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# Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. Vol. V. No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The call to united prayer issued by the Evangelical Alliance was responded to in St. John's by the Evangelical churches. The ministers and office-bearers came together night after night to find crowded congregations waiting to join in praise and prayer to the gracious Giver of all our blessings. Year after year these services appear to be more thoroughly appreciated, and no doubt very many are cheered and encouraged to resume the battle of life for another year in humble dependence for help on the Hearer of prayer.

A noon prayer-meeting was this year conducted in the Temperance Hall, when the same subjects were presented before the Throne of Grace.

## ST. JOHN'S YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The young men whose hearts the Spirit of God has enlightened have banded themselves together and formed an association. In order to bring their claims fairly before the various churches an enthusiastic meeting was held in Gower street Methodist Church on the 2nd of January. The chair was occupied by James Goodfellow, Esq., and the speakers were the Revs. M. Harvey, T. Harris, T. Hall-Fitzpatrick, S. Dunn, Messrs. Hon. J. J. Rogerson, McDougal, Seymour, Bromley, Hutchinson, and Deakins. The following evening the young men met and elected their officers and adopted their constitution. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected to office:—James Goodfellow, Esq., president; L. T. Chancey, J. O. Fraser, J. E. Peters, and J. R. Templeton, Esqs., vice-presidents; Alex. Parsons, Esq., secretary; and J. Mews, Esq., treasurer; A. Martin, Esq., corresponding secretary.

## EVANGELISTIC WORK IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The evangelists, Messrs. Hutchinson and Bromley, have been conducting special services in Blackhead and Carbonar. The same blessed results have been witnessed in these places that we reported respecting St. John's, a deepening of the Spirit's work in believers, and the conversion of numbers of souls to God. Early

last month Mr. Deakins, another evangelist from London, arrived in St. John's, and proceeded to Trinity Bay, where he has been conducting services during the month; with what results we are not able to say, but we hope to give our readers some information on these important matters in future numbers.

We have much cause for rejoicing and thankfulness that the Great Head of the Church has been pleased to visit this country with showers of spiritual blessing. There has not been such a spirit of prayer and of inquiry among us for many years. May the work be only begun. We need a revival more than anything else. Let the people of God work and pray, and expect, and "the Lord will do great things for us."

## OUR MEETINGS.

### No. VI.

#### THE WOMEN'S FREE LIBRARY.

This, like the Blanket and Sheet Society, originated entirely with the secretary of the Infants' Friend Society, who felt it desirable that the poor women attending the mothers' meetings, and those relieved by the Infants' Friend Society, should have a higher class of reading provided for them than the common newspapers and other trashy and vicious publications which they provided for themselves, the articles in which so frequently formed the topics of conversation when they met, and induced an unhealthy desire for their perusal.

After pondering the subject for some time, and waiting till the Blanket Society was not only launched but firmly established, she determined to make an appeal to the friends in the Chapel Manual, published in Jan., 1877, and while it was in the press called a meeting of the committee of the Infants' Friend Society, to lay before them her plans, prepare them for the forthcoming appeal, and invite their cordial co-operation.

After speaking of the unlooked for great success of the Blanket Society, she says: "We would now give expression to another great wish of our heart.—the establishment of a library for the poor women connected with all our societies—a library of pure, healthy, moral, and religious literature, not too dry, nor above their heads, but such works as can be obtained from the Religious Tract Society; and they must be chiefly tales and periodicals, such as the *Leisure Hour*, *Sun-*

day at Home, Weekly Visitor, etc., if we wish them to be read—good tales which shall interest, amuse, and instruct, and lift them above the desire to read the dreadful *Police News*, and the other trashy or vicious publications with which at present they regale themselves. We could not well start with less than 100 volumes, and we think it desirable that these should be exchanged once a fortnight, and lent to them free of charge, the sick being regularly supplied by the Bible nurse in her usual visits. We think it would be the means of elevating them and making them happier thus rendering them better wives, better mothers, better neighbours, and less prone to spend their time in idle gossip. If many friends will put their shoulder to the wheel, and each do a little, it can easily be done. If each seat-holder will give us the price of one volume, or the volume itself, it will soon be accomplished, and then there will be the necessary cupboard to procure in which to keep them. The minor matters would soon be arranged were these major ones granted, and we heartily pray that before many weeks of this new year have elapsed this also will be fairly launched, and its influence felt in many homes ere the spring arrives; for while we tarry souls are perishing for lack of knowledge, and this may be one of the means used by God for the enlightenment of some poor wandering husband, wife, or child who, ere the year closes, may be called away. It is given but to few to do great things for Christ, but He never despiseth the 'day of small things' with any of us, and if in His might we can succeed in rescuing one poor soul from its downward course, we shall cause joy in heaven, and accomplish more than angels."

This appeal was responded to in a manner she had never anticipated. The cupboard was provided at once by one of the ladies connected with the mothers' meetings, and books and money to purchase them came flowing in freely, till, in place of the 100 volumes asked for, 200 were supplied; the cupboard was filled, and money in hand. Two young lady members of the church were appointed librarians, and the giver of the cupboard president and treasurer.

On Feb. 26 the library was formally opened at the mothers' meeting by its originator with a little address to the mothers present and a dedicatory prayer. The books are given out and exchanged at the mothers' meetings on Monday afternoons, the Bible nurse taking charge of those for the sick, or of those who cannot come, unless, as is frequently the case, those for the latter are brought by a neighbour or friend; for, as a rule, the poor are very kind and sympathising with each other, and ready to render a neighbourly turn at all times; and when such is not the case we have generally found the influence for good has gradually undermined and sapped all churlish feeling. We think it a pretty good test of kindness when on a hot or wet day a mother will come in, not only laden

with the inevitable baby and her own library, but with two or three thick volumes of the *Leisure Hour* or *Sunday at Home*, which she wishes to exchange or renew for her neighbours.

Forty-five names are entered on the book, and it speaks well for the poor women that the books most in request are the *Sunday at Home*, *Friendly Visitor*, *Tract Magazine*, *Christian Miscellany*, *Penny Magazine*, and periodicals of similar characters. The books are covered with strong brown paper, and have a printed list of rules inside, one of which provides for a fine in case of loss or damage; but they are so well taken care of and valued that as yet there has been no occasion for enforcing that special rule.

The effect of this library is being seen and felt in many of their homes; not only do the women themselves greatly value it, but in many cases the husbands appreciate it also, while the younger branches are delighted to read the numerous narratives of the periodicals. In several cases it has been the means of inducing them to take in other periodicals for themselves and their children, such as are provided by the branch of the Pure Literature Agency connected with the chapel. It is very gratifying to hear some of the mothers speak of their husbands staying at home to read the books in which they are interested, instead of spending the evening and money at a public-house; and it is a great inducement to the wives to brighten up the hearth and make all clean to try to keep them at home, by which not only are the husbands gainers in many ways, but the wives often in a pecuniary sense, as it not unfrequently happens that he gives her an extra coin towards the blanket, sheet, shawl, or counterpane for which she is subscribing, which coin would inevitably have been spent in drink but for these inducements to stay at home. The elder children, too, often read to mother of an evening while she attends to baby, or if that little charmer can be induced to sleep, while she tries to do a little of the much-needed sewing; and thus mother and children both profit, the latter often asking puzzling questions, which teaches mother to think that she may best know how to answer them.

I would advise every congregation to have such a library. Its silent influence for good in the homes of the poor is incalculable, and there are few families but would supply one or more suitable volumes for its establishment.

H. D. ISACKE.

Six will never leave thee so long as thou art in the body, and will never be got out till the vessel be broken, as it was with the vessel of earth defiled with leprosy, it behoved to be broken—no washing or scouring would do.

Know ye not, drooping saints, that there is a seed of enjoyment in all your disappointments, there is a sun under your cloud, your light shall shine out of obscurity, there is a harvest of joy in your tears, ye may have sown light in your darkness, faith under your doubtings, hope under your fears, and these in due time shall bring forth light.

## GEMS RE-SET.

The King who blood and life hath given  
His subjects in their need to aid,  
To Him be praise in earth and heaven !  
To Him let endless thanks be paid.  
Bless Him for all He's giv'n of good,  
But most extol His precious blood.

This glorious King my heart hath found.  
Where found Him ? Upon Calvary's hill.  
He pours from out each bleeding wound  
Rich balsam for mine every ill :  
To me, who 'mid His foes have stood,  
He gives His life and precious blood.

To whom shall I myself then yield  
Save, O Thou bleeding King, to Thee ?  
Beneath Thy cross I'll take the field,  
Thy subject, soldier, child, would be ;  
Beneath Thy banner I my word  
Have pledged, and Thou the oath hast heard ;  
For Thee I'd pour my heart's deep flood—  
Would give Thee goods, and life, and blood.

*From the German of Woltersdorff.*

Full soon will Death these eyes be closing  
Which oft such bitter tears have shed ;  
Full soon my dust will be reposing  
In earth's calm lap, most peaceful bed.

But in the hour when anguish mortal  
With shuddering fears doth me enthrall,  
Then show me heaven's wide-opened portal,  
Thou kind and loving Sire of all.

And when my trembling voice, and broken,  
Calls on Thee from a heart oppressed,  
Then give me of Thy love some token,  
And take me to Thy Father-breast.

