

THE CANADA
CHRISTIAN MONTHLY:

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, CHRISTIAN LIFE,

AND

CHRISTIAN WORK,

EDITED BY

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Editorial.

WHAT NEXT ?

The Protestants of Ontario have been startled by the announcement that the Council of Public Instruction has appointed Archbishop Lynch and Professor Goldwin Smith to revise the books on history taught in our public schools, with instructions to expunge from these books such passages as are offensive to Roman Catholics. The fact is of so grave a character, and so pregnant with important consequences, that no man with a single grain of love of truth, of liberty, and of the well being of Canada, can be indifferent or unmoved at the news. If the question at issue, and on which the Professor and the Priest were asked to adjudicate, were a work of taste, or fancy, or art, then we could understand how it would be right and fit that every thing offensive to Roman Catholics should be expunged. If a painting were to be made of some ideal scene, to be hung up in all the schools of Ontario, then we can understand how it would be right to submit the picture, before it was engraved, to the Archbishops of Rome, with the understanding that if there were an offensive figure in the ideal group it should be removed to please the Archbishops. But history is not art or fiction, which can be made to order or liking. History is the photography of the

past, and must not, cannot, dare not, admit or exclude, extenuate or exaggerate beyond the facts that have passed before the glass at the time of the picture. Our history is no longer history, but a connected prolonged lie, if there is excluded from it every fact that offends Rome, and that points to that church as the foe everywhere of human progress, the intolerant bigot which enacted St. Bartholomew, "which" in the very language of this same Professor G. Smith, "recalled the edict of Nantes, which inspired the Dragonades, which, in the abused name of the religion of love, murdered men." Let us suppose that Archbishop Lynch expunged from the history of Macaulay, or the history of Froude, all passages that exhibit the conspiracies of Rome against the liberties of Britain; of what value, in that event, would these histories be? It is as impossible to write a true history of Britain that can please the Church of Rome as it is impossible to advance true evidence in a court of justice that can please the criminal on trial for a horrible crime. The Papacy is on its trial before the world, and before the youth of Britain, and of this Dominion, as the foe of the reformation of 1517, and of the revolution of 1688; as the disturber of the peace in Europe for centuries, as the persecutors of our ancestors, and the robber of their

liberties; and the history of Britain is the main witness in the court. Now we may as well stop the mouth of the witness altogether, or cast him entirely out of doors, as try to make him tell a story to please the very party on trial for these crimes. If you remove from our school histories all reference to our battle with Rome for life and liberty, you make them a jumble of dates and facts without any meaning. This concession to Archbishop Lynch is made, we are told, on the understanding that our histories, thus amended to suit Romanists, will be used in the separate schools of Ontario in place of those histories which teach, it is said, rampant Fenianism. This seems very fair: but the fairness is only seeming. The fox that lost his tail thought he could persuade his fellow-foxes also to give up their tails to be like him. He failed however to get a single brother to undergo the mutilation. Dearer than tail to any fox, than right arm to any man, are Ultramontane principles to the Papacy of the day. Let the Protestants of Ontario go on abridging and mutilating their history till nothing of truth or greatness is left for our children to learn in regard to their ancestors, and are we sure that the Priests of Ontario will draw the line where we draw it? They may, it is true, put the same text-book into the hands of their children as we do, but will they confine their teaching to what is in the text-book? We trow not. Sir William Hamilton once spoke of a certain book with copious notes as being like a dish of which the sauce was better than the fish. The history of our country amended by Archbishop Lynch, while served up without sectarian bias as dry fish in our public schools, by our public teachers, will without doubt, come before the children of the separate schools, with such Ultramontane sauce, as will change wholly the character of

the dish. In our schools it is the *text-book* that speaks, the teacher being only its minister and interpreter, while in the separate schools it is the priest that speaks, the text-book being only his tool and pliant servant. The bargain therefore, under its best form, is a one-sided bargain, keeping as all such bargains do, the promise to the ear, but breaking it to the heart.

This concession to the Roman Catholics of Ontario, and the arguments by which it is justified, will force on many minds a conviction which Protestants have been slow to receive, this conviction viz.—that it is impossible to construct a system of Public Instruction that would harmonize Protestantism and Popery. We have tried it, and are finding now that we have failed. We might as well try to devise a system of Government that would harmonize tyranny and liberty, or a system of morals that would harmonize virtue and vice, or a system of doctrine that would harmonize truth and error, as try to construct a system of education for our children that would harmonize Popery and Protestantism. We have tried the experiment: but with what success? To adapt our public schools to Roman Catholics we have virtually cast out the Bible, or if we have not literally cast it out we have cast it *down* from the position of honour and supremacy it holds in the public of England and Scotland. But that was not enough. Collier's history of the British Empire was mutilated to tone down its Protestantism, and to bring it more into accord with Romish views. To see the character of the changes made, let the English and Canadian editions of Collier be compared, when we will find that not only has the *language* of Collier been changed, but *facts* have been suppressed: as for instance, page 249, where the doggerel ballad *Lillibulero* is mentioned as setting the

whole nation in a flame against James and his Irish troops. The Canadian edition suppresses the reason why the ballad produced such excitement by leaving out the whole of the following sentence, "in which (ballad) two Irish Romanists congratulate each other on the approaching massacre of Protestants and triumph of Popery." Through the whole book such changes have been made. But this is not enough: Collier must be still further mutilated to suit Archbishop Lynch. When the British history is Romanized, then will come the turn of British literature to undergo a similar transformation. Milton and Cowper must of course be excluded, or pass the ordeal of the Archbishop, and be brought into accord with his Ultramontane doctrines. Matters are indeed as Gavazzi, speaking more than twenty years ago on the English platform, pictured it to the eye, after his dramatic fashion. Standing on the remote right corner of the ample platform he pictured the Church of Rome meekly begging for "a little ground

for a little chapel." Having obtained this he (acting the part of the church of Rome) asked for a little more and a little more, creeping on cautiously till he stood erect at length with proud look in the centre of the platform, holding out an equal hand to Protestantism. Thence he pictured the progress of Rome as bold and defiant, till she stood with closed fists and merciless words over Protestantism, crouching in an agony of terror in the remote left corner with hardly standing room on ground which at one time was all her own. That is really the state of the question. As Protestants, we are being driven step by step from our vantage-ground, and getting cornered up. The time for closed fists and merciless words will come bye and bye if we allow things to go on as they have been doing. Truly may it be said of us, that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Living Preachers.

"HOPE AMID BILLOWS."

A SERMON, BY THE REV. PATRICK GREIG,
ORCHARDVILLE.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—
Psalm xlii. 11.

Seasons of spiritual depression are perhaps, less or more, experienced by all God's people. Be this as it may, it is certain that such seasons are often passed through by some. Their spiritual experience is very varied. It alternates between hope and fear; peace and perplexity. Rising at one time to the sunny heights of holy gladness; at

others they sink into the depths of darkness and discomfort. Able at one time, with David, to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." At other seasons they are constrained, with him, to utter the complaint, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" The Psalmist, when he uttered these words, though deeply expressed, was not in despair. To the sad complaint, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" he could add the blissful assurance, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." And so

ought it ever to be with every true child of God. During the darkest and dreariest season, in his spiritual history, he ought to repose implicit confidence in the Divine promises; and by so doing he will, like David, be able to sustain and cheer his downcast spirit, with the hope of future gladness.

We shall notice some of the causes of spiritual depression, and point out at the same time some of the means whereby the downcast spirit may be cheered and comforted.

1. *The Spirit of Melancholy.*—It is not always easy to explain the source whence this peculiar malady springs. In some it may rise from an ill balanced mind, in others from a defective bodily organization, and there is little doubt that in the case of many it is the result of a long continued course of afflictive circumstances. But be the causes what they may, the spirit of melancholy not only exists, but is wide spread, and in the case of God's children, it greatly interferes with their spiritual comfort. The minds of such Christians are set to the minor key; all things seem overcast with gloom, and every thing that comes within the sphere of their mental vision is tinged with a sombre hue. They are prone to look at the dark side of things. They are inclined rather to think of those aspects of the Divine character that are fitted to inspire awe—than of those which are calculated to awaken confidence to dwell upon the demands and terrors of the law, rather than the provisions and promises of the gospel, and while they are quick to discover the remains of depravity in their hearts; they are slow to discover the work of grace in their souls. Those who have had to administer consolation to such, alone know how difficult it is to soothe and comfort them, in consequence of their proneness to brood over those things by which their spirit of melancholy is

nursed. It would be well for all such frequently to avail themselves of frequent change of scenery, and the society of intelligent and cheerful friends. Let them also puruse at times light, healthy literature, and amuse themselves with the sweet strains of music. These and such like exercises are well fitted to dispel the gloom of their minds, and soothe their troubled spirit. But above all, let them seek their solace and comfort where the Psalmist sought and found his during the season of his depression—in the God of his salvation. Let them place implicit reliance on their covenant God, who has said, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." Then, when like the Psalmist, they are downcast in soul, like him they will be able to cheer and comfort themselves with the hope of future gladness.

2. *Bodily Disorder.*—In consequence of the intimate union that subsists between our body and soul, they mutually affect each other, both for good and evil. When the former is out of order, the latter is almost certain out of tune. While this is the tendency of all bodily ailments, it is peculiarly the case with those that affect the nervous system. These have a powerful tendency to render their subjects susceptible of anxiety and fear. When Christians are in this state of mind, they are in a great measure incapacitated for enjoying the comforts of religion. Hence the need there is for them paying particular attention to the health of their bodies, in order that their minds may be in a fit state to experience the peace and enjoyment that their Heavenly Father has provided for his children,

3. *The Losses and Disappointments of Life.*—

These which are less or more the lot of all, are both numerous and various. They meet us at every turn of life's journey, beset all our undertakings, and spring out of all

the relations we sustain to our fellow-men. Many of them are peculiarly distressing. This is often the case with such bereavement. How sharp the pang and deep sense of desolation felt by us when deprived of one near and dear to us! We feel then as if a wheel in the mechanism of our being had been stopped: as if a prop of our existence had suddenly given way. All things seem to be shaded in gloom. Sad and lonely we recall the scenes through which we and our departed friend have passed. In imagination we often visit the place where their ashes repose, and in vain we endeavour to penetrate that unseen world into which their spirit has entered. We refuse to be comforted because they are not. It is little to be wondered at that our hearts are then bruised. Yet why should the child of God, even when deprived of his dearest earthly friend be greatly cast down. God has made ample consolation for him under the heaviest loss which it is possible for him to sustain. Whoever leaves us, Christ remains; and die who may, He lives. If those whose death we deplore have died in the Lord our loss is their gain.

"Absent from the body, they are present with the Lord." They have left a world of sin and suffering, and entered into a state of perfect purity and bliss. And there is the blessed hope of reunion with them, where death is unknown, and where separation can never take place.

4. *The Loss of former privileges.*—David was at this time driven both from his palace and his throne, yet nothing seems to have grieved him so much as his being deprived of the ordinances of the sanctuary. "When I remember these things," he says in the fourth verse, "I pour out from my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, with a voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept

holyday." What grieved the heart of the Royal Psalmist then, not unfrequently saddens the heart of some of God's children still. The time was when the return of the Sabbath gladdened their hearts; for then they went up to the house of the Lord, and took their part in its hallowed and soul elevating exercises. But the afflictive hand of God having been laid upon them, this blessed privilege is no longer within their reach, and the loss of what they once enjoyed and highly appreciated, sometimes weighs heavily upon their spirit. But why should the child of God when placed in these circumstances feel downcast in soul? "God is not confined to temples made with hands," but is everywhere present. When there is a praying heart, there is a prayer hearing God. "He who loves the gates of Zion, delights also in the dwellings of Jacob." Even although they should never be permitted to enter again the courts of the sanctuary below; the gates of the Temple above are open to admit them, when God shall see meet to call them hence. There the Sabbath never ends, nor the congregation of our God's people ever breaks up.

5. *The remembrance of past sins.*—This is often the bitter experience of those who have been converted late in life. The sins committed by them during the day of their unregeneracy, frequently come to their remembrance with such vividness as greatly disquiets their souls. "One of the sorest trials," says one, "of a renewed life, is, that it is built over dark dungeons, where dead things may be buried, but not forgotten, and where through the open grating rank vapours still ascend, they are compelled to bear this burden all the while, and some times they feel it too heavy." There is nothing wrong in the Christian reflecting upon his past sins. The exercise if properly conducted is fitted to deepen his sense of unworthiness,

and cause him more highly to adore the grace that has made him what he is. But while the remembrance of his past transgressions should fill him with self abasement, there is no good reason why it should awaken disquietude or fill him with despair. His sins, although not forgotten by himself, are nevertheless forgiven by God. Let him find comfort in such declarations as these. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy sins as a cloud." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin."

6. *The Assaults of Temptation.*—These which are in some measure experienced by all the people of God; differ widely in their character and force. Some are grievously assailed with blasphemous thoughts; notwithstanding all the efforts to prevent their admission, they rush into their minds like an armed force, and greatly discomfort their souls. Others are tempted to doubt their interest in Christ, notwithstanding all their past experience of God's gracious dealings with them; they are almost brought to believe that their religion is only a delusion. Some again are driven for a time to the brink of dreary scepticism; they are constrained almost to believe that Christianity is only "a cunningly devised fable."

And not a few have, for a time, been tempted to commit the awful crime of self-destruction! These are sorely distressing ordeals through which some of the people of God are made to pass, "when neither sun nor stars appear" in their spiritual horizon, the very remembrance of which, in after years, awakens a feeling of sadness. When passing through them, how appropriately does the language of the Psalmist, in Ps. 69, express the thoughts and feelings of the child of God: "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters,

where the floods overflow me." Let those who are being thus tried remember, for their comfort, there is no sin in merely being tempted; guilt only is contracted when the temptation is yielded to. Our Lord himself was fiercely assailed with temptation, yet he remained without sin. Cleave closely to the Captain of your salvation, and grasp firmly the shield of faith. There has no temptation befallen you but what is common to the people of God; and God will, with the temptation, grant a way of escape. Remember, for your encouragement, that others of your brethren have passed through the same slippery paths that you are treading, and have fought the same battles that you are waging. Courage, Christian brother! A few more trials passed through, and everlasting rest will be gained; a few more conflicts with sin and satan, and over them you will triumph for ever.

