

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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EDITORIAL.

GOD'S RULE FOR GIVING.

It is one of the strange and startling facts of our day, that there are so few Protestant churches that can boast of a sound and scriptural system of finance. Each church has a system of doctrine, and a system of government, which it professes to find somewhere in the Bible, but where is the church that ventures to assert that its system of raising money is founded on Divine authority? The fact is, that the great and good men who reformed the church in the sixteenth century were so engrossed with illustrating and defending the fundamental articles of our common faith, the weightier matters of the law, such as Justification and Regeneration and Sanctification, that they were led to depreciate the positive ordinances of Christianity, such as the Sabbath, and more especially systematic beneficence, as dealing with money which they knew to be the root of many of the evils from which they laboured to deliver the church. It is only lately and especially in connection with the call to extended missionary work, that the voluntary churches of Britain and America (roused also by the appeals and expositions of such men as Rev. Mr. Harris, Rev. Mr. Ross, and Rev. W. Arthur, the modern apostles

of systematic benevolence) have turned to the Word of God for light on the relation in which gold stands to the gospel. This great truth is now therefore beginning to assert itself very generally (a new era for Protestantism) is the truth, viz: that in the Bible Christians can find, not only a complete system of doctrine, and a definite system of government, but also a *clear and comprehensive system of finance.*

An American author, Wm. Speer, whose essay on the Science of Christian economy, has come to hand since our article on this same subject appeared in our *March* number, says (after studying with prayer every text from the beginning to the end of the Bible which relates in any way to money) that:—

"He has been led to the overwhelming conviction that God has, in his omniscient wisdom and forethought and grace through Christ Jesus, made known to the New Testament church a sufficient rule for giving, and the principles which should regulate it. The preparations for it in the Old Testament, the preaching of John the Baptist, the personal teaching and example of the Son of God, the antecedent and succeeding instructions of the Epistles and the book of Revelation have given to this *Rule*,—wonderfully brief as it is, and simple and easy to be remembered and adapted to all life's wayfaring men, so that though fools they need not err therein—a dig-

nity and a power which prove that it is divine."

It would indeed seem strange that God, who so carefully fixes down and limits the proportion of *time* that belongs to Him, should leave to man's wild and wanton will the proportion of *substance*. If it needs a barrier and boundary to guard our time from being devoted entirely to self, how much more is it necessary that some bounds be set to that overmastering passion of the human heart—love of money—which is the root of all evil.

When we turn, therefore, with unprejudiced hearts to the Word of God, we find clear evidence (as we endeavoured to show last month): 1st. That God has always, from the days of Eden, claimed a share of man's earthly possessions. This claim he can no more forego with safety to man's welfare and to his own authority, than he can forego his lordship over man. This is the *homage* which the vassal owes his Lord, the refusal of which (compare Gen. xli. 10, margin, and 1. Sam. x. 27, and Psalms ii. 12, lxxvi. 11) is a sign of rebellion involving forfeiture of lands, outlawry, and even death, but for God's great mercy. 2nd. That the proportion of substance has been fixed as definitely as the proportion of time. Just as the number *seven* is applied to time and acts of worship, so *ten* is applied to means and substance for the maintenance of the ministers of religion, and the edifices and forms of worship, as we endeavoured then to prove.

But to complete the rule for giving it is necessary that definite periods of payment be fixed. In the money affairs of men the precise time on which an obligation to pay matures is fixed in writing, and among business men it is considered of the greatest importance that payment be made on the day. This law is so vital to commercial transactions, that commercial men

view it as a calamity if they are hindered from meeting on time the recurring obligations of rents, salaries, notes, and bills. Failures to meet engagements depreciate the value of government debentures, or bank stock, or railroad shares. "The first thing," said a well-known financier talking to Mr. Speer about Christian finances, "the first thing to be secured is *periodicity*." *Periodicity* is a striking feature in God's movements in nature. The heavenly bodies have their periods, (so have the seasons, so have day and night) which they observe with un-failing regularity; in this they are an emblem of God's moral government, and a lesson to his church. We therefore find the *periods* for giving fixed in the Jewish economy (which was the Church under training for Christ's coming), like the grand and regular march of the forces of nature. The new-moon, the first fruits, the day of deliverance from Egypt, the seventh day and the seventh year, and the seventh year multiplied by seven, all this to train God's people to habits of *punctuality* and *periodicity* in the offering of their gifts to the Lord.

The same law of regularity and system is enjoined on the New Testament Church in the memorable words of Paul.

"UPON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK LET EVERY ONE OF YOU LAY BY HIM IN STORE, ACCORDING AS GOD HATH PROSPERED HIM, THAT THERE BE NO GATHERINGS WHEN I COME." 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

"The most consummate financier in modern ages," says Mr. Speers, commenting on these words, "can add nothing to, and take nothing from this brief rule. It contains every important principle necessary to the accomplishment of the great end in view. All that is needed is simple obedience to it, in order to fill the treasuries of the Christian Church, to secure for the church that favor of God, which follows

from conformity to his will, and to supply means sufficient to send the gospel to every creature. It is suited to be a *complete, abiding and universal rule*. It is one which should be put on the walls of every house of worship, which should be written in the memory and heart of every professor of religion, and which should be taught to every child that has been consecrated to God in baptism."

It is not our purpose to analyze at present these remarkable words in which Paul their Apostle enjoins on the Gentile Christians in the Provinces of Galatia and Achaia the system of finance which had prevailed for ages among the Jews. This task we may undertake some other time, but in the meantime will content ourselves with some general observations.

THE AUTHORITY.

1. The *authority* with which Paul speaks is worthy of notice: "I have *given order*." In the original the verb here is the same as that used concerning our blessed Lord. "When Jesus had made an end of *commanding* his twelve disciples." Paul, here, therefore lays down rules on finance for the New Testament Church with the same authority with which Moses laid down rules for the Old Testament Church. If we refuse to abide by his ruling on this subject, why not refuse to abide by his ruling on such subjects as Sacraments, office bearers, relative duties, and many other things. It is really strange to see people searching the Epistles with microscopic eye to ascertain whether they authorize the use of hymns and organs in worship, and yet passing this text as unworthy of notice, which is as clear as the sun on a point which, in comparison with music, is in the great work of conquering the world for Christ, as the *music* of an army is to its *commissariat*. If Paul had happened

to say "I have given order that there be an organ in every church" people would never hear the end of it; but when he gives an order that touches the pocket, people find it difficult to understand what it means, or cry out that the order was for Corinthian and Galatians, not for Anglo-Saxons and Americans.

THE MOTIVE.

2. The *motive* is striking. Let our readers remember that the directions for raising money come immediately after the triumphant demonstration of the *resurrection of the dead*: "O death where is thy sting, . . . Therefore my beloved brethren be ye . . . always abounding in the work of the Lord, inasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord, . . . and concerning this collection . . . upon the first day of the week." We see clearly the channel in which ran the Apostle's thoughts. A carnal church like that of Corinth is very stingy about money matters and touchy about reference to them. It is an instance of the wisdom of the Apostle and his expertness in the art that conceals art, that (in order to sanctify gold to Christ and remove his readers from their usual atmosphere of cold, selfish, criticism whenever money is mentioned) he brings in this "*queen of virtues, almsgiving*", as the early fathers call it, right on the heels of the resurrection of the dead, and in connection with *future glory*. It is indeed an excellent commentary on the words of Christ: "*Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.*" Just as people in Europe who intend emigrating to America send, a-head of them, portions of their means to meet them in the bank with interest on their landing, so Paul and Paul's Master give it as a motive for liberality that what we pay out here in behalf of Christ shall meet us again up in heaven. "Make to yourselves friends the mammon of unrighteousness."

THE SUCCESS.

3. *Success* always attends this scheme where the people are intelligent and conscientious. On this point it is best to reason by *instances*. We give therefore the following without approving of the plan in all its details as the experience of the Rev. G. K. Ward, who thus writes about his congregation in Dansville, U.S.A.

Some weeks ago the writer received a communication from the chairman of Committee on Foreign Missions, setting forth the pecuniary needs of that Board, and asking from the church of which he is the pastor, a contribution of one dollar and a fraction per member, as a reasonable assessment for the year 1876. The receipt of this communication has prompted the following account of my own experience during the past two years, in meeting the demands of the Boards of our Church. It is presented in the hope that the suggestions which it contains may be the means of encouraging others to adopt the plan which has proved so successful in the present case.

During the year 1874 I adopted the old custom of making a special appeal to the charity of my people, upon the taking of each annual collection. The result was unsatisfactory. The Foreign board asked for a contribution of about \$250, and we sent them \$87.16.

There was about the same difference between the amounts requested by, and contributed to the other benevolent objects of the Church.

At the beginning of the year 1875 I introduced what is generally known as Systematic Benevolence. The plan was entirely new to my people, and although their acceptance of it was urged, both upon the grounds of Scriptural authority and evident practicability, it did not meet with general favor. Like most new enterprises, it was looked upon with suspicion, and out of a membership of two hundred and fifty, only fifty were persuaded to make trial of it.

The result of the experiment not only demonstrated its feasibility, but was successful beyond our most sanguine anticipations.

The pecuniary advantage, to say nothing of other benefits, derived from the introduction of a regular system of benevolence, was perhaps never more strikingly shown than in the following tables, the first of which presents a contrast between the amounts contributed for benevolent objects during the year 1874 and 1875, by the congregation of the Dansville Presbyterian church; while the second proves

that this gain was due largely, if not altogether, to the introduction of system.

TABLE NO. 1.

	1874.	1875.
Foreign Missions.....	\$87.16	\$125.40
Home Missions.....	69.19	117.30
Education.....	23.62	40.85
Publication.....	22.66	37.65
Church Erection.....	21.00	62.38
Freedmen.....	20.50	47.86
Relief.....	27.76	66.70
Sustentation.....		10.00
	\$271.89	\$507.64

Increase during 1875, \$235.75, nearly ninety per cent.

TABLE NO. 2.

Showing the sums contributed respectively by the fifty systematic givers, and the rest of the congregation, during the year 1875.

	By the fifty.	By the others.
Foreign Missions.....	\$86.81	\$38.59
Home Missions.....	109.25	8.05
Education.....	25.51	15.34
Publication.....	29.66	7.99
Church Erection.....	46.09	16.29
Freedmen.....	34.00	13.86
Relief.....	46.88	19.82
Sustentation.....	10.00	
	\$387.30	\$119.44

The above table shows an average of \$7.56 to each systematic contributor, and only 59 cents to each of the others.

In calling attention to the above estimate, it is only fair to state that the most liberal contributors are largely included in the systematic class; but we have only to observe that during the year 1875 this class contributed a larger amount, by \$106.41, than the whole congregation during the previous year, to be convinced of the immense advantage to be gained by system.

The plan which we have adopted will be readily understood from the following explanation. During the month of December each member of the congregation, old and young, rich and poor, is furnished with a printed circular, having upon it the objects recommended by the General Assembly, with a blank opposite each, to be filled out with the amounts which each desires to contribute during the year. A duplicate accompanies this, which is to be likewise filled up and returned to the treasurer.

The amount subscribed for each benevolent object respectively, is brought to the church upon the first Sabbath of each month, placed in an envelope provided for the pur-

pose, and the name of the donor is written upon it. The sums are credited in a book, added up at end of year and compared with sum promised.

NO SPASMODIC EFFORT.

4. The unscriptural character of *spasmodic* efforts and catch-penny contrivances to raise money is worthy of notice. "That there be no gatherings when I come." So great was the personal influence of Paul, and the enthusiasm his presence excited that many might reason that it would be wise to leave the gathering of this money till such time as the great apostle himself was present to stimulate, by his eloquence, their lagging liberality. Is this not the way much of the money given to Christ is got in our day. There must be a public gathering and eloquent speaking and exciting music, and when the crowd is warmed up the plates are passed round before men have time to collect their selfish wits. Paul would have none of that. He aims at raising, in Corinth, liberality like an oak that will flourish when the winter comes, when his voice is hushed in the silence of the dungeon, or in the longer and deeper silence of the grave, and not a gourd that comes up when he is there and dies when he departs. When he comes, there will be other things to occupy his attention more important than money, and he directs therefore the Christians of Corinth to do this business of alms-giving in the presence of God who is their judge, and the giver of all their earthly blessings. Let them give their alms "as God prospered them," and never for a moment asking how much does the church need, nor how much do others give, nor how much will please Paul. These are variable quantities, whereas the standard of giving is a fixed quantity and demands not excited feelings but a cool judgment and a tender conscience, with pencil, paper and columns of dry figures.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion we remark (1), That Paul's system of finance, if generally adopted, would revolutionize Christendom. Here is what the *Baptist Weekly* says as to its bearing on that denomination in America: "The average daily income of each man, woman and child in the country is 55 cents. There are 1,915,300 Baptist Church members, whose aggregate daily income, by that estimate, would be \$998,415. One tenth of this multiplied by 312 working days of the year would give, if all good Baptists gave a tithe to the Lord, the noble offering of \$31,150,548." We remark (2), that the doubts and head-shakings with which many meet this subject is no discouragement. All great reforms were met with doubts and head-shakings. There are pleasing indications on every side that the Churches of Christ are about to enter on a new era of liberality and work for the Lord. The *science of Christian economy*, as this subject may be called, is being studied by practical men, (of which fact this little book of Mr. Speers is an instance), and the more men examine it the more they are amazed at the position in which the Reformation Churches have allowed this great question to rest, and the more they see how untenable it is. And (3), it is to be borne in mind that in a question of this kind ministers of the Gospel must come to the front. The Levites paid tithes, and so ought ministers of the Gospel to be foremost in thus devoting a fixed portion of their income to the work of the Lord. It is wise for them to educate by their example and spirit, the flock that expects from them *example* as well as *precept*.