Oh, in the solemn instant fateful  
When I farewell to earth have said,  
I shall not count Death's form as hateful,  
If Thou sustain my dying head.

Stretch towards me then Thy strong arms tender,  
And let me feel Thy presence near,  
That when my soul to Thee I render,  
Firm trust may calm mine every fear.

*Altered from the Swedish of Anna Maria Lengren.*

Wouldst thou lift the veil, my friend,  
Which doth future days conceal ?  
All which God designs to send  
Wouldst thou have Him now reveal ?

Leave, ah, leave such cares to Him ;  
On thee shines from heav'n a ray,  
Though, as yet, thine eyes are dim  
To the future's unborn day.

Mists surround th' approaching year ;  
If the darkness thee dismays,  
Think how bright, distinct, and clear  
Heav'n to faith the Lord displays.

Soon will all these clouds pass by.  
Let them not thy soul affright ;  
Lift, oh lift, to heav'n thine eye :  
Here is darkness—there is light.

Wouldst thou then the curtain raise ?  
Leave it in Thy Father's hand :  
He through these brief dreary days  
Leads us to the better land.

*From the German of Moralt.*

What though in some unknown region  
Thy lot be cast, thou need'st not fear,  
Since round thee many a shining legion  
Both day and night is hovering near.

What though no loved one's presence cheer thee,  
Though thou alone thy way mayst tread,  
Thou still hast Christ thy Saviour near thee,  
While angels watch thy path and bed.

The heaviest cloud need not affright thee  
Which over earth and heaven can fall :  
If thou hast God Himself to light thee,  
A darkened sky need not appal.

I journey on, a lonely stranger,  
No loved one's voice my way doth guide ;  
But He whose birthplace was a manger  
Protects me in each hour of danger,  
And sooths me by His cheering smile.

*From the German of Dr. Lorenz.*

Christ in hands of death has lain,  
Our vile sins have bound Him ;  
Now, behold Him rise again,  
Showering life around Him.  
We for this should gladsome be,  
Praising God, and thankfully  
Singing Hallelujah.

'Twas a dread and wondrous strife,  
Life, Death, in battle meeting ;  
Vict' r in the field was Life,  
Death He's still defeating.  
As His word foretold of yore,  
Through His might Death harms no more,  
Now to scorn he laughs it.

Keep we then our gladsome feast,  
Hearts with rapture glowing.  
That Light rises in the east  
Which from God is flowing.  
Through the brightness of His grace  
He lights up our darkest place :  
Amen. Hallelujah.

*From the German of Martin Luther.*

With all my sin and sorrow,  
I come, O Lord, to Thee ;  
Thy help I fain would borrow,  
Thy cross with joy I see.

I see Thee bleed, and languish,  
And die for sinful men ;  
Thou suffer'dst woe and anguish  
For my transgressions then.

Henceforth, O Saviour tender,  
In Thee my life I live ;  
Had I nought else to render,  
For Thee that life I'd give.

But ah, for such salvation,  
What can I, Lord, bestow ?  
Alas ! I've no oblation  
To pay Thee what I owe.

I've nought, O Christ, to bring Thee,  
Save this weak worthless heart,  
And this poor voice to sing Thee,  
And show men what Thou art.

*From the German of Mewes.*

## PRAYING IN SECRET.

BY THE REV. E. E. JENKINS, M.A.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—MATT. vi. 6.

WE ministers are frequently conversing with men of business, and when the conversation takes a religious turn, there is a sadness about it. When they tell us what is in their hearts, and when they tell us what is the subject of their fears, one does not wonder at the sadness. In addition to that unspeakably negative temper in regard to Christ which Christ Himself condemns as positive antagonism, and which largely infects the atmosphere which our men of business are compelled to breathe every day, your faith has to stand frequent attacks. There is, first, the conversation of respectable, moral, godless men, which sometimes goes out of its way to cast a sneer upon the faith of Jesus Christ; then there is the intellectual, anti-Christian spirit of the daily Press; and then there is a half-learned science, correct enough in its facts, but startling your most precious traditions by the audacity of its generalisations; and there is, unhappily, a spirit—I pray God it may not be ours—of unworthy hesitation, in the daily growth of the Church, and in the testimony of Christian experience; and, lastly—the most mournful peril of the series—there is, I am afraid, in all of us, I am sure, in most of us, an active bias of unbelief, a sympathy with doubt, a mental unrest.

You cannot find a refuge from this danger in the perusal of the books of our Christian evidence; you have not time to study them, and if you had, and were able to master them, it is very likely that your apologies would answer every question but the question you wished answered, and would remove every difficulty but the particular difficulty which embarrassed you. You can resort to the sanctuary. Thank God, that is an open retreat for us! Here you can find effectual help. Books, the dogmatic teaching of the pulpit, intellectual authority, united confessions, and sympathy with the devotion of numbers, are intended by the Holy Ghost to be instruments for the revival of our faith; but though you must not neglect the house of God, and must not neglect the obligations of Christian fellowship, your defence against the attacks of a sceptical world is strictly in private, and rests on your secret retirement with God.

Some will say, "We have not time for it." You will have time to die; you will have time to decay; have you no time to preserve your spiritual life? In the closet we try our faith upon God. We prove Him in private; we challenge Him in public. When we go into our closet we are separated from the excitement and sympathies of human fellowship. We are guided to the mercy-seat by no human voice; we depend upon no holy symbol; alone with God we are obliged to dwell very much indeed upon ourselves. The world is not not before us, and no one is at our elbow to tell us what to do; we are shut up with God; we are silent, and no one sees us; and when we pray and wait for light, and trust begins to dawn, and day slides into our souls, the light brings the hidden things of darkness into a prominence that appals us, and we wish them back.

You and I have heard many wonderful sermons—sermons that searched our hearts through and through; but we have never had elsewhere such revelations as we have had in the closet. Our hypocrisy, our untruthfulness, our self-conceit, our ingratitude, and the pitiable failure of our life there disclosed, have saddened and appalled us, and we have been ashamed to look around, lest the very furniture of the room should be aware of the conduct we were reviewing.

Yes, you and I have had dreadful revelations when alone with God. We never could have had such knowledge anywhere else. And yet in the deepest shade there was a comfort in the thought that God knew it all. Sin is no barrier; but dissimulation is a barrier; and when everything is open and confessed to God, there is a kind of secret pleasure that He knows it all. And yet, though we be speechless, there is in the silence a mighty cry for faith; and if our thoughts could be made vocal, we should let them escape in some such cry as this—

"Didst Thou ever see a soul  
More in need of help than mine?  
Then refuse to make me whole,  
Then withhold the balm Divine;

But if I do need Thee most,  
Come, and seek and save the lost.

"Me, the vilest of the race,  
Most unholy, most unclean;  
Me, the furthest from Thy face,  
Full of misery and sin;  
Me with arms of love receive;  
Me of sinners chief forgive."

Blessed be God, the light that brings us into fellowship with the Father, brings into alarming contrast His purity and our vileness; and we feel our need of fellowship also with the Son, Jesus Christ, our refuge. The Father draws us into the refuge, and when we get into it, we try it, its sufficiency, its power, its sources of comfort. We are alone with God; we are in Christ; we are filled with the Spirit, and overshadowed with a Divine presence.

That is the way for public work. Oh, these precious words! "He shall reward thee openly"—*openly*." The Father comes into the closet with thee, into the chamber, and when thou shuttest the door, He is there; but when thou goest out He does not stay within, He accompanies thee. In the chamber it is sufficient that when we are listening for God, God will come and listen for us; but when we are away in the world, and reflection is finished for a while, yet we have to do most important business; we have at a moment's notice to decide upon most important issues. We are not thinking of them long beforehand, and we have but little time for thinking then; but in the chamber we consecrated the day to Him: "Grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger." We are in the midst of the world's hurry; yet He stands by while we are transacting business, and He saves us from errors; He restrains others, but others do not see Him; and He rewards us openly, taking charge of the open life.

Oh, how wonderfully does this tell upon us ministers! My brethren, when God pours out His Spirit upon us in the chamber, and baptizes us with the Holy Ghost, then it is that we feel in the pulpit the power which works on the judgments and the consciences of men. Ofttimes—and my brethren will join me in what I am going to say in these two or three concluding words—ofttimes in the house of prayer we seem to be on the very threshold, on the border of Canaan, our inheritance; we seem brought up to a crisis; and yet for want of another effort of faith the blessing has been withheld, and the congregation has broken up. Brethren, if the people of God and the minister, before they came into the house of prayer, had prepared for their work by prayer and faith in the closet, and proved God there, then they would have inherited the land.

May the Lord bless these observations! May He speak the command to my heart and to yours: "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." May God grant His blessing! Amen.

## TIME.

The hours glide on, they noiseless pass  
Like footsteps on the summer grass.  
We onward haste, then look behind,  
But no trace of our steps can find.  
And so each minute, hour, and day,  
We count not till they've passed away.  
But that hour which the year doth end,  
Which ends the Old, and brings the New,  
To it our hearts perforce attend,  
Whilst years long past our thoughts review.  
"Count up my hours," the Old Year cries,  
"And let them to thy memory rise.  
Count up my hours—they'll soon be gone,  
The New Year cometh quickly on;  
Count up my hours—they swiftly fly,  
I'm passing surely—rapidly.  
Count them—they ne'er will come again,  
Ah! wilt thou have them spent in vain?  
Those precious hours that God hath lent,  
Say, have they to His praise been spent?  
Serve Him—and then, come joys, come woes,  
Each year for thee most peacefully close."