7. *The sense of indwelling sin.*—We refer not to that discordance which is daily felt by the Christian, between what he is, and what he knows he ought to be; but to those seasons when he feels as if sin had gained the ascendancy over his heart; and when, like Paul, he is constrained to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death,"—Romans vii. 24. Such is not unfrequently the experience of God's people. Perhaps they meet with some heavy disaster, and forthwith hard thoughts are awakened against their Maker. Or they receive some injurious treatment from their fellowmen, and immediately a feeling of sinful resentment preys upon their heart. On reflection, how painful it is for the Christian to feel, that notwithstanding all that God has done for him, which may fill him with adoring gratitude, he is, in some measure, embued with the spirit of rebellion; and notwithstanding all that has been done to

purify his heart, his soul remains so deeply tainted with sin. But while the consciousness of indwelling sin may well fill the believer with humility and self-loathing, there is no reason why it should fill him with disquietude and despair. The destruction of sin in the believer's soul is a progressive work. It is only by degrees that he can grow in holiness. It becomes all, in whom this work has begun, to feel assured that He who has begun it will persevere, advance, and bring it to completion. "They are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation:" 1 Peter i. 5.

8. *The commission of sin.*—We refer to flagrant transgressions. These, alas! are sometimes committed by some of the people of God. But such departures from the path of holiness are invariably followed, sooner or later, by painful retribution. "The arrows of the Almighty stick fast in them, and his hand presseth them sore. There is no soundness in their flesh, because of his anger; neither is there any rest in their bones, because of their sin."—Ps. 38. The duty of such is plain. It becomes them to bewail,

confess, and plead for the pardon of those sins which they have committed. When they do this in a genuine spirit, the Lord will forgive their iniquities, and restore peace to their troubled souls. God waits to be gracious. Although he will chastise his backsliding children; he will not utterly forsake, nor cast them off. "The mountains may depart, and the hills may be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord."—Is. liv. 10.

In conclusion. How abundant is the provision which God has made for the comfort of his children. If their trials are numerous and various, their consolations are equally numerous and manifold. If there are times when, like David, they have cause to ask, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" There is also good reason why, like him, they should be able to reply, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

Poetry.

JERUSALEM.

And the Lord shall choose Jerusalem again.—Zech. ii. 12.

And Jerusalem shall be inhabited again.—Zech. xii. 6.

Jer. xxxi. 16, 17; xxxii. 37; Ezek. xxxvi. 23.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

O name of sweetest sound,

How many precious memories

Cluster and close thee round;

Never a city like to thee

On God's fair earth was found.

Alas! alas! what bitter grief

Has been thy heavy lot,

Since Jesus with His presence blest

Each well remembered spot,

And would have wooed thee to His heart,

But no, thou "would'st not."

Yet there are golden days in store,
 Eve'n for thy much-loved land ;
 When penitence shall melt thy heart,
 And prayer uplift thy hand,
 The scattered tribes within her gates
 Shall yet rejoicing stand.

Oh! Christian brothers, ye who prize
 The histories that belong
 To Temple fane, and grand old hills,
 Which guard that city strong,
 Pity the exiles, whose sad fate
 Oft points to jest or song.

Join with us in our earnest care,
 To guide their wandering feet
 Close by the dying Saviour's cross,
 Where love and mercy meet,
 And every heart-throb seems a long,
 Loud welcome to repeat.

And pray, O pray right earnestly,
 For power, and light, and love,
 Their dark and proud, tho' troubled heart
 By God's own truth to move,
 That germ of holy Christian faith
 Their judgment may approve.

Then shall we in the closest bonds,
 Beneath the cross be found,
 One in our sympathy and work,
 Grasping the world around ;
 Till *all* men feel Jerusalem
 Is precious, hallowed ground.

And should the stranger's usurped rule
 Give place at length to those
 Whom prophecy has long foretold
 Shall wrest it from their foes,
 Together we will hail the end
 Of all their heart-sick woes.

And whether on this lower earth,
 Or far beyond the skies,
 Jehovah's loved, yet banished ones,
 To highest glory rise,
 Jerusalem, for Christ's dear sake,
 We evermore will prize.

K. P. R.

ROCK OF AGES.

BY AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TORLADY, 1776.

[The hymn "Rock of Ages" is by common consent of Evangelical Christians accorded a foremost place in our English hymnology. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone gave scholars a Latin version of the hymn after the manner of the monkish hymns of the middle ages. A friend of ours, an excellent Celtic scholar, for several years a minister among the Highlanders of Carolina, has sent us a version of the same hymn, in the Gaelic language. We think it will be interesting for some, to see this noble hymn side by side in the two oldest languages of Europe. Those of our readers who understand both languages can see that the Gaelic version, while perhaps less smooth than the Latin, is more literal and equally terse. The original hymn we copy from Roundell Palmer's book of praise, with the exception of the second line of last verse.—ED. C. C. M.]

Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed;
 Be of sin and double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands,
 Can fulfil thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know;
 Could my tears for ever flow;
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless look to Thee for grace:
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath;
 When I close my eyes in death;
 When I soar to worlds unknown;
 See Thee on thy judgment throne.
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

JESUS PRO ME PERFORATUS.

LATIN VERSION BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Jesus pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra Tuum latus,
 Tu per lympham profluentem.
 Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
 In peccata mi redunda,
 Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te, nec justus forem
 Quamvis tota vi laborem,
 Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
 Fletu stillans, indefesso ;
 Tibi soli tantum manus ;
 Salva me Salvator unus !

Nil in manu mecum fero,
 Sed me versus crucem gero ;
 Vestimenta nudus oro,
 Opem debilis implero ;
 Fontem Christi quero immundus,
 Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit ;
 Quando nex sepulchro tegit ;
 Mortuos cum stare jubes,
 Sedens Judex inter nubes ;
 Jesus pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra Tuum latus.

CREAG NA'N AL.

GÆLIC VERSION BY REV. MR. SINCLAR, PRICEVILLE, ONT.

'Chreag na'n al, tha sgoilt gum fheum,
 Bitheam folaicht' anad fein !
 Bitheadh 'nt-uise 'is an fhuil,
 O'd thaobh loite a rinn ruith ;
 Na'n iocshlaint dhubajlt do'm pheac ;
 Saor mi o chumhachd, 's o chiont.

Cha choimlion saothair mo lamh,
 Iairtas do lagha gu brath ;
 Ged nach lagaicheadh air m'eud,
 Ged shileadh mo dheoir gach re,
 Cha dean iad airson freac' reit :
 'Stusa shaoras' s'tu leat fein.

Tighinn gun ni ann am laimh,
 Ach do'd chrois a gabhail greim ;
 Ruisgteadh tighinn airson deis ;
 'G amharo riutsa airson grais ;
 Sallach a'n Tobar a ruith ;
 Nigh mi Shlan'ear, glan le'd fhuil.

Feadh bhios m'anail falbh gu seimh,
 'Nuair dhuinear mo ruisg 'san eug,
 'Nuair dh' eireas mi gu rao'ail caip,
 'Sa chi mi thu a'd chath'air bhreath ;
 'Chreag na'n al, tha sgoilt gum fheum,
 Bitheam folaicht' anad fein.

PRAYER.

"A PILLAR OF LIGHT."

When the troubles of life assail,
 And grief and sorrow are rife;
 When frail man begins to bewail
 The many trials of life.

Then look to the "Pillar of light,"
 That ascends to God on high;
 'Twill impart to the blind his sight,
 And lift the soul to the sky.

When the world around us is dark,
 And dull and dreary the road;
 Let us soar aloft like the lark,
 And carol aloud to God.

Then look to the "Pillar of light,"
 Our Jesus above will hear,
 He'll make our sore trials look bright,
 And the bowed in heart will cheer.

When stretched on weary couch we lie,
 Racked with agony and pain;
 And loud and long we ever cry,
 For human succour in vain.

Then look to the "Pillar of light,"
 There is in Gilead balm;
 The soul to rid of sin's deep night,
 Securing our peace and calm.

When the last hour at length will chime,
 That calls us home to our rest,
 May it be our flying from time,
 To dwell with souls of the blest.

Then look to the "Pillar of light,"
 That ascends to God on high;
 'Twill impart to the blind his sight,
 And lift the soul to the sky.

INVERNESS.

J. C.

A MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN.

Thou hast grieved the Saviour that loved thee,
 And died thy soul to redeem;
 'Tis his own loving spirit that calls thee,
 Though his love by thee be unseen.

But Satan will tempt thee to slight Him,
 By placing before thee earth's toys ;
 He seeks thy destruction—resist him,
 For Jesus alone gives true joys.

If the world and its joys give the pleasure,
 They are joys that will soon fade away ;
 But the Saviours own love is a treasure
 Which never will fade or decay.
 Oh seek then by faith to discover,
 The path that thy Redeemer hath trod ;
 For thy foes are all combined to sever
 Thy soul from the joys of the Lord.

Time may not be thine till to-morrow ;
 E'en now the pale horse may appear ;
 Will he bring thee glad tidings or sorrow,
 Or cause to tremble with fear ?
 For if Jesus then be not thy Saviour,
 And thou hast rejected His Blood ;
 Thy grief will not purchase His favour,
 Or give the acceptance with God.

By the blood sprinkled door posts in Egypt,
 God's way of salvation was seen ;
 'Twas the blood of the lamb He looked at,
 And not on the Israelites' sin.
 They saw in the blood of that victim ;
 Their sins were remembered no more ;
 For the lamb was of God's own providing ;
 Whose blood was now seen on the door.

So God in His love to the sinner ;
 On His own beloved son He hath laid,
 The sins and the debt we have owed Him ;
 These, the blessed Redeemer hath paid.
 Oh, should we not love and adore Him,
 For stooping our souls to redeem :
 The just for the unjust was punished ;
 No creature has loved us like Him.

What more do we need to assure us,
 Since Jesus has risen again ?
 That God now has nothing against us,
 If we are believers in Him.
 For as far as the east from the west ;
 So far have our sins been removed.
 Oh! who would not enter this rest,
 And bask in the sunshine of love.

CHASTENING IN LOVE.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest."—(Ps. xlv. 12.)

O Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy;
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the
beam;
Sweet whisper'd the breeze, but it whisper'd of woe,
And bitterness flow'd in the soft flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge thy pity display'd;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasp'd at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
I ask'd—and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

PASS US NOT BY.

A friend writes:—I enclose a hymn which came into use during the revival of 1859-60. I do not know the author, nor am I aware whether it has been made public through your publication or otherwise. But it appears to me admirably adapted for the expression of longing anticipation which characterizes so many of God's waiting people at the present time, and I send you a copy which I have preserved since 1860, in the hope that you may think it worthy of publicity, and insert it in your widely-circulated periodical.—*Christian*.

Pass us not by! dear Lord, in our distress,
In all our wretchedness and poverty;
While eager multitudes about Thee press,
And Thou art come to save. Pass us not by!

Pass us not by! see, Lord, how weak we are;
How destitute and lonely; let Thine eye
Rest for a moment on our sad despair;
Who pitiful like Thee? Pass us not by!

Pass us not by! dear Lord, Thou hast full store
Of blessings in untold variety;
And we are poor, with wearied feet and sore,
And need Thy healing, Lord. Pass us not by!

Pass us not by! we hear Thy gentle voice;
Speak peace to our poor hearts' necessity:
Lord, our souls in Thy sweet love rejoice;
Pass us not by! dear Lord, pass us not by!

Christian Thought.

THE GROWTH OF ROMANISM IN AMERICA.

There are some good people in these United States who, while they look upon the teachings and policy of the Church of Rome with the greatest aversion, are yet disposed to regard the encroachments of that great organization on the free institutions of this country as something too far off and shadowy to cause any present apprehensions, or to need any immediate attention. To such we can say with honest anxiety, your imagined security is hollow and dangerous—you can cherish it just so long only as you avoid looking into the facts and the figures. If you have about you the statistics of

religious growth in this country, examine them carefully; or, failing that, go with us over a few leading points which we present without color, and for which we challenge contradiction. And first for a few bare figures:

The increase in population in this country from 1790 to 1875 has been a trifle over 1,000 per cent. The increase of our Roman Catholic population in the same time has been very nearly 16,000 per cent. Let us look now at the relative proportion of Catholics to the whole population, and its rate of increase:

In 1790 there was 1 Roman Catholic for every 131 of population.

In 1808 there was 1 Roman Catholic for every 65 of population.

In 1830 there was 1 Roman Catholic for every 29 of population.

In 1840 there was 1 Roman Catholic for every 18 of population.

In 1850 there was 1 Roman Catholic for every 11 of population.

In 1860 there was 1 Roman Catholic for every 7 of population.

In 1870 there was 1 Roman Catholic for every 7 7-10 of population.

In 1875 there is 1 Roman Catholic for every 6 of population.

Confining ourselves to the present century we find that, in 1800, our whole population was 5,805,997, and the Roman Catholics not quite 90,000. In 1875, our total population is estimated at 40,000,000, and the total Roman Catholics at very nearly 6,500,000. In the past seventy-five years they have risen from *one sixtieth* of our total population to fully *one-sixth*!

As to the growth of their system we find that, in 1800, they possessed in this country one Bishop and fifty-three priests. They now have one Prince Cardinal, seven Arch-bishops, forty-two Bishops, three mitred abbots, three thousand and one hundred priests, sixty-five Roman Catholic Colleges, fifty-six convents of men, and one hundred and eighty-nine convents of women. Of their wealth we have no statistics sufficiently reliable to place in juxtaposition with those we have given; but it is known to be enormous, and completely at the control of the central power. No Roman Catholic however poor, was ever known to complain at the demands of the Church upon his purse.

We presented a few days ago, what the fathers of our Republic thought of our danger from Roman Catholicism; but there was then only one of them to every 131 of our people—there are now *one to every six*. At this same ratio of increase they would, in 1900, constitute one-third of our whole population, and hold a working majority in all our greater cities and States.

