

Earnest Christianity.

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SERIES.

OUR MAGAZINE—CONTEMPLATED CHANGES.

THE Book Committee of our Church having strongly urged the advisability of the amalgamation of *EARNEST CHRISTIANITY* with the *METHODIST MAGAZINE*, we have been induced to make a distinct proposal with that object in view, being unwilling to let our personal convictions and preferences stand in the way of what was thought by others to be a desirable arrangement. As the Book Committee has not yet met, we cannot of course say whether an amalgamation can be effected; but we wish to say, at the present stage, that if such an arrangement is made, the rights of our subscribers will be secured, so that no pecuniary loss will be sustained by any of them. Full particulars will be given next month.

REV. WILLIAM J. SHREWSBURY.

(Concluded from page 198.)

ALL missionaries know the importance of securing the Scriptures in the language of their people. The following is the method adopted by Mr. S. and his coadjutors to accomplish this noble work: "A missionary sits down with his interpreter, who cannot read a single line of the Word of God in any language, and perhaps his knowledge of divine things is very imperfect and some of his notions erroneous. He opens the sacred volume and has to translate that

in the first instance into the barbarous Dutch, that his interpreter may comprehend its meaning, and then his interpreter tells him how that barbarous Dutch ought to be worded in Kafir. And thus every verse being a double translation, not only is the progress exceedingly slow, but it may be in several instances, after all care and attention have been employed, the genuine sense is not given, or only in a very imperfect manner. With this translation the missionary stands up to read a portion of the Word of God, for his interpreter cannot read it, and here a defect in the pronunciation of words entirely dissimilar in their sound to any of his own language, occasions a further deterioration of his labours, so that after all only some parts of what he has accomplished are understood by the people. To remedy these inconveniences in part, it has been my practice for some time past, when I think a verse is obscure, before I read it or after reading it, to give a general idea of the subject through the medium of the interpreter; and when a word is very difficult to pronounce, the interpreter gives its correct pronunciation after me."

The missionaries frequently made itinerating tours in the more distant parts of the country, and were sometimes absent from their families for several days, which occasioned them no small amount of anxiety. On one occasion Mr. S. accompanied Rev. W. Shaw, the general superintendent, on an exploring tour, when they were absent from home *five* weeks, during which they travelled 600 miles, principally on horseback, and for twenty-one nights they slept on the ground, sometimes in the fields, but generally in the native huts, without undressing, except occasionally to change their linen. In this way, new mission stations were established, and the work of God was extended among the poor degraded Kafirs. They likewise were sometimes brought into contact with some who had expatriated themselves away from civilized life, and had become reduced to a state of barbarism almost equal to that of the native tribes, thus proving that man everywhere sinks lower and lower, in the scale of being, when left without the Gospel.

The numerous Kafir wars have been a great hindrance to the successful prosecution of the great object of Christian missions. The station Butterworth had especially been subjected to serious depredations. The labour of years would seem to be thrown away, and the poor missionaries would weep as they saw their stations

laid in ruins. Happily, however, wars are not now so frequent, and Butterworth is among the most prosperous stations in South-Eastern Africa.

In the very interesting biography of Mr. Shrewsbury, written by his son, we are furnished with minute particulars respecting the customs that obtained among the Kafir race, which were great barriers in the way of the Gospel among them. One of these was *dancing*, particularly on festive occasions, and the scenes of licentiousness that were usually connected therewith clearly indicated the tendency of such "innocent amusements." Mr. S. says:—"An English traveller, fond of masquerades, would plead for dances as tending to promote social habits, and abate something of the rudeness of uncivilized life; but we, who live amongst the people, know that at these carnival seasons, the land is filled with uncleanness, which tends to increase the aversion of the carnal mind to the holy law of God."

The thievish propensities of the people was another barrier against which the missionaries had to contend. A member of the British House of Commons once said that "the Kafirs were born thieves;" in thus speaking he only confirmed the truth of Scripture, that men go astray from their birth speaking lies.

There were a class of men among all the tribes, who professed to be "Rain Makers," and the natives thought that surely the missionaries might produce rain whenever there was a necessity. In some instances, the poor creatures would offer fine cattle as a reward for a good shower of rain, that was then much needed. They would even remind the missionary that he was *their* God. One individual, however, was very different from the rest of his tribe. He demanded that the missionary should immediately grant him rain, and on being told that the missionary had no power to comply with his request, refused to hear, and became so furious, that he even threatened to run Mr. S. through with an assegai.

Mr. Shrewsbury, like many other missionaries, had to mourn over the conduct of some of his own countrymen, men who professed to be Christian gentlemen, and yet, when amongst the heathen, they would practise some of the very sins from which he was labouring to save the people. Their conduct was a great trial to the missionaries, as the Kafirs took all white men to be Christians.

Mr. Shrewsbury removed to Grahamstown, where he succeeded Rev. W. Shaw, and was also Chairman of the Albany District. This was an important station, the multifarious duties of which he was well able to discharge, and during his stay he was eminently successful. Mr. Shaw thus speaks of him: "The very able and truly evangelistic character of Mr. Shrewsbury's ministry, together with his zealous pastoral labours, was of the greatest service, and many were thereby attracted to the new Church, and on leaving he left an undying reputation for piety, ministerial ability and fidelity."

A heavy calamity befel the servant of God while stationed in this town. His wife, after years of suffering, died. She was respectably connected in the West Indies, where she was born, and though she inherited some slaves, yet neither she nor her husband would share the least in the gain which her family had received by reason of the bondage of the sons of Ham. She died in the triumphs of faith, and left her husband with seven motherless children, the eldest twelve years and the youngest twenty months. With his young charges the bereaved missionary sailed to England, without either a nurse or a servant. His heart was full of grief, but troubles were still to be his lot. Slanders had been circulated respecting him, from which he unjustly suffered for several years. In one of the circuits to which he was appointed, "the reformers" gave him great annoyance; certain sons of Belial joined them, and placed his life in jeopardy.

For twenty-five years "the returned Missionary" laboured in various English circuits. He never sought an appointment, and never allowed himself to be invited to any place. He was no place hunter, but took whatever circuits were assigned him, and was never heard to complain that his talents were not appreciated. Could not his example be imitated to great advantage?

As an author Mr. S. gave the world a few volumes, some of which will long occupy a place in the republic of letters. His "Notes on Ezekiel, Daniel and the Minor Prophets" comprise a volume of 496 pages, of which several critics have spoken favourably. He published a volume of sermons, which Richard Watson pronounced as *eloquent*. A volume entitled "Infant Baptism Scriptural," bears his name, and was declared to be "one of the best treatises that had appeared in defence of pædobaptism." He also published a memoir of his wife, and a memoir of his son Joseph.

Mr. Shrewsbury was an earnest advocate of temperance. He attended several conventions, and both from the pulpit and platform and through the press, he denounced the evils of intemperance, which made such frightful havoc among all classes of the people.

As a preacher he excelled in exposition. A gentleman who heard him regularly at one circuit said, that "the series of expository discourses which he gave on St. Matthew's gospel, formed the noblest series of discourses to which he ever listened."

As a proof that this devoted servant of Christ was "never unemployed, nor yet triflingly employed," it may be remarked that he left behind him a commentary in manuscript upon the entire Old Testament, and had reached the end of the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel in the New Testament, when he became satisfied that he must cease to labour and write. He was anxious to have had ten years more strength, so that he could have completed some work which he had on hand. He says, "It appears that the Divine Master set me free from literary toil; henceforward I may chiefly improve my leisure as weariness will allow, by reading the useful instructions of others; the fatigues of the desk and of composition I can no longer bear. My chief author for the present will be good Mathew Henry, whose commentary I hope to read through in time. So I seal up my own writings and retire."

The good man of whose busy life we have given our readers a mere sketch, was beloved by his people, especially the sick and poor. In the bosom of his family he was revered by old and young. In the Conference of which he was a member he became one of the fathers, and when he could no longer remain in active work, a benevolent gentleman provided him with a comfortable home, and when he died devout men carried him to the place of sepulture, and made great lamentation over him.

E. B.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!—Is. lii. 7.

THE UNCEASING CONFLICT.

I N connection with the introduction of sin into the world, there began a warfare between the "seed of the woman" and the "serpent" which has continued to this day. The conflict still rages; nor will it end until "the adversary, the devil," is cast into the "*bottomless pit*."

On the one side we behold associated together "the devil and his angels" and wicked men; on the other, the great Mediator, Jesus the Son of God, the good angels, and the followers of Christ on earth. There are no indications of a suspension of hostilities; on the contrary, it seems as though both parties were marshalling their forces for a tremendous battle. We doubt not but the period is fast approaching when physical warfare will end, but the contest of which we speak will terminate only with the final discomfiture and imprisonment of the devil.

When we take into consideration the ability and resources of the combatants, and the serious results flowing from their struggles, we may with propriety designate this as the most important conflict coming within the range of human knowledge. It is no trifling matter for two nations on earth to engage in bloody warfares, but their most terrible battles are only as skirmishes compared with the struggles of Jesus and His Church with the powers of hell.

As the enmity and many of the movements of this contest are *spiritual*, we can form no correct idea of them, except through the language and imagery of physical warfare. We are quite sure that on one side the enmity is right—a righteous feeling, opposition to sin; on the other it is all wrong, being hatred to God and goodness in all its forms and influences. It is Godlike to *hate iniquity* as well as to *love righteousness*. It is a Christian's duty to *fight* as well as to *pray*; but it is the "good fight of faith," not an exercise with carnal weapons. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against *spiritual wickedness in high places*."

The reasons why the Almighty, who is able to crush instantly all his opponents, suffered the devil and his angels to wage such a war with mankind, is a great mystery. We do not at present understand the matter. Probably we shall know more about it in the

great day, when the "books are opened." Doubtless the whole creation of intelligent creatures will then be perfectly satisfied that the principles of the moral government of God have been right throughout the entire history of men and angels.

It is not wise to expend much thought or time in efforts to understand or explain the origin or nature of that revolt among the angels, which resulted in their eternal banishment from heaven, and in the preparation of "*everlasting fire*" for their punishment. The revealed facts of the case alone challenge our faith.

We must, then, in receiving the truths of the Bible, believe in the existence of angels, and that some "kept not their first estate," but sinned against God. *How* they sinned we know not; we are only certain of the fact. Our knowledge of the general nature of sin induces us to believe that they must have been under law, or they could not have transgressed; "for where no law is, there is no transgression." We are also compelled to believe that their sin was a voluntary act, not necessitated, otherwise their doings would have lacked one essential element of sin; any being doing wrong by the irresistible compulsion of another does not sin.

The possession of a capacity to render obedience to a superior supposes ability to disobey. This is certainly true of all rational beings while in a state of probation. It may not be so after the probation has ended. The Scriptures are totally silent in reference to the possibility of a defection among the saved in the future state, or of the recovery of the lost.

It does not appear that the fallen angels possess either the ability or inclination to bow reverently and lovingly, as they did before their rebellion, to the authority of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. It is otherwise with man. Though fallen, he may rise again—only, however, through the divinely arranged and marvellously effected atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. The effect on angelic minds of the study of human redemption we cannot fully understand; yet we are safe in believing that on the one hand it is most salutary, on the other, it is adapted to intensify feelings of malignity against God and his highly favoured creature, man. Hence the interest of the loyal angels in our behalf, and the undying opposition of the rebel hosts.

It is evident from the teachings of the Divine Word that the fallen angels are under the control and guidance of a chief or leader

who is styled the devil. The Greek word translated devil is "*Diabolos*," which is always used in the singular number, except in three instances, none of which apply to the rebel angels. The plural form of that word (*Diaboloï*) occurs in 1 Timothy iii. 11, where it is rendered "*Slanderers*;" 2 Tim. iii. 3, "*False accusers*;" Titus iii. 3, also "*False accusers*." In every other case, thirty-five in number, it is in the singular number, and is used as the designation of the prince of the hosts of hell. This truth is also taught in the English version of the Scriptures, as the following passages amply verify: "Prepared for *the devil* and his angels," Matt. xxv. 41; "Being forty days tempted of *the devil*," Luke iv. 2; "Ye are of your father *the devil*," John viii. 44; "Thou child of *the devil*," Acts xiii. 6; "Wiles of *the devil*," Eph. vi. 11; "Resist *the devil*," James iv. 7; "Your adversary *the devil*," 1 Pet. v. 8; "Works of *the devil*," John iii. 8; "Contending with *the devil*," Jude ix.; "That old serpent called *the devil*," Rev. xx. 2.

We do indeed find in the New Testament the word *devils* occurring frequently (forty-nine times), but the original word is never "*Diaboloï*," except in the three cases referred to, but the plural form of *Diamon* (demons), thus clearly establishing the doctrine, that there is a leader or prince among the fallen angels.

This appellation of the enemy (*Diabolos*), is derived from two words, "*dia*," through, and "*ballow*," to cast or throw, intimating the work of an *accuser*, whose effort is to throw or cast his words across those of another, in order to neutralise their intended design. Thus did the devil in Paradise throw his lie across or athwart the truth of God; and to this day he is playing the same game. Those who credit his lies in preference to God's truth are ruined; those who reject them and believe the truth, are saved. Hence the warfare of personal beings, one class endeavouring to circulate error, the other contending for the truth; one opposing holiness, the other resisting sin; one under the leadership of Jesus, the other directed by the devil. Some would have us discard the idea of personality from this struggle, and resolve it all into the opposite principles of good and evil. But we would ask, How is it possible that opposing principles can contend with each other, except in connection with rational beings? Does sin or holiness exist separate or apart from personality! If the word devil means

only the personification of evil, what can be meant by his *angels*? Was the "everlasting fire" prepared to burn sin, or sinners?

It should not be forgotten that the devil is only a creature, and therefore is limited in all the attributes of his nature; and also that he can only tempt. He cannot compel any one to yield to his temptations; nor can he occupy more than one place at the same instant of time. But who knows how short the period he requires to circumnavigate our globe? May he not be here and at the antipodes of the earth within five minutes? Who knows how rapid the network of influence among those spiritual beings, or who can tell their number? If we fully understood such questions, we would probably not marvel because men are tempted of the devil in all parts of the earth at the same time. If by the aid of electricity man can influence his fellow-man many miles distant need we wonder that spiritual beings can do the same! Is there any more mystery in the fact of human beings realizing influences from fallen angels, than the assured truth that good angels minister to the heirs of salvation? We cannot reject either doctrine without discrediting the Word of God.

In the Bible we often meet with the expression, "*the works of the devil.*" Where are they? Everywhere around us where human nature operates. As far as our world is concerned, they are to be seen and felt only in connection with mankind. His work is not creation but perversion. His aim and delight have ever been to mar excellence, deform beauty, corrupt purity, disturb enjoyment, obliterate hope, and perpetuate opposition to God. To be brief, sin is the work of the devil; sin is rebellion against God; it is treason against the best government in the universe. Had it not been speedily checked by the Omnipotent One, the moral interests of heaven and earth would have become a complete wreck. And had there not been, in connection with its origin and perpetuation, some terrible manifestations of the Divine anger against it, the moral government of God must have been seriously interrupted. As there cannot be a government of beings capable of doing wrong, without penalties attached to the laws, there became a necessity for a place of punishment as soon as there was sin. There would be no security for the good, or check upon the wicked, were it not for penal enactments and executive power to carry them out. But we are digressing. The subject before us is the works of the devil.

There is not much difficulty in discovering these. They meet us at every turn. They are found interwoven with our very nature. Hence the individual contest of believers on earth. Every Christian knows something of the struggles between the flesh and the spirit. Oh! how important in this connection that word to the Church at Pergamos: "He that *overcometh* shall not be hurt of the second death." The work of the enemy is also seen in colossal forms and systems of error, artfully adapted to neutralize the influence of saving truth. Oh! what a marvellous corruption of Christianity is Popery! For twelve hundred years it has been operating on humanity, and still the "mystery of iniquity" works! Is there not a manifest war between this soul-destroying system of error and the true Church of Christ? Are there not painful intimations of a culminating contest approaching? The Christian's weapons, however, are not "carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," &c. Behold Mohammedanism, co-evil with Popery, destined to die at the same time. How clear the image of the devil in this strange system of falsehood! Surely the Christian soldier cannot put off his armour while the relics of the false prophet are found impeding the footsteps of him that bringeth good tidings. The Koran has long withstood the Bible, but its days are nearly numbered. The stone cut out without hands is becoming a great mountain, and filling the whole earth. Then there is the alarming and widespread evil of intemperance. The cloven foot of the enemy is here apparent. Oh, how this vice interferes with the progress of our holy Christianity! This alarming work of the devil is probably ruining more human beings for time and eternity than all the other vices of humanity united. As long as this evil continues, the friends of God and righteousness must keep on the armour and battle for the right. The millennium will not be here until this evil is destroyed, and its destruction will not take place until the governments of earth declare that the cereals of earth, required for man and beast shall no longer be perverted from their natural use to make a poisonous drink for a depraved race. The thousands of starving poor in large towns and cities might all have food in abundance were such a law now in operation. And not only so; there would be a large surplus to assist in maintaining those whose present occupation would be gone if such a law were in existence. Temperance workers should not falter in the strife, until their noble design is accomplished.

