

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1874.

## Editorial.

### RAILWAY-CAR LITERATURE.

There are few of our readers but know what that literature is. There are, of course, the daily papers, and some useful books, which one is glad to get, to while away the time that hangs heavy, in a long journey. But what next? Then comes the chief dish, the "*pièce de résistance*" of the entertainment—trashy novels, dream-books, songs, ballads, mysteries of London, Paris and New York—literature that is well described by the Editor of the *Boston Christian* as "useless, worthless, polluting trash, by which the young are poisoned and the old are cursed." There are not many who, perhaps, trouble themselves with the enquiry as to whence this literary and moral pestilence comes. Some of it is produced in Canada and in the city of Toronto, but the vast bulk of it comes from New York. During the past two years Mr. Anthony Comstock has been engaged in suppressing this vile and pernicious literature, and his report, read recently to the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, shows us the extent to which that filthy fountain is pouring its waters over the land. During his campaign he seized 200,000 obscene pictures, 13,000 lbs of vile books, 130,000 sheets of songs, &c., and arrested 106 of the rascals engaged in the business, 29 of whom have been sentenced, some of whom have escaped, and 48 of whom are now waiting trial,

Frank Leslie being among this latter number.

But do our readers trouble themselves with the question as to where this polluting literature goes. Are their own skirts clean altogether of contact with it? Are there not seen at times on the tables of Christian households doubtful pamphlets, sensational trash, reports of the trials of notorious criminals, bought on the train, glanced over, and carelessly flung in among young people to eat there like a cancer? One thing, however, is sure, and that is that our railway car literature enters our land as no other literature does, permeating society, filtering through it, reaching its lowest depths and remotest corners as the glance of the destroying angel went through the homes of Egypt, and well-nigh with the same result. It happened to the writer, not long ago, to visit a family in the woods. As he sat in the house, the bright red cover of a book hung up on the wall, on the same nail with the almanac, attracted his attention. He asked, which was granted, permission to examine the flashy volume. It was a railway-car song-book containing a few good songs, but otherwise vile and base beyond description. A member of the family, returning from the city, bought the book on the railway-car, and thoughtlessly hung it up in the centre of a household of some dozen members, most of them boys and

girls able to read. When the character of the book was pointed out to the parents they cheerfully gave it up, and it was committed to the flames. People who never enter a book store meet these books on the cars, and thoughtlessly buy, who never buy any other book from January to December.

Last year we called the attention of the public to some of these things, and suggested that some attempt should be made by our Religious Tract Society to obtain possession of the railway cars for the dissemination of sound, solid, sensible reading, on *general and religious* subjects—such books, for instance, as are issued by the Religious Tract Society of London. We are glad to find the Revd. Mr. Eastman, in his report to the Upper Canada Religious Book and Tract Societies, advocating this course. These are his words:—

“At a number of our meetings it has been suggested by the agent and other speakers, as quite within the scope of the Society's mission to provide for the sale and distribution of her literature on our railway trains, with a view of supplanting the pernicious and blighting literature so persistently thrust upon the attention of travellers. This suggestion upon every occasion was viewed with enthusiastic approval. It is strongly felt that a practical scheme offering, for sale on our trains, choice and appropriate selections of the Tract Society's publications, would be hailed with delight, and as liberally sustained by the moral and religious public. Many are convinced that such an effort would be found not only self-supporting, but highly remunerative. The subject is certainly worthy the early consideration of the Board.”

If the railway companies were approached on this subject, and if church courts, who have done so much for the Sabbath in this way, sent in memorials at the same time on the subject to strengthen the hands of the Society, there is no doubt an arrangement might be made, which the Christian public would endorse, as Mr. Eastman suggests, “with enthusiastic approval,” and which would end in ridding our country of a moral nuisance and establishing the

best and easiest colportage system in the world,—the railway car.

### THE EVANGELICAL AWAKENING IN BRITAIN: ITS LESSON FOR CANADA.

The fact now is beyond doubt, that from London to Edinburgh, there is abroad among the Evangelical churches of Britain, a spirit of warmer devotion than before, and intenser work for the Master, Christ Jesus our Lord. We refrain from giving the facts because we have been giving them every month, under the department of “*Christian Work*” for the last nine months; and because indeed they are now, even at a recent date, too numerous to be given in detail in our Editorial columns.

The fact is open, and indubitable, that the Evangelical churches of Britain, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal, are more in earnest at their prayers and at their work than they have been since the days of the Reformation.

In connection with this great revival, which is probably the opening paragraph of the closing chapter of this last Dispensation, let us note these things for our encouragement and direction in Canada.

1. The revival is *deepest and widest* where there has been *most knowledge of the Bible*. This is in accordance with the principles laid down in the Word of God, and the exhortations constantly addressed therein to the children of men. “Break up the fallow ground, and sow not among thorns.” “Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God.” It is in accordance with the opinion of eminent Christians. We find Erasmus—we note his opinion as coming recently to our notice—stating the matter in this way:—“I scarcely think a man can be pious in old age unless he has been brought up religiously from his youth. Nothing is easier learned than

what we begin to learn in our youth." It is in accordance with the history of the church. Whence came the early converts to Christianity? From the Jewish synagogues, where peop'le were carefully taught every Sabbath day from the Scriptures, and from the men and women whom John had baptized and taught. Let parents, pastors, Sabbath school teachers, be encouraged to continue and abound more and more in their blessed work. They are "breaking up the fallow ground," they are "preparing a highway for our God." Before our awakening in Canada comes, some of these workers may have gone to their reward, for one man soweth and another reapeth, but their work will follow them.

2. The men who guide these movements are *men of one idea*, of one aim, of one purpose. They have taken up the old-fashioned motto of Paul,— "Nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." It has come to be a notion in some quarters, that a minister of the gospel ought to be a kind of a "factotum," a social and intellectual Jack-of-all-trades, the ruling genius at picnics, the life of every "social," the soul of every soiree, a lecturer on scientific subjects, a speechmaker,—not always about Christ,—at every village gathering; but such men as were owned of God to rouse the churches last century—Whitefield, Wesley, Edwards, and such men as are rousing the churches now, Spurgeon, Guinness, Moodie, Bonar, Mackay, Thain, Davidson, Fraser, Arthur—are men of Paul's school, who leave these lower things to take care of themselves, while they give the pen and the tongue to the "*Cross of Christ*," to the "*ministry of the Word and prayer*."

3. The doctrines preached are the Pauline doctrines of grace, the *plain Word of God regarding the way of salvation*, in contradistinction to what Spurgeon calls "*modern thought*," a mangle of philosophical scepticism and

"metaphysics." The fall of man, atonement by the death of Christ, regeneration by the Spirit of God, justification by faith, assurance of God's love, growth in grace, and perseverance therein to the end, these are the doctrines placed in the forefront, and upheld by the leading preachers in England, without distinction of denomination, according to Spurgeon's account, who, as the foremost champion of these doctrines, has a good right to know. These are his words in the February number of the *Sword and the Trowel*, from an article on "*Present position of Calvinism in England*."

"We have often said that if you want a free grace sermon now-a-days, you will be as likely to get it in a Wesleyan chapel as anywhere. Many of their preachers only differ from us in the terms they employ; or if they do differ in theory, their objections lie rather against certain angular statements than against the general spirit of our doctrinal system. We have a delightful circle of friends among Wesleyans, and for the most part they appear to us to be in experience, and in the fundamentals of their creed, as nearly like ourselves as an Israelite is to a Jew. In the pulpits of Methodists we are to be found continually preaching just the same doctrine as we do at the Tabernacle, and we receive no protests, but a great deal more of loving regard than we feel that we deserve. Our heart has often been melted by the warm-hearted congratulations of Wesleyan friends who have gloried in the gospel which we have proclaimed. The Baptists and the Wesleyans are natural allies, because both of us believe something, which is more than can be said of all Nonconformists. We equally hold by the atonement, the fall of man, regeneration by the Spirit of God, and justification by faith, and we do not leave these points to be moot questions among us; hence we are both driven and drawn into closer contact, and the

result is at present, and will be still more so in the future, that we learn of one another. We catch the Wesleyan fire, and they do not close their eyes to our light. All haters of Ritualism and Rationalism are bound to come closer together, and they are evidently doing so."

4. There has been, there is, a very large circulation of *plain, pointed, Christian, cheap literature*. In England, such papers as the *Christian*, and in Scotland, such papers as those issued by Mr. Drummond, of Stirling, which contain no religious novels, nor "modern thought," but pithy doctrine and pointed appeals to conscience, are being sown broad-cast over the land, a potent help to the living voice in calling men

to faith and works. It is difficult for the pulpit, which speaks once or twice a week, to rouse the conscience that is being drugged all the week by a daily, or weekly, or monthly literature that is "of the earth, earthy," ignoring eternity and Christianity, a literature harmful to the heart, less from what it says than from what it refuses to say, or says only in a way that imperils faith and removes Christ far from man's daily life.

A revival that thus gives their own place to human endeavour, to the Bible, to Christ, to the Spirit, is of God and will not come to nought. To Canada, it would be an unspeakable blessing to be thus visited.

## Living Preachers.

### FAREWELL ADDRESS TO YOUNG CONVERTS IN EDINBURGH.

By Mr. Moody.

On the eve of leaving Edinburgh, Mr. Moody invited to meet him in the Free Assembly Hall those who had been brought to a living experimental knowledge of Christ in the recent awakening. Fully eleven hundred and fifty came to the meeting. That simple, pithy, practical, scriptural address we now give our readers, that they may see what doctrines are being taught by these men, and that readers may also apply these doctrines to their own consciences.

"You must all remember that you have **THREE TERRIBLE ENEMIES** to face. The first is the **FLESH**, the second the **WORLD**, and the third the **DEVIL**. When the children of Israel got through the Red Sea, they began to sing their song of deliverance, and praise God, as if the whole of their trials were over, never thinking of the journey through the wilderness, with all its perils, temptations and privations, which was before them. You who have been converted **must not imagine** that your troubles have ceased with your conversion and

Red-Sea deliverance. We have all got a wilderness journey and a warfare before us, and we must not forget them, but brace ourselves up for them.

"If you turn to Galatians fifth, and read from the 16th to the 22nd verse, you will learn something of your first enemy, *the flesh*. The warfare goes on continually between flesh and spirit. God did not change the flesh at your conversion. It remains still unchanged and unchangeable. That which is born of the flesh remains flesh until it is dropped in the grave, or at Christ's coming; and in the meantime you must pray against the evil passions mentioned in these verses, and keep the old man in the place of death. You must take care not to feed "the old man which is corrupt" by the follies and pursuits of the unconverted world. Read novels, attend the theatre, go to the dance, if you want to feed 'the old man.' You cannot serve both God and mammon, and the only way you can serve God is by opposing the flesh, and by the Spirit mortifying the deeds of the body. 'In

me—that is, in my flesh—dwelleth no good thing,' says Paul, and this we must always keep in remembrance. Christ is in us; but there is no good thing in the flesh. If we learn *that* fact in the morning of our Christian life, it will be a happy day for us. For a time after I was converted I thought all the conflict was over; but I found it was not so, and so will you.

"When God converted us He gave us a new nature—life in Christ—and the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and *these are contrary* the one to the other.

"The flesh will always continue to lust against the Spirit, and you must maintain the conflict resolutely. Ungodly men say they have not that conflict; but the reason is, they have never known the life of God.

"There is a story told of a gentleman in our country, who had a servant, a negro—we call such Sambo—and he was a converted man, and his master used to banter him about his religion, and to say, 'Sambo, you are always talking of the conflict; I don't have any of your groaning and the conflict you talk of.' One day they were out hunting. His master blazed away at some ducks, and did not mind the dead ones, but sent Sambo after the wounded ones. 'Massa,' said he, when he next spoke to him of his warfare, 'as you did not care for the dead ducks—you knew you had them; so Satan leaves you all quiet. You are dead, and he lets you alone; but he is after me, because I am wounded, but alive.'

"I have found, however, that those who try to serve both God and the world have most trouble, and that those who come out boldly for Christ, and turn their backs completely on the world, and are out and out for God, have little or no trouble.

"Remember what is said in Philip-  
pians iii. 3—'Have no confidence in the flesh.' Have all the confidence you can in Christ, but have none in your-

selves. The moment you put confidence in '*the flesh*,' it will bring you into captivity and darkness. Peter had confidence in himself, and it led to his denying his Master. If you are going to work and speak for the Lord Jesus, take care of one thing—do not speak about yourselves. I am disgusted sometimes when I hear men get up at these meetings and talk about themselves, or if they don't get an opportunity of doing it in a speech, they take the chance which a prayer offers, and tell the audience their whole history, when they are ostensibly addressing God. Shun that above all things. When you say or do anything, speak or do it in the name of Jesus Christ, and keep self entirely in the background. Then will God bless your efforts. When 'the flesh' comes and wants you to submit to it, don't listen; but say, 'You're not my master; I serve the Lord Christ.' 'Not I, but Christ;' 'Not in the flesh, but in the Spirit,' is our happy state. But you need to watch 'the flesh' as an enemy; for depend upon it 'the flesh' is not dead, and will never be so, until we are in our coffin, or 'changed in a moment.' I would say to young men, Never get into argument with sepietics or reasoners on doctrine—it will get you into the flesh, and you will never convince them. When Job argued, he went down! The sore boils—his losses—his wife—and all his trials he could stand; but when he got into argument with his friends, 'the flesh' came out in all its offensiveness. Do not exhort much in the meetings, but point out what the grace of God has done for you or others, simply and humbly. Talk about the Master, and not about the servant, and people will be always glad to hear you. Let your theme be '*Jesus only*.'

"2. THE WORLD.—John xvii. 15, 16—'I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.' Remember that you are out of the old creation and into the new creation.

Daniel was kept witnessing for God in Babylon. You must learn to be like a rock in the stream, past which the current flows rapidly, but it is unmoved. You are still in the world, but you are not of the world. You are citizens of another world, and only strangers and pilgrims here. We belong to America; we are only temporary sojourners with you. While here I am an American; so while in the world I belong to heaven—not to America; I live here, that's my home. We have got our naturalization papers out for heaven, and we belong to it alone. What would we do mixing with the joys of this world? We have something better; and as the world is after the best thing, if they see you happy, they will want it. What retards Christianity so much is the Church getting mixed up with the world. People may think that if they go into the world a little—attend the theatre, opera, balls—they can get the world drawn into religious meetings; but it is a delusion. Though we throw a piece of fresh beef into the sea, we don't make it fresh; so, though we go into the world ever so little, we don't change it for the better, but it will change us for the worse. We must come right out, and be separate. Those who are separate draw many with them to heaven, while one worldly Christian deludes and drags many down to hell.

"It was the mixed multitude that came with Israel out of Egypt, that made them lust after the things of Egypt, and loathe the manna which is called angels' food. If you mix with the world it will give you a distaste for divine things, and you will be both useless and unhappy.

"Worldly Christians are very unhappy. If you do not leave the world entirely, with its novels, theatres, and operas, it will never leave you, and you will be poor, miserable Christians. But if you leave the world entirely, you will have ten thousand times more enjoyment than you could have ever had in

the world's pleasures. For eighteen years I have had something better. I enjoy every year more than the preceding, so true is it that if you give up anything for Christ, He makes it up to you many times. His love smile, His gracious approval, is more than all the world. But are children not to play at all on becoming Christians? These boys must not think that I am saying they may not go and play their cricket and their games of ball, but I say that when they are at play at these healthy exercises, they must always keep in mind that they are Christians, and they must not stand to hear the name of their Master whom they serve profaned by their companions, but leave them entirely if they do not desist.

"3. THE DEVIL.—Now look at 2 Corinthians xi. 14—'And no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.' It would be well to take a Concordance and look up all the names of the devil. You would find him called the great red dragon, and you would be frightened of him as such, but not as an angel of light. And mark you, Satan does not, as many think, come in a hideous form, in which he will be known, but sometimes even as an angel of light. You want to be on your guard against him, for in him we have a terrible enemy, and all the more dangerous that he can transform himself into an angel of light.

"The devil never got away any one who has been converted; but he may make them lose their happiness and spoil their testimony in the world. Samson was strong; but Satan got hold of him and ruined his testimony to the world. You will find he is called 'the prince of this world' in John xiv. 30. Christ is not the King of this world just now: they cast Him out, and slew Him. And that is a very good reason why we should break off from this world, and have only to do with that one where Christ is on the throne. Bear in mind

your three enemies—the flesh, the world, and the devil—who would fain bring us down to hell, and if they cannot do that, keep us in disquiet and dispeace. But we have three friends for us who are greater than the enemies against us—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and all the hosts of heaven. They are able to keep us and beat back the doubts and fears and evil thoughts suggested by our enemies. When Elisha's servant's eyes were opened, he saw the mountains full of horses and chariots about them—all the hosts of heaven on their side. There are more for us than all who can be against us. Some young converts are much distressed about evil thoughts. Now the sin lies not in them coming into your mind, but in your harbouring them. As one has said, 'We cannot help the birds from flying over our heads, but we can prevent them building their nests in our hair.' Ask God's help to beat those evil thoughts off. In ourselves we have no power against those terrible enemies; but we have got Christ, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, in whom is our strength, and through Him we may have constant victory.

