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# Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 1.

JANUARY, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

1877.

To our readers one and all we offer our sincere thanks for past favours and encouragements in connection with this magazine. Very heartily do we wish such of them a "Happy New Year." Doubtless the year on which we have entered will bring to us unknown joys and sorrows. If we cannot tell what even a day may bring forth, how much less, what may be revealed during the days of an entire year. But we need not fear to venture into the future, because the kind and unerring Providence who has guided, comforted, and sustained in the past, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." His power and goodness are equal to every emergency.

"His love in times past forbids us to think  
He will leave us at last in trouble to sink."

God's people have no promise that they will be exempt from trials and afflictions, but they have a blessed assurance that they will be preserved in them, and eventually saved from them.

We think it is plainly taught in the Word of God, that before the end of this dispensation there will be a short season of great trial for the church and people of God. That season may be nigh at hand. At this present moment there is much uneasiness and unrest among the nations. The war cloud seems spreading and lowering over Europe. Perhaps we have seen the beginning of the end. God may now be preparing the way for the final overthrow of the enemies of the truth, and for the accomplishment of His gracious purposes, promises to His ancient people, to the Church, and the world at large. But the Prince of Darkness, like the proud Egyptian King of ancient times, will not relax his grasp without a desperate struggle. The forces of wickedness are marshalling for a great conflict. The enemies of God's truth were never more daring than at present, and it is quite in harmony with history to expect that a brief triumph will be permitted to them. It is not for naught that Infidelity, Rationalism, and Ritualism have made such remarkable progress within the last few years. This trinity of iniquity has overspread Britain and the Continent of Europe, and threatens to overthrow the faith once delivered to the saints. Though there may not appear to be any affinity between these enemies of the Cross, they are agents of the same crafty foe, and will work in harmony for the same object, namely, to set up Antichrist in the Temple of God. We have seen the last-named of these agents of Satan earnestly seeking a union with the two largest and most corrupt forms of Christianity on the Continent. In due time this union will be accomplished. Then a pure Christianity and a simple form of worship will be confronted by a united and powerful foe—a foe

not only possessing vast ecclesiastical powers, but likewise political supremacy—a foe able to wear out the saint of the Most High God, and change times and seasons. We should be prepared for the coming crisis. Those momentous events should not come upon us unawares. The inspired volume forewarns us; therefore we should search it. The study of prophecy is sadly neglected by many professing Christians. We shou'd remember that the Holy Spirit has said, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable," etc. With the study of prophecy we should combine watchfulness and prayer. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord shall find so doing."

## THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

The second session of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was opened by the president, the Rev. T. Hall, in the classroom of Queen's-road Chapel, on the first Wednesday in November. Mr. Alex. A. Parsons was re-elected secretary, and W. A. McKillop, treasurer. The association has been only one year in existence, yet it has made remarkable progress, and opens with encouraging prospects of increased success. It numbers now thirty members. The evenings are occupied with debates, essays, readings, and recitations, and the members take a lively interest in the proceedings. We heartily recommend this association to the fostering care of the church.

## HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society will be held in February. The friends of the society will, it is hoped, take a deeper interest than ever in its affairs. We want more money, strong faith, and more earnest prayer. Through the kindness of the Colonial Missionary Society, the committee have been enabled to engage the services of Mr. J. Thompson as an additional missionary, under the direction of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and early in this month he is to proceed to his work in a remote part of this island. In his zeal, prudence, and piety the committee and the church have the fullest confidence.

## ALCOHOL.

Why do men drink ale, porter, wine, gin, rum, brandy, or whisky? Simply because they contain alcohol. It is the same substance that druggists call "spirits of wine." It is produced by fermentation. Malt, grapes, sugar-canes, and other sweet substances, are mashed and fermented, and the liquor thus produced becomes intoxicating. Ale and porter contain from 5 to 9 per cent., the rest being chiefly water;

wines from 15 to 20 per cent; and gin, rum, brandy, and whisky, from 35 to 55 per cent. People pretend to take these drinks from various reasons, but the true reason is, because they contain alcohol, which stimulates; that is, it makes people a little bit tipsy. This alcohol is rank poison, and it is only by its being greatly diluted with water that it does not kill instantly. But in all cases it interferes with the healthy workings of the human frame. Alcohol is not food, but fire. It vitiates the blood, stimulates the brain, deranges the nerves, corrodes the lungs, pains the stomach, ruins the appetite, impairs digestion, defiles the breath, parches the lips, bloats the face, dims the eye, wastes the muscles, palsies the limbs, and injures the whole system. It consequently strikes at the moral and intellectual powers of man. It enfeebles the understanding, impairs the judgment, effaces the memory, extinguishes sensibility, pollutes the imagination, depraves the taste, stupefies conscience, annihilates honour, prostrates self-respect, debases the social affections, sours the disposition, inflames the wicked passions, dethrones reason, and contaminates the heart. And in its social effects it produces an immense mass of misery and sufferings in families, and throughout the whole of the social circle. Teetotalism consists simply in entire abstinence from all alcoholic compounds. We drink water, milk, tea, coffee, the juices of all our fruits, anything indeed that is free from alcohol; but from this fiery substance we call upon every man to abstain.

### THE YEAR.

Pause we awhile—another year has fled—

Fled with swift step, a vivid transient dream;  
Bearing us further, and still further, down  
Eternity's dark, ever-rolling stream!

Another year—and all its hopes and fears,

Its sorrows, and its joys alike are o'er;  
Its cherish'd dreams, its smiles, its bitter tears,  
Add to the past—they will return no more!

And yet forget it not! sweet flowers were strewn

Across its pathway—flowers bright and fair;  
And memory breathes the Eden-like perfume,  
Those wither'd flowers leave on the closing year!

Forget it not! The old year may have left

A warning or a watchword for the new;  
Then let us mentally recall the past—  
Regret our follies and resolve anew!

But o'er the dawning year a veil is thrown—

The veil of mercy hiding future fate—  
Hiding alike the pleasure and the pain  
That through the coming year our steps await!

It may be dark, and fearful storms may rise;

It may be bright, and spring-time all the year;  
But be it bright, or dark, let Hope be given  
Our path to gladden, and our hearts to cheer!

If truth and resolution guide us on,

If we are strong in strength that's not our own,  
Then may we hope to walk and weary not,  
Nor, stumbling, dash our foot against a stone!

Then may the closing of the year begun

Be happier than its birth, know less of fear;  
Then may the joy be ours to know, to feel,  
We have not lived in vain another year!

### DO NOT HURRY.

**B**ELIEVE in travelling step by step. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance by its daily gain enriches a man more than fits and starts of fortune and speculation. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick, houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the less speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Do not give up a small business till you see a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is a poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Do not jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember, men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water may be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch. Large game may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds in but little.—*Shelley*

### CARRYING THEIR OWN BRIMSTONE.

**A**FTER a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me, and said in a canting way: "Bishop, do you believe in a hell?" I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?" He said, "Yes." "Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep her wilful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the meece came bounding into the room:

"Aunty, aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. If dar is any hell, I just wants to know where dey gets all de brimstone for dat place; dat's what I'd like to know!"

The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and, with a tear on her cheek, said: 'Ah! honey darlin', you look out you dont go dere, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid 'um.'

I said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?" He said, "No"; and he went home—I hope, with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved, we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

More than half-a-century ago, Nathaniel Cobb sat down in his counting-house in Boston and wrote the following covenant: "By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits; if I am ever worth thirty thousand dollars, I will give three-fourths; and the whole after fifty thousand dollars. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside." This covenant he subscribed and adhered to with conscientious fidelity as long as he lived. On his death-bed he said to a friend: "By the grace of God, nothing else, I have been enabled, under the influence of these resolutions, to give away more than forty thousand dollars. How good the Lord has been to me!"—*Selected.*

You cannot serve two masters—you *must* serve one or the other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the Lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil; and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils—"the least crested fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms—work first, you are God's servants, fee first, you are the fiend's. And it makes a difference, now or ever, believe me, whether you serve him who has on his vesture and thigh written "King of Kings," and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written "Slave of slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.—*John Ruskin.*

## TRUE WEALTH.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue ;  
And some with thankful love are fill'd,  
If but one streak of light—  
One ray of God's good mercy—gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied ?  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has, in their aid—  
Love that not ever seems to tire —  
Such rich provision made.

## SHIRKING.

THE fact is, there is a deal of spiritual shirking in the world. Men ease their consciences by attributing their evil deeds to everyone but themselves. They deceive their creditors, and excuse themselves on the ground that their "confidential clerk" has been derelict. They squander the reserve resources of the firm in outside speculations, and then attribute their failure to the "hardness of the times." They take to drink, and become sots, and then lay the burden of guilt at the door of their wives, who were unamiable or extravagant. They "fall from grace," and excuse their sinfulness on the ground that the church did not "watch" over them as it should. "If the pastor had only been faithful to me, or the deacons had assisted me, I should never have fallen as I have." Ah, indeed! what a little, weak, six-foot baby you are! Where did you get the brilliant conception that it was the pastor's duty to carry you safely in his vest pocket, or that the pastor's wife should hide you away in her muff, lest the devil should find you, and possibly hurt your little delicate soul?—*Golden Rule.*

## DO NOT SCOWL.

DO not scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a Grand Trunk line now from your cow-lick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh! how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them lightly when we cannot think.

There is no denying that there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread-and-butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave it off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls of such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rugged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy?

There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron, or a glad iron, or a smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraven upon them.—*Selected.*

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved with it; but, be sure, no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.

## THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

THE appointed path is often a dark path, and the way in which the Lord leads us enshrouded in shade and mystery. What then? We are to march boldly on in the course of duty and trust the Lord to care for consequences, and bring all things right at last. And we are under no obligation to understand the drift and bearing of all things that surround us. It is enough to know that all things are working together for our good. Even Abraham "went out, not knowing whither he went," yet guided by the counsel of his God. We cannot tell why our present lot is so portioned out to us, nor what God means by all the providences which He appoints. It belongs not to us to know the hidden purposes of Him who made us.

"Will you ask the soldier thrown into the heat of the battle to explain the plan of the general? How could he? If he has done his duty, if he has thrown himself into the struggle, he has only seen the disorder of the charge, the flashing of the arms, the cloud of smoke and dust; he has only heard human cries mixed with the deafening sound of artillery. To him all was disorder and chaos; but upon the neighbouring heights one eye followed the combat; one hand directed the least movement of the troops. So there is a battle which is pursued through the ages. It is that of truth, of love, and justice against error, egotism, and iniquity. It belongs not to obscure soldiers thrown into the fight to direct the contest, it ought to suffice us that God conducts it; it is for us to remain at the post He assigns us, and to struggle there firmly, even unto the end."

