

THE
CANADA
CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

REV. JAMES CAMERON, EDITOR.

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PREFACE.

In the Prospectus of the CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY published in 1878 the Editor in assuming his duties, said:—

“In carrying on this Magazine I will try, as much as possible, to keep always in view the exaltation of the Lord Jesus Christ, in all His offices, to commend his gospel as a religion that satisfies the intellect, the affections, and the conscience of men, and to urge on all to be openly, actively, and consistently His disciples. That men come short in realizing their plans, we all painfully know, but it is well for the Editor, like the Sculptor, to work with his model constantly in view.”

In closing the eighth Volume of the Magazine at the end of 1878, the Editor feels thus far satisfied that he has honestly endeavored, as a labour of love, to follow the ideal he set before himself in 1873. That he has come short no one knows better than he does. His editorial duties fell on hours he snatched from rest, and often from sleep, after performing the pastoral duties of a congregation where three sermons a day are preached, and where the usual routine of visiting over a wide district, of weekly and monthly meetings, along with care for the sick, and for Mission stations, devolve on the pastor.

The same difficulty that embarrassed the Editor—want of time—has also been felt by the Publisher. In a note received from him the other day, he says:—“I think if I had time to devote to working up the circulation of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY something might be done in that direction; but I have had no time in the past, and will have less in the future, to give to anything outside the ‘Presbyterian’ and the general work.”

In these circumstances, with the consent of the Publishers, it is quite possible that the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY may be amalgamated (to the strengthening of both) with the Boston CHRISTIAN, which has been desirous of a union, and which (with the exception of a difference of view in regard to the pre-millennial advent) covers very much the same ground with our own MONTHLY. If this union takes place the writer may hope to have an opportunity from month to month of addressing his old circle of readers.

It has been a great pleasure during these five or six years of editorial work to have received so many kind words. These kind words, with the consciousness that he was using, over a circle of some 8,000 or 10,000 readers (not subscribers, which never exceeded 2,000) the press as an instrument in behalf of truth, righteousness and charity, has been to a large extent his reward.

THE EDITOR.

GRATSWORTH, ONT., Dec. 16th, 1878.

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THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1878.

Editorial.

THE FOUR CORNER STONES OF A PROSPEROUS AND PERMANENT COMMONWEALTH.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

 O the men and women of this generation in Canada, has been assigned in God's providence, the honourable, and difficult task, of laying the foundation stones of a new nationality in British North America. Nations, like men, are young but once; and only once in the course of ages, can the enviable privilege be enjoyed of "rearing the tender thought" of a young commonwealth. A building may be many years in the course of erection, but in a *brief* season of grave responsibility the corner stones are laid, never again to be altered, replaced or amended except by pulling to pieces the entire building. Than this, therefore, there cannot be a more important subject with which to begin our new year and our new volume.

Were we to consult with the "wisdom of this world," as it finds expression in the policy and plans of its Cæsars, and Napoleons, we would look for the four corner stones of a great empire in wide *territories*, strong *armies*, abundant *riches*, and, a-top of all, a mighty *monarch*. In seeking (during the few years that remain of this century) to lay aright the foundation-stones of a Canadian Empire, the Christian people of this Dominion will not take counsel, we trust with human wisdom, or worldly expediency, least of all with the wisdom and expediency of the Cæsars and Napoleons.

ESSENTIALS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

Vast territory is not essential to a nation's greatness, as witness the diminutive dimensions of Phenicia, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Latium, in contrast with their place and influence in history. Great armies, too often, from being the servants, have become the despotic masters of the countries that raised, trained and fed them. It was riches, gathered from every clime, the sure forerunner of luxury and vice, that paved the way for the downfall of all the great Empires of antiquity. And history is too full of warning as to the evil effects of too much power lodged in the hands of one person, be he President, King, or Emperor, to permit a nation of the British stock on this continent, to fall, at this time of day, into the fatal blunder of allowing the legitimate rights of the people, to pass into the hands of rulers, be they princes, governors, premiers, or parliaments.

As for our territory, God has given us enough, in a land stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the frozen north. Our standing army is not, as in Europe, in uniform and under arms, but is to be found wielding the axe, holding the plough, handling the plane at the bench, and holding the pen behind the desk. Our riches are not, ready to idle hands, in the vaults of the banks handed down from wealthy ancestors; but they lie buried under the soil, or hidden in the dark mine, or they are seen waving their defiant banners in the breeze in our vast forests, or they may be found skulking in the dark recesses of our oceans, rivers and lakes: riches to be pursued, caught and taken from these quarters in the sweat of the brow, a good safe-guard from luxury and vice. As for our king, on this continent; he is in the last issue and in true essence *the people*, with whom lies the future destiny, under God, of their Dominion.

FOUR CORNER-STONES.

In laying here the foundation-stones of a future nation, let us, therefore, like our Puritan ancestors, do the business wisely, with the Bible in the one hand, and the Trowel in the other hand. Instead of seeking counsel of Worldly-wisemen let us, like Milton,

Cromwell, and the heroes of the Commonwealth, seek counsel of the Word of God; but let us avoid their mistakes, and let us incline in our laws and usages and spirit, to the New Testament, rather than to the letter of the Old Testament. Rather than to Machiavelli of Florence, and unprincipled politicians, let us listen to Peter of Bethsaida, and eternal Wisdom, who have embodied in one terse comprehensive sentence the sum and substance of good citizenship, thus placing ready to our hands the four corner-stones of a progressive, prosperous, and permanent commonwealth: HONOR ALL MEN; LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD; FEAR GOD; HONOR THE KING.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

I. As citizens of a young nation, let us endeavour to place under one corner of the structure this stone, "*Honor all men.*" If men could live, like some solitary animals, each in his own cave, or den, or hollow tree, there would be no need of a precept like this one; but as long as the necessities and usages of life, and the social impulses of men urge them into society, there must be a law of social comity, a common agreement to respect natural rights, or else our market-places, our municipal councils, our parliaments will be one sad, unceasing scene of fratricidal strife. As much as this precept was ever needed in the Roman Empire, when Peter wrote his advice, with its varied religions and races, is it needed in Canada where half-a-dozen languages are spoken, and where forms of Christian faith and types of race, are still more numerous than even the languages spoken. This precept (which, however, is not inconsistent with the character given of the favourite of Jehovah, "In whose eyes a vile person is contemned,") is needed, urgently needed, to moderate the asperities of our political, religious, and temperance discussions, which are destined to be very keen, for some years to come, though they need not be at all rude, rough, and incourteous. It is, therefore, with feelings of gladness we see the recognition of this principle made where it is much needed—in the city of *Montreal*—and by a society, "*The Catholic Union*," which, too much, in times past ignored the principle it has now embodied in its noble statement:—

"The principle of mutual forbearance and good will, which has heretofore guided the inhabitants of this Dominion, has greatly contributed to the general benefit, by securing those rights without which citizenship ceases to be a blessing, and cementing more firmly the bonds of that political union within which all are striving to work out their common destiny. The members of the Catholic Union of Canada, while cherishing the religious and national traditions of the respective races to which they belong, ask for themselves nothing which they refuse to their neighbors, and, while maintaining their own just and lawful rights, they are at the same time ready to respect the rights of others, and to remove whatever might give a cause or occasion of destroying or endangering the harmony and good feeling which has prevailed in the past, and for which they appeal to the support and sympathy of their fellow-citizens of every creed and class; that it may again be their pride that nowhere on the face of the earth is there a fuller measure of civil and religious liberty than in this Dominion of Canada."

The fact that the Roman Catholics of this Dominion are striving with might and main, to convert Protestants to the Romish faith, and the other fact, which is, however, hardly so patent, that the Protestants are striving, with half-hearted zeal, to convert Catholics to the Evangelical faith, these facts, which are no disgrace to us, but rather the reverse, should not, and need not, and we trust will not, interfere with the injunction to "Honor all men." In our political and religious debates let it ever be hard arguments and soft words. While bound to imitate the zeal of the early Christians, let us imitate their courtesy; while following their devotion to truth, let us follow also that suavity that never refused even to heathen men honor where honor was due.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

II. Let us again, in the exercise of our duty as citizens, strive to place under the second corner of our national structure this second stone—LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD. One of the French satirists of the infidel school accused the Christians of his day of "loving the Turks, as an excuse for hating their own brethren." There is, let Christians never forget, a brotherhood of all men, founded on the twofold tie of a common origin in Adam and in God. But Christian brotherhood, however, has a nearer tie, in the tie of a common origin, in newness of life in Christ Jesus. It is, therefore, as unnatural for a Christian to allow his love of "*all men*" to swallow up his love of the "*brotherhood*," as it would be for a citizen to allow love for the State

to swallow up love for his own family." But the truth is, there is no rivalry between the two loves. The man that best loves his own family is, generally, the man who best loves his country; and the man who loves the brotherhood in all sincerity and purity, is the man, as history tells us and experience too, who is most ready to "honor all men." The Christian is the highest style of man, and therefore the best patriot; and if there is in our day and on this continent, as we fear there is, a loosening of the ties that bind men unselfishly to the State, it is because there is going on underneath, a silent loosening of the ties that bind men to Christ and His Church. *An Evangelical Church is the nursery of a free State.* In the bosom of the church men learn to "esteem others better than themselves," to seek "not every man his own things, but every man the things of others." In that school men learn to be free, for he alone is a true free-man whom truth makes free. It was in the bosom of the church the Huguenots of France, the Founders of the Dutch Republic, the Covenanters of Scotland, and the Puritans of England, learned to know, love, maintain, and defend the freedom they have in civil form transmitted to their posterity. In proportion, therefore, that church life is deep, real and intense, in that proportion will public life be lofty, uncorrupt, and patriotic. Just as certainly as the French Revolutions with all their absurdities and horrors, came out of the Atheistic clubs of Paris, so indeed did the English Revolutions with constitutional freedom, emerge from the "conventicles," and "meeting-houses," of a "brotherhood," whose leading feature in the early age of the Church often forced the remark from unwilling lips: "Behold how these men love each other."

THE CHIEF CORNER-STONE.