Turn to Exodus xvii. 6: 'Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.' Here we have the Trinity. The rock is Christ; the water the Holy Ghost; and 'I' is God the Father. The water is everything. There is refreshment, and it follows us; for 1 Cor. x. 4 reads, 'They drank of that spiritual Rock that went with them; and that Rock was Christ.' There is a tunnel over the Rocky Mountains, and the bore is so contracted that there is no room for a man to escape if two trains were coming alongside of each other; but they have cut niches in the solid rock, into which a person may go and

be safe. Two children were thus caught one day—a sister and her little brother—and after she had got her brother into one of these niches, she went to the one on the opposite side, and just as the train was about to whisk past them she cried to her little brother, 'Cling close to the rock.' The trains passed and they were safe in the clefts in the rock. This is all you want, dear young Christians; cling close to the Rock of your salvation—Jesus your Saviour. That Rock which is a place both for spiritual rest and refreshment, 'that Rock which followeth you, that Rock which is Christ' (1 Cor. x. 4). Get good footing on that Rock, as the Irishman said, you may tremble on the Rock, but the Rock will never tremble, however much the waves may beat against it.

"And never forget where God found you. The Lord's portion is His people: Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness. He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye. There are four precious things here—God found you, He leads you about, instructs you, and keeps you as the apple of His eye.

"A story of thrilling interest was lately recorded in an American weekly illustrated paper.

"The Spanish authorities in Cuba had arrested a man who, though born in England, was a naturalized United States citizen. He was charged with conspiracy against the Government, and ordered to be shot. But the consuls of both England and America believed the man to be innocent, and used all the persuasion and entreaty in their power for his release. But the proud Spaniards haughtily disregarded their petition.

"The hour of execution had now arrived, and a company of soldiers were drawn up in line. The condemned English-American marched out before them, calmly awaiting his fate. He stood at the foot of the grave, already

dug, his coat off, and his hands pinioned behind him. The officer ordered his men to load, and at the word 'present,' they brought their rifles to their shoulders, awaiting the word of command to fire.

"In the awful suspense, suddenly there sprang forward from the bystanders the two consuls; the one drawing from his breast the Stars and Stripes, wrapped it right around the prisoner, whilst the other threw over him the Union Jack. The consuls now stood on either side, defying the Spaniards, who dare not fire on the flags of two of the mightiest nations under heaven, and the man was released, and proved his innocence to the satisfaction of the authorities.

"Well may the Christian exclaim, 'Oh the security and the blessedness of being enveloped in the blood-stained banner of the cross!' or in the triumphant words of Paul in Romans vii., 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' His banner over us is love! He that toucheth a child of God touches the apple of His eye. Always keep in mind that it takes the same power to keep you that it took to convert you.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith.' When I was a boy, I used to try to describe a straight path through the snow in a field by looking down at my feet, but it turned out to be a zigzag, because I was looking down at my feet. The way to make a straight path would be to look at an object beyond; and so in this passage we are directed to have our eye on the mark at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, and be 'looking unto Jesus.'

"In Col. ii. 6 there are seven things enjoined; the first thing we have to do is to *receive* Christ, then to *walk* in Him, be *rooted* in Him, and be *built up* in Him. We will then be *complete* in Him, and be *buried* with Him in baptism, and be *raised* with Him.

"In our country there are sometimes seen great trees blown over and torn up by the roots, and the occasion of it was the shallow soil. So it is with many professors—they for a while believe, but in time of temptation they fall away, because they had not been rooted in Christ. Be rooted in Christ, and built up in Him as ye have been taught. This points to the inward and outward growth of the Christian. The only way to keep from falling is to grow.

"Turn to 1 John iv. 9, 10, and you will see that Christ was manifested to give us *life*, put away our sins; and herein is love, that we then got *peace*, and God dwells in us; and this is *power*, and we will have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is, so are we in this world.

"You will find in Heb. ii. 18, that Christ is *able to succour* them that are tempted; and in Rom. xiv. 4, that He is 'able to make us stand.' Daniel, Moses, Elijah, were made able to stand. Remember that word 'able.' Heb. vii. 25, 'Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.' 'He is able to make all grace abound toward you' (2 Cor. ix. 8), and able to help you to work for Him; and, He is able to keep that which you have committed to Him against that day' (2 Tim. i. 12). What gives us confidence in the Bank of England? Because it is able to pay every demand made upon it. What gives us confidence in a certain line of steamers? Because they have never lost a single passenger; they have a reputation for safety, and we commit ourselves to them with all confidence; and our life is surely safe when 'our life is hid with Christ in God.'

"Be strong in faith, for what God has promised He is able to perform (Rom. iv. 20). We may have the most perfect confidence in the God who has promised. The three men in Babylon who were threatened with the fiery



furnace would not bow down to the idol, but said with all confident boldness, 'Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image that thou hast set up' (Dan. iii. 17, 18). They were cast into the furnace; but one like the Son of God walked with them, and they came forth unhurt 'from the midst of the fire.' And so will we come forth from every trial, for our God is able to deliver us. He numbers the hairs of our head; no one cares for us so. When Joseph was ill-treated and sold into Egypt, it is said 'God was with him;' and He delivered him marvellously. Trust in God, like Paul, who says, 'Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us' (2 Cor. i. 10).

"Bear in mind that God never leaves you, and that if you ever get away from Him it is because you have left Him. And if ever you do leave Jesus to go back to the world, do with Him as you would when going to leave an earthly friend. Go into your closet and say, 'Lord Jesus, I am about to leave Thee, and go back to the world. I thank Thee for all Thy kindness, and for the joy I have had since I knew Thee; and now as I do not mean to

come to Thee any more, I have come to say farewell.' The bare idea of such a thing is intolerable.

"He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think' (Eph. iii. 20); and 'He is able to keep us from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy' (Jude 24). He is able to keep these young converts.

"The next time you and I all meet, we will be before Him, and that will be a glorious day, 'presented faultless before the presence of His glory.' May God grant that that may be your end and mine! We need not fall if we put our trust in Him who is able to keep us from falling. I remember Mr. Sankey reading out of the papers the obituary of one who had been holding up Christ, and it ran thus: '*He was a true herald of the cross; he died with the shout of victory on his lips and the tramp of God in his hands.*' Let it be so written of us when we go hence. Live in loving fellowship with Jesus, treating Him as a personal friend, and He will never leave you nor forsake you.

"As long as we live we never shall forget these blessed happy days we have spent with you in Edinburgh, and I hope we shall meet you all at the Lamb's right hand in the day when He makes up His jewels; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Amen."

## Poetry.

### WHITE AS SNOW.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISAIAH i. 18.

"White as Snow!" O what a Promise—  
For the heavy-laden breast!  
When, by faith, the soul receives it,  
Weariness is changed to rest.

"Red like crimson," deep as scarlet,  
Scarlet of the deepest dye,  
Are the manifold transgressions  
Which upon my conscience lie.

God alone can count their number;  
God alone can look within;  
O the sinfulness of sinning!  
O the guilt of every sin!

God's own law so just and holy,  
Proves my sin and shame and loss;  
But what proves the thing more clearly,  
Is the Story of the Cross.

Heavy-laden, worn and weary,  
To the Promise let me go,  
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,  
They shall be as white as snow!"

"White as Snow!" Oh! have you watched it,  
Softly carpeting the ground,  
Wreathing with a wreath of silver  
Every common thing around!

Have you ever placed beside it  
Spotless linen, fair and white?  
Did it not seem foul, by contrast,  
Like a shadow on the light?

"White as Snow!" Can my transgressions  
Thus be wholly washed away,  
Leaving not a stain behind them,  
Like a cloudless summer day!

Yes, at once, and that completely,  
Through the Blood of Christ, I know,  
All my sins, though red like crimson,  
May become "as white as snow!"

I believe the glorious Record  
God has given of His Son;  
I accept the free Forgiveness  
His atoning Death has won.

But the cost of this Forgiveness  
Never let my soul forget!  
Day by day, O God, remind me:  
"I forgave thee all that debt!"

Much forgiven! Quite forgiven,  
Once for all, yet daily, too,  
Let me live near Christ my Saviour;  
Let me keep the Cross in view.

Much forgiven! Then let boasting  
Be for ever cast aside:  
Shall a newly-paroled sinner  
Dare to lift his head in pride?

Much forgiven! O my Saviour,  
If my present state be such,  
May these further words describe me,  
THIS POOR SINNER LOVETH MUCH.

—Heart to Heart

### LITTLE NORA.

Deep in nature's plumage nestling sweetly,  
From the hill-top seen,  
Was a cot, with dress adorned neatly  
Of the evergreen;  
Music of the stream and bird abounded,  
Peacefulness and joy the spot surrounded.

Often have I spent a day of leisure  
In the lovely glen;  
Seldom knew I more delightful pleasure  
Than my heart had then,  
Filled with solitary thoughts, compelling  
Admiration of that valley dwelling.

'Neath its roof there dwelt a peaceful peasant  
With his wife, and child  
Six years old, girlish, sweet, and pleasant,  
And of temper mild:  
Always when I saw her I would greet her,  
Seldom did I pass but I did meet her.

Pale her mother's face, and meekly saddened;  
Though there gleamed a light  
Ever on it from a faith that gladdened,  
Cheered her life's lone night,  
Night that made earth's blessings food for sorrow,  
Night of one expecting death to-morrow.

Oft I feared to find the signs of mourning,  
Dim the cottage light;  
Two years I was absent; then returning,  
Nora met my sight,  
Wandering by the cottage, as I neared it;  
Lonely child—I saw the truth, and feared it.

Paler was her pale face now than ever,  
Mournful was her eye;  
Ere I spoke her lip began to quiver—  
How she looked at me!  
Ah! my face recalled the days of pleasure,  
And her grief rose up in double measure.

Neither had I need nor time for question,  
Plainly had I read,  
In her manner, forcible suggestion  
Of "My Mother's dead,"  
But of every hope the child bereft me  
When she sobbed, "My mother, sir, has left me.

"She has gone to Heaven, so she told me  
On the day she died;  
While she in her weak arms did enfold me,  
And I wept and cried  
'Let me go to heaven with you, mother,  
Won't the holy angels take another?'

"Fast the tears ran down upon her pillow,  
And I turned away  
To that big tree father calls a willow,  
There to weep and pray;  
Then again I went to mother crying  
Sorely, for I knew that she was dying.

"You will stay behind and comfort father,  
He will have but few  
Left to help him:' but I said, 'I'd rather  
Mother, go with you.'  
'Very soon,' she said, 'may Jesus call you;  
Trust in Him, and no ill can befall you.'"

Here the child's beclouded face grew brighter,  
And she wiped her eyes;  
When I said, "Your little heart seems lighter,"  
With a child's surprise  
Said she, "I may soon be called to mother,  
For she said that God could take another!"

Blessed child! I felt she'd soon be taken  
Whither she desired,  
For of life she seemed well-nigh forsaken,  
Weak, and sick, and tired;  
Little more I said before we parted,  
Scarcely could I, for I felt sad-hearted.

Two months gone, I met the mourning father;  
Knowing me he said,  
"From my face my sorrows you may gather—  
Little Nora's dead!"  
Jesus to His rest had called the mother,  
Now to join her He had brought another. M.

—Edinburgh Review.

## THE PRAYER OF THE DESTITUTE.

"He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."—Ps. cii. 17.

Give me a song, and I will sing it.  
Give me an offering; I will bring it.  
Give me Thyself, and I will take Thee;  
Withdraw Thyself, and I forsake Thee.

My land lies fallow: Master, till me.  
My heart lies empty: Master, fill me.  
It plays the traitor: Master, win me.  
It faints; it dies. Put new life in me.  
It goes astray: Good Shepherd, lead me.  
It sighs for hunger: Come and feed me.  
It is so poor. Give riches to me.  
It is corrupt: O Lord, renew me.  
So ignorant. But Thou canst teach me.  
Has wandered far. But Thou canst reach me.  
Is sore diseased: Physician, heal me.  
Exposed to danger: O conceal me.  
It trembles. In Thine arms enfold me.  
Begins to sink. O Saviour, hold me.  
Is sinking fast. Have mercy on me.  
So cold and dark. O shine upon me.  
A poor lost sinner. O come and find me.  
A rebel. May Thy love now bind me.  
A profligate. Wilt Thou receive me?  
A beggar. O wilt Thou relieve me?  
A backslider. Do Thou restore me.  
A debtor. Be Thou surety for me.  
Unfit to die. O God, prepare me.  
So weak. On eagle's wings, O bear me.  
So comfortless. Lord Jesus, cheer me.  
So lonely. God of Love draw near me.  
By sin accused. Good Lord, acquit me.  
Unfit for work on earth. But use me.  
A suppliant. Do not Thou refuse me.

Jesus, to Thee I call.

Jesus, be Thou my all.

O come and fill the hungry with good things,  
For Thou hast all I need, Thou King of Kings.

## THE VILLE DU HAVRE.

"Among the passengers were several members of the late Evangelical Alliance Conference, returning to their homes."

The ocean is so great!  
In all its vast expanse was there no room,  
That two brave vessels, with their precious freight,  
Should safely pass each other 'mid the gloom?

Was there no angel guide  
Who could be spared from all the host of heaven,  
Their fatal onward course to turn aside,  
Ere yet the deadly, crushing blow be given?

That, with such steady aim,  
Through storm and calm, the darkness and the light,  
Both vessels surely, swiftly onward came,  
To meet each other *thus*, at dead of night?

All things the means supplied—  
The gently urging winds, with favoring breath,  
The unseen currents of the ocean-tide—  
That *that* good ship should keep her trust  
with death!

She carried lives so dear  
To distant parent, brother, sister, wife,  
Fathers and mother-, children, maidens fair,  
And youth just entering on the march of life!

And *some*, alas! were there  
Who left their distant homes, and gladly came  
A message of pure Christian love to bear  
To us and all who love the Saviour's name.

Oh, when we said, "God speed"—  
Prayed they might safely reach their homes  
again,  
Did not the ever-watchful Father heed?  
Were all the prayers of loving hearts in vain?

Nay, he hath sped them *well*;  
*Well* hath He answered every earnest prayer.  
Not without Him that fatal stroke befell—  
The messenger of His most tender care!

It bore them swiftly *home*,  
To their *true* home, their happy, endless rest,  
Where pain nor evil evermore may come,  
And in their Saviour's presence they are blest!

Yet those, alas! must weep  
Who watch for their return, and watch in vain.  
May He, whose footsteps are upon the deep,  
With His own comfort soothe their bitter  
pain!  
—*American Messenger.* A. M. M.

CHRIST TRIED.—"Who will say that Christ has not been well tried? What test, during eighteen centuries, has not been applied to Him by His enemies? And yet He stands to-day in the mind of humanity, more powerful and more glorious than ever! 'The Sun of Righteousness' has been growing brighter in the moral heaven of human history, notwithstanding the infidel smoke of centuries. Why is this? One reason is, His character answers to the highest ideal of moral excellence that rises in the souls of men. God has so formed our moral mind that an ideal of goodness rises on its horizon as certain as the sun rises on the earth. The felt discordance between the actual and ideal is our moral misery. Ever do we struggle after the divine image."

## Christian Thought.

### THE SECRET OF PAUL'S SUCCESS.

A WORD FOR WORKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

He was a chosen vessel to begin with, but, as far as second causes go, what were the reasons of his wonderful success? What enabled him to plant self-sustaining and self-extending churches in Ephesus, Tarsus, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth, Salamis, Paphos, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, Perga, Troas, Philippi, Berea, Cenchrea, Galatia, Phrygia, Mysia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, and other places, to say nothing of the results of his labours at Athens and Rome? How came he to get so many "native" helpers in all these places, who became themselves fellow-labourers in the extension of the Gospel? The false religions of his day were as deeply rooted in the hearts of their adherents as are those of India and China in our own, and Judaism was a mightier obstacle than we have now to meet.

Paul was *intensely earnest*, the strength of his convictions was the secret of his power. He *believed*, and therefore spoke, and suffered, and died! Divine love, and human need, these were the two great articles of his creed, no cold creed, but a mighty, moving belief concerning God and man. Paul's earnestness as a preacher was simply the expression of his belief in the love of God, and in the guilt of man. Christ had been to him the revelation of the love of God; all his religious beliefs, affections, and motives, circled round Jesus, the object of his constant study and loving contemplation. He knew the love of Christ, and he passionately desired that others might know it too. It had delivered him from the curse of the law, it had brought him redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, it had reconciled him to God through death. It was a reasonable

and intelligent, as well as intense love. He had clear, distinct, and comprehensive views of the person and work of Jesus, and these lie at the foundation of all true earnestness in Christian life. A minister or a Missionary who has not these, who in his teachings lessens the danger of the sinner, or the safety of the believer in Jesus, will be feeble in proportion. Paul's end was distinct, and he believed through the grace of God *attainable*, the *salvation* of human souls from utter ruin through guilt, to unspeakable blessedness through atonement. Every worker in the Gospel should seek to be imbued with the same powerful and profound conviction of *the truth*, that he may be filled with pity for man and love to God, the great forces which made the Apostle what he was. There ought to be no more diligent students of the Bible, or more earnest thinkers of Jesus, or closer observers of mankind, than Christian Missionaries. They need the soul-filling earnestness and intense devotion which come from devout and intelligent comprehension of Christ, and His love of man and his misery.