From the French of Alphonse de Lamartine.

## THE LORD'S LAND.

BY REV. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.



THE ROCK IN HOREB.

ON Monday morning, March 16, we rose at six o'clock, and breakfasted at seven. The pack camels were sent around through Wady es Sheik, and our company took the path directly across Nagh Ifawa, "the Windy Pass." We had to dismount and walk over, so rough and precipitous was the path.

After an hour and a half's climb through this romantic notch we emerged into Wady Abu Seileh,

and began the descent on the other side, with Jebel Abu Taubeinch on our left, and Jebel Abu Jerus on our right.

We now fairly entered the plain Er Rahah, or Wilderness of Sinai, and had very soon, riding on in a south-easterly direction, the whole Sinaitic mountains grouped before and about us. We were entering their very heart, the secret place of the Most High. Ahead of us, with its clean-cut, perpendicular form rising plumb from the plain at its farthest end, was Ras Sufsafeh, and the now-conceded Mountain of the Law, the true Mount Sinai; and around, at a respectful distance, loomed up Jebel Shubshah, Jebel Sona, Jebel el Deir, and other lofty peaks, standing as mute sentinels around the Mount of God.

As we advanced, the plain grew broader and smoother. Reaching its water-shed, midway, we found that it descends gradually from this point till it breaks squarely against the foot of Sufsafeh, falling just enough in its course to make it one of the grandest audience floors that could possibly be constructed. According to Mr. Palmer, from the water-shed to the base of Ras Sufsafeh two millions of people can be accommodated with standing room, allowing, by actual survey, a square yard to each person.

We were now all excitement. Eagerly pressing forward, our dromedaries seeming to catch the inspiration, we were overawed by the realisation of our most sanguine expectations. When the silence was broken, it was simply to say, as with one voice, "This is it!" "This is the true Sinai!" On gaining the end of the plain we turned up Wady ed Deir, leaving Harun (hill of the Golden Calf) on our left, and passing Jethro's Well (the burial-ground of the Khedive's soldiers) on our right. About noon we reached, in the little Wady Shu'eib, the famous Convent of St. Catharine. Here a cluster of walled buildings nestles under the sides of the mountain, clinging there, a thing of life, to the sterile rocks. It is the only approach to civilisation in the vast wilderness.

Received, as we entered, by a fat, good-natured looking lay brother, we wound about, through passage-ways and stairways, till we reached a verandah looking toward the interior of the building, and were shown to the reception room, furnished with large divans, where one of the monks welcomed us, and we were at once served with hot coffee.

The convent belongs to the Greek Church, and was founded by the Emperor Justinian A.D. 527. It reached its highest prosperity in the years when the conventual and anchorite spirit raged most vehemently. Since then, because of its great isolation, it has gradually declined in favour, until for a long time it has been regarded as a Botany Bay of the Greek Church, to which refractory monks are sent for punishment.

After lunch we visited the church. The entrance from the vestibule is through large wooden folding doors. There is a row of granite columns (now plastered) on each side of the nave; there are side-lights above; the ceiling is flat, with

blue ground, ornamented with stars; the side aisles are hung with pictures, most of which are destitute of all merit except their age. Thence we entered, to the rear and adjoining the chancel, the chapel of the "Burning Bush." In imitation of the action of Moses, we were all requested to take off our shoes. We were, indeed, according to tradition, treading on holy ground. On the exact spot where the bush stood three lamps are kept burning day and night.

In the morning we again repaired to the convent for a jaunt to the mountains. We left it at twenty minutes before nine o'clock, under the escort of a Brother Jacobus, for the ascent of Jebel Musa. We took the usual path, lying back of the convent, which winds up the gorge between Jebel Musa and El Brell. The boulders, for quite a distance up, have been so placed as to form a rude stairway, which greatly facilitates the ascent. Once fairly in the gorge, the cliffs rise perpendicularly on both sides, the layers of granite lying mostly at an angle of 15 deg. A large spring of ice-cold water is passed, and then all along, for an hour, a beautiful stream gurgles and dashes through the opening rocks. About half-way up, a little Chapel of the Virgin stands on the left, and turning thence to the right, a pretty arched gateway opens through the solid granite, and a little farther on still another. These were the confessional gates, where, in days gone by, the monks received the confessions of the pilgrims as they ascended. Thence we emerged on a small plateau of green, where there is a fountain, a garden with a few fig-trees, and a tall cypress. At the head of this plain is the Chapel of Elijah and Elisha. From here the peak of Jebel Musa rose distinctly into view, only a half-hour away.

The sharpest climber from the Chapel of Elijah and Elisha. We now passed several springs, full of icicles, and also patches of snow lying about in sheltered places. The little garden is the only sign of verdure, except a few tufts of thin grass. No tree or shrub, but utter barrenness, meets the eye. In wild confusion, more and more the jagged granite lifts itself in sternness and unyielding hardness. Far-away glimpses open to the west. Mount Serbal, with its pitchfork summit, is seen towering up toward the sea, and the deep depression of Wady es Sheik sweeping away towards its base, with sandstone and dark porphyritic hills beyond. An awful stillness reigns around, except when one of our companions speaks, or sings, or shouts. Up and up we go, the rocks winding, twisting, shooting out in all manner of formations as the last great convulsion of nature left them, all bathed in glorious sunshine. My heart involuntarily exclaims at each step, Here it is where Moses was alone with God! Here is an audience-chamber of Jehovah's own making, worthy of the sublime prophet who was to speak his mind to all ages!

It was near noon when we reached the summit, so that we had been three hours and ten minutes in accomplishing the ascent. The Greek Chapel of the Transfiguration crowns the highest peak. It is very old, and in a forlorn condition. The lights, however, are kept constantly burning in it. Immediately below the chapel, the rock on which it stands has a slight cave-like appearance, with a crevice into which, tradition says, Moses was placed when the Lord God passed before him and proclaimed His name. The view from the flat roof of the chapel is as perfect as the positions of the surrounding mountains will allow. This, its highest point, is, according to the British Ordnance Survey, 7,325 feet above the level of the sea at Akabah, while the highest peak of Mount St. Catharine, south of it, is 8,536 feet.

After lunch, we hastened northward, through sharp openings and deep ravines in the very heart of the mountain, till in about one hour we came to another beautiful glen, where is a small chapel, a willow tree (from which the northern peak—Sufsafeh—takes its name), a few other trees, and a small stream. Just overhead, springing from the rock like a huge tower, is the Ras Sufsafeh—"Head of the Willow." The ascent to it was the steepest and most difficult yet encountered. On reaching the top of the gorge I found that there are really two heads, standing up distinctly from each other. From the depression between them a view of the plain of Er Rahah is first obtained. There was still another climb before the precise spot of the giving of the law was reached. Brother Jacobus conducted us around near the top of the left peak. We did not go up to the very highest point, but clambered out on the farthest projection overlooking the plain.

This the guide affirmed to be the true site where Moses stood when, "on the third day in the morning, there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the

people that were in the camp troubled," etc. (See Exod. xix. 16-20.)

The position where we stood answers admirably all the conditions required by the narrative. Below lay the plain Er Rahah, or Desert of Sinai, one-half of the area of which, as before stated, could have amply accommodated the two million people; while Wadies es Shiek, ed Deir, es Sudud, and Seil Leja could have supplied places for the tents and beasts. Looking down we could see almost to the very foot of the mount, a slight swell near the base alone changing the almost perpendicular line. In the open space at its foot the people stood, "at the nether part of the mount." Verse 17. These "bounds" were commanded to be set to prevent the too near approach and gaze of the people. How clear is all this when thus standing on the spot! Truly this was, as the apostle describes it, "the mount that might be touched." (Heb. xii. 13.)

*Sufsafeh is distinctly visible from all parts of the plain, and from most parts of the surrounding valleys; thus corroborating the statement of the sacred historian, that the Lord came "down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai."*

We followed the ravine called Sikket Sho'eib, or Jethro's Road, which comes out at the north-east corner of the mountain, close by the mouth of Wady ed Dier. For one thousand feet it was down, down-slipping, falling, sliding, leaping. We paused only to see the cave of St. Callistratus. From it flows a spring of the coldest water, and about its mouth grow beautiful mosses and delicately-tinted flowers. This spot struck me as a most natural one for the location of "the rock in Horeb." (Exod. xvii. 12.) Moses and Joshua were descending through this same ravine, bearing the tables of the law, when a strange noise, proceeding from the camp below, burst upon their ears. (See Exod. xxxii. 17-19.) Just in front, as we emerged upon the valley, was "the Hill of the Golden Calf," answering by its formation and position to this description. Ascending to its top, I found it admirably formed and located for the purpose to which Aaron prostituted it. It is of easy access, and from its summit, a few hundred feet high, there is a good view of Er Rahah, Wady ed Deir, and Wady Seha'yeh. The traditional site of the Golden calf is now marked by a small square stone structure, and can be very distinctly seen from all directions. Near the base flow the waters from both Wady Seha'yeh and Wady Leja. Upon this stream was cast the golden dust after Moses had ground the calf to powder.