But we have every reason to suppose that their rate of increase will be fearfully augmented. Increased Roman Catholic immigration will alone suffice to keep up the present rate—more than that, if the determination of European powers to subordinate them to State control continues. For their further increase they look to the control of our youth. Yearly their convents take in more and more of our American girls for education under Jesuit influences. Yearly their schools are extending. Yearly they are stretching more and more toward the control of our free school system. They build from the foundation. They fasten the grasp of the Pope upon infants just toddling from the nursery, in order to secure their influence in later generations.

Of late, proud in their growing numbers, they have made open bid for political power, in order that the laws may be arranged to suit them. They have secured an able and influential press. Heading it stands the New York *Herald*, which finds no praise too fulsome to bestow on Roman Catholic dignitaries. They have formed an open alliance with the Democratic party—in many States they absolutely control its political action. They look forward to the time when the making of our laws, and the control of our State and National policy shall be in their hands.

This is no overwrought picture—it is the plain truth. But if the danger is so great, how is it to be met? By fighting them on their new ground—in their new bid for political power. So long as they fought only in the cause of religion, the field was equally theirs with others. Now that they strike for the control of the State—that they threaten with deadly peril our free institutions—they must be met and beaten. The solemn warning of Mr. Gladstone was not ill-timed. The hour may yet come, and not so far away, when the United States

shall stand a Roman Catholic power unless we heed the warnings before us. We must not forget that we are faced by the greatest, the best organized, the most centralized power the world has ever seen. It has already held the Democratic legislature of the great State of Ohio under its leash, and forced them to pass one of its bills. Wielding the Democratic party through its own vast influence, money, and vote, it now moves on to the control of our legislatures and our courts. This is a good year for them to commence a retreat, and the people of Ohio must see that they do it.

ROMANISM AND EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

(NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT OF THE "TRUE CATHOLIC.")

I must recur again to the "School Question," as we have just had our attention called to it here in this city in two directions. A week ago, the pastor of one of the Roman Catholic churches took the occasion of taking a contribution for the parochial school to denounce in unmeasured terms the public school system. He said, in substance, that no true Catholic would send his children to those schools; that Catholic parents who do send their children to the public schools are in danger of damnation; that he would as soon administer the sacraments to a dog as to such Catholics; that the public school system is a device of the devil.

In noticing this sermon, the *New York Herald*, whose editor and proprietor is himself a Romanist, and who stands up stoutly for "the Church," after giving a summary of the priest's words, says: "This is to preach bigotry, barbarism, darkness, nothing that Christianity is, and everything that it is not. If Catholics wish to have

schools of their own, no one will object, for similar preferences exist in Protestant sects; but no intelligent citizen, whatever his religious faith, can hear without indignation the great plan of popular secular education denounced as the crowning work of the enemy of man." It adds: "It would be a condescension to which we are not inclined, to defend the public schools from the fury of Father Walker, as it would be unpleasant to describe his sermon in the terms it deserves. Argument to defend the one, or language to reprobate the other, are equally unnecessary. We only desire to express our belief that while such sermons cannot injure the schools, they are calculated to do great harm to the Catholic Church in America. No Church can hope to prosper, no church should prosper, that places itself as an obstacle to the education of the young by the commonwealth." In a later issue the *Herald* prints a number of communications from correspondents, called out by this sermon, the majority of which favour the stand taken by the paper. The general tenor of these communications confirms the opinions expressed in previous letters, that the Roman Catholic laity are by no means so opposed to the public school system as are the priests.

There is no real connection between the two things, but it is at least a coincidence that the same week in which Father Walker preached his sermon, the trustees of the Roman Catholic parochial schools should have presented a petition to the Board of Education of this city, looking to a reception of those schools under the care of the Board. The petition asks for the appointment of a committee from the Board of Education, to confer with a similar committee appointed by the Roman Catholic Board of Trustees, "to consider on what terms the parochial schools may be admitted to the benefits of the common school system,

subject to its laws as regards the course of instruction, the methods of discipline, and the general management, in such manner as may be agreed upon." The petitioners, further express a hope that it may be possible to find "a common ground of action that may be mutually agreeable and beneficial." The committee of Conference has been appointed, and the matter is under consideration. One of the reasons, doubtless, for this somewhat extraordinary petition is the fact that while formerly these city parochial schools have been classed under the head of "charitable institutions," and as such have received considerable aid from the public funds, they have, by the new constitution of this state, been cut off from this source of supply. There are in this city some fifty of these schools, with about 30,000 pupils, and involving an expense of some \$250,000. The whole burden of this is now thrown upon the Roman Catholic Church. It of right belongs there, if they insist upon having their parochial schools; but they have had the public help so long, that it is hard to give it up, and hence the desire that they and the Board of Education should find some "common ground of action that may be mutually agreeable and beneficial."

From a reliable private source, I am informed that the common ground will probably be this: the adoption of the parochial schools as a part of the common school system; the offer to the Board of the school buildings—worth,

it is estimated, between two and three millions of dollars; the Board to examine all teachers, rejecting unsatisfactory ones; to have control over textbooks; to conduct school examinations, casting out schools that do not come up to the required standard. In return, the Board are to support the schools, in whole or in part, out of the public funds. The priests are to appoint the teachers, select the textbooks, direct the course of study and discipline, subject to this supervising control by the Board of Education.

The scheme looks plausible; perhaps some Protestants may be found to defend it. The point of danger in it, however, is that it would give to the priesthood at least a quasi-control of institutions supported by public money, which ought to be exclusively under the control of public officials, and further, it would be taxing the public funds to support the "brothers" and and "sisters" who teach in these schools; that is, we, in the commercial metropolis of America, would be helping to support the monastic orders just now and rightly, in such ill favour in Europe, and even in Mexico and South America. If this scheme succeeds in New York, then it will be pushed throughout the country; and then the Roman Catholic hierarchy will have gained what for years they have been aiming at—namely, to destroy, so far as Roman Catholics are concerned, the public school system of America.

Christian Life.

DR. LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

The story of Dr. Livingstone's prolonged wanderings in Central Africa, of his great discoveries, of his death, far from Europeans, in the heart of

that mysterious continent; and then of his unexampled funeral, so romantic as well as touching in its circumstances—how his bones were borne a thousand miles overland to the coast by faithful African attendants, and thence by sea to Britain, to be interred among

the departed great of his native land—all these things are fresh in our readers' memories. We have just been reading the traveller's last journal—with an interest we cannot describe. Whether we look to its unconscious revelation of the Christian, the philanthropist, or the man; to the importance of the geographical facts it makes known; to the human interest of the recorded observations and experiences among the African tribes, and the estimate of their state and capabilities; to the witnessed horrors of the slave-trade that has through the past ages cursed that unhappy continent; or to the conclusions arrived at as to the means of arresting these horrors, and the hints given for the guidance of future missionaries—this record in its simplicity impresses us as unequalled in importance by any journal that has appeared in our day. And when we remember not only with what regularity, against all difficulties, it was kept by the traveller in his wandering, but how marvellously it has been preserved for us without the loss of a single scrap, we surely cannot err in judging that God has great purposes in His all-wise providence to serve by it.

Let us cull a few extracts to illustrate some of the things that have struck us.* And first let us see the *Christian man* in the rare glimpses he permits us to obtain of his hidden life with God.

July 24, 1871.—Ezekiel says that the Most High put His comeliness upon Jerusalem; if He does not impart of His goodness to me I shall never be good: if he does not put of His comeliness upon me I shall never be comely in soul, but be like these Arabs in whom Satan has full sway—the god of this world having blinded their eyes.

March 19, 1872.—Birth-day. My

Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

13th May.—He will keep His word—the Gracious One, full of grace and truth—no doubt of it. He said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" and "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will do it." He will keep his word; then I can come and humbly present my petition, and it will be all right. Doubt is here inadmissible, surely. D. L.

25th December.—I thank the good Lord for the good gift of His Son Christ Jesus our Lord.

19th March, 1876 (his last birthday, five weeks before his death).—Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, oh my good Lord Jesus.

Next let us listen to a very few of the horrors of the slave-trade, as with heart sickening frequency they came under the traveller's eye.

December 28, 1870.—The strangest disease I have seen in this country seems really to be broken-heartedness: it attacks *free* men who have been captured and made slaves. My attention was especially drawn to this once when many people had been captured; they endured the chains until they saw the broad river Lualaba roll between them and their free homes; then they lost heart. Twenty-one were unchained as being now safe; however, all ran away at once; but eight, with many others still in chains, died in three days after crossing. They ascribed their only pain to the heart. Some slavers expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat and no work. One fine boy of about twelve

*The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his death. (London: Murray).

years was carried, and when about to expire he too said there was nothing the matter except pain in his heart; as it attacks only the free who are captured (and never slaves); it seems to be really broken hearts of which they die.

July 15, 1871. * * * As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss. On this bright sultry morning, it gave me the impression of being in hell.

July 12, 1872.—When endeavouring to give some account of the slave-trade of East Africa, it was necessary to keep far within the truth in order not to be thought guilty of exaggeration; but in sober seriousness the subject does not admit of exaggeration. To overdraw its evils is a simple impossibility. The sights I have seen, though common incidents of the traffic, are so nauseous that I always strive to drive them from memory. In the case of most disagreeable recollections I can succeed, in time, in consigning them to oblivion; but the slaving scenes come back unbidden and make me start up at dead of night, horrified by their vividness.

Now let us view the *Christian philanthropist* pursuing the great life-long task he had undertaken, of opening up the mystery of Africa in order to the discovery of the methods to be pursued for the healing of her sores.

2nd May, 1872.—All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world.

9th May.—I don't know how the great loving Father will bring all out right at last; but he knows, and will do it.

8th May.—I have been sorely let and hindered in this journey; but it

may have been all for the best. I will trust in Him to whom I commit my way.

5th July—Weary! weary!

7th July.—Waiting wearily here, and hoping that the good and loving Father of all may favour me, and help me to finish my work quickly and well.

25th March, 1873.—Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward. [It was only two days after penning these words that he performed his last journey, and lay down to die.]

What did he think of the Africans themselves and their capabilities?

May 9, 1871.—The African's idea seems to be that they are within the power of a power superior to themselves—apart from and invisible: good; but frequently evil and dangerous.

1st January, 1871.—[Speaking of the most inland tribe whom he visited, and whom he often describes as a handsome race, apparently equal to Europeans in physical and mental powers, he says]:—The Manyema are the most bloody, callous savages I know. Cold-blooded murders are frightfully common. Their cannibalism is doubtful, but my observations raise grave suspicions. [Yet he finds something loveable; witness the following.]

January 27th, 1870.—We came to a village among fine gardens of maize, bananas, ground-nuts, and cassava, but the villagers said, "Go on to next village," and this meant, "We don't want you here." The main body of Mohamad's people was about three miles before us; but I was so weak I sat down in the next hamlet, and asked for a hut to rest in. A woman with leprous hands gave me hers, a nice clean one, and very heavy rain came on. Of her own accord she prepared dumplings of green maize, pounded

and boiled, which are sweet; for she said that she saw I was hungry. It was excessive weakness from sickness; and seeing that I did not eat for fear of the leprosy, she kindly pressed me: "Eat, you are weak only from hunger; this will strengthen you." I put it out of her sight, and blessed her motherly heart. [Some of our readers will remember Mungo Park's similar experience.]

November 12, 1870.—The education of the world is a terrible one, and it has come down with relentless rigour on Africa from the most remote times! What the African will become after this awfully hard lesson is learned, is among the future developments of providence. When He, who is higher than the highest, accomplishes His purposes, this will be a wonderful country, and again something like what it was of old, when Zerah and Tirhaka flourished and were great.

Here let us interpose the remark, now strikingly different is the estimate a truly Christian traveller like Livingstone forms of the savage races, from that formed by other travellers who are less decidedly Christian. They speak of the natives of Africa in such contemptuous terms as these:—"My monkey Wallady looks like a civilized being beside the Nuehr savages." Little impressed with, if at all believing, the fact of the fall of the races from original uprightness, they do not hope for their elevation, and so make little account of their present degradation and woes. The Christian, who abhors the sins he beholds among those tribes, loves them, because, by creation, they are children of the same Father; pities them because he knows from what they have fallen, and hopes for them, because he knows they have immortal souls that may through Christ attain to holiness here and glory hereafter. Let us see what Livingstone believed to be the remedy for Africa's woes.

May 9, 1872.—If Baker's expedition should succeed in annexing the valley of the Nile to Egypt, the question arises—would not the miserable condition of the natives, when subjected to all the atrocities of the White Nile slave-traders, be worse under Egyptian dominion? The villages would be farmed out to tax-collectors, the women, children, and boys carried off into slavery, and the free thought and feeling of the population placed under the dead weight of Islam. Bad as the situation now is, if Baker leaves it matters will grow worse. It is probable that actual experience will correct the fancies he now puts forth as to the proper mode of dealing with Africans.

24th May, 1872.—I would say to missionaries, Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Leaving the coast tribes and devoting yourselves heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find, with some drawbacks and wickedness, a very great deal to admire and love.

8th November.—The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master—the very genius of His religion. A diffusive philanthropy is Christianity itself. It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness.

His suggestions in reference to future missionary efforts include the following:—

May 28, 1872.—Many parts of this interior land present most inviting prospects for well-sustained efforts of private benevolence. Karague, for instance, with its intelligent friendly chief Rumanyika (Speke's Rumanika), and Bonganda, with its teeming population, rain, and friendly chief, who could easily be swayed by an energetic, prudent missionary. The evangelist must not depend on foreign support other than an occasional supply of beads and calico: coffee is indigenous, and so is sugar-cane. When I dined by ulcerated feet in Manynema I made

sugar by pounding the cane in the common wooden mortar of the country, squeezing out the juice very hard, and boiling it till thick; the defect it had was a latent acidity, for which I had no lime, and it soon all fermented. I saw sugar afterwards at Ujiji made in the same way, and that kept for months. Wheat and rice are cultivated by the Arabs in all this upland region. The only thing a missionary needs in order to secure an abundant supply is to follow the Arab advice as to the proper season for sowing. Pomegranates, guavas, lemons and oranges, are abundant in Unyanyembe; mangoes flourish, and grape-vines are beginning to be cultivated; papaws grow everywhere. Onions, radishes, pumpkins, and water-melons prosper, and so would most European vegetables if the proper seasons were selected for planting, and the most important point attended to in bringing the seeds. These must never be soldered in tins or put in close boxes; a process of sweating takes place when they are confined, as in a box or hold of a ship, and the power of vegetating is destroyed, but garden seeds put up in common brown paper, and hung in the cabin on the voyage, and not exposed to the direct rays of the sun afterwards, I have found to be as good as in England.