"The amount of money," says Mr. Speers, "which a definite proportion of the incomes of the ministry alone would afford, to aid the work of the Church, far surpasses the imagination of most persons. The salaries of 5000 Presbyterian Ministers (of the U. S. A.)

amount to about \$4,000,000 per annum. The one-tenth of this sum would be equal to the present total average contributions of the whole Church to the Foreign or Home Mission Boards. If distributed among the several boards it would support one-fourth of their entire work. We know, however, that the contributions of the ministry form a large part of the present revenues of the boards, and are, proportionally, greatly in advance of those of the laity."

We believe that, in Canada also, a large proportion of the Missionary income of the Protestant Churches is derived from the gifts of its ministry. But it is doubtful, however, whether any large number of the ministry of these Churches have come up to the full requirements of Paul's rule, and to the full responsibilities of their position as ensamples to the flock.

This may be one reason why so many pulpits are silent, not as to giving in general, but as to the proportions and periods in which the giving should be. Let ministers of the Gospel ponder the sufferings through which the early teachers of Christianity had to pass, when they were made "a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and to men," "when they suffered hunger and thirst and nakedness," "when they laboured working with their own hands," and let them also remember "Him who though he was rich yet for our sake became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich."

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! There's a cross for every one,
And there is a cross for me."

LIVING PREACHERS.

ENTRANCES OF PEARLS.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."—
Rev. xxi. 21.

Our subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbour, and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the top-gallants, you immediately make up your mind that those vessels come from foreign ports, and you say: "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana," and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I

at this time speak, no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkhead have ever come. There has been a vast immigration into that city, but no emigration from it—so far as our natural vision can descry. "There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer. "I have stood in high tower with a mighty telescope, and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon; but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets, no massive wall. There is no such city." Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be

taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and He ought to know: "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment; but "go to prepare a *place* for you."

The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be re-formed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You tell us that if there be material organisms, then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments; but I answer: Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of Eden? Although only a few yards or a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms? Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds; and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are fifty thousand worlds moving. And Professor Lang says that, by a philosophic reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine; so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles.

As a conquering army, marching on to take a city, comes at nightfall on the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they can see the castles they are to capture, rein in their war-chargers and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night; so now, coming as we do on this mountain-top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long look at the gates of the great city. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE GATES.

In the first place I want you to examine *the architecture of those gates*. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamental gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry; the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary; the bronze gate is a representation of intertwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into the stone. Babylon had a hundred gates; so had Thebes. Gates of wood and iron and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mahomedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets hand to the work, and for the upper city He swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on untouched of inspiration. With the nail of His own Cross He cut into it wonderful traceries, stories of past suffering and of gladness to come. There is no wood or stone or bronze in that gate, but from top to base and from side to side it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian Gulf, and another from the island of Margarette; but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and

swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and Bohemian diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gas-light. But O! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday. Julius Cæsar paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together, and lift them, and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries, and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An almighty hand hewed this, swung this, polished this.

Against this gateway, on the one side, dash all the splendours of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. O! the gate! the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side that gate and we are paupers. One step the other side and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. O! gate of light! gate of pearl! gate of heaven! For our weary souls at last swing open:

“When shall these eyes Thy heaven built walls
And pearly gates behold:
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?”

O! heaven is not a dull place. Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. “I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls.”

In the second place I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to

have one expensive gateway, and the others are ordinary; but look around at these entrances to heaven, and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it, all the earth and all the heavens. Twelve gates! I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectarians! Here is a bigoted Presbyterian who brings his Westminster Assembly Catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world: “You go through there or stay out.” And here is a bigoted member of the Reformed Church, and he makes a gate out of the Heidelberg Catechism, and he says: “You go through there or stay out.” And here is a bigoted Methodist, and he plants two posts and he says: “Now, you crowd in between these two posts or stay out.” And here is a bigoted Episcopalian who says: “Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate: go through it or stay out.” And here is a bigoted Baptist who says: “Here is a water-gate: you go through that or you must stay out.” And so on in all our Churches and in all our denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious view.

O! small-souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in at that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, “I can more easily and more closely approach my God through a prayer-book.” I say, “My brother, then use the prayer-book.” Here is a man who says, “I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion.” Then I say, “Let me plunge you!” Anyhow, I say, away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls. The fact is, that a great many

of the Churches in this day are being doctrined to death. They have been trying for twenty-five years to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved, and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them that unless they repent they will all be damned. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jaw-bone with which they are to slay the Philistines when they ought to be wielding skilfully the weapon. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oarlocks. God intended us to know some things, and intended us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world :

MAN, A SINNER—CHRIST, A SAVIOUR.

Any man who adopts those two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in warm grip of Christian brotherhood.

A man comes down to a river in time of freshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do ? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel, and drop everything he has in his hands. He must go empty-handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death and find it swift and raging, we will have to put off all our sectarianism, and lay down all our lumbrous creeds, and empty handed put out for the other shore. "What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian Church into one kind of Church ? Would

you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms ?" O, no. You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your temperament, your surroundings will decide whether you go to this or that Church, and adopt this or that Church polity. One Church will best get one man to heaven, and another Church another man.

I am not opposed to fences being built around denominations of Christians. I am not opposed to a very high fence being built around each of the denominations of Christians ; but I do say that in every fence there ought to be bars that you can let down, and a gate that you can swing open. Go home, therefore, to day, and take your Bible and get down on your knees before God, and make your own creed. I am not opposed to creeds ; I believe in them ; but a creed that does not reach down to the depth of a man's immortal nature is not worth the paper that it is printed on. I do not care which one of the gates you go through, if you will only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus lifted.

Well now, I see all the redeemed of earth coming up toward heaven. Do you think they will get in ? Yes. Gate the first : the Moravians come up ; they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ ; they pass through. Gate the second : the Quakers come up ; they have received the inward light ; they have trusted in the Lord ; they pass through. Gate the third : the Lutherans come up ; they had a great admiration for the reformer, and received the same grace that made Luther what he was, and they pass through. Gate the fourth : many of the Roman Catholics come up who look beyond the superstitions of their Church, and, believing in salvation by Jesus

Christ, they pass through. Gate the fifth : the German Reformed Church pass through. Gate the sixth : the Congregationalists pass through. Gate the seventh : the Baptists pass through. Gate the eighth : the Episcopalians pass through. Gate the ninth : the Sabbatarians pass through. Gate the tenth : the Methodists pass through. Gate the eleventh : the Reformed Dutch Church passes through. Gate the twelfth : The Presbyterians pass through. But there are a great host of other denominations who must come in, and great multitudes who connected themselves with no visible Church, but felt the power of godliness in their heart, and showed it in their life. Where is their gate ? Will you shut all this remaining host out of the city ? No. They may come in at our gate. Hosts of God, if you cannot get admission through any other entrance, come in at the twelfth gate.

NOW THEY MINGLE BEFORE THE THRONE.

Looking out on the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and you cannot tell at what gate they came in. One Lord. One faith. One baptism. One glassy sea. One doxology. One triumph. One heaven. "Why, Luther, how did you get in ?" "I came through the third gate." "Cranmer, how did you get in ?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through ?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKail, the martyr, how did you get through ?" "I came through the twelfth gate." Glory to God ! One heaven, but twelve gates.

In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine, but a distinct announcement. On the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; on the east, three gates; on the west, three gates. What does that

mean ? Why it means that all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up ; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north, three gates. That means mercy for Lapland and Siberia and Norway and Sweden. On the south, three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan and Algiers and Ethiopia. On the east, three gates. That means salvation for China and Japan and Borneo. On the west, three gates. That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark-skinned or how pale-faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. Those behind shot reindeer across Russian snows. From Mexican plateau, from Roman campania, from Chinese tea-field, from Holland dyke, from Scotch Highlands, they come, they come.

HEAVEN IS NOT A MONOPOLY

for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor Castle, built only for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way, and then he measured it that way, and which ever way he measured it, it was fifteen hundred miles ; so that Babylon and Thebes, and Tyre and Nineveh, and St. Petersburg and Canton, and Pekin and Paris, and London and New York, and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present added together would not equal the census of that great metropolis. Walking along a street, you can, by the contour of the dress, or of the face, guess where a man came from. You say : "That is a Frenchman ; that is a Norwegian ; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them irrespective of nationality.

Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime, and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss coming to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing in the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest-fields he left, now that he hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived among the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner of fruit.

While I speak, an ever-increasing throng is pouring through the gates. They are going up from Senegambia, from Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong. "What!" you say. "Do you introduce all the heathen into glory?" I tell you the fact is that the majority of the people in those climes die in infancy, and the infants all go straight into eternal life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority of those who die in Africa, go straight into the skies; they die in infancy. One hundred and sixty generations have been born since the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be fifteen thousand million children in glory. If at a concert two thousand children sing, your soul is raptured within you. O! the transport when fifteen thousand million little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chanting drawing out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf, and Leipsic and Boston. Pour in through the twelve gates. O! ye redeemed—banners lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp.

CROWD ALL THE TWELVE GATES.

Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded until all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in Pagoda, and colporteurs sound it across the Western prairies. Shout it to the Laplander on his swift sled; halloo it to the Bedouin careering across the desert. News! News! A glorious heaven and twelve gates to get into it! Hear it! O! you thin-blooded nations of eternal winter—on the north, three gates. Hear it! O! you bronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats—on the south, three gates.

But I notice when John saw these gates, they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After a while heaven will have gathered up all its intended population, and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Austria in, and the first gate shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All the gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all the other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendour of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels

put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang. 'Tis done! It thunders. The twelfth gate shut.

THE GATE-KEEPERS.

Once more, *I want to show you the gate-keepers.* There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace or castle or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defences before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after a while, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after a while, and heaven, instead of being a world of light and joy and peace and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of these nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves and liars and whore-mongers and defrauders and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there he would pull up their golden pavement. If a house-burner should get in there he would set fire to the mansions. If a libertine should get in there he would whisper his abominations, standing on the white coral of the sea-beach. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through.

O, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to pass through, and you had not a pass

written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gate-keeper would with one glance wither you forever.

There will be a pass-word at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that pass-word is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say:

Let me in, let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges, I built churches, and was famous for my charities; and having done so many wonderful things for the world, now I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up, and they try to get through. They say: "We were highly honourable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honoured on earth, and now we come up to get our honours in heaven;" and a voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another crowd advances, and says: "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we come up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers: "I never knew you." After a while I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anon cry, "Amen! amen!" This one stands at the gate, and says: "Let me in. I was a wanderer from God. I deserve to die. I have come up to this place, not because I deserved it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gate-keeper says: "That is the pass-word, 'Jesus! Jesus!'" and they pass in, and they surround the throne, and the cry is: "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive blessing and riches and honour and glory and power, world without end!"

I stand here, this hour, to invite you into any one of the twelve gates. I tell you now that unless your heart is changed by the grace of God, you cannot get in. I do not care where you came from, or who your father

was, or who your mother was, or what your brilliant surroundings—unless you repent your sin and take Christ for your divine Saviour, you cannot get in. Are you willing then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down and cry to the Lord Almighty for His deliverance? You want to get in, do you not? O, you have some good friends there. This last year there was some one who went out from your home into that blessed peace. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No. They knew the pass-word, and, coming

up, they said, "Jesus!" and the cry was: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in." O, when heaven is all done, and the troops of God shout the castle taken, how grand it will be if you and I are among them. Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city.

[Mr. Talmage hereby requests that all readers of his sermons, every Sunday morning somewhere between eight and ten o'clock, pray for the blessing of God upon his work, and that the journals printing his sermons in Great Britain copy this request at the end of each sermon.]

POETRY.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,—
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,—
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
 Silent rivers of happiness,
 Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
 Beautiful goal, with race well won,
 Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
 Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
 Over worn-out hands—Oh, beautiful sleep!

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

My day is dippin' i' the' west,
 'Tis gloamin' wi' me noo,
 I hear the sough o' Jordan's wave,
 We a' maun travel thro' ;
 Yet 'tis na Jordan's wave I fear,
 Nor tremble at th' strife,
 But, oh this sun'ering o' hearts,
 This lea'ing weans and wife!

What tho' we ken o' better things,
 A fairer warld aboon,
 Where lost friends are awaitin' us,
 And a' maun follow soon,—
 This rending o' the sil'er strings
 That teather heart to heart,
 O, it grieves puir human natur sair,
 An' mak's us laith to part.

Gae rax me by the Bible, wife,
 While yet I'm fit t' see,
 E'er death creep ower ma cald rife buk',
 An' flap my failin' e'e ;
 An' ca' them a' to my bed side
 T' see their faither dee,
 For nature's crumbling fast awa',
 I hae na lang t'dree.

My wife, ma weans, we a' maun part,
 So dinna sab so sair,
 But dight the tears frae aff your face
 An' let us join in prayer—
 An' let us join in prayer to Him
 That's wanting me awa',

That he may be a faithful frien'
An' father to you a'.

He wal'd, he sang th' partin' song,
His voice was firm an' clear,
An' read th' fourteenth of St. John;
Nor did he shed a tear,
He turned his glazing e'e to heaven,
An' rais'd his withered hand,
An' safely now through Jordan's wave
He's reached "the better land."

TELL JESUS.

BY MRS. J. L. SOUTHER.

Is there a shadow resting on thy brow,
Caused by the daily cares that none may know;
Trials which, little though they seem in one,
Oft fret thy life as water frets the stone?
Tell Jesus.

Is there a chord within thy aching breast
More sensitive to pain than all the rest,
That oft is struck by cruelty and wrong.
Until thou fain wouldst cry, "O Lord, how long?"
Tell Jesus.

And does thy spirit grieve o'er doubts and sin;
Thick clouds without and fiery darts within?
Poor, tempted one, there is an eye above
Marking thee daily with a pitying love.
Tell Jesus.

And when dark waves of tribulation roll
In wild and surging billows o'er thy soul,
O think, amid the tempest's night, of One
Who cried in that dark hour, "Thy will be done?"
Tell Jesus.