The night of March 17 was very cold, with a slight fall of snow. In the morning, with brother Jacobus again for guide, we walked around the base of Sufsafeh, crossing the lower extremity of the plain Er Rahah, and entered Seil Lejah, the Wady of the Rock. We passed three gardens, where once were convents, and in about two hours came to the rock shown by the monks as the one which Moses smote. It is a huge boulder which some convulsion has thrown from the body of the mountain. It is a pebble of many tons weight! but its detached position makes the tradition seem most improbable. Ten transverse gashes along a central vertical depression in its front are pointed out as the marks left by the successive strokes of Moses' rod.

We returned by the way we came. At the base of Sufsafeh was pointed out a hole in the ground, which is the traditional "mould of the golden calf," but where, the Moham medans assert, the Jews sacrificed a pig. We also passed Jethro's Well. Here it was, according to their tradition, that Moses first saw the daughters of the Midianitish priest, and for his gallantry to them obtained the favour of the good father and of his daughter Zipporah. We got back to camp at one p.m.

### KINDNESS. }

A rose was faint and hung its head  
One sultry summer's day,  
When a zephyr kindly fanned its cheek,  
Then sped upon its way.

That zephyr now, wherever it roams  
Delicious perfume brings;  
So kindness gathers as it goes  
A fragrance for its wings.

S. Newbould.

## UNROMANTIC RAMBLES.

(BY OUR OWN COMMISSIONER.)

### NIGHT-SCENES IN SHADWELL.

MY daily avocations take me, at intervals, to almost every part of the compass in this great London, and having a wide field for observation, I see, from time to time, much to take note of, and, willing or unwilling, much that I would forget or keep in the background, lives in my memory. Scenes, some of which are terribly realistic, present themselves as I pen these sentences; and I feel that it is necessary to tone them down a little before presenting them to the too-sensitive reader.

It was but the other night that I beheld scenes and involuntarily listened to language which have haunted my thoughts ever since. Several months previously I had visited the east of London, and had seen fruits of earnest endeavour to lay hold of and make better men and women of the masses of home-heathen who are to be found there in such large numbers, and I had a desire to re-visit the neighbourhood and to see how the work was progressing.

My starting point was Aldergate-street, and my route was by way of Cheap-side, King William-street, and so on to Tower-hill, leaving which, *via* Royal Mint-street, I found myself in the not over refined region of which Cable-street is the centre. The day had been wet, and the pavement was thick with mud. But it was now fair, and the stars were beginning to peep through the clouds, and heads to peep out of the windows, and figures, not remarkable for grace of movement, were thronging the street. Here the passengers are not particular about keeping to the footpaths, nor are they careful to observe "the rule of the road." The streets are narrow, and, except on the approach of some vehicle, are thronged equally on the sides and in the middle. The people of the district seem to have their Rotten-row as well as those who dwell at the West-end. It is not for the writer to insist that the morals of the East are more corrupt than those of the West, but there is a difference. As metaphysics, however, is not my present subject, I will spare the reader the analysis, and would refer him to the archives of the Central Criminal Court, and would suggest a study of the manners of modern society. In Hyde Park his ideas of propriety may not receive so great a shock as they will in the Rotten-row of Shadwell and Ratchffe Highway—*i.e.*, the streets—where he will find vice with a brazen front, and cruelty and brutality without finesse.

Here, a few paces down this side street, leading towards the docks, flaring with the light of opposing gin-palaces, we have a group of men whose occupation it would be difficult to define. Some of them seem to be foreigners, yet they have not the roll of the ordinary seaman, and which is so pronounced in the British Jack Tar. Mischievous as astir inside the bar-room opposite which they are standing, and towards which, as they engage in excited conversation, they turn from time to time, with rapid glances, when suddenly the doors fly open, and, quicker than I can write the words, a man rushes out and embraces one of the group, with whom he is immediately locked in a struggle almost deadly. As by preconcerted signal, alley and court, highway and byeway, contribute a vast crowd whose numbers I do not attempt to compute, as they hurry to and fro with fierce impetuosity, and a description of the members of which would tax the powers of a Hogarth, a Cruikshank, or a Dickens—a tatterdemalion through, whose laughing, and yelling, and shrieking, and blasphemous imprecations produce an indescribable thrill of horror; and I ask are these our fellows, or are they another order of creatures? or are they hapless beings let loose for a brief period from Pandemonium? Suddenly the crowd separates as two or three guardians of the peace appear on the scene, and, but for the excited appearance of the combatants, who have been dragged from each other, so quiet is the demeanour of those who remain, that it would be difficult for any but a spectator to have fixed the charge on any one in particular as the cause of the disorder; and so the *civilian* combatants and their friends walk quietly away, probably to fight it out elsewhere.

Turning away some score of yards up Cable-street, a tipsy carpenter, whose bag of tools has fallen off his shoulders, and emptied its contents in the mire, is engaged in fruitless efforts to gather them together. To many the scene was viewed in its ludicrous aspects: to the writer it presented only its

darker side, as the man stumbled and fell, and rising, leaned on his elbow, all unconscious of discomfort and dirt. Uproarious laughter greeted him, and he seemed to share in the amusement of his spectators. Carts were approaching from opposite directions, and the man seemed in imminent peril of being crushed beneath their wheels, when a tall fellow stood in the middle of the road, and shielded him, beckoning to the drivers to pass, and then, Good Samaritan-like, assisted him with his tools, and helped him on his way.

Yet a few steps further, and another crowd was collected—again before a public-house—the principal actors being a young man of about three-and-twenty and a tall, good-looking girl, just verging on womanhood. The man seemed to have been drinking. The young woman may have been similarly occupied. She was seconded and supported by others of her sex, whose interference, though it encouraged her, exasperated the man; whereupon the latter, raising his hand, with a savage blow, sent the former staggering to the pavement, where she lay speechless for some seconds, and the cowardly ruffian slunk away. Not many yards, however; for another actor appeared on the scene, in the shape of an elderly woman of masculine build, who came running round the corner with the swiftness of a roe (incongruous as the comparison may seem), and seized the man round the neck with her left arm, while with her right she dealt him a rapid succession of blows on his face and chest alternately, the effect produced seeming to reduce his breathing power to a very considerable extent; and it was not till she herself was exhausted that he was able to release himself from her vice-like grasp. He then rushed at her, but she deftly evaded him, and was about to renew her attack when the young woman within he had assaulted, supported by two others, crossed the street, and addressed him in language and with gesticulations more violent than polite. Springing towards his former victim, he was on the point of dealing her a second blow, when his arm was arrested by a man who stood behind him, upon whom he now turned, and adroitly inserting his toes between the man's ankles, threw him on the ground, and then ran off, quickly followed by the elder of the two women, who now raised the cry of "Stop thief! Stop thief!" which others took up, and followed him round a distant street corner, still crying, "Stop thief!" with what result I am unable to say, as I continued my journey eastward.

Still more crowds, and still more bráws, mostly in front of the glaring lights, reflected by burnished barrels and glittering crystals, at almost every street-corner, where the doors seemed for ever swinging on their hinges. It was silent enough near the church on the left, where there was an announcement of sermons to be preached on "Heaven," "Hell," "Death," and "Judgment"; and near the Wesleyan chapel, still further on, where a dim, solitary light at a side-door betokened a class-meeting or week-night prayer-meeting—centres, each of these, without doubt, of Christian influence, but powerless in themselves to attract to their services, however oriate on the one hand, or however plain on the other, this drinking, blaspheming, thieving mass of home heathenism and corruption, as dark and as repulsive as any for whom we (rightly enough) contribute our thousands of gold that they may be won to the fold of Him who came into the world to save even such as these.

Wondering at the scarcity of policemen that evening—not having seen one since the first bráw that I have recorded—I at length arrived at the broad, well lighted thoroughfare of Commercial-road, proceeding along which to its junction with East India and Burdett-roads, I turned up the latter, and arrived at the Mission Hall, the centre of the work to which I referred at the commencement of this sketch, and where I found a handful of decently-attired people assembled to hear an evangelistic address from one who was advertised to preach every night that week. There was room enough for at least 500, besides the three or four score who formed the audience that night. Coming fresh from the discordant elements and spirit-saddening spectacles I had witnessed in the adjacent thoroughfares of Shadwell, I confess to a feeling of much disappointment immediately on entering the building. There did not seem to be any special effort made to induce the people to come in. No one stood in the lobby, as on my former visit to the same hall, with a word of welcome to the shivering creatures who lingered at the door. And so the brawling and fighting continued, and the empty benches were guiltless of dirt, and as a mission hall, for cleanliness, comfort, and light Burdett Hall stood forth as a model.

Very different was the audience that I had behold assembled there on my first visit to Burdett Hall, some months previously, as already stated. On that occasion I took a return ticket from a North London station to Burdett-road. It was a cold, uncomfortable night, and as I stood waiting for my train, the wind came searching through the station in fitful gusts, rather demotivatively reminding me of the comforts of home and "my own fireside."

Arriving at Burdett-road Station, I found my way to the hall, in the wide doorway of which, well lighted with gas, large posters announced that Mr. Joshua Poole ("Fiddler Joss") would preach in the building every night that week. Three or four young men paced the footpath, and deferentially, but cheerfully, invited passers-by—especially poor wayfarers—to enter. It did not require much persuasion to induce the latter to "step in," for the keen-toothed wind found its way through thicker garments than the scanty clothing worn by many who obeyed the invitation.