And when we look back from the heights of triumph to which we now turn our eyes with longing and with hope;—when we trace the well-remembered path along which God hath led our feet from warfare to victory, and from weariness to rest; all will be plain and clear, and blessed in the presence of Him who has said: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

## BIBLE STUDY.

GOD'S Word should not be treated as a reservoir for theological cavillers, but as a fountain of sacred truth, to tell us what we are, whither we are tending, and what we must do and be in order to win a crown at last. We should study that word with becoming reverence; not to manufacture theology out of it, but to learn the revealed mind of Deity. We should not treat the Bible as a theological plaything, to help in theological games. It has been well said by Dean Alford:

In the study of the Bible, the first requisite is *faith*. Trust this book. Do not be ever trembling for it, still less cavilling at it. In it is found the blessed presence of Him whom, if you are a Christian, your soul loves above all things. He who is ever sitting at the feet of Jesus, and learning, will be listening more to His blessed words than to idle voices which float around.

The next requisite is *intelligence*. "Be not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." The Greek language possesses great capacities for expressing minute differences and fathoming profound depths of thought.

Another requisite is *honesty*—a straightforward, candid spirit. Handle not the Word of God deceitfully. Every fact is God's fact, sent to thee for thy good. Fear it not, face it, give it its due influence. It may seem unwelcome at first—a visitor whose speech jars on thy snug system of cherished home thoughts; but, depend upon it, thou wilt entertain an angel unawares.

The last requisite I name is *charity*. Oh, my brothers! we all speak and write too many hard and bitter words. We try to break, not to mend, the bruised reed. While we strive to be strong in faith, let us not despise the faith of the weakest; for there will come a day to all of us, when in the giving way of the powers of nature, and in the pouring in of the great water floods, we shall grasp at something which may hold us up, and carry us over. And then, not how much we have searched out and known, not how much we have disputed and prevailed, will help us, but how much we have lived on Christ, and imbibed His spirit.

## THE LORD'S WAY.

The Lord will not suffer the sons of the right-ous to famish; but He casteth away the substance of the wicked.—Prov. x. 3.

THIS language refers to temporal matters, for while the word substance means material wealth, the term soul dignities person or animal life. The Lord may reverse the fortunes of some of the righteous in order to prevent them from becoming proud. He may keep others among them always poor because they are not able to carry a full cup. But whatever may be the nature of His dealings with them He will allow none of them to starve, their bread shall be given them and their water shall be sure.

A good old woman was one day without bread. Two boys who had heard her speak of God's kindness, resolved to test her faith. One went to the top of her house with a loaf in a newspaper, and sent it down the chimney, while the other watched her at her window. The old woman went down on her knees, and thanked God for the bread. The boys entered her house, and the one who had watched, said—"It was Jamie who gave you the loaf." "That may be," replied the old woman, "but it was our Lord who sent Jamie with it."

The wicked who have riches may suppose that these are so well guarded as to be absolutely safe. This is a mistake, as the proverb before us clearly teaches. The Lord does not say when He will cast away their substance. It may be tomorrow, or it may not be for several years to come. Inasmuch, however, as He declares that He will cast it away, how can it be secure?

These words of Solomon are a commentary on the apostolic expression, "Godliness is profitable unto all things." They have also been illustrated in every age of the world's history.—Psalm xxxvii. 23.—Rev. Dr. Maule in "*Morning of Life*."

## YET MODERN.

THE Bible is just as fresh, timely, and modern as if written to-day. It is ancient—indeed, the oldest of books, but not in the least antiquated, nor inapplicable to our times. Genesis has a youthful freshness, and the Gospel is "good news" and "glad tidings," as of old. Unbelievers have prophesied for ages that it would soon lose its hold on human credence, but it has steadily gained in strength, and is now dear to more hearts, trusted with larger faith, and loved with deeper affection, than ever before. Conceited rabbis have assumed to outgrow its gracious lessons, and scorn the faith of those who delight in its promises, but shame has covered the scorners, while believers have been honoured. Other religions have risen and died, but the religion of the Bible gains strength with its age. Nature and science have been pitted against it, but the mists have risen, and, behold, they are friends; the voices of nature confirming the teachings of Scripture. Way should it not be so? The Bible reveals God and salvation, and man always needs them; the Bible offers comfort, and the whole race hungers for its possession. Want and supply are ever fresh, modern, never out of date on earth. So long as men are sinners, the Bible will be to us the Book of books. So long as souls hunger and thirst, so long will the bread of heaven and the water of life be required to satisfy their longings.

## BEGIN THE DAY WITH PRAYER.

EVERY day should be commenced with God. The busiest and the best man in Jerusalem was wont to say, "In the morning will I direct my prayer to Thee, and will look up." "I will sing aloud to Thy mercy in the morning." Daniel, too, saluted his God with prayer and praise at early dawn. We begin the day unwisely, and at great risk to ourselves if we leave our chamber without a secret conference with our Almighty Friend. Every Christian, when he puts on his clothes, should also put on his spiritual armour. Before the day's march begins, he should gather up a portion of heavenly manna to feed the inner man. As the Oriental traveller sets out for the sultry journey over the burning sands, by loading up his camel under the palm-tree's shade, and fills his water-flasks from the crystal fountain which sparkles at its roots, so doth Christ's pilgrim draw his morning supplies from the exhaustless spring. Morning is the golden hour for prayer and praise. The mind is fresh. The mercies of the

night and the new resurrection of the dawn both prompt a devout soul to thankfulness. The buoyant heart takes its earliest flight, like the lark, toward the gates of heaven. One of the finest touches in Bunyan's immortal allegory is his description of Christian in the Chamber of Peace, who "awoke and sang," while his window looked out towards the sun-rising. If even the stoney statue of old heathen Memnon made music when the first rays of the dawn kindled on the flinty brow, surely no Christian heart should be dumb when God causes the outgoings of the morning to rejoice.

## DISHONESTY BEGINS AT HOME.

THE crying sin of the day is dishonesty. One hears much of it in public life; but there is too much of it altogether in private life. And its cause is to be found in the want of self-control in the indulgence of tastes and appetites. Reckless, extravagant living is at the bottom of it all. If this living had any true foundation in any hearty desires for desirable things, there would be more hope of amendment. But when one comes to see what ill-gotten gains are spent upon, the outlook is a sad one. Dress, display, amusement, costly things bought just because they are "costly"; wealth won evilly, merely that it may be wasted foolishly; these are the signs of a time which it is not pleasant to contemplate. If a man loves any one thing—say rare books, or pictures, or objects of any kind, or music, or science, so well that for the sake of the one thing in which he would be rich he is willing to be poor in everything else, no matter though his choice be an unwise one according to the best standards of choice, he will yet have a motive which will help to keep him upright. But for those who love none of these things, but simply desire them because it is the habit of the time; because, like pampered children, they must needs cry for whatever they see just out of their reach; for them is needed the wholesome self-discipline which shall teach them to let alone whatever is not theirs. And the beginning of this self-discipline is in the home. Parents must teach their boys and girls the great lesson of doing without whatever cannot be fitly theirs. There need be no niggardly restraint, but in some way the first lesson for childhood should be that of earning its pleasures. To get whatever it craves as soon as it asks for it is the worst training a child can have.—*Churchman*.

## "CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM."

HOW much the anxieties of life are increased by forgetting the little but comprehensive word "all" of the text! What father might not learn a lesson from his child, with whom he is starting for a journey? His little boy says, "Father, you will have to carry the big bag, I cannot; and I will carry the little one." The strong father smiles, and says, "I think you had better let me carry both." They start. After a few minutes the little bag becomes a great burden, and the child, overheated and weary, says, "Father, you had better take the little bag too."

One of the greatest lessons of life is for a child of God to let his heavenly Father carry every burden; to cast all his care upon Him.

Little trials are a Christian's temptations. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "Truly," says Archbishop Leighton, "the godly are much in the wrong to themselves by not improving this their sweet privilege. They too often forget this their sweet way, and fret themselves to no purpose; wrestle with their burthens themselves, and do not entirely and freely roll them over to God." Many a man who never doubts God's care of the whole Church to the minutest particular, is tempted to distrust God's interest in the little things that concern his own daily life. "Do I confide in Him," says the same writer, "for the steering and guidance of the whole ship, and shall I peevishly doubting and distrusting about my pack in it?" The same age that invented the telescope, brought out the microscope. The grace that reveals distant things as near, ought to discern our least cares as great to a father's love. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—*Christ's Treasury*.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY ARTHUR MURSELL.

WHEN invited to offer a few small contributions to this paper, the first difficulty which opposed itself was that of finding a topic, and I began to fear that I should have to whistle for one; and I had indeed begun to do so, when my little bird, hanging up in his cage, began to whistle too. It was a strange note, quite unusual with the little singer, and fell into a kind of threefold chirp, which in its monotonous repetition beat itself out in my musing brain into the very polite sentiment, "Ladies first, ladies first—ladies first." I thought I would take the hint, and try to offer a hint or two upon a point on which I fear advice is much more often tendered than taken, namely, the choice a woman ought to make of the home which she will fill.

It may, and doubtless does appear incredible to most minds, but it is nevertheless a fact that a lady did once really ask my counsel in an *affaire de cœur*, and took it too. I never was more embarrassed in my life, and never tried to wriggle out of giving a deliverance with greater eagerness, but it was extorted at length by those coaxings which adamant cannot resist, and the cream of my sapience will be found in the following remarks to "all whom they may concern."

There are many who will contradict me, but I am well convinced that man has more to gain by marriage than a woman, and that the woman runs a greater risk than man. The masculine temperament is more restless, and the masculine tastes less domestic than the feminine. Man cannot bear retirement so well as woman, and he seeks either excitement or rest, and until he finds the latter in a home of his own, he seeks the former elsewhere.

We find more young women who can make themselves contented over a novel and some knitting, or who are to be appeased by cats and crochet, than young men who can be happy over a paper, even though sweetened by a pipe. Tobacco and the *Times* soon cloy. Moreover, most young men live alone, and if they want society they must go out to look for it. Young women, on the other hand, live either with their parents, or along with their working companions in their houses of occupation, or in lodgings where they consort together. There is more sociality in their places of abode than in those of young men; and so there ought to be, because, being debarred from nearly all the sources of diversion which young men possess, such as reading-rooms, debating clubs, and public-houses, they require some set-off against this deprivation in the sociality of their dwellings. And here, in this difference of the home lot of each, we find the reason why a man should seek marriage, and why a woman can afford to be cautious in her choice.