And dost thou moan in solitary mood,
Sighing because thou art not understood?
That in the world there is no spirit tone
To echo the sweet music of thine own?
Tell Jesus.

Or art thou bound by sickness' galling chain,
Making thy life one weary cry of pain?

And has the cold, cold world no eye to heed,
No voice of pity in thine hour of need ?

Tell Jesus.

O, may this thought sustain thee in thy grief ;
Though earthly sympathy give no relief,
Yet there is One who bends from courts above,
To sound all depths of human woe and love.

Tell Jesus.

Yes, go to Jesus in submission sweet ;
Cast all thy weight of sorrow at his feet ,
All thy temptations, trials, anguish, care,
And he will help thee, weary one, to bear.

Tell Jesus.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION OR OUR NEW LICENSE BILL.

LECTURE BY THE REV. JAMES CAMERON,
CHATSWORTH, ONT.

[A public lecture on the above subject was delivered in Chatsworth, under the auspices of the Chatsworth Temperance Society, on Tuesday, the 29th of February. The chair was taken at 7 o'clock by Mr. Dobbie in the absence of the Chairman of the Association. The meeting was opened by singing and the reading of the 12th Chap. of Romans, where occur these words bearing on the position of the civil magistrate in reference to social and general questions: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God * * * For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou not then be afraid of the power? Do that which is good and thou shalt have praise of the same."]

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—I propose this evening to make some remarks on the Bill recently passed by the Ontario Parliament "to amend the law respecting the sale of fer-

mented or spirituous liquors." The Bill introduced by the Mowat Ministry, passed its third reading on the 7th of February, and is now, or will be soon, the law of Ontario as regards the liquor traffic, along with the temperance Act of 1864. It is not my intention to give a detailed account of all its provisions. This is unnecessary, as copies of the Bill can be had and should be in the hands of temperance people generally. It is enough to select its leading features to explain them, and calmly to estimate their value for promoting the sobriety of the community; after which I will conclude with some general remarks on the whole subject.

It is agreed generally that the reforms introduced by this Bill are not of a very sweeping or far-reaching character. If our temperance legislation is hastening, it is hastening with slow and cautious steps. But after all there are in this Bill restrictions and

regulations of the liquor traffic in very important points. Let me indicate these and try to estimate their value calmly.

POWER OF MUNICIPAL COUNCILS.

Under Section second of the Act there is power granted to Municipal Councils to limit tavern licenses. Let me give you the precise words of this section :

"The council of every city, town, village or township municipality may, by by-law to be passed before the first day of March in any year, limit the number of tavern licenses to be issued therein for the then ensuing year, or for any future year until such by-law is altered or repealed: Provided such limit is under the limit imposed by this Act. The council shall cause a certified copy of such by-law to be sent immediately after the passing thereof to the license commissioners."

According to this clause it would seem that it is fully and fairly within the power of a municipal council to limit taverns down and down till at length they are limited out of existence within the bounds of that municipality with the exception mentioned in the next clause, "that in every county town the limit may be five in number." This power, however, is not exactly a new gift, for it was put into the hands of municipalities by the Act of 1864, commonly called Dunkin's Bill. But alas! This power given there and re-affirmed here is in the hands of our municipal councils like the bow of Ulysses in the hands of weak men. The bow of the above named hero was a tremendous weapon when in the hands of its owner or of one like him in strength, but of no use in the hands of the weak. We do not know of any council that has had the strength to use that power to limit and legislate all taverns out of existence within its bounds.* The truth is, that in the

absence of an expression of public opinion it would perhaps be unsafe for any municipal council to force a measure of this kind on a township or city. It is necessary in all legislation of this kind to walk very much as people walk on ice of doubtful strength, lest by rushing in too rashly they get a cold bath, and are forced back on land with undignified haste. In every instance, therefore, in which the prohibitory power of Dunkin's Bill has been tried, it has been by putting the bow of Ulysses into the hands of ratepayers who have the strength if they have only the will, to bend it and to kill with it also. There is a plan, however, by which the whole power necessary to enact prohibition in any municipality, may be put into the hands of a municipal council without the trouble and expense of a separate vote on the question of local prohibition. The plan is simply this: *that a temperance plank be inserted in the municipal platform, and that each election at the beginning of each year be the time to test the strength of the temperance feeling in the municipality.* If the temperance feeling is strong, a council pledged to temperance legislation can easily be elected; if they are elected on the temperance ticket (other qualifications of course being equal) they know the power that is behind them, and they can move forward like men who feel that the ice is some feet thick beneath their tread. Or to use the other figure, men elected after that fashion would have strength to bend the bow the law puts into their hands, and to do with it execution of a speedy character.

PROPORTION OF TAVERNS TO POPULATION.

I pass on now to consider the "limitations of taverns" imposed by the Bill and soon to be the law of Ontario. These are the words of the Bill on this important matter :

"The number of tavern licenses to be granted the respective municipalities shall not in

*The township of Sarawak since this lecture was delivered has had the courage and strength to do this very thing.—Ed. C.C.M.

each year be in excess of the following limitations: in cities, towns, and incorporated villages respectively, according to the following scale, that is to say, one for each full two hundred and fifty of the first one thousand of the population; but in no case shall this limit authorize any increase in any municipality in excess of the number of licenses therein issued for the year ending the first day of March next, unless from the future increase of the population the license commissioners shall think a larger number has become necessary, but not in any case exceeding the limit imposed by this Act."

This enactment is the least satisfactory of the whole Bill. It startles one to learn from this clause that the Ontario Ministry consider they are closing quite a number of taverns in Ontario when they enact that there cannot be in any municipality more than one tavern for each first thousand, and one for each 400 above the thousand. Things surely must be very bad among us when such an enactment as that is considered by our legislators a great boon to the temperance cause. Seeing then this concession is considered a great concession, how bad must be the state of things on which this is considered to be an improvement! But is it a great concession? In regard to many of the cities of Ontario we believe it is. That clause reduces by one-fourth the number of taverns in many of our cities, so that a city that has 160 taverns at present may be forced to restrict the number to 120 and so on. And in this restriction in the number of hotels that sell liquor we see at length some hope of having temperance hotels rising into existence. If the number of hotels that are allowed to sell liquor is too limited for the number of *bona fide* travellers, then that surplus would overflow into good temperance hotels if they were started, which hotels would have this advantage, that they would be free from the heavy license which the cities seem inclined to demand of taverns that sell liquor. We hope, therefore, that this clause in the Bill, meagre as it is, will

have the effect of at least causing to spring up in all our cities such hotels as Cranston's Waverley hotels in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London, where the accommodation is good, the charges moderate, and the meals and reading-room excellent. I speak particularly of the Waverley hotel in Edinburgh, at which I always put up in passing through that city; though of the establishments of the same proprietor in Glasgow and London I cannot speak so favourably, at least not in 1858, when I last stayed in his London house.

To be of much benefit in the country districts the ratio should be that aimed at for Britain by the Temperance Alliance—a tavern for each 750 of the population; or better than that, one for each 1000, which, along with the temperance houses that would spring up would be amply sufficient; or better still as many taverns as the people like to build, only with the proviso that they have no bar, that not a drop of strong drink be sold on the premises, which will be the upshot of the whole business before ten years have passed over our Dominion. In order to regulate a traffic which it makes only a very feeble attempt to restrain, the Bill introduces two very important changes.

LICENSE COMMISSIONERS.

First, it takes the power of granting licenses out of the hands of Municipal Councils. This privilege, or as some would rather call it, this pest, was abandoned by the councils of Ontario without a struggle. Was it that their consciences told them that they made bad use of their powers? Or rather was it not that they were glad to be rid of a responsibility that placed them often between two fires, the fire of the tavern keeper and the fire of the temperance men? And further, (a more remarkable thing in this matter) the people of Ontario saw this power taken

out of the hands of their representatives, saw the Ministry of Ontario take power into their hands that belonged to the people, without a word of complaint, or a sign of sorrow. The words that fell from the lips of Lord Seaffield when the Scottish Parliament was for ever closed, "There is the end of an old song," comes to one's mouth as he sees thus die the old licensing courts of Ontario, that by so lavishly granting licenses have turned so many of our sturdy mechanics and brawny farmers into lazy bar keepers, deluged the land with alcohol, and given us so many taverns that our Parliament thinks it is making a reformation when they say that the number must be reduced to one for each 250 of population. No wonder then that no soldier discharged his farewell shot over the grave where these licensing courts are buried. The power taken out of the hands of the municipal councils is put into the hands of a "Board of License Commissioners," whose constitution is thus defined by the Act :

"All powers and duties conferred and imposed upon the commissioners of the police and municipal Councils respectively, by virtue of the said recited Act, shall hereafter exclusively belong to and be exercised and performed by a board of license commissioners, except where express provision is otherwise made in this Act; and such board shall be composed of three persons to be appointed from time to time by the Lieutenant Governor in Council for each city, county, union of counties, or electoral riding or division as the Lieutenant Governor in Council may think fit; and each of the Commissioners shall cease to hold office on the 31st day of December in each year, but he may be re-appointed; and the said office shall be honorary and without any remuneration."

It can be seen at a glance that the reforming and restraining power of the Act lies in that section. As the first Napoleon said when he pointed out the weak spot in the defence at Toulon, then under siege—"There lies Toulon." So we may say that if this Act is to do execution against the traffic in strong

drink, it must be from this quarter. If the Government will put in as license commissioners their political hacks, then the Act is not worth the paper it is written on; but if they put in honest, true men of sound sense and temperance principles, then may these License Commissioners do a good work in Ontario, for which thousands will bless them, among whom will be the very men to whom they may refuse license. But from what we know of the personal character and Christian principles of the Lieutenant-Governor's advisers (the Ministry now in power), there is every reason to believe that they will recommend as Commissioners the very best men that can be got in the country for this work—men, many of them, we hope, like those described by the old Arab, Moses' father-in-law, Jethro—"Able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness." And indeed there is little danger that that class of men commonly known as political adventurers, who are the ban of our civil administration, vultures that smell the prey from afar, would care to accept of this office, for there is no salary attached to it.

LICENSE INSPECTORS.

But further to regulate the traffic the Act provides an officer, *Inspector of Licenses*, to see that the provisions of this Act and of the Act of 1864 are properly observed by those who obtain license. I will read the Section under which this officer exists and acts.

"The inspector of licenses under the said recited Act shall be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council from time to time for each city, county, union of counties, electoral riding or division, as the Lieutenant-Governor in Council may think fit; and such inspector shall possess all the powers and perform all the duties of the Inspector for each township, town, incorporated village or city, under the provisions of the said recited Act, and each inspector, so to be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, shall also be and discharge the duties of issuer of licenses; and each inspector shall, before entering upon

his duties, give such security as the Treasurer of the Province may require for the due performance of his said duties, and for the payment over of all sums of money received by him according to the provisions of this Act; and the salary of such inspector shall be fixed by Order in Council under which he is appointed."

You will all agree with me when I say that the object aimed at in this section is a most important one; for it has been wisely remarked by some that notwithstanding all the good acts of Parliament that have been passed there seems still wanting an Act to enforce all other Acts. One great drawback to all useful legislation on this Continent is the little reverence men seem to have for the "Majesty of Law." In Europe Justice still holds in one hand a pair of scales, and in the other it carries a sword, though at times it peeps over the bandage that covers its eyes to see whether the culprit is a peasant or a duke. But in this country Justice seems to have lost its sword. In the Dunkin Act Justice has the scales all right, but it has no sword; and therefore that Act has like many other good acts become a dead letter in the Statute Book. This present Act aims at correcting this evil. It provides for the appointment and the payment of a man whose business it will be to see that all enactments for restraining and regulating the liquor traffic now on our Statute Books are duly enforced. But here again the thought arises, "the *measure* is good, but who are the men." The value of this section will depend, therefore, like the preceding one, on the men that are appointed as License Inspectors.

The Temperance Societies of Ontario will watch with deep interest the doings of the License Commissioners and the License Inspectors. Our attitude towards these administrative officers will be that of the piper of a highland regiment (this is one of Dr. Guthrie's stories) who was wound-

ed at the beginning of an action. He laid aside his pipes took his seat on a big stone and called out to the men "fight away boys, for remember that I am watching you." Temperance people will seat themselves on points of observation, and their language will be to the men put in trust with the sacred function of administering the law of the land, "Be strong and quit yourselves like men—quit yourselves like men and fight."

I have thus, Mr. Chairmen, and ladies and gentlemen, attempted to pass in review the recent Act of the Ontario Government to "amend the law respecting the sale of fermented or spirituous liquors." I have tried to look at the act impartially, seeking "to extenuate nothing nor to set down aught in malice." I am strongly of the opinion that it is the duty of the civil Magistrate to deal with the traffic in strong drink, and to forbid it altogether if he sees fit, excepting for medical or mechanical uses. Civil government is from God, ordained by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well: and to the civil government (a divine institution) the Christian Church (another divine institution) has a right to look for co-operation in its own sphere in the great work of making the people of this Dominion, a hardy, honest and temperate people. As to the manner in which our parliament has discharged its duty in this act there is, of course great difference of opinion. It is probably your opinion, as it is certainly that of many, that the act, the operation of which I have already explained, is a very small concession to the demands of the Church and Temperance Societies of Ontario. The truth is and I suppose the ministry will scarcely deny it—the Act is a compromise. It is a compromise between—well I do not know any better way of putting it than this—it is a compromise between Beer and the Bible.