It would be a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, but with abundant materials for surrounding one's self with comforts, and improving the improvable among the natives. Clothing would require but small expense; four suits of strong tweed served me comfortably for five years. Woolen clothing is the best; if all wool, it wears well and prevents chills. The temperature here in the beginning of winter ranges from 62° to 75° Fahr. In summer it seldom goes above 84°, as the country generally is from 3,600 to 4,000 feet high. Gently undulating plains with out-cropping, tree-covered

granite hills on the ridges, and springs in valleys will serve as a description of the country.

21st June.—No jugglery or sleight-of-hand, as was recommended to Napoleon III., would have any effect on the civilization of the Africans; they have too much good sense for that. Nothing brings them to place thorough confidence in Europeans but a long course of well-doing. They believe readily in the supernatural as affecting any new process or feat of skill; for it is part of their original faith to ascribe everything above human agency to unseen spirits. Goodness or unselfishness impresses their minds more than any kind of skill or power. They say, "You have different hearts from ours; all blackmen's hearts are bad, but yours are good." The prayer to Jesus for a new heart and right spirit at once commends itself as appropriate.

On the 27th April Livingstone made his last entry in his journal. The broken sentences and the almost illegible writing show the state of exhaustion in which he was.

27th April.—Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.

On the morning of the 1st of May, 1873, his faithful African attendants found him kneeling motionless over his bed, with his forehead resting on his hands, as in prayer. Stepping reverently back for a while, they at length came forward and felt his cheek. It was quite cold; he must have been dead several hours. "Is it," says the editor of his journal, "presumptuous to think that the long-used fervent prayer of the wanderer had sped forth once more—that the constant supplication became more perfect in weakness; and that from his loneliness, David Livingstone, with a dying effort, yet again besought Him for whom he laboured to break down the oppression and woe of the land?"—*B. Messenger.*

Christian Work.

COLPORTAGE IN CANADA.

We trust the visit of the Rev. Mr. Gillies, Secretary of the Scottish Religious Book and Tract Society, will have a stimulating effect in Canada. It is a rebuke for our half heartedness, to hear from his lips how a visit from one of the American Tract Society's Secretaries started the Scottish Society, which has covered their own country with Colporteurs, and is now spreading this work into England and Ireland! The Scottish Society's plan is as follows: It says to a county or parish, if you pay so much for a Colporteur we will make up the balance and you shall have him for a labourer within your own bounds and under your own eye. County after county has come forward till the whole land is covered with this useful agency. We are glad to find in the *Bi-Monthly Reporter* of the U. C. Religious Book and Tract Society the following excellent article on this important branch of christian work:—

“Numberless are the voluntary and unpaid agents of the Tract Society, who labour in prisons and hospitals, on cars and steamboats, on highways and in villages, in alleys and along the streets. We wish them all a happy and successful year's work, in their several spheres. May the tracts in their distribution be baptised by the Holy Spirit, and be preceeded and followed by earnest, believing prayer. And may the army of faithful self-denying tract-distributors be increased tenfold!

On the opening of navigation, our Colporteurs go forth to their important field of operations in the Welland

Canal—a work that none can estimate the magnitude of now; it scatters the good seed over all the waters of our great lakes, Huron, Superior, Michigan, Erie and Ontario—just as our Colporteur returns from his work among the Lumbermen in their back-wood's shanties.

In addition to these there is pressing need for colportage in our outlying country districts. There is a wide space between the waters of the lakes and the woods of the wilderness; a broad belt of territory which ought to be sown thick with the seed of a sound religious literature. And, although in Canada there are few regions where churches are not built and where the sound of the Sabbath bell is not heard, yet it is no disparagement to the churches to say, that in all country districts, even near our grown cities, there are hundreds of thoughtless, godless persons who never go to any place of religious service, and who cannot be reached save through the personal visit of the godly colporteur. And it must be remembered too, that in the outlying regions, religious service is only occasional, and to these the minister goes from his principal charge, or on his circuit, which is so wide that he cannot give time to do much visiting from house to house, conversing and instructing, as there is need. Hence the urgent necessity for colportage in this wide region that we have indicated. Without any exaggeration, thousands are dying for lack of knowledge. In numberless quarters a few good tracts, a religious book or periodical would be like water to the thirsty and bread to the hungry.

The success that has attended this form of Christian labour is exceedingly

encouraging, and ought to rouse the people of God in Canada to enter earnestly upon it without delay. In Ireland, Great Britain, and the United States its results are magnificent. The Rev. Mr. Ballard, Secretary of the Hartford branch of the American Tract Society, reporting upon colportage, referred to one district in New England of eight townships traversed by a colporteur, in none of which is there a church-building; and whatever religious services the people have are but occasional. Families were often found who had lived in that region from one to sixteen years without a Christian visitor until the colporteur came.

The whole number of colporteurs employed by this Society last year was 220, who made over two hundred thousand fireside missionary visits. It were well if there were 2,000 of these plain, common men, preaching the gospel in this practical, common sense way at the homes of the people.

Dr. McCloskie, Secretary of the Irish Bible Society and Colportage Society, tells us that it employs fifty colporteurs, scattered over all parts of Ireland. It is undenominational in character; and although the Presbyterians have got the chief share of the work, it enables all sections of christians to co-operate, without any sacrifice of principle, in the great enterprise of circulating the scriptures. A large proportion of the colporteurs are men of piety and zeal, and by bearing a friendly attitude towards Roman Catholics, they find all Ireland more or less open, and many parts of it fully open to judicious efforts. They labour alike amongst the outcast Protestants, and amongst the Roman Catholics, and are about equally acceptable with both. They sell to Roman Catholics an edition of the Douay Testament without notes, besides the authorized version of the Scriptures, and such religious publi-

cations as are published by the Religious Tract Society. The number of publications sold by the various agencies of the society in 1873 was nine hundred and eighty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-six, including nearly twenty thousand copies of the Old and New Testaments, ninety thousand religious books and many hundred thousands of religious periodicals and tracts.

Dr. McCloskie says also:—"Cases have been constantly coming to my knowledge of spiritual good resulting from this agency, and I believe that the spread of a spirit of inquiry and the state of preparedness for a visitation from God which are now observable over all Ireland, are in some sensible degree due to the operations of the colporteurs."

With us in Canada the question is not, "Is there need?" We are all ready upon a little thought to say, "There is." But the question is this: "How can colporteurs be maintained?" Our answer is BY COUNTY TRACT SOCIETY BRANCHES, OR BY INDIVIDUALS! We are glad that some of our county Branches say to the Board at Toronto, "we are willing and ready to send a colporteur out into our neighboring counties, and we will pay all his expenses." We should be pleased if men of means would devote a few hundred dollars every year for the support of a colporteur in some necessitous region? Who will be the honoured first man in this line of things, the forerunner of all the noble men that God is yet to raise up in Canada? Who? Listen to this testimony given by the Secretary of the American Tract Society, and let it have its full weight.

Mr. Homer Merriam, of Springfield, after going over a part of the ground visited by a colporteur, whose support he pays, wrote covering his remittance: "From what I can learn, this is the most economical outlay of money I have ever made."

UNION OF PRESBYTERIANS.

It lacks yet eleven years of being one century since the Rev. Messrs. Smith, Cook, and Graham, organized in Truro the first Presbytery of British North America. Since that time there have been among the Presbyterian bodies divisions and unions, till at length there appears in the field in 1875, two main armies, the body connected with the Church of Scotland, and the body that occupied the position of an independent Canadian Church. These two main armies were subdivided east and west by the long wilderness between us and the Maratime Provinces which is now being spanned by the Intercolonial railway. Not only has the railway abolished the geographical barrier east and west, but increasing knowledge and love has removed the barrier between the Church of Scotland and the Church in Canada, and the first Synods met in Montreal on the 15th of June, the very day Luther was excommunicated by the Pope, and there, in the most Popish city on this continent, consummated a union of all the Presbyterian Churches in the Dominion.

The four Synods met in four different churches, till the business of each Synod was brought to a close, and then, by pre-arrangement, they met at 11 o'clock in the Victoria Hall, to be constituted as one Church. The Union ceremony was very simple but very impressive. On the platform sat the four Moderators and Clerks of the four Synods at four tables, there being a fifth table and chair in the centre yet unoccupied. With all the deliberation and formality of legal business, minutes were read, the rolls called, and the basis of Union signed by the Moderators in behalf of their respective Churches. The United Court was then constituted with prayer by the son of the late Dr. McGregor, of Pictou, who was the first Moderator of the first

Union, in 1817, of Presbyterian Churches in the colonies. Dr. Cook was chosen Moderator, and opened the Court for business with an address that can never be forgotten by those that heard it, for its wisdom, its hopefulness as to the future; its tenderness as to the past. In the afternoon there was a meeting for prayer, when the Lord seemed present, filling the house with his glory. It was, however, different in the evening, when the Assembly gave up business and devotions to engage in what the Montreal people called a "Social entertainment." That evening's doings was a manifest failure, "None of the men of might found their hands." A precious time, which ought to have been given to serious work, was given to what was neither worship nor work. A social entertainment, if such things must be, should be left to the close of the Church's business, when those who do not find entertainment in such things can go their ways, and those who like them can remain; but it is best for the Church of Christ to spend the few precious days its ministers are together for business, in doing Christ's will and finishing his work, which is the sweetest entertainment the believer can have. The cry that Christ's work, and word, and worship is dull business, and that to make it pleasant it must be spiced with "entertainments" is a dangerous cry. It will surely prepare the minds of the people for ritualism, and for that worship which "cats and drinks and then rises up to play."

The meetings for business in the following days were pleasant, and successful, and augured well of the united body.

The roll, as reported for the United Churches, stood thus:—

(1.)	Ministers.
Canada Presbyterian Church...	398
The Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland.....	141

The Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces.....	124
The Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland.....	31
	<hr/> 634

(2.) Communicants.

Canada Presbyterian Church	56,241
The Presb. Ch. in con. with the Church of Scotland...	17,247
Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces.....	18,082
The Church of the Maritime Provinces.....	4,622
	<hr/> 96,192

(3.) Congregations.

Canada Presbyterian Church	650
The Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland.....	179
Presbyterian Church of Lower Provinces.....	138
Presbyterian Church of Maritime Provinces.....	41
	<hr/> 1,008

EVANGELIZATION OF THE BEDAWEEEN.

BY A SYRIAN MISSIONARY.

Many causes are being pled for in these days, and, thanks to the grace of God, many are found to plead them, but so far as I know there is only one man in England who is attempting anything practical for the evangelization of the sons of Ismael, who still roam as of old in the deserts of Syria and Arabia. So it would seem to be high time to make some effort to direct the thoughts of God's people to their sad and extreme need, and all the more particularly at the present moment, seeing that so many of the large towns of England, Ireland, and Scot-

land are being visited with such abundant showers of blessing from on high, and when, as a natural consequence, the renewed and increased life will be seeking new channels in which to develop itself.

According to Psa. lxxii., it was prophesied of King Solomon that "the inhabitants of the wilderness would bow before him." And how much more must this be true of Him who is "a greater than Solomon," and of whom Solomon was but a type, in the extent of his reign, and the vastness of his glory and power.

In the summer of 1873, Miss G——, my wife, and myself, paid a most interesting visit to several large encampments of a tribe of Bedaweens who spend eight or nine months of the year in the wilds of the desert, and three or four in the neighbourhood of Hesban and Rahoob, on the east of the Jordan.

We pitched close to their tents, and, in short committed ourselves to them for protection and all else we needed, and were received by them with kindness, and even a degree of politeness and consideration not to be expected from the sons of the desert. What we experienced there helped me to realize what mission life in the wilds of Africa must be. I had a great desire to pay them a second visit this last summer, but God has interfered, and, by sickness, prevented our desire being gratified, so that we have been much disappointed at not seeing our friends of last summer as we had wished. But when we think of the unusual suffering there has been all the past summer among all classes and in all districts of this country, I cannot but own that God's hand has been working, and be thankful for his sparing mercy.

With all the other Missions that have been originated in these later days, it is surprising that no special men have gone forth to the desert. Surely it is high time that some move should be made in that direction.

Some may think that the missionaries who are already in a country like Syria, bordering on the desert, ought to be able to evangelize it; but they have already far more on hand than they can overtake, and such a vast work as the evangelization of the Bedaween needs a number of men specially devoted to *them*, with unwavering anxiety for their salvation, just as the centres of Africa and China do. Will not some of those who are now enjoying the blessed fruits of converting and reviving grace in so many of the large towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, send forth, were it but half-a-dozen of their number as special missionaries for this special field? They must be men *willing* and *able* (*willing* in mind, and *able* in body) to endure such hardships as a migratory, desert life would entail, for the love of Christ. I believe if such a band would go forth among the tribes of the desert, there would be blessed fruits reaped—"the desert would blossom as the rose." And as far as I can judge, missionary life in the desert of Syria and Arabia, while it would be quite as hopeful and fruitful, would not be accompanied with such an amount of hardship as that in the wilds of Africa, so I cannot see why men, and women too, should not be found able and willing for the former as for the latter.

It is true that the inhabitants of the desert will bow before Solomon's anti-type, and as an earnest of the complete fulfilment of the promise, first-fruits of them actually embraced him on the day of Pentecost, and till now whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. But how shall they call upon Him upon whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?