Some men seem to think, and act upon the hypothesis, that because a man is usually the actual and active bread-winner, all the advantage is on the woman's side; that his is the sacrifice, and hers the gain. A coarser blunder never muddled a stupid head or hardened an unfeeling heart. The man who has found a thoroughly domestic wife, has found the most lucrative, or perhaps we ought to say productive, investment for his earnings which the money market can offer. If he will use his home as a home, and not as a sort of house of call, or a left-luggage office to stow away his wife and children in, he will find it quite as cheap to keep half-a-dozen in homely comfort as to keep one in vagrant dissipation. Loving is cheaper than loafing. And the husband has no one but his wife to thank for all the comforts of that home. It is she who makes the home for him, not he for her. If he has bought the chairs and tables, and if he pays the gas bill, she creates a rest and comfort that no chairs and tables can supply, and fills it with a light which money cannot purchase, or gas companies produce. A cottage, plus a good wife, becomes a home; a palace, minus a wit, becomes a den. Then pray, Mr. Cobles, with your Cocker's arithmetic calculations, let us hear no more about the gain being all upon the woman's side. What has she left to become the fellow-bearer of the burdens of your life? You found her contented with her lot, and independent. She could have done very well, as far as bread and cheese went, without you. You didn't marry for her sake, but for your own, and you have the lion's share of the advantage, in having a home which is worthy of the name, and a heart which can sympathise with your trials. So get rid of the delusion as fast as you can that you confer an advantage by leading a lady to the altar; it is you who

seek the advantage, and "he who findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

If it is true that the balance of advantage is on the man's side, it follows that the balance of previous wariness and caution should be upon the woman's. It is more his interest than hers to leap, and therefore more incumbent upon her to look before she leaps. The incidence of the trouble arising out of an ill-assorted union, although terrible enough to both, falls most heavily upon the heart and shoulders of the wife. The husband has more distractions than she can very well command, and a mistake in marriage is more supportable to the man than to the woman. Then the advice of the little bird to the "ladies first" is "Look before you leap." Look at the bidder for your hand, and see that he looks at you. Look at his face. Do not reject him because he has not the face of an Adonis; for remember the curls of Hyperion may shade the craft of the satyr. But see that it is an earnest and an honest face—a face that looks straight at you. The little bird will not go so far as to say you should not have any confidence in a man who does not always look straight into your eyes. It is not so easy to look point-blank at a pouting pair of lips, and a roguish pair of eyes, and a dimpled pair of cheeks, especially when you are bent upon the "annexation" of these possessions; and a sidelong glance may be only the index of a genuine feeling. But you must try to distinguish between what is coy and what is sinister. This will become more apparent from the mode in which the suit is pressed. If a man begins to talk pounds, shillings, and pence—to boast about his business or his reputation, and to turn his pockets inside out to show how rich he is, let him see that these are not the baits with which a true heart is to be caught. Ask yourself a few questions as to the probable inducements he may have for seeking your hand. Yes—I know he has seen your pretty face, your curls, your various charms; I know he has beheld how bewitchingly you can waltz, and heard how enchantingly you sing and play. But my bird, although a little bird, is an old bird, and does not stop to pay compliments. So he advises you to use every means of ascertaining whether your admirer is honestly charmed by these fascinations, or whether anything more sordid or less pure lurks behind. If he is so captivated that he cannot help himself, and *must* pop the question, still you can help yourself, and need not all at once say, "Yes," or even, "Ask mamma." Your irresistible charms are sure to nay some one else, so you needn't be desparate. It is a grand mistake to act on the idea that any man is better than no man at all. It is not good for *man* to be alone; but it is far better for a woman to be alone than to have a bad husband. When a man parades his pocket and his position instead of pleading his true regard, it is a *prima facie* presumption that he aims at the purse as much as the person of his quarry. And, whatever the world's garrulous magpies may say, *my* little bird denounces all mercenary marriages as hateful profanations and ignoble compacts.

Perhaps, however, the rich, and those in good position, usually know well enough how to take care of themselves, without needing any further precautionary chirps from my little bird. But it still whistles a light note of caution to the humbler class, who are often too precipitate about this life-contract. I don't think balls and parties are the best places to begin this tender quest. The beau who makes the best partner in a quadrille will not, as a consequence, make the best partner in life's rough battle. I do not say, on the other hand, that the loudest psalm-singer will do so either. But my little bird has a friend who once built its nest under the eaves of a place where many Christian people used to meet for worship; and it comes and chirps to my bird sometimes, and it says that it has seen more honest and promising faces, and more signs of earnest loving hearts in the comparatively few young men who join in the worship there, than in the fops of fashion who go drawing through the streets on Sundays with a cheroot, preferring "weeds" to worship, and drinking to devotion. Are not some of our Christian young women to some extent responsible for the fewness of our young men who make profession of religion? I wonder whether they have ever thought of this. The great trouble and complaint with nearly all the leaders of our Christian communities is that there is such a small proportion of recruits drawn from the ranks of our young men. To what extent may this be attributable to serious and well-intentioned young women? Surely a profession of religion is not the prerogative simply of women. Few people, even in

the ranks of what is called "the world," raise any social objections to a woman's identifying herself with religion and religious works. And many quite worldly young men will look for their choice within the orbit of the Christian Church, on the principle that a woman is none the worse for a little religion, and that if she has an inconvenient quantity of it, he can correct that after marriage. Now, it is to be feared that there is a little of the converse feeling on the part of Christian young women, and that they act on the idea that a young man is none the worse for a little irreligion, and that if it runs to excess she can correct that after they are man and wife. There is far more danger of the Christianity being "improved" out of a lady, than of its being infused into the gentlemen. And if a social premium were not placed upon masculine indifference to higher things by the licence and encouragement given to it by professing Christian ladies, we might hope for a little more steadiness and seriousness among our young men, and, as its ultimate result, more respect for and manifestation of, the Christian profession.

As to the "working class," as we call them, this is an age of great professional solicitude about their interests. Philanthropy is active in trying to teach them how to live, what to eat, and what not to drink; but my little bird suggests that we begin too late, and that if we could teach them how to marry, and whom not to marry we should save many a bruised hoarse—the brand of the drunkard's fist. In Lancashire and Yorkshire, where working people swarm most thickly, we see sights which are a burlesque on all that is beautiful in love and sacred in marriage. A boy of eighteen will go out sparrow-catching on a Sunday afternoon into the fields, and he will see a girl of sixteen whom he has never seen before. Perhaps he will sheepishly twitch his forelock to the hoyden, and she will drop a curtsy, and after a little giggling, they agree to meet again on Monday. On Tuesday they go to a "hop" together, get tipsy, and arrange to "get wed," as it is poetically termed. If the man, on getting sober, manifests signs of repentance, his Philomela does her best to make him drunk again, and makes him buy the thickest wedding-ring that can be found, and then they go and get married after three days' acquaintance. Then they turn out into the street, the bride with a market garden of white flowers on her bonnet, and the bridegroom with a sunflower and a cabbage-rose in his button-hole to match a red-and-yellow necktie; and the bliss of married life begins over sundry "quartens" of rum at the "Dog and Partridge." What must be the result? That thick wedding-ring is not the pledge of a husband to a wife, but the pledge of a sot to his "uncle," and stands as the passport to the pawnshop. It is a common enough tale in Manchester, that when about sixty or seventy couples were getting "wed" one Easter Monday in the "old church," the groups got rather mixed, and one of the swains who had been hustled to the outside of the crowd, stood upon tiptoe and cried out to the officiating clergyman within the altar rails "Halloo, hold hard, old chap, you're splicing that fellah with the wooden leg to my Polly." "Never mind, my friend," said the descendant of the apostles, "you can sort yourselves when you get out." I dare say the story is pretty near the truth. If so, it is not so much a thing to laugh at, as to weep over. The little bird looks very glum as it tells the tale; for, with its "bird's-eye view," it looks beyond the grotesque jostling at that altar-rail, to contemplate the future lives of people who have to "sort themselves" as best they may, after having scrambled through a beery farce and called it marriage. The farce comes first, but the tragedy comes afterwards. In high life, the outcome of the many heartless pacts and loveless unions which disfigure social life, is veiled behind the summaries of divorce suits, or in the deeper secrecy of broken hearts. In low life, it speaks with the voice of women's blood and children's tears beneath the profaned altar which should have ratified a holy vow; it is heard in the cry of pain, the curse of hatred, and the blow of cruelty; and the moral of the wreck is pointed in the piercing note with which the bird chirps its lament, reminding all who would love with a true love, and lunk in a lasting happiness, that such a love and such a happiness are only surely guaranteed by One name under heaven among men; and that there is no real union of hearts which Christ has not united.

Woe to the double-minded of God's own; they make a share, half to Him and half to the devil. Indignant at such treatment, that the devil should be admitted to share, the Lord departs, and so the devil gets all.—Augustine.

## GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877

BY REV. THORSTLEY SMITH.

**JANUARY 7. Morning.** GODLY LIVING. (Colossians iii. 12—25.) In this passage we have—1. Qualifications for Godly living (verses 12—17). We must put on, as a garment, bowels of mercies, etc., and especially charity, or love, which binds the several portions of the dress together. Without this *dress of the mind*, we cannot live a holy life, and though by nature we do not possess it, yet ours it may be by faith; for to put it on, is to put on Christ (Romans xiii. 14, Phil. ii. 5), who is offered to us as our pattern and our all. This will lead to the *forgiveness of injuries* (verse 13), to *peace and thankfulness* (verse 15); to *holy song*, (verse 16), and to *patience of motive* (verse 17). This last verse is the kernel of the passage, and is to be learnt by heart, as it ought to be by everyone.—II. Relative duties. 1. *Of wives and husbands* (verses 18, 19). The wife is to be submissive, the husband is to be kind, and not bitter or exacting. 2. *Of children and parents* (verses 20, 21). Children are to be obedient, fathers to be gentle, and not provoking. 3. *Of servants and masters* (verses 22—25, chapter x. 1). This lesson should properly embrace the latter. Servants are to please their masters, to do their work heartily, and to look for their reward from God. There is no respect of persons with Him. The master, dwelling in a splendid palace, and the servant waiting on him as he sits at his richly laden table, are both alike to the great Creator, and both amenable to His authority and judgment.