In this and kindred struggles there are arrayed against each other, on the one side, those who live by the liquor traffic, and those who support them in that traffic, and on the other side those who wish to see prevail in the land temperance principles and temperance laws. The forces are it seems pretty well-balanced, and therefore the meagre character of this Bill. The Bill is a political thermometer ; by it we perceive the condition of the political atmosphere.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

But though the Bill is not what we would like, still there is no doubt that it is a *step in the right direction*. At this time, and in this Act, the Bible has had the best of it. It is our duty therefore to feel thankful for the victory small as it is. When an army is in hot fight it is thankful for every yard that it gains, and rejoices for every hillock in advance on which its flag waves. The government has distinctly told us that this is all the temperance legislation they will give us, and if we refuse to take what they offer we will be in the position of that great prince of whom I heard lately. I will leave it for good scholars among you to find out who this prince was and where he lived. If I told you all the details you would be wiser than I am myself. This prince was a great Protestant, but for all that he married a Catholic princess. They agreed very well till their first son was born. So strong a Protestant was the prince that he made up his mind that his son should never drink a drop of his Catholic mother's milk ; and so strong a Catholic was the mother that she was just as determined that the child should not have a Protestant nurse. While the dispute ran high you can easily understand that the child deprived of its nourishment fell low. At last they thought of a compromise in

the style of this Bill. They had in their stable an ass that was raising a colt. They both agreed that rather than allow their child to die they should raise him on the ass's milk. So the child lived and became a man, but it is said that to the day of his death he showed a good deal of the stubbornness and stupidity of the creature that gave him suck ; but still you will all agree that it was better to adopt that compromise than to allow the child to die. A compromise is not a good thing generally, but it is the part of wisdom in the battle with evil to take every concession granted, and press forward for more.

I cannot close, however, without calling your attention to one feature about this Bill that is ominous I fear of evil. It is only a straw, but a straw shows in what direction the current is running. This Bill takes power out of the hands of the many, and lodges it in the hands of the few. It takes from you (the people) power for which you long contended, and lodges it in the hands of one man, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Is not this a backward movement ? And yet every one admits the action was necessary. Every one admits that the township councils betrayed (on a matter of vital importance to our social well-being) their trust, and therefore forfeited their rights. But who are our municipal councils ? They are you. They are the people. You elect them once a year. They are as you make them. It is not therefore exactly the municipal council that betrayed their trust or the guardians of the well-being of society, but the people of Ontario acting in them, by them, and through them. Is this not rather a startling fact. Is that fact a hand writing on the wall writing over it *mene*, the first word of the sentence that foretells the doom in Canada of popular government ? I would not take this serious view of it. Still there is enough in

the fact to awaken in our hearts some anxiety. It is a bad sign of a tree to see its top-most branches wither; it is not an encouraging sign of health that extremities turn cold. It is not therefore a flattering sign of us that the people cannot be trusted acting through their municipal officers with this business of regulating and restraining the liquor traffic.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST ?

What is the remedy for us in our sickness. Legislation? That is good, but it is an imperfect and a partial remedy. You cannot change men's dispositions by Acts of Parliament. Education? Good also, but the foundation of a man's character is not in the head but in the heart.

The heart's eye the part eye
That makes us right or wrong.

To renew the hearts of men, to incline their wills to what is good, to elevate their tastes and affection above the sensual pleasures of earth, to lure them to brighter worlds, that is what men need. This is a Divine work. Nothing but Divine intervention, Divine instruction, Divine persuasion, Divine guidance and strength can save society. This Divine power is in the gospel of Christ. Paul's motto, in trying to elevate society that was rotten to the very core, was the Cross of Christ. "I am not ashamed" he says to the proud Romans "of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." "We preach he says to the sensuous Corinthians Christ crucified unto the Jews, a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them that are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. In summing up his mode of work, his plans, his instruments, he expressed

all in that memorable phrase. "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." We know what the Cross accomplished then: the same thing it can do again. If the streams of society, which are bitter enough, are to be made sweet, it is not so much by laying new pipes as by casting salt into the fountain-head. "The refutation of error," as Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, says: "which is to last must be *positive* not *negative*. It is an endless work to be uprooting weeds; plant the ground with wholesome vegetation, and then the juices which would have otherwise fed rankness will pour themselves into a more vigorous growth; the dwindled weeds will then be easily rooted out. It is an endless task to be refuting error. *Plant truth* and the error will pine away." Legislation is good, education is good, temperance societies are good, but the longer we live the more we study the workings of all humane remedies for man's maladies, the more are we impressed with the far-seeing wisdom, the deep philosophy contained in Paul's maxim. I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified. "The question," says Mr. Hughes, M.P., in a recent lecture, "which goes to the root of all problems of civilization, of all problems of human life is, '*What think ye of Christ?*' The time is upon us when that question must be answered and can no longer be thrust aside while we go, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise. Upon the answer depends our future—whether we shall flounder on under the weight of increasing riches till our vaunted civilization has brought us to utter anarchy, and so to the loss of courage, truthfulness, simplicity, manliness, of everything that makes life endurable for men or nations, or whether we shall rise up in new strength, casting out the spirit of mammon in the name which broke in

pieces the Roman Empire, subdued the wild tribes which flooded that empire in her decay, and founded a

Christendom on the ruins." I thank you for your attention to this dry but important subject.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CHRISTMAS EVANS.

BY THE REV. EDWIN FAXTON HOOD.

Christmas Evans was not the first in point of time in the illustrious line of men whose names we propose to introduce to our readers; and there may be some dispute as to whether he was first in point of eminence as the chief of the three—Christmas Evans, John Elias, and Williams of Wern*—but the name of Christmas Evans is perhaps the most extensively known of any, just as the name of Bunyan has a far more extensive intimacy than the equally honourable names of Barrow and of Butler; and there is a similar reason for this. Christmas Evans, in the pulpit, more nearly approached the great dreamer than any pulpit master of whom we have ever heard. Many of his sermons were long, sustained parables, and pictures alive with descriptions of human character.

Exactly a hundred years has passed away since Evans was born. He was born on Christmas Day, and hence his name. He was born in the poorest and lowest circumstances. His father was a shoemaker, and died when

Christmas was a child. His mother sank into destitution. The poor lad was taken by an uncle, Mr. James Lewis, to his farm; but he appears to have been treated with complete neglect. He received no education, and was only put to the most servile employments. He had neither a friend nor a home. At the age of seventeen he could not read a word. He was surrounded by the worst of examples; and was subjected to a number of serious accidents, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Once he was stabbed in a quarrel; once he was nearly drowned, and with difficulty recovered; once he fell from a high tree with an open knife in his hand; and once a horse ran away with him, passing at full speed through a low and narrow passage. There is an erroneous impression that in those days he was a great boxer, and that he lost his eye in a fight. The truth is quite different. He was not a boxer, and never fought a battle in his life. He lost his eye after his conversion, when he and some other young men were attempting the work of mutual help in making up for lost time by evening meetings for various works of instruction. A number of his former companions waylaid him at night, beat him unmercifully, and one struck him with a stick over the eye. In after years, when some one was jesting before Robert Hall at Welsh preachers, on

*Dr. Rees, however, a competent authority, says there were four of them, and gives an equal place of eminence to David Davies of Swansea. "In some respects," he says, "he was superior to all his distinguished contemporaries."

Hall mentioning Christmas Evans, the jester said, "And he only has one eye." "Yes, sir," he answered, "one eye; but that is a piercer—an eye, sir, that would light an army through a wilderness on a dark night!"

As we are told, "the Spirit of the Lord began to move Samson at times," before he wrought his great works upon the Philistines; so within the mind of the youth strange feelings began to work—wonderings, questioning, convictions of sin. But the religious days of Wales were just beginning, and there came along a great revival at Castell Hywel, and the effect of it on the mind of Evans was to answer and settle the questions which seem to have been long working there. It appears to have been stirred to its depths. His imagination was keen, passionate, and vivid. He says, "I knew myself to be a mass of spiritual ignorance." He dreamed that he saw Jesus in the clouds, and all the world on fire; a dream which left the deepest impression. Soon after, he united himself with the church of the celebrated David Davies of Castell Hywel, of whom we shall have to give some account in a subsequent paper.

For the present paper, it may be interesting to notice that this Davies of Castell Hywel in his day was a man of a many-sided reputation. He was so eminent a classical scholar, and so many of the Welsh clergy had received their education from him, that when Dr. Horsley was appointed Bishop of St. David's, he expressed, in his usual passionate manner, his irritation that the most distinguished tutor in South Wales was a Nonconformist, and gave out that he would not ordain any of Mr. Davies' pupils. Davies was a great bard; and Welshmen, who know both languages, say that his translation of Gray's "Elegy" is in force and pathos superior to the original. This will scarcely seem strange, if the deep pathos of the Welsh language be taken

into account. His epitaph on Dr. Priestly—satirising, of course, the materialism of Priestly—illustrates at once his humour and his versification:

"Here lie at rest, in oaken chest,
Together packed most nicely, [veins,
The bones, and brains, flesh, blood, and
And soul of Dr. Priestly!"

As an illustration of his readiness of wit, a story is told, how one of the most noted of the Welsh bards one day met him, while the rain was streaming down upon him. Umbrellas, probably, were scarce. He was covered with layers of straw, fastened round with ropes of the same material; in fact, thatched all over. To him his brother bard exclaimed:

"Oh, bard and teacher, famed afar,
Such sight I never saw!
It ill becomes a house like yours
To have a roof of straw."

To which Davies instantly replied:

"The rain is falling fast, my friend;
You know not what you say,
A roof of straw, methinks, doth well
Beseeem a wall of clay!"

Such was Christmas Evans' first "guide, philosopher, and friend." He was not with him long; but we may have occasion to speak of Davies again, when we come to write upon his greater namesake, David Davies of Swansea.

The power of the gospel coming into young Evans' life set him, with some other young men, immediately upon the work of self-improvement.

They bought candles, to meet together at night in a barn at Penryaultyfaus, to teach themselves to read the Bible, and to obtain other elements of useful knowledge. Ignorant as Evans was when he began, he read the Bible tolerably in a month. The large-minded and tender-hearted David Davies must have seen what there was in the lad, for he set him upon the road of learning Latin. In the course of study, the youth found

that his convictions compelled him to become a Baptist; and he was baptized by Timothy Thomas, always spoken of also as one of the wonderful men of Wales. His was a very modest and beautiful spirit; but when he was asked in his old age, how many he had baptized in his ministry, he said, "About two thousand persons. Yes," he added, tenderly, "and thirty of them have become ministers of the gospel; and I baptized Christmas Evans."

Evans was a young man who could not be hidden. It was soon discovered that the work of the ministry was to be his destination. He was feeling his way, unconscious of the powers within him, although they were struggling for expression, to his future eminence and usefulness. It must be the task of longer biographies to describe all the painful experiences through which he passed—his humility, and very lowly conceptions of himself. He began to preach; but he dreaded meeting an audience, and for some time sought to veil what he deemed his own incapacity in the robes of departed masters, such especially as Bishop Beveridge.

At last, however, in an unexpected moment, he became great. It was at one of those wonderful gatherings, held at Velinvole, in the immediate neighbourhood of Llanelly. A great concourse of people were assembled in the open air. There was, perhaps, some hitch in the arrangements. Two great men were expected, but still some one other was wanted to break the ice—to prepare the way. On so short a notice, notwithstanding the abundant preaching power, no one was found willing to take the vacant place. Christmas Evans was there, walking about on the edge of the crowd—a tall, bony, haggard young man, uncouth and ill-dressed. The master of the ceremonies for the occasion, the pastor of the district, was in an agony

of perplexity to find his man—one who, if not equal to the mightiest, would yet be sufficient for the occasion. In his despair, he went to Timothy Thomas, but he, declining for himself, said abruptly, "Why not ask that one-eyed lad from the North? I hear that he preaches quite wonderfully." So the pastor went to him. He instantly consented. Many who were there afterwards expressed the surprise they felt at the communication going on between the pastor and the odd-looking youth. "Surely," they said, "he can never ask that absurdity to preach!" They felt that an egregious mistake was being committed; and some went away to refresh themselves, and others to rest beneath the hedges around, until the great men should come; and others, who stayed, comforted themselves with the assurance that, at any rate, the one-eyed lad would have the good sense to be very short. But for the young preacher—while he was musing the fire was burning—he was now, for the first time, to front one of those grand Welsh audiences, and to be the preacher of an occasion which, through all his life after, was to be his constant work. He took a grand text: "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unreprouvable in his sight." Old men used to describe afterwards how he justified their first fears by his stiff, awkward movements; but the organ was, in those first moments, building, and soon it began to play. He showed himself a master of the instrument of speech. Closer and closer, the audience began to gather near to him. They got up, and came in from the hedges. The crowd grew more and more dense with eager listeners; the sermon became alive with dramatic representation. The throng of preachers present confessed that

they were dazzled with the brilliance of the language and the imagery falling from the lips of this altogether unknown and unexpected young prophet. The surprise grew to amazement. Presently, beneath some appalling stroke of words, numbers started to their feet; and in the pauses, if pauses were permitted in the paragraphs, the question went, "Who is this?—who have we here?" His words went rocking to and fro; he had caught the "hwyl;" he had also caught the people in it; he went swelling along at full sail. The people began to cry, "Gogoniad!" "Bendigedig!" The excitement was at its highest, when, amidst the weeping and rejoicing of the mighty multitude, the preacher came to an end. Drawn together from all parts of Wales to the meeting, when they went their separate ways home, they carried the memory of "the one-eyed lad" with them. Christmas Evans was from that moment one of the most famous preachers in the principality. Lord Byron tells us how he woke up one morning and found himself great. In those days a new great Welsh preacher was quite as famous a birth in the little country of Wales as the more famous reputation in the literary world of England.