I have heard of one or two Missions being started professedly for the

"Arabs," which term would appear as if they were for the Bedaween tribes of the desert; but practically speaking, as far as I know, not one missionary, either foreign or native, has in good earnest given himself thoroughly to this work. Any attempt made has stopped short in some of the sea coast or inland towns. Visits to Bedaween encampments in the neighbourhood of villages and cultivated districts may have been made for a few days at a time, and five or six Bedaween boys have been taught, who belong to tribes that encamp near villages, and never go into the desert; but literally, the evangelization of the vast desert itself is as yet a work of the future.

Palgrave, and men like him, have travelled for months amongst Bedaween of the Syrian and Arabian deserts, stimulated by the love of travel, exploration, and novelty; and men like Captain Macdonald of the Sinai Desert, have lived among them for years, and found a pleasant home in their camps; so why should not men, stimulated by the love of Christ, go and do likewise? Up till now the example of worldly men in this matter puts to shame the followers of Christ, for the former have attempted and obtained results which the latter have scarcely dreamed of yet.

We should be delighted to hear soon of the Lord raising up and sending forth a band of strong, devoted, godly men for this field, and as Damascus would be one of the most natural starting-points, where it would be well to go through an introductory study of Arabic, we should hope to be able to welcome them, and help them on their way. On no account should less than two start together, either married or unmarried, and they must be strong spiritually and physically. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker are an example of what a couple can endure in unknown wilds. Are there no such couples who

would go with the love of Christ into the retreats of the sons of Ishmael, and taste how much sweeter adventure for Christ would be than for any worldly object.

Undoubtedly, if such men went forth in faith, they would very soon obtain influence over the Bedaween; and by making themselves one with them, in migrating as they migrate, and living as they live, they would not only be able to preach to them the word of the gospel, but be able to guide them to the *practical obedience* of the gospel; so that, in time, by the effectual working of the Spirit of God, they would beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn the art of war no more.

Palgrave employed a partial knowledge of simple medicines as an introduction and means of safe passage for himself among the wastes of Arabia; and Captain Macdonald engaged himself and a tribe of Bedaween in digging up precious stones in the peninsula of Sinai, and was thus able, and that quite alone, to live among them for several years, and got so much influence over them, that they looked up to him as their chief, and *his word became their law*. And I need not say how serviceable even a limited knowledge of medicine would be to a missionary going forth into the same regions, in order that the word of Christ in him might become their law.

Until such a band of earnest spirits go forth among the roamers of the desert wilds, I have no hope of much being done for them, as the missionaries now in Syria have already more in hand than they can accomplish; and such as desire and are able to undertake this blessed work must put to their account beforehand that the gospel is not to be preached to the desert tribes by settling down in the towns or villages of Palestine and Syria; men must be found who will go into their country, and live among

them, as truly as Moffat did in Africa, Ellis in Madagascar, and Judson in Burmah.

MORAVIAN MISSION SHIP.

Most of the friends of missions know something of the self-denying and devoted labours of the Moravians in Greenland and South Africa and the West Indies; but comparatively few are aware of the work they have been carrying on along the "Mosquito Coast," nearly between the North and South American continents. They came to a most unpromising field of labour, the tribes of Indians on that coast having been first subjected to the Buccaneers, and then corrupted by the strong drink introduced by the European traders, and neglected by all. The Moravian missionaries have been labouring with cheering tokens of success among these poor creatures, undeterred by the difficulties of a trying climate, and of a country in which the only way of proceeding from one station to another is by sea, and often a rough and dangerous sea. At first this was effected in the canoes of the country; but this was a mode of locomotion quiet impracticable except in summer weather, and even then nearly impossible when the mission families had to be conveyed. A collection was made by the friends of the mission, and chiefly by the children of American congregations connected with the Moravians, and a vessel purchased, called *The Messenger of Peace*; but it proved afterwards to have been built of a kind of wood unfit for service, and after attempts to repair it, it had to be abandoned, and lies a half-decayed wreck on the shore. With great efforts another small vessel was purchased, called the *Meta*. This was well adapted for sailing, though the cabin was so small that four or five persons could hardly sit or stand to-

gether without painful crowding; and it may easily be imagined what was the consequent suffering when a mission family had to pass days in such an abode, the roll of the small vessel making it unsafe, at least for children, to be on deck in rough weather. Such as it was, however, they contentedly availed themselves of this much-needed help to pass to and fro to the various stations, which require constant superintendence.

But on the 21st of June last the little mission vessel was surprised by a furious whirlwind near the station of Greytown, and wrecked on the strand there. Happily no lives were lost; but the violence of the waves completely reduced the ship to a useless wreck, and the mission band is left without any means of locomotion except the canoes, which are only safe in the calmest weather. Not only this, but they are cut off from all regular means of procuring from more civilized localities those necessaries and comforts of life without which no Europeans can long keep their health and strength.

The friends who know of their present state of distress are anxious to raise money to assist the mission in the purchase of a vessel to replace the lost ones. It is believed that one really solid and commodious might be obtained for \$5,000 dollars (£7000). There is, we believe, no missionary body in existence whose funds are so small in proportion to the amount of work accomplished as the Moravians; and the quiet and unpretending manner in which they carry on their work causes it often to pass unnoticed by those who would give their hearty sympathy, if they knew how much is quietly, patiently, and cheerfully done for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom by this little band of earnest Christians.

LIVINGSTONIA.

A deeply interesting mission is about being started by the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland to the interior of Africa. We say Presbyterian Churches, in the plural; for though the new mission to the regions desolated by slavery, that most cruel of all tyrants, is originated and directed by the Foreign Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, and designed to be closely connected with their existing missions at Lovedale and elsewhere, yet the other great branches of the Presbyterian Church are co-operating heartily though not officially in the movement, which is in reality a *pioneer* mission, that will open up the way for others to follow. Dr. Duff explained how this co-operating was brought about, and the way in which it would operate, in a very interesting statement made before the Commission of the Free Church of Scotland, from which we gather a few facts that will interest our readers. Speaking of the success granted their efforts at Lovedale, Dr. Duff said: Whereas at first the people were so rude and barbarous, that in order to induce them to allow their children to attend school for education, they required to be in a manner *bribed* by the offer of clothes, board, lodging and instruction *gratis*, with the addition of brass, wire, beads, and other trinkets to boot; for some years past they have been in the habit of paying so much for educational fees, board and lodging, that last year the aggregate thus contributed actually exceeded a *thousand pounds*." From Lovedale, outstations have been planted in a northeasterly direction (avoiding the districts occupied by the French Missionaries in Basutoland, and Moffat's Mission in Bechuanaland), between the Drakenberg Mountains and the sea. A new one was planted last year, owing to a remarkable move-

ment of the native people and chiefs, who, excited by the reports of the wonderful doings at Lovedale, "earnestly besought that an infant seminary of a similar kind might be founded among themselves, and toward securing for it the necessary buildings contributed, within three months, the sum of £1500, an achievement unprecedented in modern missions."

Three of the principal preliminary difficulties have been in the good providence of God overcome. The large sum requisite fairly to establish so difficult a mission has been nearly all raised, two large hearted men having generously contributed £1000 each towards the undertaking, and from others £500. Then Portuguese opposition to any anti-slavery influence would, it is feared, lead the Portuguese on the coast to present serious obstacles to the progress of the mission through their territory and up the Zambesi. Mr. William Mackinnon, the head of the great Steam Navigation Company, which runs steamers along the Indian and African shores, and from Bombay to Zanzibar, succeeded in obtaining from the Portuguese Ambassador and Consul-general in London an official document commending the expedition to the favour and protection of the Portuguese authorities in Eastern Africa. The most serious difficulty of all, however, was the finding a suitable man to take the lead of the expedition, "so arduous and hazardous an expedition into a region thickly studded with great and manifold perils—perils connected with a tortuous and intricate river navigation, with malaria, with cataracts and marshes, savage beasts, and still more savage men." Dr. Stewart, of Kaffraria, would have been the right man, he having visited the regions in question in company with Livingstone. But he could not leave his pressing and important duties in connection with Lovedale and the

Franska territory. At last he remembered one man whom he thought well able to act as guide to the party. Mr. Young, of the Royal Navy. It was questionable whether he would be willing to undertake the task, and, if willing, whether he would be able to get leave of absence for two years. But both points were satisfactorily arranged, and the mission goes forth headed by "a thoroughly Christian man, a man of judgment and tact, experience and practical wisdom, a man of zeal, energy, and enterprise, and withal a man brimful of pity and compassion towards the poor down-trodden natives of Africa, for whose liberation from the yoke of their tyrant oppressors he would be ready to risk his own life." May the same gracious God who has thus far smoothed the part of His willing servants protect them on their voyage and journey up the country, and give them grace and wisdom to do His work in His way, that their labours may secure His blessing. May they study the history of the ill-fated Universities' Mission, and refrain from using sword and gun, remembering whose they are and whom they serve, and trusting for protection to His promise, "Lo I am with you alway even to the end of the world." We look for great and glorious results from this evangelistic, educational and industrial Mission; and trust it will tend in a double sense to bring liberty to the captive, throughout one of earth's darkest and most miserable regions.—*The Missionary News.*

THE YOUNG JAPANESE MISSIONARY.

The interesting and somewhat romantic history of Joseph Nee Sima, the young Japanese, who, having learned of the Christian's God from a few stray leaves in the Bible, made

his way to America at the risk of his life, that he might acquire an education, and through the liberality of a Boston merchant was enabled to pursue a thorough classical and theological course of study, is familiar to some of our readers. He was ordained as a Christian Minister last September, and soon returned to his native land in company with Missionaries of the American Board.

A new and no less interesting chapter of his history now appears in a letter from him to the *Missionary Herald*. In it he gives a very interesting account of his arrival at his father's home in November, to which he hastened at once after landing. He was welcomed with fatherly tenderness, and his old acquaintances gathered from several miles around to hear of his experiences. The kindness which he had enjoyed in this country deeply affected his relatives, and was used by him as an argument to influence them to accept the religion of the Saviour, which has prompted such kindness, and led them to educate him so that he might be of service to his people.

Since his return his father has renounced idolatry, taken down and burned the paper, wooden, earthen, and brass gods, and he hopes will hereafter worship the true God. He has preached several times in the school-house, in private houses, and in the Buddhist temple to a large audience, all the priests coming to listen to the preaching of the new religion. Some of the people having followed the example of his father, taken down their idols from the shrine and ceased to worship them. A number of his townsmen have taken up a collection for purchasing Christian

books for their own use, being eager to investigate the claims of the new religion. The door thus seems opening wonderfully to this young missionary. Who can doubt that prayers offered by Christian friends here are finding their answer in his welcome reception, and in the preparation of the hearts of his kindred and neighbours to heed and accept his instructions.

We should like to give his account in his own words, but must be content with the following extract from his very interesting letter to the A.B.C. F.M.:—

"Besides my home friends, my humble labour within three weeks in this place has been wonderfully blessed. I have preached several times in the school-house in this town, and also preached to small audiences in different families. A week before the last Sabbath I preached to a large audience in a Buddhist temple. All the priests in this community came, and listened to the preaching of the new religion. There were over two hundred in number present, consisting of priests, laymen, a few women and children.

At my preaching in the school-house a week ago to-day there were the whole body of the magistrates of Takasaki, a neighbouring city of 15,000 inhabitants. They came here in order to hear me preach, because it was a Japanese holiday, and they could leave the city without any trouble.

Soon after I got through my preaching in that temple, one of the audience went home and took down all the gods and images from the shrine, and has discontinued to worship them ever since."

Devotional Papers.

RUTH THE MOABITRESS.

In the book under our notice we have the description of an interesting character. Ruth, originally a heathen, becomes allied by marriage to an Israelite family; and though deprived of her husband by death, refuses to return to her country and people when urged to do so by Naomi, her mother-in-law. The passage in which she makes known her determination is one of extreme beauty: "Intreat me not to leave thee; or return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." In this passage she expresses her determination to leave behind her everything that was near and dear to her. What has brought her to express herself in this manner? Is not the example of the other daughter-in-law of Naomi held out to her, and is she not requested to go with her? Neither the prospect of poverty nor other hardships which may overtake her, shakes her resolution in the least, her mind is made up to cast in her lot with the people of God. Naomi was a god-fearing woman, and no doubt she had made known to this young woman the glorious promises which had been given to her nation through the Patriarch Abraham, and renewed again and again. During the time of her residence with her mother-in-law, she had not only been instructed in the knowledge of the true God, but saw His worship practised. She had before her, likewise, the continual example of a godly life. All these things, no doubt, impressed her mind very much, and lead her to resolve that, come

what would she will not separate from Naomi, but follow her to the land of promise, where the worship of God is more fully carried out, and where the spiritual atmosphere is more healthy. It might be said, Ruth only seeks to worship Jehovah in preference to the idols of her own land because her mother-in-law does so, it cannot be true conversion. Is it not the duty of one friend to influence another, and to lead that friend if possible to a knowledge of the truth! Undoubtedly it is, yet there are many professing Christians who meet their friends again and again, and know very well that their friends are not the friends of Jesus, and never open their mouths with regard to their soul's salvation. They will speak of every other matter, and counsel them respecting every other interest, but of that which is most important they never utter a single word. Parents will even counsel their children regarding every other matter but this most important one of the soul's salvation. It would almost seem by common consent to be laid aside. Such does not seem to be the case with Naomi and Ruth. Naomi instructed her daughters-in-law, and in the case of Ruth it fell into good ground and bore abundant fruit.

Ruth comes with Naomi to a home of poverty, and the young woman goes out immediately to glean in the harvest field, taking that work which first came to her hand. Though unintentional on her part, (for what would a stranger know of one field more than another,) God so directs her steps that she comes to the fields of Boaz, a rich relative of her former husband. Taking notice of her, and after having

enquired who she is, he tells her not to leave his field or go to the fields of others were she may be insulted, but to continue her gleaning there, and the reapers are instructed not to molest her, but rather to drop handfuls purposely for her. Boaz may have meant this as a mere act of kindness, but God meant to draw out his affections towards this young stranger as He had a very honorable position in store for her in the Church of God. That position was none other than being the great grand-mother of David the Psalmist and King of Israel, and one of the progenitors of our Lord.