There are other forms of vice assailing the Church of Christ, and interfering with the best interests of our world. These must be met by the soldiers of Jesus, or their encroachments upon the domains of virtue will soon tarnish the morals of mankind, and the onward movements of every Christian enterprise.

The signs of the times are auspicious. Many valuable recruits are daily coming into the ranks of Emmanuel's army. The captain of our salvation is outrivalling the tactics of the devil. The foes of Jesus are trembling, They are beginning to feel more than ever that the superior forces of the universe are on the side of truth and right.

“Stand fast in the faith, though the conflict be hot,
The field hath no strife where the captain is not ;
His eye is upon you, thou hear'st what He saith,
'Ho ! quit you like men, and stand fast in the faith !'”

CORNWALL, P. E. I., *February*, 1876.

G. O. HUESTIS.

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

A MEMOIR OF BYGONE DAYS.—*Continued.*

THE merry bells of the parish church at Hodnet are ringing. There is joy in the air and summer in the breeze, and some gossiping in the street. Let us quietly listen to some of it.

A.—“So our neighbour, Leycester Antrobus, is to lose his fair young daughter to-day.”

C.—“Ay ; how so ? Going to be married, is she ?”

A.—“To be sure she is ; and a worthy man she's getting, too.”

C.—“Well, I'm glad to hear that, for I reckon she's as worthy a young woman as I know of i' the parish, and I believe truly pious, too.”

A.—“So she ought to be, to marry Tommy Brockas.” *

C.—“Who did you say ? Tommy Brockas ? What, the gardener of Sansaw ?”

A.—“Ay.”

* The name was originally both spelt and pronounced Brockas.

C.—“Why, that’s the man that as good as preached at the hanging the other day. He’s as good as a parson, and I hearn say that he converted the men that were hanged.”

A.—“He is a very devoted man, and has been very useful in visiting the prison.”

C.—“But I reckon, if he’s only a journeyman gardener, he has not much of this world’s substance. Sally will ha’ to put up wi’ love in a cottage. ’Twill be some of a coming down to her.”

A.—“Yes; but she’s economical and Tommy’s industrious. He has made his way up from being a poor parish boy; and, with God’s blessing, I believe he’ll get along as well and better than most young men that marry.”

C.—“Well, maybe; but I’m thinking Sally would ha’ done better to have accepted Tommy S——. He’s like to come in for a good farm some of these days, and ‘a bird in hand,’ you know.”

A.—“I don’t know. Tommy’s found oftener at the public than at the church; and I see him pretty often on the square, quiting and gaming with godless fellows. I’m afraid he’s on the wrong road. But here they come, anyhow. Let’s go in and see them coupled.”

And so the next issue of the county paper announced that Mr. Thomas Brockas, of Sansaw, was married to Miss Sarah Antrobus, daughter of Mr. Leycester Antrobus, of Hodnet.

The wedded couple were soon settled in the snug little cottage at Sansaw, and a year passed away, when their first-born, a daughter, was added to the little family. To Mr. Brockas it had not been a year of freedom from anxiety and care. His faithfulness to his sense of duty had brought upon him persecution and heavy trial. But we will let him narrate his history to us himself by and by; and in the meantime we will visit the cottage on an occasion of more than ordinary interest—the christening of their child.

Reader, did you ever see a cotter’s home in a rural English parish? The low walls, concealed by woodbine and honeysuckle; the thatched roof, thick with straw, through which an attic window peers; the little garden spot, all fragrant with jessamine and hyacinth; its neatly trimmed hedge of hawthorn, where the moss-roses flourish and the violet loves to hide; the rows of currant and gooseberry bushes on either side the walk from gate to door, laden with delicious fruit; the beds of onion and carrot, and the potato patch. The interior as

neat as the outside was beautiful. The brick floor, newly rudded ; the stone hearth, tastefully sanded ; the brightly-polished kettle, singing on the hob beside the open fire-grate ; a few ornaments on the dusted mantel ; the triangular cupboard in the corner ; the Dutch clock hanging on the wall, without case or glass front ; a small library on the shelf ; a plain deal table, a chair or two, a stool, and the cradle by the fireside, and you have about all except the plants in the window and the likeness on the wall. So peaceful and so charming is such a cottage, especially where religion is united with industry ; and you do not wonder that its occupants are strangers to ambition, and to find on foreign shores that wealthy emigrants in palace homes turn back in memory, and weep for the "auld lang syne," when they lived in the sweet, sweet home of their youth in their mother country.

An Independent minister from Wem, by the name of Hawke-smith, officiates at the ceremony, and names the child after her mother, "Sarah Antrobus." It was an interesting and profitable service. Many of the neighbours had dropped in, and Mr. H. had given them quite a discourse.

"We had a comfortable season," says Mr. B., "though there was no particular outpouring of the Holy Spirit."

Ah ! how these Primitive Methodists looked for ourpourings of the Spirit, and were a little disappointed if they came not. The company are gone, and Mr. H. tarries to tea with his friend ; and they thus enter into conversation.

B.—"I trust to see my daughter live and walk in the ways of God, and thus prove that she is baptised with the Holy Ghost."

H.—"Yes ; and you have a right to look for that, for the promise is to *you* and to your *children*."

B.—"I have lately found my mind much easier than it used to be concerning infant baptism, and especially as I see more clearly into the blessed doctrine of general redemption."

H.—"They that believe that as the Abrahamic and Christian covenants are the same (compare Gen. xvii. 7 with Heb. viii. 12), that as children were admitted under the former, and as baptism is now a sign and seal or confirmation of this covenant, infants have as great a right to it as the children of the Israelites had to the seal of circumcision under the law."

B.—“Where I was formerly much perplexed about it was, that we have no positive command for it.”

H.—“True. Neither have we that women should come to the Lord’s supper, nor that we should keep holy the first day of the week; neither of these are expressly commanded, yet even our Baptist friends practise them with ourselves.”

B.—“They assert, however, that it is a mere human invention.”

H.—“If it had been a human invention, how could it have been so universal in the first three centuries of the Church, and yet no record remained of when it was introduced, nor any dispute or controversy have taken place about it?”

B.—“Another argument they use is, that there are no express examples in the New Testament of Christ and his Apostles baptising infants.”

H.—“Yes; but Jesus Christ blessed little children, and it is difficult to believe that such received his blessing and yet were not to be members of His Gospel Church. If Christ received them and would have us receive them, how can we keep them out of the visible Church? Besides, if children were not to be received into Christ’s Church as they had been received into the Jewish Church—if joining the Christian Church was to deprive the Jew of the privilege which he had enjoyed for nearly two thousand years, of having his children taken into the covenant,—is it not reasonable that the baptism of children would be expressly forbidden; but the Apostle Peter said, ‘The promise is to you and to your children.’”

B.—“I plainly see that there is not a child that can live one hour, but through the death and intercession of the Son of God; and if the ‘whole family of heaven and earth are named of Him,’ and if ‘of such children is the kingdom of heaven,’ and we must be converted and become as little children to enter the Church of Christ, why should I not make a public and solemn offering of the child he has graciously given unto me, by dedicating her to Him in baptism, with a promise on my part to bring her up, as He shall enable me, for His service and glory?”

H.—“Undoubtedly you may. And you will remember that whole households were baptised by the apostles; it is very probable that these households embraced, as households usually do, children.”

B.—“Oh! that my child may live to be guided by the good Spirit of God ; then I know she will be directed aright.”

H.—“I think that you need never fear but that the step you have taken is a right one.”

B.—“Do you know anything of Church history, and the testimony of the Fathers, on the subject ?”

H.—“Yes ; from the year A.D. 400 to 1150, no society of men in all that period of seven hundred and fifty years ever pretended to say it was unlawful to baptise infants. Irenæus, who lived in the second century, and was well acquainted with Polycarp, who was John's disciple, declares that the Church learned from the apostles to baptise children. Origen in the third century affirms that the custom was derived from Christ and his apostles. Cyprian and a council, held about A.D. 254, agreed that children might be baptized as soon as they were born. Ambrose declares that infant baptism had been practised by the apostles themselves, and ever since. Chrysostom, in the fifth century, wrote, ‘The Catholic Church everywhere declares that children should be baptised ;’ and Augustine declares that he never heard or read of any sect of Christians but who always held that infants were to be baptised.”

B.—“That is certainly remarkable. I did not think the evidence of the Fathers was so clear ; but our Baptist friends say we have no clear case of infant baptism in the New Testament.”

H.—“It must be remembered that we have not a single instance recorded in the New Testament in which the descendants of Christian parents were baptised in adult years.”

B.—“My mind is fully satisfied on these points, but I am glad of the conversation, as it has strengthened my convictions and confirmed my own faith. And I believe it is generally acknowledged if children die they are saved ; why, then, refuse them the sign of union with Christ ?”

H.—“The objection that infants are not proper subjects, because they cannot profess repentance and faith, falls with as much weight upon the institution of circumcision as infant baptism, since they are as capable or as fit subjects for the one as for the other.”

JAMES HARRIS.

NEW ZEALAND.

FEW of the colonies of Great Britain have occupied so much attention as New Zealand. For ten years in succession war raged to such an extent that to all appearance both colonists and natives were likely to be exterminated. A few years ago hostilities ceased, and it is hoped that the colony has entered upon a career of prosperity, which will not again be interrupted by the horrors of war. In thirty years the population increased to nearly a quarter of a million, not including the Maories ; and as the climate is salubrious and the land fertile, there is abundance of room for an immense population. There are also gold-fields, which do not fail to attract the enterprising. In 1871, 730,029 ounces of this precious metal were exported, being the largest exportation ever made in one year.

New Zealand, like some other colonies, has been won to the British crown in a great measure by the disinterested, self-denying missionaries, who have hazarded their lives in seeking the lost sheep of the wilderness. The Church of England Missionary Society was the first to enter this extensive field, which comprises three islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean, the largest of which is nine hundred miles long by seven hundred wide. The natives are called Maories, but they have decreased thirty per cent. in ten years.

As they have now settled down to peaceful pursuits, and are not likely to be so much embroiled in war, either among themselves or with the colonists, it is hoped that they may increase. Their present number is about forty thousand.

Rev. Samuel Marsden, who was senior chaplain of the British forces in New South Wales, was the first missionary who planted the standard of the cross on the shores of New Zealand. He was a native of Yorkshire, and received his first religious impressions among the people called Methodists. He was a man of great enterprise, and took deep interest in the formation of the London Missionary Society, and was a liberal contributor to its funds. From the time of his appointment as a chaplain abroad, he was in labours more abundant, and even purchased a vessel, which was the first real missionary ship that ploughed the waters of the Pacific. In this little craft he visited New Zealand seven times. He finished his course in 1838, and his name will always live among the chief

benefactors of New South Wales: while in New Zealand it will be gratefully remembered, on account of the efforts he made to introduce the blessings of religion and civilisation among a race whose deeds of cruelty and death had struck terror into the minds of even the hardy and adventurous seamen who ventured to land on their coasts.

Bishop Selwyn, now Bishop of Lichfield, England, was the first missionary bishop appointed to New Zealand. He formed his diocese in 1841; though somewhat inclined to High Church notions, he laboured with great zeal, and was the means of greatly consolidating what others had begun. He was one of the originators of the Malanesian Mission. We do not think that the Church Missionary Society has a more flourishing mission than that of New Zealand, embracing more than 100,000 adherents, with nearly 10,000 Maories, and nearly 100 missionaries. The first missionary meeting held under the presidency of the Bishop was attended by 500 natives and several Europeans. The resolutions were moved by Europeans and seconded by natives. Some of the addresses were unique and interesting, and the collection amounted to \$230.

One day, two young chiefs came a journey of five hundred miles to the Bishop's residence, to solicit a missionary for their father. To the surprise of the Bishop, the youths could both read; when it was ascertained that several years before, a native had of his own accord gone among the tribe to which they belonged, and not only taught them to read, but also explained the truths of the Gospel, which caused them now to desire a missionary.

Through the influence of Bishop Selwyn, a large industrial farm was established for the benefit of the natives; various schools were also formed, and a college for the training of a native ministry. Great good has been accomplished by means of this Mission.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society was first represented in New Zealand by Rev. Samuel Liegh of precious memory, who was the pioneer of Methodism in the southern world, in 1819. He went to New Zealand in 1821, having been previously in New South Wales, and was cordially received by the Church of England missionaries. The agents of both societies were a source of comfort to each other, and frequently relieved each other's necessities, and afforded shelter and refuge to each other in times of danger. Mr. Liegh was soon followed by Rev. N. Turner and others, who laid

the foundation of the church there. The missionaries were often in great peril. The thieving propensities of the natives were such that they never seemed satisfied, no matter how much they might receive for articles which they sold.

The first station planted by the Wesleyan missionaries was called Wesleydale. The land was purchased from the chief, who claimed that it belonged to his tribe. The missionaries built with their own hands mission premises, and planted vegetables and fruit trees. The people gathered around them, and erected for themselves rude dwellings. The missionaries were necessitated also to work with their own hands in the erection of sanctuaries in which to worship God. From the first they paid great attention to the young, and used every means possible to teach them to read, but this was no easy matter, as there were no books in the language of the people; hence they had to reduce the language to written form, and prepare books suitable for all classes. To teach the natives was an irksome task, but perseverance and the blessing of God can work wonders. The missionaries' wives, besides attending their numerous domestic duties, assisted in the schools, especially among their own sex, teaching them various kinds of needlework. After some years of patient toil, the moral desert gave evidence of fertility, and the state of things was a great contrast to that which was presented when the missionaries ventured to take up their abode among the savages.

One of the sights then seen was twelve ghastly, tattooed heads of men, arranged in a row, in the path the mission party had to travel; and when the chief was asked why he had made this exhibition, the missionary was shocked to hear him say that he had put them there for sale. Now, however, the cruelties of the heathen were greatly abolished; but, alas! at a moment unexpected, all the bright hopes of the missionaries were blighted; the station was laid in ruins, and the mission families were obliged to flee for their lives. A desolating war raged for years among the tribes, so much so, that some of them were actually exterminated, and the country for miles around Wesleydale was one scene of desolation. All the mission property was plundered, and even the grave of the missionary's child was opened, in order to plunder the dead body.

This was not the only mission station destroyed. Another was subjected to a similar calamity a few years afterwards. The land

was literally soaked with human blood, and it seemed as though the missionaries must leave the field which for twelve years they had cultivated amid great suffering and self-denial. Much money had been expended, and the devoted men might say "We have laboured in vain, we have spent our strength for nought, yet surely our judgment is with the Lord, and our work with God." God seeth not as man seeth. He has seen fit to allow the faith of His servants, in some instances, to be severely tried. Dr. Judson laboured in Burmah for six years before a single Burmese became a Christian. The mission in the Friendly Islands was abandoned for some years for lack of success. Madagascar, where there has lately been such marvellous displays of saving power, was abandoned, and for years the native Christians were subjected to all manner of cruelties. Thirteen years' labour were expended at Tahiti before a single convert was made. Moffatt and his coadjutors were even longer without seeing the least evidence of good from their labours.

All the land in New Zealand being claimed by various tribes, and the customs of the people being so peculiar, misunderstandings leading to direful results often occurred. Adventurers would also come among the people from New South Wales, and many of them being very immoral, were the occasion of much trouble among the poor people, who would frequently upbraid the missionaries with the conduct of their countrymen. The presence of the missionaries would, in many instances, prevent the speculators taking advantage of the natives. This would enrage them, and they would endeavour, from a feeling of revenge, to excite the people against their teachers. Several of the leading chiefs, perceiving the sad state of things both among themselves and the colonists, were desirous to have the aid of England, so that scenes of desolation might be less frequent among them. The English Parliament at length sent out a representative of royalty, and for a time things began to improve, but still many mishaps have taken place, which have led to serious conflicts, and involved the country in almost interminable war.