But one striking feature in Paul's character was a *love of man*, which also lent amazing force to his Christian life. He saw in men not only "the offspring of God," but those for whom "Christ died," and this gave them in his eyes inestimable value. His deep conviction of human depravity only strengthened this yearning compassion. Great love can look farther and deeper than the present degradation of the beloved one; and in the God-man, Paul saw what man might become, the image to which every believer is destined to be conformed.

Missionaries of all men most need this love; it alone can give them the patience, forbearance, and perseverance they require. Sense of duty may keep

a man at his post, but it will never impart the right manner and spirit for dealing with men as moral and spiritual beings. To convince men of God's love, the preacher must bring that love home to their hearts by himself *loving*.

The strongest moral force in human society is not duty, but love; for parental devotion to children springs not from the conscience, but from the heart, the bond of friendship is not duty, but love; and the bread that is given to feed the hungry from a cold sense of duty has not the sweetness of that which is given in sympathizing love. He had his instinctive aversions to overcome, stronger and greater in number than ours. For we can hardly imagine any greater sacrifice of feeling than was involved in the once proud and exclusive Pharisee mingling with men of all creeds and customs and nations, becoming all things to all men, that by any means he might gain some. But there was a greater power at work in him than all these. "And this I do for the Gospel's sake" are words that proclaim how fully he had, by God's aid, brought every power and passion of his nature into subjection to the power of the love of Christ, and the love of man for the sake of Christ.

The utter abnegation of self, the complete subordination of his whole nature to the work of the Christian Missionary, and to the high ends Paul proposed to himself, are most strikingly apparent in the simplicity and severity of his mode of life and work. We must look away from the semi-professional and partly formal method of modern Missions, if we would sympathetically study and understand Paul's Missionary life. As Renan says, "We must not think of his Missionary journeys as those of a Francis Xavier or a Livingstone, sustained by rich associations. The Apostles Paul and Barnabas resembled much more the socialistic workmen, spreading their ideas from one lodging-house to another, than Missionaries of modern

times." The Apostle journeyed from place to place, and ordered all his plans according to the opportunities he found of most effectively reaching men and commending his Gospel to them. There was no other purpose that more completely regulated all his work. To get at *men*, everywhere and any how—in their homes, in the synagogue, in the market-place, in the jail where he was imprisoned; and to get at men most closely, so as to catch most directly the ear, the mind, the heart, the conscience—this was his one aim and design. And to gain this, all else was given up; comfort, pleasant fellowship with brethren, and love of a particular place or people—all were parted with. No trader ever planned and schemed, or journeyed, or more keenly sought all information, in order to find the best market for his wares, than the Apostle did to find a good opportunity for preaching the Gospel, so that it might come to men "in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Next to the Gospel, he studied *men*.

Paul's anxiety and care in training men to preach the Gospel, and to associate them with him in his work, was also a most important part of his Missionary plan. Note also the importance he attached to, and the wisdom he displayed in the organization of Christian communities, so that they themselves might be encouraged and edified, and that from them might "sound out" the word to others.

Paul was emphatically a man of "one idea;" and as his "idea" was a great one, it required, as every great idea does require, the whole powers of his intellect, and the whole fervour of his nature, to expound and propagate it. There never has been a greater concentration of all human energy, for a greater and loftier purpose, than in the life of Paul. Let Christ be magnified in his body, whether by life or death, he cared not by which. Let souls be saved, then his work was done; and in this passionate

desire he could even wish "to be accursed from Christ for his brethren, his kinsmen, according to the flesh." Farther than this devotion could not go. But it is well for us that it went so far; for it reveals to us the intense love he had for men, his consuming desire for their salvation. And when we wonder at his great power, and the success he achieved, let us remember it was the result of a consecration of the *whole* man, and that in whatever respect our work and success in it come short of his, it is mainly owing to our lack of full-hearted devotion to God and human souls.—*Missionary News.*

### SHOULD THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO BE BANISHED FROM PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

By RT. HON. WM. E. FORSTER.

A day or two ago I met the London School Board. After debating for some days they came to the almost unanimous resolution to have the Bible read, intelligently explained, and taught—and that they would also have a prayer and a hymn at the beginning of the school meetings, and carry out the principle of the Act as undenominational as possible. Well, they provided at the same time a power of appeal to the School Board by any parent, or manager, or teacher, or ratepayer. Not a single appeal has been made by any one of those persons. (Cheers.) That has been the experience throughout the country of one School Board after another. I took up the *Leeds Mercury*, a day or two ago, and found speeches from two Leeds gentlemen, both Dissenters, and I cannot help quoting one or two remarks they made. My friend Mr. Thomas Harvey, who belongs still to the Society in which I was born, and who is a most excellent member of the Society of Friends—what does he say? "The religious question looked a very formidable one, but, happily, like very many other obstacles, it has proved a

theoretical one." Mr. Jowett, the vice-chairman of the Leeds School Board, says, "How many times did they think parents had objected to the religious teaching given in the Leeds Board Schools during the last three years? Never in one single instance." I will never be a party to a law which would prevent the schoolmaster or the mistress from giving instruction in religion; to say that we should take hold of this teacher and that teacher, and say to them that they are not to say to our children anything at all that may affect their souls, I really cannot understand how we can so conduct our teaching. What would have been the result? Why you would have, in place of your present teachers, teachers who either cared nothing about religion, and no better teachers ever existed for secular subjects, or you would have them feeling themselves so hampered and so hindered in their work, that they could not consent to proceed with it. I really believe that the very best of them would leave you. It seems to me that a system of State education can be conducted upon two principles—upon the principle of teaching to the children everything that they can learn within the time which is allotted to them, with the power in their parents to withdraw them from that kind of teaching which they think is wrong to receive; and that is the principle of the Education Act; or it can be conducted upon the principle of teaching nothing but that upon which everybody is agreed, and that seems to be the principle of the League and my friends amongst the Nonconformists, to whom I am trying to reply now as a friend of education. As an educational reformer, it seems to me that the principle of limitation would be utterly destructive of any sound and real education. I could not consent to a secular system of education as a legislator, as a member of the Government, or of Parliament. I feel that it would be wrong for the law thus

to taboo religion. I hold still to the faith of my old Quaker Fathers, to this extent, that I am not one of those who think we ought to draw this line between religion and other subjects. I will conclude by saying that my aim in this work has been to provide the schools for the children in the country, and to secure if possible that those children shall attend these schools; to raise the quality of the education that is given them; to see that it is one which will enable them to fight the battle of life—that is all which I believe the law can do. If the time should ever come when the parents of England, when the fathers and mothers of England—for without female suffrage the mothers of England will have something to do with the teaching of their children—if, I say, the time should ever come when the fathers and mothers of England wish that State education should be conducted purely upon the secular system, they must find some other individual than myself to do their business.

### SHORT ROADS TO GREATNESS.

BY WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

When, after having shown Him "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," Satan said unto Jesus: "All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me," the temptation which he offered is more insidious than is commonly supposed. The Arch-Fiend knew that the Lord had come to the world to set up a kingdom which was designed to be universal in its extent, and eternal in its duration. He knew, also, that on the principles on which Jesus sought to establish that kingdom it would be a work of the most arduous description, involving in it much hardship and self-sacrifice. Hence he came offering a short and easy way to that which Christ, on His own plan, could reach only through difficulty and death. He might not, indeed, know quite what these difficul-

ties were; but the very offer which he made would bring them all before the mind of the Messiah. "All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them"—that was precisely what He wanted; and, with a prescient eye of His Divinity, He saw that thorny path of tribulation, by which alone He could reach it. There were poverty, reproach, and treachery, and desertion, the anguish of Gethsemane, and the agony of the cross, all to be endured by Him before He could step up and on to His throne; and even after that there were long centuries of conflict to be passed through ere yet the world would be converted unto Him and own His sway. But here the object on which His heart was set is offered Him at once, on the simple condition of doing homage to the Adversary. The kingdom without the cross; the crown without the conflict; the goal without the race—this was the essence of the temptation which the Devil's offer constituted. Of course it was at once rejected. The dark suggestion found no entrance into, much less a resting place in, the heart of Jesus; and, with one thrust of the Spirit, the Enemy was repelled, as he replied: "It is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

But the same insidious temptation is, in one form or other, repeated in the case of every man; and for the most part in the commencement of his career he has to resist the assault or own himself a captive. God's way to honour, and wealth, and power is still steep, and arduous, and rugged; and to the man who is wearifully exerting himself to overmaster its difficulties, Satan comes offering his short and easy road to the summit of his ambition—in how many instances, alas! with complete success! Does a man want wealth! Then, as things are now—and, indeed, as they have for the most part always been—it is a hard thing, involving many days of earnest waiting, to achieve honest suc-

cess; and oftentimes in his contendings with difficulty he is tempted to say, "It is impossible for me to live and to be honest." Just then Satan comes and says: "Are you seeking gold? Then fall down and worship me, and forthwith you shall have it in abundance." He yields, and falls upon his knees to the Devil. Then, through dishonesty, and deceit, and trickery, and double-mindedness of every kind—so plain that men cannot but see it, and yet so cunningly contrived that it is hard to prove it—he rises by quick and rapid stages to the height of riches. But alas for the continuance of his prosperity! By-and-by his true character comes out, and men who erewhile bowed obsequiously before his gold, now shun him as they would shun the plague. Amazed, he betakes himself anew to his master, and cries: "What is this? Didst thou not promise me riches and honour? And where now is the fulfilment?" "I did," is the reply; "and thou hast had all I promised, for there was no word of continuance in the bond." This is no fancy sketch. I am sure that many names must rise to the remembrance of my readers, as they peruse these lines, illustrious examples of the truth of the proverb, "Lightly come, lightly go," and showing how fleeting and evanescent the gifts of Satan always are.

Years ago, when spending a summer holiday in one of the most romantic of the Western Isles of Scotland, we were accompanied by a beloved friend, who in our wandering had the habit of leaving the beaten track and striking out for himself in search of what he called "short cuts." We followed him a few times; but invariably, before we got to the point at which he aimed, we found ourselves imbedded to the knees in some dismal peat swamp! So, warned by sad experience, we afterwards allowed him to take his own course, and preferred for ourselves the well-trodden path, believing that it was

well trodden just because it was the best. Now, the lesson which we may learn from this particular temptation which was addressed to Christ is (I give it common phrase that it may be the better remembered)—*to avoid the Devil's short cuts.* If we take them, we shall be inevitably entangled in some sinking morass, from which, if we emerge at all, we shall come out all covered with mud—our character and reputation gone. Let us make the words of our Lord the motto of our lives: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." In the observance of this rule let there come to us as much wealth and honour and power as there may; but otherwise let us have none. Be not in haste to be rich, or to be famous, or to be admired. "Make haste slowly," says the proverb; that is, make haste in God's way. Accept everything that comes to you from the hand of God; take nothing whatever as a gift from Satan. Admirably was this principle acted upon by one of the best generals whom the British army ever possessed. For many long years Havelock struggled against the arbitrary character of official patronage and the odious abuses of that system of purchase which has only recently received its death-blow; and he, who was at length the saviour of the Indian Empire, was for a dreary while only a lieutenant. Yet how did he bear himself under it all! He bore himself as a Christian soldier. After the pattern of the Lord, he placed his allegiance to God uppermost, and he would not renounce that for anything that man could name. Here are his own words. Would that they might stir up every reader to emulate his integrity! "Let me ask, my good friend," says he, in one of his letters, "what is it you mean by prejudices against me? Tell me plainly. I am not aware of any. Old — and others used to tell me that it was believed at the Horse Guards and in other quarters that I pro-



fessed to fear God as well as to honour the Queen, and that Lord — and others had made up their minds that a man could not be at once a saint and a soldier. Now, I dare say such great authorities must be right, notwithstanding the example of Colonel Gardiner, and Cromwell, and Gustavus Adolphus: but, if so, all I can say is, that their bit of red ribbon was very ill bestowed upon me, for I HUMBLY TRUST THAT IN THAT GREAT MATTER I SHOULD NOT CHANGE MY OPINIONS AND PRACTICE THOUGH IT RAINED GARTERS AND CORONETS AS THE REWARD OF APOSTASY." The man who could write and act thus was already a hero, even if no other deed had been performed by him. Yet see how in the end God revealed his greatness, and how his name will be remembered and blessed long after those of the puppets who had snubbed him and the ninnyes who had purchased over him are buried in deserved oblivion.

Are we prepared, each in his own sphere, to act on these principles? Is not this the question which every day is forcing itself, in one form or other, upon our attention: Shall we adopt the Devil's plan and accept the Devil's conditions, and so vault at once to what looks like success? Or shall we follow the example and imbibe the spirit of the Lord Jesus, and be content to wrestle with difficulties, and to wait with patience until God shall crown us with what *He* accounts success?

Merchant, wilt thou be true to thy God, even though it should rain gold around thee to seduce thee from thy fidelity? Legislator, wilt thou, as in the sight of God, be true to thy country, though liberal largess should be offered thee to win thee from thine integrity? Judge, wilt thou administer justice with impartial hand, remembering that thou shalt thyself be judged at last, even although the magnificent fortune may be in thy immediate reach if thou wilt favour the powerful suitor?

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Workman, wilt thou be true to thy Saviour, even although easy advancement should seem to be the reward of forsaking His ways? Minister of the Gospel, wilt thou preach the preaching which thy Master bids thee, diminishing not a word through fear or flattery, even though popularity and position may appear to be the reward of thy time-serving? Are not these the questions which we have to face every day? And, as the Devil is thus laying the kingdoms of the world at our feet on the old condition that we shall worship him, what better answer can we give than that which Jesus made—"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve?"

### THE INTERIOR LIFE.

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

When a clock is out of order, and its wheels warped or cogs broken, the hammer of the time-bell will give an uncertain sound. There will be a noise of machinery unpleasant to hear, and an indefiniteness of time unsafe to rely upon. The clock, instead of being a guide, will become a deceiver and an annoyance, and stand in its place the mere advertiser of its own infirmity.

So when a Christian's heart is disordered and corrupted from any cause, when there settles down among the inward motives of the soul any secret sin or any hidden profanity of purpose, there will necessarily arise to the lips discordant speech, and gather over the countenance an expression corresponding to irregularities within. Unless the heart is pure, the conversation will be corrupt. The motive is a measure of the man: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

The doorkeeper of an alien household said to Peter: "Thou art surely a Galilean; thy speech betrayeth thee." There is something in the face and in the tone of every man which brings up and out the life's meaning and purposes, and

this inherent quality of character is read and known by the multitudes.

Whatever a man's mind takes in and cherishes becomes an element of his very being. If the soul have tastes for the music of the world, the tongue will soon take the same key, and become the ready exponent of worldly things. If the world be in man's heart, it will break out at his lips. No matter what may be his profession, or what the reputation of an individual, he will exactly impress and express himself in his common conversation day by day. He may put himself into strictest bonds as to outward observances—he may live in the very letter of religious law and order; but when his spontaneous words come forth, they will certainly bear the "brogue" of his real nature. There is a native tone to every man's soul surer in significance than that of his mother-tongue. And unless the inmost nature be now created in Christ Jesus, and the will sanctified and controlled by the Holy Spirit, there will be certain betrayal of the real character long before the judgment-day, by the attesting witnesses of the face and voice. The faculties of the mind must be poised in Divine truth, and the motives of the heart purified by Divine grace. Then the external manifestations of religion will be harmonious and beautiful.

You cannot make a deranged clock keep time by merely tinkering with the hands upon the dial plate; you cannot make a cracked bell ring clear by an outward application of pumice and oil. There must be a radical investigation, a readjustment, a reconstruction of the confused machinery within. Wheels that vary from their line of contact with subordinate wheels, and springs and pendulums that are at odds and ends in marking hours, must be set true; the whole combination of causes which produce the outward results indicated by the index-fingers, must be made to work together for the one object. It requires the designer him-

self to repair and continue the operations. Then, when the various portions of the clock within are in proper condition, and the necessary force applied, the hours and minutes will be accurately marked. Then the clock will be in harmony with the sun, and their movements in measuring time will correspond.

So does God's Spirit operate upon the soul. It re-adjusts all irregularities, changes all wrong impulses, puts into harmony of motion all discordant desires, cleanses, purifies, and presses forward all legitimate agencies of mind and soul, and so makes the outward life but the result of the inward motives and powers. A soul thus imbued is put into sympathy with God through Jesus Christ; and the lips necessarily tone forth the experience within, as a bell in a well-regulated clock marks the passing hours.