III. Under the third, which is the chief corner, let us agree to place this stone—"Fear God." Around this stone, as we try to lower it to its place, there is gathering a keen and important controversy. Men who say nothing against the first stone, nor against the second, step forward and say in their short-sightedness, that the State has nothing to do with God. We frankly acknowledge that it is best

at present, that there should be no connection, save that of rightful respect and comity, between Church and State ; but that is a different thing entirely from saying that there ought to be no connection between the State and God. The founders of the United States from oversight or from intention, constituted their Republic without definitely asserting the claims of God over it as a nation. From the fatal consequences of this mistake the Christian instincts of the people have, to some extent, delivered the country ; but, far-seeing men in that land, looking with failing hearts at the spread of public corruptions in all offices, and the depravation of morals so prevalent, are now turning their attention with fervent longings to the "*fear of God*," as the one great necessity to-day of their commonwealth. In a sermon on the recent Thanksgiving day in the "Church of the Disciples," New York, the Rev. G. H. Hepworth speaks as follows:—

"It was said in the days of Cromwell that the Christian religion was part and parcel of the constitution of England. We may say the same about our country to-day, and that patriotism and the Christian faith run side by side and encourage each other. In the first place, it seems to me that the greatest want of the times is an unselfish statesmanship, which is incorruptible. The ideal statesman is the man who forgets his personality when he takes the oath of office. The administration of public affairs ought not to have in it even the shadow of a suspicion. It has but one object and one aim, and that is duty well performed, in spite of friends or foes. The ideal statesman is the man who sees the whole of the country and who takes his position far above all local issues. His office is so administered that it can give him nothing but honor. Administration in any other way opens the door to temptation. Corruption stalks in and then its horrible characters are seen written on the wall. As I look around me I detect a hunger for office and a longing for power, which is ominous in the last degree. I think I see a class of men anxious for office who cannot be governed by the highest motives, while our elections are losing their olden dignity and have become a kind of scramble, in which the prizes belong to him who is the most reckless and powerful. A great man always makes his office greater, while a bad man always drags it down to his own level. I would the time were at hand when the courts would render it impossible for any man to make anything out of his office but an honored name. In our country the incentive to seek an office should be honor, not money. The American people are becoming used to a moral atmosphere that is pestiferous, and they breathe it without being aware of its poisonous nature. This is a problem easy in its solution, but the difficulty is to practice the remedies. We want more moral courage, and must look more trustingly to the Christian religion. It insists upon the fulfilment of duty and of the obligations which bind man to man. It does not ignore the things of this world, but would reach up and draw down those influences which cluster about the throne of God. Infidelity has eaten the heart of society. Now we must come back to the Cross, to the Sermon on the Mount, to the old faith of our fathers."

And on the same momentous subject, from a quarter very different, we hear the same cry for help, looking God-ward. In their letter to the "Synod in Ireland," the *Reformed Presbyterian Church* of the United States (the descendants of the men who struck the first blow for modern British liberty as founded on the "fear of God," as its chief corner-stone,) thus write, through their Synod:—

"We have hopes that the laws of this land shall yet stand upon a true basis, and that the divine law shall be acknowledged as the ultimate standard of appeal, and shall give shape and fashion to all our laws. We have hopes that the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ over this nation will be acknowledged in the national constitution, and more widely submitted to than it is. Thoughtful Christian men in all the evangelical denominations are coming to our National Reform platform. They feel the need of something to stay the tide of immorality and godlessness which, like a flood, sweeps across the land; and they feel that such an amendment to the constitution as we propose is the thing required. And so the reform work grows. It may be that the result we seek shall not be gained for some time; but there are many practical questions which the movement already touches with power for good. And in this work we feel confident that we are on God's side, and that, in the end, is the winning side."

ENGLISH LAW BASED ON THE BIBLE.

As Canadians, it is much in our favor, in this matter, that the best legal authorities assert that the common law of England, which is our law, is founded on the Bible, as appears from various decisions of the law courts, anterior to the Reformation, and posterior thereto. The following are instances:—

In the reign of Henry VI. "Ancient Scripture is the Common Law on which all manner of laws are founded." In the reign of Henry the VII. "Every law is, or if right ought to be, according to the Law of God." In 1867 it was adjudged in the Court of Exchequer that "Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land." (2 Burns & Cress, p. 471.) But to go back to the source of English Common Law, "The Statutes of King Alfred," we find them beginning thus:—

"The Lord spake these words to Moses. (Here follow the ten commandments, and sundry other laws from Moses of a moral character.) The 49th clause proceeds thus.—"These are the dooms which the Almighty God himself spake unto Moses and commanded him to keep; and after the only begotten Son of the Lord our

God, our Saviour Christ, came on earth, he said that he came not to break, nor to forbid these commandments, but with all good to increase them; and mercy and humility he taught."

"These laws of King Alfred," remarks a competent authority, "have never been repealed; on the contrary, the Sovereign of England only obtains the crown of England upon a solemn oath to maintain the laws of God, and the ancient laws of the realm, and what is the result? King Alfred came to the throne of England more than a thousand years ago, and his throne has been preserved for his children, and greatly enlarged; and counting from him in a direct line, King Alfred's lineal descendant of the thirty-first generation, now fills King Alfred's throne. This descendant is Victoria, the Queen."

Having, thus before them, the experience of the United States, and the precedents, traditions, and usages of the English constitution, let Canadians claim for God, and his Sabbath, and his Bible, and Christian marriage, the place in their constitution and usages that belongs to God in a Christian commonwealth.

REVERENCE FOR LAW.

III. As citizens of the Dominion, let us place under the fourth corner of the national fabric this stone, "HONOR THE KING." The Bible does not commit men to any form of civil government. Theocracy was, in the infancy of free nations, the government to which God gave his preference, and that form may yet be the form in the age of millennial purity and righteousness to which Christians look forward. But in the present juncture of human affairs, forms of government are open questions, and the supreme magistrate, or rather the constitution, is *King*, let the State be a kingdom, an empire, a democracy, or a republic. To honor the king then, in its essence, is to *reverence law*. It is one of the good points in despotic forms of government that they do gender regard for law. Respect for law, dread of the sword with which God has invested the civil magistrate, is a characteristic of European society, which is wanting in a large degree in American society. The tendency of democracy seems to be

the condition of Israel in the days of the judges (*sine lege, sine rege, sine terrore*) when there was no king in Israel, but every man did what was right in his own eyes. Painful indications of this alarming fact were furnished last summer in the railway riots of the United States, and are being furnished in Canada by riots in connection with processions, and in connection with the enforcement of laws against the liquor traffic. If a law is manifestly contrary to God's will, such as forbidding men to worship God, or giving alms to the poor, then it is not binding on free citizens; but as long as laws keep clear of this fatal objection, they ought to be obeyed (even though unequal, vexatious and frivolous) till such time as they can be repealed. Sufficient however, on this point are the words of an inspired writer with which we close:—"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by Him, for the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

Living Preachers.

OUR LORD'S PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted."—Isaiah lxi. 1.

UR Lord's anointing was with a special view to his preaching. Such honour does the Lord of heaven and earth put upon the ministry of the Word that, as one of the old Puritans said, "God had only one Son, and he made a preacher of him." It should greatly encourage the weakest amongst us, who are preachers of righteousness, to think that the Son of God, the blessed and eternal Word, came into this world that he might preach the same glad tidings which we are called to proclaim.

We may profitably note how earnestly our Lord kept to his work. It was his business to preach, and he did preach; he was always preaching. "What," say you, "did he not work miracles?" Yes, but his miracles were sermons; they were acted discourses, full of instruction. He preached when he was on the mountain, he equally preached when he sat at table in the Pharisee's house. All his actions were significant; he preached by every movement. He preached when he did not speak; his silence was as eloquent as his words. He preached when he gave, and he preached when he received; he was preaching a sermon when he lent his feet to the woman that she might wash them with her tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head, quite as much as when he was dividing the loaves and the fishes and feeding the multitude. He preached by his patience before Pilate, for there he witnessed a good confession. He preached from the bloody tree; with hands and feet fastened there, he delivered the most wonderful discourse of justice and of love, of vengeance and of grace, of death and of life, that was ever preached in this poor world. Oh, yes, he preached wondrously, he was always preaching; with all his heart and soul he preached. He prayed that he might obtain strength to preach. He wept in secret that he might the more compassionately speak the word which wipes men's tears away. Always a preacher, he was always ready, in season and out of season, with a good word. As he walked the streets he preached as he went along; and if he sought retirement, and the people thronged him, he sent them not away without a gracious word. This was his one calling, and this one calling he pursued in the power of the eternal Spirit; and he liked it so well, and thought so much of it, that he trained his eleven friends to the same work and sent them out to preach as he had done; and then he chose seventy more for the same errand, saying, "As ye go preach the gospel." Did he shave the head of one of them to make him a priest? Did he decorate one of them with a gown, or a chasuble, or a biretta? Did he teach one of them to say mass—to swing a censer, or to elevate the host? Did he instruct one of them to regenerate children by baptism? Did he bring them up to chant in surplices and march in processions? No, those things he never thought of, and neither will we. If he had thought of them it would only have been with utter contempt, for what is there in such childish things? The preaching of the cross—this it is which is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us who are saved it is the wisdom of God, and the power of God; for it pleaseth God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. Nor at the close of his

career had our Lord lowered his estimate of preaching, for just before he ascended he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." His last charge in brief was—preach, preach even as I have done before you. He lived the Prince of preachers, he died and became the theme of preachers, he lives again and is the Lord of preachers. What an honourable work is that to which his servants are called!

Now, as you have seen that our Saviour came to preach, now notice *his subject*. "The Lord hath anointed me to preach *good tidings* to the meek." And what good tidings did he preach? Pardon, pardon given to the chief of sinners, pardon for prodigal sons pressed to their father's bosom. Restoration from their lost estate as the piece of money was restored again into the treasury, and the lost sheep back to the fold. How encouragingly he preached of a life given to men dead in sin, life through the living water which becomes a fountain within the soul. You know how sweetly he would say, "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "Like as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He preached a change of heart, and the need of a new creation. He said, "Ye must be born again," and he taught those truths by which the Holy Ghost works in us and makes all things new. He preached glad tidings concerning resurrection, and bade men look for endless bliss by faith in him. He cried, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." He gave forth precepts, too, and threatenings in their place,—some of them very searching and terrible, but they were only used as accessories to the good news. He made men feel that they were poor, that they might be willing to be made rich by his grace. He made them feel weary and burdened, that they might come to him for rest; but the sum and substance of what he preached was the gospel—the good spell—the glad news.