**Afternoon.** THE KINGDOM DIVIDED. (1 Kings xii. 1—5, 12—20.) Under the reign of Solomon the kingdom of Israel was one, but on the accession of his son, Rehoboam, the ten tribes revolted. Why? First, because Rehoboam despised the counsel of the old men (verses 8, 13), which was wise and moderate counsel; and, secondly, because he took the counsel of the young men, which was vain, foolish, and oppressive (verse 14). The advice of aged and pious men is always to be preferred to that of young and thoughtless ones. The text to be learnt is Prov. xii. 5—"The thoughts of the righteous are right, but the counsels of the wicked are deceit." So Rehoboam found it; and many a divided kingdom, and family, and school, have proved it to their cost.

**Jan. 14. Morning.** THE GOOD NEWS. (Matt. ii. 1—12.) In the year A.D. 4, Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The word means "the house of bread," and He comes to be "the Bread of Life." From the east, probably Persia, came wise men, led by a mysterious star or meteor, to Jerusalem. Persia was the seat of the Zend religion, which contained some remarkable germs of truth, and these wise men, or magi, were priests of that religion. A general expectation existed in the East that about that time one should come out of Judea who would gain the dominion of the world, and seeing this remarkable star the magi took it as a sign that he had come, and hence they left their country, perhaps with a large retinue of attendants, and came to Jerusalem. Here they inquired, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? (ver. 2) Herod the Great, a cruel despot, was now on the throne, and called himself king of the Jews; hearing this he was greatly alarmed, and inquired of the chief priests where the Christ, the Messiah, should be born. Prophecy had said in Bethlehem (Micah v. 2), and thither Herod sent the wise men, telling them to inquire, and saying, but he did not mean it, that he, too, would come and worship Him. The star which had led them to Jerusalem now moved towards Bethlehem, and stood directly over the place where the young child was. Great was their joy when they saw the star again, and still greater was their joy when they saw the child Himself. It was to them like the message of the angel to the shepherds (Luke ii. 10), glad tidings of great joy, and these glad tidings are intended for all people, Gentiles as well as Jews, down to the end of time. Learn and repeat this last text.

**Afternoon.** THE SIN OF JEROBOAM. (1 Kings xii. 25; xiii. 6.) In what did the sin consist? It was twofold. To prevent the ten tribes going up to Jerusalem to worship, he made two calves of gold, and set them up, one in Bethel on the southern border of his kingdom, and the other in Dan on the northern border, and he caused the people to worship these calves in violation of the law (Deut. xii. 5; Exod. xx. 4). And, further, he made priests to offer sacrifices to these calves, not of the tribe of Levi, which God had chosen, but of the lowest of the

people (ver. 31). But what happened? A prophet out of Judah came to Bethel, and as Jeroboam was himself offering incense, which according to the law he had no right to do, declared to him that his idolatrous worship should be overthrown (Chron. xiii. 1, 2). One, Josiah of the house of David, should be born, who on these very altars would burn the bones of men, which prophecy was literally fulfilled (2 Kings xxiii. 15-20). Angry with the prophet, Jeroboam attempted to lay hold on him, when his hand was dried up as a sign that this should come to pass. He was distressed, and in answer to the prayers of the man of God his hand was restored to him, though he deserved no such mercy. How sad it is when the leaders of a people—their kings, their prophets, or their priests—cause them to go astray? Learn Isa. ix. 16; and keep yourselves from idols (1 John v. 21).

Jan. 21. *Morning.* THE INFANT SAVIOUR. (Matt. ii. 13-23.) The magi entered the house, not the stable in which Jesus was born—for about forty days had transpired—and now there was room for him in some dwelling or other. Here they pre-

sented to Him their homage, and laid before Him their precious gifts. *Gold* they offered to Him as a king (Isa. ix. 6), *myrrh*, a gum which exudes from a thorn tree, and which on account of its antiseptic properties was used in embalming the dead, they offered to Him as a prophet; *frankincense*, another costly gum of a very pleasant odour, they offered to Him as a priest. These magi were rich and opulent, and presented their best to the new-born Saviour, as we also ought to do. Mary received these gifts, and thus all her wants were met. (verses 11, 12). Learn Luke i. 32. Herod sought to destroy the young child (verse 16), and Joseph was warned in a dream to carry him down to Egypt. First, for His safety; secondly, to show God's care of the Holy Child; and thirdly, for the fulfilment of prophecy (verse 15). For as God called the collective people of Israel out of Egypt, so He would also call His only begotten

Son (verse 19-23). But what did Herod? He slew all the infant children in and around Bethlehem probably from thirty to fifty—but he died a miserable death, of which you may read in Josephus, "Antiquities," book xvii. 6-8). Joseph did not return with his charge to Bethlehem, but went to Nazareth (verse 23) for Jesus was to be called the Nazarene—that is, the despised one, according to some writers, but according to others, the germ or branch (Zech. vi. 12; Isa. xi. 1), from the Hebrew word "netzer."

*Afternoon.* OMRI AND AHAH. (1 Kings xvi. 21-31) Omri became King of Israel, and bought of Shimei the hill Samaria for two talents of silver, amounting in value to £750, and built a city on it which he made his capital, calling it Shechem, after the name of its owner. Here he was buried, after a wicked reign of twelve years—six in Tirzah, which he captured from Zimri, and six more in Samaria. He was succeeded by his son Ahab, who sinned above all that were before him. He built a temple, and reared an altar for Baal, the sun-god of the Phœnicians, etc. (Isa. xlvi. 1). He married Jezebel,

who was a zealous worshipper of Baal, and he made a grove Asherah, which was the name of a goddess, called here the grove, perhaps because her image was the straight stem of a tree, or because her worship was celebrated under the shadow of several trees. In Ahab's reign, and under his direction, Hiel rebuilt Jericho as a fortified city, but did so to his cost (verse 31, Jos. vi. 26). Learn Prov. xiv. 11.

Jan. 28. *Morning.* JESUS BAPTIZED. (Matthew iii. 13; iv. 11.) Jesus came to John the Baptist to be baptized. John wondered and objected: but Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now," etc. Why? Because He was the representative of humanity; because John, at this moment, was superior to Him in office; and because in His baptism He was to receive the unction of the Holy One. In a dove-like shape (Luke iii. 22) the Spirit hovered over Him, and abode upon Him, and a voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son," etc. Here the whole Trinity is united (John i. 32, 33). There is no evidence that others saw this scene. It was probably private, and took place in the Jordan, not far from the Lake of Galilee. Upon it followed

Christ's temptation, which was threefold. 1. To mistrust of God (chap. iv. 3); 2. To over-trust, or trusting without authority (ver. 6); 3. To distrust, or not trusting at all (verses 7-11). The agent was Satan; but how he gained access to the spotless mind of Christ we do not know. It is possible to be tempted in all points, and yet not to sin (Heb. ii. 15). To every temptation this should be our reply: "It is written"—and if that is not enough:—"Get thee behind me, Satan."

*Afternoon.* ELIJAH THE TISHBITER. (1 Kings xvii. 1-16.) So called, perhaps, from Tishbel, a place in Upper Galilee. In answer to his prayer—(James v. 17)—there was a drought in the land for three years. How was he sustained? 1. At the brook Cherith, on the Jordan, of which he drank, whilst ravens—not Arabs, as some have thought, but birds—fed him. They were under God's control, and brought him

bread and flesh each day, no doubt from a considerable distance. 2. When the brook dried up—further the ravens could not bring him water too—by a widow woman. Zarephath was situated on the Mediterranean Sea between Tyre and Sidon. Observe the prophet's request (v. 10), and mark the woman's faith. Elijah was a stranger, yet she believed his word; and she obtained a rich reward. Day after day her barrel of meal and her cruse of oil were re-supplied. Learn Job v. 20; and think of the care which God takes of His servants who put their trust in Him; but He does not always supply their wants long beforehand. The prayer we are taught is for *daily bread*.

"I never go to church," said one; "I spend Sunday in settling accounts." "The day of judgment will be spent in the same way," was the reply.

Subscribe a blank submission, and put it in Christ's hands. When Christ draweth blood He hath skill to cut the right vein; and when He openeth the vein He taketh nothing but ill blood from His sick ones.



## SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

BY THE LATE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The last time Rowland Hill occupied the pulpit at Surrey Chapel, nine days before his death, he addressed the teachers of the Southwark Sunday-school Society. The tender solicitude for the welfare of the schools, breathed throughout this address, proves how dear the work was to his heart, and that he could foresee a splendid future for these institutions over which he had watched so long. This address is the last he uttered in public, and is pervaded by that quiet power which was one of the chief characteristics of his preaching, and which was due to the sincerity of his purpose, the directness of his aim, and his conscious dependence upon the help and blessing of the Spirit. There is real heart music in this Swan Song of the venerable pastor, the echoes of which, even at this distant date, may afford counsel and stimulus to the workers in the holy cause.

ADDRESS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

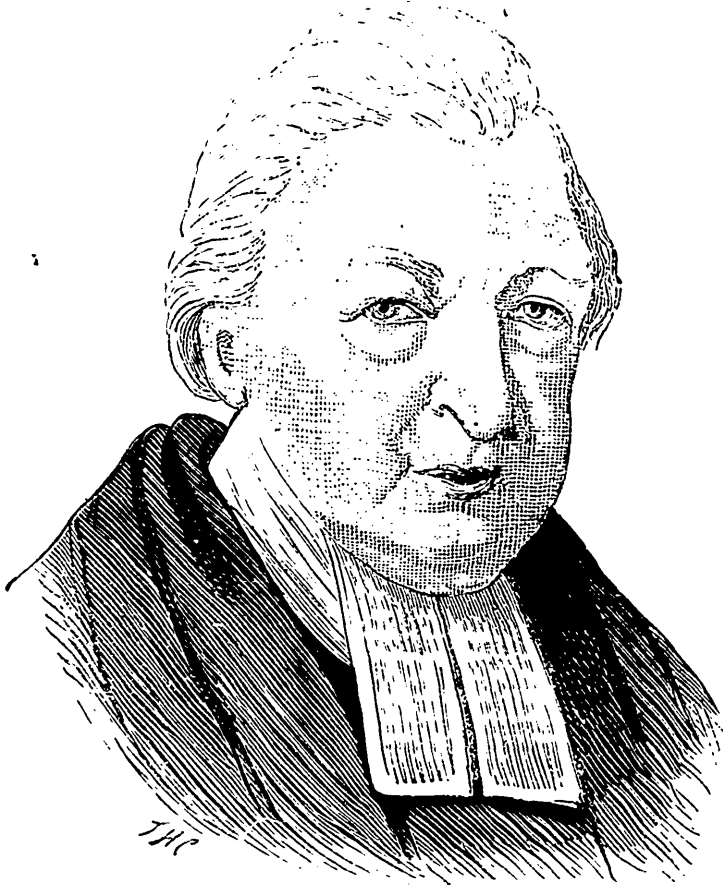
THE instruction of the human mind is of the highest importance. The wisest man that ever lived undoubtedly was the Lord Jesus Christ, who is wisdom itself in the hearts of all His people when He inspires salvation to dwell within them; but next to him was Solomon; and he very wisely says, "For the soul to be without knowledge," or instruction, "is not good." Our good missionaries are gone abroad into many heathen parts of the world; and they there find mankind left totally uneducated, to be monsters of iniquity among themselves: so bad are they that they will scarcely let their fellow-beings exist among themselves, from the cruelty of their own savage dispositions. In Scripture, flesh is everywhere mentioned and recorded to be in a most depraved and wretched condition; so that it is said "they that are in the flesh cannot please God." And there is another expression,

though not so plainly worded, perhaps, "The carnal mind," which is the same as the fleshly mind, is as bad as the devil himself; it is "enmity against God"; and worse cannot be said of human nature, or of any creature, than that it is "enmity against God."