Inside I found the hall crowded with the very class for whom the services were held—the outcast and destitute, with a large number of the working classes, and the seafaring population of the district. They had been brought from the "highways," if not from "the hedges," and not unwillingly, for "Fiddler Joss" had been amongst them, and knew all about them, and was not "down upon them" like people that knew nothing about them, but talked to them in their own language, and sympathised with them in many of their troubles.

The hall had not long been opened. It was well lighted, admirable in its arrangements, seating 600 or 800 people. The roof was vaulted, and the whole interior was bright and cheery with new paint.

The hymns sung were the most popular of Sankoy's "Songs and Solos," which seemed to be well known. The singing was hearty, and the full volume of sound seemed to inspire alike the hearts of hearers and speaker, the latter of whom was not long, in his own peculiar strain, in telling his audience of the love of God, and reminding them of the "hard lines" of sin, touchingly alluding to his past career, and telling them of the prison life, of the new life that followed, and the true nobility of the Christian life, its profitableness in "the life that now is," and its gain in "the life that is to come." Intensely human, exciting to laughter, which he did not attempt to repress, and touching the tenderest chords, the strings of which he found in the hearts of many who, at the beginning of the service, might have seemed impervious to anything like tenderness of feeling, he led not a few to decision—some for the new life and the new Master, and others for abstinence from the intoxicating cup; and though the fastidious might have objected to some of his illustrations, and to the slang which he occasionally employed, Joshua Poole knew his business better than did his critics, and, as a "recruiting sergeant," did his work right well amongst the class to which he felt he was sent.

I left Burdett Hall that night well pleased with my visit; and though a new element was added to the wind, which seemed to be here, and there, and everywhere—a driving rain—which from time to time was dashed in my face like the spray of the ocean in a storm, my uppermost feeling, after pity for many of the wretched creatures who left the hall that night, was thankfulness for such men as Joshua Poole. Would that a hundred such men were sent amongst the poor and the profligate classes of Shadwell and Ratchife Highway, to tell them of a better life, and to teach them a better way of getting a living!

J. R.

WE see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.—*George Eliot.*

CLIMB high, Christian. Be not discouraged by the difficulties of the ascent, the toil and weariness of the journey before you reach the summit. Above the tempest and the storm of life is the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness. Above the darkness and the cloud is the Light everlasting. Above the pain and the restlessness is the rest and "peace of God which passeth all understanding." Climb high, Christian, and at last your feet shall stand upon the eternal mount of God, and your eyes shall behold Him in His glory.—*American Messenger.*



## BEACON LIGHTS.

## THE GIPSY'S MISSION.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

"Little deeds are like little seeds."

IT is, as you may perhaps know, a custom in some of the midland counties of England, to celebrate as a village feast the anniversary of the day upon which their churches have been completed, or rather, I would say, of the day set apart in memory of the saint to which each church has been dedicated. Of the good or bad attending such customs, I leave those to judge who perhaps are well acquainted with the riotous mirth and drunkenness attending such times; but as a rule, I may say that in these festivals gipsies take a pro-

face full of life and resolution. Her countenance was fine, but of the true gipsy type. Only looking upon her, one wondered whether or not in a few years she would be like to those palsied, toothless creatures, who, seeming to glory in their very decay, prey upon the soft and young by foretelling a future of which they really know no more than the very stones in the street.

Well, night swept on, and then came—I had well-nigh said the quiet Sabbath; but it was far from that. Idle folks stood about upon the village green, talking, laughing, and making surmises as to the morrow's sports; but although many of the gipsies were among them, the beautiful face was not seen—and why? The young life had been almost stricken down—death seemed hovering very, very near, and there upon a bed of straw she lay, with only the canvas tent betwixt her and the June sun. In vain were the charms of the "seventh



"So she watched and waited."

minent part, both in the helping on of sports and in making large gains, which are used by them in a wicked, improvident way.

It was the Saturday before the feast in a village very near to Newbury, in Berkshire, and here and there groups of little children, aye, and men and women too, were collected to see the gipsies arrive. Caravan after caravan slowly passed, for the poor horses, which were by no means the best-fed in the world, seemed weary enough with their day's march. Now and then a face peered out through the dingy curtains which covered the windows of the vehicles, and many were the remarks passed by those standing near, as to whom they belonged. One, however, was quite new to them. It was that of a young girl, a mere child as it were, had not the life she led lent a look of care to her features. The village folk said she was beautiful, but they were wrong—hers was but a

daughter of a seventh daughter"; in vain were all their herbs and embrocations; and one, the likeliest of all their band of youths, lay on the earth close by the side of her rude pallet, declaring that if Nannette died he would not live long. Such things as suicides were not unknown amongst them, so passionate were they; and as Robin was their leader in all deeds of daring, the elders watched him closely to see that he did not go away in his great grief, and commit the wrong he threatened.

The sun was still scorching, but the rays were slanting, and ere long evening would come with its welcome coolness. Little children were passing on their way home from school, and one party, full of gladness, which only singing could express, raised their tiny voices in song. It was but the old familiar hymn—

"Here we suffer grief and pain," etc.;

but as the words rippled forth upon the sweet, sunlit air, they reached the girl who for hours had lain unconscious of everything.

"Robin!" Her voice was very feeble, nevertheless he heard it. "Robin, I'd like to hear the children sing close here."

He had not heard the voices till then, but he arose at once to go and bring the songsters near. All save one were frightened at his request, but she, Minnie Grey, being struck with childish pity for Robin's woe-begone face, went back. She sang all the hymns she knew, and by-and-by Nannette slept. That sleep, through God, saved her life. After that she grew better. They said that she had not been well for days, and that the long journey had worn her out; therefore Robin determined that a second should not be risked till she was strong and able to endure it. As soon as possible he procured her decent lodgings in the village, and there left her when the feast was over, promising to return for her very, very soon, and Nannette felt quite sure, deep down in her warm, loving heart, that it was a sore trial for him to go away at all.

July came with its deeper foliage and still intenser heat, then Robin returned for Nannette, and found her once more radiant and full of health. Still a change had come to her, which even he found it not difficult to discern; she was learning the ways of the "housefolk." But Robin, who loved her so truly, cared not for her being a little peculiar—indeed, I think he but loved her the more.

"Robin, can we not live quietly, like the good people around us?" she whispered, as they stood in the gloaming after he had told her again the tale, which from the days of paradise till now has never grown old. "I love their ways, Robin, and we could be so very, very happy."

"Nonsense, Nannette." He spoke as though she were a spoilt child. "Nonsense, we shall be much more so among our own people: besides, I could not live like them," and he waved his hand in the direction of the cottages.

Nannette sighed; yet she could not forget the lighthearted freedom she had hitherto felt in her roving life, so it was no great trial for her to return to it again; for a time, too, it seemed best, and she was happy, intensely happy, in the days which followed.

They were married in a little rustic church, in a village near which their caravan stayed for the stipulated time, and Robin, as he led his bride through the crowd of gaping idlers, felt not a little proud of the queen he had chosen, and Nannette held her head very high; for Robin was her ideal among men, and oh, he would she knew be very, very kind! He had respected her whim respecting the marriage, and would he not be equally indulgent with regard to others. Their intercourse, too, had been so free and untrammelled even from childhood, that it seemed to them both that they had nothing new to learn of each other's ways, only now they would be as one, and new joys, new interests, be theirs while life should last.

Two summers had come and gone, and Nannette and her people were encamped in a wild, unfrequented spot by the sea-shore. It was autumn, and the wind, which was gusty and violent, tore up the canvas covering of their tents, so that they had again betaken themselves to the covered vehicle in which they travelled; yet they still stayed on, although a more sheltered place would have been preferred by all. Nannette was a mother, with all a young mother's engrossing loves and cares; yet as she sat and prattled nonsense to her baby, she could but listen in part to the conversation going on around. Robin was not there, and perhaps that was why she took so little heed at the first to what the others were saying; but a chance expression roused her by-and-by, then she listened intently, talking to her child the while. She was not blind to her people's faults, and once or twice had raised her voice against their wicked doings; but they heed'd her not indeed, sometimes she fancied that they even hated her for her words; but Robin loved her, he was strong and powerful in their midst, so that she never felt real fear. Now, as I have before said, he was away, and she learnt that a something infinitely worse than any plan she had hitherto known of was on foot. Her baby slept, yet still she fondled and talked to it, all the while paying attention to the rest, who glanced her way ever and anon, as though they distrusted her and would fain keep this a secret to themselves. But they were too eager and clamorous to talk quietly. True, at times they whispered, and then Nannette lost the thread of the discourse; but she learnt enough to know that a vessel was expected to pass that

way during the night, and as it promised to be bad weather and very dark, they would make fires upon the rocks and so lure it onto deck. Such deeds they said had been enacted before upon the self-same spot, and the world had known naught of the matter. It had been supposed that adverse winds had blown the vessels aside from their course, and so they had perished. A lighthouse had been thought of, spoken of, but not built, and so the field still lay open for the wicked, murderous designs of such as Nannette's companions proved themselves to be. It made her shiver to listen, and yet how could she prevent it? Still her resolve was taken. With her baby in her arms, she stole quietly down to the shore, and there thought it all over. She knew to the full what she was about to do. Once, when Robin had been in a great passion, he had said that if she dared to thwart him or the rest in their plans she should be as nothing to him. She meant to thwart them now, and although she scarcely thought Robin could be so cruel (in deed, she almost believed that with her great love in the scale, she could lead him, were he by, to abandon this wicked scheme), yet she knew the rest; knew how the women envied her beauty, and the men hated her ways, the ways she had learnt in the village now so far away. If only Robin would come! and she pressed her child the closer to her, while her eyes eagerly scanned the coastline for his well known figure. Then far out over the sea a sail appeared, would it (the *cross*) pass the fated spot while yet it was light, and the dangerous sands might be discovered? So she watched and waited, but the ship seemed to make no real headway; and, at a little distance from her, in a cavity of the rocks, hidden from the inland view, she knew the fires were being built. Carlo, Robin's dog, kept near to his mistress, barking furiously at the waves, as though he, too, would have warned the fated vessel if he could.