We can conceive it all; for about thirty-five years since we were the spectators of some such scene. It was far in the depths of the dark mountains beyond Abersychan that we were led to a large Welsh service; but it was in a great chapel, and it was on a winter's night. The place was dimly lit with candles. There were, we remember, three preachers. But whilst the first were pursuing their way, or the occasional hymns were being chanted, our companion said to us, "But I want you to hear that little hump-backed man, behind there; he will come next." We could scarcely see the little hump-backed man, but what we saw of him did not predispose our

minds to any very favorable impressions or prophecies of great effects. In due time he came forward. Even as soon as he presented himself, however, there was an evident expectation. The people began more certainly to settle themselves; to crane their necks forward; to smile their loving smile, as upon a well-known friend, who would not disappoint them; and to utter their sighs of satisfaction. He was as uncouth a peice of humanity as we have ever seen—the little hump-backed man, thin and boay. His iron-grey hair fell over his forehead with no picturesque effect; nor did his eyes seem to give any indication of fire; and there was a shuffling and shambling in his gait, giving no sign of the grace of the orator. But gradually, as he moved along, and before he had moved far, the whole of that audience was subject to his spell of speech. His hair was thrown back from his forehead; his features were lighted up. Hump-backed! You neither saw it nor thought of it. His wiry movement seemed informed by dignity and grandeur. First, there came forth audible gaspings and grunts of approval and pleasure. His very accent, whether you knew his language or not, compelled tears to start to the eyes. Forth came those devout gushing of speech we have mentioned, which, in Wales, are the acclamations which greet a preacher; and like Christmas Evans, with the close of his first great sermon, the little hump-backed man sat down, victorious over all personal deformity, amidst the weeping and rejoicing of the people. We have always thought of that circumstance as a wonderful illustration of the power of the mind over the body.

The worth and value of great preaching and great sermons must depend upon the measure to which they represent the preacher's own familiarity with the truths he touches

and proclaims. The history of the mind of Christmas Evans is, from this point of view, very interesting. We can only get at it from the papers found after his death; but they reveal the story of the life, walk, and triumph of faith in his mind and heart. He kept no journal; but still we have the record of his communions with God amongst the mountains: acts of consecration to God, quite remarkable, which he had thought it well to commit to paper, that he might remind himself of the engagements he had made. It was after some such season that he said to a brother minister, "Brother, the doctrine, the confidence and strength I feel will make people dance with joy in some parts of Wales:" and then, as the tears came into his eyes whilst he was speaking, he said again, "Yes, brother!"

Little idea can be formed of the Welsh preacher from the life of the minister in England. The congregations lay wide and scattered far apart. Often, in Wales, ourselves, have we met the minister pursuing his way on his horse or pony to his next "publication;" very often his Bible in his hand, reading it as he slowly jogged along. So Christmas Evans passed his life, constantly, either on foot or on horseback, urging his way; sometimes through a country frowning as if smitten by a blow of desolation, and at others, laughing in loveliness and beauty; sometimes through the hot summer, when the burning beams poured from the craggy mountains; sometimes in winter, through the snow and rain and coldest inclemency, to fulfil his engagements. For the greater part of his life his income was never more than thirty pounds a year, and for the first part only about seventeen. It looks a wretched sum; but we may remember that Luther's income was never much more; and probably, what seems to us a miserable income was very much further re-

moved from want, and even poverty, than in other less primitive circumstances is often an income of hundreds. Certainly, Christmas Evans was never in want; always, not only comfortable, but able even to spare, from his limited means, subscriptions to some of the great societies of his day.

Some of his prayers are very tender and touching, as left in his handwriting: "Oh, let Thy care be over me as a covenant-privilege betwixt Thee and myself; not like a general care to feed the ravens that perish, and clothe the lily that is cast into the oven; but let Thy care be over me as one of Thy family." And another: "I desire Thee, my great High Priest, to confirm, by Thy power, from Thy High Court, my usefulness as a preacher, and my piety as a Christian, as two gardens nigh to each other; that sin may not have place in my heart, and that I may not be left to any foolish act that may occasion my gifts to wither, and be rendered useless before my life ends." Indeed, his life, from all that we can read of it, reveals eminently devotional habits.

The influence and power of his sermons seem to have been literally born of prayer. He used to separate himself, and revolve the material he had prepared in private and in prayer. The intellectual preparation was one thing but the preparation of his heart for their delivery was another. Thus we find him, on one occasion, before starting off upon a preaching tour, praying that "the sermons I have prepared for this journey may increase in their ministrations like the five loaves and two fishes."

But as to Christmas Evans, the preacher, such pieces of his as we possess testify that he was worthy of all the eminence he attained and the honour in which he was held. In his mind everything seemed to pass into the imagination. You put truths into his mind, hard truths, severe lines and

definitions, and they instantly came out glowing pictures. Sometimes they were compressed; more ordinarily he dilated and expanded them into great paintings. In any case, the truths, which look so hard and skeleton-like in the pages of Dr. Owen, became, from the lips of our preacher, clothed with flesh, and stood up "an exceeding great army"—not only flesh clothed, but breathing. That is a striking expression when he says, speaking of death to the believer, "The crocodile of death shall be harnessed to the chariot of the daughter of Zion to bring her home to her Father's mansion." Pithily he says, "Pharaoh fought ten battles with God, and he did not gain one, and was drowned himself at last—paid back in his own coin, as he had commanded Moses to be drowned." Again: "The way through the Red Sea was safe enough for Israel, but not for Pharaoh; he had no business to go that way; it was a private road Jehovah had opened up for his own family." "Ignorance," he used to say, "is the devil's college." "I have a dread of dying without full possession of my faculties; but the vessel is not less safe when the passengers are asleep." "If you have no pleasure in your religion, make haste to change it." "Moses, though learned, was slow of speech. It was well that he was so, or, perhaps, he would have talked so much, he would have found no time for writing the law; but Aaron had the gift of speech, and it does not appear that he had any other." All Welsh preachers of any mark whatever have this pithy, axiomatic power; and it was an excellence in Christmas Evans. Reading his greater sermons through, we find such expressions dropped from him as he went along; but the great power for which he was memorable was that of prolonged description; working on the feelings of an audience through the many phases of humour,

brilliant personification—even sustained conversations between the persons introduced into his narrative; but all this introduced with such a bold magnificence, that a whole immense congregation was often simultaneously moved. Our difficulty in selection only arises from the necessity for finding such illustrations as shall be sufficiently short for our limited space. Take the following parable of the Misplaced Bone:

"Let every one keep his own place, that there be no schism in the body. There arose a fierce contention in the human body; every member sought another place than the one it found itself in, and was fitted for. After much controversy, it was agreed to refer the whole matter to one whose name was Solomon Wise-in-his-own-conceit. He was to arrange and adjust the whole business, and to place every bone in its proper position. He received the appointment gladly, and was filled with joy and confidence. He commenced with finding a place for himself. His proper post was the heel; but where do you think he found it? He must needs be the golden bowl in which the brains are deposited. The natural consequences followed. The coarse heel-bone was not of the right quality nor of the suitable dimensions to contain the brains, nor could the vessel intended for that purpose form a useful or comely part of the foot. Disorder ensued in foot, head, face, legs, and arms. By the time Solomon Wise-in-his-own-conceit had reconstructed the body, it could neither walk, nor speak, nor smell, nor hear, nor see. The body was moreover, filled with intolerable agony, and could find no rest, every bone crying for restoration to its own place, that is to say, every one but the heel-bone; that was mightily pleased to be in the head, and to have the custody of the brains. Sin has introduced similar disorder amongst men, and even amongst pro-

fessors of religion, and into congregations. 'Let every one keep his own place, that there be no schism in the body.' The body can do much, can bear heavy burdens, all its parts being in their own positions. Even so in the Church; much good can be done by every member keeping and filling his own place without high-mindedness."

The following illustration he gave as to Adoption:

"I see an ark of bulrushes, daubed with slime and pitch, placed on the banks of the Nile, which swarmed with fierce crocodiles. Pharaoh's daughter espies it, and sends her maidens to find out what there can be in it. Little Moses was there, with a face of miraculous beauty, to charm

the princess of Egypt. She determined to adopt him as her son. Behold, a greater wonder! On the brink of the river, where the three great crocodiles—the devil, sin, and death—have devoured their millions, there lay those who it was seen, before the foundation of the world, would be adopted into the court of heaven. The gospel comes forth, like a royal princess, with pardon in her hand and mercy in her eye; and hastening with her handmaidens, she glances at the thousands asleep in the perils of sin. They had favour in her sight, and she sent for her maidens, called Justification and Sanctification, to train them for the inheritance of the saints."—*Sunday at Home.*

CHRISTIAN WORK.

[As Africa will, henceforth, occupy a prominent place in missionary operations, we invite our readers to begin this month in this far away continent, and to spend more time than usual among its wild tribes.]

CHARACTER AND CONDITION OF THE NATIVE TRIBES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The English residents in South Africa come into contact mainly with four great groups of native races; among each of whom Missionary work has been, and is being, carried on.

An interesting paper in the *Chronicle* of the *London Missionary Society*, gives a glance at the social, moral, political, and religious characteristics of these four great classes, and at the relative degree of progress made by them in the reception of the truth. The Hottentots, the Kaffirs, the Zulus and the Bechuanas are each a group of distinct tribes, which possess a

strong family likeness among themselves, and features which distinguish them broadly from the tribes comprised in each of the other groups.

The Hottentots (Bushmen, Namaquas, Griquas, etc.) have been most affected by contact with white men, because geographically nearest to Cape Colony. They have suffered by this contact, as well as received some benefit. Morally and physically they are at the bottom of the scale. Men and women are to be found among them even now, who have never washed themselves since they were born! They make no attempt at self-government, but accord to hereditary chiefs despotic power. Some considerable fruit of Missionary toil is now being reaped among them, but the converts are not equal in steadfastness or intelligence to those won from other tribes.

The tall, powerful, graceful, intelligent Kaffirs are a marvellously different people, rising nearer to a level with the white men in the colony. Proud and war-like, and with many noble feelings, the Kaffirs (including the Gaikas, the Fingoes, the Gealekas, the Pondos, etc.) never sink so low as the Hottentots, even when they acquire the vices of civilization. They have a sort of constitutional government, the chiefs being amenable to a council of elders, and restrained by certain laws and customs. But pride, cruelty, self-will, and aversion to change, have led these nations so far to reject the Gospel. It has won some trophies among them, but the mass are hardened. The following statement is, however, hopeful. "Personally I am inclined to think that a crisis has now come in the history of the Kaffir race. The devotion and remarkable vigour of faith with which Major Malan, Dr. Stewart, Mr. Hargreaves, and other earnest workers in the Mission-field of Kaffraria, are now exerting themselves amongst these people, cannot but be regarded with the most lively interest. It remains to be seen what will be the result. If the Kaffirs respond to the appeals now being made to them, a great future may be before them. . . . Numerically they are enormously in excess of the Hottentot tribes, though they are largely exceeded in numbers by the Zulus and Bechuanas."

The Zulus, the third great group who occupy Natal and the countries beyond, are a lighter and more delicate race than the Kaffirs, though equally proud, warlike, and courageous, and they exceed them decidedly in mental capacity. They have been less influenced in their habits and social organization by contact with the white race; have the same tribal and domestic organization as the Kaffirs, and religiously also are much in the same state. Their vast numbers and

their willingness to receive Missionaries, renders most important an increase of effort among them.

The Bechuana tribes, the fourth group, are singularly unlike any of the preceding. They include the Basutos, the Baralong, the Banyai, and many others beginning with B, which seems the dominant letter in their language. They are mild and docile, tractable and peaceful, addicted to the cultivation of the soil and averse to the restless, wandering predatory habits of the other tribes around them. The Basutos have a parliament which controls their chiefs, and have produced one really remarkable statesman, the great chief Moshesh. Arbousset, Casalis, and other French Missionaries began to work among them forty years ago, and their present condition is immensely superior to that of their neighbours.

They separate the sexes in their kraals at night, change their garments for day and night, keep their pigs and fowls in separate places, instead of allowing them to reduce the huts to a state of filth and squalor; they keep their homes and persons clean, and, above all, they have *as a nation* received the Gospel. More than 10,000 of them have actually become Christians, and those who remain heathen throughout Basutoland, 120,000 in number, *voluntarily abstain from all manner of work on the Sabbath day.*

They are an industrious, hard-working, thrifty people, eager to avail themselves of instruction and of the benefits of civilization. They are, perhaps, the first of the Bechuana tribes, yet all the rest, which stretch in one unbroken line from the Orange river to the Zambesi, are alike in general characteristics. A vast population this, probably with a great future before it.

Dr. Dale, the able Superintendent-General of Education in South Africa,

considers that the great thing needed now as an adjunct to the Missionary operations among these tribes, is that they should be taught not only religion and the elements of secular education, *but also trades and useful arts.* Workshops are wanted as well as chapels, tools as well as books, master shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, wagon-makers, and wheelwrights, as well as preachers, if these hundreds of thousands of Africans are to be lifted to a higher platform. What a call is here for industrial Missions!

WESTERN AFRICA.

According to an announcement in the "Missionary Notices" for the past month, the Stations of the Wesleyan Society on the Western Coast of Africa appear to be in a prosperous state, and preparing to extend their borders. The General Secretaries say, "The King of Ashantee has sent letters pressing for the restoration of our old Mission at Kumasi. Mr. Picot (the Chairman of the Gold Coast District) hopes to be able to visit Kumasi shortly, and to remain there for some time, to prepare the way, and to erect a residence for two European Missionaries, who must be sent to occupy that distant and trying but most important and desirable position, in reference to our future Mission work. The climate of Kumasi is more favourable to European health than that of the coast; and within a short distance from Kumasi there are several large towns, in elevated positions on high lands, which form a dividing range between the waters which run into the Gulf of Guinea and those which flow into the Niger. In these the climate is almost European. Such positions, in which European Missionaries and their wives and their families can live for years, and acquire the languages of the people, are of the utmost importance in

connexion with the extension and permanence of our work in Western Africa."