Oh, my dear brethren, I love you. God bless you; and God grant that you may live a long time after I am dead, to do abundantly more good than I have lived to see done. But, however this may be, remember there is no good but what must come immediately from God. It is all darkness; it is all death, and hell, and sin, till we are born of the Spirit. You are no more fit, as you have been already very properly told, for this important office, without the influence of Divine grace upon your hearts, than a dead man is fit to perform the functions of animal life. No; if you are instrumental in doing good to others it must always be from the principle created

in you by God having first accomplished that good in your own hearts.

Hence it is to be lamented that while education in general may be looked upon as a blessing, it is literally by no means to be esteemed as a blessing to all. I really do feel, and I think I have too much evidence of it, that in many instances, merely teaching children to read, to go carelessly to a place of worship on a Sunday, and leaving them otherwise uneducated, is only putting a weapon into their hands which they can never use well till such a time as they are taught by the grace and Spirit of God how to use it. Bibles will not convert men, excellent as they are, but as the spirit, and life, and power of the Scriptures is brought home to the heart; it is otherwise but a dead letter to them that are "dead in trespasses and sins." So then, my dear brethren and sisters (for you all equally may do good), pray particularly for much of the life and power of God to possess your own dear souls. May you be lovely, excellent, and zealous Christians, walking before God in a manner well-pleasing in



THE LATE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

(Engraved from the Portrait in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's book.)

His sight, remembering that as He who hath called you is holy, so are you to be holy in all manner of conversation and godliness. Indeed, you will never desire to do the work of God, but it will be done by drudgery, till such times as righteous desires are implanted in your hearts by God Himself, whereby you will be directed. As preachers are not to be content with displaying their ability in setting forth a fine sermon, to gain the admiration of the people; so you will travail with these little children in birth till Christ be formed in them; and, it strikes me, then you will be taught to teach them as Christ teaches us all. I think you will feel, while you have them before your eyes, desirous not only to teach them the letters of the book, but the spirit and the meaning of the book which they are taught to read. I think you will be instructed to understand that it becomes you particularly to remember the children of poor parents; and that it is your business to do with them, instrumentally, what God has done to you, we trust, spiritually and powerfully—made you feel the glories of His regenerating grace, and to know what it means by having the blessed experience of the same upon your hearts.

Now, here is before us a holy book; you will be naturally instructed, I conceive, to mention to your children the infinite holiness and purity of God in Himself; how He never can behold sin but with infinite detestation and abhorrence; and you will never see the children before you but you will endeavour to make them detest and abhor it too; and you will tell them that all their miseries arise from their inward corruptions, and that these must be subdued in them before anything that is good can be truly practised by them. I don't merely say this to those that give exhortations to children; I speak to you all as teachers. While you have your little classes before you, do endeavour to drop something of what

you know that may be instructive to them; and endeavour to give them really to see the odiousness, the excessive odiousness of sin; and lead them to that power whereby alone grace may be implanted to counteract their natural corruption; for we cannot tell how soon grace may begin in a poor child. God be praised, in this sacred volume we are told that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God could obtain strength. And while the Pharisees in their spite and enmity could cry out against Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him," the little children could cry out in the temple, and say, "Hosanna to David's Son, and to David's Lord." I say you cannot tell how soon God begins with the human mind. I did think, till I considered it more deeply, that we were carrying things a little to the extreme by the education of children in infant schools. I now think quite otherwise; I am very well convinced we cannot begin with them too early; the earlier they are brought under the regulations of a religious education the better; aye, better indeed for us who are living in the present generation, and infinitely better for the children themselves, who are to form the next generation, when that Divine knowledge, through the blessing of God on your instructions, has been so communicated to the mind that that fine glorious passage is accomplished in their hearts, when they are made in their early days to "abhor that which is evil, and to cleave to that which is good."

From these considerations, my dear brethren, you will be taught, that with tenderness of heart, and affection for the good of the souls of the children, nothing is done well but as it is done in the spirit of love. Love is the fulfilling of the law; love melts, and nothing else but love can melt the hardest heart, the stony heart; and make the heart of stone become a heart of flesh. You will dwell on the lovely story how Christ Jesus came and offered Himself a sacrifice for sin. You will tell the child, in the language he can best understand, the need of being acquainted with the Saviour, how they should love Him, and what obligations they are under to obey Him. Then you will lead them to the perceptive part of the word of God; for that is the second part of the business. First, you teach the child what he is, and what he must be, before he can be a good child; and when he is made a good child, after grace has possessed the heart, then you may teach him the practice of goodness; tell him how he should behave himself. You cannot sow good seed in uncultivated ground: let the ground be first well fallowed and broken up. O God! send down the conviction of sin on the children of the rising generation; and then we will do all we can to show, among such little sinners as these are, what grace there is in Christ to change their poor little hearts, and to teach them in their early days to be devoted to the love and service of the living God. I don't think you do a quarter the good you otherwise would in merely teaching a child to read, unless you remember that yours is a Sabbath-day school, and teach them to read, and to understand what they read, that they may be the better for it.

Now, it is a matter of fact that the rising generation will be an extremely corrupted generation, unless the grace of God, that brings salvation, be early communicated to their hearts, "teaching them to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts." Faith teaches this; but we don't understand anything about grace but as it is divinely communicated from above. See, therefore, that children are taught to look for this gift, that they may be instructed in those things that relate to their everlasting peace. And though we should not be proud of it, yet we should be thankful for it. Consider the blessings that are frequently the result of all this. I thank God that we have some (the Lord make us very humble) labouring in the ministry of the word who had their first instruction in our Sunday-schools; and there are a great number of good people who have got themselves well associated by being connected with good people, and connected constantly with each other, whereby we have those that watch over each other wisely and well. I look upon it they cannot do otherwise than live to God, since the Lord has honoured them by placing them among the honourable tribe of Sunday-school Teachers.

Yes, my dear brethren, you are doing an abundance of good; and you know not what good may yet be done. The more you are filled with the grace of the Gospel to teach, the better you will be enabled to do this in a good and spiritual manner. Oh, may the Lord send down upon your dear souls ten thousand thousand times more of that spirit of wisdom and understanding, that sweetness of Divine knowledge, that love to the precious souls of men, that love, one towards

another, and especially towards the children of the poor; and may He set your tongues at a gracious liberty, and make you find that though dear is a sacrifice made by attending these schools, yet the Lord is pleased to make the sacrifice a pleasant one, in giving you to see that your labour, as you have already been told, "shall not be in vain in the Lord." I remember that a poor man once met me at the corner of the street, and produced before me a little bit of paper, asking, "Will you be so good as read this for me?" I said to him, "Can't you read yourself?" He replied, "No, sir, I was not born in the days in which there were many Sunday-schools; but my children can read very prettily, and they read to us after I have done my labour; and we never were so happy as since we have taken to read religious books, to look into our Bibles, and to pray that we may be governed by their contents." The Lord grant that you may have many such instances as this, in making many a family that is a hell full of wickedness, to be a little heaven, by God Himself dwelling in the midst of it; for we live unto God when the Spirit lives in us. Hence it is that you will judge that it is in vain to instruct any of the rising generation but as they themselves receive early instruction from God, and are taught the necessity of being themselves regenerated and born from above. And indeed the doctrines of Divine grace, though mysterious ("How can these things be?") may be explained, and I doubt not will be, in language of that description as that children of an early growth may be led to understand it. Cannot you tell them of the pride and anger of their hearts, working in them the evils that are produced there? And cannot they be told that these evils come from the evil nature within them? Cannot they be told how grace can subdue these iniquities; how God can give them early repentance for early crimes; and how He can renew their hearts in a wonderful, wise, and gracious manner, even in their first setting forth in life? God be praised, we have instances set before us sometimes of this sort, in a remarkable, sweet, and happy manner.

Alas, my dear brethren, that I cannot now serve you as I would. My strength is gone, but my heart and affections are where they always have been; and I am particularly anxious to drop this, my last testimony, on behalf of your important office which you have undertaken, in instructing the poor man's child, and the present rising generation. Go on, my dear hearers! God bless you in every effort! Pray much for His Holy Spirit, that you may have the spirit of eminently wise holiness dwelling in your minds, and that you may be taught how to instruct children in the best of wisdom in their early days.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast,"—don't be wavering in any part of your duty—"unmoveable," that will prove that you are steadfast, indeed, if there is no moving you from it. We cannot imagine how much we increase in the work of the Lord, but as we abound in it. "Always abounding in the work of the Lord." Oh, there was a time when preaching to me was but trifling work; I was very glad to go from town to town, and from village to village, and preach the Gospel to as many as I could. You are young; use your youth for God and His glory while you have time. Remember that it is in time alone that you are to do good. We can do more good on earth than we shall be able to do in heaven, it is done beforehand there; there will be no good to be done in heaven; there will be a good deal of good to receive there, but it is all done; so remember this is the time to do good. Here you are amidst the enemies of God, and here you may prove His glorious strength. May the blessings of the eternal God be abundantly poured down upon you, that you may always abound in the work of the Lord; and as you have already proved, you shall prove that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. Many a good preacher has been already raised up from Sunday-schools. I will not mention some names that I could mention; and for this reason you will say, that they were poor Sunday-school boys before they became useful and efficacious ministers of Christ; but that should not deter us either. Some Sunday-school teachers have been called from that occupation to the work in which they are now stationed, and which they are filling with credit, and to the eternal salvation of the souls of many.

May the God of all grace give you all the blessings that you need in the work; and may the blessing of God be with you all the evermore. Amen.—Reprinted, with a few abbreviations, from Rev. V. J. Charlesworth's "Life of Rowland Hill," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

## CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

### A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY M. A. PAULL.

WITH what soft yet pitiless beauty the snow came down that New Year's Eve!