But, how often do we find men attempting to arrange their lives from without, rather than from within! There is a universal disposition to begin reforms with the hands rather than with the heart. The lips are trained to pronounce certain phrases, the feet to walk certain paths, the manner to conform to certain formulated theories; and so Christianity gets to be a mere profession. Merely to profess it is easy enough, and even fashionable. The question is often asked, with reference to the stranger or neighbour: "Does he profess religion?" Well, suppose he does. He might do something vastly better for himself and for others. Does he *confess*? Does he *do*? The Gospel proposes to deal first with the heart; to correct within the soul all that sin has deranged. And only by an immediate and complete yielding up of the inmost secretcies of the nature, and by a full admittance of the new Creator within, may the walk and conversation be in accord with the will of our blessed Lord.

## Christian Life.

### DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

We content ourselves in the following sketch of Dr. Livingstone, abridged from an Old Country paper, to confine the outline to his earlier days, leaving out reference to his African explorations, which would occupy more space than we can give here, and which were more of a geographical than of a missionary character.

“David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, in the year 1817, and was descended from a family which, although in comfortable, were not by any means in affluent circumstances. The grandfather of the subject of this memoir, cultivated a small farm in Ulva, one of the Hebrides, and appears to have been a man of great force of character and much natural shrewdness. ‘He had,’ remarked Livingstone in after years, ‘a never-ending stock of stories and Gaelic traditions, which he would retail to an attentive audience of his grandchildren, and many of these stories were wonderfully like those I have since heard when sitting by the watch fires in the African desert.’ This secluded life at the farmstead at Ulva continued until the growing demands of his family compelled removal to Blantyre Works, above Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, and here the old man and his sons entered the service of Monteith & Co., in which the former continued until pensioned off by his employers, and so enabled to spend the remainder of his days in ease and comfort. The father of David Livingstone appears, for some reason or other not explained, to have left the service of the proprietors of the cotton mills, and to have started in business as a dealer in tea. In this humble occupation he spent many years, and though, as his son quaintly remarks, ‘too conscientious ever to become rich,’ yet managed to bring up his family respect-

ably, and to implant in their minds that sturdy independence which was a characteristic of his own. For the last twenty years of his life he held the office of deacon of an Independent Church at Hamilton, and appears to have been universally respected as a thoroughly honest and conscientious man, and a humble and sincere Christian. He died in February, 1856, while his distinguished son was pursuing, in the interior of Africa, that career of discovery which was only to be ended with his life. Of David Livingstone’s mother we have but little information. Her son only intimated that his recollection of her is ‘an anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet.’ At the age of ten years, David was sent to work in the factory as a ‘piecer,’ and here we get the first indication of the existence of that insatiable thirst for knowledge and that dogged determination to overcome all difficulties in the way of its acquirement which throughout his life marked the pioneer of African civilization. With part of his first week’s wages Livingstone purchased Ruddiman’s ‘Rudiments of Latin,’ and prosecuted the study of that language for many years under difficulties which would have daunted a less enthusiastic and determined student. His working hours commenced at six o’clock in the morning, and were, with brief intervals for meals, continued until eight o’clock at night—a sufficiently arduous day’s labour to have almost justified him in relinquishing his self-imposed task of education. Difficulties were, however, with Livingstone merely things to be overcome. After the conclusion of his daily toil he regularly attended a night school established in connection with the factory, and there managed to acquire a fair knowledge of the Latin tongue. ‘I read in this way,’ he remarks, ‘many of the classical authors,

and know Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now' (1857). He was an insatiable reader, and no class of literature came amiss to him with the exception of novels. His father seems to have looked with some apprehension on this indiscriminate 'devouring' of books, and by no means approved of the strong leaning which David showed in favour of books of travel and scientific works. He endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to replace these to the youth fascinating volumes by works of theology—'Boston's Four-fold State' and the 'Cloud of Witnesses.' Something very like a serious disagreement resulted from this attempt on the part of the elder Livingstone at the direction of his son's studies, and David writes with some humour that his father's last application of the rod was consequent on his son's point-blank refusal to peruse Wilberforce's 'Practical Christianity.' At this period Livingstone does not appear to have held any very decided religious convictions, but Dr. Thomas Dick's 'Philosophy of Religion' and 'Philosophy of a Future State,' which subsequently fell into his hands, had a marked influence on his mind, and his acceptance of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity may be dated from this period. Young, ardent, and resolute, he determined to 'devote his life to the alleviation of human misery,' and made choice of China as the scene of his future labours. He still continued his habits of study, and while at work used to place his book on the frame of the spinning jenny, and from time to time managed to catch a sentence or two as he passed backwards and forwards in the pursuit of his avocations. This was indeed a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, but its effect on young Livingstone was to foster habits of concentration of thought, and abstraction from all outward surroundings which afterwards stood him in good stead. He was in his 19th year promoted to cotton-spinning, and

from his earnings in the summer he managed to save sufficient money to support himself in the winter while attending the Greek class in Glasgow and also the Divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. He worked as hard as ever, depending wholly on his own exertions, and kept steadily in view his object of going out as a medical missionary to China. 'I never,' he says with justifiable pride, 'received a farthing of aid from any one,' and indeed the whole course of David Livingstone's life showed that he was not the man to at any time depend on others for what he could accomplish himself. Some friends, however, advised him to offer his services to the London Missionary Society, which, as an entirely unsectarian organisation, was working to forward similar ends to those to which Livingstone had devoted himself. After some hesitation—founded principally on the old disinclination to lay himself under an obligation unnecessarily—he consented to take this course, and in September, 1838, he accordingly presented himself before the directors of the society, passed the preliminary examination, and was then admitted to the Society's Training College at Chipping Ongar in Essex. Some months previously to taking this step he had, however, been admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons at Glasgow, and so far felt himself qualified for the work which he had marked out for himself in China. 'I had,' he writes, 'fondly hoped to gain access to the then closed empire by means of the healing art,' but another field of labour had been marked out for him, and in the year 1840 he embarked for Africa, and after a voyage of three months reached Cape Town, whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to Algoa Bay, and thence into the interior of the continent, with which his name was destined to be inseparably connected. The scene of Livingstone's first labours was a missionary station called Kuruman, in

the country of the Buchuanas, which had some thirty years been founded by Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat, the daughter of the latter of whom afterwards became Livingstone's wife. Here, however, all was flourishing, and accordingly Livingstone struck out north into the country of the Backwains, and settled at a village called Situbaruba, where he applied himself with all his old energy to the acquisition of the native language. For six months he shut himself up in his hamlet, cut off completely from all European society, and so gained a knowledge of the Backwain people, which was afterwards of the greatest possible service to him. Once the language acquired, Livingstone set himself to instruct the people—he dug canals, introduced a system of irrigation, preached, expostulated, and, in short, went at his work with a will, turning back from nothing, and hesitating at nothing which might advance the cause he had so much at heart—the introduction of the blessings of Christianity and civilisation into the heart of the African continent. For four years Livingstone laboured alone in the Backwain district, experiencing hardships of every kind—on one occasion almost losing his life from the attack of a wounded lion; on another being in danger of perishing from thirst. In 1813 Livingstone travelled 100 miles north—this time on the back of a bullock—and on his return he fixed upon a beautiful valley called Mabtoa as the site of a new mission settlement, and thither in 1843 he brought his wife, Mary Moffat, the daughter of his old friend. Here he laboured for some months, but at length troubles arose with the Dutch boers of the neighbourhood, and the home of Livingstone was sacked by them, and his furniture and library destroyed. This would have broken the spirit of most men, but Livingstone was made of too stern stuff to be easily daunted. 'After all,' he remarks philosophically, 'the plunder-

ing only set me entirely free for my expedition to the north,' and to the north he at once resolved to go. On the 1st June, 1849, he left Coloborg and struck out across the Kalahari desert, never before crossed by a white man, and the country beyond which he was anxious to open up for purposes of civilization.

"He was impatient to solve the great Nile mystery, and before starting he declared his intention of proceeding as nearly parallel as possible to the course of the Rovuma to reach the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and ascertain whether this and Lake Tanganyika (known to exist in a north-westerly direction) joined waters. There he would endeavour to extend his explorations westward on the chain of lakes working upwards on the Nile basins. In April he started on his journey—that journey which he has not lived to finish. For years little or nothing was heard of him, then came rumours that he had been murdered, and the whole heart of England was stirred at the thought that the great traveller, if haply yet alive, might be in want or danger from which it was possible to relieve him. Search expeditions were organized, but it was reserved for the representative of an American journal to organize an expedition which penetrated to the interior of Africa and there met with Livingstone himself, worn, indeed, to 'a ruckle of bones,' and beaten down by disease, but with a spirit as full of energy and pluck as ever. The details of the expedition, from Mr. Gordon Bennett's order to his subordinate to 'find Livingstone,' down to the now historical 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume,' pronounced by Mr. Stanley when the two met at Ujiji, are so recent as not to need recapitulation. From the time Mr. Stanley parted from the veteran explorer, news has from time to time been received from him, and now, just as we were hoping to be able to welcome him back comes the last news of all, which tells us that

he has died, and died as he lived, in harness.

### FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

An autobiography of last century: being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, as narrated by himself.

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CHAP. III.

(Continued).

One day, being more than usually depressed in spirit, fearing God had rejected me, I longed for a retired spot where I could pour out my soul in prayer. But my business not permitting this, I tried to bear up by sending to heaven short extempore prayers, till such time as I could find a secret spot for communion with God. Work being over, in the evening I drew near to God, and He drew near to me, for I found my mouth full of arguments, my chains were unloosed, and my eyes ran down with tears. While thus engaged, this Scripture came to me with power: Isaiah 66: "*Shall I bring to the birth and not cause to bring forth?*" I was like a troubled sea, but these words calmed the troubled mind. Christians I had heard often, saying of conversion, that it was a *birth*, and that it was accompanied with pains, so I began to hope that my distresses were these pains, in which case, I deemed myself happy in the hope that God's promise would be fulfilled to me, and that "I should not stay long in the place of the breaking forth of children," (Hosea xiii. 13). I left that spot happier than if I had been king over a large kingdom, comforting myself with the promise that "God never brings to the birth but He causes to be brought forth."

Next day I retired to a wood, near by, where I spent the most of the day in praising God for His goodness to my soul. I then thought that God had so enabled me to lean upon His promises that I could say, whatever might hap-

pen in the future, "Remember thy word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope: this is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me," (Psalm cxix. 49, 50). Following out the analogy of the Scripture, I thought of the condition of the child before its birth—alive, but in darkness, and when born into this world, of its condition of ignorance of its surroundings, till it gradually gathered its knowledge by slow and painful steps. This mystery brought me some comfort, as I began to hope that I was regenerated, though not yet brought to the birth: but that this stage would come because God said, "Shall I bring to the birth and not cause to be brought forth?" These thoughts comforted my heart; and the faithfulness of God melted me into tears; but within four days these words, so sweet before, became tasteless now, and I became depressed searching the Bible for a passage to comfort me and finding none. My fears were again aroused by reading this passage: "*The Lord hath poured out upon you a spirit of deep sleep . . . and the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee, and he saith I cannot, for it is sealed.*" (Isa. xxix. 10, 11). The Word of God, I believed, was locked from me, and I felt as if I was a stranger to the glorious mysteries contained therein. For this reason, while in private prayer, I bewailed my state in words like these.—

"O Lord, I am a stranger to the great mystery contained in Thy word. Thy saints have eyes, that I have not, to see and understand Thy word. They see much beauty and tenderness in the Lord Jesus Christ, but I see nothing lovely in Him: they have great delight in Thy service, but I have none. O Lord, open Thou mine eyes that I may see the wonders of Thy Law."

The conclusion to which I came was,

that I was utterly destitute of that spiritual knowledge which is given to the least and the weakest of God's children. For when they spoke of communion with God, and of the certainty of heaven, they spoke with so much feeling, that I concluded I never knew what they knew. God's people I compared to pilgrims who had visited foreign shores, and who, on their return, gave an account of what they saw and felt, to others who had never left home. Myself I compared to one of those who had never left home, and who had only read and heard about the nature and appearance of the country, but who might, with the help of a map, speak more glibly of the land than some that had been there. But great was the difference between the account they gave and the account I gave. They could say that such and such things they had seen with their eyes, but all I could say was, that I had heard of these places, although I had never seen them, and believed what I heard on the authority of others.

I was much troubled with spiritual sloth and aversion to my religious duties, which I would neglect till driven to them by my natural conscience. Indeed it seemed, such was my dislike to these duties, that it would be easier for me to go miles barefooted on the snow than at times to go to prayer. Many passages of Scripture testified against me on this point. "*The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.*" Proverbs xxii. 13. There was also in me a desire to put off duty to a more convenient season, but when I yielded to this I found that something always came in the way which caused me to omit it altogether. "*Yet a little sleep, a little slumber.*" Prov. vi. 10. Hence this Scripture following was very terrible to me: "*So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.*" Rev. iii. 16. My condition seemed different from that of other

Christians, for I could not find in myself what they said they felt, that is, the love of Christ constraining them to obedience. As I found in myself nothing of this principle I concluded my obedience was not of the right kind. And thus did I continue in darkness, finding in the Bible nothing new to comfort me. It seemed indeed a sealed book. But one day while walking in the fields these words came to me: "*Weep not: for behold the lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof.*" Rev. v. 5. I rejoiced to think that the Lord Jesus had prevailed to open the Book for believers. I rejoiced especially in the word "PREVAILED." He has prevailed against the Devil, whose work it is to close the Book on men. I Believed that Christ could open the Book to my understanding and my understanding to the Book, which thought set me a-longing to know the mystery of salvation.

There was one book in the Bible that I could never read with pleasure, and although I had often read sermons from texts in it (I refer to the Song of Solomon) I could never derive profit from them, as I understood that the Song was written by Solomon on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of Pharaoh, which set me so against it that in reading the Bible I never looked into that book. But one Sabbath morning, as I prayed before going to church, that the Lord would bless the preaching to my soul, and that he would make darkness light to me, a hope sprang up in me that the Lord would give me direction how to walk. I went joyfully to the House of God, hoping that God would indeed show wonders to the dead, and during service was intently waiting for a portion of truth, but waited in vain till the sermon was near its close. I began then in my despair to call myself a fool for having set out with such hopes in the morning. But the preacher went on speaking about the

conduct of believers when without the Spirit, and said that at such seasons it was their habit to wait where they expected to meet their Beloved and that their language was, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him," and again, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon. . . . If thou knowest not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock." Song i. 7, 8. The very thing for which my soul longed, where to find Christ, was here revealed to me. So that before I rose from that seat I got both *direction* and *comfort*; and from that day I have found in the Song many wonderful things. The thing I learned that day especially was that I ought to wait for Christ in His own *means*, in his *ordinances*, in following the *footsteps of the flock*. There was also another Scripture that sustained me in the delay of relief coming, and that kept me in the path of duty. "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand." Eccles. xi. 6. From this I learned that I ought always to be in the *path of duty*, in the use of *means*, as it was a dangerous thing, let me instance the blind man, to be out of the way on which Christ is in the habit of going. And the fourth verse of the chapter says, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," which I took to mean that I ought not to observe the winds of temptation, nor the clouds of despondency, but to follow steadfastly in the path of duty.

Feb. 1742. Still seeking salvation, as I failing to find it, like straw or chaff driven with the wind, still loitering about the door of sloth, ignorant of Christ and his righteousness, constantly *hearing* of the grace of faith, and how necessary to salvation, but this faith far from me because I thought it presumption to believe that my sins could be forgiven till such time as I had attained to a lower degree of humility and a higher

degree of holiness. Besides, I had been so wicked that I could hardly, without a sign from heaven to convince me, believe that my sins could be forgiven. I could almost wish that an angel came from heaven with a sealed pardon. "Master, I would see a sign from heaven."