(To be concluded next month.)

BEHOLD, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God. Isa. lv. 5.

A WORD TO FIGHTERS AT THE FIRESIDE.

ONCE upon a time in the midst of a wood there stood a tall and stately tree. Many children played around its huge trunk, and many a traveller rested in its cool shade. And I heard one say, "Don't you remember, that when the hurricane came last year, this sturdy tree but planted its feet more firmly in the ground and stood erect;" and another said, "Yes, and when the lightning flashed, it bowed its head and escaped the bolt." But when I had come close to the beautiful tree, I found that a worm was slowly piercing to its heart. Are not many people armed for the lightning and the blast but not for the tiny worm?

Satan has been described to us as a roaring lion; and fewer would be his victims if that were his only guise, for the fearful sight would at once arouse all our faculties of dread and resistance. But alas! our great enemy knows us too well not to furnish himself with many masks and disguises of more commonplace appearance. If Satan is the "Author of evil" and the "Tempter," then we may reasonably speak of him as lying in wait for us in whatever circumstance of life arouses our evil nature or causes us to fall into sin.

We talk of the "shield of faith," the "sword of the Spirit," and the "helmet of salvation," and in our own minds appropriate these glorious weapons to the overcoming of some conspicuous temptation or besetting sin, forgetting that it is often the "*little foxes*" that spoil.

Many a sincere lover of Christ has gone to his daily labour in the bank, where all its gold could not buy his integrity; or to his warehouse, where the *cleverest* tricks of trade would be despised; or to the bar, where no fee would tempt him to defend an unrighteous cause; but perhaps in some chance conversation the honour of Christ's kingdom is involved. Alas! it suffers from his non-committal—silence, *not* non-committal! "He that is not with Me, is against Me."

Let us peep through the skylight into the home of Mrs. Martha Trywell. It is Monday, and therefore washing-day. Last week Bridget "gave warning," and has since then been rather an independent member of the household. A big new tooth is coming through, and so poor baby is fretful, and will go to no one but

mamma. Rising from her broken rest, his mother had that morning asked for special grace for the probable trials of the day. At half-past ten o'clock Miss Dyspepsia Boreing appears, knitting in hand, "to spend a nice long day with you, my dear." Poor Mrs. Martha tries to be "courteous to all," and succeeds, secretly dreading the cook's frown at an extra dish for dinner. The hours wear on; baby frets; Miss Boreing pours out her grievances; the children bound in noisily from school; Martha's head aches; still she tries "not to look on her own things, but the things of others." At that moment Mrs. Rich, an old schoolmate, rolls past the window in her carriage, and a troop of discontented thoughts rush into Sister Trywell's heart: Why cannot I have plenty of money, and servants, and a carriage; I, with my bad health and six children?

Ah! our great enemy is indeed a wily foe, and while we are defending many points, he enters at the one unguarded door; the king was armed, yet the arrow pierced "*between the joints* of the harness." In watching for the great temptation, which perhaps never comes, we are overtaken by a seeming trifle. An eminent minister has said: "There are many saints who can bear the loss of a fortune with faith and calmness, but who lose their equanimity at the breaking of a tea-cup." What is the remedy? How are we to be "*in all things* conquerors through Him that loved us?" The answer is in your question—by fighting *through* Him that loved us.

England won Waterloo *through* Wellington. England did what she could in sending brave soldiers, but success came in "looking unto" their general. Let us trust hour by hour in the captain of our salvation. He sees every foe in ambush, and would always lead us on to victory, were we not sometimes so intently watching our own footsteps that we forget to look up at the "guiding eye."

TORONTO, April, 1876.

THEO. RANDAL.

GOD'S house lies in the midst of an enemy's country; and his Church is a lily among thorns; and therefore God's power and goodness are to be observed in the special preservation of it. The *camp of the saints*, being a *little flock* in comparison with the numerous armies of the powers of darkness that are set against it round about, would certainly be swallowed up, if the angels of God did not encamp about it, as they did about Elisha, to deliver it.

NOT FORSAKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

CHAPTER VIII.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ANY stranger looking on would have said my life was gloomy ; but how can there be gloom when the whole heart is full of light ? There seemed to be always a secret with me ; a secret which I half knew, but the other half was hidden, only so slightly hidden that I could almost guess it. Very humble, and quiet, and poor was my life ; but so was His, the carpenter's son. If the Bible did not tell us He was poor, I should have known it from His own words. Who would have talked about putting new pieces upon old garments, or about sweeping the house diligently, if He had not seen His mother doing it ? So whilst I was busy over these things and a hundred household works like them, I knew that He knew exactly all about them, and that made them sweet to me.

But there was not enough work for me in Uncle Simister's little dwelling ; and I could not sit still doing useless things, which some women take a pleasure in. Besides, my eyes grew weary with the nearness of the walls, and my limbs ached for want of exercise. So when all was done for the day, I used to put on my bonnet and shawl, and go wandering out, up and down, up and down the streets. Not the fine streets where the shops were full of rich things to stare at ; but the dark, narrow, noisome streets, lying back behind the grandeur and the wealth. I think these drew me to them. Now and then there was a chance of doing something ; there were children crying whom I could comfort ; or a poor woman heavily burdened, part of whose load I could carry. I had no money to give ; and I could not find fault even when drunken women reeled past me and would have fallen heavily to the ground if I had not caught them. I was heart-sore for them—heart-sore. But how could I blame them for flying from the misery and the dirt in which they lived, if they could forget it only for an hour ? Now and then I spoke a word to them, gently and sorrowfully, and they listened. But I do not know that I did any good among them. Only those streets, foul and noisome, and swarming with miserable fellow-creatures, drew me to them, rather than the grand and handsome streets, where carriages rolled constantly by.

But there is no doubt I did good to Cor. I cut down some of Uncle Simister's cast-off clothes, and made him a decent suit for Sundays, and stitched a couple of shirts for him, and knitted two pairs of socks. He was a steady, brave little lad, never missing to come to his morning's work of cleaning uncle's boots and brushing

down the front of the shop. Very soon he had told me all about himself; of the shifts he and his mother were put to for food and lodging; and of the strange, sad things he saw in the wretched lodging-houses where they slept. I began to teach him to read, for he was very quick, almost as quick as Stephen, and then we went on to writing, and so on, through many months, till he knew all I could teach him.

But all this while there came no tidings of Stephen. I did not grow anxious before I had been with Uncle Simister nearly twelve months; for Australia was so very far away letters could not come and go quickly. Yet when month after month passed by, and I had written many letters and received no answer, I began to be troubled and to grieve for him as for one who is dead, carrying about with me at all times a secret sorrow, which, like the secret joy I had, was but half known to me, yet the other half could easily be guessed. Stephen was lost and gone to me; he could not be alive, or he would have written to me from that far-off country.

How often I carried this burden with me into the great church of St. Paul's, which was close at hand, and which became to me a quiet resting-place, like the garden at home. There, under the high roof and in the dim light, with the hum of the city all around me, like, yet altogether unlike, the hum of the bees in their hives, I would pace slowly to and fro, up and down along the aisles, as if they were the pleached alley with its grassy path, instead of the hard marble under my feet. But always I stayed my steps before a monument of black folding doors with angels guarding them, yet waiting as if to throw them open as soon as the sound of the archangel's trumpet rang through the sky. Upon the one door were these words, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away;" and I bore them ever in my heart, for were we not all dwelling in the shadows, and waiting for the breaking of the morning? Not in darkness, but in shadows; for the light that shone about us was but as moonlight fit for feeble eyes like ours, which are often bedimmed with tears; very soft, very full of peace, very tranquil, but not like the glorious morning sunlight when it comes like a flood over the pale sky and the shadowy earth. Upon the other door of the tomb was written, "They that dwell under this shadow shall return." Yes, even the grave, with its black darkness, which no sight could pierce through but a little way, even that was but His shadow, and they dwelt there as those who are weary with the heat of the day rest under the shadow of a great rock. And they would return when every shadow, even that of the grave, had fled away; they would return with joy and singing, and with everlasting joy upon their heads.

I did not take all that trouble for Cor without growing very fond of him. That is in the nature of things, I think, for I never troubled

for any one or any creature yet without feeling my heart yearn over it. So one morning when I saw him look downcast, that is, as downcast as a boy of his age can look, I could not help noticing it.

"Is there anythin' the matter, Cor?" I asked.

"It's mother," he said, "she takes on so, and sez she ain't going to live much longer. She's wery thin, Miss Margery, and her bones stick out as sharp as sharp can be; but, bless us, there's folks going about as are only skin and bone. Folks oughtn't to die o' thinness, ought they?"

I did not know what to say, for I had never seen Cor's mother. That was when I had been only a few months at Uncle Simister's, and I'd not seen much of the poor people, save wandering about their alleys, and passages, and courts, and longing to pick up all the young children and carry them away to the fresh green fields in the country. But I offered to go and see Cor's mother, and went with him that afternoon, down street after street, all narrow and smothering and ill-smelling, till we reached a house in a court-yard, and he went on padding with his bare feet up a staircase where I had to keep my clothes well away from the wall, lest I should never be able to wear them again. I wondered where the boy was going to when he began climbing a ladder, the top of which went through a square hole in the ceiling of the house, but I followed him, and came out into a low bit of a garret, with nothing but the tiles for a roof, and no part of it high enough for me to stand upright in. There was no window, but a board at one end kept out the cold wind as well as the light, which came through a little opening in the gable end of the roof. Cor took it down, and I looked about me. There, under the tiles and upon a heap of rags, lay a woman wasted to the bone, with burning eyes, which met mine like some wild creature caught in a trap and writhing to get away. I'd seen that look often when the servants had caught any poor thing, and I could not bear to see it, even when the creature was but some mischievous vermin.

"Here's Miss Margery come to see yer," said Cor, pulling me forward; the woman's eyes flaming all the while, as if she would spring upon me was she strong enough.

"Is there anythin' I can do to help you?" I asked, looking pityingly down upon the poor miserable creature; and seeing that she shivered with the cold, I took off my woollen shawl and laid it over her, tucking it in at the feet and sides to keep the draught out. She never took her eyes off me all the while.

"Cor," I said, "run home again and bring me my cloak."

He was off in an instant, and I sat down beside the woman on the floor, and took her hand into mine. Like a skeleton it was, and though she was shivering with cold it was as hot as fire.

"I'm going to die," she said, in a hoarse whisper, and still that hunted look was in her eyes.

"Are you afraid of dying?" I asked.

"Afeard!" she said, almost shouting the words; "I'm scared to death. That's what I'm a dying of—being afeard to die."

So I sat there talking to her, talking quietly, as sometimes a mother talks to her frightened child when there is a terrible thunder-storm in the night; and Cor's mother listened like a child, holding my hand in her burning fingers. After a while she said, in a softer voice:

"I'm not scared now; tell me about Him."

So I told her the story of that poor woman in the city, who was a sinner, and did not dare to come before His face, but stood behind Him weeping, and washing His feet with her tears, though He did not seem to take any notice of her at first. But when she did not grow vexed and go away, but still washed and kissed His feet, He turned Himself towards her, and said, "Her sins, which are many, are all forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

Cor's mother lay listening—listening as if she was afraid of losing a single word; and I knew that Christ was listening too. She drew my hand up to her feverish lips, and then spoke in a low, solemn tone.

"Would He ever let me wash His feet?" she asked.

Then I knew that the tears which were rolling down her cheek slowly, fell, as it were, drop by drop upon His feet. He had come to her, and was waiting to feel the tears and kisses of her repentance and love; and there was an unspeakable joy, such as no words could tell, filling all my heart.

But presently we heard Cor's step upon the ladder, and he came in with my cloak, telling me that Uncle Simister wanted me at home. I gave them a few pence which I had in my pocket, and told Cor what to buy; and then I left them, promising to go again in the morning.

Morning came, and Cor came as usual, but his eyes were very red, and his mouth quivered like a baby's. I called him up-stairs, where I had put a basin of coffee on one side for him; but I knew at the first glance of him what was the matter.

"Mother's dead," he said, trying not to sob aloud; "she told me to tell you she wasn't scared. P'raps she'd find Him where she was going, and He'd let her stand behind Him, and wash His feet. I don't know what she meant, but she kep' on saying that."

There was not much to be done in the matter of Cor's mother's funeral. The parish buried her; and the boy was left alone in the world. After that he seemed to belong to us altogether—not that we could provide everything for him; but Uncle Simister gave him a shelter at nights, in a little place under the stairs, and I made most of his clothes, and now and then gave him a good meal. He

got work as an errand-boy, too, for he was a clever lad; and at last, upon our recommendation, a doctor whom we knew took him into his service. So Cor was provided for.

CHAPTER IX.

BEDE'S ALMSWOMAN.

HOW fast the years run by as one grows older! It is as if we were in a chariot drawn by swift horses, that know they are nearer home, and quicken their pace to reach it earlier. I began to see many white hairs among my brown ones, and a number of fine wrinkles all about the corners of my eyes. There was even a greater change in Uncle Simister, for his sight had failed him, and his hands were too trembling to do their work. A young journeyman, of the name of Moss, had taken charge of the shop for some time; and Dr. Clarke came every other day to see uncle.

"I shan't have a farthing to leave you, Margery," he said, one day, almost under his breath, as if he scarcely wished me to hear.

"Never mind, dear uncle," I answered, cheerfully. "I'm not afraid of setting down my foot on any step of the road that God orders for me."

"I'll speak to the doctor," he murmured, with a look of disquiet.

Dr. Clarke generally came in the evening, and he often tarried a long while, as if he liked to talk with Uncle Simister. He settled himself by the kitchen fire that night as if he meant to stay some time.

"I'm in trouble about Margery," uncle began. "A woman's like a watch, and needs a man to carry her, and wind her up, and regulate her speed, and see to her mainspring. I've had so much to do with watches that I didn't want anything to do with women. They're all alike; but Margery's like those great church clocks, that can be wound up once a year, and then left to themselves; and they go on as steady as the year itself. Still, doctor, she'll want winding up now and then, when I'm gone; and whose to do it?"

"Have you made your will?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," he answered; "but there's nothing but the furniture to leave her; that will help to furnish a room for her, and bring in two or three pounds. But she's getting on in years, and isn't over strong."

"How old are you, Margery?" asked Dr. Clarke.

"Forty-five," I answered quickly; for only that morning I had been looking at the dates in father's pocket Bible.

"I'm afraid your arm will never be of much use to you again," he said; "you'll not be able to do much for a living. Have you no other relations?"

It was my arm that had first brought us to know Dr. Clarke. I had hurt it—I did not know how—and Cor persuaded me to go to a doctor. I went out, and wandered about the streets, till I saw his name on a door-plate. He came to see me pretty often, but he could not do much for me. I had torn the ligaments of my right arm between the shoulder and the elbow, and they never knit together again; so it grew weaker and weaker every year.

"She had a half-brother in Australia," said Uncle Simister; "but she hasn't heard a word of him these ten years and more; we think he must be dead. He's as good as dead to her, anyhow."

Even after all this time it cut me to my heart to hear Stephen mentioned. It was a hundred times worse than if we had known how and where he died. The doctor sat looking into the fire very thoughtfully.

"Why!" he exclaimed at last, striking the arm of the chair with his open hand, "there's Bede's Charity; it's the very thing. I know one of the trustees well, and you are a freeman of the company."

"Ay! and little good it's been to me," said Uncle Simister.

"But it may be of good to her," said the doctor, taking his pocket-book out to write my name and age down. "Let me see; her name is Margery Bede. Why! it's the same as the charity! That's very curious. You must be related to the founder."

"No," I answered, "we spell it B-e-a-d-e; and my people always lived in the country, far enough away from London."

"I thought the charity was only for widows and daughters of freemen," said uncle.

"That's of no consequence," replied the doctor; "leave that to me. I owe you a good turn, Simister, for finding me that boy, Cor Bell. I've taken him into my surgery, and he's studying away like half a dozen of the young blockheads at Bartholomew's. If he goes on well I'll see him through the hospital."

"He's not my boy," said uncle; "he's Margery's. I thought I was doing very well by him letting him clean my boots and the front. But Margery took him in hand, and taught him to read and write, and knit stockings for him, and made him some decent clothes, and pushed him on in every way. Cor is Margery's boy."

"Oh! we must get her on the charity," said Dr. Clarke.