New Year's Eve! After the joy and mirth of Christmas, men and the world they live in alike seem to take a quiet breathing time, an opportunity for reflection as the old year solemnly dies, and the new year steals into its place like a timid child, ushered into its untried existence by the pealing of the bells. But the bells were ringing out the *old* year as I, completely caught in the snowstorm, turned under an archway in the old cathedral City of Exeter to gain a shelter. It was a strange weird night. The moon was at full, and the heavy billowy snow-clouds drifted swiftly across her, driven along by the wild north wind.

"Bitter weather this, my friend, but only a shower of snow I hope," said I to a man who stood near me in the archway as I shook myself and my umbrella, and then stepped further into its shelter. He grunted some rejoinder, and shrugged his shoulders, but seemed in no mood for talking. This irresponsiveness on his part, left me at more leisure to look round at my other companions. I suppose every one has been caught in the rain or snow and taken shelter from it as I did that New Year's Eve, so every one knows the kind of average companions in misfortune one is likely to have. Little ragged boys and girls with very thin garments, to whom an additional wetting is a dire trouble in cold weather, ladies with neat clothes, unwilling to injure them by exposure; chance men of all kinds, women with babies, and poor old creatures of both genders who should be comfortably housed and warmed without the need of seeking such temporary refuge, but who, alas! are not.

As I looked round, my eyes were involuntarily attracted to two women who were standing very near each other, and yet who were, in appearance almost as differently circumstanced as it was possible to be. The one a pretty-looking young lady of almost any age between twenty and thirty, well dressed and warmly clad with cloaks and furs; the other, whose countenance was one of the sweetest and purest imaginable, stood shivering in her poor threadbare garments, and holding in her arms a bundle carefully wrapped in thick brown paper. Neither of them had any umbrella, and probably each had turned under the archway for this very reason.

The bells presently broke forth anew, at a church near by, and the wind played with the music in wild sportive glee, tossing it hither and thither in exuberance of fun. Sometimes the echo of the bells swept down the archway and away to the street beyond; anon it was broken, and only fitful snatches of sound, now soft, now loud, seemed to reach us.

"A pretty tangle of music," I said, looking round at the delicate lovely face of the young woman with the bundle.

"Yes, sir," she rejoined timidly, her eyes, sweet and playful, upraised to mine. At the same moment the young lady, accepting my remark as if it had been addressed to herself, began a conversation. I answered her, as in politeness bound, but will admit that I was not quite pleased by the turn which my talk had necessarily taken.

There was a lull in the storm soon, the moon shone out clear and cold and bright. There was a general movement under the arch; the children ran out, an asthmatical organ-grinder shouldered his instrument which he had rested on the ground, and before the snow had quite ceased to fall, we heard him in a neighbouring street patiently pouring out his music, such as it was, into the quiet ear of night. Women drew their shawls closer over their babies and hurried off, the young lady still lingered; I thought, but I will not be quite sure, that she looked meaningly at my umbrella, I am quite sure she thought me a bore for not volunteering the escort of myself and it. But I, with considerable hardness of heart in regard to her, had already decreed myself and my umbrella for other duty. A few flakes of snow would not endanger her health, comfortably wrapped as she was in sound warm garments, and if she caught a cold she might stay at home and nurse it by a warm fire; but what might not the snow, and the cold, and the exposure do for the sweet fair woman beside her? She was preparing to go, I saw her lift her bundle more securely into her arms. She drew near the mouth of the arch, glanced up at the moonlit sky and, with a gentle "Good evening, sir," to myself, the

only person who had spoken to her, she stepped out from her shelter.

"I beg your pardon," said I hurriedly, "my umbrella is at your service," and as I spoke I opened it, and held it over her, "and you must also allow me to give you my services as umbrella carrier."

The young lady beside me bit her lip at this, not because I was a particularly fascinating man by any means (all the fellows at my college told me I was persistently ugly), but because it is naturally mortifying to a pretty woman to find another—and as the world goes—an inferior style of person, preferred in any way to herself. The carrier of the bundle coloured deeply and looked confused.

"No, thank you, sir, the snow is scarcely worth an umbrella now."

"I must beg you not to refuse what I offered in sincerity and kindness," I said frankly, "it will be a real pleasure if you will let me do this little common-place service."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir."

So we started together; I lifted my hat to the young lady we left, and when I took the bundle from the arms of my companion, I was astonished at its weight.

"I hope you will trust me a little further," said I, "and let me carry this for you."

"You are very kind, sir," she said, and was again silent. I was only a curate when I was caught in the snow, and many years have intervened since then, but I often recall that quiet walk in the dying year, with the bells pealing around us from the beautiful Cathedral, and the many churches of that fair Devonshire city on its Exe River. My companion trod beside me with light steps, her gentle yet dignified bearing checked my curiosity. I should have liked to have asked her many things, but could not. We had turned into a rather low part of the city near the river, and I was regretting the hard necessity that compelled this fair girl to make her home in such an ungenial neighbourhood when we met a little girl, poorly but neatly clad, who came up to us, rather shyly.

"Oh! Nanette, how came you out at this time of night, my dear child?" asked my companion.

"Oh! Aunt Lucerne, grandmother was so anxious," said the little maiden; "she could not think what detained you, so I said I would go and look for you."

"The snowstorm detained me, dear; but I wish you had not come out. Run on and open the door for us."

"You will come in, sir?" she said to me, as we came near a very small house, one of a row mostly occupied by poor people, in a narrow lane called Willow-lane, "I am so unable to thank people, but my mother will thank you for me."

"I should like to see your mother," said I, and entered the house after her.

The little parlour into which she conducted me was bright and pleasant; squalid as was the neighbourhood, a few plants stood in a stand in the window, and the articles of furniture in the room, though very old, had evidently once furnished a very different residence. An old lady, tidily and warmly attired, sat by a cheerful fire; two little boys, about four and six years old, played quietly on the hearth-rug at her feet.

"This gentleman has been so very kind, mother, as to lend me his umbrella; there has been such a storm, I was obliged to wait for it. And he has carried my bundle too; do thank him for me, mother, while I put the boys to bed. Nanette, set a chair by the fire, dear; and now, poor little sleepy ones, I am ready. Come, Tom; come, Charlie."

The boys kissed their grandmother and sister, and came round shyly to me before they went to their aunt, who stood in the open doorway. I was glad to remember that I had a paper of goodies in my pocket, with which to cement our newly-formed friendship, and they went off with it happily to bed.

"Sir, you are a clergyman?" said the old lady, inquiringly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Lucerne won't like it if I boast of her," she said, smiling, "but it is so seldom I see anyone besides my child of my own old position in life, that you must forgive a garrulous old woman if she can't help talking of that which concerns her most."

Whereupon I explained how I had seen her daughter under the arch, and had felt it a true pleasure to be allowed to help her even in the slightest degree. "Your daughter's sweet face and perfect manners are the index of a good, pure heart."

"They are, indeed, and Lucerne can't help showing that she is a lady; I often tell her she looks more elegant in her poor old clothes than many women do in the richest costumes. But, sir, I should be glad if she could obtain better remuneration for her labour. She cannot leave her home because of myself and the children. I need a great deal of her help, for I am paralysed, and these three dear children, they are all that is left to us of my only son, and Lucerne has undertaken to provide for them. He, poor fellow! was not successful. He was an artist, and there are no means whatever left: he and his wife both died of fever in some imprudent place they went to, abroad. Charlie was a baby then; Lucerne went off to them in their trouble without a thought for herself, and managed everything, I can't think how, and brought home the children, and she has taken care of us all ever since."

"Noble girl!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"I owned a nice house in the city," said the old lady, "and this little one here; my son unfortunately got through some money of ours as well as his own little fortune—poor dear Tom! he was not a business man. We have let my house that we used to live in, and the rent is a nice help, thirty pounds a year; but Lucerne has to work so very hard, poor dear! to make up the rest."

"And what does she work at?" I asked.

"Honiton lace-making," said the mother. "You brought home that bundle of things for her to trim with delicate narrow lace; she also makes a great number of most exquisite collars and other articles, and she always designs her own patterns. Most fortunately for us now, she learnt the art when a child from her nurse, who used to keep her quiet for hours, teaching her more than I knew of, or should have approved of at that time; but now it is a great resource for us. Our only trouble is, she has to wait so long for payment. She has rarely the opportunity of selling her work direct to the purchaser, and thus she loses much of the profit, and is sometimes kept waiting for a long time for her earnings."

I promised at once that I would use my influence to procure some more remunerative orders. I was the favourite nephew and godson of a very rich and very kind-hearted old aunt, who was quite a connoisseur in laces, and I felt I might depend on her employing Lucerne when she learnt the story of her noble struggle against adversity for the sake of others.

In the midst of our talk, Lucerne appeared, and as she took her lace-pillow from a cupboard and sat down to work, she said, "Now, Nanette, bed-time, dear!"

The gentle child came to me courteously to say "good night," but her pretty, demure little face became dimpled with smiles when she received a bright shilling for a New Year's gift. Presently we heard her young bird-like voice singing Keble's sweet hymn, "Sun of my soul," "as a lullaby," Lucerne said, "to herself and her brothers." Before it was finished the little voice ceased, and the children were in the land of dreams. We were busy down stairs, the dear old mother and I looking over the exquisite patterns of lace which Lucerne kept treasured in an old workbox, the while her nimble fingers flew in and out with the bobbins like magic; and I, who had been caught in the soft beauty of the snow, was now equally caught in the delicate tracery of the Honiton lace. I found it difficult to leave that peaceful home, and stayed so late that I was obliged to apologise; but the old lady declared my visit had done her good, and after that what could Lucerne do but smile on me as she bade me "good night"? I walked home through the sweet bell music which mingled with the music of my hopes, and I watched the new year in, with wonderfully happy thoughts of what the future might and should bring to me, if by all my efforts I could win the love of the noble woman I had met that night.

I don't think I need lengthen this story, my sensible readers must know by this time that I was caught by the heart in that snowstorm. But they could not even guess the trouble I had to convince Lucerne that it would be for my good if she became my wife. There are difficulties even in a woman's selfishness. She could not give up her scheme respecting the children, and she could not leave her mother, and for a long time she positively refused to burden me, as she called it, with her family cares. But "Persevere and conquer" was my motto. The world without Lucerne was very dark to me, and directly I was offered a living I persistently refused to accept it, unless she would consent to share my vicarage home. She called me obstinate, and wilful, and unwise, but at last gave way. And the rambling, lonely old house belonging to my living in a Cornish sea-coast parish would have been far less cheerful without the dear mother and the merry children, and

what it would have been to me without my Lucerne I do not care to think.