Returning from church one Sabbath day, while thinking on these things I concluded that I could never venture to believe that my sins were forgiven, unless a voice from heaven sounded it into my bodily ear. But these words came to my remembrance: "But Naaman was wroth, and went away and said, Behold I thought, He will surely come out to me and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place and recover the leper." 2 Kings v. 11. On reading these words I began to consider how applicable they were to myself, for I looked on Naaman as a type of the sinner coming to Jesus to be cleansed of the leprosy of sin, and that Christ's answer was in the words of the prophet, "Go and wash in Jordan." I considered that the Lord, in going up to heaven, gave command to His ministers to direct poor leprous sinners who wished to be cleansed, to have recourse to His blood, and that therefore it was foolish now to look for any warrant beyond that; and if I believed not the word and that warrant, I must be forever lost; and that many who saw the Lord with their bodily eyes, and saw His miracles believed not. These considerations stirred me up again to attempt to believe, but I could not, for I thought I had no warrant till I was *better prepared*.\*

\*One of the good effects we expect from this record of a soul struggling after light and life and liberty, is that any reader who is seeking Christ may be warned to avoid the mistakes this man made. Up to this point in his religious history Buchanan is labouring under the common but dangerous error, that in some way or other he must be or do something to *merit* forgiveness. Whether from some defect in the preaching of that day or from his proud disposition, the accompaniment of genius, he was longer under the power of this fatal mis-



Some little time after this I met a pious friend, to whom I opened my mind about my religious difficulties, but he spoke in such a deep and subjective way that I could not understand him. He told me how faith could conquer all my doubts: but this was of little avail to me, who knew not what true faith really meant. I then asked him what he thought of *Mr. Whitefield*, of whom I had heard much, although I had never seen or heard the man. He answered that *Mr. Whitefield* preached the doctrines of grace fully and freely, as was done in times of old. Hearing this, I began to wonder what kind of doctrine he really did preach. But I was too proud to ask the difference between *that teaching* and the teaching of other men; but concluded it was good because my friend thought so. I therefore longed to find out more about this doctrine of *free grace*, and read all the books I could lay my hands on, but I was still in darkness about it. I thought that to be saved by *free grace* was to do my best to keep the commandments of God, and that wherein I came short, God would forgive me for the sake of Christ. When I looked at God's promise I considered always first the conditions I must fulfil ere I could claim its fulfilment. When I read this promise, "Come to me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," I thought that I had no business to come till I had attained to this qualification—"labouring, heavy laden." "Who-soever will, let him take of the water of life freely;" even there I thought there was demanded in the person invited certain *affections and desires* towards the water, and till I found these in myself, I dared not come to Christ.

take than are most believers of whom we read. Such are, however, men's leanings towards the Covenant of works, that each one, not only in the beginning of his religious history but during its course, must be on his guard against this subtle delusion.—*Translator.*

It increased my trouble to see my old companions, especially those I had led astray, going on in their wicked ways; I besought them by the joys of heaven and the torments of hell to turn from their evil ways. But they gave no heed to my words; and then I thought God would call me to account for *their sins*, as I was the means of leading them astray. This Scripture lay heavy on my heart:—"Thou hast taught the wicked ones thy ways: also in thy skirts is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents." (Jer. ii. 33, 34.)

My corrupt nature strove again for the mastery. When I prayed that God would destroy my idols and mortify my lusts, it was not without some fear that he would really hear me. Often did I use these words:—"O Lord, I fear Thou wilt hear me and take from me my idols." I felt at times such hatred to holiness, that I did not think it possible to persevere in a religious life. But when I heard from others the effect religion had on them, I received hope that it might be so with me, only I thought the Lord might keep me as many years in darkness as I had been years in rebellion against Him. But then was not the impotent man 18 years at the pool of Bethesda (Siloam by mistake in the original copy), though I could hardly believe he was a hypocrite like me. This Scripture terrified me:—"But the hypocrites in heart heap up wrath; they cry not when he bindeth them." (Job, xxxvi. 13.) This was exactly my condition, for though I was bound in the chains of sinful desires, I could never honestly say that my *bondage* (separate from its *punishment*) ever drew one sigh from me. It also stirred up my spirit to hear God's people complaining, "Oh! that it was with me as in days past; once we could say, My beloved is mine and I am his, but now we are in darkness." "Happy people!" I said, "who can say that even once the sun visited you. Did I know only for a

brief space what it is to have communion with God, I would put up with hidings of His countenance. But with me it is different. You mourn over a God that has forsaken you for a little, I, over a God that has never manifested Himself. Oh, that I knew where I might find Him; but that blessed knowledge seems hid, for ever, from my eyes."

One night while I was engaged in prayer under some bushes, bright lightning shone around me, and I looked that a thunder-bolt would strike me; if I perished, I resolved to perish on my knees. But then I began to think that these slavish terrors to which I was subject, were from Satan, which made me resist them, and from that night I was never more troubled with them. I then began to think that if God forgave me, and if other great sinners came to know of this, it would encourage them also to go to God for forgiveness. "*For this cause I obtained mercy,*" &c. (1 Tim. i. 15, 16.)

After returning from church, one Sabbath afternoon, while bemoaning myself in the fields, my thoughts turned to this question:—"What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." As it was beyond hope that I would ever enjoy God, the question came, could I not glorify Him. There was only one way, and that by my eternal condemnation; but I thought if I could only speak out on the day of Judgment, after sentence of death was passed on me, I would cry aloud before men and angels and tell every mercy God gave me, every means he used for my recovery from my sinful ways, every time the Spirit strove with me; and then I would proclaim how I despised the riches of His grace and patience towards me, how I grieved the Holy Spirit and resisted and quenched Him; then I would appeal to men and angels that God was just in His dealings with me. This was the only way I knew whereby I could glorify God.

Fearing that my anxiety would pass away, believing I could not come to Christ without deep convictions, and not finding these in myself, I fell on this expedient;—I wrote out a list of my sins, and read it every morning; but this had no effect on me. Then I made another list of all the terrible threatenings against such sins, and I read this every morning; but without effect. I was angry with ministers that they did not preach more of the terrors of God. But how foolish! "*Can thine heart endure, or can thine hand be strong, in the day that I will deal with thee.*" (Ez. xxii. 14). Even this course Satan suggested—that I should go on to higher sins, that thereby my sorrow for sin would be increased; but out of this snare I got by my own experience, knowing that indulgence in sin only hardened the heart. If I could only retire from the world, I then thought, and build me a hut in the wilderness, I would there fast every third day till the Lord had mercy on me. But this could not be. "*I went then about to despair of all the labour I took under the sun.*" (Eccles. ii. 20.) But after the Lord had suffered me to weary myself in the greatness of my way, HE REVEALED JESUS CHRIST TO ME, a Saviour whom I saw to be in every respect suitable for me, though in no respect was I suitable for Him. When I despaired at last of making myself worthy of His regard, I tried to cast myself at His feet as a poor, blind, naked, miserable sinner, without one single thing in me or about me that could recommend me to Him. In this way I felt the desires of my heart going out towards Him, and love to Him began to spring up there.\*

\* It cannot escape the notice of the reflecting reader how exactly this experience corresponds with the experience of Christians as expressed in such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Just as I am," "Jesus did it all," and in these words of the Poet Cowper:—

"Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,  
Heaven's easy, artless, unnumbered plan.

I had now some peace of heart, a thing I never knew before, although I was still waiting and looking for the good things that were to be wrought in me before I could be content. Shortly after this, happening to meet a Christian woman, I told her the state of my mind. She advised me to rest upon the full and free promise of the new covenant. "How can I do this," I replied, "seeing I have nothing good to make me worthy of salvation?" She replied that God never looked for worthiness in the sinner (as a ground of justification,) that it was all for the sake of Christ. He pardoned, and that the offer of mercy was free to all. "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) But I replied that *longing, thirsting*, was implied in the promise, a thing I could not find in myself, and how therefore could I come? I could not deny but it was the desire of my heart that God would make me willing. "If so," was her answer, "that very desire is already a fruit of grace, for by nature men are altogether unwilling to be made to Jesus." "His people shall be made willing in the day of His power." (Psalm cx.)

No meretricious graces to beguile,  
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile,  
From ostentation as from weakness free,  
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,  
Majestic in its own simplicity.  
Inscribed above the portal, from afar  
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,  
Liable only by the light they give,  
Stand the soul-quickening words.—

BELIEVE AND LIVE.\*

"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, come to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly—  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.  
Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot."

Men who are to be teachers, God causes to tread painfully and carefully each step in the way of salvation, so as to be better able to lead others. This is probably one explanation of the slow, painful steps by which this man, the Cowper of the Highlands came to find peace in Christ.—*Translator.*

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." (Ez. xxxvi. 26.) She further remarked that the conditions of the covenant of grace were fulfilled by Christ for His people, and that believers are now under a better covenant than was Adam. She further opened up to me the nature of justification in a way I never understood it before, and told me to study the *Shorter Catechism*, and the *Confession of Faith*, where I would find solid, sound truth. From this conversation I found quiet comfort. Now I found my heart going out more and more towards Christ in all His offices. I felt as if I did like right well Christ's way of saving sinners. I now found new grief for my sins, and new love for godly people; although I could not yet say that my whole heart was given to Christ, nor that I was fully free of hankering after self-righteousness. This deliverance I got in May, 1742, when I was twenty-six years of age.

"Boots, or no Boots."—Dr. Davis tells a story of a poor man who attended a Primitive Methodist chapel in England, and who was better shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace than he was with ordinary leather, but whose poor shoes could not keep him from saying, "Glory to God," with an earnestness that was rather annoying to one lady who sat near him. Accordingly, on leaving the chapel one day, the woman told him how she was disturbed, and promised to give him a new pair of boots, if he would restrain his feelings, and not shout so loud in meeting. For several days the man kept quiet, for he needed the boots badly enough, you may be sure, but at last he got too full to hold in, and one day, when a fresh wave of blessing broke over him, he started up and shouted, "Boots or no boots, glory be to God!"

## Christian Work.

### THE TRACT WORK IN CANADA EAST.

We are glad to learn, says the *Bi-Monthly Reporter*, that a wider interest in the distribution of a pure religious literature is being manifested in the sister-Province of Quebec. The Agent of the Montreal Religious Tract and Book Society reports as follows:—"In many parts of the field committed to me as the sphere of my labours there is decided progress. In some portions, it is true, we find difficulty in securing the co-operation of those able and willing to give that time and attention to its work, viz.: of circulating a wholesome religious literature, which its importance demands; yet, for the most part, the annual meetings of our auxiliaries at St. John's, in Waterloo, Hunt-ington, Morrisburg and Lachute were interesting and effective. Owing to unfavourable weather and other uncontrollable circumstances, the attendance on some occasions was comparatively small; but results were upon the whole satisfactory. Colportage has, to some extent, been attempted by the auxiliaries at St. John's, at Morrisburg, and at Lachute. At one of them the President himself, having time at command, has been led to undertake the work; and in another, the school teacher has devoted what spare time he could command to the same, and has given special attention to that important part of the Society's present aim—the circulation of its periodicals, in which he has met with much encouragement. The first and last of these now named, have been perhaps the most successful of the whole in *this* department.

"Some twenty three or twenty-four organizations have been secured, and at other places which the agent has visited he has good prospects of securing like results."

### HOW DR. BARNARDO BEGAN HIS WORK IN LONDON.

The Home for Destitute Boys at the East End of London, England, is second, it is said, to no agency in Britain, as regards efficiency and success. The head and heart of the movement is Dr. Barnardo, an Italian by name, surely, but an Irishman by birth. A medical student in London, he took an interest in poor ragged boys, and taught a class of them. From that work God led him to *this* work, in the way narrated here by a writer in the *Sword and Trowel*.

"During three years Dr. Barnardo laboured among the dens of Stepney as a ragged-school teacher in his own way. Bible in hand he sought out the most needy waifs and strays, conquered difficulties, and perfectly acquainted himself, as he supposed, with the everyday woes and wants of the indigent classes. He was destined to become further enlightened in an effective, because striking manner.

"This is how it happened. One winter evening the Doctor was engaged with his accustomed work in teaching; he had dismissed the classes, and was ready to close the doors for that night, when he noticed one loitering in the room, and evincing an evident unwillingness to depart. The loiterer was a youth with rather a knowing expression on his features, and he seemed to possess a desire after knowledge not always seen in one of his character and condition. But why did he linger? It was time for closing the doors; he must go home; it was growing late, and mother would certainly be anxious. Though not deaf to these representations, the Arab parried his teacher's arguments, and craved permission, in urgent tones, to remain in that warm room. As if discerning something in the pleader's eyes, or hearing something in the tones of his voice more affecting than usual, the teacher's manner became less peremptory towards the boy. He continued to be kindly urgent, however. His little

friend would be better at home, and it would be well not to frighten friends or relatives. But what is it the waif says? He has no mother to expect him! Where does he live then? Nowhere! What an improbable story! Surely the youngster must be an adept at deceit; he must be making attempts to excite pity by retailing lies. At any rate the case was worthy of being inquired into.

"The teacher had hitherto flattered himself that he knew the depths of London ignorance and depravity; one more fully informed stood there, who would be able to convict an educated gentleman of misjudgment before the dawn of morning. That boy had not gathered his knowledge from books; he had not gone to this place and to that to pick up superficial facts, to garnish fancy pictures of 'life.' His knowledge was the result of a dread experience. That keen-witted lad, lingering there in rags, old beyond his years, with the expression of a suffering man on his hunger-pinched boyish features, was familiar with the subject he spoke about as he was familiar with no other kind of knowledge. Happening to have no home himself, he would, if teacher wished, enlighten him concerning numbers of others whose only nightly shelter was the sky. During the preceding night he had lain in a cart at Whitechapel; but as the wind was bitingly cold, he should like to lie in that warm room until morning. He would be careful not to do any injury.

"That story, then, was no subterfuge; there was truth in it. Sad thoughts entered the teacher's mind as he reflected on the case, and realized for the first time that the object before him was no more than a sample of many others who roamed about the street in a state of similar destitution. Were there really others like that lad, without either home or friends, without even a hovel to sleep in? Ay, there were indeed; there were more than could well be counted, so the lad said. Now, wishing, from purely

philanthropic motives, to become more perfectly acquainted with the mysteries of boy-life in London, the teacher then and there proposed and concluded a bargain with the knowing and communicative Arab. In return for certain valued considerations—hot coffee and its usual accompaniments, and a warm place to lie down in—the said wanderer would agree to point out the sleeping-places of others who had no home.

"The outcast, who was thus unwittingly rendering the metropolitan boy-world an immense service by the information he was communicating, accompanied his new-found friend home; and when cheered anew into talkativeness by the hospitality dispensed, he detailed fresh particulars of his individual history. Never having seen his father, he could still remember that his mother was a weakly, ailing body, who, when she died, left him no home but the streets. Reduced to straits, he became the employé of one "Swearing Dick," a lighterman, the principal wages received being represented by kicks and general ill treatment. Running away from the barge, the streets were all before him where to choose, and the police his watchful guardians and tormentors. It was after a long course of ill fortune in the winter weather that he found his way into the ragged school.

"After listening to this story, the teacher put new thoughts into Jem's mind. Something was said to him about a home, where Jem would be provided with work, schooling, and enough of wholesome food. Then Jem must remember that there was another world to think about. Yes, to be sure there was—Jem had heard about that place; that place was heaven, was it not? Well, under certain conditions he should like to go there, the conditions being that heaven should be free from the presence of policemen and 'Swearing Dick.' When the gospel was more fully explained to him, Jem seemed quite pleased, asking such questions as

could only come from simple but inquisitive ignorance. He greatly wondered why the police did not interfere at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, while he pronounced the Jews to have been more cruel than even his old foe the lighter-man. His views became clearer as he was further instructed in the sacred story, and was helped by loving earnest prayer.

"The projected nocturnal ramble now loomed in the foreground. The hour of midnight had already chimed. As if the warmth and refreshment had animated him with new life, Jem was still cheerful and talkative, a fortunate circumstance, when his companion was anxious to extend his knowledge of life, and of life's hardships in their severer forms.

"The teacher and his guide, equipped for their nocturnal adventure, directed their course towards the City. Leaving the broad highway of Whitechapel, they turned down Houndsditch, and when within a few yards of Bishopsgate Church, they turned again down an alley, and there, when not more than a stone's throw from the now desolate Devonshire Square Chapel, they reached the not-very-well-known Exchange of the rag-world—a world in itself though hidden from the eyes of respectable London. Rag-fair is a world retaining peculiar customs. To hear its noise and see its bustle, one needs to visit the ground during the Sabbath forenoon, but at one a.m., when our amateur social explorer stood upon the pavement of Petticoat-lane, the place was pervaded by an ominous stillness. The frouzy, ill-looking, cramped-up little shops are at such an untimely hour barred and bolted, it being the business of the natives to tempt thieves by day in a very different manner from those who tempt them to enter at night by leaving their doors and windows with insecure fastenings. Is it to such an uninviting territory that the homeless slink away to escape the policeman's scrutiny, and

to find hole or corner for shelter? Though somewhat incredulous, the teacher nevertheless follows Jem, who, taking a circuitous route, now arrives at the outside of the Exchange, and then climbs on to the dome-shaped roof of the same, there to discover—what? *Asleep in the chill night air, without covering of any kind between them and the clouds, lay eleven boys insufficiently clad in a few rags.* Jem's account, then, was true; there were more than he could count who had no better bed-chamber than a roof or a door-step! Poor Jem! he probably little understood the horror and amazement which sat on his companion's face. It would seem quite natural to Jem for a boy to 'sleep out' if he happened not to have threepence wherewith to pass him to a lodging. The lad volunteered to discover other similar retreats; but one may become so heartsick and appalled by a single genuine sample of misery, as to refuse to see more. It was so with our venturesome ragged-school teacher. He had at one glance taken in as much as flesh and blood could bear; and he had seen enough to occasion his forming the resolution that he would devote life and energy to the work of benefiting homeless boys. That resolution has been faithfully acted upon. Dr. Barnardo has had grace given him to persevere in his noble course, though tempting paths are open to a man of his education and ability. Hence hundreds of lads whose homes were the hard street; and whose sleeping places even dogs might shun, have, since the date of that night excursion, been enabled to rise from suffering, and to escape the outcast's lot.