"Well! if any woman ever did deserve any charity, she does," continued uncle. "I begin to think as the Almighty dealt the more kindly with us men, when He made women like Margery. I wish sometimes as Solomon could have known her, and heard what he had to say; not but what she has her faults. I've had my notion at times as heaven wouldn't be such a superior place to go to, if all the angels are women, as you see them in pictures, with big curls down their backs, and long gowns trailing about them. But then

the Bible always speaks of angels as men, young men that never grow old. Which do you think they will be, doctor?"

"I never thought of it," said the doctor smiling.

"I shouldn't mind just a sprinkling of women like Margery," said Uncle, in a feeble voice, and leaning his head wearily, with shut eyes, against the back of his chair. The doctor looked at him earnestly, felt his pulse, and turned away with a grave face.

I felt a strange heart-sinking, and I could not ask him a word, though he spoke to me as though to ask a question.

"Yes," he said, "he'd better go to bed. And I'll send Cor in to sit beside him all night. But recollect you must not sit up as well; one is enough, and you will have the day watching."

Cor came in about half an hour; a tall, well-made young strippling, with blue eyes, and a bright energetic look about his face. He was wearing a quiet livery, and under his arm he carried three huge books, which had come out of the doctor's library. He lifted his forefinger to his forehead, first, as a sort of bow to me, and then he came and took my hand between both of his, and stooped down almost as if he was going to kiss it.

"Miss Margery," he said, "the doctor tells me I'm to come every night, and sit up with the old master, while you get your rest. He's lent me some books to keep me awake; such stunning hard ones, with such awful long words in. He says I shall be a doctor myself some day. Won't that be a lark, Miss Margery?"

He had not quite left off his street slang, but he could talk better than that when he chose. Now he caught himself up, and coloured; then laughed at himself quietly, and prepared to follow me into Uncle Simister's room. I saw him sit down to his studies, with the curtain drawn, to shade my uncle's eyes from the candle which lighted him. There was the fresh, eager, young face on the one side, and the withered, sunken, drowsy face on the other side of the curtain. From the old man hope was gone, and the relish for life was gone; but presently they would be given to him again, and grow for ever. Somewhere I have read, "The oldest angels before the throne are the youngest."

Hard at work sat Cor all night long, and for several nights, beside Uncle Simister's death-bed. But the end came at last. We could hear the clocks ticking in the shop below, and a solemn smile stole over his face as he listened, hushing me if I tried to speak or move. Then he whispered, "God bless you, Margery!" and I was once more alone.

Everybody was very good to me, but Cor was my greatest comfort. He and the doctor between them saved me all care and trouble; and both of them followed Uncle Simister to the grave. After that I remained a few weeks quite alone in the quiet house. Mr. Moss, who had been our journeyman for some months past,

had taken to the business, such as it was, in the hope of improving it; but he was not ready to come and dwell in the house. He had been living with, and helping to maintain, a widowed aunt, Mrs. Moss, with a young child, her niece, Phœbe; but he hung back from bringing them to live in the small rooms, which had been scarcely big enough for uncle and me. But not long after Mrs. Moss was appointed to an almshouse in Westminster, and was very glad to remove to it, and leave her nephew free.

It was just then, so nicely do God's works fit in, that Dr. Clarke came in one evening to bring me some good news.

"Margery," he said, "one of the almswomen on Bede's Charity is dead—died a day or two ago; and I have pushed forward your claim. You are going to be put on to the charity in her place; and so have a sure provision as long as you live. It is only a small one I am sorry to say."

"Sir," I said, "I am right thankful to you and to God. It will be enough if it is what He sends. I must have gone back to my parish but for that."

I thought of the workhouse in one of the streets of the market-town where father had always gone once a week; and I felt as if I could not bear to go back to my native place as a pauper. The Beades had been decent farmers for many a generation back, and I was the only one left of them. For surely Stephen must have perished in that far-off land. No! anything would be better than going home to enter the workhouse there! It may be that God saw a pride in my heart that needed rooting up.

"Well!" said Dr. Clarke, "it is only six shillings a week, Margery, and nothing more. However you can live upon that I cannot see."

"There are thousands of people in London that live upon less," I answered. "Never fear for me, sir; I shall live well upon six shillings a week. I've furniture enough to furnish a room, and Mr. Moss 'll give me somethin' for the business. You know uncle's left everythin' to me?"

The doctor smiled to himself. I daresay he thought everything was but little. Yet it was a good deal to me; for I found a pleasant room down in Westminster, to be near Mrs. Moss and the little girl, Phœbe, who had taken wonderfully to me; and I had plenty of things to furnish it comfortably, without laying out a penny of the money Mr. Moss gave me for the stock and business. It was not much—about five-and-twenty pounds, after uncle's few debts were paid; but that was a nest-egg, as poor Stephen used to say, and it was laid by for a time when I needed it more. Yet He, the Lord Christ, never had money laid by; for Judas had the bag, and bare what was put therein—Judas, the traitor and the thief.

CHAPTER X.

COR AND PHEBE.

MY home in Westminster was in as quiet a street as any to be found there. It was the back attic room in a house where the other floors were used for offices. Mrs. Brown, the woman who had the care of the offices, had the upper floor for her own use, and lived in the front attic herself, while I paid her a rent of one and sixpence a week for the back room unfurnished. The furniture I had kept of that which was Uncle Simister's was all I needed. The little bedstead he had bought for Stephen, years before I saw him; a small oak table, the very pattern of one that had belonged to my mother; a three-cornered leather arm-chair, and a few other things, partly necessary, and partly kept for memory's sake, made my room look very snug and pleasant. Cor coloured the walls, and stencilled a pretty pattern of leaves and flowers round the the top of them just under the ceiling. He made, too, a box of plants that just fitted the window-sill outside, where the flowers caught all the early and late shining of the sun. It was far more cheerful and open than our close little house in Pilgrim Street. From my high casement I could see the Abbey and the Parliament House, with a glistening of the river in places; and I had a great open field of sky to look at, always changing, blue sometimes, and sometimes with a glory of clouds about it, and sometimes grey and gloomy; yet not the sky—that never changes, but is always pure and clear, only our earth-born clouds, whether thick and murky or all flecked like rainbows, make it dim to our eyes at times.

Down below, not many streets away, was the row of almshouses where Mrs. Moss and Phoebe lived. That, too, was a comfortable dwelling-place, though I did not like it so much as my own, with its wide look-out. But here were we, two helpless and almost friendless women, getting on in years, with no strength for work, who would have been a burthen to our friends, or be driven into the workhouse in our old age, if it had not been for the provision made by those who were now dwelling in the golden streets of the city of our Father's house. I used to hope sometimes that they knew, those departed pious friends, whose charity was feeding, and clothing, and sheltering us, how different our lot was to what it would have been but for their ancient kindness and thought towards the poor. Some day, I thought, I should see them, maybe; and how glad I should be to tell the founder of Bede's Charity what he had done for me. I hoped, I say, that they were allowed to know how their charity was passed on from hand to hand, so that one generation unto another tells of goodness and mercy by the way.

Very tranquilly, and in peace with God and man, I lived there

many years, watching Cor and Phœbe grow up, just as I used to watch the young things in the spring—the lambs, and calves, and colts growing up at home on the farm, only those two grew so much more slowly and deeply. They were both set upon reading and learning, something like Stephen; for neither of them had money to spend on pleasure-seeking, or fine clothes, or any of the things which fill up the minds of many young creatures. So they, cut off from all such pleasures, felt for something else to satisfy them, and so found and caught at those many free gifts of God lying all around us if we only had time to stoop and gather them up, like the small, round things, as small as hoar frost upon the ground, which the Israelites called manna.

Every day seemed to make Cor more and more of a man. Dr. Clarke took him into his surgery, and he left off his livery, and began to study harder than ever, having his master's promise that he would see him through all that was necessary to make him a doctor. There were many expenses attending it, and Cor had no friends in the world but Dr. Clarke and me; and I used to marvel sometimes at the change in him, recollecting how I had found him at first, ragged and barefoot, lost, and as it were swept away with the rubbish of the streets, but now fairly on the way to become a clever man, perhaps even one of the great and rich men in the great and rich city where he was born. But just as Cor was ready, as Dr. Clarke said, to walk the hospitals—though what that means I do not altogether know—a great blow fell upon him, and through him upon me. Dr. Clarke died suddenly, so suddenly that he had not time to sign a will which had been lying ready for months past, in which he had left £500 to Cor to provide for his studies. But all was of no use now; Cor was thrown back again in life, with no friend in the world but me. Truly God's ways are not like our ways.

Poor, poor Cor! My heart aches still at the thought of his deep disappointment, and his great grief for his master, who had always been so kind to him, and who had meant so kindly by him after his death. There were two things Cor could do. He was a handsome, tall, well-made young man, and many a grand family would have taken him as footman, to stand behind their carriages when they drove in state in the parks, and to wait upon them in their splendid houses. But Cor shrank from work like that, which would be doing no good to any person in the world; it seemed to him an unmanly life—a life made up of trifles. One other thing he could do; he had learned to make up medicines, and a druggist in the East End of London offered to take him into his shop, but at a very low salary. The customers were mostly poor people, nay, the very poorest of the people, who came there when they could not afford to go to a doctor. There was much work and little pay, but nearly

everything he did would be for the good and benefit of his fellow-creatures. That was the life Cor chose when God put these two before him to choose from.

After that I did not see him so often as before ; but every time he came to visit me I saw a growing change in Cor. It was the change from a somewhat thoughtless, self-sufficient youth into a grave and earnest-minded man, walking as near as he could to the Lord Christ, who was indeed holding fellowship with him, and keeping him back by a gentle, unseen, but never an unfelt touch, from going far astray. He had taken up his cross as soon as he found it lying across his path, and had gone forth to follow Christ, thinking that He was a long way, even hundreds of years, before him ; but the Lord had turned back for him, and was walking side by side with him to bear the heaviest part of his cross. That was a happy change for poor Cor.

Yes ; I know I am looking back, and it may be I speak of those far-off years more happily and thankfully than I should have done at the time. It is like climbing up the slopes of that old, solitary hill at home, and looking down from the height of it upon the windings of the country lane which brought me to the foot. It looks a quiet lane, with green hedgerows on each side, and shady trees overhead, and I remember the violets, and anemones, and blue-bells growing on the banks, and the tall shoots of the wild rose-briers waving and bending in the wind, and the gay, blithe songs of the thrushes and linnets ; but I forget the muddy and stony places in the road, and the stinging gnats, and the brambles catching at my clothes. Perhaps it is so ; perhaps the poor little cares of the day fretted my heart now and then, and my ill-temper sulked at times against my gracious Father ; but He was ever as patient with me as the mother who lifts her little child's feet over the muddy and stony places, and kisses the pricks of the brambles on its little hands. I think both the child and the mother have a closer sense of love between them than if they had been carried easily along the road in a carriage.

By the time Cor was four-and-twenty Phœbe was rather more than seventeen, as pretty a girl as any in London, with a colour on her cheeks something like the paler roses in the old garden at home. The very sight of Phœbe made me glad. And she came often to my pleasant attic, and went long walks with me, till she became almost as much my child as if I had been her own mother. She had picked up a good deal of learning here and there. Cor had taught her what he knew of Latin, and the schoolmaster of the school belonging to the almshouses had given her lessons in music and French, and the girl was very eager to learn. But now that she was seventeen she grew anxious to maintain herself, and be no longer a burden upon her aunt and cousin, the Mosses. She was very happy

when she met with an engagement as daily governess, to teach five children, mend their clothes, walk out with them, and be with them from nine in the morning till six at night, for which she was to receive ten shillings a week, paid weekly, so that the holidays did not count as anything. Was it good pay? We did not ask that; we were only too glad for Phœbe to earn her own living. Now she and her aunt were rich. They had sixteen shillings a week to live upon, and a house rent free.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EASTER MOON.

SCARCELY had I finished watching the studies of Cor and Phœbe's lessons, which were like the budding and blossoming of young trees, than I began to see the dawn of a quiet, deep love for Phœbe in Cor's heart, growing as the morning grows, which no force can stay for a moment. He was as dear to me as she was. But what hope could there be for two penniless and friendless young creatures like them? Besides, there was Mrs. Moss to consider, and she was not a person you could set on one side. She prided herself on being of a genteel family, and Cor was only a waif of the streets.

It was a very long time before Cor gave me a hint of what he felt; but I knew his secret perhaps before he did. I saw his grave face light up with a shining brightness at the sound of Phœbe's voice or step; and I watched how his eyes followed all her movements, and his ears were deaf to everything else while she spoke or sang. For Phœbe sang like a linnet, with merry little trills, and a plaintive note here and there, all wild and natural, and at times so gladsome as to be almost sad, like the evensong of birds when they perch on the highest twig of their home tree, and sing good-night to the setting sun. Poor Cor would sit and listen to her without stirring, as if the least movement would startle her away; and then she would finish with a laugh, and turn to pick off the withered leaves from my trees in the window, her pretty head showing clear against the sky, and Cor's eyes fastened upon her, as if he dare not look away, lest he should lose sight altogether of her sweet face. That was how things went on for a year or two before Cor spoke; and I could not find out what Phœbe felt. She had a gay, playful manner, which many a person would have called flirting. But Phœbe was no flirt, though the assistant schoolmaster would walk home with her from church on a Sunday, and every one in the choir where she sang paid her a great deal of attention, and was ready to do anything to win a smile from her. I did not think there was much chance for Cor. He could not meet her very often, and she

never mentioned his name, let him stay away as long as he would. Besides, whenever she spoke of him she called him poor Cor; and I did not like to hear that word from her lips, though I had fallen into the habit of saying "poor Cor" myself. Yet why should I call him poor, who, going about his daily work, was closely following the Lord Christ?

"Miss Margery," said Cor, one evening, when he had been listening and listening for Phœbe's step upon the stairs, and it did not come, "I've been thinking a great deal about my poor mother lately."

I had never talked much to Cor about his mother; for her memory was but a shame and a sorrow, now he was getting free of the streets and their training. His face flushed a deep dark crimson, very different from a girl's blush; this was full of pain and grief, and there came a dimness into his young bright eyes.

"What makes you think of her, Cor?" I asked.

"Many things," he said, mournfully. "The women that come for drugs, and those I see about the streets. I feel as if I'd give half my lifetime to have had a woman like you for my own mother! It seems so strange that such women should have children given to them!"

"Cor," I said, "wait till you see her in heaven; you would not change her for me then."

He shook his head; and just then there was a little rustling of the wind that made him hold his breath, and listen again for a minute. But it was not Phœbe coming.

"Miss Margery," he went on, "being her son, I have no right to hope to win anybody's love, have I?—at least, anybody that is worth winning. I cannot forget what I was born to. It is you who have made me what I am. It is all your doing."

His voice was sorrowful; and all at once there came across me that night at home before Stephen went away, when father said almost the same words about him. Poor Stevie has been lifted up above what he was born to, and gone away, and been lost! But for me he might have stayed at home, and toiled and lived as his forefathers had done before him. This was the only sorrow and doubt of my life. Had I done a wrong to Stephen? Had I done the same wrong to Cor?

"Ought I to have left you where I found you? Are you less happy and less useful as you are?" I asked.

He fell down on his knees before me, and laid his face on my lap. I pressed both my hands on his bowed head, praying God to bless him. I could not speak aloud, for my heart was full of Stephen—full to overflowing—my boy, who had gone away across the sea, and been lost to me ever since!

"Miss Margery," said Cor at last, "I love Phœbe."

"I know it, my poor Cor," I answered; and he raised his head to look into my face. His was kindling with eagerness, and anxiety and expectation. He thought I had more to tell him; but I had not. But my face said more than my mouth would have done; for he forgot himself, and was filled with care for me.

"You are ill, Miss Margery," he said; "and here I've been troubling you with my folly. What can I do for you? Sit still here while I make you some tea."

"No, no, Cor," I said; "I was only thinking of my poor Stephen, who was lost in Australia. You were telling me you love Phœbe. Why, I knew that months ago."

"And does she know it?" he asked, eagerly; "and will she ever love me? Does she know who I am? Does she know that I have not even a name to offer her? Did she ever hear you call me *Corpral*?"

"Have I ever called you that, Cor?" I asked.

"No," he said; "but look here, Miss Margery. I say I am what you have made me. I owe myself to you, and I am glad of it. If I never know what a good woman's love is, except yours, I shall thank God every day of my life that I ever saw your face. No, you ought not to have left me where you found me. I am both a happy and useful man; not happy just now, perhaps; but I shall be when I've got over it, supposing Phœbe does not care a straw for me. You'll always be the same for me; you'll never change towards poor Cor Bell."