Brethren, our divine Lord always preached upon that subject, and did not stoop to secular themes. If you notice, though he would sometimes debate with Pharisees, Herodians, and others, as needs must be, yet he was soon away from them and back to his one theme. He baffled them with his wisdom, and then returned to the work he loved, namely, preaching where the publicans and sinners drew near together "for to hear him." Our business, since the Spirit of God is upon us, is

not to teach politics, save only in so far as these immediately touch the kingdom of Christ, and there the gospel is the best weapon. Nor is it our business to be preaching mere morals, and rules of duty; our ethics must be drawn from the cross, and begin and end there. We have not so much to declare what men ought to do, as to preach the good news of what God has done for them. Nor must we always be preaching certain doctrines, as doctrines apart from Christ. We are only theologians as far as theology enshrines the gospel. We have one thing to do, and to that one thing we must keep. The old proverb says, "Cobbler, stick to your last," and, depend upon it, it is good advice to the Christian minister to stick to the gospel and make no remove from it. I hope I have always kept to my theme; but I take no credit for it, for I know nothing else. I have "determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Indeed, necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel. I would fain have but one eye, and that eye capable of seeing nothing from the pulpit but lost men and the gospel of their salvation; to all else one may well be blind, so that the entire force of the mind may centre on the great essential subject. There is, certainly, enough in the gospel for any one man, enough to fill any one life, to absorb all our thought, emotion, desire, and energy, yea, infinitely more than the most experienced Christian and the most intelligent teacher will ever be able to bring forth. If our Master kept to his one topic, we may wisely do the same, and if any say that we are narrow, let us delight in that blessed narrowness which brings men into the narrow way. If any denounce us as cramped in our ideas, and shut up to one set of truths, let us rejoice to be shut up with Christ, and count it the truest enlargement of our minds. It were well to be bound with cords to his altar, to lose all hearing but for his voice, all seeing but for his light, all life but in his life, all glorying save in his cross. If he who knew all things taught only the one thing needful, his servants may rightly enough do the same. "The Lord hath anointed me," saith he, "to preach good tidings": in this anointing let us abide.

But now notice *the persons* to whom he especially addressed the good tidings. They were the meek. Just look to the fourth of Luke, and you will read there, "The Lord hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor": the poor, then, are among the persons intended by the meek. I noticed when I was looking through this passage that the Syriac renders it "the humble," and I think the Vulgate renders it "the gentle." Calvin translates it "the afflicted." It all comes to one thing. The meek,

a people who are not lofty in their thoughts, for they have been broken down; a people who are not proud and lifted up, but low in their own esteem; a people who are often much troubled and tossed about in their thoughts; a people who have lost proud hopes and self-conceited joys: a people who seek no high things, crave for no honours, desire no praises, but bow before the Lord in humility. They are fain to creep into any hole to hide themselves, because they have such a sense of insignificance and worthlessness and sin. They are a people who are often desponding, and are apt to be driven to despair. The meek, the poor—meek because they are poor: they would be as bold as others if they had as much as others, or as others think they have; but God has emptied them, and so they have nothing to boast of. They feel the iniquity of their nature, the plague of their hearts; they mourn that in them there dwells no good thing, and oftentimes they think themselves to be the offscouring of all things. They imagine themselves to be more brutish than any man, and quite beneath the Lord's regard; sin weighs them down, and yet they accuse themselves of insensibility and impenitence. Now, the Lord has anointed the Lord Jesus on purpose to preach the gospel to such as these. If any of you are good and deserving, the gospel is not for you. If any of you are keeping God's laws perfectly, and hope to be saved by your works; the whole have no need of a physician, and the Lord Jesus did not come upon so needless an errand as that of healing men who have no wounds or diseases. But the sick need a doctor, and Jesus has come in great compassion to remove their sicknesses. The more diseased you are, the more sure you may be that the Saviour came to heal such as you are. The more poor you are, the more certain you may be that Christ came to enrich you; the more sad and sorrowful you are, the more sure you may be that Christ came to comfort you. You nobodies, you who have been turned upside down and emptied right out, you who are bankrupts and beggars, you who feel yourselves to be clothed with rags and covered with wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores, you who are utterly bad through and through, and know it, and mourn it, and are humbled about it, you may know that God has poured the holy oil without measure upon Christ on purpose that he might deal out mercy to such poor creatures as you are. What a blessing this is! How we ought to rejoice in the anointing, since it benefits such despicable objects. We who feel that we are such objects ought to cry, "Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

We must now consider *our Lord's design* and object in thus preaching the gospel to the poor and the meek.

It was you observe, that he might bind up the broken-hearted. "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Carefully give heed, that you may see whether this belongs to you. Are you broken-hearted because of sin; because you have sinned often, foully, grievously? Are you broken-hearted because your heart will not break as you would desire it should break; broken-hearted because you repent that you cannot repent as you would, and grieved because you cannot grieve enough? Are you broken-hearted because you have not such a sense of sin as you ought to have, and such a deep loathing of it as you perceive that others have? Are you broken-hearted with despair as to self-salvation; broken-hearted because you cannot keep the law; broken-hearted because you cannot find comfort in ceremonies; broken-hearted because the things which look best have turned out to be deceptions; broken-hearted because, all the world over, you have found nothing but broken cisterns which hold no water, which have mocked your thirst when you have gone to them; broken-hearted with longing after peace with God; broken-hearted because prayer does not seem to be answered; broken-hearted because when you come to hear the gospel you fear that it is not applied to you with power; broken-hearted because you had a little light and yet slipped back into darkness; broken-hearted because you are afraid you have committed the unpardonable sin; broken-hearted because of blasphemous thoughts which horrify your mind and yet will not leave it? I care not why or wherefore you are broken-hearted, but Jesus Christ came into the world, sent of God with this object—to bind up the broken-hearted. It is a beautiful figure, this binding up—as though the Crucified One took the liniment and the strapping and put it round the broken heart, and with his own dear gentle hand proceeded to close up the wound and make it cease to bleed. Luke does not tell us that he came to bind up the broken-hearted: if you examine his version of the text, you will read that he came to cure them. That is going still further, because you may bind a wound up and yet fail to cure it, but Jesus never fails in his surgery. He whose own heart was broken knows how to cure broken hearts. I have heard of people dying of a broken heart, but I always bless God when I meet with those who live with a broken heart because it is written, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." If you have that broken heart within you, beloved, Christ came to cure you; and he will do it, for he never came in vain: "he shall not fail nor be discouraged." With sovereign power anointed from on high he watches for the worst of cases. Heart disease, incurable by man, is his speciality!

His gospel touches the root of the soul's ill, the mischief which dwells in that place from whence are the issues of life. With pity, wisdom, power, and condescension he bends over our broken bones, and ere he has done with them he makes them all rejoice and sing glory to his name. Come then, ye troubled ones, and rely upon your Saviour's healing power. Give yourselves up to his care, confide in his skill, rest in his love. What joy you shall have if you will do this at once! What joy shall I have in knowing that you do so! Above all, what joy will fill the heart of Jesus, the beloved Physician, as he sees you healed by his stripes!

Poetry.

SLIPPING AWAY.

THEY are slipping away—these sweet swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

 silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
 Or an arrow's flying gleam;
as soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long, golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love.
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

—National Repository.

WHISPERING WINDS.

WHISPERING winds, as ye glide o'er the earth
 Afar in your trackless course,
 I question not of your mission here,
 I ask you not of your source;
 But take for me on your airy wings,
 To the loved ones far away,
 A message replete with the loving things
 My powerless lips would say.

Go, speed ye on to the Northern clime,
 Seek out my loved ones there,
 Tell them I dream of the olden time,
 And remember them in prayer;
 Tell them I sit alone by the fire,
 A-dreaming the olden dreams,
 And as the flames rise higher and higher
 I see in their golden gleams
 The forms and hopes of the shadowy past,
 So real and living then,
 But from my vision they glided fast,
 To never come back again.

There is one whose name I never speak,
 Except when I kneel to pray—
 Go seek him out, for I know he walks
 Somewhere in the world to-day.
 Our parting words, "We'll meet again,"
 Sweet peace to my heart have given;
 But now they bring me a dreary pain,
 For 'twill only be in Heaven.

Tell him the treasures I've kept for years
 Are a pictured laughing face,
 And a few old letters, dimmed with tears—
 Dim messengers of grace—
 And a little tress of chestnut hair—
 He'll remember all I know;
 So take my message through the air,
 As on viewless wings ye go.

EVENING PRAYER.

I COME to Thee to-night,
 In my lone closet where no eyes can see;
 And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
 Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine,
 On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
 With all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
 Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all; the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone,
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom thou hast called thine own.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

Christian Thought.

IS CONSCIENCE INFALLIBLE?

JOSEPH COOK'S MONDAY LECTURE.



HERE is a celebrated oration by Massillon in which he adjured his hearers, at a certain point, to imagine the doors of the temple in which he was speaking to be closed. He then directs them to look upward and imagine the roof opening upon the azure, and the last day appearing in the infinite spaces. The judg-

ment is set, and you are alone, and how many here will judge themselves to be among the elect? Massillon was philosophically wise in a strange rhetorical device, for it is certain that only in solitude, only in the hush of the visible presence of death and the judgment, can we understand conscience. Voltaire admired this oration of Massillon's. When Louis XIV. heard it in the chapel at Versailles, he covered his face with his trembling hands. When it was delivered in the church of St. Eustache in Paris, the whole audience rose with a sudden movement, uttering a deep, wailing cry of terror and faith, as if a thunderbolt had suddenly fallen in the middle of the temple.

The inner sky, like the outer, is studied best in its depths, when God shuts up the world in its ebony box, to use George Herbert's phrase. Our secret thoughts are rarely heard except in secret. No man knows what conscience is until he understands what solitude can teach him concerning it. Thomas Paine could not bear to be left alone. Many an inmate of the Charlestown prison-wards yonder dreads solitary confinement more than anything else. The secret of solitude is that there is no solitude. At Mount Holyoke, and at Wellesley, and in Vassar College, every pupil is advised to be a certain period each day alone, with the Bible and with God. Therefore, Massillon shall cause pause here to-day, while I ask whether conscience is infallible, and whether in its infallibility we have not the touch and the vision of a personal God? Imagine the doors closed, and the judgment set.

Conscience is that which perceives and feels rightness and oughtness in moral motives—that is, in choice and intentions.

The word motive has three meanings—allurement, appetite, intentions.

When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, his allurements, or objective natural motive, was the political prize of supreme power in the Roman empire.

That was wholly outside of himself. He was not responsible for its existence. Nevertheless, it was a motive to him in the sense of allurements.

His appetite, or subjective natural motive, was made up of his constitutional endowments, including ambition and love of power. He did not create these. They were wholly outside the range of his choice.

In neither of these senses of the motive does conscience judge them; and in neither of these senses are we responsible for them.

But Cæsar's intention in crossing the Rubicon was determined by himself; he put forth his own choice; his preferences or moral motives were wholly his own; and were, as he was pleased to make them, either honorable or dishonorable, good or bad.

In this sense of the word motives we are responsible for them and conscience does judge them.

Most mischievous confusion of thought arises from not distinguishing the three things signified by the word motives.

A distinguished theological teacher once illustrated the difference of the three kinds of motives by the case of a boy climbing an apple tree to steal apples. The apples are the objective natural motive. The boy climbs the tree to get the apples, and there is his exterior natural motive. He climbs the tree because he is hungry, and there is his interior natural motive. He climbs the tree because he has a mind to and that is the motive for which he is responsible.