"The above details belong to the commencement of Dr. Barnardo's work. Sitting before the office fire at the Home in Stepney, and knowing something of the proportions to which that work has now attained, we are tempted to make calculations regarding the future. To what boundary will the operations of

this mission ultimately extend? The Doctor, who occupies a chair on the opposite of the fire, is agreeably communicative, and has besides a novel experience to talk about. Since the date of his first midnight excursion into the precincts of Rag-fair, he has seen more of low life in the metropolis, under its more saddening and repulsive phases, than perhaps any other living philanthropist. So well known is he now among those whom he seeks to reach, that he can walk about localities with impunity where the licentious riot, and where crime holds sovereign sway. Not that this has always been the case; our friend had to pay the penalties of a rough apprenticeship, having been subjected to violent treatment on more than one occasion. Though he may have bought his experience dear, if he cared to reckon up what the total costs, it is yet a valuable experience. His eyes and ears are now so well disciplined that instinctively, as it were, he detects a true or a false tongue, while hands trained for thieving cannot escape his scrutiny.

“Concerning the Home for Working and Destitute Lads, we were glad to learn that the first subscription received towards providing this boon to the poor came from a servant-girl, and consisted of twenty-four farthings! There was also an adventure besides the one in Rag-fair, which probably urged on our friend to lay the foundations of this institution. He was once called upon to visit a lad prostrated by fever, one who paid seven out of the eight shillings he earned weekly for board and lodging. Destitute of comfort, and covered with filth, the boy's only chance of recovery depended, humanly speaking, on his immediate removal to an hospital. There were, however, difficulties in the way. Mrs. Landlady, fearing contagion less than loss of rent, refused to allow her tenant to go away in his clothes, and thus the patient was necessarily removed wrapped in a coat which Dr. Barnardo took from his own back for the purpose!

“Here we may also tell the story of the sad fate of ‘Little Carrots.’ ‘Carrots’ was a roving Arab, who was found dead in a barrel in the street, one fine spring morning not long ago. Shortly before, this unfortunate child stood among more than seventy others who emerged from beneath a tarpaulin near the river-side, and he then begged very earnestly to be allowed to accompany five others to the Home at Stepney. Because every bed was occupied, ‘Carrots’ could not be taken in. During four years of his life, or from the age of seven to that of eleven, ‘Carrots’ battled with the world without any friend besides God; but while striving to live honestly, his little hands were not always equal to doing more than provide food alone. It was not every night that he could afford to indulge in a lodging. It is true ‘Carrots’ had a mother, a kind of female fiend, who robbed her child of whatever he possessed, whenever she chanced to catch him. Circumstances were so entirely against ‘Little Carrots’ that he could not continue the struggle for life, and so quietly died, to reproach those who neglected him far more poignantly by his hunger-pinched face as it appeared in death than ever he had done by any complaints in life. There was at least one satisfactory thing about this occurrence: a group of sincere mourners gathered around the little sufferer's bier. A kind-hearted policeman carried the corpse into a neighboring tavern, and many who had shared his cruel hardships were found shedding tears over his lifeless form.”

#### MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN DUNDEE.

The following letter from Rev. J. McPherson, Dundee, although long, will repay perusal. The writer is well known as the author of the “Christian Hero,” and “The Life of Duncan Matheson.” He was lately invited to become the pastor of Knox Church, Galt, but decided to remain in Dundee.

Last week will be memorable to many in Dundee. The tide of blessing has

risen rapidly and is still rising. The Spirit of grace and supplication is being poured out on us. Many hearts are melted. Christians are praying, and weeping, and rejoicing. It is given us to look on glad and holy scenes such as we have not witnessed since the great revival fourteen years ago. Even if none were added to the Lord at this time, the fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost which believers are now receiving will prove to be a blessing of incalculable value. Thousands of souls are stirred. The fire that burned low on the altar of God is rising to heaven in a bright and holy flame. Many hearts are breaking, and the perfume of love, sweeter than the fragrance of the alabaster box, is filling our assemblies and our homes. Jesus of Nazareth is indeed passing by. Many are crying aloud for the blessing; and neither the world's reproofs nor the voices of unbelief cause them to hold their peace. From a multitude of eager and joyful hearts an earnest entreaty goes up to the Master, saying, "Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent." May we succeed in constraining Jesus to tarry with us! Very beautiful is this spring-tide. In some measure "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." We are cheered and sustained by the prayers of thousands in every part of Scotland. Doubtless many of our brethren in England also lovingly bear us in mind. From remote towns and glens, from little prayer-meetings in obscure places, from sick-chambers where bed-ridden saints have lain for years, come the heart-touching news that Dundee is being laid, in a myriad prayers, at the feet of Jesus. Last Friday night, when our workers were engaged in prayer, preparatory to the solemn and important work of conversing with the inquirers, a telegram was received from Edinburgh, telling us

that thousands of revived Christians in the metropolis were praying for us. This communication sent a thrill of gladness into every heart. We seemed to be borne on eagles' wings. We thought the Lord was saying to us, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

Last Sabbath was a great day here. Ministers say they enjoyed rare liberty and power in preaching the gospel. Some of them, indeed, say that they were enabled to sound the silver trumpet of grace as they had never done before. At the close of the ordinary church services, as well as of the special meetings, anxious enquirers, no longer needing to be invited, pressed into vestry, class-room, and study, with that earnest and intense solicitude which reveals the burdened spirit and the bleeding heart.

Amidst almost superhuman efforts our brethren are marvellously sustained. The incisiveness and pathos of Mr. Moody's addresses, and the blended solemnity and sweetness of Mr. Sankey's songs, are well matched. Such a gust of tears and songs we have not seen since the time when last the breath of the Holy Spirit swept over Scotland like a gentle gale from the land of eternal spring.

At 9.30 on Sabbath morning, Mr. Moody addressed some two thousand Christian workers in Kinnaird Hall. This spacious room was crowded in every part, none being admitted without ticket. To this noble band, composed of elders, deacons, Sabbath-school teachers, street-preachers, tract-distributors, district-visitors, and others engaged in the joyful work of making known the good old evangel of the cross, Mr. Moody addressed seasonable words of instruction and encouragement. Love, enthusiasm, and sympathy were the chief points of his address, which throughout was happy and effective. This meeting was, perhaps, the most important one yet held in this town.



These two thousand workers would represent a field of at least twenty thousand souls. Many of them, fired with new zeal, will gird up their loins for fresh and more energetic service.

At 5 p.m. Kinnaird Hall was crowded to excess to hear our American brethren. At 6.30, they held a meeting equally crowded in Bell-street United Presbyterian Church, and again they spoke and sang in Kinnaird Hall at 7.30, when vast numbers were excluded for want of room. Many of those who could not find admission were addressed in other places of meeting, and in the open air by ministers and street-preachers. Everywhere there appeared to be a singular eagerness to hear the word of God. The prayer-meeting in Chapel-shade Free Church was as largely attended as on the previous Sabbath evening.

The union prayer-meeting at noon continues to be very largely attended, and throughout the week there seemed to be a reviving spirit of believing prayer, blended with jubilant thanksgiving and eager expectancy. The Afternoon Bible-readings have grown in interest, and the crowd attending St. Paul's excessive, many being scarcely able to find standing room.

In the evenings crowded meetings have been addressed in St. Peter's (Free Church), St. Mark's (Established), Locher (Established), Hilltown (Free Church), Wellington-street (Wesleyan) Church. Great power attended those services. We have very seldom seen such weeping under the word. At the close of every meeting are found many inquirers. On Wednesday night, a meeting of young men was held in Ward-road Church (Independent). Fourteen hundred were present. Mr. Sankey's spirit-stirring songs, not less than Mr. Moody's telling address, made a deep impression. Mr. Moody strongly urged on the leaders of the Young Men's Christian Association the wisdom and necessity of putting a great deal more of

the evangelical element into their work. Young men were the best missionaries to young men. A kind word, a pressure of the hand given at the right time to a stranger youth, would do more than many sermons. The speaker had found that the old gospel was, after all, the most effective weapon in dealing with young men. Since he had thrown himself entirely on the gospel in his work among the young men, he had accomplished far more in a short space of time than he had done during many previous years. He exhorted them to put their shoulders to the wheel, and raise £5000 for the purpose of wiping off their debt, and improving their Association rooms. Towards that object Mr. Moody had himself made a good beginning that very day. In the course of an hour or two he had raised £2000, and he did not despair of the rest. Considering the energy and faith of the man, we feel assured that Mr. Moody will not fail, by the blessing of God, in carrying his noble and disinterested effort to a successful issue.

The work among the inquirers has increased both in extent and interest. Conviction is more thorough; cases are more marked; and entrance into the liberty of the gospel is more striking. A Christian young woman sent in a request for prayer on behalf of her shop-companions, several of whom were then engaged to attend a ball. Three of them were induced to attend the meetings, although they said, "We don't intend to give up the ball on account of anything Moody or Sankey may say." They were awakened; they sought the Lord; they have found Him, as they hope. They have now joyfully abandoned the ball-room and all the gaieties of the world, and entered into the fellowship of God's children. On Sabbath night, two middle-aged persons, husband and wife, took their places amongst the inquirers. They had attended the house of God for many years; they were members of the Church;

their reputation was good, and they firmly believed they were as likely to be saved as any other persons in the world. Now, however, the scales were falling from their eyes. For the first time they saw that they were utterly lost, and their Christian profession was only a lie. The spectacle of their distress was affecting; they were in an agony. But light from the cross fell upon them. They met the Lord at His trysting-place with sinners—at Calvary. The husband writes, "Dear Sir, with a heart overflowing with the love of God, I now write you. Glory to His name, I can now say, 'Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe.' I have been singing in the midst of tears many times since Sabbath night. John iii. 16, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' that word is for me, and I take it as mine. O God, strengthen my faith to keep fast hold of that sweet promise. I am happy to say that the light is beginning to dawn on my wife's soul, and I have reason to believe that my two daughters are resting on Jesus. But our son, who is absent from Dundee at present and not converted, I earnestly desire that he may be remembered in prayer, and may God grant the blessing. We return thanks to God for the blessings already bestowed on us as a family, and may the seed sown in our hearts and in the hearts of very many in Dundee spring up and increase daily until the harvest. I am sorry that my duties prevented me from hearing Messrs. Moody and Sankey again. I wish them God speed."

A young man belonging to the upper class was not ashamed to appear among the anxious. He had enjoyed a liberal education, had been brought up amidst Christian influences, and was the son of many prayers, but up till this time had lived only for the present world. When the great truth of the gospel, the substitution of Christ in the room of sinners,

was set before him by the gentleman who conversed with him, he said, "I never saw it in that light before; I will trust Him." He went away home to all appearance a new man, a new creature in Christ Jesus. I have since learned from his parents that he daily grows stronger in his faith in the Son of God. "We cannot doubt," said his mother, "that the momentous question is at length settled. Our prayers are answered, and blessed be God for it."

Take one of another class. A poor orphan lad, who has neither home nor friend, sees a crowd at a church door. He asks what it means. Some one tells him it is a meeting for all who are anxiously seeking salvation. "Oh, I should like to go in," said the lad; "I wish to be saved: will you let me in?" He was admitted. There he sat, with his hands clasped and the tears running down his cheeks. At first he could not, dared not, believe that Jesus would receive *him*. But when he was shown from the Word of God that the Saviour would receive him if he only came to Him, he said, "What! will He take me?" Then and there the matter was settled between the Lord of glory and the orphan boy. He wept for joy. He went away, and spent his last fourpence in purchasing a small copy of the New Testament; and when he returned next night, it seemed as if he had learned in a single day more than many others do in a year. Perhaps the child-like simplicity and lowliness of the disciple may account for his rapid progress. On going home to his lodgings on the second night, he began to tell what Jesus had done for his soul; but the people of the house could not bear his loving testimony to the Son of God, and they turned him out at the latest hour of night. But the poor orphan lad has found new friends, and he says, "He believes the Lord will take guid care o' him."

As Mr. Moody left St. Peter's on Tuesday night, he saw a lady leaning

on the iron railing at the grave of Robert McCheyne. Supposing she was anxious, he invited her to speak to him next day, for he was at that moment hurrying to another meeting. The lady, who was in the deepest waters of conviction, replied, "I cannot wait; I cannot wait. It must be settled now." He turned back and conversed with her; and in a very little time she was enabled, as she trusts, to lay hold on the hope set before her in the gospel.

Take one instance more. One writes to Mr. Sankey as follows:—"Dear Sir, the Lord is using in many ways your service of praise. Some of these come to your knowledge; many do not. A Christian mother who has been attending some of these meetings, taught her little girl, a child scarcely three years of age, to say, 'Jesus loves me, even me.' Her father, who would not be prevailed on by his wife to go to any of the meetings, on returning from his work the other evening, was met by the little one at the door, saying, 'Pa, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even oo' (you). Her father's heart was touched, tears filled his eyes. The little one accomplished what exhortation had failed to do. Will you pray that God would bless his attendance at the meetings?"

I could give scores of cases. During last week many hundreds of inquirers were conversed with; and many more, I am persuaded, have not found their way to the inquiry-meeting at all. Not a few Christians have come from great distances to attend the meetings, bringing their unconverted children and other relations with them. One lady came all the way from London, bringing with her two unconverted sons. The two boys have been, as she believes, brought to Jesus. The mother and her sons are now rejoicing in the common salvation.

Since the beginning of these special services, several persons who attended them have passed into eternity. At the union prayer-meeting last Thursday, a little girl, seven years of age, sat

beside her mother and sang, with a warmth which arrested attention, the hymn, "Sweet hour of prayer." "Does your child understand what she is singing?" was the question of a lady who was struck with the fervour of the little singer. "Yes, she understands it," was the mother's reply; "she is a child who loves prayer." That little girl was the youngest daughter of the late Robert Annan, known to many of your readers as the "Christian Hero." On the day following, little Jemima Annan was taken ill of scarlatina. It was near the hour of midnight on Sabbath when her uncle took me to see her. Two hours more and she had passed away. Throughout her illness she continued to sing. "I feel like singing all the time," was often on her lips. She spoke much of heaven, and loved to sing, "In the land beyond the shadows." One she had learned from Mr. Sankey, "I am so glad Jesus loves me," she continued to sing as long as consciousness remained. One verse she repeated again and again:—

"Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,  
When in His beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
Oh what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

"I am going to Jesus, mother," she said. "I am not afraid to die, because I am going to Jesus. And I will see my father, too," she added, with sweet simplicity. At the time her father's noble career came to its heroic close, Jemima was only some seven months old. But she had been often told the story of his life and death, and she seemed to know him well. Heaven was to her the place where she would dwell with Jesus and her father. It may interest your readers to know that when little baby Jemima was publicly baptized, her father was so deeply moved that he trembled all over, and almost fell. I afterwards learnt that he had spent the whole of the previous night in prayer, and never ceased until he felt assured that the child was the

Lord's. When he came out of the room where he had been wrestling all night, he said to his wife, "I believe our little girl is Christ's. She is a dear child, but beware of making an idol of her." Little Jemima now sings in heaven.

As I left the house near midnight, a gleam of light from the window fell upon the pavement, and revealed the word "Eternity!" I started back, and felt I was treading on holy ground. On the morning of the day on which Robert Annan fell a sacrifice to his heroic endeavour to save the life of the drowning boy he had chalked the word upon the pavement.

I could not help calling to mind another young man, who moved in a different sphere, the late lamented Hon. James Gordon, son of the Earl of Aberdeen. That young nobleman was deeply impressed by reading that portion of the

sketch of Annan's life in which the incident just referred to is related. "Eternity! eternity!" kept ringing in his ears. Thus he was stirred up and blessed. So deeply moved was he by the story, that, on leaving home for Cambridge, he requested that the word ETERNITY should be carved at his expense on the stone on which Robert Annan had chalked it, so that it might preach for ever afterwards to all who passed that way. Just two days after I had received a letter from his mother conveying her son's request, the young nobleman was accidentally shot dead. When afterwards the awful word was being carved on the pavement-stone, we seemed to hear the united voices of Robert Annan and James Gordon, gathered by divine grace from the two extremes of social life, calling aloud from on high, "Cut it deep, very deep; for eternity is long, very long."

## Practical Papers.

### WHAT ARE THE BEST MEANS OF REACHING AND AWAKENING THE CARELESS?

BY THE REV. R. DEWAR, LAKE SHORE, CANADA.