"Never!" I said. But just then we heard a merry little laugh, and through the nick of the door, which had been pushed a little way open noiselessly, we saw Phœbe's face sparkling in upon us, with the dimple in her cheek as deep again as usual. Cor's face flushed all over, and his eyes brightened like the surface of a pool when the sunbeams fall upon it, and he sprang to his feet; but he was too shy to venture to open the door wider.

"You were talking secrets," said Phœbe, pouting a little, and staying where she was. "I shall give you my message, and run away again."

"No, no!" cried Cor, in a half-frightened tone. "I am just going away, and then you'll have Miss Margery to yourself. Do come in."

"I cannot come in," she said, petulantly. "Mr. Russell is waiting in the street for me, and I must make haste. Margery, Cousin Moss hopes you will go and have tea with aunt and me to-morrow at your uncle's old house. I promised you should, for I knew I could make you go; and it's the first day of my Easter holidays; so good-night and good-by, dear Margery. Good-night, Mr. Bell."

She was gone before either of us could answer, and we heard her light footstep running down the two flights of stairs into the

street. Mr. Russell was the assistant-schoolmaster, a clever young man, and one who could marry any day he chose. Cor's face grew pale and grave; but he did not mention Phœbe's name again. Neither was he in a hurry to go, as he had said to her. We sat talking together long after it was quite dusk in my little room; but I did not draw the curtain across the window, for through it the almost full moon, and an evening star above it, were shining with as friendly a light as ever they had shone through my window at home. To-morrow, as Phœbe had said, would be the first of the Easter holidays—the day before Good Friday. Phœbe's holidays lasted a whole week, during which her employers saved the amount of her salary. I sometimes thought how much more she would have enjoyed them if she was not losing her week's income. Ten shillings were so little to them, and so much to her.

It was partly with a thought of Phœbe that Cor proposed to come on Good Friday morning, and go to the Abbey service with me. However, he left me at last, giving my hand a hearty clasp, which my fingers could not return, though my heart went out towards him. I called after him down the stairs to ask him to look in at Uncle Simister's old house to-morrow evening, and walk home with Phœbe and me, if he could spare the time, and his voice had a cheery ring in it as he called back, "Ay, ay, Miss Margery!"

Then I stood looking out through my closed window; for I was too old now to fling it open as I used to do when I was young, though I liked to watch the clear, bright moon, with its little faithful star shining beside it in the sky, as much as in those old times. Though my body had grown worn out enough to have aches and pains such as I had never thought of then, my heart was fuller than ever of love for all the beautiful works God has to show to His children. Besides, I was thinking of how the same moon had looked down, hundreds of years ago, through the thick branches of the cedar trees in Gethsemane, upon Him, my Lord and Master, who was forsaken, denied, betrayed, and crucified! What was any loneliness or poverty of mine, compared to His? Had He not found a home for me, though He had no shelter for Himself? Had He not given me friends, though His own disciples forsook Him and fled? Who had forsaken or denied me? Where was my cross? Christ read the answers to these questions in my heart of love and thankfulness to Him, which was all open to His sight. After that I went on thinking how the soft light of the moon was falling upon the roofs all around me, just as it had shone upon the roofs in Jerusalem, under which Caiaphas was sleeping, and Pontius Pilate, and the chief priests, God giving them sleep, though before they slept again they would have lifted up their hands to take away the life of His beloved Son. The women, too, the mother of our Lord, and Mary and Martha at Bethany, under the same roof as their dear Lord,

Christ, how were they sleeping, knowing nothing of what was going to happen the next day! I wondered if Judas, the traitor, slept, and acted over in his dreams the shameful part he was to take in earnest when night fell again upon the earth. Did he picture himself, with the lighted lantern in his hand, threading in and out amongst the trees till he found the Master, and so drawing near to Him to kiss Him with his faithless lips, with the red glare falling on his own traitor's face? Did Judas dream of it beforehand, and see that blessed face all wan from the agony, and those reproaching eyes, dim and sunken with watching and weeping? It was his last sleep; for Judas would never sleep again.

Then I remembered it was the last sleep of my Lord also, the last night that He would lay His weary head down upon a pillow, and close His eyes, heavy with fatigue and care. A day of sorrow and a night of wakeful anguish, and then the crucifixion lay before Him, and He knew it, saw it all clearly and distinctly; but surely He slept that night; for "God giveth his beloved sleep."

All this while upon the roofs of London, just as upon the roofs of Jerusalem, there was brooding the soft, silent moonlight, like God's silent love brooding over the evil and the good.

As I turned away from the window to the fire, which had burned down into a small, gleedy handful of glowing embers, the remembrance of Stephen rushed across me, as it had done once before that evening, whilst I was talking to Cor. What was it that made me yearn so after Stephen that night?

CHAPTER XII.

"HE WAS DEAD, AND IS ALIVE AGAIN."

THE next day was Phœbe's holiday, and in the afternoon we walked together along the busy, noisy streets between Westminster and Ludgate Hill, which always made me wonder if there really can be any quiet and lonely lanes anywhere in country places. Mrs. Moss, who was a native of London, and not used to much walking, went before us in an omnibus. It was a yearly treat we had had ever since my uncle's death, and naturally a greater treat to me than the others, because I enjoyed seeing my old home again, and rubbing up all the memories of Uncle Simister, which might otherwise have grown dull, or faded away altogether out of my mind.

I shall never forget that day. It was so bright that even the narrow street seemed running over with sunshine, and one's heart danced to see it after the long and dreary winter. Mrs. Moss had reached the house some time before us, and was ready to receive us

as the mistress ; for she liked to have everything done in style, as she called it. She had put on her best widow's cap, which she always wore a little on one side, as if she was too afflicted to be careful about it being quite straight, though she had to pin it down to the skull-cap underneath. Her hands were half covered with black silk mittens ; for she was of a genteel family, her mother's father having been a clergyman, and her own husband a clerk in a London bank, which made it harder and more humbling for her to be an almswoman than for me, as she very often said, shedding tears over her lost position in society. That was one reason why I was afraid for Cor. Even if Phœbe cared for him, Mrs. Moss would be very hard to win over, for she was always telling Phœbe she must recollect she did not belong to the common herd below her, and that she must not consort with common people. How then would she ever consent to her marrying my poor Cor ?

There was not a prettier sight in London than to see Phœbe getting the tea ready ; not allowing me to put a hand to anything, no, not so much as to toast a crumpet. She turned up her new dress, and pinned it behind, showing her scarlet petticoat, and her pretty little feet stepping so daintily and quickly about the kitchen, as she searched for the tea things, the tray, and the cups, and the spoons, and the knives : now and then standing and gazing earnestly at the table, with knitted eyebrows and the gravest of faces, as if getting tea for four persons was more difficult than playing a piece of music on the piano. It was quite pleasant to watch her put the old black kettle to sit on the topmost bar of the grate, as carefully as if it had been the brightest copper, and gather the gleediest coals below it, to make it sing a long time before it boiled, because she liked to hear a kettle sing, she said. She counted us twice upon her fingers, though there were only four of us, with Mr. Moss in the shop below, before scooping spoonfuls of tea out of the caddy into the old earthenware teapot ; and she made a great fuss about the water boiling, though the steam had been coming out of the spout and from under the lid of the kettle like a little steam engine for some minutes. After that, with a very serious attention, she set about cutting bread and butter, and trying to place the slices in a pattern on the plates.

She was doing this when we heard a step coming up the stairs, slowly and uncertainly, like the tread of a stranger groping his way in the dark. I thought of Cor, but he could not come at this hour of the day, and besides, he knew the staircase almost as well as me or Mr. Moss, who could have gone up and down in our sleep and never stumbled. It was a dark, winding staircase, no step of it being straight, and more than one cracked, so that they gave way under one's feet, and there was no light save one small pane of glass let into the kitchen door. We turned our eyes, every one of

us, towards this pane, and saw, when the foot reached the highest step, the dull, dim outline of a man's face, gazing in upon us; nothing more than a dull, dim outline, and that the face of a stranger.

Yet, why I could not tell, my heart fluttered, as a bird flutters in your hand just as your fingers are about to loose it, and let it fly out into the bright sunshine and free air. My breath grew hurried and my eyes were dazed; but I felt chained to my seat, as if I could neither stir nor speak. Mrs. Moss half rose from her chair, but sank down again with an air of stateliness, crossing her hands on her lap; whilst Phœbe, with her dress tucked up, and her hair tossed back from her heated face, stood motionless for a moment or two, staring at the dim, strange face. But just as she recovered herself enough to take a step forward, the door opened, and the full figure of the stranger stood in the doorway.

Yes, it was a stranger, tall and large, a man of middle age, with a long beard, and with hair that half concealed his face. But his eyes had a light in them that made me think of the sunshine as it used to be when I was a girl—brighter, and stronger, and clearer than it ever is now. After I had once looked into his eyes I saw nothing else; for all at once there came flashing into my brain the fields at home, and the flowers in the garden, and the light in the sky behind the hill. I stood up trembling, trembling. The stranger turned from one to the other of us three; and then, in a voice of doubt, a voice almost of disappointment, I think, he said, "Mr. Moss told me my sister Margery was here!"

That was enough. I could not stir, but I stretched out my arms towards him, crying, "Stevie! Stevie!" and the next moment I felt his arms about me, and his breath upon my cheek. It was a rapture very full of pain, for the place seemed to whirl round me, and I cried aloud as I clung to Stephen; yet when Phœbe came near me I pushed her away. I did not want to touch, or hear, or see any one else just then except Stephen, my boy Stevie! It was such a strange thing, you see. To think that all the day had been passing by just the same as a common day, whilst he was coming nearer and nearer to me, like one come back from the grave almost, and I had never felt or thought that he was coming! I could not be quite sure that he was there, though I held his hand, and, as well as my dimmed eyes could see, looked into his face. It was such a changed face, too; changed, yet the same, as we shall be when we stand in the presence of God. It was the boy Stevie that had gone away, it was the man Stephen that had come back; and just at first that made his coming back at all still stranger to me.

But it was the voice of Mrs. Moss that brought me back to my common senses, and made the day feel more like other days again. She had a mild, wailing voice, which often made us remember how much she had had to suffer in losing her rank in life.

"I wonder at you, Phœbe, my dear," she said, "to stand in that way, and not have a word to say, when Miss Margery's brother is come, that we've heard her talk of so often, and nobody says he's welcome now he is come. Don't you see Miss Margery's too overcome to introduce us to him, and you stand staring as if you'd never been taught any manners. This is Miss Moss, my niece, sir, and I'm Mrs. Moss, not much known in society now, but used to be in better days, and much sought after."

Mrs. Moss half rose from her chair again, making a little bow, but Phœbe came up to Stephen and put her hand in his, whilst her face flushed and smiled, though tears stood in her eyes. All that roused me, and I looked more closely at Stephen.

No, I should not have known him again. He was quite a gentleman now, and I might have passed him a hundred times in the streets, and though perhaps a waft of memory would have crossed my mind like a little flying breeze, bringing the scent of blossoms with it, I should never have thought that this grand-looking stranger was my lost brother. I could not help sighing for this, yet as I looked at him I grew prouder, ay, fonder of him, even than I had been when he was a boy; though that is saying a great deal. I tried to remember how old he was, but I could not; I could only think that he was here beside me.

"Stevie," I said, sighing again for very gladness, "you're not a boy now!"

"No, Margery," he answered, smiling his old smile. "I'm an old married man, with a daughter as old as this young lady here."

"A daughter!" I repeated. "Married, Stephen!"

It seemed to make such a difference in the world. Stephen come back, but not alone, as he went out!

"Yes," he said, "I have a wife and four children; but they're not in London yet. I came overland, and they are following me by sea."

I did not understand how he had come home by land, for I always thought you must go a long voyage to reach Australia. But there would be plenty of time to ask Stephen about that at another time.

"Have you been successful?" I asked. "Are you content with going?"

"Pretty well," he said. "I've prospered pretty well; but a wife and family are not kept upon nothing, Margery."

He glanced across at Mrs. Moss and Phœbe, as if he did not wish to enter into any particulars before them. The tea was quite ready, and Phœbe was hovering about the table, looking perplexed and embarrassed. Mr. Moss had just come up from the shop, and now he came forward and shook Stephen very heartily by the hand.

"To think this meeting should come off here, of all places in

London!" he exclaimed; "in your Uncle Simister's old house! Welcome back to old England, sir, and welcome to London, and welcome to my poor table! You will stay and take tea with us, sir, I hope?"

"Do stay, Stevie!" I said, bending my face down to his dear hand and kissing it.

"I can stay till eight o'clock," he answered, looking at his watch; "and I shall be very glad of a cup of tea."

So he sat down at the table beside me. Every movement and every word of his brought back to my memory some manner of his, some trick of the eye, or mouth, or hand, that made me see in him the boy Stevie again.

"So your Uncle Simister is dead?" said Stephen.

"Yes," answered Mr. Moss; "going on for ten or eleven years ago now. He left all he had to Miss Margery, sir; everything, business and all; she was quite an heiress, you know."

That was a worn-out joke of Mr. Moss, which he repeated to every stranger. He said it sounded so well, and would make them think more of me; but no one who saw my rusty black gown would think me an heiress.

"How was it you never wrote to me?" I asked, for now my joy was quiet enough for me to remember the dark sorrow that had dwelt with me all these weary years.

"How was it you never wrote to me?" he repeated. "The last letter I had told me you were come here to live with your Uncle Simister; and I never heard again. That was why I came to this house to inquire after you. Ah, Margery, time has changed us, both of us."

"I wish I'd known," I said; "I should have been happier if I'd known you were alive and well."

"But you have been happy all these years?" he said.

"Surely," I answered. "Happier than I ever thought to be when I left home! I've found friends in London, good friends, and I have a peaceful home, and good health, and blessings without stint. I only wanted to hear of you to be happier than I could tell."

"Margery is always happy," said Phœbe; "she is the happiest woman I know, and she is always trying to make somebody else happy."

"Like the old Margery at home," said Stephen, looking at me with his pleasant eyes, till my heart leaped within me for very gladness.

"I never knew any one like her," Phœbe went on, "for giving things away. She might have been quite a rich woman by now, only she cannot bear to keep anything to herself."

I know what Phœbe was thinking of, and I could not help smiling. Those few pounds that I had laid by in the savings bank

after Uncle Simister's death had come in famously to pay some of Cor's expenses. For Cor had been studying and saving and starving himself to get through his examinations before he could become a doctor, and now he was on the very point of success. Would any woman, knowing Cor, keep that money lying by uselessly, when it was worth so much to him?

"I wonder at you, Phœbe, my dear," said Mrs. Moss, "to hear you talk such nonsense about rich women, indeed! As if you knew anything about riches or ladies, poor child! as your poor aunt does, taking tea with them very different to this, with servants in livery, and silver trays, and the best china going round. Rich ladies they were, quite so, but you know nothing about them, more's the pity, and you surprise me talking so before Miss Margery's brother from Australia."

Phœbe coloured up to the very roots of her hair; and Mrs. Moss shook her head slowly, and looked mournfully into the fire.

"So Uncle Simister left you all he had, as well as father?" said Stephen, in a half whisper.

"Yes," I answered.

We did not say any more, either about his affairs or mine, for Stephen seemed fettered by the presence of strangers. But he told us many strange things of life in Australia, and the time flew by like a dream, till he looked at his watch, and said that he must go.

I clung to him for a minute, holding him fast in my arms. I could scarcely bear to let him go. Once more he seemed like my little brother Stevie again, whom I had been proud to nurse when he was a baby, and to wait on as a boy. Oh! those happy days! Those early, golden days! The days we had gone picking cowslips together in the meadows, or tossing about the scented hay, or gleaning after the harvest waggon, or breaking off the icicles under the eaves! They seemed to be going away with him again. Happiness has its pangs as well as sorrow.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GLAD GOOD FRIDAY.

STEPHEN was gone. The great solemn-sounding clock of St. Paul was striking some hour, but what I did not know, for time was nothing to me that night. Phœbe took Stephen's seat, and put her arms round me, and laid her head upon my shoulder. We could not talk much, for I was too happy for speech, and she did not wish to break through my silence. That mute caress of hers, the childish resting of her dear head against my neck, was enough

to show me her sympathy. It was a silence of deep gladness, and I do not know how long it might have lasted, if Mrs. Moss had not interrupted it in a mournful voice.

"Mr. Bede has taken all the spirit of the evening away with him," she said, "when nobody has a word to say, either good or bad; and good it ought to be with such good luck come, and people should be thankful to Providence for it, when it doesn't come to me, though I'm a widow, and the Bible making so many promises to widows, and none to old maids."