Meanwhile it is interesting to know that showers of blessing are falling on the older stations of the district. Writing from Ekroful, on the 29th of September, 1875, the Rev. J. D. Hayford says:—"With us the revival began to be manifested in an unusual degree of practical earnestness on the fifth instant; on that day I exhorted such as had not experienced the forgiveness of their sins, to seek the Lord without delay, and assured them that as soon as ever they really threw their souls by faith on the merits of the Saviour for present salvation they would find the blessing. And here I gave the invitation to all who felt truly penitent to come to the front. There was at first a pause, a momentary stillness, and then a rush, as by the force of some mighty influence. The space in front not being sufficient to accommodate the large number of seekers, some remained and melted at their seats. Then were heard sighs and sobs and cries for mercy, and many found peace in believing before the meeting closed. Other similar meetings were held, and already no fewer than one hundred persons profess to have found pardon, most of whom appear to be decided Christians. Some who could never before think of showing their faces even in a corner, where the mention of the Saviour's name was concerned, now stand forward and declare boldly the great things God has done for them."

CENTRAL AFRICAN PIONEERING.

Dr. Moffat, the Father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, was the first to pioneer a path towards the then unexplored regions of Central Africa. He was barely of age, when in 1816 he sailed

for the Cape of Good Hope, with the special design of preaching the Gospel to the heathens outside the Cape Colony. His Mission was received by the local government with suspicion, as it was feared that Missionaries going to the interior would carry with them guns and ammunition, which would destroy the peace of the country.

It was necessary that he should obtain the sanction of the British Governor before he could be allowed to cross the northern borders. This was at first refused. The post of Resident with one of the Kaffir Chiefs was at length offered him, where he might act as Government agent and as Christian instructor at the same time; but he declined to be fettered, as he felt he must be in such a position, and sought the untrammelled liberty of a Missionary of the Cross.

His detention at the Cape was useful, as it gave him an opportunity of learning the Dutch language, and of acquiring a smattering of the Kaffir. "Permitted at length to go up the country, he begged a night's lodging with all the bashfulness of timorous youth. The burly farmer roared out his reply like a beast of the forest; and the negative put on the young stranger's modest request was less terrible to him than the stern tone in which it was conveyed. Fear, however, had not wholly put to flight the mother wit of the young Scot. Thinks he to himself, "I'll e'en try the guid wife." The homeless stranger far away from his "ain mither," met with a different reception in that quarter. To be sure he should have both bed and board; but whither was he bound, and what his errand?

"Well, he was bound for Orange River, to teach the rude tribes the way of salvation."

"What! to Namaqua-land, that hot inhospitable region; and will the people there, think you, listen to the Gospel, or understand it, if they do?"

Be that as it might, when asked by the kind-hearted *frau* to preach it to her and her gruff husband, he promptly replied, "Oh, ay; nought else would give him greater delight."

This, too, was to be a mingled congregation; for the surly Boer—less surly though than he seemed—had a hundred Hottentots in his service. "May none of your servants come in?" said Moffat.

"Eh!" roared the man; "Hottentots! are you come to preach to the Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them!"

The quick-witted Missionary took up the point, and read for his text "Truth, Lord: yet *the dogs* eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table."

"No more of that," cried the Boer, "I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place." He was as good as his word. The barn was crowded, the sermon was preached, and the congregation dispersed. "Who," said the farmer, in a more musical voice, "who hardened your hammer to deal my head such a blow? I'll never object to the preaching of the Gospel to Hottentots again." This was Moffat's first experience beyond the borders.

His rough reception among the Dutch farmers was a good preparation for the trials of a long life among far less promising materials. "You must have perpetrated some crime," was in effect the salutation of the natives, "and have been driven away from your own people." They could not otherwise account for his coming among them.

"What is the reason you do not return to your own land?" asked one chief. "If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be so content to live as you do, while people devour you," said another.

All in vain he told them he was come to speak to them of Jesus. "Maha hela,"—all lies—was the only answer they would deign to give him. Thus his faith and perseverance were tested.

Nothing daunted, the young Missionary, now joined by Mr. Ebner, pushed onward until he reached the north-west borders of the Orange River, where he threw himself into the midst of the body of marauders, having Africaner, a cold-blooded murderer, at their head. As a chief of the banditti, Africaner had become a terror through the Namaqua-land frontier.

The farmers had unceremoniously predicted Moffat's early death. One told him that Africaner would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to; another, that he would make a drinking-cup of his skull; and an old motherly lady, wiping a tear from her eye, bade him farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to be eaten up by that monster."

Undeterred, however, by these reports, Robert Moffat had proceeded on his journey, over sandy wastes and burning plains, and now in Africaner's kraal. Mr. Ebner soon leaving him, in a barren and miserable country, with a salary of £25 a year, he quietly and alone pursued his work of teaching Christ to the Christless.

For nine years he seemed like one beating the air, or talking to the deaf, but Africaner himself, as a happy exception, had fled to Christ! The lion had become a lamb!

As Moffat was standing with a Namaqua chief, gazing at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude entreating parties ripe for battle to live in peace, "Look!" said he, "there is the man once the lion; at whose roar even the dwellers in distant hamlets fled in

terror from their homes!" So wonderful was the transformation wrought by Divine grace in that "lion" of Namaqua-land, that the love of war had given way to the spirit of peace, and he could weep with those who wept. As years rolled on many others around were converted to God. The chief could say to them, "We are not what we were, savages; but men, professing to be taught according to the Gospel." Such were some of this pioneer's early experiences.

Thence he moved to the Bechuana country, where the people had no religious system, scarcely any idea of a Creator, "looking on the sun with eyes of an ox." For five years he preached to that people through interpreters without success, but as soon as he was able to declare the truth to them in their own tongue wherein they were born wondrous blessing came!

A penetrating writer, who knew him well, says:—"This Missionary, whose name is Moffat, could give the history of a ten year's experiment upon the tribes of the desert, comprehending labours, trials, privations, and dangers, such as even a Wellington never imagined; much less experienced. He knew not their language, and there was none to teach it him. Regardless of their filth, and fearless of their ferocity, he went and lived alone among them. He waked, he slept, he wandered, he hunted, he rested, he ate and drank with them, till he had thoroughly mastered their language; and then he began to preach to them in their own tongue wherein they were born, the wonderful redemption of Christ. Through this long space of ten years, amid difficulties and distresses of all kinds, now and again aggravated by threats of murder, he laboured patiently on, though without one sign of success. At length they listened, and at last began to tremble, and finally to weep. The heart of stone was broken, was melted: re-

pening of sin, they forsook it; and, hearing the Gospel, believed it."

Such were some of the early labours, trials and successes of the men who was the first to demonstrate the possibility of penetrating deeply into the heathen districts of Central Africa. On Saint Andrew's Day, Dr. Monat gave an address in the nave of Westminster Abbey. He apologized for a lack of fluency in English, saying that his residence of fifty-nine years in Africa had given him the habit of thinking even in Bechuana, and that he still had to translate his thoughts, when attempting to speak in English.

KING MTESA'S INVITATION.

Important and interesting despatches have been received from Mr. H. Stanley, the special correspondent and explorer of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald*; they were recovered after the murder of Col. Linant de Bellefonds, to whom they had been committed, but who unfortunately met his death at the hands of the Bari. The letters give details of the rapid, dangerous, and fatal march of the expedition through many hundred miles of hitherto unexplored territory, in which two Europeans and 154 natives perished; of the geography of the Victoria Nyanza Lake, which by the aid of the "Lady Alice" had been thoroughly explored; and of the social and religious condition of the kingdom of Uganda, and the two millions of subjects of King Mtesa.

This king can read Arabic, and is anxious for civilization. The Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the golden law of love, were written on a board for his daily perusal; he promised to observe the Christian Sabbath, and sent an earnest petition for Christian teachers to instruct him and his people. Mr. Stanley endorses

the invitation with burning words of exhortation to the Christian Church. He promises well too:—

"Mtesa would give the Missionary anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, &c.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but the entire white race. Such a man or men, Mtesa, King of Uganda, Usoga, Umgoro, and Karagwe—a kingdom of 360 geographical miles in length by fifty in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that if they will only come to him he will give them all they want. Now where is there in all the Pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? . . . The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold, with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *via* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyan-yemba. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible.

Indeed, I could not regard this King or look at him in any other light than as the possible Ethelbert by whose means the light of the Gospel may be brought to benighted Middle Africa. Undoubtedly the Mtesa of to-day is vastly superior to the vain youth whom Speke and Grant saw. There is now no daily butchery of men and women; seldom one suffers the extreme punishment. Speke and Grant left him a raw, vain youth, and a heathen. He is now a gentleman, and, professing Islamism, submits to other laws than his own erratic will, which we are told led to such severe and fatal consequences. All his captains and chief officers observe the same creed, dress in Arab costume, and in other

ways affect Arab customs. He has a guard of 200 men.

A day or two after the appearance of this deeply-interesting letter, which drew forth earnest prayer from many Christian hearts, it was announced that £5,000 had been committed to the Church Missionary Society, for the purpose of starting a Mission in these countries. Thus the prayers that since the death of Livingstone have not ceased to ascend for the interior of Africa, seem likely to be answered, and these long-benighted regions are at last to be visited by the day spring from on high. Mr. Hutchinson, Secretary of the C. M. S., speaking on this subject at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, said:—

“There were, of course, great difficulties in the way of carrying out the proposal, but every possible precaution would be taken; and in accepting King Mteca's invitation, which they expected was sincere, they did not anticipate any of the dangers which some people spoke of. (Cheers.) The Society thought and believed that half the energy, fortitude, and indomitable perseverance which had been displayed by geographical explorers would suffice to bring the Gospel to the shores of the Nyanza. What the Society was now considering was what was the best route. They knew that a combination of circumstances should direct them in what they were about to undertake. From one friend they had already got £5,000, and another friend had that morning promised to give them £3,000. (Cheers.) Surely that showed there was a feeling in this country which would bring to the poor wretches of Africa that Gospel which made the people of this land what they were.”

THE MISSIONARY BAKERY.

The Rev. Dr. Hamlin has been imparting somewhat of his ripe wisdom and mature experience as a Missionary in a course of lectures, addressed to the students at Andover, United States. Perhaps the most interesting lecture of the course was that on the relation of the Missionary to secular operations, some account of which we subjoin from the ably-conducted Bos-

ton *Congregationalist*. The speaker's long and remarkable experience in this line gave him ample material for illustration. The poverty of the pupils at Bebek Seminary, some twenty-five years ago, suggested the need of regular and lucrative work, in place of gratuitous aid. A shop for making sheet-iron stoves and simple tin-ware was started. Under the direction of Dr. Hamlin, the boys worked three hours a day, with a will and with success. They earned enough to clothe themselves, to put glass windows into their shop, and to add to their supply of tools.

Such a secular employment of Missionary labour was warmly opposed in the field and at home. It would tend, it was said, to unspiritualize the students. But the head stove-maker replied that heathen minds, destitute of spirituality, steeped in worldliness, would not be likely to be corrupted by being taught to work, instead of to beg. The boys did not all become ministers, but some did, and noble ones, successful pastors now at Constantinople, Harpoot, and other stations; while one is a professor in the Central Turkey College. Another, thus started in the stove business, by subsequent connection with Cushing and Mack, of Lowell, became a Christian merchant in Turkey, who contributes an annual average of \$3,000 to benevolent causes. Winter closed, and with it the demand for stoves; but the rats they always had with them. So, with a Yankee rat-trap for model, the manufacture of that useful commodity was begun, and some six persons kept employed. Jewish boys carried them through the city, sometimes crying out to Dr. Hamlin, “Here's a rat-trap, sir, right from Boston.” But stoves and rat-traps only touched the edge of the trouble. If a flour-mill and bakery could only be started! A providential interview

with an English banker on a Bosphorus steamer, led to an offer of sufficient funds. Dr. Hamlin succeeded (of course) in getting a *firman*, a steam-engine was ordered from England, and John Tappan sent from Boston a run of French burr-mill-stones. The dressing of these latter baffled the Missionary more than anything else, but patience triumphed. Who the engineer was, was not explicitly stated, but left for easy inference. The first-fruits of the bakery were eaten by the donkeys; but in one year afterward, one-half the capital had been repaid, with interest, and the results to the employees were very satisfactory. In the second year, the mutterings of the Crimea were heard, and their operations were continued very cautiously. At the same hour that the British squadron entered the Bosphorus, the Turkish Bible Society was holding its first anniversary in Constantinople. Protestant cannon shook the windows of the hall where they were assembled, and where the saintly Hedley Vicars, in full uniform, was making an earnest address in behalf of their work.

Providence was working wonderfully for the cause of the Bible, and for the interest of the mission bakery as well. Lord Raglan's surgeon-in-chief, while inspecting the Scutari Hospital, happened to see some of the Bebek bread, and at once sent a messenger for the baker. A curious conversation ensued. "Are you the baker, Hamlin, who makes this bread?" "My name is Hamlin, but I am not a baker; I am an American Missionary, and head-master of an American Seminary at Bebek." "Then why did you come here?" "Because you sent for me." "But I want a baker not a Missionary." "Is it not rather bread you want?" "Quite so—bread like that on the table." "Well, I can furnish you that." An agreement was immediately made to

furnish him two hundred and fifty pounds per day, at half the price he had been paying for wretched bread, and he began the next day a business which increased till he made for the soldiers' use eight and one-half tons of bread every day, and employed not only every Protestant, but many others. All the proceeds of this great enterprise—some \$25,000—were devoted to Missionary purposes. The church at Broosa, which had been destroyed, was rebuilt, with a skeleton of oak and iron, earthquake proof. Thirteen other churches, with rooms for mission schools, were built at other places, and out of the immense business Dr. Hamlin only retained a pair of small scales, used in weighing the gold paid by the British Government for bread. There was one other fruit of the flour-mill. In 1865, Mr. Christopher R. Robert, of New York, travelling in the East, saw a large load of these loaves crossing to Scutari. He too, sought out the baker, and the providential result has been Robert College, with its magnificent buildings on the Bosphorus, the great work it has already accomplished, and its high vantage ground for future usefulness.

— "CHRISTIAN ME NOW."