The terms of our theme are very comprehensive in their bearing and application. They may refer to the masses outside the church, who live in complete forgetfulness of the Great Creator, and in utter ignorance of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of man; and who do not, therefore, feel any concern about their spiritual and eternal welfare. Or they may refer to the multitudes inside the church, who have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof, being careless as to the one thing needful, and living on the mere husks of carnality. Passing over the former as a subject which does, from its bearing on the spread and progress of the truth in the world lying in wickedness, require

special attention to itself, we proceed to enter upon the latter as the topic of our present inquiry. On such an inquiry, much light is cast by the fact, that men of different casts of mind, of different culture, of different temperaments and of different manners, were inspired by God to reveal to mankind the oracles of heaven—to teach them the principles and to imbue them with the spirit thereof; that men of equal mental diversity and character were chosen by Jesus to propagate and expound the saving truths of the Gospel among men. Formed and matured under the plastic influence of time and space as wide apart as the poles, they stand out before us with marked individualities of character, modes of thought and lines of action, as co-workers of God in the spiritual restoration of mankind. Isaiah, for example, is esteemed to be the most eloquent of the prophets. Jerome says,

that his writings are, as it were, an abridgment of the Holy Scriptures, a collection of the most uncommon knowledge of which the mind of man is capable—of natural philosophy, morality, and divinity. Grotius compares him to Demosthenes. In his writings we meet with the purity of the Hebrew tongue, as in the orator, as with the delicacy of Attic taste. Both are sublime and magnificent in their style, vehement in their emotions, copious in their figures, and very impetuous when they describe things of an enormous nature, or that are grievous or odious. Again, for depth of insight, for exalted spirituality, for that swift and sympathetic intuition which is the prerogative of love and like-mindedness, for symmetry of character, who can compare with John, the beloved disciple of Jesus? He has given us a gospel and an epistle which no other one of the apostolic staff has written or could write—an epistle and gospel through whose refracting atmosphere the Sun of Righteousness is kept from ever setting on our world, into which we cannot look but the very Godhead looks at us—Immanuel in His own light thence shining, because first received into the pellucid, waveless mirror of the narrator's mind. In like manner, all such differences, characterizing the other holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, appear conspicuous in the formal expression of Holy Writ, not as a casual circumstance, but as a distinctive feature designed to show that God utilises all the natural endowments, all the attainments, and all the culture of men in His employ, to subserve His gracious purposes towards mankind for their spiritual good; or He lays them under contribution to the salvation of sinners, even the chief, and that too, with every varied and possible application of them to the peculiar cases of corrupt humanity. Is our position not thence established to convincing demonstration? It is clearly so, but

besides the endless diversity of talent and other kindred auxiliaries in the people of God sufficient to settle the point at issue, the same thing, let us observe, stands out in bold relief, not as a deduction, but as an actual fact in the ministry of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He taught men the truth with simplicity and directness. He unfolded to them the deep spiritual meaning of the truth. Sometimes He taught after the manner of proverbial philosophy, as in His discourse called the Sermon on the Mount. At times, He employed an argumentative or logical style, as in His discussions with the Jews, recorded by John, His beloved disciple. Now, he seized the events which were taking place before their eyes, and applying to them the criticism of the highest morality, He made them the texts from which to develop a spiritual faith. Now, He laid the hearts of men open to them; He made bare to them, not only their sins, but the sources and motives of their evil deeds.

What now is the result of this? Viewed in the varied ministrations of the prophets, the apostles, and Christ, the Son of God, which shed a volume of light on the subject, it appears as an obvious fact that the greatest versatility of talent, the deepest insight into the truth, the largest acquaintance with men and things, the keenest observation and the purest wisdom are all required of the Heralds of the Cross in handling the Word of God, so as to show the unspeakable riches of His grace unto men, and to bring it home to them with power and demonstration as a means of saving them from perishing in their sins. The mind is indeed so made for truth, that the truth, once known and felt as the word of God, must pervade the whole inner and outer life of man. The Heralds of the Cross are, therefore, required to present the truth to the mind of the sinner in every aspect, in order to enlighten his under-

standing with the light of Heaven, and also to probe his heart to its very depths with the word of God, which is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." They are not to content themselves with announcing the great truths of the Gospel in the form of general platitudes, or in wordy descriptions, or in dry formal statements of doctrine; but they are to aim at lodging in the heart of man a living perception and conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus—the truth that takes hold of what is characteristic of men's mental constitution, and conforms it to its own likeness. They are not to content themselves with tickling the fancy, or with acting on the passions, or with working men into a state of excitement as an end, but as a means to the end—the reception of the truth which makes wise unto salvation. Only to please men with word-painting, or to carry them away with empty declamation, or to arouse them to a passionate display of feeling and to leave no solid substance of thought, is to kindle a fire of shavings that but flames up and dies in ashes. Like their great exemplars, they are to speak the truth in all its variety and fulness, as the grand instrument of conversion—"The words," says Jesus, "I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." They are to speak the weighty words of the truth as the means of nourishing the life of God in the soul to glory, honour and immortality—the words of Jesus carried in them truths so deep and universal that, like an inexhaustible soil, they have fed the roots of religious life ever since.

Again, in order to bring the gospel home with effect to the heart of the careless, sleeping the deep sleep of spiritual death, the Herald of the Cross may, according to the dictates of enlightened experience and spiritual in-

sight, resort to various methods or expedients in dealing with the careless as to their state before God, or in speaking to them on matters of religion. They may seek to take them by surprise, and to turn them to Jesus, who will save them from their sins. They may avail themselves of particular circumstances, or of particular occasions to aid them in urging upon the careless the glorious Gospel of our blessed God. They may come in personal contact with individuals, and fearlessly declare to them the word of truth direct to their particular cases, and as a rule of life. They may, in private, deal faithfully with the consciences of men, as to the course of life they lead, or as to their besetting sins, and plainly tell them that they must perish, if they do not repent and turn to God. Thus did our Lord practise in His ministry on earth; hence, "as Jesus went forth from thence, He saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he said unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed Him." Intent upon the great object of His mission, Jesus here speaks to a man of the world in the midst of business. He speaks to him in a remarkable place—the receipt of custom. He speaks to him when he did not expect it. He speaks to him on a subject of which he did not even dream. With these, as accessories which he purposely called into play to prepare his mind for the issue, Jesus, by a word, casts the chain of an all-conquering love around him, and the worldling becomes a spiritually minded pilgrim. Again, our Lord meets a woman, as it were a mere casual occurrence, and draws her attention by the circumstances of the case to the living water—"The woman saith unto Him, I know that Messiah cometh which is called the Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto you am He. The woman then left her waterpot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the

men, Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Diligent in the work of saving souls, Jesus here meets with a sinful woman at a well, skilfully draws her into conversation on spiritual things through the object that brought her thither, wakes the interest of her uncultivated mind, by half-mysterious sayings, convinces her of her sin, reveals to her His glory as the Redeemer, and by a mysterious touch of saving grace, sends her away to awaken the whole city by her simple testimony.

In the same spirit, and after the same manner, Paul deports himself as a Herald of the cross. He accommodates himself to every variety of character and place. He avails himself of anything and everything that could facilitate him in preaching the truth—I Cor. ix. 19-22. Earnest in proclaiming the truth as it is in Jesus, he adapts himself in self-sacrificing love to the peculiarities of each, in order to win them to salvation.

"Would I describe a Preacher such as Paul, Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,

Paul should himself direct me. I would trace His master-strokes, and draw from his design. I would express him simple, grave, sincere; In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain, And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste, And natural in gesture; much impressed himself, as conscious of his awful charge, And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds May feel it too; affectionate in look, And tender in address, as well becomes A messenger of grace to guilty men."

Peter, too, by a direct, bold and fearless declaration of the truth to the consciences of men, as well as by a close statement and warm-hearted expression of the grand central truths of the gospel, brings many to Jesus as their Saviour—Acts ii. 37-39.

Nor less singular is John, the forerunner of our Lord Jesus Christ, in his mode of declaring his sacred mission.

"Not clothed in purple or fine linen—stood The Wilderness Apostle! He was found O'ercanopied by wild rocks fringed with wood, Where Nature's sternest scenery darkly frown'd;

There stood the Seer, his loins begirt around, With outstretched hand, bare brow, and vocal eye;

His voice, with sad solemnity of sound, More thrilling than the eagle's startling cry, 'Repent! repent!' exclaimed, 'Christ's kingdom draweth nigh!'"

It thus comes out with clearness in the ministry of our Lord and in that of his apostles, that his servants are required by every possible means to aim at doing much in the work of the Lord, and that much can be effected in the evangelization of the world by means of their own originating, as well as by their respective mental capacities and attainments. He, who is skilled by close observation in the lay of things, and expert from long habit in the application of circumstances to special ends, knows how to suit himself to occasions, and to make the best of every event towards the enlargement and invigoration of Christ's kingdom on earth. He, who is studious of individual character, with a view to a thorough knowledge of human nature in all its phases, and of God's word in connection with the moral anatomy of the heart in all its desires and affections, has a knowledge of man's spiritual wants and difficulties, and connects them with a full supply, and deals with them with success out of the Sacred Volume of unerring Wisdom. He, who is zealous in the cause of God, is on the constant watch for opportunities to do good, is from that condition of mind quick to see opportunities and as ready to avail himself of them. He, who has been long in the practice of winning souls to Christ, is rich in expedients in drawing men to the foot of the cross. Or, he who loves the truth, the God of truth and the souls of men, has, like Argus, a hundred eyes to discern many ways of bringing men to Jesus.

Faith, however abused by enthusiasts or despised by infidels, is the highest exercise of reason.

## Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER V.

#### WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM.

It was verging on twilight as we passed through the narrow crooked streets of Jerusalem to the Mediterranean Hotel. There was, however, light enough for us to see that the houses are solidly built of hewn stone, the spoils of the old city, a striking contrast to the smaller towns of Egypt, with which we had been familiar, built for the most part of sun-dried bricks, which, if neglected, crumble to dust under the influence of the weather. There was light enough to see the merchants squatting in their little box shops smoking their evening pipe, to see groups of little children playing in the open square, to see money changers sitting at the corners of the streets with little piles of copper, silver and gold coin under the wire-work covering of their tables. There was light enough to distinguish under close scrutiny the poor tradesmen making their evening purchases, the monks of the Latin Convent two and two in their Franciscan garb, the dark-eyed, hook-nosed Jew, the burly Turk, and the lean-faced Arab. It was not long, however, that we have to note these things, when we reach our quarters, and wearied with our ten hours ride, we gladly alight to find in the little hotel quietness, cleanliness and kindness that felt very refreshing after two days in the saddle.

In the grey dawn of the next morning the first sound that fell on the ear was the noise of falling water. It came in on the open window like the music of a distant waterfall among the hills. In the heart of a city that lies far away from any river, what could this sound of water mean? Our hotel is built on the edge of a large reservoir, (one of two within the city) called the pool of Hezekiah, 144 feet in breadth and 240 feet in width, an immense tank

fit to contain water for half the city. The noise we heard was caused by water, running into this reservoir by a small aqueduct, from another reservoir outside the wall of the city. Several years have passed since that pleasant sound fell on the ear, and since then, I have listened to the falls of Niagara, but the gentle murmur of the Pool of Hezekiah, the only sound breaking the stillness of our first morning in Jerusalem, holds a firmer place in the memory than the roar of the great cataract.

Before we set out to see the city and its surroundings, let me sketch in a few sentences the strange vicissitudes through which it has passed, unparalleled in the history of nations.

The first mention we have of Jerusalem is in Judges i. 8, where we are told that the children of Israel fought against it, took it, smote it with the edge of the sword, and set it on fire. That siege, about 1400 before Christ, was the first of 27 sieges, the last siege being in 1244 after Christ. During that period of 3,600 years that city has been again and again destroyed and rebuilt, rebuilt and destroyed, so that in reality the city we now see is Jerusalem the VIII. (1.) There was a Jerusalem of the Jebusites, before the time of David, extending back some maintain to the time of Melchizedek, who was King of "Salem." (2.) There was the Jerusalem of Solomon, which flourished 400 years. (3.) There was the Jerusalem of Nehemiah, which lasted about 300 years. (4.) There was the Jerusalem of Herod, into which our Saviour came, and which was destroyed in A. D. 70. There came then a period of complete ruin, so complete that the name of the old city, except among the Jews, passed so entirely out of men's minds that a Christian who called himself a native of Jerusalem,—meaning the celestial city,—was ordered to be tortured



by a Roman judge because he pretended to citizenship in a city that had no existence on earth. (5.) There arose then on the ancient site a purely Roman city—Aelia Capitolina, into which for 200 years no Jew dared enter, save once a year to weep over the ruins of their temple. (6.) There arose then in great glory Mohammedan Jerusalem, next to Mecca in sanctity, and adorned with such buildings as the Mosque of Omar. (7.) To this succeeded, for the brief period of 100 years, Christian Jerusalem, the city of Godfrey and the Baldwins. (8.) Modern Jerusalem, the result of 600 years of Moslem rule, is the city we have come to see. Let us therefore walk *around* it, *through* it, and *under* it, that we may carry with us a clear understanding of its character.

#### AROUND JERUSALEM.

It is a beautiful morning; the sky without a cloud when we set out for the Mount of Olives, that, from its top, we may obtain a general view of the city, before we study it in detail. We pass the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and turn down the *Via Dolorosa*, so called from the tradition that along this steep path Christ carried His cross. As we near the eastern gate of the city, an American gentleman of the party thought he would try the temper of the Turkish sentinel, by pretending to be bent on going into the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar, which lay quite near our road. With a strange mixture of sternness and humour, the soldier, by the language of signs, informed our Republican friend that his head would pay the penalty if his feet touched that sacred soil. Passing out on St. Stephen's Gate, so called from the martyr, we descended the Valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed the dry bed of the Kidron, and paid a visit, in passing, to the Garden of Gethsemane, which was gay with flowers under the care of the monks of the Latin Convent, one of whom was in charge that day. He was

a very fine-looking man, kind, liberal of his flowers to the ladies of our party, but when one of them offered to shake hands with him in parting, he drew his hand back, and offered her, instead, a corner of his sleeve.

After a toilsome ascent of the steep side of Olivet, we reached the door of the convent built on the summit, knocked, were admitted, and conducted at once to the flat roof of the building. From our position, having the city not only some hundred or more feet below us, but inclining towards us at a gentle angle, we could study it as one studies a raised map laid out on a table. Let me note a few points that stood explained to us at a few glances.

1. *The size of the City.* The eye, starting from the Jaffa gate, on the west, by which we entered on the preceding day, could follow the walls (built by Suleiman the Magnificent, in the year 1542) round the city, the total circumference being only between two and three miles, enclosing an area of some two hundred and nine acres, thirty-five of which belong to the Mosque of Omar. Any intelligent guide will be able to tell further that within these walls there is a resident population of some 16,000 people, which, however, is largely augmented about Easter by the inflow of tourists and pilgrims.

2. *The situation of the City.* Although Jerusalem is a "mountain city," some 2,600 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and 3,700 feet above the level of the Dead Sea, it is not, like Hebron and Samaria, perched and therefore confined on a crest, but spreads itself out on the edge of a ridge, the broadest and most strongly marked ridge of the back-bone of the complicated hills that run through the whole country, from the plain of Jezreel to the Desert. If we leave out the waters of the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles, at Quebec, the position of that city is not unlike the position of Jerusalem. Like Quebec, Jerusalem occupies the

termination of a table land which is cut off from the country round it on every side but one, by ravines more than usually deep and precipitous. The bed of the St. Lawrence river, emptied of water, would be a representation, on an exaggerated scale, of the Valley of Hinnon, to the west of the city. The hollow of the St. Charles would be a fair copy of the Valley of Kidron, on the east, were it not for the absence of high ground from that side of Quebec. The Plains of Abraham correspond, again, to the open plain that stretches away from the northern wall of Jerusalem, to Gibeon and Bethel; while Cape Diamond, at the fork of the two ravines, is no unapt picture of Mount Zion, which overhangs at a great height the dark valley beneath, and overlooks the rest of the city. But if the reader has never seen Quebec, let him, to understand the position of Jerusalem, lay the palm of his hand on the book before him, separating the thumb from the fingers. The thumb represents the Valley of Hinnon, the forefinger the Valley of Kidron, and the space between the table land, in shape like the letter V, on which Jerusalem stands, the fork indicating the position of Mount Zion.

This situation had two advantages.

(1). It gave to Jerusalem on three sides a natural defence that was impregnable to the warfare of these times. Josephus is thought guilty of exaggeration when he describes the depth of these ravines as so enormous that the head swam, and the eyes failed in gazing into its recesses: but recent discoveries show him nearly correct, for at a height of 426 feet above the Kidron, which is the calculation of a recent writer, a man standing on the pinnacle of the temple porch, stood higher above the Kidron, now partly filled up with rubbish, than a man by the flag staff on Cape Diamond stands above the shipping on the St. Lawrence river. (2). It gave to Jerusalem room on its fourth side,

for indefinite expansion. Samaria could never become a large city, for it was perched on the crest of a hill: but Jerusalem, although "cabined, cribbed, and confined on three sides," had an open country to the north, and there are many indications that on this side the ancient city had extended far beyond the present walls, and there are not wanting indications that in the same direction Jerusalem is destined again to grow.