"Oh, my pet! my jewel! He will not come, and thou and I must die before he returns!" Night was coming on apace, and Nannette leant her head down upon the soft, warm face of her child, and shed bitter, bitter tears; for, oh! she knew better than I can tell you how little mercy she might expect if she stayed on for her husband's return after what she was about to do. When the deed was done, even he would be furious in his anger. Oh! if he were but here, that she might plead with him to persuade the rest. Yet, had he been there, it would still have been the same, for Robin was no better than the others; only to her was he kind, and even with Nannette he could be selfish, and at times would brook no restraint from her gentle lips.

Nobody missed her; or, if they did, they sought her not. And, by-and-by, the dog lay down quietly at her feet, and darkness covered the land, while the night dews chilled, as it were, her very soul. The salt spray swept over her brow ever and anon, and the little babe in her arms was wet with it and the damp of the autumn night; but she, in her anguish, thought of naught but of what lay before her, and of Robin, whom she might never see again. True, she clasped the child tightly, and once, only once, repeated the words she had heard two long years before—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again,  
In heaven we part no more."

Heaven! Ye-, in heaven she knew there were no more partings; but was heaven for Robin and she? No, no! But would it not be best to let events take their course and stay on, trying to teach Robin all she knew of heaven? A bright gleam reflected upon the dark waters aroused her. The fire was lit. She watched the men pile fresh wood upon the heap, then they went away, for they feared discovery even upon this lonely, barren spot. So Nannette went bravely forward. This way and that she stirred the flaming brands, laying down her babe in order that she might heap sand upon the smouldering sticks, and so put them out entirely. Well for her that the fire could be seen nowhere but out at sea, or I know not what the gipsies might not have done to her in their uncontrollable rage—as it was she once more took her babe in her arms and walked slowly away, followed by the dog, who would not leave her in this her dire need.

"And you are quite sure of the date!"

"Quite sure, sir."

"I was in that ship, my good woman, and you in all probability saved my life. I wish I had known it before, and if you

can give me a clue whereby to find Robin, I think that if he ever loved you he must forgive and love you still."

Again it was June, and the roses in Nannette's garden made the air heavy with sweetness. She had toiled bravely on for herself and her child, and now the latter was a tall, strong maiden, one, too, of whom any mother might be justly proud. It seemed that God had led her to the village in which she now dwelt—at any rate he had sent her kind friends and honest labour to perform. She was still handsome and vigorous, and still as ever hungering for a sight of Robin, who in all the long years has seemed to grow even dearer to her imagination than in the days they spent together so long ago. She told her companion, the village pastor—one who in his earlier days had been a missionary, and who had returned home from his labours in the very ship she now found she must have saved—as many of the plans and ways of her people as she could, not omitting the fact of the feast in the village where we first saw her, and of their never-failing custom of attending it. She had hitherto feared to discover herself to them, she thought it would have killed her to have found Robin cold and unforgiving; but as her longing for a sight of him grew stronger she opened her heart to Mr. Clowes, and he, trusting in Robin's love, went away to find Nannette's husband and bring him home. I cannot tell you how she bore the suspense; but one evening when she came home from field labour (for that and washing seemed all her hands could perform), she noted that her garden-gate stood open—and was it fancy? but the sun seemed to flash across her doorway as it never had before, while the very roses nodded mysteriously to each other in the summer breeze. Then Robin, *her Robin*, came out and held her to his heart, and the past was forgotten. Robin had loved and sought for her ever since, and the gypsies had never known who had scattered their fire.

Faithfully, lovingly, had Mr. Clowes addressed the tribe, and a few days after the whole caravan arrived, and stopping outside the village, signified their wish to "hear the good words again." So the pastor, Robin, Nannette, and their daughter, together with a few faithful ones, went out to meet them. Nannette they received with open arms; but never more could she return to the old roving life, and Robin, because of the great void in his heart which he had felt since she had left him, and which was now filled, promised to share her home and work for her as became an honest man. Long time the gypsies stayed, and each day they heard the Word of Life. By-and-by they left, but one by one deserted the tribe, till at last but a few aged ones remained, and they, settling quietly in one place, lived upon the gains of their former days. God knows how many were "snatched from the burning"; but at the beginning of the good work, remember, it was but a child's song, and then an act of duty; and duty often, as in this case, brings about an ETERNAL REWARD.

## "CROSSING WITH HIM."

BY DR. JAMES FLEMING.

Crossing with Him the chasm,  
As it were, by a single thread;  
Fording with Him the river  
Christ leading as he hath led.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, whose published letters have been read by multitudes and been the means of instruction and solace to many, was a minister of the Church of Scotland during the stormy reign of Charles I., and through the period of the Commonwealth. Such were his talents and learning that, while yet a student, he was appointed to the chair of philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. After he had filled that office, for some time, with credit to himself and benefit to others, he was appointed to the parish of Anworth in Galloway, where he fulfilled his ministry, for a number of years, with remarkable efficiency and zeal.

Refusing to accept the episcopacy which Charles established in Scotland, and to acknowledge the authority of the bishops the king appointed, Rutherford was accused of fomenting rebellion and teaching error, and deprived of his living, was imprisoned in the city of Aberdeen, and forbidden to preach, or exercise his ministry in public.

But God maketh the wrath of men to praise Him, and overruleth for good what they intend for evil. This He did in the case of Rutherford's imprisonment, which was made the means of highest blessing both to himself and to others.

During the eighteen months of its continuance Rutherford wrote many of his famous letters, and personally learned and

enjoyed more of his Lord and Master than during all previous years. Never did believer hold more intimate converse with Jesus than did the imprisoned minister in Aberdeen, nor see more of his beauty, and enjoy more of His love. Thus he writes of what was then his experience:

"I dare not but speak to others of what God has done to the soul of His poor, afflicted prisoner. His comfort is more than I ever knew before. He hath made all His promises good to me, and I hath filled up all the blanks with his own hand. I would not exchange my bonds for all the plastered joy of this whole world. It hath pleased Him to make a sinner the like of me an ordinary banqueter in His 'house of wine,' with that royal princely One, Christ Jesus. Oh, what weighing, oh what telling, is in His love! How sweet must He be, when that black, burdensome tree, His own cross, is so perfumed with joy and gladness! On for help to lift Him up by praises on His royal throne!"

"My Lord Jesus is kinder to me than He ever was. It pleaseth Him to dine and sup with His afflicted prisoner; a King feasteth with me, and His 'spikenard casteth a sweet smell.' 'Put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it our burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we employ not His love, and therefore we know it not. I verily count the sufferings of my Lord more than this world's overgilded glory. I dare not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness with His joys, my loss with His presence. I find it a rich and sweet thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with Himself."

"I know not what to do with Christ; His love surroundeth and surchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but oh how sweet and lovely is that burden! I cannot keep it within me. I am so in love with His love, that if His love were not in heaven I should be unwilling to go thither. Oh, the many pound-weights of His love under which I am pressed!"

Such was Rutherford's enjoyment of Christ in his imprisonment, and the free and intimate converse he had with Him. Is anything of the kind known, beloved reader, by you! It may be so. It ought to be so. You have been made Christ's; to sustain to Him the closest relationship, walk with Him, and be satisfied with Him. Hence the promises He has made to you, of manifesting Himself to you, taking up His abode with you, and supping with you. Oh, there is no one with whom you may be so often in communion, and upon whose resources you may so freely and fully draw!

And it is to your interest that this should be the case. Your growth into Christ's likeness is dependent upon your communion with His Spirit. It is as you abide in Him and walk with Him, that you put on His fairness, grow strong in His strength, and increase in qualification for His service.

Then, such being the duty to which you are called, see that it is fulfilled by you, and, as was the case with Rutherford, the light of Christ's presence will illuminate your darkness, His love sweeten for you the bitterness of life, and His manifestations and bestowments animate and satisfy.

Liberated from his imprisonment, the zeal of Rutherford in the service of his Master was, if possible, even greater than before. Oh, how he did testify of Him after the experiences he had had of His graciousness and love! Words often failed Him in seeking to tell what Jesus had been to him, and what there was in Him for all who fully trusted Him, and gave themselves unreservedly to His service.

Still his course was anything but smooth. Men did not like the standard of requirement he insisted on, as that to which the Gospel asked them to conform, and, in many cases, put themselves in opposition to him for presenting it. Others, on grounds of a different kind, acted the part of enemies towards him, and sought to stop him in his course. But nothing could divert him from the objects at which he aimed, and silence him in his witness-bearing for Christ. And so, while strength was possessed, he continued to testify of Him whom he loved, and to plead for the rights of the church to which he belonged.