The Rev. J. Cooper of Nagpore (India) writes to Dr. Murray Mitchell:—

"Last Sabbath morning, the 13th instant, Mrs. Cooper and I had just returned from our usual religious service with the orphan children, when six men carrying a palki entered our compound, and did not halt till they had laid their burden in the verandah of our house. As we did not expect visitors, we were not a little surprised at such unusual procedure; for generally our friends, when they come to us in this way, leave their palki outside, and send a message by a servant that they desire to have an interview.

On this occasion I went out to the verandah to see who had come, and that on a Sabbath-day, when, as a rule, we do not receive ceremonious calls either from Europeans or natives. The palki door was open, and I at once recognized a native gentleman whom I have intimately known for the last fifteen or sixteen years. At a glance I perceived he was in a very weak and exhausted state of body; but with great eagerness he grasped my hand and said, 'I have come to you at last; will you receive me?' Here Mrs. Cooper joined us, and without a moment's delay he seized her by the hand, and exclaimed loudly and energetically, 'O madame, I have come to be made a child of God! will you receive me? I have no time to lose.' 'Yes,' she answered. 'You have come at last. We have long expected you, and God has now heard our prayers. Most gladly will we receive you.' Then addressing us both, and look with most intense anxiety at us, he cried out, 'Will you *Christian* me at once, now, before I leave this palki—will you receive me into the family of God? I want to be a child of God now! Will you do it?' I replied, 'Ramiah,'—for that was his name—'I cannot make you a child of God—I cannot put you into God's family; but if you believe with all your heart on Jesus the only Saviour, God Himself will make you His child—will take you into His own family from this very moment.' Instantly he cried out, 'I believe with all my heart. I have perfect confidence in Jesus. *Christian* me at once, *Christian* me at once! I have done with the world and with the filthy nonsense of Hinduism for ever. I have suppressed the truth for thirty years, but I cannot and will not do it any longer. You must *Christian* me now—I will not leave your house till God calls me.' Seeing that our friend was so earnest and urgent, and in consequence of

this somewhat excited, I explained to him that it was not his being baptized that would make him a child of God, but his believing with all his heart on the Lord Jesus Christ. This he at once understood; and Mrs. Cooper suggested that I should pray with him as a believer. I did so, thanking God for enabling our brother to form an^d carry out his resolution to become His child even at this late period of his life, and entreating that he might be truly washed in the blood of Christ, in and on whom he now believed—that he might be clothed in His righteousness, sanctified by his Spirit, and prepared for His glory. No sooner had I finished this prayer, than he cried out, 'Now I am happy—now I have entered God's family! Are not you my brother, and you my sister, now? What am I to you now?—a brother? Call me no longer Ramiah, but George, brother George.'

All the above took place in our verandah, and while our friend was lying in his palki; and immediately after I had prayed he called for scissors, and asked Mrs. Cooper to cut his sacred string, which, when this was done, with disgust he threw from him, saying, 'Away with all such trash.' He then wished to have his *kudam*—the tuft of hair on the crown of his head—also cut off; but he felt too exhausted for that operation, but delayed till after he was settled in bed, when that too was removed. As our friend had come with a resolution not to leave our house till God called him, and his request to be taken in was so distressingly earnest, we could not refuse him. Although a man of position and wealth in the native community, he had been sadly neglected during his illness. His only relation was an old aunt, and beyond the use of charms and ceremonies she and the servants did not seem to care for more.

But I must now tell you who our friend was. George Ramiah Rai

Bahadur, honorary magistrate, was a Telugu Brahman, about fifty-five years of age. He received his honourable title two or three years ago, when he retired on a pension, after having been a faithful servant of Government for thirty-five years. He was well educated, and could understand and speak English as if he had been born and brought up in Britain. When I first made his acquaintance he was serving under Colonel Tod, then paymaster of the Nagpore force; and to him he was greatly indebted for much Christian instruction. Since then I have known Ramiah intimately, and frequently I used to meet him on public occasions, and receive visits from him at my house. He was a regular subscriber to our Mission, and always seemed to admire but could not adopt the Christian religion. Often have I spoken to him on the subject, but never met with any decided response. He was reticent on this one point, yet always amiable, and never expressing or indicating any strong feelings or opinions against Christianity. The last public occasion on which I met him was at one of Mr. Somerville's meetings. Mrs. Cooper then introduced him to Mr. Somerville, as a native gentleman who had long been near, but never had the courage or strength to enter the kingdom of God. He was deeply moved by the addresses he then heard; and what Mrs. Cooper had said about him to Mr. Somerville seemed to haunt him, till last Sabbath morning when he came to cast in his lot with the people of God.

After we had got him comfortably settled in bed in one of our rooms, he had for the greater part of the day to pass through very trying ordeals. First came his aged aunt, who used every effort and device which natural affection could suggest to persuade or induce him not to become a Christian, and to return to his home; but he was very firm and decided, and would not

for an instant listen to her deeply moving entreaties. Then Brahmans, friends, and acquaintances crowded into his room to ply their arts; but all to no purpose. His uniform reply to them was, 'I am no longer one of you; I am a Christian; I am a child of God. Here is my brother, and this is my sister,' pointing to me and Mrs. Cooper. Then he would ask for water from Mrs. Cooper, and drink it in their presence. This broke the spell in their eyes, and they turned away in disgust. 'What can we do?' they said; 'He is no longer one of us.' At his request we sent for the doctor and Colonel Mackenzie, and after interviews with them he was very much exhausted. The former said that if he could only be persuaded to take nourishment he might yet rally and live for some time. However, after a very restless night, he was very low on Monday, so that we could entertain no hope of his recovery. On Tuesday he was a little better, as we thought, but the doctor declared he was sinking. That morning he expressed a desire to be baptized, so that formally he might be received into the number of God's people. In the presence of a number of friends who gathered around his bed the rite was administered. He fully understood its import. 'This is the third day since I was received into God's family,' he said, after it was concluded; 'but my baptism is only the outward sign or seal of my being received.' Ever since my prayer in the verandah on Sabbath morning he regarded himself as a Christian, and would not allow any one to address him but as brother George; and when we did forget—for the old familiar name, Ramiah, would be uttered before we were aware—he would take us by the hand and say, 'Ah, you forget; I am brother George.' On that day he was anxious to arrange his worldly affairs, but it was thought that he had not strength to do so. He

wished to leave his aunt 4,000 rupees, and the rest of his estate to Mrs. Cooper, his 'sister,' or to her to carry on the Lord's work. Some of the officers of the Commission who visited thought it was now too late for him to do this, and so the matter dropped. Again and again he expressed how comfortable and happy he was. He delighted to have us near him to speak and pray with him. Some of our orphan children were brought into his room, and their singing of some of Sankey's sweet songs of Zion made him very happy. By day and night he was nursed and cared for by Mrs. Cooper and a few of our native Christians, for which he did not know how to express his gratitude. He desired to give us many gifts, but he could not procure them now; yet he hoped to be raised up to have the opportunity of gratifying his wishes. He, however, continued to sink day by day, although able to take a little nourishment or stimulant. On Thursday his aunt sent to inquire about him; and on our asking if he had any message to send to her, he replied: 'Tell her I am in perfect peace.' Throughout he was quite calm and sensible, till within ten minutes of his departure, yesterday, at noon. Mrs. Cooper had many opportunities of talking with him all the day she was with us, and her testimony, as well as my own, Mr. Whitten's, and that of others, all concur in saying that he has given most pleasing and satisfactory evidence that he truly believed in Jesus, and has now in every sense passed from death into life. This morning the remains of our departed friend and brother, in accordance with his expressed wish, were buried beside those of the revered father and founder of this Mission (the Rev. Stephen Hislop), in the presence of a large concourse of native Christians and Hindus, and a few of the officers of the Commission.

Mrs. Cooper adds that this dying

man was especially struck with the descriptions of heaven in Revelation; when he heard of the Lamb's book of life, he said, 'My name, my new name George, is there, written in that book!' And when the verse, 'they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads,' words which to a Hindu, long in the habit of putting the mark of his god on his forehead, are full of meaning, he put his hand to his brow and said, 'God will write his name here!'

This case is not only a sweet instance of the work of Divine grace in overcoming the terrible obstacles which lie in the way of confession of Christ by a Hindu, but it is cheering as being doubtless a sample of very many others, in which the mind is enlightened and the heart turned to God, long before the Missionary is cheered by the knowledge that such is the case. Confession so naturally follows conversion in our country that we have not the same need to press, as Missionaries in India have, the double statement of Rom. x. 9: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Great must be the shrinking from this duty of confession when only the consciousness of the rapid approach of eternity can nerve a man for the task! To such there must be a preciousness unknown to us in the promise, 'Who-soever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.'

THE GREATEST TRIALS.

When the dear missionaries are about leaving home for their foreign fields, they become objects of peculiar interest, and their friends lavish upon them their tenderest sympathy, pitying them most of all, in "going away off there," because of bodily trials and

privations, especially in the matter of something to eat and drink, and "something to wear," and nice and luxurious houses to live in. The missionaries, too, dear souls, in trying to "count the cost," imagine how it would feel to be hungry, and if they could bear *this* for Him who bore even this for them, and who had not a place to lay His head.

But although some missionaries may suffer for something to eat the first year, it is not because they need starve: it is only because they are like the naughty Israelites, lusting after the leeks and onions of Egypt, and longing for the *home* dishes. They are not used to the many new things so really delightful and abundant in the Asiatic markets and in Oriental cooking. However, this is not, for any length of time, any trial at all. There is usually enough to eat, and it is good—sometimes better than what we had at home.

The houses (though in Persia built of mud and destitute of grace and symmetry,—Dr. Perkins appropriately called them the earthly houses of our tabernacle) became to us, working to make them clean and home-like, very precious abodes. And we think that in after years, perhaps, even when we return and are received into habitations in America, there were never any such homes as those. As for something to wear, we always had something, often using the same garments we took out till we came back, they seeming to "wax not old," and we never aware that we were not in the fashion! Oh, happy people, those Persian missionaries!—the tyrant Fashion has no rule whatever over them, who neither think of nor care for latest styles! A ten-year-old bonnet is just as good there as yours fresh from the milliner. Clean and neat and comfortable—pleasant adjectives—and all we aspired to for ourselves and children. We saw the

fashion-plates sometimes, it is true (though never "for the current month"); friends would send them, as we supposed to make us laugh, and we always did laugh, too! not half believing that people could be beguiled into wearing such hideous tortures. Ah, if slaves knew the sweets of liberty, they would envy the free!

But what *are* the trials? What breaks the missionaries down, sending them into premature graves, and bringing them home with that worst of all diseases—which is yet no disease at all—*nervous prostration*? Tell us the burden, and where it presses heaviest. This is it—to live in a land where there is no Christ, among people who have not the fear of God before their eyes; where there are none of the sweet restraints of our holy religion; where there are no sanctuary privileges, no *Sabbath*, no Christian homes, no Christly friendships, no truth, no honesty, no decency, no light shining above the brightness of the sun on eyes, and hearts, and homes, and lives. It is neither a healthy nor a cheerful atmosphere that breathes from the valley of the shadow of death and dry bones; few, indeed, can inhale it long without sickening.

With unspeakable longings we turn at such times to the home friends, churches, and societies that have sent us out, leaning on them, and expecting them to be faithful Aarons and Hurs. And then we read, as we did last October, that "the deficiency of the Board is \$226,000!" And the hands that should have been held up fall down, and the knees are feeble. I ached when I read about that dreadful lack, and I ached the more to think how some would ache more than I—the dear far-away missionaries, leaning on us, and we breaking like good-for-nothing feeble reeds. God help us "to stand!" and "*having done all*,"

to stand"—to "stand in our lot," and to

"Stand on the Rock—
Firmly stand for Christ!"

The dear missionaries, too far away to see us go up to the courts of the Lord with them that keep holy-day, and to hear us sing,

"Fly abroad thou mighty gospel!"

with high-sounding organs and quar-

tette choirs, think Mr. Rankin's balance-sheet is the church's thermometer; and it is: and everything and everybody freezes when it is so low. May it rise among the *plus ninities* quick, and our dear missionaries forget some of their "greatest trials," when Zion comes "to the help of the Lord. the help of the Lord against the mighty." In behalf of the tried,

SARAH J. RHEA.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

DR. BUTLER of the Methodist mission in Mexico, draws attention to the fact that the Spanish language stands third in the list of European tongues, being spoken by more people than any others, except the English and the German. Of the fifty millions of whom the Spanish is the mother tongue over twenty-nine millions live on this continent. Less has been done to supply them with the pure Gospel than in the case of any other body of mankind of similar size in all the world.

LAKE NYASSA AND ZANZIBAR.—The Rev. Horace Waller writes to the *Times* from Twywell Rectory, Thrapstone:—"A letter has just reached me dated Zanzibar, the 13th of January, and it contains two very interesting pieces of intelligence. It seems that Arab caravans from the interior report that Mr. E. D. Young, R.N., is now on Lake Nyassa with three boats, doubtless the small steamer 'Hala,' and the two fine boats that were taken up the Shire river with her. This news comes by a totally different route from that which reached us through the Portuguese settlement,

and it is not without significance that my correspondent adds that the Arabs say that the slave trade is already feeling the effects of Mr. Young's presence on this great inland sea. Your readers will recollect that Dr. Livingstone always considered that a steam vessel on Lake Nyassa would do more to stop the slave trade than anything that could be devised. The mission settlement at Cape Maclear, at the south-west corner of the lake, seems also to have been founded by Mr. Young. It is to be hoped that these brave fellows will be vigorously backed up in the efforts to introduce peace and goodwill. From Zanzibar itself we learn that the Sultan has issued a proclamation which sets free all the slaves in the districts lately visited by the Egyptian troops, and forbids all slave trading there for the future. It is much to be regretted that such wholesome action does not begin nearer home instead of at these distant extremities, so as to give the thousands of slaves at Zanzibar the benefit of freedom."

