, "I enjoy your Magazine exceedingly. It always contains a great deal of interesting and edifying matter. It always holds up Christ. I am

glad to have the privilege of contributing to the noble work. It affords me an opportunity of presenting the Saviour to many in that land which is still dear to my heart."

To friends like these, and we have had good opportunity, during more than three anxious years of knowing them, it will be welcome news to learn that the Messrs. D. Ross, J. P. Telford, and W. Telford, who, from pure love of the work, undertook the business care of the *Monthly* for the past year, have arranged with Mr. C. B. Robinson, 102 Bay Street, Toronto, to carry on the Magazine for the future. For two years he has printed it, but now he takes the entire charge and responsibility of publishing it. The *Christian Monthly* in his hands will be conducted on the same principle as before,—the basis, viz., of the Evangelical Alliance, which is exhibited in the motto on the cover, "In things essential, unity: in things indifferent, liberty: and in all things, charity." On that basis, and under the same editorial care as from the beginning of the undertaking in 1873, the *Christian Monthly* will be conducted by its new publisher. As in the past no sentence was ever penned, or a line printed with the view of giving of offence or of provoking controversy on minor topics on which the Protestant denominations differ, it will be so, in all good faith, for the future. The chief aim in all the editorials, selections and contributions, will be to promote edification, to exalt the truth, to magnify God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

It is the intention of the publisher, we believe, to make some improvement in the mechanical appearance and outward dress of the Magazine, so as to make it more attractive; but it is best to leave the future to speak for itself. In this fresh start to make the *Christian Monthly* a more efficient agent for good, and to settle it on a solid, permanent basis for the future, we bespeak in behalf of the publisher the good wishes and good deeds of all those who feel sympathy for the work which, we can assure every one, has been and is even now more a missionary and benevolent work than a work for gain. Let our readers note that all business communications for 1877 are to be addressed to Mr. C. B. Robinson, 102 Bay Street, Toronto.

EXPLANATION BY BUSINESS MANAGERS.

The Committee who have had the care of the business management of the *Christian Monthly* during the past year, regret to know that accounts have been sent to some who had already paid their subscriptions for the Magazine. The errors have arisen from some of the subscriptions being sent to the Committee and some to the Publishers, and the lists not having been corrected before the accounts were sent out. All who have received a notice after having paid, are assured that the matter will be made all right.

Wm. P. TELFORD, Sec. of Com.

Annan, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1876.

ERRATA IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Page 487, in the introductory note, in small print, to the sermon, near the bottom of the page, "*popular*" should be "*populous*;" "*twenty distinct manufactures*," should be "*twenty distinct municipalities*." Page 492, at the top of page, "*running the land*" should be "*ruining the land*."