Such being the experience of Samuel Rutherford in the day of life, one can imagine what it would be on a deathbed. And it was just what those who best knew him expected that it would be, a very prelibation of the bliss of heaven. Hence the words to which he often gave utterance, and the joy that he expressed. "I shall shine, I shall see Him as He is; I shall see Him reign, and all His fair company with Him; and I shall have my large share; mine eyes shall see my Redeemer,

SOMETHING TO DO.

Words and Music by F. C. ORRILL

1 We sing "There'll be some-thing for each one to do, in hea-ven that beau-ti-ful land"  
but there's some-thing on earth here for each one to do, And em-ploy-ment for ev-ry hand.

REFRAIN

Some-thing to do, some-thing to do, Some-thing for each and for all to do; There's

plea-sure to do, There's plea-sure to do, Yes, plea-sure for young and for old to do.

There are parents to honour, respect, and to love,  
And all their commands to obey,  
For this is the will of our Father above,  
And is to be done every day.

Something to do, etc.

There are many, so many kind words to be said,  
So many good deeds to be done;  
To "stand up for Jesus," the truth and the right,  
And every thing evil to shun.

Something to do, etc.

Let us all, as we journey along here be-low,  
Do the good that may be in our way,  
Be preparing for heaven as older we grow,  
Finding some good to do every day.

Something to do, etc.

these very eyes of mine, and no other for me. . . . My honourable Master and lovely Lord, my great and royal King, hath not a match in heaven or in earth. I have my own guiltiness like another sinful man, but He hath pardoned, loved, and washed, and given me 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' . . . I feel! I believe.—I joy and rejoice.—I feed on manna! Oh that all my brethren in public may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day; I shall sleep in Christ, and 'when I awake I shall be satisfied with His likeness.' Oh for arms to embrace Him! Oh for a well-tuned harp!" To one who spoke of his diligence in the ministry, he said: "I disclaim all. The part I would be at is redemption and forgiveness of sins through His blood." Then with the words upon His lips, "Glory, glory dwells in Immanuel's land!" he entered upon his rest and reward.

Let us walk with Christ through the wilderness of time, and he will walk with us through the valley of the shadow of death. The experience of Samuel Rutherford supplied illustration and evidence of this. The testimony of Scripture is to the same effect, where it tells us that the end of the upright and perfect man is peace.—From "Christian Sunsets."

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

BY DR. D. W. FAUCONER.

IN a gallery of art there are large and even colossal objects in one picture, while another is a miniature of not more than a hand's breadth. And here in this gallery are pictures with a solitary figure—a single proverb; and there are also pictures of broadest artistic grouping. Here is a brief sentence, and there a long allegory. At one turn we see the gilded coverings stripped from some sin, and at the next the polished and barbed arrow goes home to the heart of a cherished wrong. And the whole is so condensed and so pithy, so full and yet so keen, with outward duty mentioned and yet the right heart so insisted upon, piety blended with morality and morality so enlivened by piety, that the book is always venerable but never stale, can always be consulted yet never exhausted. The oldest finds in it food for thought, and

the youngest a diversion and a delight. Those who enjoy the sketches of character, and those who equally love to see a condensed argument in a single sentence, can find in this book the thing that suits their taste. Will that single proverb ever grow obsolete while men love their holy God—the proverb that says "The memory of the just is blessed"? or will man ever cease to own the aptness of the saying, "The heart knoweth its own littleness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joys"? And who has not been compelled to say, as he has met the experiences of life, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful"? And how pertinent the sentence, "The beginning of strife is as the letting out of water; therefore leave off contention before it is meddled with." What convert coming into the peace of God's forgiveness has not repeated those words, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace"? Lord Bacon has been applauded for his saying, "Knowledge is power." But put the word wisdom for the word knowledge, and Solomon had said the same thing ages before.

Observe also that many of these proverbs get their power from some picture in them. A comparison of a single word in the heart of a pithy sentence has made it easy to remember and pertinent for quotation. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth"; "He that watereth shall be watered"; "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." "The slothful man says there is a lion without"; "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." And if any man thinks these proverbs are mere truisms, let him pause over them and study them till they reveal themselves. He will find that there is a heart behind them. For they rise higher and strike deeper than the mere surface of our ordinary life. I never knew a man of sagacity, of practical skill in dealing with men, who was not fond of this Book of Proverbs. Such men have often these proverbs close at hand, an exhaustless treasure for daily use.

WE are too prone to seek our happiness in the creature, and to take more delight in the enjoyment of outward delights than in the enjoyment of God.

## LAURA'S RED LETTER DAY.

"In the morning sow thy seed."

BY AUNT MAY.



IT was a happy day when old Benjamin Frost gave Laura her kitten—a day never to be forgotten, even if she lived to be ever so old. For months and months she had visited the old man, carrying him flowers and picture books, and talking to him in her pretty childish way, because she thought how miserable he must be in his lonely comfortless cottage, and because—well, because she had read of Jesus and his disciples going about and doing good, and from her little loving heart she longed to be like them. She used to sometimes wish there were more miserable people about; but there was only Benny that she knew of, and she often wished too that his face would grow bright, as she fancied those other faces must have done when the Saviour drew near; but then she was only a little girl, and a naughty one sometimes, like all the rest of the little girls who live in this naughty, yet lovely world of ours. Once she told a lie, and—but there, I need not tell you of her faults; for little Laura tried to be good, and we may be quite sure that God loved her in spite of all, and so, dear little reader, we will forget the dark side and love her too.

But about the kitten! Well, one morning when it was spring time and quite frosty and cold, as it often is at that time of the year, and when Laura was sleepy and did not want to get up, her mother called her to carry something to the other end of the village for a sick child's breakfast. She didn't want to go, this little girl of ours; but a good thought came, "It is God's work," and so she put on a very brave heart and dressed and set out on her errand.

Coming back, she met her father and a gentleman friend, and it was so nice—would you believe it, they had come to meet her. Then as they passed Benny's house, the old man came out, and making his very best bow, asked if she would please to accept of the kitten she had almost worshipped, and thought Benny was so very cross and particular about. She must come in and fetch it, so Benjamin said, and oh, did she not skip lightly over the threshold, her father and his friend following. They were all glad to see her joy, and pussy nestled in her arms as though very glad to find a haven of rest.

Benny mumbled something in reply to Laura's thanks, and then hobbled away; but the little girl had gained a point. Gruff old Benjamin, and gentle little Laura were on equal terms at last, each had conferred a favour on the other. The kitten drew them together, for was it not Benny's, and did not Laura love it?

By and by, when Laura has done with this life, I think that Benny will be the first to welcome her at the golden gates; for he is dead now, and oh, he passed away so happily, and it was Laura's bearing with all his crabbed ways, and, above all, her pretty acceptance of his one present which opened his heart, the heart with which no one to love, was growing harder and harder every day.

"Then scatter seeds of kindness, then scatter seeds of kindness,

Then scatter seeds of kindness, for our reaping by-and-by."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *The British Workman*. 1876 Vol. 1s 6d.  
 (2) *The Band of Hope Review*. 1877 Vol. 1s  
 (3) *The Infant's Magazine*. 1877 Vol. 1s 6d.  
 (4) *The Friendly Visitor*. 1877 Vol. 1s 6d.  
 (5) *The Family Friend*. 1877 Vol. 1s 6d.  
 (6) *The Children's Friend*. 1877 Vol. 1s 6d.  
 (7) *Heathen England*. By Rev. W. Booth 1s.  
 [London: S. W. Partridge and Co.]  
 (8) *Notes on Genesis*. By Rev. J. Inglis 3s 6d.  
 (9) *The Old Tales of Chivalry*. By Ascot R. Hope.  
 [London: Gall and Inglis]  
 (10) *Sir Titus Salt, Baronet: His Life and His Lessons*. By Rev. B. Balgarnie. 6s.  
 (11) *Home-ward Bound*. By Annie Gray. 1s.  
 [London: Hodder and Stoughton]  
 (12) *Diana*. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World" 5s 6d.  
 (13) *The Life of William Brock, D.D.* By Rev. C. M. Burrell 6s.  
 [London: Nisbet and Co.]  
 (14) *Suzehine*. 1877 Vol. 2s 0d.  
 (15) *Golden Hours*. 1877 Vol. 7s 6d.  
 [London: W. Peck.]  
 (16) *Our Sunday School Question Pinned*. By J. M. Green 6d.  
 [London: E. F. Farnoster-square.]  
 (17) *Mental Scenes and Pictures from the Bible*. By Rev. H. S. and Mrs. Warham. 1s 6d.  
 (18) *Grandpa's Missionary Stories*. By William Campbell. 1s 6d.  
 [London: Book Society.]

FOREMOST among the providers of sound, wholesome religious literature for young and old, stands the well-known firm of Partridge and Co. Their serials are beyond praise, and it is only necessary to remind our readers of their existence, and more especially as to their volume form. The "British Workman" (1), that staunch advocate of temperance; the "Band of Hope Review" (2), the object of which is fully expressed in its title; the "Infant's Magazine" (3), full of illustrations for "the wee ones"; the "Friendly Visitor" (4), welcomed in many a cottage home; the "Family Friend" (5), a similar, but more ambitious periodical; and the "Children's Friend" (6), a delightful companion for our girls and boys. All these volumes are so bright and cheery, both inside and out, that we are loth to make any invidious distinction, but would advise our readers to buy the whole set, and present each volume to the friend or relation for whom it was most suitable.