Choice is agreeable elective preference. It is preceded by a comparison of at least two objects, and by an excitement of the sensibilities in relation to the objects compared. It may be followed by acts tending to gratify the choice. All choice implies ratherness. Therefore, the choice of an object involves the refusal of its opposite. No man chooses good unless he likes to choose it. Every choice implies free ratherness. Forced preference is a phrase involving self-contradiction. Agreeable elective preference, that and nothing less, is choice. The meaning harmonizes well with all the proverbs of the nations. "What a man loves he is.

Intention may be defined as a resolved choice. When the fixed plan of executing that choice is entertained by the mind, the intention is called a purpose.

Motives, defined as intentions, choices, and purposes, are perceived by conscience to be right or wrong. Can we prove such a proposition? I am appealing to pretexts from the oldest Scriptures, that is the nature of things. Some silly person wrote the other day from Cambridge, England, that in the lectureship it is not thought worth while to cite the Bible, and that the attempt is merely to build up a religion without any reference to the Scriptures. The castle of the Scriptures stands here, and there are defenders in it. After nineteen centuries of victorious repulsion of assaults, it needs no assistance from me. But haughty science comes forward, with other weapons, and I have been placed here by my brethren not to instruct them in anything Biblical or scientific that they do not know, but to go down into the field before the castle, and with the very weapons of these arrogant foes to meet them in their own redoubts. It will not now seem other than scientific to assert, in view of the propositions already put before you, that

All sin or holiness consists, not in volition, but in elective preferences, choices, intentions, moral motives.

External acts possess expediency or in expediency, harmfulness or mischievousness, and their character in these respects I must ascertain by a combined use of judgment and Conscience. I do not know by Conscience whether you are a good man or a bad man; I do not know by Conscience whether I ought to defend the President's southern policy or not. It is a question of judgment what I had better do concerning the South. I must gather all the facts; I must look at human experience; I must take the entire light I have or can get; and then, in the action I choose, Conscience will tell whether my intentions are good or bad; that is, whether I am willing to follow all the illumination I possess or can obtain, or not.

Conscience guarantees only good intentions. Are they enough? If Conscience, when truly followed, does not give us soundness of judgment, really it is not a very important faculty, you say. But let us notice what can be proved beyond a doubt, namely, that a man who follows Conscience we are able to respect, and that we are not able to respect any other man. There is Stonewall Jackson, and here is John Brown. Now let us suppose that Stonewall Jackson believes that John Brown is utterly honest; and let us suppose that John Brown believes the same of Jackson. Brown's action appears to Jackson to be very mischievous, and Jackson's action appears to Brown to be equally so. In fact they are crossing bayonets in a civil war; but they are both men of prayer, men of confirmed religious habits, and we have reason to believe that they are endeavoring to be conscientious. This is a singular fact in the soul; but this is the way we are made. We find that Governor Wise, when he looked into the eyes of John Brown and saw honesty there, and that others who noticed his mood in his last hours, were thrown into a kind of awe by that border warrior. He meant right; and respect for that man's soul is not confined to the circle of the mountains between which he lies in my native county in Northern New York. I have heard the summer wind sighing over the grave of John Brown, and have stood there and gazed upon Mount Marcy, and Whiteface and Lake Placid; but because I believed this man's conscience was a Lake Placid, and his resolution to follow it firm as Marcy, firm as Whiteface, firm as any of those gigantic peaks in my native Switzerland, I felt sure that his soul was marching on, and that when his spirit smote slavery the tree after that was timber. It did not fall, but it was no longer alive.

Conscience is your magnetic needle. Reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so good a chart and no needle at all. Which is more important in the high seas of passion, the needle Conscience or the chart Reason? We know it was the discovery of the physical needle that made navigation possible on physical seas; and loyalty to the spiritual magnetic needle alone makes navigation safe on the spiritual seas. When we find a needle in man through which flow magnetic currents and courses of influence that roll around the whole globe and fill the universe, causing every orb to balance with upright pole, we know there is in the needle something that is in it but not of it; and we may well stand in awe of it, and refuse to tutor it. Show me a crew without a chart, but willing to follow the needle, and I will show you safe navigators; but show me a crew with a chart, who will not look at the needle, and I will show you navigators near wreck.

Give me a Lincoln, and I will trust a nation's welfare to him, for the judgment of the leader will grow right by following all the illumination he possesses. Give me a Lord Bacon, with never so wide windows of merely intellectual illumination, and no purpose of doing the best he knows how, and I dare not trust him where I would trust a Lincoln of far inferior intellectual powers. You know that it is a right heart that, in the end, makes a safe head; and the ancients used to say that the punishment of a knave is that he loses good judgment.

To follow Conscience is to suppress no light, that is, to follow the whole and not part of our light.

Every man does know infallibly whether he means to do the best he knows how or not in any deliberate choice. By a primordial faculty not derived from experience, he knows whether the purpose or intention of following all the light he has exists or does not exist in his mind.

There is an ancient Book that speaks of the mischief of the suppression of light. There is a volume which says that "this is the condemnation, light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light." All this is said in connection with the most subtle doctrines concerning "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." I find, therefore, that this general view of Conscience, as something which always pronounces it right to follow all the radiance we have, and wrong to suppress light, coincides marvellously with the profoundest thought of Chris-

tianity, that whoever tutors "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" is acting against Light which "in the beginning was with God and was God."

Within the field of intentions or the moral motives, therefore, conscience has the infallibility which belongs to the perception of self-evident truths, and in Kant's language "an erring conscience is a chimera."

There are men who do not know that when they tutor the magnetic needle they are tutoring currents that enswathe the globe and all worlds. There are men who do not know that when they tutor Conscience they are tutoring magnetisms which pervade both the universe of souls and its Author. Beware how you put the finger of special pleading on the quivering needle of Conscience, and forbid it to go north, south, east or west; beware of failing to balance it on a hair's point; for, whoever tutors that primordial, necessary, universal, infallible perception, tutors a personal God.

Christian Life.

[In selecting for this section the Editor strives to confine his selections to no one Christian denomination, but to go abroad, to show the rich and varied forms in which Christian experience presents itself. In the life of Bishop Ewing, here given, there occurs one or two statements which the Editor guards by foot-notes.—Ed. C.C.M.]



BISHOP EWING belonged to the old Highland Episcopalians, who in their day identified their cause with the house of Stuart. His ancestors lived on the banks of Loch Fyne, part of that wild western region which forms the diocese of Argyle and the Isles. His father at the time of his birth, which was in March, 1814, was resident in Aberdeen, where he was a prosperous advocate. He died at the age of thirty four, when Alexander was only in his thirteenth year, leaving two sons and one daughter. The mother survived him only two years, when the children were left orphans. She is described as a very pious woman, "a woman of many tears, and many prayers," and the one fervent desire of her heart was, that her two sons should be clergymen of the Church of England.

An uncle became the guardian of the children, for whom a good provision had been made by the foresight of their father. They went for two

years to Marischal College in Aberdeen, and then in the spring of 1830 they were sent to a private school in Chelsea, kept by a clergyman who is described as a moderate Evangelical. Alexander so far gained the friendship of the master, that he was employed as amanuensis to copy his sermons. He was also a favorite with the other boys, owing to his eager, adventurous nature, combined with courteous manners and an unruffled temper. The two brothers were confirmed at St. Paul's Cathedral, by Bishop Bloomfield during their Chelsea residence, which extended over fifteen months, when they returned to Aberdeen. Next winter they removed to Edinburgh to attend the University classes, and were boarded with a brother of the famous Dr. Chalmers. They were diligent students, but Alexander's health was so indifferent, that he was not allowed to return to college for the following session. He was boarded with a farmer, apparently to learn agriculture, but farming as described in Virgil's Georgics had more attractions for him than the actual practice, and, in the following winter, he determined on resuming his studies at Edinburgh. This was done, and with the session of 1834-5, his education ended,—that is, as Mr. Ross expresses it, his formal education, for Bishop Ewing was at school all his life.

During this irregular university career several important events occurred. In 1832 their sister died, and the boys once more stood by the grave side in the churchyard of the old cathedral of Aberdeen. They were now fairly alone in the world, and their guardians left them very much to themselves. Their ample means enabled them to have every pleasure that boys in their circumstances were likely to desire. The first summer vacation was spent at Braemar, where their headquarters were the Invercauld Arms. An article in *Blackwood* on the English Lakes kindled the desire of seeing Windermere, when, along with another friend, they started on ponies, bearing fishing-rods, knapsacks, and tartan plaids, with a horse-pistol in a holster, and followed by a favorite Newfoundland dog called Juno. When the three "Hieland laddies" rode through Kinross, they were mobbed by a crowd of boys and idlers who hooted at them, and so pelted poor Juno with stones, that she ran down a street and was never heard of again. On their return from the Lake country, the brothers saw in a local paper an advertisement of a house to be let in Morayshire, with the right of shooting over a considerable estate abounding with all sorts of game. They rode at once to Aberdeen and agreed with the agent to be the tenants of "Invergie House." Here the time passed pleasantly amid rural sports, studies, and social intercourse with the neighbours, and here Alex-

ander Ewing met Catharine Stewart, daughter of Major Stewart of Pittyvaich in Banffshire, who became his wife in 1835, just after he had finished at Edinburgh, and three months after he had come of age.

The beginning was fair ; all seemed prosperous for the voyage of life. What could any one wish more than youth, a sufficient income, a pleasant dwelling, time and capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life ? The marriage took place in June and on the 12th of August there was eager preparation at Inverugie for a campaign on the moors, but just as they were ready to start for Inverness-shire, John, the brother, was seized with an attack of bronchitis. Soon after Alexander was also prostrate, and his life was despaired of. Many months passed before he was again restored, but, in fact, his recovery was never complete. He had no more shooting on the heather hills. Life had become serious. Books absorbed him. A hidden life was being developed. He read Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," Abbott's "Corner Stone," and he pondered on the lives of such men as Frederic Oberlin and Henry Martyn. His biographer says, "It does not appear that any special change was noticeable in what may be called the religious aspects of his character, when Mr. Ewing began to link up again the broken threads of his active pursuits. Religion was never with him so much the object of life, as rather the inspiration and elevation of it. There is, in scientific language, no solution of continuity in his history—no great epoch of revolution—but a gradual advancement to the recognition of the claims of Christ over his heart and will, a deepening sense of his own unworthiness to be called a son of God, and an augmenting yearning after nearer conformity to that image of perfect graciousness and trueness which our Lord and Elder Brother unveiled to the world."

His medical advisers had recommended him to to the south of Europe, but before setting out for Italy, as he had resolved on offering himself to the Scotch Episcopal Church, he applied for ordination to the Bishop of Ross and Moray, by whom in September, 1838, he was admitted to the office of a deacon.