"But I am thankful—very," I said; "only I don't know how I shall thank God for this. I can find no words to express the strength of my feeling. It seems almost as if He was giving me too much. But I think He takes my gladness for thanks."

I thought so then in my inmost heart, and I think so still; for how can a mother be better satisfied than with the delight of her little child over the gift she puts into his hands, even if he has no words to thank her, but can only kiss her before running away to play with his new toy? I was so full of joy that I could not speak of it even to Him who had brought Stephen home to me; but I was not afraid that He would misunderstand me.

Just as I finished speaking we heard the cracked step at the foot of the stairs creaking under a man's tread; but the step came bounding up the staircase, quite different from Stephen's. Phœbe lifted up her head from my shoulder, and sat upright on her chair, for we both knew who was coming. Cor's face was framed for half a minute in the pane of glass in the door, looking in eagerly—almost hungrily, like the time when he used to stare through the windows at the loaves in the bakers' shops. It is not bread alone that one hungers and famishes for; and love is as needful for the soul as food for the body.

"Oh, Cor!" cried Phœbe, as he opened the door, "Margery's brother Stephen is come home again!"

You should have seen Cor's face. It always seemed to me to say more than other people's tongues. It was never a heavy, fixed, set stone-like face, like many others; but it always showed something of what was going on in his mind, like one of those half-transparent windows that show how much light or darkness there is within. First there was bewilderment, then surprise, and then a burst of strong, sunny pleasure beaming all over his face; then he came up straight to me, almost as if he did not see Phœbe.

"I never was so glad before," he cried, in his true, hearty voice; "it's the best news I ever heard! Tell me all about it, Miss Margery."

But my voice trembled so I could not tell him anything, and Phœbe was obliged to do it. It was so pleasant to hear the whole strange story of the evening told by Phœbe, whilst Cor listened with his beaming face!

"And where is he staying?" asked Cor.

That question puzzled us all. Stephen had never said where he was staying. We had been so busy talking of other things, and he had gone away at last in so much haste, that I had not thought of asking, and he had forgotten to say. Neither had I told him of my little attic in Westminster. For the first minute I felt troubled; but what need was there to be troubled! He knew where he could find me out, and Mr. Moss promised to stay at home the next day, though it was Good Friday, until Stephen had been to inquire where I lived.

It was a pleasant walk home that night, with Cor on one side of me and Phœbe on the other. I wished that everybody we met could be made partakers of my joy, as Cor was, for his face was brighter than I had ever seen it. All the city seemed different; there was not so much sorrow, or pain, or poverty in it. The buildings looked grander in the dim light, and the darkness hid the foulness of the streets. Overhead the sky was very clear and cloudless, and the full moon shone down upon us as if it knew how happy I was.

The next morning I was up as soon as the sun rose, to put my room in perfect order, lest Stephen should come before everything looked its best. I knew how to make the most of every nook and corner in my little nest. It had grown like me, I think; and surely, if the Lord Christ thinks it worth His while to prepare a place for us in His Father's house, it ought to be worth our while to make our own place here fit for us as long as He leaves us in it. Our dwelling-places are but little worlds, wherein we should work, even as God did, till He saw everything He had made, and behold it was very good. In my sight, also, my little room was very good, when at length it was ready for Stephen to come in.

There was so much I wanted to ask him; but chief and first I wanted to hear all about his wife and those four children, my nieces and nephews, whom I loved already with a great love. I knew he could not be with me very early, for he would have to call upon Mr. Moss to find out where I was living. But after the bells began to ring from one church tower after another, and the deep-toned chimes of the abbey swung their solemn tones out into the quiet air, then I listened and waited with my door open a little way, that the instant his foot trod the lowest step, I might hurry out to meet him. I heard a step after a while, but it was Phœbe's coming up very softly, and her sweet face, only second to Stephen's, peeped in upon me smiling.

"Come in Phœbe," I said; "there is no one else here yet."

"Margery," she said, throwing her arms round my neck, "dear old Margery! I'm nearly beside myself with joy."

She had brought a bunch of blue violets with her, almost as sweet

as the wild white violets in the hedge-rows about Condoover. I liked to see her putting them, one by one, very tenderly, into a wine-glass filled with water. I could scarcely believe Stephen was a man of middle age, and I an old woman with white hair; so young did the scent of the violets make me feel—young enough to be the companion of Phœbe, with her pretty face.

"You're not coming to the abbey?" she said, after she had put the flowers on the mantelshelf.

"I dare not," I answered; "perhaps he might come whilst I was away. And I'm almost too happy to go anywhere, even to the abbey. If Stephen did not come, I'd rather be alone with God."

Then the thought crossed me, did my Lord Christ ever feel so much joy whilst he was on earth? And I remembered how He said that the shepherd, when he has found his lost sheep, cometh home rejoicing, and calleth his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him; over one sinner, not many only, over one there is rejoicing in heaven. That was the joy of our Lord; and He left His joy amongst us. My joy also was over my lost one come home, my dead one alive again; though he had not come back a prodigal, in rags and want, seeking help from me. Yet I should not have been much less happy if he had.

All this while Phœbe's dainty fingers were busy about me, putting my cap straight, and pinning my collar round my neck, and smoothing my hair. Then she kissed me again.

"You're the nicest old woman in London, Margery," she said; "and your brother will be as proud of you as I am."

It pleased me to hear the child say such things, though I did not believe them any more than a mother believes all the foolish, fond words her children say to her as true. After she was gone, hour after hour passed by slowly but sweetly. I was alone with God; even Stephen did not come; but he was in the same city as myself, and the very thought of that was gladness. It was as if we were both gathered under the shelter of one wing, and any moment might bring him close beside me. "How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings." Yes, but had not Stephen been under the covert of the other wing? and now he was here, near me, and before long I should hear his voice and see his face again.

All the day passed by, and I waited, watched, listened for Stephen. Phœbe came in two or three times, restless and impatient, as young creatures are, for our suspense to end. Towards evening, Cor also came, stealing up the stairs and standing outside the door for a minute, to make sure I was alone before he knocked. When at last it grew too late for me to hope for that night, I locked the door and lay down upon my bed, with the moonlight filling my room, and making me so wakeful I could not fall asleep, but with

the same peaceful feeling all within me and without, that Stephen and I were under the shadow and refuge of God's wings.

Still, the next day Stephen never came. Phcebe went up to Pilgrim Street to inquire if he had been there; but though Mr. Moss had stayed in all day he had seen nothing of him. On the Sunday again I remained at home, not too happy now to join the public congregation, but with a dread upon me that some news might come of Stephen, and the house would be closed; for Mrs. Brown was gone down into the country to spend Easter with her daughter, leaving all the office keys with me. It was a long and anxious day, though it was the day when the Lord had risen from the grave, and his first words had been, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Well, the Lord knew that there was much, very much, for women to weep for; and if my tears came that day, He said to me very tenderly, not reproachfully, "Woman, why weepest thou?" and I answered, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest!"

(To be continued.)

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT ONE.

REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

ALL power is Thine, my Lord,
 And Thou art mine, I know,
 My conquest in Thy strength is stored,
 And by Thy help must grow.

For conquerors in the past,
 Thy sovereign aid sufficed;
 Their victories all ascribed at last
 To Thee, the conquering Christ.

My arm can nothing do,
 But by Thy endless might;
 So in the power of Christ I go
 To battle for the right.

With conscience pure by faith,
 I own my powers are Thine;
 O make me constant unto death,
 And then the crown is mine.

NEIGHBOUR'S THISTLES.

A PERSON was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he happened to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In a second, over the fence he jumped, and cut it off close to the ground.

"Is that your field?" asked his companion. "Oh, no!" said the farmer, "bad weeds do not care much for fences, and if I should leave this thistle to blossom in my neighbour's field, I should have a plenty of my own."

Evil weeds in your neighbour's field will scatter seeds of evil in your own; therefore every weed pulled up in your neighbour's field is a dangerous enemy driven off from your own. No man liveth or dieth to himself. All are linked together.

Sages of old contended that no sin was ever committed whose consequences rested on the head of the sinner alone; that no man could do ill and his fellows not suffer. They illustrated it thus: "A vessel sailing from Joppa carried a passenger, who, beneath his berth, cut a hole through the ship's side. When the men of the watch expostulated with him, 'What doest thou, O miserable man?' the offender calmly replied, 'What matters it to you? The hole I have made is under my own berth.'"

This ancient parable is worthy of the utmost consideration. No man perishes alone in his iniquity; no man can guess the full consequences of his transgression.

PROFESSING HOLINESS.

JUST at this time, when the attention of the Church is turned largely to the important theme of heart purity, which very many are professing to have attained, the following paragraph from Bishop Foster's work on "Christian purity" may be pondered with profit by those who are seeking, and by many who are preaching holiness of heart. I quote from the first (Harper Brothers) edition, page 214: "Do not attach too much importance to profession; here is one point where you are likely to be misled, hence the greater need of caution. Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fletcher found it necessary to advise a discreet and cautious, a well-timed profession in their day; the admonition is certainly quite as much needed now. There may be times when, if you live in this grace, it will be well and profitable to declare it; but there will be other times when you should not introduce it. Let your life generally declare for you; and when

the circumstances seem to demand spoken testimony, be careful that it be not overwrought, that it be free from ostentation, that it be in great humility and self-abasement.

“Do not fall into the delusion that profession should be confidently and often made. Depend upon it, it will savour more of pride than grace; it will influence backwards more than forward. You are tempted that it is for the glory of God. I very much doubt whether it is not sometimes a snare. This advice is particularly urged, unless your life is such as to admit of no question either of your sincerity or correctness.”

POWER OF A HYMN.

LET me relate the tender tale this hymn will never fail to call to mind. Visiting in an adjoining state, a few years since, I listened to a sermon from a young student, who, in his great self-depreciation and outspoken yearnings for holiness himself, as well as power to present its claims to others, never dreamed that he was sowing the seeds of an awakening in a far distant town. Earnest, almost frenzied, in the grasping of his plea to the impenitent, striving to reach every heart present with the appeal, “Come, come to Jesus now, while there is room!” the hush that succeeded his impressive words was broken only by the voice of the speaker repeating, half to himself, as if unconscious of the presence of many listeners:

“Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?”

But O! the triumphant emerging from the “shadow of the cross,” to the claiming of the reward, as he exclaimed in the after lines:

“The consecrated cross I’ll bear
Till death shall set me free!
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there’s a crown for me!”

Prophetic words! The cross he had borne for his Master’s sake long and patiently—as those understood who knew his private life—was to be exchanged now for a crown indeed, for death came that week and set him free. Truly, the word of eternal life had come to us from one almost within the gates. His appeal was carried to the class who had never before heard his name; and one thoughtful young girl, receiving the message as if from Heaven, went home, and with penitential tears locked herself into her room, resolving not to come forth until she came as a redeemed soul. Her glowing face revealed the happy story before she could tell it herself, through her tears, at the prayer-meeting that evening. Her conversion was, through God’s blessing, the means of many others.

TEMPERANCE REVIEW.

SOON after the adjournment of the Legislature of Ontario, arrangements were made in various places to secure all the advantages possible from the Temperance Bill recently enacted. In several places, such as Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Whitby, Napanee, and others, the ladies crowded the council rooms, and being backed by numerous signed petitions, urged the councils to pass such by-laws as would tend to diminish the number of houses which spread so much demoralisation on every hand. No doubt it was owing to this pressure that so much good has been accomplished. Of course, we do not think that all has been done which ought, but the friends of temperance may easily see that before prohibition can be obtained they have a long and hard battle to fight. All the pressure possible must be put on municipal councils, so that it may be seen that temperance people are thoroughly in earnest.

The Government have already appointed commissioners in the municipalities of Ontario. Much will depend upon these officers and the license inspectors as to whether the new bill will accomplish much good. Some were afraid that political partisans might be appointed, rather than men who desired to see temperance principles promoted. The Birmingham (England) town council recently appointed five intelligent persons to act as inspectors of licensed houses, at \$15 per week each. The commissioners and inspectors of Ontario have generally been selected from the very best class of our citizens.

The Hon. A. Mackenzie, Premier of Canada, has been waited upon by a deputation from the Dominion Prohibitory Council, respecting a prohibitory law for the Dominion, but the answer of that gentleman was far from satisfactory. It was in effect this: More liquor has been consumed last year than in any former year, hence the people do not want prohibition, therefore the Government is not disposed to take any further action on the question. If this is the course which the Government should pursue, we fail to understand what is their duty. Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone stated some time ago "that it is the duty of the Legislature to make it difficult for the multitude to do evil." We dare say Mr. Mackenzie does not act on the same principle respecting other evils. Were he to do so, his majority would soon sensibly diminish. Temperance people are told to enforce the Dunkin Bill: We are glad that several townships have adopted the said bill; but it is well known that it is very difficult to carry it out. There are only a few magistrates who are willing to enforce its provisions, and as there are multitudes who seek to evade the law, the cry is soon heard that the Dunkin Bill is a failure. We hold that temperance people are no more responsible for the failure of the Dunkin Bill than any other class of the community. All will allow that the laws against theft, felony, murder, &c., are violated in thousands of instances every year, but are the said laws failures? Could a prohibitory liquor law in the Dominion of Canada be a greater failure than those are? One thing is certain, the present Dominion Government will not be likely to do anything to abolish the liquor traffic.

It is often said that we should depend on moral suasion, and not ask the Legislature to interfere with *the traffic* at all. But such is the prevalence of intemperance that it affects everything else, consequently, as the Legislature has to regulate trade and commerce, protect life and property, there cannot be anything wrong in calling in the aid of the law to put down this monster evil. All civilised nations have, at one time or another, enacted laws on this subject. For instance, the French law relating to intoxication is not much milder than some of the enactments of Draco and Lycurgus. The most restrictive clauses are the product of the prolific brain of M. Thiers, and were promulgated by him in 1873. They are sufficient to make the hair of the most inveterate toper stand on end, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," and are frightfully severe on the ward politician and his jolly myrmidons. Thus: "Whoever has been punished twice for public intoxication will be declared, by a third condemnation, incapable of exercising the following rights: 1. Vote and election. 2. Eligibility for Parliament. 3. He cannot be called on or named for the functions of juror, or any other public functions or employments. 4. He is prohibited from carrying arms for two years following the date of conviction." It is said that the effect of this law is good, for while in Paris one hundred persons lose their civil rights per month, still the city is noted for its sobriety, seeing that out of a population of two millions only two hundred and twenty-five were seen intoxicated on Christmas night.

Moreover, it is well known that drink is the prolific cause of crime, and entails an incalculable amount of expense on the country. It has been well said that drink is at the beginning, middle, and end of the black calendar of crime. Drink produces not only crime, but poverty in its direst form—nay, starvation. It is to utter a truism to say that the great national vice is responsible for the full wards of workhouses, as well as those of prisons. Where the poor most do congregate, there do the taverns most abound. We know all this, and have repeated it to ourselves many times, and still the brewer and distiller grow rich; while the criminal courts flourish and the undertakers drive a brisk business. Facts innumerable could be cited to prove these statements.

The population of Great Britain is said to be 32,000,000: victuallers and beersellers, 176,000; capital invested, £117,000,000; receipts last year, £151,000,000. The average receipts of each house for the year were £860, while there was one licensed house to every 180 of the population. The total income of the country was £1,110,000,000, of which one-eighth passed through the till of the publican.

It is estimated that the sum thus expended on drink every year would support 100,000 missionaries at £100 per year; 100,000 school teachers at the same salary; 100,000 female teachers at £50 each; 20,000 Bible women at 10 shillings a week each; 10,000 professors of science and literature at £300 a year each. It would also pension 100,000 old men at £1 a week each; 100,000 old women at 10s. a week each. It would also start 200,000 youths and 200,000 girls in the world with £10 each; assist 50,000 struggling tradesmen with £100 each; build 5,000 new schools at £1,000 each; start 1,000 free libraries with £500 each; afford grants to 5,000 of £100 each; maintain 250,000 orphan children at £15 each, and supply 500 hos-

pitals at £5,000 each ; besides leaving a balance of forty millions sterling to add to the comforts of the working population. Another thirty millions would be saved in the diminution of police, prisons, magistrates ; of destructive fires and accidents occasioned by intemperance ; that is to say, more than four hundred thousand persons would be supported in doing good to their fellow-men ; more than two millions of persons would be receiving benefit, and some seventy millions sterling would be spreading comfort and happiness throughout the land.