Mr. Booth, an earnest, devoted worker for God among the lower classes, has written a terribly thrilling and vivid account of his wonderful experiences (7), and we should like every Christian to read it.

A *Popular Commentary on Genesis* is undoubtedly an acquisition, and Mr. Inglis has, without question, given us this (8). Lucid, impartial, and comparatively exhaustive, these notes will be found of great use to the studious reader. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by the incorporation of a large number of illustrative quotations from a variety of authors.

We seem to live our boyhood's days over again while reading Ascot Hope's "Tales of Chivalry." Legends they are, and in great part fables, but there is the true ring of nobility in them, and many a lesson may be learnt from the perusal of this exceedingly interesting volume.

The name of Titus Salt is as a household word in the north of England, and his fame has reached all round the world. His biography (10) is very welcome, and as we read the story of his dogged perseverance, upright dealing, Christian zeal, and princely philanthropy, we can but wish that every young

man would peruse this wonderful story of a self-made man, and taking courage, press forward.

Miss Gray has written a pretty little waif story (11), its more immediate object being apparently to advocate the cause of the Home for Little Boys, a society which has our warmest commendation.

The author of "The Wide, Wide World," has by that one book endeared herself to the hearts of the present generation, and even a slight falling off in style would be willingly passed by. But so far from retrograding, in her new book (12) Susan Warner has surpassed herself. Diana, the heroine, is a wonderful creation, speaking, moving, living, with human faults and everyday failings, but with a soul fired with love to God and man; thorough in her own love, and believing no wrong until the truth forces itself upon her, her heart's duty almost succumbing to its tenderness, but gradually overcoming, to find a grand reward. The minister of the story is a true man, loving, modest, and tender, but stern and uncompromising when duty calls, while the soldier, though not so attractive to one's inner feelings, is no less a success from the author's point of view. The whole book is a picture, vivid and lifelike in its details, truthful in its colouring, and bold in its execution, and we can unhesitatingly give it our heartiest commendation.

One of the Patriarchs of Nonconformity was the late Dr Brock; many a time have we listened almost spell-bound to his inimitable discourses, now as rugged as the rock, now as tender as the silvery stream. Mr. Birrell, his old friend and colleague, has performed his biographical task (13) remarkably well, and the volume should be in every library, fitted as it is to kindle the courage of true faith in hearts warring with the difficulties of early life.

The two magazines, edited for years past by the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, are too well known to need commendation from us. "Sunshine" (14) well christened, must carry many a joyous gleam into the hearts of its youthful readers, instilling lessons of gentleness and truth, while "Golden Hours" (15), for those of older growth, surely belies not its title, with its cheerful, homely stories, its gems of poetry, and its effective illustrations. Dr. Whittemore may well be proud of these his children.

Mr. Green writes enthusiastically, but not extravagantly, and we can heartily recommend his pamphlet (16) to our readers.

Mr. Wakeham has hit upon a first rate idea in his "Mental Scenes" (17). He gives us a hundred capitally told Biblical stories, about a page each in length, giving the broad features, without indicating too closely the actual subject. His object is to present a kind of enigma, to be propounded to the young ones by their parents and teachers, the answer to be written and then compared with the key. The whole thing is admirably done; terse, graphic, and suggesting innumerable fields for thought, we heartily congratulate the author on his unpretentious, but useful little volume.

Missionary stories have always a fascination for the young, and the little volume before us (18) is a very good specimen of its class. The narration ranges from our own times back to those of St. Augustine, and is given in an interesting and instructive style, and the book is very fairly illustrated.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in Glasgow to the memory of Dr. Norman Macleod. Over £800 has already been subscribed towards the cost.

A circular has been issued by the Eastern Question Association, which has the Duke of Westminster for its president and the Earl of Shaftesbury for its vice-president, declaring that a war policy is one which the English people will not support.

While most of us have been enjoying home comforts and shelter during the many storms of the past year, the men of the National Lifeboat Institution have been bravely employed. Over eight hundred lives have been saved, and thirty-five vessels have been rescued from destruction by means of the boats of the society.

It seems that "difficulties" have arisen in the re-establishment of the Romish hierarchy in Scotland, and Cardinal Manning is authorised by the Pope to "treat with the

British Government," with a view to effect such a "compromise" as it may be expedient to make for the removal of the said difficulties.

The visit to England of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, is looked forward to with much interest. While his "intrepidity" (which is unquestioned) has been the subject of much comment, both favourable and the reverse, his services have been of undeniable value. His work is that of a pioneer, and commerce, civilisation, and religion will follow in the wake.

The death of the King of Italy has evoked the concurrent regret, and the almost rival testimonials of praise for his patriotism and honest worth, of all shades of the British and the continental press. Of course he died, as he lived, a Catholic of the Romish Church, and it is said that the Pope, if he had been able, would have gone and have given his personal blessing to the king's departing soul; but, for all that, the tolerance of Victor Emmanuel to other churches has done much to serve the cause of our common Christianity, and, while his faults will be forgotten, his memory will be fragrant, and his name will be prominent in future history.

Maharajah Dhuleep Singh of India, a convert to Christianity, and now residing in England, has presented 5,000 dollars to the American Presbyterian Mission in Egypt. Through the instrumentality of that mission, the lady who is now his wife was educated.

Whatsoever may be the skill of Cardinal Manning in steering through the difficulties of the hierarchical seas, the sturdy resistance of many "staunch and true" men of the various Protestant Associations of Scotland may be counted upon. At a meeting recently held in Edinburgh, it was resolved to put the law in force against those assuming legal titles.

Tahiti is threatened with famine. Writing on November 7, a correspondent says:—"Bread is at the rate of 2s. 3d. per 4lb. loaf. There is only about three weeks' supply of meat on the island, and no prospect of a further supply for at least two-and-a-half months." He adds, "We are, moreover, just recovering from an epidemic which has prostrated nearly everybody, although we have happily had but few cases of death."

Great distress prevails in Sheffield, in consequence of the depression of trade. The mayor has headed a fund with the donation of £100 for the relief of the sufferers, and announced that he would be responsible for £500. In a large number of cases almost everything has gone to the pawnbrokers, and whole families are in a state of helpless want. Death from privation has taken place in at least one instance.

At a public meeting held at Sheffield it was resolved to invite the British Association to hold its annual conference in that town next year.

The public have responded to the numerous informal appeals for the relief of the suffering in South Wales, and measures have been taken by the authorities and local committees for the careful distribution of the funds contributed.

A fund has been started for the providing of toys for pauper and sick children. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice have each contributed to the fund, and the matter is receiving gratifying support. The *Lancet* warns donors against the supply of toys poisoned by paint.

It has been stated by Mr. John Macgregor, of the *Rob Roy* canoe, that the members of the different shoeblick brigades have earned about £180,000 by blacking shoes in the streets of London.

The Rev. Arthur Mursell has resigned his pastorate of the Baptist Church, Stockwell, and has undertaken the charge of Cannon-street Chapel, Birmingham, for a period of six months ending July next.

The second week in January was observed universally as a week of united prayer. The principal meetings in the metropolis were held in Langham Hall, Great Portland-street, in the Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate-street, and in the Conference Hall, Mildmay-park. Addresses were given by well-known ministers of all sections of the evangelical church, and by a few prominent laymen. The meetings generally were well attended.

The foreign-speaking population of London is estimated at 100,000 persons. A conference, preceded by a tea, has been held at the Friends' Temperance Hotel, in Bishopsgate-street, London, on the varied means employed to reach these. After

tea grace was said in fourteen different languages. The London City Mission has ten districts occupied by men whose business is the evangelisation of foreigners. A "Strangers' Rest" has been opened, the utility and benefit of which were spoken of by two of the city missionaries. It was stated by Mr. Sawell that, since the opening of the Suez Canal, 10,000 Asiatics and East Africans have annually visited the port of London.

We are glad to learn, from a number of testimonials, that the pianos, organs, and harmoniums of Messrs. Bennett and Bennett have found their way to the most distant parts of the British Isles, and that their quality, both in construction and tone, seems to have given general satisfaction to their purchasers.

If you have any anxiety for your personal comfort, and any interest in the principles of domestic economy, ask your drapers and hosiers for "Unshrinkable Flannel," and see that you get it. After a trial you will be satisfied with no other.

He that loves riches will never be able to use them. He will be their slave and keeper, and not their master.

A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used Bunter's Nervine, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience."

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

**THE CHEAPEST TEA SOLD.**—The Temperance Societies' 10 lb. Chest of 2s. 6d. Tea sent carriage free to any railway station in England or Wales on receipt of P.O.O. for 21s. 5d., payable to William Geeves, Cheltenham. The tea is packed by Geeves' patent process, and subdivided suitable for division between friends or sale by retail (no licence required).—BROS. GEEVES and Co., Wholesale Tea Packers by Royal Letters Patent, Cheltenham.

An old man once said, "For a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty I lay it aside, and call it a bone. Why should I choke on the bone when there is so much nutritious meat for me? Some day, perhaps, I may find that even the bone may afford me nourishment."

**COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. N.B.—They contain no opium or preparation thereof.

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