## TREASURES.

Treasures of wickedness profit nothing, but righteousness delivereth from death. Prov. x. 2.

AN individual has been in business for several years. Has he been successful? To answer the question with accuracy, he must carefully consider two things—his profits and losses and then strike the balance. Let us do this for the man who has accumulated material wealth for wickedness. He has been pursuing his crooked and fraudulent course for half-a-century. He is now in the winter of life, and on the margin of eternity. What has he gained? As much as to make him worthy of the designation, a millionaire. None of his wealth has ever flowed into his being so as to become a part of himself. It could not do this, but it is invested in beautiful surroundings and well-tested securities. What has he lost on account of his wickedness? The affection of his fellow-men, the smiles of his own conscience, the happiness of doing good to others, the favour of God, and a thousand opportunities of being prepared for a glorious immortality.

The word righteousness signifies a life of faith in God, love to God, and constant obedience to His will. He who has this righteousness is in possession of a most invaluable treasure. It has merged into his being, and is more a part of himself than his blood. It is colouring his thoughts with its beautiful tints, purifying his affections with its radiant light, and moulding his conduct into all that is ennobling and God-like. It has delivered him from spiritual death, since he is a member of the Divinely-adopted family. It has delivered him from temporal death, because it has changed the hissing, stinging, poisonous serpent into a calm and gentle sleep. When he goes away from the body like the Arab from his tent, it will lead him to everlasting life.

Observe Dives, who was wealthy yet wicked, and Lazarus, who was poor yet righteous. In life, Dives had pleasure, Lazarus had blessedness. In dying, Dives was all alone, Lazarus was encompassed by holy angels. In eternity, Dives is in misery, Lazarus is in Abraham's bosom. Look on this picture and on that. Beneath the one we must write profitless, and beneath the other profitable.—*Dr. M'Aslane.*

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

Pause, my soul! a week has ended,  
One the less for thee below;  
In this week there hath been blended  
Hope and fear, and joy and woe.  
Weary heart! Thou canst not murmur,  
O'er the sky a bow is cast;  
One week to thy haven nearer,  
One week nearer to thy last.

Pause, my soul! a week hath ended,  
What its record borne for thee?  
Whom oppressed hast thou befriended?  
Who the happier been for thee?  
Hast thou love for hate requited?  
To thy neighbour wert thou true?  
What, my soul, hast thou neglected?  
What performed thou shouldst not do?

Pause, my soul! a week hath ended,  
Time is bearing thee away;  
Only for awhile extended  
Is the life we live to-day.  
What may be upon the morrow  
God in mercy hides from thee;  
But so live, come joy or sorrow,  
As thy day thy strength shall be.

Oh, if the heaven and the heaven of heavens were paper, and the sea ink, and the multitude of mountains pens of brass, and I were able to write that paper within and without full of the praises of my fairest, my dearest, my loveliest, my sweetest, my matchless well-beloved!

If the weakest saint is only leaning on the Lord, he is stronger than all the powers of Satan, because the Lord is within him.

## OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

G. F. ROOT.

*Moderato.*

1. Be - yond the dark riv - er of death, Be - yond where its wa - ters are swell - ing, The home of my spi - rit is

CHORUS.

wait - ing for me, The land where the ransomed are dwell - ing. No night in that beau - ti - ful home, No

shade on its glo - ry is seen; The won - der - ful riv - er of wa - ter of life Flows soft thro' the meadows of green.

2 No grief in that beautiful home,  
No sorrow can enter its portals;  
But glad are the voices that join in its song,  
The song of the shining immortals.

*Chorus*—"No night," &c.

3 No tears in that beautiful home,  
No sin from our Saviour to sever;  
The King in His beauty our eyes shall behold,  
And join in His praises for ever.

*Chorus*—"No night," &c.

## HEROES OF THE COVENANT.

BY FULTON SMITH.

DEEP, deep in the heart of every Christian (who looks back upon the history of his country so far as that is a record of the struggle of "the faith once delivered to the saints" against the inroads of apostasy) lies cherished the memory of those who nobly maintained the cause of sacred truth. The Christian does not necessarily "pin his faith" to these memories, as did the Jews to their traditions when they said, "We have Abraham for our father," but he finds his own faith and hope strengthened, when in thought he reverts to the men whose names are enshrined with historic interest in the annals of the nation.

The story of many parts of Scotland, of whole tracts of that highly-favoured land, is but the narrative of hardships endured by godly men and women who stained with their life's blood the heath-covered hills of their native land. The rugged mountains, while often affording a temporary hiding-place to the Lord's chosen, were as often the scene of heart-rending struggles of defenceless women and children against the fiendish attacks of their persecutors. Deprived of the freedom to worship in the state churches, the Covenanters were compelled to resort to the hills and glens, and there assembled, worship the God of their fathers. Rarely did the conventicles (as they were contemptuously called) assemble without interruption from the soldiery who were ever on the alert for these stolen meetings. The Lord's Supper was frequently celebrated on these occasions, and precious, very precious, were they to the hearts of the good people.

The officiating clergyman, with solemn mien, and uncovering his silver locks to the breeze, would engage in earnest supplication with the Almighty for His blessing on the bread and wine which symbolised the sufferings and death of their risen Saviour, whose cause was so dear to each heart. Then would follow an address of earnestness and pathos which made the hearts of the stoutest and bravest melt with tenderness as the thought occurred it might be the last word spoken or heard by minister or people. A terrible reality pervaded these meetings such as can scarcely be realised under any other circumstances. Yet these assemblies were the unmistakable protest of a people who claimed their just rights to civil and religious

liberty. And we are now enjoying the benefits which that protest implied. If, then, our Protestantism was only sustained by such heroism which involved the sacrifice of so many of our ancestors in defending their hearths and homes, ought we not to see to it that our faith is maintained against the onslaughts of a more subtle foe, which does not meet us with "swords and staves," but attacks the citadel of the heart?

The persecutions of Claverhouse and his party were not always confined to extracting confessions from grown men and cruelly shooting them at the threshold of their homes in sight of their families, as not unfrequently happened, but innocent childhood was made the subject of their inhumanity. One instance is recorded of a godly minister who had sought a refuge amongst the wilds of the hills in Upper Lanarkshire. A little fellow of ten summers, his only child, was daily in the habit of carrying provisions to the aged servant of God. The boy was discovered by Claverhouse, who was in search of the old man, and was very eager to have him taken prisoner. He questioned the boy, and on ascertaining the relation he held towards the object of his pursuit, demanded of him where the father was in hiding. The child would not disclose to the cruel monster the hiding-place, whereupon Claverhouse took him by the arms and held him over the brink of a dreadful precipice, threatening to let him drop should he not answer his question. The boy fearlessly looked down the dreadful abyss, and turning his eyes upon the savage who held him, said, "I would rather die than tell you where my dear father hides. He tells the people of the love of Jesus, and"—a shriek rends the morning, and then all is hushed the mangled corpse of 'little martyr' lies far down the steep of that awful ravine. Similar instances of barbarity were not uncommon in those days, and strange to remark, the same varieties of cruelty and persecution characterise the operations of opposition to Christianity, whether amongst the Vaudois, or the Bohemians, in the days of Huss, or under the Inquisition in the Netherlands, and in Spain. The Apostle Paul foreshadowed all this in the closing verses of the eleventh chapter of his epistle to the Hebrews.

The banner of "Christ's crown and covenant" still waves fearlessly over Scotland, proclaiming to the world that the light of Gospel truth, like the burning bush of the wilderness, *Nec tamen consumebatur.*

In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your heart.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

A third annual Christian Convention has been held at Dublin, in the Leinster Hall of the Exhibition Palace, and has been largely attended by ministers and laymen from all denominations of the Protestant Church in Ireland, Great Britain, and the continent. The subjects for consideration at each session were too numerous to be specified in our contracted space, but they were carefully discussed, and a deep spirituality marked the entire proceedings of the convention, which extended over four days, and were closed by a "praise meeting," at which the Junlee Singers were present and assisted.

The Wesleyan Revival Mission has continued its work, and has extended throughout the country, local causes preventing the holding of the services simultaneously. Reports from the various centres give evidence of much success. In many places the services have been prolonged, and there has been a gratifying ingathering of souls into the Church.

A mission is appointed to be held in the churches of Manchester early in the new year. It is looked forward to with much interest and expectancy. The series of special services held recently by the Rev. W. H. M. Atken in the cathedral and in St. Ann's Church of that city were remarkable in their power and their results, and the more widespread efforts about to be made in all the principal churches of the city and suburbs will give abundant exercise for the zeal of those who came under the influence of the great revival preacher.

Special meetings for the military, organised by the Rev. W. J. Heaton, military chaplain, have been held weekly, during the last two months, at the William-street Wesleyan Schoolroom. They have consisted of the chiefly of readings and lectures (the latter occasionally illustrated by the magic lantern), and have been enlivened by vocal and instrumental music. The meetings have been well attended alike by the military and by civilians. Mr. Heaton has also given a series of lectures on "Our Own English Bible," on Thursday evenings, in the Shooter's-hill Iron Chapel.

The first Protestant Church in Constantinople was opened in 1846. There are now seventy-six in the Turkish Empire, of which a third are self-supporting and independent. Four "evangelical unions" have been formed for mutual counsel and aid. Connected with these churches are congregations aggregating 13,000, with a population of over 18,000 native Protestants.

The restoration of the old Abbey of St. Alban's, which is the largest church in England, is progressing, and Dr. Cloughton is spoken of as the probable bishop of the new see. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, is said to have given his assent to a request that he should become bishop of the new Cornish diocese of Truro.

The Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, both Established and Free, are giving attention to the spread of intemperance, and have been devising schemes to counteract the vice. The last Sunday in the year will be employed by many of the ministers in the preaching of sermons on the sin of drunkenness, which for many years has prevailed to an alarming extent at the New Year.

The Irish branch of the Evangelical Alliance has been resuscitated, and associations are being formed in almost every town and village of considerable population. Lecturers and deputations have been appointed to advocate the principles of the Alliance throughout the country. At a meeting of the council, at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, the Right Hon. W. Broke, who presided, and the Rev. D. Mullen, secretary, broadly stated the character and object of the Alliance to be the making of all Christians to consider one another brethren in the Lord, notwithstanding the peculiarities of each, and to promote the spirit of union which they had witnessed at the late convention.