### 3. *The surroundings of the city.*

The surrounding country, as seen from Olivet, is dreary and desolate in the extreme. To the east the eye rests on the mountains of Moab, and at their base the deep valley of the Jordan, with the Dead Sea enveloped in a blue haze, looking quite near, the country between us and it, a dry, desolate, dreary desert, with few signs of animal or vegetable life. To the north lies a billowy sea of hills, culminating in the snowy peak of Hermon. The hills round Hebron bound the view to the south, while the mountain ridge, up one of whose ravines we had come from the west, shuts from our view the Great Sea. There are, it is true, a few hills higher than Jerusalem, in its immediate neighbourhood, but only a few, and these only by some hundred feet, so that as Stanley says, "from every side save one, the ascent to Jerusalem is perpetual. It is beyond any important city that has ever existed on the earth a mountain city, breathing as compared with the sultry plains of Jordan, a mountain air, enthroned as compared with Jericho or Damascus, Gaza or Tyre, on a mountain fastness." Its central situation, thus between the two seas and between the Lebanon Hills and the wilderness, reminded us of the pretty rabbinical conceit:—"The world is like to an eye: the white of the eye is the ocean surrounding the world; the black is the world itself; the pupil is Jerusalem; and the image in the pupil, the Temple."

## THROUGH THE CITY.

Having thus obtained a general view of the size, situation and surroundings of Jerusalem, we are in a position to explore the city. But what is there to be seen within the walls? Very little. The Jerusalem of David and Solomon lies buried some 70 or 80 feet, in some spots, beneath the modern city. There are a few places, however, of great interest, and let us hurriedly visit these.

The spot of crowning interest within the walls of Jerusalem, the temple area, was, at the time of our visit, closed against all "Christian dogs," although it is now open on the payment of a small fee. Here Abraham offered Isaac, here the angel of the Lord appeared to David at the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, here stood the temples of Solomon, of Zerubbabel and Herod, here Simeon embraced the Saviour, here that Saviour wrought miracles and preached to the people, here is the spot next to Mecca in the eyes of Mohammedans, the most sacred on earth. This rock was to the Jews more than was their Capitol to the Romans, and their Acropolis to the Greeks, for the sake of this spot the Crusaders crossed two continents, and poured forth their lives like summer rain, and to recover it Godfrey and Tancred rode to it up to their horses' knees in the blood of the Saracens. But all we can see of it is what we saw from the Mount of Olives or from the roof of what is called Pilate's House.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is interesting, but to those who cannot credit its legends the interest that attaches to it is the interest that belongs simply to a very old and curious building. Of more interest is the wailing place of the Jews, where on each Saturday men and women gather to mourn over the desolation of the temple and to kiss the stones of its foundation. The congregation we saw there was not large, but their sorrow seemed heavy as they chanted Hebrew Psalms (from Bible Society Bibles) swaying their bodies

backward and forward in time with their chanting and varying the exercise by kissing the huge gray stones placed there by Solomon's builders, the only stones in Jerusalem on which our Saviour may have gazed, if we except the Tower at the Jaffagate. It would be, of course, interesting to visit, along with the reader, the Latin Convent, the Armenian Convent, and the Jewish Synagogue, to walk on the walls round Jerusalem, to ascend to the top of one of the old towers whence the whole city can be seen, to visit the Jewish quarter, the lepers' quarter, and the quiet burying ground, where, far from their homes, sleep not a few American and English travellers to whom death came while they sojourned in the Holy Land. Time passes, however, and we must hasten through the city—not, however, without visiting the English Church on Mount Zion, of which Gobat is the Bishop. It is pleasant to see such a handsome building, to see it so free of meretricious ornaments, the Ten Commandments, in Hebrew, being all that is to be seen on wall or window, so as not to offend Jew or Mahometan; pleasant and profitable to hear from the lips of the good Bishop, in a strong German accent, an excellent evangelical sermon; and very pleasant indeed to spend an evening in his family, to hear from his lips his experience as a missionary in Abyssinia, his experience of work in Jerusalem, his views of the state of religion in Palestine. Round his hospitable table met some of his co-workers in Jerusalem, a young German missionary just arrived from Nazereth, who shortly afterwards became his son-in-law, and travellers like ourselves from distant countries. One thing only damped the pleasures of that evening—in subdued and sad tones the Bishop expressed his fears of a Mohammedan uprising in Palestine and Syria, and gave us some of his evidence. Ignorant of what was boiling and seething beneath the upper crust of Mohammedan society—we thought no further of

the matter, till to America there came the following year the news of the fearful massacre, to which reference has already been made, and in which 30,000 Christians perished, but from which, fortunately Jerusalem was saved.

#### BELOW THE CITY.

Having glanced around Jerusalem, and having walked rapidly through it, one might suppose there was nothing further to interest or detain us. There is. Jerusalem is honey-combed with the natural caverns peculiar to limestone countries, with sepulchres, with cisterns, with subterranean passages, with aqueducts, and with quarries. A recent writer tells us, as a result of the investigations of the Palestine exploration fund, that the *under-ground* of Jerusalem is found to be richer than the underground of Rome, Paris, Constantinople or Kief in catacombs and caverns.

The excavated chambers under Jerusalem were for three purposes. Some were for the burial of the dead, but these lie outside the walls; some were for the collection of water, and these lie mainly under the temple area and are on a scale of magnificence that has no equal anywhere; but some are vast quarries from which came the material of which the temple and the city were originally built. Passing over the cemeteries and the cisterns, let us visit what is called the Royal Quarries.

Some years ago Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, who was on a visit to Jerusalem, discovered, by seeing a dog pass through, an entrance to an immense quarry right under Jerusalem. It has been, since, a point of great interest to travellers visiting the city to explore this immense chamber. Unfortunately for our party the man whom we obtained as our guide happened to be drunk, not to such a degree but he got on well enough *above ground*, but to the degree that he lost his wits and his way *under ground*, which caused us to return ere we had reached the limit of the excava-

tion. To the common measurement of 200 yards long and 100 yards wide, considerable additions have been made recently by the discoveries of Mr. Shick, and there is no doubt to these further additions must yet be made, as wells are said to be drawn across the cavern in some places. It was interesting to see the work of these old stone-cutters: here a place where they were in the habit of sharpening their chisels; there, on the left hand always, a little hollow into which oil and wick was placed to give light in the dark; here a stone half quarried, as if the workmen had left for dinner and would soon return to finish their job; and on every side the sharp, angular fragments that flew from the chisel. We came, in one corner, on a beautiful little spring. How grateful must it have been to the Gibites who wrought here in the dust and darkness.

How comes it, we may be permitted here to ask, that the opinion is so common that the stones of which Solomon built his temple were quarried and dressed in the Lebanon hills, and thence, ready for the house, carried to Jerusalem? It is not only among intelligent laymen and clergymen this error is found, but also in the pages of learned quarterlies. In the last number of the *British and Foreign Ecangelical Review*, in an able article on the "Testimony of Ancient Monuments to the Historic Truth of Scriptures," we find these statements: "We read of 70,000 bearers of burden and of 80,000 hewers in the mountains of Lebanon, whence the stones were conveyed to Jerusalem." And in another place, "The stone-dressing was mainly done in Lebanon by the Tyrian masons." This is manifestly a mistake. Here is what the sacred historian says on the subject: "And King Solomon raised a levy out of all Israel: and the levy was 30,000 men. And he sent them to Lebanon ten thousand a month by courses: a month they wore in Lebanon and two

months at home. And Solomon had three score and ten thousand that bare burdens, and four score thousand hewers in the mountains." (I. Kings, v. 13-15.) There can be no dispute as to the former of the two great divisions of labourers mentioned above. The 30,000 were lumberers, and their work lay among the cedars of Lebanon, which were floated to Joppa and carried up thence to Jerusalem. But the 80,000 were stone-cutters, and their work was in the *mountain*. What mountain? The plural *mountains* is a mistake of the English

printers, for in II. Chronicles, ii, 17, 18, it is mountain in the singular, and in the Hebrew it is also singular (*Hor*), as well as in the Septuagint version. The mountain whence the stones were taken is none else than the "*hill of God*," the "*mountain of the Lord's House*," the rock, viz., on which the temple was built.

In our next paper some account will be given of a few excursions from Jerusalem to places of interest (such as the Dead Sea) in the distant neighborhood.

### Christian Miscellany.

UNHOLY PLEASURE.—"An ancient Italian author, in one of his romantic legends tells us of a tree, many-branched, and covered apparently with delectable bunches of fruit; but whose shook that tree in order to possess the fruit, found, too late, that not fruit, but stones of crushing weight came down upon his head. An emblem this of the tree of unholy pleasure. It is many branched, it is attractive in aspect, its boughs bend with rich clusters of what seems to be delicious fruit, the millions of the world gather round it, and, with eager hands, shake it in order if possible to taste the luscious fruit. But what is the result of their efforts? Stones come tumbling down that paralyse the soul. 'What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed; for the end of those things is death.'"

RULES FOR PREACHING—(By an old Divine).—1. Do not discover too much of your plan in a sermon. (2) Do not pass anything until you have cleared it of the *bran*. (3) Use your natural tone. (4) Do not clog your memory too much. (5) Be sure you eye God: His glory, and the good of souls; having the day before mastered yourself and man-pleasing. (6) See that you speak slowly.

(7) Look to your affections that they are not forced. (8) Preach, speaking and talking to the people—look on them. (9) Take heed of overwording anything. (10) Be sure you make the people understand what you wish of them. (11) Take no Scripture slightly; trouble not many open metaphors. (12) Let the Scripture teach you; and not you the Scripture. (13) Be sure you feed yourself; or it will do little good, and you none. (14) Take these four candles to find out what to say—1st. The Scripture unbiassed. 2nd. The thoughts and experiences of good men. 3rd. Your own experience. 4th. The condition of the people. (15) Break off anywhere rather than jumble things together, and tire the weakest of your flock. (16) Never pass over any point of truth if you have aught to say upon it. (17) Let your doctrine, &c., be about spiritual things. (18) Beware of forms; nor be tied to one way. Divide observationally, textually, and doctrinally. (19) Be always on the subject next to your heart. (20) Be sure to extricate any godly point you speak out of any doctrine. (21) Let there be no affected looks, &c. (22) Never mind the people, but think of yourself and God. (23) Do not think that your

earnestness itself can prevail ; but it is the force of spiritual reason. The Holy Ghost is the power. (24) Do not think that your hearers can receive as you conceive. (25) Let there be something in every sermon to draw sinners to Christ. (26) Take heed that your comparisons be not ridiculous, and yet homely. (27) Study every Scripture beforehand. (28) Take heed of bolting truth, of extravagances, needless heads, digressions, &c. (29) Shun apologies, for they always stink. "I'm unwell," &c.

**PAIN OF DYING.**—The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs, sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporeal feelings, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what might be seen in those lofty mountains whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation. Vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton, of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die;" "the very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed, a few years ago." The same words have been so often uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill the pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be

dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Saurez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all. They expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope: "Taught half by reason, half by mere decay, to welcome death, and calmly pass away." Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more, I am dying; and am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

#### THE CLOWN'S SERMON.

One evening when a circus performance in one of the Southern States was about to close, the clown stepped forward, and in a solemn tone addressed the vast assemblage present, among which were hundreds of professing Christians of the different denominations, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian, in the following style:—

"My friends, we have taken about six hundred dollars here to-day—more money, I venture to say, than any minister of the Gospel in this country will receive for a whole year's service. A large portion of this money was given by church members; a large portion of

this audience is made up of members of the church. And yet, when your preacher asks you for money to aid in supporting the Gospel, you say you are too poor to give anything. Yet you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it; I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. But perhaps you say you did not come to see the circus, but the animals. Ah! now, this is all an excuse. If you come simply to see the animals, why did you not look at

them and leave? Why did you stay to hear my nonsense? Now is not this a pretty place for Christians to be in? Do you not feel ashamed of yourselves? You ought to blush in such a place as this!"

An earnest discourse was preached soon afterwards in the neighborhood. A stirring appeal was made in favor of the cause of missions. The collection amounted to four dollars and thirty-eight cents. Only think of it; six hundred dollars for the circus, and four dollars to preach the gospel in all the world!

### Children's Treasury.

#### THE LAME BOY AND HIS MISSION-BOX.

"Thou hast been weeping, my mother dear;  
Still on thy cheek there rests a tear:  
Ah! well I know what mars thy joy—  
'Tis pity and grief for thy poor lame boy.

"But, mother, I am no longer sad;  
The love of Jesus has made me glad:  
Oh, wondrous love! He died for me,  
From sin and death to set me free.

"Mother, I feel my spirit burn  
To offer something in return:  
Not as of merit—but to show  
A sense of the deep, deep debt I owe.

"Though lame of foot, I am hale of hands;  
And millions are living in heathen lands  
Who are bowing to idols of wood and stone,  
And the blessed Jesus is all unknown.

"I would work for them as best I can;  
Come, mother dear, and list to my plan;  
A mission-box I shall speedily get,  
Which in a well-seen place I'll set.

"When friends drop in, my wares I will show,  
Will point to my box,—few will say to me  
No;  
For kindly hearts will buy a toy  
Made by the hands of a poor lame boy."

Months pass on—an evening came  
When many met in the Saviour's name,  
To learn glad tidings from afar,  
Of victories won in the holy war.

While throbbing hearts and glistening eyes  
Attest the listeners' sympathies,

A woman comes, pale, lone, in grief—  
A box in hand—her speech is brief.

"My son is not!—lo! here I bring  
His small but love-bought offering."  
Oh what a thrill of sacred joy,  
For the grace of God in the poor lame boy!

#### A PRAYER.

Little Robby went away to spend a six weeks' vacation. Within three weeks he returned home, having cried himself ill from home-sickness. On meeting his mamma he threw himself into her arms and burst into tears. That night, kneeling by his own little bed, Robby repeated the prayer which had been taught him, and after that, as is his custom, began praying his own thoughts. He asked a blessing on each of the family by name, and added, "God be good to the poor, and pity any little boy that never was home-sick."

When Robby was snugly in bed his mamma said to him, "Do you know how you said your prayer?" "Pity little boys that never are home-sick." "You meant to ask God to pity little boys that are home-sick, didn't you?"

"No, mamma," Robby replied, putting up his arms to embrace her, while

his wet eyes glistened. "I said it right—any little boy that never was home-sick. For if he never has been home-sick like me, he cannot know how good home is."

### THE TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.

Eighty years ago, a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tip-poo Sahib. On one occasion, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day, a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray-haired officer said to the native official:—

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "*put two pairs on me*; I will wear his as well as my own."

This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city; but his noble friend died in prison.

This was indeed a noble act; to bear a heavy burden for another which that other could not bear for himself. That was the way in which our Saviour showed His love for the world. If we only think of it as we ought, we shall soon see what reason we have to love God.

The apostle John tells us that "we love Him because He first loved us."

### THE BOTTLED PEBBLES.

An old coloured brother, who had toiled away his energies, and was left with a stiffened frame, crowned with snow-white hair, was asked by a mission-teacher at the South, how old he was. Brightening up at being noticed and questioned by a "white gemman,"

he replied,— "Well, sah, I doesn't know how old I is. Dat is, I can't tell ye how many years I have lived as a child. But, bless de Lord, I kin tell yo how old I is as de Lord's chile." Hurrying away into his cabin, he soon came out with a bottle, joyfully rattling something in it, and resumed his happy tone: "Now, sah, if ye'll jest take and count dem pebbles, ye'll see how old I is as de Lord's chile. I was born again jest afore Christmas a long time ago. When de next Christmas comes around, I jest tho't I would keep account of de years I was a-gwine to spend in de service ob de Lord. I couldn't write none, so I tho't I'd put a pebble in a bottle and put it away, and I tole 'em all in my cabin what dat bottle for, and nobody never tech him! So every Christmas since I was borned agin, I's put a pebble in dat bottle. And if ye'll jest count 'em, ye'll see how old I is as a Christian. I can't count none, and I disremember how many there is!" The pebbles were counted, and fifty-one of them told of his long life as "de Lord's chile."

How blessed is that service in which for so many, many years the child of God could continue steadfast, without repining and without regret. And the end is not yet; for in the world of glory and delight, where rewards and crowns and joys are given before the throne of God, still "His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." (Rev. xxii. 3, 4). Here, service is at a distance; here, within an enemy's land; there, before the Father's face; for Christ has said,— "Where I am there shall also my servant be." Fifty years' service seems long, in a fleeting world like this; but how will it seem compared with those "years that have no end?"

- "There, we shall see his face,
- And never, never sin;
- There, from the rivers of his grace,
- Drink endless pleasures in."