We hold that to license men to sell intoxicating liquors is cruel in the extreme. What does the License Act imply ? Liquor shall not be sold to a drunken man ! The rumseller can make as many drunkards as he pleases. The law authorises him to do this. And when he has effected the direst thing in the traffic, it bids him halt and turn his attention to another sober man, and proceed as fast as he can to render him a drunkard too, and so on indefinitely ! The law implies that it is quite harmless to convert sober husbands, fathers, and sons into drunkards.

Where men are not licensed to sell liquors, there is little or no crime.. In the Province of Canterbury there are more than 1,000 parishes, in which there is no tavern, and in consequence of the absence of such inducements to crime and pauperism, the intelligence, morality and comfort of the people are such as the friends of temperance have always said would follow such a state of things. The state of Maine has often been referred to. A Canadian gentleman recently spent some time in a town there, the population of which was seven thousand, the vast majority of which lived in the hotels, of which there were twenty-five. These were visited almost daily by excursion parties and pleasure seekers from factories and the mills in the adjacent towns and villages. The gentleman mingled constantly with the crowd, and yet he never saw a drunken individual, or the semblance of liquor either on the person or for sale, with the exception of one miserable wretch who came in on a train from a distant state. There was just one policeman, who said that his services were very rarely called into requisition. Moreover, ladies and gentlemen might walk the beach or the most frequented parts in the night season, without insult or molestation. Sobriety reigned supreme, and order, peace and concord prevailed.

Hon. Neal Dow, writing from Portland, says : " We have three Sheriff's officers in town, whose whole business is to hunt publicans and bring them to justice. Yesterday I took Mr. Christie, from Glasgow, into their premises in the basement of the City Hall, where we saw a considerable quantity of kegs, jugs, demijohns, and bottles seized from these miserable rumsellers. One quantity they found concealed under a floor. They showed us a barrel of beer concealed in a rice-tierce surrounded by the sawdust. A twenty gallon keg of whiskey was packed in sawdust in a flour barrel and marked 'extra flour.' "

In Lewiston and Auburn, in Maine, practically one city, separated only by the river, and having a population of 40,000 persons, and a great manufacturing centre, the stringency of the law is such that the Governor offered to stake any sum the late Canadian Commissioners might name, to be appropriated to any benevolent purpose, if they could find a case of drunkenness, or a glass of intoxicating liquor to buy, in the two cities. He was

safe in his offer. They found neither. Bangor, in Maine, contains about 20,000 inhabitants. The number of inebriated men taken up in a year by an active police does not average the number of the days of the year. And yet men will insist that prohibition is a failure in Maine. Judging from the following incident, we should say the law is rigidly enforced. At Saco, a druggist, for a single case of liquor selling, was sentenced to sixty days in the county gaol, and to pay a fine and costs.

Judges who will do their duty in punishing all violations of the law in relation to the liquor traffic are a great boon wherever they may dwell. Some time ago, the Hon. N. M. Hubbard, a district judge in Iowa, pronounced sentence upon some liquor dealers for violation of the prohibitory laws of the State; in doing which he used the following burning words:—

“While there are greater crimes known to the law which are punishable with great severity, there are none which involve more of those qualities known as despicable meanness and audacity than the selling of intoxicating liquors. You who stand before the Court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are within the spirit, if not the letter, guilty of manslaughter; for the law says that whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own. Anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears nightly with desolate hearts for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery. In fine, one can have no adequate conception of a cataract until he has seen Niagara, nor of the terrible fury and grandeur of a storm in mid ocean until he has witnessed one; so no one can know the utter degradation and total depravity to which his species can be brought until he looks upon the desolate ruin caused by your hellish traffic. This Court will feel a proud satisfaction in taking from you by law your ill-gotten gains, and giving it to the common school fund of this country, where, let us hope, it will assist in educating the rising youth to shun your vices and wicked practices. And finally, let me entreat you, if you are not lost to every sentiment of humanity, to desist from your criminal, vagabond traffic and betake yourself to some honest calling for a livelihood, and you may yet become virtuous, useful citizens, and entitled to the respect of a Christian community; while, if you persist in this way, your own ruin is certain, and you will receive, as you deserve, the execration of mankind.”

There is often occasion to complain of the lack of principle among public men. As a rule, all seek their own. Now and then we meet with noble specimens of sanctified humanity. Here is one. Sir John Bennett, who was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of alderman in the city of London, England, said at the election, “Physical health was essential to the performance of an alderman’s duty. For five and twenty years he had not had a headache. He had been able to give six hundred lectures, and never missed one engagement out of the number. When he filled the office of sheriff he had attended to public business on more than one thousand occasions—being more than three a day. They would thus see he was not one

to shrink from duty on the ground of physical indisposition. He had a good character from his last place. He had kept his head clear in his early days. He was a teetotaler for thirty years; ten pounds paid for all the wine he drank between thirty and forty, and since then nobody could accuse him of forgetting his senses in the bottle."

Another alderman, Tatham, declines the civic bauble—the mayoralty of Leeds (England)—on the plea that he cannot conscientiously "extend civic hospitality to distinguished visitors and strangers" in the usual way. The editor of the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, in recording this case, says: "The worthy alderman seems to be speaking from an age far in advance of our own when he says, 'If I have a mission, it is to show the princes, dukes, judges, magistrates, aldermen, councillors, and others, that intoxicating drinks are not necessary for their due and proper reception, and this I feel that both the council and the public at large are not ready to accept.' Alas! these 'civic hospitalities' in London, Leeds, and such like places, are responsible for the flow of the *rivers* of wine; and what is there to show for it? Year by year millions of money are simply washed away in this senseless and profitless channel—a bad example, and, alas! too easily copied." The editor further says: "We remember once having visited the town of Walsall, where we were shown, in the parish church, a magnificent east window which had been placed there by a former mayor, Mr. Highway, in lieu of drink and dinners to the general public. The drink and dinners would have been forgotten long ago—would have perished in the using—but the grand east window abides, and shall abide, a glory and a praise to the donor, the town, and the church that it adorns. *O si sic omnes!*"

We recommend the following incident to the attention of **YOUNG MEN**. Last spring, under the preaching of Dr. —, a young man, engaged in a brewery at \$2,500 a year, was converted. He said to his wife, to whom he was recently married, "I must either give up Christ or my position; what shall I do?" The wife, who was converted about the same time, said, "Give up your situation." He inquired, "What shall we do for our support?" She replied, "We will trust in God for that." He gave up his situation, and for five months was out of employment. During that time he and his family sat down to breakfast, more than once, with nothing on the table but bread and cold water. One morning, after partaking of a meal of this character, a man who had come a long distance to hire him, said, "I will give you \$4,000 per year if you will go and take charge of my brewery." The young man replied, "I cannot do it." The brewer then said, "If you will go, I will give you \$5,000." His reply was, "You have not money enough to hire me to enter that business again." In a few days this young man was placed in a position earning a good living. He is surrounded by associations which tend to elevate him, and wherever he goes in his business he carries with him that which would be a blessing to every household.

The following noble example is respectfully commended to our young lady friends: A lady in Tennessee was visited by a man who is a distiller and known to be wealthy, who asked permission to keep her company with a view to marriage. Her reply was noble. "No, sir," said she; "I can never accept the visits of a gentleman engaged in the business which you follow. I have nothing else against you; but that is enough." If all women

would thus emphatically pronounce their verdict of disapproval against the infamous business, the day of its abandonment would be greatly hastened. All honour to the noble women who are everywhere working so zealously against *the traffic*.

Who is safe? A warning. The latter part of the life of Thomas F. Marshall, the great Kentucky orator, was a continual struggle against the power of strong drink. But the drink habit had so long been indulged that it was too much for him, and finally overcame him. He said, "I sought relief; I took the pledge, and have not wanted a drink since. I would not drink again—I would not have that appetite return, not if this earth were one entire chrysolite, set all over with the richest gems of Golconda; not if the city of New York, with all the wealth and magnificence it may acquire for half a century to come; not if all this wealth were placed at my feet—by my honour and my soul, I would not have that appetite return." These were doubtless honest words, yet the last utterance this great man made was:—"This is the end. Tom Marshall is dying—dying upon a borrowed bed, under a borrowed sheet, in a house built by charity, and without a decent suit of clothes in which to be buried!" "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!"

Work while it is day. Noble men are falling. Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, has just ceased at once to work and live. His career is a fine example for young men to follow. He was the architect of his own fortune, emphatically a self-made man. In early life, when asked to attend social parties, he said:—"No, I must have books and study. I have little money and not an hour of time to spare. I must sacrifice this gay life to my purpose to know something." When just entering upon his duties at the capitol, he was one day dining with John Quincy Adams, respecting which occasion he thus writes: "Eminent men sat around that table; one of the number has since been Speaker of the House of Representatives, two have been cabinet officers, and two have been foreign ministers. I looked up to Mr. Adams with profound admiration and reverence. During the entertainment Mr. Adams asked me to drink a glass of wine with him. I was embarrassed—hesitated a moment; it was the sorest trial of my life; but somehow I succeeded in stammering out, 'Sir, I never take wine.' That answer settled the matter for me. I have often since sat at the tables of governors, senators, and foreign ministers, cabinet officers, generals, admirals, and presidents, but I have ever found it easy to refuse the proffered wine-cup. The real difficulty is not in others, it is in ourselves. Temptations are ever around and about us. The only thing for the temperance man to do is to stand inflexibly firm in his blighted faith. He who is ready to live by his temperance pledges will win the respect even of men who indulge in the excessive use of intoxicating drinks."

Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., London, Eng., has also died at his post. He has been an earnest labourer in the cause of temperance and religion for many years. There are few towns in England or Scotland in which his voice has not been heard in favour of truth and righteousness. By his pen too he did much good service. He was the most prolific author of sketches and outlines of sermons that the age has produced. Thus the workmen die, but the work advances. A few of the old advocates still remain in the

lecture field. John B. Gough still holds on his way, though age is leaving her marks upon him. He is doubtless the most popular temperance lecturer in the world. His engagements are always a year in advance, though he receives \$250 per night. He has delivered about 8,000 lectures in his life, and to fulfil his duties has travelled 405,000 miles. He has lectured in Philadelphia 108 times, in New York 304 times, in Boston 396 times, and in London, England, more than eighty times.

We close our monthly review with an extract from the *Temple of Honour*. "Fellow-workers: If there ever was a time in the work we are engaged in when we needed to be firm, it is now. The enemy is throwing his colours to the breeze with a bold front. On nearly every street corner we find a picket post set purposely to catch the unthinking, and to bleed and lead into a deeper hell the poor reeling victim already captured. If we cannot legally shut up these dens, let us do the best we can. Let us prevent as many as come under our influence from entering such places. Let nothing daunt us. Let our devotion be as sincere and even stronger now than if we had nothing to hinder us in our march to victory. Every good and noble cause has been led to final triumph through calumny and suffering: our cause is no exception. Let us work, then, for victory while we live, fully conscious that if it comes not while we live, there are others who will take up the work where we leave it, and carry it forward, with the blessing of Heaven, to perfection."

E. B.

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

CHINA.

CHINA contains one-third of the world's population, for whose evangelisation five hundred missionaries, exclusive of Roman Catholic priests, are labouring. The country is divided into eighteen provinces, in nine of which there is not one Protestant missionary. The Chinese are a curious people. They think that if meat has been offered to an idol it is then much better. So general is the custom of offering meat to idols, that at one season no meat can be bought in China that has not been so offered. A Chinaman was asked why every idol had a hole in its back. The answer was that they did not worship the material of which the idol was composed, but the spirit which entered in through that hole, after the eyes had been painted and the image itself had been prepared to be placed in the temple.

The use of opium is fearfully prevalent, whereby thousands are annually sent to a premature grave. Recently two prizes were offered in England for the best essays against the opium traffic. Several Chinese were among the competitors, but the gentleman who carried off the largest prize is a Scotchman in British Columbia. A Chinese statesman was recently informed that there is a society in England for the abolition of the opium trade, and was

much pleased with the intelligence. The better class of the people hate the opium trade, and the Government would repudiate the opium clause immediately only that they dread another war. *Is it not disgraceful that England should perpetuate this odious traffic?*

As a people, the Chinese pay much attention to education. Their universities are of the highest order. Thirteen thousand students attend the university in Peking. They do not study science as we do, yet they study the teachings of Confucius and others. Many die in the struggle to attain a high education. There are sixty thousand alumni of the University of Peking. In government, legislation, judiciary, police, a living code, and jurisprudence, China surpasses Christian nations. The Government, for compactness, and directness, and efficiency, is not excelled by any government on the globe. They have a code of laws, and such a code as to excite the admiration of all nations. In that code there are four hundred and sixty-three sections defining the rights of all. The Emperor knows what is transpiring in all parts of the empire.

The missionaries in Canton offered four prizes for tracts on the importance of Christian religion as a means of elevating the morals of the Chinese nation. Native Chinamen entered into sharp competition, and forty-two manuscripts were submitted, all in characters like those we see on the tea chests and firecracker boxes. The one that gained the prize has been printed and distributed among the 10,000 literary candidates attending the great examination for the second degree in letters at Canton.

The Chinese have great respect for learning and the learned—their selection of rulers from the literary class, their school in almost every village, their system of examinations and degrees of literary merit, are notorious. They make shrewd business men and merchants generally. The eagerness to obtain newspapers, provided in certain places, is such that it has been said by some, "Without my newspaper I feel as if in a wilderness." Natives are anxious to come to England and America that they may have better educational advantages. Thirty boys, sent by the government to be educated in America, were recently sent to Hartford and Springfield, and are to remain fifteen years. A Chinese gentleman attended a recent examination for the bar at Lincoln's Inn, London, in which he stood second in a list of sixty-two students.

Alas! that in China woman should be so degraded. Go into a family where there are three daughters, and not one has a name; they are known by numbers, as number one, two, and three. In China every man is supposed to have three souls, one in his head, one in his hands, and one in his feet. But a woman is not considered to have one. When a woman dies there, the best prayer offered for her is that she may be a man in the next world, and in good circumstances. "In all my journeys," says Dr. Newman, "I did not see a woman attend preaching in Japan, China, or India."

The London Missionary Society is about to erect a college at Amoy for the training of native ministers and schoolmasters. Appeals are now being made for contributions. A Scotch lady has promised \$1,000 towards the object.

Native Chinese who embrace Christianity have much persecution to endure. A young man in a good situation became a Christian; his fellow-workmen tormented him, and even his uncle, by whom he was employed, dismissed him; so that in many instances to embrace the religion of Christ means loss of business and support. Still the truth spreads. One who was thoroughly conversant with the subject says there are more persons converted in China and India than at home, in proportion to the number of ministers engaged.

A native church at Hong Kong is fully alive to its duty. A deacon of the church, a carpenter by trade, has offered to provide the salary for one year of a young Chinaman recently returned from Australia, and possessed of considerable preaching power. The church has also agreed to support another native preacher from its funds.

There is a Chinese Mission in Portland, Oregon, which reports the conversion of fourteen youths during the past year, one of whom is studying for the ministry. In connection with the Methodist Mission at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, a Chinese school has been established, which is largely supported by W. E. Sanford, Esq., Hamilton, and is likely to be of great utility. The communications from the teacher, Miss Pollard, are very interesting. One Ah Goon speaks of himself thus, "My very glad for come you house to-night. My pray every day, every night. Long time, my no pray, my heart no laugh. Now my heart laugh all time. My like go Sunday school, and Mr. McKay teach my for read the Bible." Laugh as here used means happy.

INDIA.

The *Westminster Review*, which is not remarkable for orthodoxy, states that "the results of missionary operations in India constitute the most brilliant page in the history of the enterprise." There are thirty-five missionary societies at work, and six hundred missionaries, of whom five hundred and fifty are ordained. Within twenty years the different missionary societies have held five fraternal conferences to consider the best modes of carrying on the work. The Zenana work, carried on by the women, is most interesting; thirteen hundred classes are conducted by Christian women. There are twenty-five presses run by the missions. The progress, considering all the difficulties to be overcome, has been encouraging, and has gradually increased until there are now 318,363 converts in connection with the various Churches. According to the last census there were 900,000 who reported themselves as Christians. In ten years there has been an increase of sixty-one per cent. Should the same ratio of increase be continued until the year 2000, there will be one hundred and thirty-eight millions of Christians in India. The natural increase of the Hindoo population is only five per cent. There are two hundred thousand boys studying the English language, of whom it is supposed that twenty-five thousand will probably engage in the missionary work.