When, through the instrumentality of Naomi, Ruth claims that Boaz should perform the part of a kinsman, he speedily informs her that there is one nearer than he. When, however, this nearest of kin refuses to do the part of kinsman, Boaz undertakes it, and the result is that Ruth becomes the wife of this good man, and she who was willing to follow her mother-in-law into poverty, became the wife of one of the most honourable men of the tribe of Judah. God thus blessed her piety and enabled her to be a blessing to others as well; for Naomi shares

her affluence with her; she goes to be nurse to the first-born of Boaz and Ruth. Thus the truth of the statements of God's word are fully borne out. They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be put to shame. They may be sore tried at times and vexed, yet God will cause them to rejoice at length; he will lift their head up above all their enemies.

In the story we have been considering, we have an illustration of the part the *gael* or kinsman was required to perform. True, he was the avenger of blood as well, but he had other duties to perform. Those other duties we have been illustrating. Is not the Lord Jesus Christ our kinsman—Redeemer? He is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dung-hill; that he may set him with princes, even the princes of his people." The position to which the child of God is now exalted is high, but a higher position awaits him. As the apostle John says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He appears we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

G. M. L.

Christian Miscellany.

BUILT UP.

"The stone which the builders refused has become the head-stone of the corner." There is a word which is used more, I think, with us in France than with you in England, in reference to religious meetings,—it is the word "edify." We ask the question, oftentimes, "Have you been edified?" Now "edified" does not mean moved or interested, but built up. And if you want to know whether you

have been edified here, I can tell you who has been and who has not. Only those have been truly edified who have been building on Christ. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." And no building is worth anything that is not built up on Him. Suppose a man should lay a foundation at one corner of a street, and should go on building his house at another corner, that house would not be edified very quickly. Many people have Christ for their

foundation, but they try to build themselves up on something else,—on doctrines, or systems, or on their own emotions. But, brethren, we are learning here to build ourselves up on Christ. Let us then lay everything upon Him, that goes to make up our building. If we get hold of a new truth let us lay it on Christ. If God gives us joy, we must lay it there; or if He gives us sorrow, we must lay it there; whatever comes, sunshine or shadow, peace or conflict, lay it there. And there are small stones needed in a building as well as large ones, so you must take all the little things of your life and lay them on Him. It is a blessed way to do, it grows wonderfully better every day, and thus we shall truly “build ourselves on our most holy faith.—*Monod.*”

A GOOD MARK.

The Editor of the *British Workman* was walking down one of the principal streets of London, when he met the late beloved Jacob Post, a well-known member of the Society of Friends. He said to Mr. S., “I have been searching my New Testament very diligently lately, Thomas Smithies, to find out if I can, how many texts our Lord gave whereby the world can judge whether we are real Christians or not, and I can only find *one*; if thou hast found two, thou hast found more than I have been able to discover.” After a few moments of silence, he slowly and solemnly added, “Our Lord said, *By this shall all men* (not the members of the church only, but those outside) know that ye are my disciples, *if ye have love one to another.*”

TAKE AND DRINK.

A ship was once sailing in the South Atlantic Ocean, when suddenly

the lookout saw another ship in the distance showing signals of distress. The captain altered his course so as to meet the other vessel, and on coming within speaking distance hailed the crew, and asked what difficulty or danger they were in.

“We are dying for want of water,” was the reply.

“Draw it, then, for yourselves from the sea,” answered the captain; “you are at the mouth of the river Amazon.”

There was that ship’s crew perishing at sea, oppressed with suffering and with fear, anxious to quench their raging thirst, but supposing they were surrounded on every side by the briny waters of the ocean, while in fact they were within the mouth of the greatest river in the world, its shores far out of sight on one side and the other, but pouring its flood of fresh water for leagues out into the ocean; there was sweet water for a hundred miles around them, and they had only to draw and drink it.

How many an unhappy voyager there is on the sea of life, suffering with that thirst which the brackish waters of earthly pleasure can never quench, but not knowing that on every side the sweet waters of eternal life lie within reach, free to all. Christ says: “If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.” “The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.” These waters of eternal life are all around you. Draw for yourself, and drink, and never thirst again.

THERE IS BUT ONE BOOK.

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that a short time before his death he desired to be drawn into his library, where, from a window, he was able to look

down upon the Tweed. Being rested, he requested his son-in-law to read to him. "From what book shall I read?" he was asked. The great man replied, "Can you ask? There is but one." And his biographer read John xiv., to which he listened with great comfort.

Sir Walter Scott was right; there is no book to be compared to this. And yet this book, which has been printed in our own language, put into our hands—which is unique—so beautiful in its simplicity, so grand in its sublimity, so pure in its majesty, so full in its variety, is strangely neglected. Though it recounts the most daring exploits, and contains the most interesting histories, the most beautiful poetry, the most perfect laws, the most instructive parables, the most eloquent discourses, the most devout prayers, and both describes man and reveals God; in short, though it claims to be divine in its origin, and most essential to man, yet, with all this to commend it, the great mass of mankind, are really ignorant of this wondrous book.

Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, yea, the daily newspaper, crowd it from its lawful position in our homes and our hearts; and, especially with the young, the trashy literature of the present day absorbs the time and attention which the Bible justly claims.

Scientists are ever ready to use their latest theories or discoveries, as so many levers with which they seek to overturn the truths of this sacred volume. But these would do well to ponder how numerous are the theories of Scientists in the past, which are now exploded; numberless volumes have been consigned to obscurity which were at one time the pride of their writers. It is worthy of note, that those theories advanced by scientific men, and which conflicted with the truths of the Bible, have been on purely scientific grounds, shown to be utterly untenable. Later discoveries

have poured floods of light upon the volume of nature and that of revelation in perfect harmony.

If therefore the Bible be true, and God has placed it in our hands, how carefully should we study its pages, and conform our lives to the precepts it sets forth.

In the past it has proved itself adapted to man's wants under all circumstances; a comfort to the aged, and a guide to early youth.

Let the scientist howl his arguments against the Bible, let the sceptic scoff at it; but ere we cast it from us, we would ask those to give us something which will take its place. Let them provide another book which will continue to do for mankind what this book has done, ere they would destroy it.

Meanwhile let us cling more closely to its precious truths, and permit nothing to take its place in our hearts.

"How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven."

OWEN SOUND.

J. J. H.

THE OLD WOMAN'S APPEAL.

The inhabitants of a thriving town of Pennsylvania having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of spirit-licences the town should petition from the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the *pastor* of the village, one of his *deacons*, and the *physician*.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens of the borough rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licences for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licences. They

had better license good men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose care-worn countenance was the painful index of no light sufferings. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the licence question. "You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and a woman never had a kinder husband, a mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask *where* are they now?"

"In yonder burying-ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkards' graves!"

"Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that immoderate drinking would do them good."

"And you too, Sir, (addressing the pastor), would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example."

"Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by rum."

"And now (she said) I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home. You, Rev. Sir—you, doctor—and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons,

who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard's grave."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting: "Shall we petition the court to issue licences to this borough for the ensuing year?" and the one unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal. There were no more licences granted after this.

Dear reader! while your heart is still heaving with deep emotion, and your eyes are suffused with generous tears, resolve (if you have not previously done so) immediately to take up, with regard to the curse of intoxicating drink, the only safe Christian position—to 'abstain from all appearance of evil.'

PERSONAL AND DISCRIMINATING LOVE.

And God's light is an individual light. He does not lead all his children by the same path, or make them all after the same pattern. Does a father give all his children the same sized clothes? Does he order a suit for the boy of eight to be made just like one for the youth of eighteen? Does he give them all the same food? Do not the little ones, or the delicate ones, have it different from the older and stronger ones? And is not our Heavenly Father as discriminating in His dealings with us as we earthly fathers are with our children? Brethren, God's love was not collective; it is personal, individual, and indivisible. We read that "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." He calls you by your Christian name—"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?"

THE BIBLE.

In the afternoon the hall was filled with a multitude of Christian people, anxious to hear another of those Bible readings, which are perhaps the most popular of all Mr. Moody's services. We were glad to see many Bibles in the audience, and shall be thankful if, as one result of these afternoon meetings, it becomes the custom in Lancashire, as it is in Scotland, to carry the Bible to every religious service. There can be no doubt that one reason why the after effects of Mr. Moody's work compare so favorably with those of some other revivals is, that he teaches the converts to "nourish themselves up in the words of faith and of good doctrine." He is never weary of sounding the praises of the Bible. At noon prayer meetings and evening meetings, as well as at the Bible readings, he urges the people to bring their Bibles with them, and rarely quotes a passage without referring to the place in which it may be found. Although he is not what we should call in England a good reader, there is a distinctness and emphasis, and peculiar fashion of deliberate repetition, which wins for the truth the thoughtful and appreciative attention of his hearers. All the illustrations, stories, and smart sayings which he so lavishly throws around a text, are but a setting, the obvious purpose of which is to attract attention not to itself, but to the intrinsic beauty and worth of the gem it contains.

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APPEAL FOR PRAYER ON BEHALF OF MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS OF CHINESE.

There are nine provinces of China, each as large as a European kingdom, averaging a population of seventeen or eighteen millions each, but all des-

titute of the pure Gospel. About a hundred Roman Catholic priests live in them, but not one Protestant missionary. Much prayer has been offered on behalf of these nine provinces by some of the friends of the China Inland Mission; and during the past year nearly £4,000 has been contributed, on condition that it be used in these provinces alone. We have some native Christians from these regions, who have been converted in our older stations, and who are most earnestly desiring the evangelisation of their native districts. Our present pressing need is of missionaries to lead the way. Will each of your Christian readers at once raise his heart to God and spend ONE MINUTE in earnest prayer that God will raise up this year eighteen suitable young men to devote themselves to this work. They should possess strong faith, devoted piety, and burning zeal; be men who will gladly live, labour, suffer, and, if need be, die for Christ's sake.

There are doubtless such in the churches of the United Kingdom. May the Lord thrust many of them out. We shall be glad to hear from such.

J. HUNSON TAYLOR.

China Inland Mission, 6 Portland Road, N., January, 1875.

THE WARRANT OF FAITH.

"The whole warrant of faith," said an earnest brother in the ministry to me, "scripturally expressed, is to be found in the line of the hymn, 'Just as I am.' It is this, 'And that Thou bidst me come to Thee.' Jesus bids me come and that's sufficient warrant for me."

I might illustrate this by the following incident. A little girl, a friend of my own, had been awakened to anxiety about her soul. I didn't happen to be much thrown in her way although I knew she was seeking

She was seeking Him early, and He says, "They that seek Me early shall find Me." One day she came running into my study, and said, "Oh, I have found Jesus now!" I wanted to see if she had "a good hope through faith," as, being comparatively a child, she might have taken some wrong views of salvation; and so I asked, "How have you found Him, little one?" "Oh," she said, "He offered Himself to me, and I took Him." I can tell you, my friends, I was very much struck with the answer. I had no more doubts about the views that my young friend had of salvation. Is there any one here wishing for rest, for peace, for forgiveness? Then the Saviour Jesus offered to you—"freely offered in the gospel." Come to me, He says, and be at rest. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

—*Maybole Evangelist.*

TUSSLE WITH AN INFIDEL.

While lately travelling by rail, a fellow passenger sat opposite me, to whose volubility there seemed no rational bounds. "Sir," said he looking out through the window pane, "what will this country come to in a century hence, if the same progress in literature, arts, science and agriculture, continues as at present? The whole earth will surely become a flower garden!" I replied by asking what became of the civilized nations of antiquity, and even some nations of modern times, which had forgotten God, and worshipped the idols of their own invention? That if this country fell into the same snare, God would in His own good time cause nation to rise up against nation, the plough would be supplanted by the cannon shot, the artificial manures, by the blood and carcasses of the slain; and proud, godless man, once more reduced to

utter imbecility, helplessness, and barbarism! "Sir," said he, "I believe neither in God nor in providence. My creed is that when I am thrown into the grave there is an end of me forever!" "Sir," said I, "if that be your creed it is diametrically opposed to mine. Remember 'God is not mocked, for what a man sows that shall he also reap.' My creed is that my adorable creator is not done with me at death. It is then my soul or spirit through the mediation of my blessed Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, is brought into closer communion and more intimate relationship with Him who is the eternal spirit, the great and adorable 'I am,' the essence or fundamental principal of life; and into the company of angels and archangels with the saints and the spirits of just men made perfect. Man's spirit in unison with a mortal body is an exceptional manifestation of divine power. *Spirit* is the great original. My body does not think any more than the mahogany case of an eight day clock. When you look me now in the face, you speak to a *spirit*, and I as a *spirit* speak to you, in which process my body is as inert as the clock case in determining an hour of the day. It is neither my feet nor my hands nor any part of my visible body that *thinks*—it is my *spirit*. The body may then crumble into dust, but my spirit will be emancipated, preserving its intelligent identity, though not perceived by mortal eye. Man only sees in his present state of probation, as but through a glass darkly. But this same *glass*, I am sorry to say, has itself become so much tarnished with the soil and mud of the world we live in, as almost to have become *opaque*; and infatuated man can scarcely see to the point of his own nose! And, notwithstanding this, forsooth, with his accustomed temerity, ventures to penetrate and solve for himself the mysterious problems of Almighty God."

While I poured this little volume of eloquence over the devoted head of my friend, he seemed completely bewildered and subdued. The rest of the passengers winked and nodded approbation during its delivery, and at its conclusion shook me cordially by the hand for my praiseworthy defence of our glorious common faith.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

Eli Ben Amram was one of the richest of his tribe. He had risen from humble circumstance to high honour—from poverty to great wealth. His ships floated on many seas, his merchandise was the produce of numerous lands, his fame resounded through all his nation. Yet did not the fortunes of Eli Ben Amram cause him to forget the God of his fathers. He was learned in the law of Moses, and in the traditions of the elders. He observed every feast and every fast. He paid tithes and gave alms. Moreover, he built a synagogue. Rich was the smoke of his morning and evening offerings, and frequent were his devotions.