MISS BAXTER, of Dundee, has given £200 to the London Mission at Amoy

to secure a building for the training of native ministers and schoolmasters.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ of Calcutta has assumed an attitude of more decided opposition to Christianity, but is woefully failing in its struggle with Hinduism. Its ranks are thinning both from relapses into the old superstition, and from dissension and division among the leaders. What better result could be anticipated from a movement so decidedly Atheistic in its tendency?

BRAZIL AND THE JESUITS.—The release of the imprisoned bishops in Brazil has been accomplished by a Jesuit scheme. "They instigated the Emperor's daughter to vow that she would perform the most humiliating penances until they were pardoned, and accordingly she began to sprinkle and sweep all the churches in the neighbourhood. Her mortified father's heart was so touched that he relented and released the law-defying bishops. The Emperor is now planning a foreign tour for a year and a half, and, unfortunately for his country, will leave its control in the hands of his daughter, that is, of the Jesuits."

ACCORDING to the Boston *Pilot* there were in 1825, 50 years ago, 1 Roman Catholic priest in Maine, 1 in Massachusetts, and 1 in New Hampshire, with 8 churches. There are now in New England, according to this authority, 1 archbishop, 5 bishops, 441 priests, 432 churches, and a Catholic population of nearly a million.

THE Lutheran "Church Almanac" for 1876, which has just been published in Philadelphia, says that there are in North America 2,669 Lutheran preachers, and 4,571 congregations, which have 573,139 communing members. There are in the United States thirteen Lutheran theological seminaries, with 423 students of theology, and seventeen colleges attended by

more than 2,000 students. About fifty periodicals are published in English, German, Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish. Fifty years ago the Lutherans in this country numbered only 163 clergymen and 43,125 communicants.

IN THE apportionments of the missionary money to be raised next year, the committee recently appointed by the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Church have asked the New York and New York East Conferences, whose territory embraces New York and Brooklyn, to raise \$47,000 each; New England Conference is asked for \$28,000, New Jersey for \$22,500, Philadelphia for \$55,000, Pittsburg for \$33,000, Newark for \$22,200, Central New York \$20,000, Northern New York \$17,500, Western New York \$17,500, Baltimore, \$40,000, Cincinnati, \$26,000, Troy, \$26,000, Providence \$14,700, Central Pennsylvania \$23,000, Illinois \$22,000, Rock River \$19,000, and Northern Indiana and Northern Ohio \$13,000 each. Of the aggregate the conferences east of the Alleghanies and north of the Potomac are asked for \$404,350—nearly one-half of the whole sum required. New York State alone is expected to contribute \$149,000.

IN THE first sermon Cardinal McClosky preached after his return from Europe, referring to the Pope, he said: "During my late visit to Rome I was permitted to enjoy a great deal of the society of the holy father. Sometimes I sat in familiar converse with him in his simple private cabinet, and at others I shared his walks, or listened to his words to the hundreds that daily flock into his presence. I was profoundly impressed with the moral grandeur, and the sublime dignity of the august head of our Church. All who entered his presence were struck with reverential awe. A radiance,

that lit up every scene in which he appeared, was in his countenance. His eloquence penetrated the hearts of those to whom it was addressed, whatever their professions or creeds. None looked on the Sovereign Pontiff, a captain in his own palace, without feeling

that he was above monarchs, princes, or any of the great ones of the earth. Even when speaking of the wounds that cruel enemies have inflicted upon the Church, his words were not harsh. He spoke like a father grieving over rebellious children."

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

"THOUGH I DO NOT GO TO CHURCH, I READ MY BIBLE AT HOME."

Lately, one Sabbath afternoon, I called on a young woman, who, for a very frivolous reason, has resolved not to go back to the Sabbath School, though she is very much in need of instruction. In self-defence, she said that though she did not attend Sabbath School, she read her Bible at home. She clearly thought that doing the latter made up for not doing the former. I then asked her what she had been reading about that afternoon. She, however, had not the slightest remembrance of it. On further questioning her, I found that she had not spent fifteen minutes on her Bible. But, in her opinion, having her eyes a few minutes on the printed page, though her mind might be taken up with worldly affairs, was a very good substitute for attendance at the Sabbath School.

Many who wilfully absent themselves from the House of God, use in their favour the same plea as this young woman did. With very few exceptions—if any—this is a mere pretence—nothing but a piece of hypocrisy. They give as little time and attention to their Bible, as she did to hers. But, though they should give much more,

that would not be a substitute for going to the House of God. The performance of one duty, is no excuse for the neglect of another. Besides, love to God's Word and His House always go together. F.

CONSECRATED GAINS.

Whose is the money, the wealth, the silver, the gold, the earth and the fullness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills? Whose are the treasures of darkness, the wealth of the deep places of the earth? Who sends the sunshine and the rain! Who clothes the hills with forests and the vales with corn? Who gives the strength to labour and the skill to plan? Who has given life for life, blood for blood, to purchase and redeem a ruined, sinful race?

What then are we but ransomed captives, released from bondage and adopted as the sons of God? What have we but the free gifts of a tender, loving, gracious God? And what can we do more fitting and proper than to consecrate our gains to the Lord of the whole earth?

We are the Lords; and when he bought us with his blood, the purchase covered all we were, and all we had, for time and for eternity. We are not our own. What then have we that

we did not receive? What have we that is not a sacred trust? What have we that may not be taken from us in a day? What have we for which we shall not give an account?

In him we live. His arm sustains, his bounty feeds, his care provides for kings and beggars alike. He blesses and we prosper,—he blights and blasts and all our gains are gone, and we ourselves vanish before his wrath. For as pride is destruction, independence is ruin, willfulness is perdition. Our safety is only in the Lord; in his providence, his guidance, his grace and his love.

Let us then, as we live in him, live for him. Let our business be carried on in his fear and to his glory. Let our lives be passed under the approval of his glance, under the refreshment of his smile. Let our faith, and hope, and life and work, centre in Him who has bought us with so great a price; and let all our possessions be held as by his authority, and consecrated to his work.

God will have all. That which we withhold we lose. Earth and all its possessions are the Lord's by right, and his in fact. That nation and that kingdom that will not serve him shall be utterly wasted; and the cankering gold and rusting silver of the covetous shall be a witness against them, and the rust thereof shall eat their flesh like fire. And those who refuse to yield to God and trust in him shall at last be made to feel the power of him who punishes those who spurn his rule, and who has said: "I will consecrate their gain unto Jehovah and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth." Micah. iv. 13.—*Selected.*

TRIALS AND JOYS.

The following testimony is from the pen of Dr. Jessup, of the A.B.C.F.M.,

labouring for many years with great success in Syria:—

"Did I speak of trials? The Missionary work has its trials, but I believe that its joys are far greater. The saddest scenes I have witnessed during a residence of seventeen years in Syria have been when Missionaries have been obliged to *leave the work* and return to their native land. There are trials growing out of the hardness of the human heart, our own want of faith, the seeming slow progress of the Gospel, and the heart-crushing disappointments arising from broken hopes, when individuals and communities who have promised well, turn back to their old errors, 'like the dog to his vomit,' again. But of joys it is much easier to speak,—the joy of preaching Christ to the perishing, of labouring where others will not labour, of laying foundations for the future, of feeling that you are doing what you can to fulfil the Saviour's last command; of seeing the Word of God translated into a new language, a Christian literature beginning to grow, children and youth gathered into schools and seminaries of learning, and even sects which hate the Bible obliged to teach their children to read it; of seeing Christian families growing up, loving the Sabbath and the Bible, the sanctuary and the family altar. Then there is the joy of seeing souls born into the kingdom of our dear Redeemer, and Churches planted in a land where pure Christianity had ceased to exist, and of witnessing unflinching steadfastness in the midst of persecution and danger, and the triumphs of faith in the solemn hour of death. These are a few of the joys which are strewn so thickly along the path of the Christian Missionary, that he has hardly time to think of sorrow, trial, and discouragement."

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

THE SPARROW.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My wife is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows:
All over the world we are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.—*Happy Hours.*

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said the brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right in him, if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along the road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

"The other said: 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'"

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

"I should."

"You sha'n't!"

"I will!"

"And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said:

"You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half-angry talk

about an imaginary pony? If I had not been *here*, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were."

THE OLD CAP.

"Toss it in the air!" said one.

"Hurrah! there it goes! Catch it, and heave it up again!" said a well-dressed boy, with a smart, new cap on his head.

There were so many boys that I could not at first see what they were playing so merry with. At last the wind blew towards me a little cloth cap, not made, to be sure, in the fashion, but it was done very neatly, and was good enough to be worn by any boy of sense. A little boy ran after the cap, and tried to get it from the rest of the boys. His head was bare; so I thought the cap must be his.

"Oh! Charles," said he, "give me my cap! It will be all dirty."

But the rash and cruel Charles only kicked it up in the air again, and cried:

"Hurrah for the Dutchman's cap!"

This stroke of wit, as they all seemed to think it, caused a loud laugh, and they went on with their cruel sport. The little owner of the cap could scarcely keep from tears; and the boys, having had sport enough, at last gave him his cap.

For boys or girls to plague or make sport of their comrades because they are poorly-dressed, is very sinful. It was no more to the credit of Charles that he was well-dressed, and had a nice cap, than it was to the discredit of the little boy that he had poorer clothes, and a cheaper hat, made by his mother's hands. Boys and girls deserve our love and regard, not by reason of the clothes they wear, but because of their own qualities as boys and girls. May we all learn thus to regard each other.—*Young Pilgrim.*

BEGINNING YOUNG.

A gentleman recently said:—"I believe my boy, now ten years of age, is a Christian, and he cannot remember the time when he did not love Jesus and try to do His will. I went away for a few days. When, on the first day, his mother took the Bible for family worship, as is her custom in my absence, he asked that he might read and pray—he thought he could. His mother gladly consenting, he read from the Bible, and then offered a simple, sincere, and comprehensive prayer. After that he conducted family worship. The boy strives hard to be a faithful, consistent Christian, and is always very cheerful and happy."

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said:

"I'll pay you for that!"

So the duck flew at the hen; but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so her tail brushed the eye of a sheep who was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did so his foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she as she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he and he ran at the cow.

What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow; and the cow at the dog; and the dog at the sheep; and the sheep at the cat; and the cat at the goose; and the goose at the duck; and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made to be sure!

"Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them.

"I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the barn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

"I'll pay you for that!" said the man.—*Nursery.*

In a compartment in a railway carriage there were seated a Christian lady, her little daughter, and one gentleman. The little girl, unobserved by her mother, who was reading a book, whispered to the gentleman "Does you love God?" Nothing more was said. The arrow of conviction went home, and before many days had elapsed that gentleman was a happy believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. About a year afterwards he was walking along the street of a country town, when he noticed, looking out of a window, the mother of the little girl. He at once knocked at the door, saw the lady, and told her how that, in God's hands, her daughter had been the means of his conversion. He then expressed a wish to see the little girl, but the mother, with tears in her eyes, told him that the next time he would see her daughter would be in heaven; for she had some months before gone to be with Jesus. Dear young reader, "Does you love God?"

CIRCULAR TO MINISTERS.

ANNAN, ONT., *March 4th, 1876.*

REV. DEAR SIR :—Along with this circular, we take the liberty of sending you a copy of the CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY : have the kindness to examine the Magazine. It is the successor of *Good News*, which ceased on account of the sudden death of its editor and publisher, the Rev. Mr. Kennedy ; for two years and a half the publication was conducted in behalf of Mr. Kennedy's family. It was, at the end of that period decided, that it would be unwise to continue the publication longer on that footing, as there was a likelihood that instead of bringing in any help to Mrs. Kennedy, it would involve its publishers in loss. We, the undersigned, were readers of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY all along, and felt sorry to see such a publication cease. The like of it is needed very much in country districts, and we know from our own personal knowledge that its circulation was doing good. Its mission seemed similar to the *Christian Treasury* in its older days, or the *British Messenger*. Monthlies that deal with Sin, Salvation, the Saviour, with Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration. Such magazines are a great aid to the pulpit in the families of the church, in interesting young and old in spiritual things, and fostering a taste for healthy literature, and love for the Word of the living God. To keep up the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, extend its circulation, and endeavor if possible to make it a permanent institution in Canada, we have formed ourselves into a provisional company, willing to give some time and money to this work ; and without any object of profit, even though the work should succeed beyond running expenses, when the profits will be used in improving the character of the Magazine. The Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Chatsworth, who has full control as Editor, also continues to give his services for nothing. In these circumstances, we have courage to appeal to all Ministers of the Gospel in Canada, as well to the Christian people generally, to whom this comes, to interest themselves in the publication, to speak a kind word in regard to it to their people, to give encouragement to the young men we are sending out as colporteurs and canvassers, and to send sermons and other contributions occasionally. The day has come when Christians must make a greater use of the press, not simply indirectly in filling with the *leaven* of Christian principles all departments of literature, but in the work of using it *directly* as an instrument to exalt Christ, his offices, his life, his death, and to keep ever before people his ascension, and his coming to judgment. We are fully aware of the excellent publications that come to us from other countries, and of the weekly newspapers and monthly records of the different churches. but over and above these, we want Canadian periodicals, and periodicals especially that deal directly and throughout with Christian doctrine, Christian work and Christian life in a way that will excite no controversy, and be level to the capacities of the common people, the working men of our towns and villages, and the settlers in our backwoods. Let us therefore, Christian friends, have your sympathy, prayers, and active help in this matter. The price of the MONTHLY is put so low that it will require a large circulation, say 4000, to pay expenses and provide for losses. It is 32 pages per month that are commonly given in Canada for one dollar, whereas the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY gives 48 pages, making a volume at the end of the year of 576 pages of matter, closely packed, and on good paper. We propose, however, to give the rest of 1876—nine months—to all Ministers of the Gospel in the Dominion, for fifty cents, free of postage. The publishing department is in the hands of JAMES BAIN & SON, TORONTO, to whom all subscriptions should be sent.

DAVID ROSS, WM. P. TELFORD, JAMES P. TELFORD.