The cause of temperance progresses, and is ably advocated by men of the foremost rank in the Church. The recent utterances of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, and the Rev. Basil Wilberforce are pregnant with importance. In the sermon of the latter a few weeks ago, in St. Paul's Cathedral, taking for his text the words of Joel ii. 1, "Sound an alarm," Canon Wilberforce said that the drink traffic was poisoning the blood of England at its very source. In connection with the temperance mission week in Southampton, the Nonconformist Temperance Society held a meeting in the Watts Memorial Hall, at which the Canon was also present and spoke, observing that total abstinence was being recognised by men of science and the clergy as a real power in the country, and he urged his audience to make the temperance movement a religious one, and to feel that they were working for God and Christ.

Within a short period death has singled out several whose names men have delighted to honour. Of these, on the 7th Nov., expired Dr. Waddy, an eloquent preacher and a masterly debater, the originator and, for fourteen years, governor of Wesley College, Sheffield, and president of the Wesleyan Conference in 1859-60. On the 21st of the same month, the eminent philanthropist, George Moore, succumbed to the effects of a street accident in Carlisle, and thus ended a life which, while greatly blessed by God in the bestowment of much worldly prosperity, "sought not its own," and has been rarely equalled in the extent of its beneficence.—On the day following (Nov. 22) died the scholarly Dr. Beard, well known as the author of several educational works, which have done much for self-culture.—The death of Sir Ekanah Armitage, in the eightieth year of his age, took place on Sunday, Nov. 26. In early life, working as handloom weaver, by dint of perseverance he rapidly rose to a high position in his native city, became Mayor of Manchester in 1846, was re-elected in 1847, was knighted for his prompt suppression of the riots of 1848, for a short time was M.P. for Salford, and in 1860 was made high-sheriff of Lancashire. He largely supported the cause of Congregationalism, and contributed nobly to local and other charities.—George Dawson's death took place suddenly, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, on Nov. 30. Though popular in Birmingham as a preacher, he was more generally known as one of the first lecturers of the day; and though by some he was considered as a reflex of Carlyle and Emerson, his power and originality were recognised by many who differed from him in opinion; while his earnest denunciations of insincerity and the frivolities of the age commanded the esteem of all who, with himself, loved the honest and true.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Quiver*. Vol. XI (London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). Interesting without being flighty; thorough and practical, without being dry; homely, yet not commonplace; earnest and logical, without bigotry, the "Quiver" is our ideal of a religious magazine for the people. The complete tales in this new volume are especially good—"The Pennant Family," a Cornish wreckers' story, tragic in its scenery, and devoutly earnest in its lessons, is the gem of the whole. "Across the Plain," a homely story that cannot fail to win the hearts of the readers; "Gold in the Sky," somewhat sensational, but in the main true to life, and many other shorter tales. Then we have the late Dr. Spence's articles on "The Beauty of Holiness," written in his inimitably robust style, clear and logical, and breathing the true spirit of Christian love; "Thoughts on Christ's Life," beautifully expressed by an anonymous author; "The Later Christian Fathers," encouraging us in well-doing; "The Martyrdom of St. Stephen," by Dr. Hanna, whose name is a guarantee of sterling worth. The "Quiver Bible-class" is ably conducted, and "What the Spirit Saith to the Churches" is worthy of prayerful reading. To enumerate the many winning tales and words of advice for the young, the short, pithy articles on almost every imaginable Scriptural topic, the beautiful poems, and, in fact, half the attractions (not forgetting the illustrations) would occupy more space than we can afford, and we can therefore only counsel our readers to buy this new volume of the "Quiver," and if they are only half so well pleased and profited in the reading as we have been, they will be amply repaid.

*Rev. William Jay's Works*. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. a Vol.) We are glad to see this reissue of the great preacher's works. Commendation on our part is unnecessary; everyone knows the value of these discourses, and we simply call attention to this cheap and handsome edition.

*Rowland Hill: His Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings*. (By V. J. Charlesworth. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)) We had previously read two biographies of Rowland Hill, and did not expect to find novelty in Mr. Charlesworth's volume. But we were agreeably surprised. The book is written with great care and fidelity, and the story of the veteran preacher's life and labours is an interesting and instructive one. We have selected one of the most practical discourses for our monthly sermon, and the portrait is also engraved from the frontispiece. Mr. Spurgeon prefaces the book in a most genial and characteristic manner.

*The Pilgrim's Progress*. As originally published by John Bunyan (London: Elliot Stock.) Mr. Stock deserves the thanks of the whole reading community for his admirable series of reprints, of which this volume is one. Type, paper, and binding are reproduced with a fidelity that reflects great credit on the publisher.

*The Biblical Museum: Genesis and Exodus*. (London: Elliot Stock.) Mr. Comper Gray possesses remarkable facility of condensation, and all his works are marked with that terseness and thoroughness which are the delight of the hard-reading student. The present volume, the first of the Old Testament series, should be possessed by all who would read the Scriptures understandingly.

*The History of Protestantism*. By Dr. Wylie. Vol. II. (London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.) In this large and profusely illustrated volume, the author records the triumphant progress of the Reforming army "against the devil's falsity and darkness." The story of the Swedish Protestants, with their enthusiastic self-devotion, the heroic defence of God's Word by Zwingle and his handful of followers—the Reformation Confession at Augsburg—the noble work done by Calvin and Melancthon—the grand devotion and sublime abnegation of self of the Waldenses—the chivalric though headstrong patriotism of the Vaudois—Black Bartholomew and its surrounding horrors—all this, and much more, does the volume graphically describe. Dr. Wylie has achieved, in the production of this work, a reputation as a historian second to none; Catholic in the extreme, painstaking to the last degree, terse and concise on every point, and displaying erudition of a high order, this book cannot but be regarded as one of the completest and most reliable histories of the glorious Reformation that this country has ever known.

*Kind Words*. Vol. VI. (London: Sunday School Union.) Mr. Clarke, the genial editor of *Kind Words*, has good reason to be proud of his new volume. Every page is worth reading, and there is an entire absence of the padding so very often found in children's serials. W. H. G. Kingston is to the fore with a stirring nautical story; the Editor tells "Sales out of School"; "Archie Dunn" narrates some most remarkable "Stories," while we have papers on Physiology, Biography, Poets and Poetry, Natural History, and a thoroughly interesting and instructive assortment of tales and short sketches. Then there are "Nuts to Crack," "The Young Author's Page," and sundry other details in which the youthful readers can play their part, and the boy or girl who cannot appreciate *Kind Words* must be made of very hard metal indeed.

*The Morning of Life*. Vol. II. (London: Sunday School Union.) This is a magazine "for young people," but of a rather more advanced class than the readers of *Kind Words*. As such, it will doubtless be very acceptable. The best feature to our mind is the short series of articles on "The Proverbs of Solomon," by Dr. McAulane. We quote one elsewhere.

*Christmas Fare* (*Kind Words'* Christmas number) is exceedingly good in every way but the printing.

*Child's Own Magazine*. Vol. V. (London: Sunday School Union.) A most attractive volume. The imitation olograph on the cover is very effective, and within there is nothing left to be wished for. The printing is certainly superior to the other "Union" publications.

*The Lay Preacher*. Vol. I. Third Series. (London: F. E. Longley. 3s. 6d.) Many a hard-working minister and lay preacher will be glad to have this volume. It is crammed full with good things, and yet every detail finds its own place. This volume is not intended to supply brains to the indolent, but to help and stimulate those who, knowing a good deal, are thereby enabled to realise how much they do not know.

*Pulpit Echoes*. Vol. II. (London: F. E. Longley. 2s. 6d.) A volume of thoroughly representative sermons, and an excellent companion for the sickroom.

*Pennel*. Vol. I. (London: F. E. Longley. 2s. 6d.) The best, cheapest, and most representative volume on the subject of Scriptural Holiness we have seen.

*Life Thoughts on the Rest of Faith.* By Dr. Mahan. (London: F. E. Longley 3s. 6d.) Dr. Mahan is now verging on fourscore, and this, his last volume, shows that he has still all the freshness and vigour of youth. The book is enriched with a recent and very striking portrait of the author.

*Cluster Laach, and other sketches.* By Emilie Searchfield. (London: F. E. Longley. 2s. 6d.) Miss Searchfield has given us a very readable book, and one that should not only please and interest, but do the reader good. The five stories of which the book consists are most touching in their pathos, and though somewhat marred in their general features, there is yet in them the true ring of sterling metal, of love to God and zeal for His service. Our readers looking out for a Christmas present would do well to see this book, which is tastefully got up.

*Victor, the Little Orphan.* By Lizzie Glover. (London: Stock. 3s.) All honour to Miss Glover for her warm-hearted sentiments. We could only wish her capacity had been equal to her will. As it is, the book is a sad jumble of incident and moralisation, wanting in coherence and point, and evidencing a sad ignorance of the rules of English grammar and composition; and, as a whole, a credit neither to author nor publisher, and exceedingly dear.

Messrs. Partridge's Volumes for 1876 *The Friendly Visitor, The Infant's Magazine, The Children's Friend, The British Workman, The Band of Hope Review.* Bookbinding may almost be considered one of the fine arts to such perfection has it been brought. Messrs. Partridge have long held a prominent position for the excellent manner in which their works are produced, and the New Year's volumes seem better than ever. The first three on our list are very tastefully bound, and a well-executed chromo is inserted on the side of each volume, producing an exceedingly striking effect. As for the inside illustrations are of course good, and the reading matter all that could be desired. *Infant's Magazine*, full of pretty pictures and big type, for the very wee ones; *Children's Friend*, with its interesting stories, puzzle-pages, and instructive articles for the elder children; and the *Friendly Visitor*, with its homely counsels and pleasant chats for everybody. All that need be said of the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review* volumes is that they are as good as ever.

Messrs. Bunn and Co. have asked us to notice the various novelties they are now introducing to the public. We have seen their Tyrolean Musical Box, Timepiece, and Printing Press, and they are certainly most ingenious, and of excellent workmanship.

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Rest in the Lord—leave, saith our God,  
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Is God's own cure for fretting;  
Rest in the Lord, and find His Word  
His peace in thee begetting.

Rest in the Lord, though faint and weak,  
By foes and fears surrounded;  
Faith in His name can ne'er bring shame,  
Shall never be confounded.

Rest in the Lord, and all that comes  
Thou'lt find His will intended;  
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Or, patient, toil for Him and wait,  
They hear His fingers on the latch,  
If early He do come or late.

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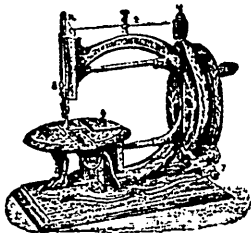
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