Mr. Ewing was three years in Italy, from 1838 to 1841. While there he received a letter from the Bishop of Ross and Moray, saying, that he had been elected minister of the Episcopal congregation at Forres. On his return the offer of the charge was renewed to him, but as yet the congregation had no church. A house called Brodie Cottage, about four miles from Forres, was hired, and Mr. Ewing began his duties. The same year he was admitted to the order of presbyters by the Bishop of

Aberdeen, his congregation soon increased, but it consisted almost exclusively of the representatives of wealth and rank in the neighbourhood. He wished to see more of the humbler classes, for he believed he had a message to them. The doctrinal system of Calvin, which was then so prevalent in Scotland, appeared to him as a limitation of the mercy of God. He might have gone into the Established Church of Scotland but for the rigid Calvinism of the Westminster Confession, which he used to contrast with the words of the Church of England Catechism, "God has redeemed me and all mankind." In 1842, Mr. Ewing wrote, "My brethren, we should all remember, in answer to the suggestions by which we may be assaulted, that Christ died for all men; that if God is not mocked, neither doth He mock us; that salvation is offered to all; that on the cross hung Jesus, the only Son of God beloved, and with God ere the world was, and that from this cross flowed mercy enough for all the sins of all the universe;* and that God, who spared not for us His only Son, but gave Him up to the death for all, will surely with Him give us all things. This is the answer to devils, and worlds, and men, and an answer full and complete, and enough for every man, although he knew that three or four only would accept God's salvation out of the millions of creation." Further on it is said that Christ did not come to save us from *the punishment of sin*, but from *sin itself*. The first three years of Mr. Ewing's ministry were years on which he could always look back with pleasure. His health was at its best, he had few troubles, his work was agreeable to him, and he had used his time well for mental and spiritual progress.

Under date February 14, 1844, we read in his diary, "I made this day a covenant or renunciation to God of all my own cares and anxious thoughts concerning what He gave me and what he alone can protect. He bids us do so, when it is said, 'Casting all your care upon Him,' or 'Come unto me, all that travail.' Thus only can we cease to be careful and troubled about many things. And so, O most mighty Saviour, I resign all to Thee, to undertake and provide for me, and manage better

*That Mr. Ewing here misunderstood the meaning of the *Westminster Confession*, and misrepresented its spirit, is evident from the following remarks of Dr. Hodge, who taught the very theology of that Confession. Writing on the question, "For whom did Christ die?" Dr. Hodge says in his "Theology," (Vol. II., p. 544) "The question does not concern the value of Christ's satisfaction. That Augustinians admit to be infinite. Its value depends on the dignity of the sacrifice; and as no limit can be placed to the dignity of the Eternal Son of God, who offered himself for our sins, so no limit can be assigned to the meritorious value of his work. . . . What was sufficient for one was sufficient for all. . . . Nothing more would have been required had every child of Adam been saved by his blood."

than I can,—my wife, my children, my congregation, my church, my house, my wealth, my prospects—my whole concerns for time and eternity. Amen.'

Two more years elapse and Alexander Ewing is consecrated Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. This was a new diocese, or, more properly, an old one restored. There had been no Bishop of Argyle since the time of James II. The aged Bishop of Ross and Moray, Dr. David Low, was also Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. At his suggestion the separation was made, and by him the new diocese was endowed with a gift of £8,000. Bishop Ewing and Bishop Forbes of Brechin were consecrated together—two men of very different views, but both with sufficient individuality to leave their stamp on the community to which they belonged. Nothing more excellent could be desired than the spirit in which Bishop Ewing entered upon his episcopate. On the eve of his consecration he wrote in his diary this prayer: "Grant me to know nothing among my people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Grant me never to weary of His service, and ever to seek His things and not my own. Bless me in my various relationships—first, as the root of usefulness without, with my wife, children, brother and relatives; then with my clergy; finally with my people. Give me true love for them and singleness of purpose in dealing with them, that I may seek not my own things but theirs. And, O blessed and Almighty God, give me whatever is wanting in me, and take away whatever is contrary to the fulfilment of Thy will. Pardon me all my sins and grant that hereafter I may serve Thee in singleness and pureness of life. Bless my friends, bless my enemies. May I be a blessing to all—to the Scotch Episcopal Church—and to all with whom I may come in contact. O deal not with me after my sins!"

The Bishop was faithful to his charge. He found work enough in his immense diocese, which involved much travelling both by sea and land. Churches had to be built, congregations formed, clergymen found who could do the work on small salaries, many of which were paid in part by the Bishop himself. After the lapse of four years he discovered that what he was spending on his diocese was interfering with the claims of his family, which led to serious thoughts of seeking some other employment. To his brother John, now Rector of Westrill, in Hertfordshire, he wrote, "I am almost afraid of my ability to carry on the work of the Argyle bishopric. The expenses are very heavy, and the continual journeying is as labourious as if I were a bishop in New Zealand. I have not as yet obtained the income arising from the endowment of the see, and

I have had to sacrifice no inconsiderable amount of capital." He had thoughts of offering himself as a missionary bishop; and, at a later period, he proposed helping the Waldenses, who had recently come into public notice through the instrumentality of Dr. Gilly. The Temple, which had been built for them in Turin by English money, was to be open for the use of all Protestants, native or foreign. As the Waldenses formerly had bishops, and only lost them by a plague,* Bishop Ewing was under the belief that his services would be very acceptable to the people; and if any good end were to be served by it, he would be able to restore to them the Episcopate. It was this proposition, mildly expressed, which frightened the English supporters of the Waldenses. Dr. Gilly was not favourable to the scheme,† believing that Bishop Ewing was a High Churchman, while a High Churchman of Oxford warned him against "the Waldensian heresy," saying, "You are surely more needed in your own country." The Bishop went to Switzerland for a short time; but finding that he could get no access to Piedmont, he returned to his northern diocese. Next year was marked by the death of his wife, who died in child-bed. This was a heavy stroke, which he felt deeply, yet he went on with his work as if, so far as outward appearance went, no such loss had befallen him. But it was the moment of a great inward struggle. At the end of a letter to his brother he wrote—

"I think all lesser loves are gone,
All lesser hopes, all lesser fears,
And now we'll live to God alone
Increasingly with growing years.

"Is it that other loves are dead?
Is it that love I cannot find?
Is it my heart itself that's fled?
Are earthly joys all left behind?

"It is not so, but God alone
Can still the turmoil of the heart;
I fear to think of pleasures gone,
I fear to feel new pleasures start.

"Thou, who containest all the past,
Thou, who containest what's to come,
Keep from me that which went so fast,
Be Thou Thyself my future home."

* At the recent meeting of the General Presbyterian Council a paper was read by one of the Waldensian pastors, which showed that the parity of Pastors has been from time immemorial a distinctive feature in the church government of the Waldenses.

† Dr. Gilly was not favourable to the scheme because he found, to his disappointment, that the Waldenses, much as they loved Dr. Gilly, would not go along with him to Episcopacy.

A few more years, and the Bishop found the necessity of making still further retrenchments in his expenditure. His health was again serious; but his prospects brightened after an interview with the Bishop of London (Dr. Tait), who suggested a meeting at London House with a view to establishing a fund for the work in the diocese of Argyle. Several of his friends in Scotland, who knew of his great labours and expenditure on his diocese, insisted that he should also be re-imbursed for his outlay, but this he strenuously opposed. At last he yielded so far as to accept a moderate sum.

To many persons the most interesting part of this biography will be the study of Bishop Ewing's mental history. He was by constitution a Platonist, which accounts for his readily embracing many theological views which have not usually been reckoned orthodox. To minds of this class religion ever presents itself on the side of emotion. It is love and joy, *something to be experienced in the inner life, and not a mere creed* received on authority. There is a natural shrinking from ready-made systems of theology. This was first manifested in Bishop Ewing in his horror of the rigid Calvinism which is embodied in the Westminster Confession of Faith. The doctrinal system of Calvin has been believed by many saints and philosophers, certainly by the great Church Father, St. Augustine; and, so far as words and expressions go, it is difficult to vindicate St. Paul himself from the charge of giving his sanction to the doctrines of the Reformer of Geneva. But, in some aspects, these doctrines are irreconcilable with what we are bound to believe concerning Divine justice and God's infinite mercy, and irreconcilable, too, with some plain declarations of Scripture. Bishop Ewing would naturally, as a Scotchman, and with his desires for a national religion, have joined the Established Church of the country, but to him it made an immense difference whether he was to preach that the love of God in Christ extended to all men or only to a few that were fore-ordained to life.

A bishop like Dr. Ewing could have, one would suppose, but little peace in a narrow community like the Episcopal Church of Scotland. Among the laity of that Church we might, indeed, reasonably expect to find a great liberality of sentiment, many of them being English people, representing all the parties in the Church of England, and others being the aristocracy and gentry of the country, who have had the best advantages in the way of education, and whose intercourse with England has brought them into the current of the national thought of England. But from the very circumstance that the maintenance of Episcopacy is the

main plea for the existence of the community, we do not expect great liberality among its bishops and clergy. If they were liberal, they would naturally merge into the Established Church. Bishop Ewing, at least in his later days, opposed the general policy of the other Scotch bishops. His main objection to the Scotch community was the use of a Communion Office different from that of the English Church, and believed to be of Laudian tendency. Bishop Ewing took every opportunity of disparaging this Communion Office, yet he held that it did not interfere with the identity of the two Churches. He knew that a party found in it a supposed sanction for an extravagant doctrine about the presence of Christ's body in the Eucharist, but they read in it, he said, a meaning which Laud himself denied to have been intended by the words. When the decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case declared the question of baptismal regeneration to be an open question in the English Church, there was a great commotion among the Episcopal clergy in the north, lest the same freedom should be extended to them. Bishop Ewing exerted himself to secure for them the freedom which fell to them so long as they claimed to be one with the Church of England. The Eucharistic doctrines of the Bishop of Brechin and Mr. P. Cheyne of Aberdeen, the Bishop opposed with all his might, and charged the root of them all on the Scotch Communion Office. He was a decided Protestant, in the sense of being opposed not only to Romanism, but to all the Romanizing doctrines which some persons in the Church of England, and in the Scotch Episcopal Church have been introducing under the vague and ambiguous term of *Catholic* teaching. The exclusiveness of the present Bishop of Glasgow, who prohibited Bishop Ewing from preaching in the university chapel at the invitation of principal Caird, led to the following words in a letter to Dr. McLeod Campbell: "I have had my time greatly taken up with that business of Bishop Wilson's, and I cannot say how much it has impressed me with the feeling that those apparently innocent things, apostolic succession and high views (as they are called) of the Christian sacraments, are really *anti-Christian* in their operation when they take shape in active life. They reveal their meaning to be a doctrine of election, which is just so much worse than the common one that it is *external* and official, which, moreover, renders the sacraments themselves uncertain in their efficacy by demanding the will of minister, if the reception of them is to be savingly beneficial. How destructive this doctrine must be of simple and immediate fellowship between man and man, and between man and God, I need not say. And yet it is a growing thing in the Church of England."

The first mention of the hostility of the other bishops is in connection with a charge in 1860. After a meeting at Perth of the Council of Trinity College, Glenalmond, the bishop wrote to his brother: "The bishops were not exactly what you could truthfully call pleasant persons in their behaviour to me at Perth, and it seems that I have offended some of them, at least, in many ways—by my Vaudois scheme, by the meeting at London House, and by my allusion to the judgments in the Cheyne and Forbes cases in my recent charge. Indeed, one of them told me that *I deserved a presentment*. Never mind, *the earth still moves*, as Galileo said, and one day the Scotch bishops will take more kindly to the views which I have endeavored to set forth. The laity are all, or nearly all, right; and one of them belonging to my own diocese, said to me the other day, when speaking of my charge, that I had only uttered what he had been regarding as the truth in these matters of redemption and the meaning of the Holy Communion for the last thirty years." The Bishop printed the sermon which he intended to preach, and followed it up with an article in the *Contemporary Review* on Anglo-Catholicism. For these offences he was summoned by his Episcopal brethren to attend a Conference at Perth, but he wrote to Bishop Wordsworth that he did not think he could *with propriety be present*. Though prohibited from preaching in the Glasgow college chapel, the Bishop, in furtherance of the union of Christendom, preached in the Presbyterian churches of his own diocese.

The course which Bishop Ewing pursued at the Pan-Anglican Conference greatly widened the breach between him and the High Church party, both in England and Scotland. He had seen that the object of that gathering was to get an ecclesiastical decision opposed to the decision of the Privy Council in the case of Bishop Colenso and Bishop Gray. We have not space to speak further of this Conference, concerning which some curious revelations are to be found in this biography. We shall only quote the Bishop's idea of a true Pan-Anglican Synod. It was to consist of good men of every Church, who were to "give us their experience as to what they have found to be good and true—men not summoned by a waning and panic-stricken authority, but drawn together by a common love of the truth, and of him who is the absolute Lord of Truth—a representative Pan-Christian Assembly of devout and reflective natures, who have long ago discovered that of all subjects, the highest of all demands 'the most calmness, most patience, most humility, and above all the utter exclusion of fear, or merely self-regarding claims for its consider-

ation; of men who acknowledged that their first allegiance was due to the light within, 'the candle of the Lord' kindled in their own understandings."

The Bishop died on Ascension day, 1878, at his brother's rectory in Westmill. He preached his last sermon on the preceding Easter day. We should have been glad to have quoted many of his letters, but we have only room for part of one to his daughter. It relates to his last Easter Day, which he says he had enjoyed more than any he remembered. "It was," he says, "Elsie's first communion, and we had the peace of an English parish, the quiet groups going to church, the Easter bells, the hymns, the budding hedges, and the birds, all speaking of resurrection. I shrink from a return to the bitter north. But let us carry in our hearts the everlasting chime, and in due time beyond these voices there will be peace. . . . I wish you had been with us yesterday, that I might have heard your voice in the old church here, and in the ancient hallelujah,

'Jesus Christ is risen to-day.'

My best love to Alexander and the little ones."

We can only add, in conclusion, the obvious reflection, what a power in the world would even the small Episcopal Church in Scotland become if all its bishops and clergy breathed the spirit of Bishop Ewing!—*Day of Rest.*

Christian Miscellany.

THE BOOK AND THE REPUBLIC.



HE Sabbath and the Bible are for the people. The first settlers and first formers of our national character brought these with them. They built homes, schools, colleges, churches. They brought these into our homes, schools, churches. They pertain to these. No court can decide against them. A legislature has no more right to inhibit, prohibit or expel them than it has to interfere with my breathing, And they can no more turn them back in their course than they can turn Niagara's torrent, or the rushing west wind, unless the American people turn traitors to themselves and God.

In an obscure corner of St. Paul's cathedral is a small tablet bearing the name of its illustrious architect with the legend, "If you desire to see his monument, look around." Here is a Bible and our country is a monument to its power. This does not merely mean that even the overwhelming majority of the people obey it, but that the organic life of the country and the legislative, judicial, and executive acts of the Government, are in accordance with the religion it unfolds and which our people have accepted. On a summer's day, as the writer was riding near a large field, the question was asked, What is the crop, so lustrous in bright yellow? Hardly a green spot appeared. No man, however, would call that a mustard field. It was a wheat field, notwithstanding all the weeds; ploughed, harrowed and rolled, with and for wheat. It yielded over twenty bushels to the acre, too. So this land is a Bible Christian land, and although many and diverse principles obtain; although tares are among the wheat, sometimes overtopping it, the fact abides as to the character of our country. No reason can be given for the slender acquaintance many persons make with the book, but that its purity, and the heavenliness it demands and which should be attractive, become repulsive to minds bent only on self-gratification or full of self-sufficiency. And yet he is a superficial reader who remains unacquainted with it. It is classic among classics. It settles with precision some questions insolvable by geologist, ethnologist, historian and linguist. Some dapper lecturers grow smart in criticising the Mosaic account of creation as being mythical or unlearned, not knowing that its statements are as precise and demonstrative as any proposition in Euclid's geometry. The man who, in this country, remains ignorant of this book can not claim credit for the intelligence befitting this age any more than he who takes no newspaper. It is to us as a people, what the diameter of the earth's orbit is to the astronomer, the base line for the calculations of the whole universe.—*An American Writer.*

READING ALOUD.

WHEN people speak of accomplishments, says the *Christian Intelligencer*, they always mean music, vocal and instrumental, dancing, and some knowledge of languages. Yet it seems to us that they should include the art of reading aloud, correctly and gracefully, among them, for this is an art as acceptable as it is uncommon. When we say *uncommon*, we are not to be understood as saying that very few people can read aloud cor-

rectly. This would be an evident misstatement, but we do intend to say that to read with grace and elegance, in a pleasing tone, carefully modulated to suit the subject and style of the thing read (yet not with *too much* dramatic expression) is a gift of greater rarity than one would suppose.

Such a reader as we have described is a great acquisition to the social or to the family circle, and oftentimes, when even music is not suitable, such a one may lend this charm of voice and expression to brighten most acceptably an otherwise dull hour.

We would have all young people cultivate themselves as readers, even if they are not called upon to exercise the faculty just now. Besides, a habit of reading aloud gives one the habit of clearer enunciation in ordinary talk. It overcomes the inelegance of clipping our words, or running them too close together, which disfigures so much conversation. For instance, "Iem me see," does duty for "let me see," nine times out of ten, while "whery' you bin," stands for "where have you been."

Now, to any one accustomed to much reading aloud, this fusing of sentences will be almost impossible, and every day speech will gain this much in clearness and correctness.

To the elders in our homes, it is often particularly pleasant to *listen* to what they find most interesting in the daily papers or the magazines, since they are spared the trouble of adjusting spectacles or seeking a favourable light. And when the reading is so well done that the ear is charmed by manner as well as matter, ought we not to class reading aloud among the accomplishments?

It is particularly necessary and important that very young children should hear *good* reading, even if the literature selected be of the most juvenile kind. The alert and imitative little listener catches at every trick of accent or pronunciation, and reproduces them faithfully again, and if the reader be awkward and monotonous the result may be difficult to combat.

One word more. Young girls are too apt to read aloud in what (for want of a better term) we must call a *thin* voice, a voice which has no chest tones, no depth, and is consequently unsatisfactory when any expression of feeling is desired.

The remedy for this defect is, perhaps only to be found by applying to a professor of elocution, but the fault is too serious a one not to be cured if possible.

THE PRODIGAL SON

A band of young men with faces blackened, calling themselves "Ethiopian Serenaders," sang and performed before a gentleman's door in London. Then one of the party, who had the bearing of one above such a station, passed a tambourine for pennies. Mr. Carr, a colporteur, standing near, took a Bible, and addressing the youth, said, "See here, young man. I will give you a shilling and this book if you will read a portion to your comrades now, in the hearing of these bystanders." He accepted the offer in sport, and turning to his comrades, said, "I'm going to give you a 'public reading.'" Mr. Carr pointed out chapter and verse, his comrades cheered, and "Jem" commenced to read "The Prodigal Son." There was something in the reader's voice that lulled all to silence. When he read "wasted his substance in riotous living," "That's thee, Jem," said one of his companions. "And he began to be in want." "That's thee, again," said the same voice. "And no man gave unto him." "That's like us all," said the same interested listener. "We're all beggars." The young man's voice began to tremble, and when he came to "I will arise and go to my father," he broke down, and could read no more. From that time he sought his father's God, and was saved.

ANECDOTE OF HAVELOCK.

It is not saying too much to say that England never furnished a military captain more generally and warmly beloved by his soldiers than was Gen. Henry Havelock. Those who were readers at the time (1858) will remember his death in Lucknow, India, during the terrible times of the Sepoy mutiny, and will also remember how the nation mourned. The Queen had conferred upon him the title baronet, but he was dead before the honor reached him, and Her Majesty was pleased to bestow the title upon his eldest son, who figures in the following anecdote:—

During the year '51, Havelock, then a colonel, was at home on a visit, and on a certain occasion an American officer of distinction, who narrates the incident, was invited by the Colonel to dinner. In the course of conversation Mrs. Havelock turned to her husband and said:—

"By the way, my dear, where is Harry?" referring to her son, whom she had not seen since morning.

"Upon my soul," cried the Colonel, starting to his feet, "he's stand-

ing on London Bridge, and in this cold too. I told him to be there at 12 o'clock to-day, and wait till I came; and in the pressure of business at the War Office, I quite forgot the appointment."

Father and son were to have met at noon, and it was now 7 o'clock in the evening. Yet the father seemed to have no doubt that Harry would be at his post, sternly waiting. He arose and ordered a cab to be called, and as he excused himself to his visitor, the latter ventured to ask if he felt sure he should find the boy on the bridge.

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel promptly, "you may depend so far upon the discipline of a soldier's family."

In the course of an hour Havelock returned with poor Harry, who had been found faithful at his post, and who though somewhat chilled by the long watch, had passed the afternoon in good humor, feeling as he expressed it, that since he had his father's orders, it was all right.

A DRUNKEN FARM.

Often and often, while riding through the country, have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The floor yard fence had disappeared—burned up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking fashion on one hinge; the steps were unsteady, like the owner; everything was dilapidated, decaying, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that the owner traded too much at one shop—the rum-shop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer and beauty for the home—all had gone down the farmer's throat. Outside, matters were the same. The barnyards were wretched styes; the doors were off, the roofs leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, ruin—all had come from drink. The farm showed the trail of the same serpent. The straggling and tumbled stone walls, the rickety fences, the weed-grown fields, the sparse and half-headed crops, the dying orchard, all said to the passer-by, "Whisky did it." Drink had given the plaster of a mortgage instead of a coating of fertilizers, sloth, instead of labors, unthrift in the place of care, and demoralization in lieu of system. The farm was drink-blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came reeling home from the town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures for young farmers especially, is a good look at a drunken farm.—*Golden Rule.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The Lord's Prayer touches all hearts by its simplicity and comprehensiveness. Its familiar words come home to us with a living meaning, in comparison with which all other words of prayer are cold. The more we use them, the more we feel what true, healthy, happy words of prayer they are,—how deeply they reach our spiritual necessities, and carry them forth in one harmonious utterance to the throne of grace. The prayer is also one of more manifold and hallowed associations than any other. It is the catholic prayer of Christendom,—the few heaven-taught syllables which unite the hearts of the faithful everywhere, and admits divisions of opinions and diversities of service, in parish church and cathedral choir, draw the hearts of God's children together, and inflame them with a common feeling of childhood, when the mind as yet only vaguely understands what the heart with its deeper instinct owns,—when the human realities of father and mother interpret the solemn language, and make its use pass into sweetness. And in after years when we may have learned many forms of prayer, and sought a varied expression for the varied wants of life, the old beautiful words come back to us as far more full of meaning more adequate in their very simplicity—than all we have otherwise learned, and we realize the truth, hear to the centre of all religion, that the child's heart is the best offering we can offer unto God, and acceptable in His sight.—*Principal Tulloch.*

Children's Treasury.**THE HABIT OF PRAYER.**

SOME bad boys tried to persuade a little fellow to play truant.

"No, no; I cannot," said he.

"Why? now why?" they asked.

"Why?" answered the little boy, "'cause if I do, I shall have to pray it out to God on my mother's knees to-night."

"Oh, well," they said, "in that case you had better not go."

You see what a bridle the habit of prayer puts on a little child. Prayer acknowledges God's goodness, God's pity, God's authority, God's

right to us. It is remembering God. The reason we sin so is because we forget Him. Nobody can bring daily to mind His adorable character, what he wants us to be, and what He wants us to do, and go on doing wrong; for prayer, like a chain let down from heaven for us to grasp, holds us back from evil and gently draws us upward to our God.

Oh, what golden moments are those when a pious mother gathers her little ones about her, and teaches them, not to "say their prayers," but to open their little hearts in penitence and trusting love to the Redeemer who died for them. Then is the time, in earliest infancy, for the Spirit of Christ to enter in and mould their souls into His likeness. Mothers, see to it that *his* print be there first, that they remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days come.—*Selected.*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

WE are looking to you, boys, for our future teachers, deacons, elders, and ministers. As a general rule I find that the best working Christians were converted when they were young. A tree which has been long planted is the more likely to bring forth much fruit. Our great Captain has found some of his bravest marshals among those soldiers who began as drummer-boys in the army. It is not possible to begin serving the Lord too soon. If we would be eminently useful, the earliest moment is, upon all accounts the best. To whom are we to look to for successors to ourselves and our fathers, but to the uprising race of our sons? The grand old banner of the gospel has been carried by our sires unto this day; will you not uphold it as they have done? Soon must we pass away, for our hair is turning white; it will be our greatest joy if we shall know that our sons will take care that the Lord's work goes on. It will make our hearts leap within us, if we see you enlisted in the army of the bleeding Saviour; but if you prove false to your father's God, it were better for you and for us that you had never been born.

Do you imagine that you cannot now be Christians? The gifts of our Heavenly Father's love are not reserved for a certain age; boys may be saved; boys may be great workers for Christ, boys may bring great glory to God. Hence it is that just now, at this particular turning point in your lives, we are anxious to see you resolute for the right way. May the Holy Spirit incline you to resolve to be the Lord's. Others may despise your conscientious choice, and make mirth of your holy carefulness,

but what matters it? Some of us have been laughed at for these twenty years, and are none the worse for it; we have had all manner of evil spoken falsely of us for Christ's name's sake, but we are all the happier for it. O, boys, if you are renewed in heart and become for life and death the Redeemer's, none can really harm you; all must be right with him who is right with God.

Hold on, then, to the school; and when you cease to be taught, become teachers. Hold on to the Sabbath services and all the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and say, like Ruth to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

LED BY A LITTLE CHILD.

Away in the West lived a family in which there was a little girl seven years old. She was induced to go to a Sabbath school. The father became very anxious about his salvation. His distress increased daily, and one night, at the midnight hour, he arose from his bed in agony and begged his wife to pray for him, as he said he did not know how to pray for himself. She told him that she could not pray any better than he could.

"What shall I do, then?"

"Perhaps our little Mary knows how to pray."

So the father went up to her chamber, where she was fast asleep, and took her up from her bed in his arms, and bore her down stairs, and putting her gently down, he said to her with great earnestness, "Mary, can you pray?"

"Oh, yes, father, I can pray."

"Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?"

"Yes, I will pray for you."

So she kneeled, put up her hands, and said, "Our Father, who art in heaven," going through with the Lord's Prayer. Then she prayed for her father, in her own language, asking God to love him and have mercy upon him, and to pardon all his sins for Jesus Christ's sake.

When she had finished her prayer, her father said to her, "Mary, can you read in the Bible?"

"Oh, yes, father. Shall I read to you in my Bible?"

"Yes, read to me."

She began at the third chapter of the Gospel according to John. She read along till she came to this verse:

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

"Mary," said he, "is that there?"

"Yes, father, it is here. Jesus Christ said so."

"Well, that is just what I need—what your poor father needs."

"Yes, father and hear the rest of it."

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Oh, that is for me—for just such as me; 'Whosoever believeth in Him.' I—*can* believe in him—I *do* believe in him."

The broken hearted father learned to trust in his Saviour, resting on those words which have been the stay and hope of so many lost and sinful souls, and, finding peace in believing, from that hour that father went on his way rejoicing in Christ Jesus with great joy.—*Glad Tidings.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.

An intelligent and sparkling eyed boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the mind. His father, approaching, discovered at a glance the character of the book. "What have you there, George?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.

His father gently remonstrated, pointing out the danger of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effects of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room and on inquiring the cause was informed that it was George burning the pernicious book.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because I believed you knew better than I what was for my good." Here was a three-fold act of faith—a trust in his father's word, evin-

cing love and obedience, and a care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little children, have true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."
—*Little Christian.*

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

FROM THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

Be not conformed to this world—Rom. xii. 2.
 Be ye followers of God, as dear children—Eph. v. 1.
 Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer—1 Peter iv. 7.
 Be kindly affected one to another—Rom. xii. 10.
 Be content with such things as ye have—Heb. xiii. 5.
 Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only—James i. 22.
 Be of one mind, live in peace—2 Cor. xiii. 11.
 Be patient toward all men—1 Thess. v. 14.
 Be clothed with humility—1 Peter v. 5.
 Be pitiful, be courteous—1 Peter iii. 8.
 Be glad in the Lord and rejoice—Psalm xxxii. 11.
 Be ye ready, for the Son of Man cometh—Luke xii. 30.—*Word and Work.*

LOVE YOUR PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know
 I cannot your kindness repay;
 But I hope, that, as older I grow,
 I shall learn your commands to obey.

You loved me before I could tell
 Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
 But, now that I know it so well,
 I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should
 Be naughty and give you a pain:
 I hope I shall learn to be good,
 And so never grieve you again.

But lest, after all, I should dare
 To act an undutiful part,
 Whene'er I am saying my prayer,
 I'll ask for a teachable heart.—*Jane Taylor.*



A JAPANESE TEA HOUSE NEAR TOKIO.

The Japanese, like their neighbors in China, are great tea-drinkers. The kettle is always on the fire, and as soon as a visitor calls, tea is prepared, and presented to him together with a tiny pipe and tobacco. Public tea-houses are very numerous in the cities and on the highways of travel. Some of these in the country are situated in the midst of beautiful grounds and flower-gardens; and in the spring of the year when the flowers begin to bloom, they are visited by multitudes from the cities. We give a picture of one of these tea-houses, with pleasant surroundings, which is situated near Tokio (Yeddo).

“I could write down twenty cases,” says a pious man, “when I wished God had done otherwise than He did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.” The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God; he must follow hard after Him; he must determine not to let Him go. And yet you must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where he places us, be what He would have us be, and this as long as He pleases.

Book Reviews.

 HE war now going on between Russia and Turkey has directed attention to the countries and people involved in the bloody struggle. To meet the popular demand for information, (in regard, especially, to Turkey) several works, good, bad, and indifferent, have lately been issued from the press. On our table is a volume of 500 pages, very handsomely bound, just published by Messrs. A. H. Hovey & Co., 48 King St. East, Toronto, giving a HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE AND PEOPLE OF TURKEY, and the War in the East. This book has the advantage of being written by one (R. A. Hammond, LL.D.) who seems to side with truth rather than with Russian or with Turk; one, also, who travelled over large sections of the country he describes. Intending to review the book more fully next month, we content ourselves at present by simply saying that no reader who wishes information, varied, full, and recent, on this interesting and famous land and this notorious people, will be disappointed in this book. It gives an account of the origin of the Turks, and the growth of their empire, the habits and customs of the people, their religious rites and ceremonies, the life of Mahomet, brief, of course; the doctrines of the Koran, and Mahometanism, and the Greek Church; a description of Syria and the Holy Land; cities and towns, mosques and temples, manufactures and products, government and governors of Turkey, with a narrative of the origin and progress of the war; an estimate of the financial and military condition of the two countries, with biographies of leading officers. Whatever may be the fate of the Turks, their country, the finest under the sun, will always be to us, as Christians, interesting and dear, through its connection with the Bible, and Christ, and his apostles. That country is undoubtedly entering on a new era, and it becomes us to follow its fortunes with an intelligent eye. The publishers of this volume deserve praise and encouragement for putting within the reach of general readers such an excellent book at this time.

The next volume* that lies to our hand on the study table introduces the reader to subjects and scenes of a different order. Its title is, VISIONS OF HEAVEN FOR THE LIFE ON EARTH. The author, Robert M.

* Bain: Toronto. Kennedy: London.

Paterson, puts the gist of the book in the very first sentence, in the questions: *What do we really know concerning the life of heaven? And of what practical use is the knowledge?* These two questions the author endeavours to answer in the book, where we find a chapter on the "Great city," or *the number of the redeemed,*" another chapter on, "*Heavenly Recognition,*" or "*the social Life of Heaven;*" another chapter on "*Heavenly degrees, or the Active Life of Heaven.*" These chapters, and the other chapters, are enriched with extracts from various authors who have written on these deep and profoundly interesting themes.

SERMONS TO THE NATURAL MAN. Scribner & Co.: New York, U.S.A.

This volume of sermons by the late Prof. Sheëd, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, will be read with profit and with pleasure by those lovers of orthodoxy, who, while willing to extend the right hand of fellowship to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, are still most decidedly opposed to the Latitudinarian tendencies of the times. The author of "A History of Christian Doctrine," "Homiletics and Pastoral Theology," and "Philosophy of History," requires no introduction to the student of theology; but amongst those to whom the present volume is particularly addressed, the author is comparatively unknown.

His services in the support of Christian doctrine are well known and appreciated by theologians, and with the exception of Dr. Philip Schaff, no other name can probably be mentioned on this continent which has been so thoroughly and successfully identified with opposing the theories and speculations of M. Renan and others, who, while willing to concede to our Saviour the highest possible perfection of human nature, are not willing to admit his divinity. In the work under consideration, some may charge the author with being ultra-Calvinistic, and others with directing the sinner's attention more to the thunderings and terrors of Sinai than to the Cross of Christ. He sees, and sees truly, in the death of Christ an awful exemplification of Divine justice; but the poor sin-burdened sinner finds comfort in it, as being the amazing proof "that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," etc. In the preface our author states, "The benefits of Christ's redemption are pearls which must not be cast before swine. The gospel is not for the stupid, or for the doubter, still less for the scoffer." Mr. Moody and the most successful evangelists of our day, would probably say otherwise; and the poor sinner, stupid and doubting though he may be, with Thomas of Celano, in the "*Dies Ira,*" would prefer saying:—

“By the Magdalen forgiven,
By the slaying robber shriven,
I, too, cherish hope of heaven.”

“The future state a self-conscious state,” is treated of in the first two discourses, in a manner that rivets the attention, and with an amplitude and spiritual discernment such a subject requires. On the subject of the universality of guilt, a few extracts will convey to the reader an idea of the nature and design of the discourse:—“Every man, whatever may be the grade of his intelligence, knows more than he puts in practice. Ask the young thief, in the subterranean haunts of vice and crime, if he does not know that it is wicked to steal, and if he renders an honest answer, it is in the affirmative. . . . We can tell him (man) with positiveness wherever we find him, be it upon the burning sands of Africa, or in the frozen home of the Esquimaux, that he knows more than he puts in practice.” The guilt and accountability of the heathen, is in this discourse logically and Scripturally deduced, though well-meaning and charitable persons may feel inclined to dissent from what they would probably regard as extreme and severe views.

Of Pantheism he says:—“The first slip in the process of mutilating the original idea of God, as a unity and an unseen spirit, is seen in those pantheistic religions which lie behind all the mythologies of the ancient world, like a nebulous vapor, out of which the more distinct idols and images of paganism are struggling. Here the notion of the divine ulity is still preserved; but the Divine personality and holiness are lost. Man cannot have, with all his mind, and heart, and soul, and strength, a vast impersonal force working blindly through infinite space and everlasting time.” Such reasoning does not transcend the comprehension of mediocrity, and will convince the unprejudiced that there is as great a difference between the God of the Bible and the God of the advocates of natural religion, as there is between a reality and a complete negation. There is much, no doubt, that is seductive in the religious theories of such philosophies as M. Comte, John Stuart Mill, Tyndal, and other leaders in the modern pantheistic school of religious thought; but it is evident that their God is but a vague, dissipated abstraction, and they finally find their only tangible deity in the prospective, scientific, apotheosis of the improved descendant of Darwin’s chimpanzee.

In an article, necessarily brief, it is impossible to do justice to the work under review. Among the sermons still unnoticed, those upon the “Sinfulness of Original Sin,” “The Present Life as Related to the

Future," "The Exercise of Mercy optional with God," and the concluding one, "Faith the Sole Saving Act," are worthy of a patient and serious perusal.

Though the author makes no pretensions to literary excellency, the style is nevertheless elegant and perspicuous, and though it might be more concise, it would be difficult to erase, without either impairing beauty or destroying sense. The typography is everything that could be desired, and the binding in the best style of the art.

Indeed, as a religious work, it is entitled to the highest praise, and the candid, serious reader, if he finds fault at all, will find it with the seeming severity of the doctrinal applications, not with the doctrines themselves.—N.M.D.

NEW VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

The New Version of the Psalms of David, recently published by the "United Presbyterian Church of North America," supplies a desideratum long felt in the religious world. The version which has been in use in all Presbyterian Churches of Scottish origin, during the last two hundred years, is harsh and inharmonious, and while its simplicity of diction may claim praise, the simplicity is too often gained by a sacrifice of elegance and all poetic beauty. As a poetical composition, Rous' amended version is very imperfect, and the frequent occurrence of redundant and defective syllables, and a general lack of proper, metrical arrangement, render correct congregational singing well-nigh impossible. Faithfulness to the original is no light praise to bestow upon any translation, and this is especially so when the translation is from the poetry of a language so entirely different in construction and idiom as the Hebrew is from English. The idiomatic differences existing between the two languages, the boldness of the metaphors, the strength of the similitudes, the daring personifications, and the dazzling and confusing recurrence of poetical figures of speech, so characteristic of all primary languages, and especially so of Hebrew, rendered the work of a metrical translation of the Psalms into English a task of no ordinary difficulty. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed, that a metrical translation of the Psalms, poetically correct, while affecting, as Sternhold and Hopkins, Rous and others did, an almost verbal faithfulness to the original, is an utter impossibility. But in all candour, it must be admitted that even considering the time when the present version of the Psalms was produced—the first year of

the Protectorate—the work could have been more poetically correct, while just as true to the original. Dr. John Brown, of Waddington, in concluding an article on the metrical Psalms says:—"And even its diction originally composed in the best style of the period, owing to the astonishing improvement made in the English language, evidently requires considerable improvement." Surely the age in which Milton "winged his daring flight from heaven to earth, through chaos and old night," and Dryden united poetry and music in a melodious flow of verse, which has never been surpassed, even by Pope, in the English language; surely it must be said such an age was not deficient in poetic culture or genius. Notwithstanding Dr. Brown's assertion to the contrary, the present version of the Psalms was not composed in the best style of the period. Obviously, it was not from a lack of talent, or poetical judgment, or taste, that the Psalms were so imperfectly rendered. What, then, was the cause? The student of British history knows that the year 1649, when Rous' amended version of the Psalms was adopted by a commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was a period of great religious, political, and social upheaval. The antagonistic forces ranged on opposite sides, were not much more different from each other in religious and political opinions, than they were in the use of their mother tongue. The Presbyterians and Independents, after years of oppression, were triumphant, and it need not be wondered at if they abhorred in the excess of their zeal, the very garments defiled by the flesh. Genius had too often sacrificed the graces and elegancies of poetry in the service of the devil, to please a corrupt and dissolute court, for our stern Presbyterian forefathers to use even the work of a profane master-hand as a model. Undoubtedly they erred, but it was on virtue's side; and happily the day has gone by when the elegancies and polish of language will be in danger of rejection, because they have been used so often in the devil's service.

A critical review of the new book of Psalms will not be attempted. It will be sufficient to make a few quotations from well-known Psalms, so that the reader, who has not yet been favoured with a copy, may form some idea of its value, or may be stimulated by a laudable curiosity to procure one as soon as possible.

Judging of its value as a singing medium, the varied rhythm is certainly not one of its slightest claims to the favour of the public. Two different metrical versions of each Psalm, and occasionally three, ought to satisfy the most radical of innovators, and those lovers of novelty who

sometimes, unfortunately, desire a change more than an improvement. This variety of rhythm will make it not only possible, but necessary, to introduce entirely different tunes into congregational singing, thereby adding both beauty and variety to the service. These are grand, old tunes, which it is to be hoped the march of innovation will never cause to be discarded; but after all, it must be dispassionately stated, that religious fervour and the spiritual sympathies of our nature, are more excited by many of the hymn airs than by the majority of the Psalm tunes, which are sung Sabbath after Sabbath by a too frequently listless congregation. A few quotations from the Twenty-third Psalm in the new version will show the reader what has been done in the way of embellishment and variety of rhythm. In the common metre version, with the exception of a few verbal changes of doubtful propriety, it is the same as that so long in use. The musical flow of the measure in the 7's and 6's version, sounds pleasantly to the ear:

“The Lord my Shepherd feeds me,
And I no want shall know;
He in green pastures leads me,
By streams which gently flow.”

In the long metre copy, if there is less of the jingle of rhyme, there is more dignity than in the preceding verse; but it may be considered a defect in that it wanders still farther from the original:

“My Shepherd is the Lord most high,
And all my wants shall be supplied;
In pastures green he makes me lie,
And leads by streams which gently glide.”

We will content ourselves with those few extracts from a work deserving of great praise, and while not blind to its defects, it is but proper to say that of all the metrical versions of the Psalms, from that of royal James down to that of the Marquis of Lorne, the one we have so briefly noticed is, we think, the best.

But, in conclusion, we can scarcely divest ourselves of the feeling that it is almost sacrilege to mutilate and alter the time-honored Psalms, hallowed by a thousand sacred associations and recollections. The thoughts of many will be transported back, through the mists of two centuries, to the troublous times, when the two Wedderburns of Dundee furnished Scotland's martyrs of the Reformation with those songs of triumph, which often ascended to heaven with the smoke of their sacrifice of life to their religious convictions. And to a subsequent period, when the iron heel of a kingly prejudice crushed the Children of the

Covenant into the dust, and the songs of Zion sung on the green hillside, the lonely cave, and the rocky defile, were too often followed by the widow's and orphan's wail for the murdered husband and father. If space would permit, a short resume of the history of religious singing and music, from the earliest time down to the present, might appropriately conclude this article, but we forbear. If prayer, as has been stated, is the highest act of which the mind of man is capable in this world, religious singing is the nearest approach to that constant exercise of the redeemed in glory, when the language of prayer has forever given place to anthems of praise. What singing will be in heaven we can hardly conceive; but we feel satisfied that there is an infinite possible variety in musical harmony, which will supply the Haydens, Mozarts, and Beethovens, of the heavenly choir, with oratorios and anthems during the ages of eternity.

We know that even in this sinful world we derive from music feelings so abstract, elevated, and spiritual, as to be beyond even the power of metaphorical language to express, and he who denies to music such a power, has not heard its sublimest strains, or has not the capacity to appreciate them.—N.M.D.

Your time is redeemed; therefore use it as a consecrated talent in His cause. Your minds are redeemed; employ them to learn His truth, and to meditate on His way—thus make them armouries of holy weapons. Your eyes are redeemed; let them not look on vanity; close them on all sights and books of folly; but gaze on Him only who is the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. Your feet are redeemed; let them trample on the world, and climb the upward hill to glory, and bear you onward on the march of Christian zeal. Your tongues are redeemed; let them only sound His praise, and testify of His love, and call sinners to His cross. Your hearts are redeemed; let them love Him only, and have no seat for rivals.