So powerful has been the impression made by the Gospel through the

length and breadth of India, and so many have been the people enlightened, convinced, and silenced, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, so far as idolatry is concerned, the victory is won. The priests have been silenced; idolatry is a habit rather than a conviction; and it will only remain as a habit in the custom of the people's lives, with its festivals, its pilgrimages, and its fasts, until they can thoroughly draw home to themselves something that will give them greater comfort, greater strength, and a purer joy; but that they can now defend it and argue for it they now cease to feel. The Brahmin is silenced, but people come in crowds to ask the missionaries, in the great markets and festivals, for the Book of God.

During the tour of the Prince of Wales he was met at one place by six thousand native Christians of Tinnevely. An address of welcome and a handsomely bound Bible and Prayer-book in the Tamil language, were presented to his Royal Highness, besides other presents in remembrance of his visit.

Two baptisms of great interest recently occurred at Goruckpur. One was a Pundit, who some years ago heard a missionary preaching in a bazaar, and has ever since been gradually coming nearer and nearer to the truth. The other was a Bengali Babu, who had been wandering about the country attaching himself to various bodies of fakirs. Both are the fruits of native agency.

One Sabbath morning, six men carried a palki containing a native gentleman to a mission house. The missionary was surprised, especially as the gentleman exclaimed, "Christian me now." Being interrogated as to the occasion of this visit, the gentleman acknowledged that for sixteen years he had been studying the Christian religion, and had long been convinced of its truth, but he had delayed making confession until now; and as he felt his end was near, he wanted to die in the faith. He made an open profession, was baptised and received into the Church. Though afflicted, his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from the course he had adopted, but all to no purpose; he said, "I am not one of you now. I am a Christian. I am a child of God." He asked for water from the missionary's wife, and drank it in their presence. This broke the spell in their eyes and they turned away in disgust. "What can we do? he is no longer one of us." He assured all who visited him that he was at "perfect peace," and in this state he died.

The *British American Journal* gives an account of a noble work in India, viz., the founding of Mayo Hospital at Jeypore, which was publicly opened by the Prince of Wales. Dr. Collins Valentine, a medical missionary, is its founder. Some years ago Dr. V. was the means of saving the life of one of the queens of the Maharajah of Jeypore, when he was taken into the court, but all the while he continued in the missionary work. He became a man of great influence, and performed many good works. Among others he adopted a plan of prison reform, whereby one thousand prisoners were taught reading and useful trades; he also established a school of arts, formed a library of seven thousand volumes, instituted a philosophical museum, formed a board of health and a medical store where dispensers are trained and fitted for the medical profession. The Doctor contemplates the formation of schools for the instruction of both males and females for the practice of the healing art. The number of deaths among women and children is out of all pro-

portion to the population, and should Dr. Valentine's projects be successful, and it is to be hoped that they may, he will truly be a benefactor of the human race. One man truly alive to the work of doing good may indeed accomplish much.

Rev. W. T. Sathianadham, native pastor at Madras, has nearly finished a complete commentary on the New Testament in the Tamil language, upon which he has been engaged for some years. It is in course of publication by the Madras Tract Society.

JAPAN.

During the last few months the native newspapers have contained many articles attacking Christianity, and also some very quaint criticisms on the Bible. Yet, to all appearance, the Buddhist religion is not looked upon in a much more favourable light, and seems to be losing ground as civilisation advances. In one district alone seventy-one temples have been turned over to the laity since 1873, and within the last five years no less than seven hundred have been converted into dwelling houses and adapted to other uses. The younger generation of Japanese seem to find that the Buddhist religion, with its worship of idols, is incompatible with the teachings of modern civilisation.

The school system is likely to be an important agency in the evangelisation of Japan. A missionary says the system of the schools is excellent, their studies tolerably extensive, and very thorough. The teachers and scholars are eager for further enlightenment. Everywhere throughout the land the voice of children conning their lessons is to be heard. This is truly the age of learning in Japan. English education must become more and more extensive. The teachers are ambitious to learn it, and their more advanced pupils, and in all the middle schools it will form a part of the course of instruction. This must be matter of rejoicing for all who know the treasures of knowledge, religious and otherwise, to be obtained by this means.

The Empress of Japan has decided on the erection of a college for young girls who wish to devote themselves to teaching, and has given a liberal sum from her private purse towards the expense of construction.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Commissioner of Education has granted permission to Rev. Joseph Nee Sima to teach Christianity in his school at Tokio, and to train the native converts for the ministry, and all this has been done contrary to the law of the empire.

Rev. John Ing, professor in a Japanese literary institution at Hirasaki, writes thus: "Fourteen young men, Japanese students in the English department, were recently baptised in our own dwelling. They are between the ages of thirteen and twenty-two, and though much persecuted by their parents and others, they remain steadfast. Some of them are already doing work as evangelists in the neighbouring villages. They are most industrious students of the Bible, and are very zealous in explaining it to their countrymen."

A church has been formed at Kobe, which deserves the designation of the

Model Church, as the standard of admission is very high. Of the twenty male members thirteen go out as lay preachers to six stations every week, and four more every month. Every man not prevented by age or other infirmity is pledged to active lay effort at his own charges, and this pledge is made a condition of admission to membership.

The Methodist Episcopal Mission has purchased a church in Yokohama, which is the first Methodist church edifice in Japan, and will seat about two hundred and fifty persons. There are good congregations, a promising Sunday school, though as yet there are only five native converts in the church. A missionary says: "Some time ago I came in contact with a Buddhist priest, and at his request I accompanied him to his temple, where I found an interesting congregation waiting to hear the truth. Only a few years ago, to teach Jesus in these halls would have been a most hazardous undertaking, but now His teachings are sought after by those who stand out most conspicuously as teachers of this false system of religion."

The representatives of our own church in Japan are much encouraged in their work. Dr. McDonald has sent a very interesting letter respecting an interview he has had with the Governor of the Province, Vice-Governor, Provincial Secretary, and three other distinguished persons who spent an evening at his house. They were evidently favourably impressed respecting Christianity. Our good brother makes a strong appeal for a reinforcement of labourers, as he has been urged to send a missionary to a town where there is an academy of ninety students, to all of whom he could obtain immediate access. We are pleased to know that, notwithstanding the monetary pressure, the committee are very desirous to send out two more missionaries as soon as they can secure them.

The following singular incident contains evidence of the spread of the truth among the Japanese. A blind councillor is kept by the Kioto Government as a guest and an adviser, for, though unable to walk and blind, his mind is clear and sharp. Recently "Evidences of Christianity" in the Chinese language had been read to him, of which he said, "It is an excellent work; it has cleared away all my doubts, and solved a problem that I have kept in my mind for years." This was, how *best* to serve the true interests of his country, which military tactics and the study of jurisprudence failed to satisfy. "Now I rejoice to have found the means of solving it. *Christianity alone can reach and elevate the very spring of the human heart.* The day has dawned on me so that I can see the path *before utterly unknown*, and for which I have been *unconsciously seeking.*" When he gets an interesting work he employs some one to read it to him *not less than twice.* His sister said she had already twice read to him the Japanese translation of *St. Matthew.* He says the Gospel must be preached publicly in Kioto, and has invited the missionaries thither. Surely the Lord is setting before His Church an open door in Japan.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society has deputed the Rev. Luther H. Gulick to superintend the work of Bible circulation in Japan and China. He will go East immediately, and enter upon his work. He will supervise the printing and distribution of the Holy Scriptures in languages understood by the hundreds of millions of people in those great empires.

AFRICA.

In East Africa a village has been erected bearing the name of Frere Town, after Sir Bartle Frere. Buildings have been erected to accommodate two hundred rescued slaves.

Bishop Crowther writes that recently he baptised twelve adults, including Chief Spifi. At a subsequent date he baptised another chief, and on the same day he admitted fifteen adults to the Church, where he says "inquirers are flowing in by the dozen."

Bishop Steere writes from Zanzibar that his mission is very prosperous. The cargoes of slaves which had been brought in by English cruisers have been taken in charge. The adults have been put to work, and all are instructed in the Christian religion. Twenty of them are candidates for baptism. The Bishop further says that the whole of the region on the east side of the Lake Nyansa is likely to come under the power of one chief, favourable to Christianity.

Travellers who have visited the great Africa inland sea Victoria Nyansa, have found two kingdoms on its shores, ruled over by intelligent men. Uganda, on the north and northwest of the lake, is Mtesae's dominion; over Karagme, on the west, Rumanika reigns. The former is represented as being self-indulgent and capricious; the latter as being dignified and gentle in an unusual degree. The Church Missionary Society, through whose missionaries and journal the first information of the existence of this lake reached the public in 1852, has been selected by several liberal givers as the proper society to undertake a mission to Victoria Nyansa. More than \$60,000 have already been contributed for this purpose.

The Church Missionary Society is also considering various plans for carrying out their projected mission in Central Africa. The undertaking is encompassed with difficulties, but, no doubt, by the Divine blessing, all difficulties will be completely overcome.

The anonymous donor of the first \$25,000 offered to the Church Missionary Society to assist in carrying out the above proposed new mission, has just offered a similar sum to the London Missionary Society for the purpose of helping to establish a mission at Ujiji. His idea in giving this second munificent donation is that the mission should serve as a memorial of Dr. Livingstone, who first went to Africa under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. A committee has been appointed to consider the subject, and there is no doubt that the offer of the large-hearted donor will be most gratefully accepted.

A correspondent of the *Herald and Presbyterian* tells of a man whom he solicited for mission funds. The man, a farmer, affirmed that he was "dead broke," but invited the agent out to see a new pig pen which he no doubt regarded as an improvement. The agent asked him if he would give one of his pigs to the cause of missions. He readily consented, and when it is fattened it will probably bring *eighteen dollars*, a clever contribution to the cause, and a good example to other farmers.

PERSONAL.

DR. ERSKINE.—Eighty years ago the first debate on missions to the heathen took place in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Carlyle, among others, spoke, and he said, "I have sat in this Assembly for fifty years, and a more absurd proposal than sending the Gospel to the heathen has never in that period fallen upon my ears." Old Dr. John Erskine, who was said to be half a century ahead of his time, at length rose, trembling with age, and said: "Moderator, rax me the Bible, will ye?" The Bible lay before the Moderator. Dr. Erskine read the great commission—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and reciting one promise after the other in regard to the universal spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, thrilled the Assembly.

HE LEFT IT.—Lord Erskine was told that a certain man was "dead," and that he had left £200,000. His Lordship replied, "That's a poor capital to begin the next world with." And he was right. The man's life was a failure. He got no good of his £200,000 in this world, and did not get himself ready for the next. He raked the money together, kept it as long as he could, and left it. To whom? To those who came after, and to the squabbles of courts. If any good to the world ever came out of this £200,000, no thanks are due to him. If he had only "converted it," as the bankers say! And it was convertible into blessing for the poor, into the sweet consciousness of having done some good while he lived, into the good hope of perpetuating his influence when he was dead and gone. But he did none of these things. He raked it together, kept it, died, left it, and it made his last bed no softer. This man had no gift of usefulness but such gift as lay in his money. That he would not use. "Failure" is not the right word here. It was a sin for it is a sin not to do good; it is a sin to bury money in the ground, to lock it up in vaults, to waste it on one's self. "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."

 RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A WITNESSING CHURCH.

Rev. J. B. McFerrin, D.D., the present Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, completed the fiftieth year of his ministry in October last, and his brethren of the Tennessee Conference resolved that he should preach to them on the occasion. These brethren acted wisely in so doing. The venerable preacher is evidently much esteemed by his Conference and the Church at large, seeing that they have again and again conferred upon him the highest offices at their disposal, excepting that of Bishop.

When Dr. McFerrin preached his jubilee sermon, the Chancery Court, which was then in session, adjourned, and its members did themselves the honour of listening to the venerable preacher, who preached we are told under very deep emotion.

The discourse, which is founded on 1 Peter i. 16-17, is an attempt to show that "Methodism is a witnessing Church." The doctrines, discipline, and services peculiar to Methodism are briefly stated, then the progress made is graphically described. Of course such a sermon must deal largely in

personal reminiscences. The preacher mentions with esteem those who laid the foundation of the Church, and who have always stood in its front ranks and nobly contended for the faith. He reminds young ministers that their "fathers were preachers, not readers of sermons."

Dr. McFerrin does not fail to speak out in strong terms against the evils which he sees have crept into the Church. He strongly condemns jewellery and the putting on of costly apparel, and reminds his brother ministers that if they allow their families to deck themselves according to the fashions of the day, they need not wonder if plain Christians should refuse to contribute to their support.

Only few ministers live to preach semi-centennial sermons. Drs. Newton and Bunting and a few others in England, remained in the "active work" a little over fifty years. Father Case gave us a jubilee sermon at London a few years ago. There are some of our aged brethren who cannot remain long with us; they should not be allowed to pass away without some celebration of their jubilee. Rev. Drs. Green, Ryerson, Wood, and others could give us some reminiscences which the present generation and future generations will prize.

We thank Dr. McFerrin for his discourse, and shall preserve the copy sent us as a memento of affection.

E. B.

THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY, OR ROMANISM NOT CHRISTIANITY.
By REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

This volume presents in a *condensed* form one of the great questions of the day. It is just the book for the times, and a careful perusal of its contents would very materially change the views of some who, in their foolish liberality, think there is little to choose between Protestantism and Popery. We wish Mr. Gilbert's book a wide circulation.

TEMPERANCE REFORMS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By
REV. JAMES SHAW.

This is a portly volume, neatly got up, and embellished with numerous engravings. It is an encyclopædia of temperance facts and arguments. As to range of subjects and comprehensiveness it is without a rival. No worker in the grand reform of the age should be without this standard work. Buy, read and judge for yourself. For sale by Rev. S. Rose, Toronto.

PRAYER AND ITS REMARKABLE ANSWERS. By W. W. PATTON,
D.D.

This book furnishes a sufficient answer to the Tyndallism of the present day, furnishing as it does interesting, numerous and remarkable answers to prayer. When the Churches fully awake to the importance and power of prayer, then the days will come as predicted by Zechariah, 8th chap., 20-23 verses—men will say: "We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

This volume would tend to intensify the piety, and increase the prayerfulness of all its thoughtful readers. We wish it a wide circulation.



MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon8th, 3.45 a.m. | New Moon23rd, 10.8 a.m.
 Last Quarter.....16th, 8.9 a.m. | First Quarter.....30th, 0.31 a.m.

1	M	Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.— <i>Prov.</i> xx. 1.
2	Tu	Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.— <i>Prov.</i> xxiii. 31.
3	W	Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.— <i>Eph.</i> v. 18.
4	Th	Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink.— <i>Hab.</i> ii. 15.
5	F	The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink.— <i>Is.</i> xxxviii. 7.
6	S	Do not drink wine nor strong drink.— <i>Lev.</i> x. 9.
7	S	Thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them.— <i>Ezek.</i> xxxiii. 7.
8	M	He that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.— <i>Ezek.</i> xxxiii. 5.
9	Tu	Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.— <i>1 Cor.</i> x. 12.
10	W	Be not high minded, but fear.— <i>Rom.</i> xi. 20.
11	Th	God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.— <i>James</i> iv. 6.
12	F	Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased.— <i>Matt.</i> xxiii. 12.
13	S	He that shall humble himself shall be exalted.— <i>Matt.</i> xxiii. 12.
14	S	I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem.— <i>Is.</i> lxii. 6.
15	M	Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord.— <i>Col.</i> iii. 23.
16	Tu	Great peace have they which love thy law.— <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 123.
17	W	Let no man glory in men: for all things are yours.— <i>1 Cor.</i> iii. 21.
18	Th	He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord.— <i>1 Cor.</i> i. 31.
19	F	Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.— <i>2 Cor.</i> iii. 17.
20	S	Be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.— <i>Gal.</i> v. 1.
21	S	I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel.— <i>Ezek.</i> xxxiii. 7.
22	M	Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.— <i>Jno.</i> viii. 32.
23	Tu	The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord.— <i>Ps.</i> xxxvii. 39.
24	W	If ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.— <i>Gal.</i> v. 18.
25	Th	Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.— <i>Prov.</i> iii. 13. [iii. 17.]
26	F	The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable.— <i>James</i>
27	S	Blessed are they that keep His testimonies.— <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 2.
28	S	And He sent them to preach the kingdom of God.— <i>Luke</i> ix. 2. [i. 18.]
29	M	The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness.— <i>1 Cor.</i>
30	Tu	But unto us which are saved it is the power of God.— <i>1 Cor.</i> i. 18.
31	W	Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.— <i>1 Thess.</i> v. 21.