But where is the perfect man? One precept did Eli Ben Amram forget to cherish in his memory—"Beware lest thou say in thine heart, my power and the might of my hand have gotten me this wealth." He had sustained his aged parents in comfort; he had given his sister Keturah in marriage with a princely portion; he had bestowed on his younger brother Jorah a thousand pieces of silver wherewith to traffic; many had he befriended, and he thought himself better than they, inasmuch as he had wisdom to amass riches. He praised his God for blessings bestowed, while yet his soul vaunted itself in that he had turned those blessings to his own

advantage—not remembering that the Lord his God had given him power to get wealth.

When Jotham, Ben Amram's only son, had attained the age of manhood, his father gave him a purse of gold and bade him go and make merchandise therewith. "Be diligent, my son," he said, "be prudent, and be fortunate. A man's success depends upon himself; the blessing of God follows the hand of the diligent."

While he was yet speaking with his son, a messenger arrived from a distant city—the bearer of a letter from his brother Jorah. Distress, sudden and severe, had fallen upon him; the Hand of God was pressing him sore. Sickiness had weakened his strength by the way. He therefore entreated his brother Eli to lend him fifty pieces of silver, to preserve him and the wife and children of his bosom from utter ruin. Eli was angry because his brother had become poor; and he said to his son Jotham, "I will send him six times as much as he asks, but withal, I will rebuke him sharply, for he has been negligent. A wise and prudent man will guard against evil, or, foreseeing it, he will hide himself; it is the fool alone who, passing on, is punished. He will thrive well who looketh to his own affairs. Go, my son, entertain the messenger until I have written to my brother."

So Eli Ben Amram wrote a letter to his brother, full of bitter words; and putting into a bag three hundred pieces of silver, which afterwards he secured with his own signet, he set down to await the return of the messenger.

Suddenly the spirit of slumber fell upon Ben Amram, and glimpses of the invisible were revealed to him in visions. Before him stood a youth of noble and commanding form, clothed in flowing garb. In his hand he held a wand of Ivory. A strange awe oppressed the mind of the sleeper at the

vision; nevertheless, though subdued, his spirit sunk not in utter dismay.

"Eli Ben Amram," said the stranger, "canst thou avoid the poverty into which thy brother Jorah has fallen?"

Ben Amram smiled proudly as he replied, "I have avoided it."

"Hitherto thou hast," rejoined the stranger; "or, rather, hitherto God hath prospered the work of thy hands, and given thee wealth. He may also withdraw it."

"The blessing of God," answered Ben Amram, "rests on the diligent and prudent man."

"Wealth is not always a blessing," replied the stranger, "inasmuch as mortals sometimes use it to their own hurt. Yet it is one of the good gifts of God, which He bestoweth on one and withholdeth from another. Eli Ben Amram, look on the past!"

The visitor waved his wand, and passed his hand over the eyes of the sleeper. Then did a thick mist fill the apartment, while a cold thrill agitated for a moment the whole frame of the boastful merchant. The mist divided, and Ben Amram saw in distant perspective, the home of his childhood. Youthful forms were sporting round the well remembered hearth. He knew them to be his brother Jorah and sister Keturah, while with another shadowy form he felt himself to be identified. The thoughts and feelings of childhood returned, and he lived, as it were, a double life—a grave and thoughtful man, and a simple reckless boy. In that mysterious moment not only did his actual life pass in review before him, but shadowed on that mist were the good and evil influences by which, in those earlier stages of existence, he had been surrounded.

He saw that boy environed by perils and temptations—heedless and unconscious of them all, and yet escaping them. Another step in that course would have brought him within the

grasp of death, when suddenly it was abandoned. Another movement in this direction would have plunged him into errors as fatal to the spirit, when, without adequate or apparent cause, he stopped and turned aside.

"Why doth the child avoid dangers he knoweth not of?" asked Eli Ben Amram.

"Look more closely," said the stranger. And when Ben Amram looked, he saw, hovering above and around the boy, dim and shadowy, yet becoming more distinct the longer it was gazed on, the form of a Hand. It was this HAND he now saw which guided and upheld, interposed when danger was near, and averted the threatened stroke.

The boy became a man; and the HAND was still near him, protecting, restraining, controlling, supporting, directing. In the intricate paths of youth, in the rougher ways of manhood, its powerful yet gentle influence was alike felt. Ben Amram remembered circumstances of perplexity in which he thought he had been guided by his own wisdom, but in which, as he now saw, the shadowy HAND had pointed to a right decision. Sometimes he had spurned its influence, and had fallen. Then the HAND had raised him, and continued its unwearied task. Sometimes its movements were involved in mystery; the mist would gather round, and he could see neither its operations nor its object; but still he knew that the HAND was there.

Ben Amram saw that HAND pouring wealth at his feet, which he might gather at will. It prospered his traffic, and removed rivals from his path. It gave him ships, and sped them safely and prosperously over the ocean. It defended him from losses, and assisted him in his schemes. It guided him to the choice of a residence, and directed him to the partner of his life. It gave him the desire of his heart. It raised him to honor and fame.

He saw the HAND beckoning as his brother's messenger drew near; and then the scene was obscured—the mist again filled the apartment.

"Eli Ben Amram," said the visitor, "thou hast seen the sign of the Invisible, upholding the hand of the diligent through the past. Look now upon the future!"

Again he waved the wand, and placed, for instant, his hand upon the eyes of Ben Amram. The mist once more divided.

He saw his brother worn with poverty and wasted by sickness. He marked the anguish of his spirit as he read the reproachful letter. He saw the shadowy HAND over him also; but again the scene was changed.

A ship sailed upon a distant sea. That HAND raised the waves and winds to a storm, and impelled the vessel to destruction. The owner was impoverished—and he was indebted to Ben Amram for the sum of four thousand pieces of silver.

And now the shiftings of the scene increased in rapidity; yet still the HAND was there. Jorah repaid the three hundred pieces of silver; while Ben Amram's eldest daughter returned, a destitute and mourning widow, to her father's house. The ship in which his son Jotham sailed was attacked, the passengers were robbed and taken captive, and an exorbitant ransom was demanded. Ben Amram paid the sum, and Jotham returned home in nakedness and want. Fire destroyed the possessions of one debtor; blight and mildew destroyed those of another. Famine and pestilence wasted the land, the sources of commerce failed. Ben Amram's boasted sagacity seemed to forsake him: perplexed and bewildered, he felt himself unable to stem the current of adverse circumstances. His younger son Ehab risked his patrimony in a commercial adventure; it failed, and he lost all. His daughter Miriam was sought in marriage by one

whose character and prospects appeared promising. The influences of the warning hand were disregarded; and Ben Amram discovered too late that he had bestowed the darling of his heart upon an unprincipled adventurer.

In all these changes that HAND was seen mingling, more shadowy and mysterious, yet still visible. Ben Amram saw himself, notwithstanding all his efforts, reduced to utter poverty; and then, through the mist, he perceived approaching him his brother Jorah. He shrank from him, for he feared to have his own reproaches cast back into his own teeth. But presently they met.

"My brother," said Jorah, "the good Hand of God has been with me, and has given me competence. Come and share it with me; I have enough for thee and for me."

Then did Eli Ben Amram exclaim, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

At this instant the door of the apartment opened, and with his son Jotham entered the messenger of his brother. Ben Amram looked around him; the stranger was gone, and the mist had vanished. The letter he had written was before him. He consumed it in the flame of a lamp that burned upon the hearthstone; and in its stead he penned a kind and sympathising message to his brother.

From that hour was Eli Ben Amram never heard to vaunt himself in his wisdom or his wealth; and if one praised skill and success ("and men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself"), he would reply, "Nay, but it was the good hand of my God upon me." And when he admonished his children to attend diligently and circumspectly to their affairs, he always added this precept: "Above all things, seek the guidance of the UNSEEN HAND."—*Tract Magazine*...

MINISTERIAL LIFE AND WORK IN THE HIGHLANDS IN LAST CENTURY.*

1768. *March 28.*—Visited D.D., an eminent Christian, in great distress of body, but resting by faith on the glorious foundation laid in Zion. He gave me—and his wife and four children then present—as solid and satisfying an account of the Lord's first gracious, and, I may add, saving work on his soul, as I have met with anywhere. This was a most edifying and comfortable visit,

29th.—Visited three aged and seemingly dying persons; but alas! I found not one D.D. among them all. I am in fear about two of them. Father, have mercy on them, for Jesus' sake! Awake, and convince, and convert, if it be not too late! Too late! Oh, dreadful thought! Mercy, mercy, mercy, for the sake of the bloody agonies of our heavenly kinsmen! As to one of the three, H. Fraser, in Dolt, blessed be the Lord for it! I have better hopes of his salvation. Lord, grant that they may not be disappointed! Amen.

Wednesday 30th.—This day I have many calls to retire, fast, pray, and humble myself deeply before the Lord, for my numberless sins of omission and commission, of old and of late. The situation of my parish, family, and several of my dear friends, calls for it. Lord, pour out Thy blessed Spirit on my poor, wretched, parched, languishing soul, as a spirit of repentance, supplication, and prayer. Lord suggest suitable meditations, awaken holy desires, touch this cold frozen heart with a live coal from Thine altar! *Ten o'clock at night.*—The Lord has been pleased, of His great mercy, to carry me through the

duty of this day in such a way as lays me under a new and strong obligation to bless and praise His most holy name while I live; for I have it to say now, as on former occasions—yea on every occasion of this nature—to the praise of free grace, that "it was good for me to draw nigh to God." In the morning I was oppressed with a spirit of bondage; at noon I was sweetly relieved and enlarged by the benign spirit of adoption, which enabled me to say, with humble boldness and unutterable delight, "Abba Father!" At the beginning of the duty my soul was much straitened and bound up; but soon my bonds were loosed, and my soul brought into a large place, where there was liberty, felicity, and rest! "He caused the north wind to awake in the morning," and commanded the sweet southern breeze to blow at noon; then the spices of my garden began to flow out, the faded lillies began to rear up their drooping heads. Faith, love, affiance, complacency, calm resignation, contempt of sublunary things, a savour for the things that were above, were now felt—glory to His name!—in a livelier manner than usual. My soul doth therefore magnify the Lord; my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour! Lord, keep this in the thoughts of the imagination of my heart for ever! Oh, to be more humble, thankful, vigilant, tender, spiritual, holy, and devout than ever! Oh for clearer views, nearer access, deeper impression and higher fruitness than I have yet attained! Oh! I am still far, far behind! Oh how little have I yet seen of Christ's glory! how little have I tasted of His love, in comparison of what thousands of His people have experienced, and what I might have attained myself had I been wise! But blessed, blessed be His name for ever, for my little drop—my glimmering ray, little as it is! Lord, Thou that knowest all things,

* The Diary of James Calder, minister of Croy; edited by the Rev. William Taylor, M.A. Stirling: Peter Drummond. London: Patridge & Co.

knowest that I would not barter it for ten thousand worlds!

Tuesday, April 12. — Visited three dying persons, two of them, alas! alas! in a poor way—I fear, strangers to Christ, "Oh that the Lord might spare them for some time! Oh that it might please the Lord to awaken and convert, ere they sleep the sleep of death! The other person, a man of eighty years of age, seemed to me to be possessed of a lively steady faith in Christ. Among many edifying expressions he uttered, he said:—"Had I the holiness and good works of ten thousand eminent saints, I would this day absolutely renounce and disclaim all in the business of my justification and acceptance with an infinitely holy God; and I would betake myself to the righteousness of Christ and His atoning blood, as my only sanctuary and my only hope."

NO SUCH ALTERNATIVE.

Said a lady church member to an aged minister of another denomination, "With all your objections to dancing, you will be obliged to admit that it is not half so bad as to be in another room at an evening party, drinking or playing cards, or perhaps slandering one's neighbor." He replied, "I candidly confess that it is not half so bad as either of these, and if the members of *your church* are obliged to drink, gamble, slander their neighbors, or dance, I say, by all means dance, or, which is still better, stay at home. As for ours, we are not obliged to do either."

To an afflicted mother, at the grave of her deceased child, it was said, "There was once a shepherd, whose tender pastoral care was over his flock night and day. One sheep would neither hear his voice, nor follow him; he took up her little lamb in his arms—then the sheep came after him."

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A pity that so few people understand the full effect of well-timed silence! How eloquent it is in reality! Acquiescence, contradiction, deference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Should you hear an assertion which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Again, how much domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which, by mutual aggravation has, perhaps, terminated in bloodshed, have been checked in the commencement by a judicious silence? Those persons only who have experienced them, are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance which, to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. A soft answer turns away wrath; but sometimes erring humanity cannot give this soft answer in moments of irritation; in such cases, there stands the fortress of silence, with doors wide open, as a refuge for the tired spirit until calmer moments come. Think of this seriously, you who glory in having "the last word." "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."—*Selected.*

If I were as holy as Gabriel, I should be the humblest of you all, for then I should know that I was the most indebted to the God of all grace.

Children's Treasury.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—*Rev. iii., 20.*

"There's a knocking at the door. John; I hear it—oh! so plain.
Ah! would that I had answered it before it came again.
I'm sadly grieved in mind, John, our darling is so ill;
It's all my work and all my time to nurse poor little Will."

"You must not grieve so, Mary; our Willie may get well;
The doctor hoped so yesterday, though he said he could not tell;
I've heard the Stranger knocking since first our little lad
Was seized with sudden illness, and we feared the case was bad."

"Oh, the Stranger has been knocking these twenty years and more;
He always comes in trouble, John, to my barred and bolted door.
I heard the knocking first of all when sickness came to me,
And I trembled at the thought of a near Eternity!

There's scarce a week now passes but I hear the same sad knock,
And I mean when I have time, John, these fastenings to unlock;
But, oh, how wondrous patient this Stranger Friend must be!
Or He'd have wearied long ago, for so it seems to me."

The little one grew weaker, and the mother's tears fell fast;
She knew the dreaded day had come that would surely prove its last.
God's angel bore her treasure home, and the Stranger, as before,
Knocked—only yet more loudly—at her barred and bolted door!

"What, all in tears, poor Mary Bland!" her loving pastor said,
For he had entered quite unseen, and sat beside the bed,
Whereon the lifeless form was laid of the child to her so dear;
"'Tis well my friends, for I perceive the Saviour has been here."

"It is a bitter trial, sir; he was our darling boy,
The sunshine of our little home, our treasure, and our joy;
Oh! would that he were back again; but this can never be:
I ne'er again shall hear the voice that spoke so prettily!"

"There's one thing I am thinking, wife, before our pastor goes—
He'd tell us who the Stranger is; it may be that he knows."
Then Mary told him everything, the knockings at the door,
And how she had not found the time to open it before.

"Oh yes! I know Him very well. To my door oft He came,
And I grieve to think so long a time I treated Him the same;
But through trouble that he sent me, adversity's dark day,
I opened wide my wilful heart to his most gentle sway."

"And has He power to comfort, sir, the sad and lonely heart?
Can he heal the troubled spirit, and the wound from which I smart?"

" Yes ; if you open wide the door, He'll cleanse your heart from sin,
Then, wondrous to relate, make His own abode within.

I cannot tell you, Mary, the half he is to me,
And none can fill the void you feel, save He, and only He !
The healing balm for every wound, the Comforter in grief !
The only Friend who has the power to bring you sure relief !

Seek Him, dear friends, and you will find the pearl of greatest price,
And rest the weight of all your sins upon His sacrifice ;
Make Him your Friend and Counsellor, and you'll know as ne'er before
The wondrous loving Saviour, who stands knocking at the door."

But ere he left that darkened home, in fervent tones was heard
The pastor praying fervently—for his soul within was stirred—
That they who for so long a time had slighted their best Friend
Might welcome Him into their hearts, and serve Him till life's end.

" I did not know 'twas Jesus who was knocking at the door ;
We must not grieve Him, Mary, or resist Him any more :
But seek his pardoning mercy, and beg Him enter in
And take possession of the hearts so long enslaved by sin."

" I've read about His sufferings, John, His death upon the cross,
And how that we might know Him we should count all things but loss.
His message to the weary—oh, it sounds so sweet to-day !—
' Come unto Me, I'll give you rest. I am the Truth, the Way.'

I am thinking very much of our darling little boy,
And how I'd like to see him in the world of endless joy ;
It would soften all my anguish were I sure we'd meet again.
Oh, let us give our hearts to Him, the Lamb for sinners slain !"

Oh, there is joy in Heaven to-day, in songs of praise express,
As two poor burdened souls in prayer the sinful past confess,
And pray that they might realise the Saviour's pardoning love,
And reign with Him hereafter in the realms of bliss above.

'Twas thus they lifted up the latch and opened wide the door,
And praised the glorious Saviour they had slighted so before,
And found how sweet the comfort His presence can impart,
Himself the only Healer of the broken, contrite heart.

One word to you, dear reader ; Christ knocks at your heart's door ;
He want's to gain an entrance, for your weight of sin He bore.
If may be He has waited long ; perchance is waiting still :
Beware, lest once too often, you treat this Friend so ill !

You'll want Him on your death-bed ; in life He asks for you ;
You'll want Him in adversity ; in joy He wants you too.
Oh, let your heart and voice respond as ne'er it did before
To the loving, gentle Saviour, who stands knocking at your door !

IN DEMAND.

One day Tommy had been asked to do several "chores" about the house. He was wanted to bring in wood, hunt eggs, run errands, etc. He grew tired of it at last, and upon some new request he said, half-impatiently, half-jokingly, "Well, I think here's a boy that's in pretty good demand to-day!"

"Good articles are always in great demand," replied one that heard him.

"Oh! yes I s'pose so!" said Tommy, as he marched off to do this favour also, evidently thinking it was a little tiresome. The "demand" seemed to press a little hardly upon the "supply."

Yes, Tommy, "good articles are always in demand." This is true the world over. People like to choose the best they can find. Good lawyers, good doctors, good teachers, good merchants, good mechanics, good farmers, good editors, good preachers, will all find that the great world has plenty for them to do. They are in demand.

But worthless things have poor sale. They may go a-begging. Men don't want them. The lazy, the dis-obliging, and the careless are not often asked to do much when better hands may be had.

If you would succeed in life and be counted a useful member of society, then strive to be obliging, helpful, and careful; Learn to do with your might what your hands find to do. And this must be done not merely for the sake of being praised, or receiving ready pay, but because it is right, and manly, and Christ-like. Do it bravely and "heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men." Men will often be thankless, but the Lord's reward is sure. The pay will be all right at just the right time; God will remember all.

He who serves most shall be accounted greatest. But only he who loves much can serve much, without growing weary and "giving up." But if we love Christ, we shall be strong to do all duties and endure all things.
—*Fra.*

DEATH to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his Father's house into another that is fair and large, light-some and glorious, and divinely entertaining.

WHAT an incentive to holiness, to purity of life and conduct, lies in the fact that the body of a saint is the temple of God! A truer, nobler temple that which Solomon dedicated by his prayers, Jesus consecrated by His presence!

Through Phœnicia.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ANCIENT PHœNICIANS:—THEIR RELATION TO EUROPE:—THE PLAIN OF ACRE:—THE LADDER OF TYRE:—FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SITE OF TYRE.

The morning was bright and calm as we bade the Carmelite monks fare-

well, and descended the steep rocky path that leads from the brow on which their convent is built to the plain below. We are now leaving Palestine behind us, and our faces are towards Syro-Phœnicia, a country very small in size, but like Greece, Palæ-

tine, Latium, Holland, and Britain, of vast influence on countries a hundred times larger and more populous than itself. From Phœnicia, Europe got one of its oldest religions, as also its knowledge of letters, and some of its important colonies.

The god of the Phœnicians was Baal, the sun, whose worship was conducted under the open canopy of heaven as became the god of day, whose altars stood on the loftiest hills, and *through* whose fires the people made their children to pass as an act of consecration to him, and *in* whose fires they were sometimes consumed as an offering to appease his wrath. This horrible religion, which was indeed the cause of the ruin and dispersion of the kingdom of the ten tribes, we can plainly recognize in the Druidical religion the Romans found among the Celtic races of western Europe. The very name of Baal is formed from two very ancient word-roots which are found in the Greek and Celtic languages. *Be*, life, and *ul, ol*, all, *i. e.* the life of all things. Traces of its open-air worship within enclosures of upright stones, (one of which is to be seen to-day half-way between Tyre and Sidon,) are scattered widely over Wales and Scotland. And is not the word *Sunday*, and the habits still found in parts of Scotland, of kindling fires on May-day, which the people call *Bealtuin* (*i. e.* *Baaltein*, the fire of Baal) and the habit also of the children leaping through the flames in sport, remnants of Baal worship and traces of the connection of our country with this ancient land on whose threshold now are the hoofs of our horses.

As to the Phœnician origin of our alphabet, and the Phœnician origin of Carthage, which came within a little of conquering Rome, and being to Europe in the place of that city, we need say nothing, for these are facts in regard to which there can be no dispute.

It is not difficult to understand also, how Phœnicia came to be the missionary people of Asia as regards Europe and Northern Africa. From the valley of the Euphrates, the cradle of the human race, the descendants of Noah pushed westward and peopled Europe. The shores of the great sea arrested the progress of the Canaanites. Favoured by the harbours that belong to Phœnicia and hemmed-in in perfect security by its mountains, the colonists to whom that country fell, became like the inhabitants of Britain, a trading and manufacturing people, and carried their name, their letters, and their religion to the nations with whom they traded, and over whom they obtained the influence that merchants always exercise over the labourers of the soil. This wave that came from Phœnicia was a foul wave, but that polluted and polluting wave has been succeeded by the blessed and beneficent wave of the Christian religion which, from the very same ports, Ptolemais, Tyre and Sidon have spread westward, not over Europe alone, but also over America and its islands. But I must return to my narrative.

Having reached the plain, we hug the sea so closely that at times the waves breaking in solemn sweet music in the yellow sand, washed the hoofs of our horses. We cross the Kishon where it enters the sea, and to our surprise find it a large stream, even to the girths of our saddles. Then we pass the hull of a wrecked ship (which on some stormy night was driven ashore) lifting up its skeleton ribs between us and the blue waters of the sea as we pass quite close to it, telling us that in tempestuous weather the harborage here is not safe. After fording another river we halt about noon under the walls of Accho, (a small town of 6000 people), which means very significantly "*hot sand*,"

called also Ptolemais, now called Akka, or more generally *Saint Jean d' Acre*, eight miles from Carmel, and thirty miles south of Tyre, and (next to Beyroot) the most important sea port on the Syrian coast. This city, commanding the entrance to the plain of Jezreel (which plain is indeed the gate of the east for Europe and Africa) has been rightly called the "*Key of Palestine*." It was given to the tribe of Asher, but that indolent and cowardly tribe never claimed their property from the hands of the Phœnicians. After the dismemberment of the Macedonian Empire it fell to the lot of Egypt which (from Ptolemy) gave it the name Ptolemais which is its designation in Acts xxi. 7. the only passage in the New Testament in which it occurs. More than any city of Syria, Acre links the wars of the far past with the wars of the near present: for a series of sieges has been sustained by this walled city from the remote past to our own day; when before these walls, battered by balls, high debate was held by Napoleon, Ibrahim Pasha, and by Sir Charles Napier. It is an anvil on which many hammers have been broken in pieces. Shall it break any more? It is hard to say what form the Eastern question will yet assume, and therefore hard to say whether or not Acre has yet undergone its last siege. There must be something peculiarly strong in the position of a town of which Napoleon could have said years after he had to raise its siege: — "If St. Jean d' Acre had fallen, it would have changed the face of the world: the fate of the East was in the power of that paltry town." From the grass grown ramparts, showing marks of the siege of 1840, we looked out over the Mediterranean, without a ripple and with scarcely a sail; then we walked the deserted streets, where neglect and decay are visible everywhere, visited

the old convent, talked with the monks, and then, glad to leave, mounted our horses for our afternoon ride of some four miles to a pleasant orange grove near the country residence of the Governor of Acre. It was here that Mohammed, our military escort to whom I referred in a former paper, parted with us, and it was in our tent near that ruined aqueduct which once poured its precious contents into Acre that the conversation within narrated in a previous number took place. Our tents were pitched that night on the northern edge of the plain of Acre, which belongs geographically to Palestine, though Asher never made good his claim, and was therefore more or less exposed to danger; but on the morrow we hope to cross the barrier that separates Palestine proper from Phœnicia, and having crossed this rocky rampart that shut out the wandering Bedouins, we shall have no further need of soldiers.

Before daylight we are up, and breakfast over, we begin the ascent of a lofty ridge thrown out by the Lebanon chain towards the sea. This wall closed in the Phœnicians, (the Anglo-Saxons of Antiquity,) as completely from the invading foot of Egypt and Babylon, as the sea to-day shuts in Britain from the rest of Europe. When we gain the summit of this lofty promontory and look back, we obtain a parting view of the plains of Acre, which, from where we stand, to Carmel, is some sixteen miles in length, and from the sea to the hills some six miles in width. On the far horizon is Carmel dipping his foot into the sea; in the middle distance is Acre, with its elegant and lofty minaret; on the left hand are the Lebanon hills which ascend in a series of elevations toward Central Galilee. All that land belongs *naturally* to Palestine, although it has been in political connection with Tyre and Sidon, into whose pro-

per territory we are now entering across the ridge of the "White Cape."

And such an entrance! The road, two yards wide, is cut into great steps like a huge stair-case, while a balustrade some three feet thick of the chalk rock is left standing to save the traveller from tumbling—should he make a false step—into the sea, which washes the foot of the chalk cliffs some 200 feet below. On the one side the traveller looks down a perpendicular cliff into the water, on the other side he looks up a perpendicular cliff into the sky, while he, leading his horse, walks cautiously, as it were, between heaven and earth. On the top of this pass stands the ruin of what is called the Candle Tower, which with a handful of men could hold the pass against a great army. There before us, as we gain the top of the pass, stretching away northward twenty-eight miles, is Phœnicia proper, being a strip of land not more than a mile wide, on an average, though in the neighbourhood of Tyre and Sidon the breadth of the plain spreads out to four or five miles. How was it that such a small country became so wealthy and powerful, and left such impress on the institutions and literature of the ancient world? It was, first, well protected from external enemies. On the south it was shut in by the "White Cape," on the east by the Lebanon, on the west by the sea, while to the north alone was it exposed, and from the north came its ruin. It was, second, well-watered, having within its territory streams of a depth and permanency wholly unknown to Palestine. It was, third, cool and healthy, with sea breezes to temper the extreme heat that enfeebled the inhabitants of the inland plains. It had, fourth, an endless supply of timber of the best quality wherewith to build ships. It commanded, fifth, the highway of the sea. Its two cities, Tyre and Sidon, twenty miles apart, standing in the

same relation to the west of their day that Liverpool and Glasgow do to the west of our day. It was with feelings of wonder we saw the smallness of a country that exercised such an influence on Europe. Slowly and cautiously we descended the steps of the great Tyrian ladder, now to our left peering into the frightful depth below where the blue waves washed the white cliffs, and again to our right gazing at the dizzy height above, where the white cliffs mingled with the blue sky. At last we reach the plain safely, and wind our way along the beach, to the "Fountains of Tyre," hardly a quarter of an hour from the shore, where we dismounted to examine these remarkable structures of the remote past. There are three reservoirs, with aqueducts leading the waters north and south, while a considerable portion of it finds its way directly to the sea, turning some mills in its course. The clear, sweet waters are there springing up as of old, and the beautiful works by which they were collected and utilized, are also there, though in ruins; but the "renowned city, inhabited by sea-faring men, strong in the sea," has been made a desolate city, like the cities that are not inhabited. There is little doubt but all round these fountains stood the city of Tyre, the ancient mistress of the commerce of the East, on the right hand, and on the left, stretching herself along the shore, from the island to the base of that cliff down whose stoney steps we had just come. But there is hardly a stone left here upon another, for thus spake the Lord by his servant, the prophet: "Behold I am against thee, O Tyrus! I will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up: and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape the dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock."