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NEWFOUNDLAND

Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 4.

APRIL, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The seventeenth annual meeting was held in the Lecture-room of Queen's-road Chapel on the 14th Feb. In the absence of the president through indisposition, the chair was taken by the vice-president. There was a good attendance; the various speakers evinced thorough earnestness in dealing with their respective resolutions. In submitting his account, the treasurer made a most telling speech, urging on all the duty of increased liberality, and pointing out various ways by which the interests of the society could be promoted. We earnestly hope that his important suggestions will not be without effect.

The meeting was strongly of opinion that the society must progress. It is evident that the society must assist in the cause of sanctification, as well as in sending the Gospel to the neglected. It appears that from year to year many of the supporters of the society have subscribed for this object, though their subscriptions have not been sent through the committee. It is desirable that in future whatever is done to assist the mission work in which the church is engaged should be done by the committee. The meeting therefore pledged itself to hand all moneys for education, or building, or other objects connected with the work, to the treasurers, and the committee will endeavour to discharge their duty faithfully. We hope that this will be borne in mind. The pursuit of any other course is, and must continue to be, most unsatisfactory. Whatever those outside may be pleased to do, the members of the society should recognise the committee to be the legitimate channel through which to send their subscriptions.

1st Resolution, moved by Mr. Robt. Winton, seconded by Mr. Robt. Chancey: "That the reports now read be adopted, printed, and circulated."

2nd Resolution, moved by Mr. L. T. Chancey, seconded by Mr. Robt. Barnes: "That this meeting recognises the guidance and the goodness of God in the affairs of the society during the past year, and would hereby pledge itself to more earnest prayer and faithful work to carry out the object of the society during the ensuing year."

3rd Resolution, moved by Mr. A. Parsons, seconded by Mr. Cruickshank: "That the best thanks of the meeting be conveyed to the Colonial Missionary Society for their encouragement, and that they be requested to grant further assistance to this Colony."

4th Resolution, moved by Mr. Furneaux, seconded by Mr. J. Haddon: "That the best thanks of this meeting be given to the juvenile collectors for their valuable assistance."

5th Resolution, moved by Mr. McKillop, seconded

by Mr. Wm. J. Barnes: "That the following be the officers and committee for the ensuing year—President, Hon. P. G. Tessier; vice president, Rev. Thos. Hall; treasurer, James Howe, Esq.; secretary, Richard Neyle, Esq.; committee, Messrs. W. H. Seymour, R. Chancey, T. Gale, L. T. Chancey, J. N. Finlay, E. Thomas, R. Barnes, J. H. Martin, J. Beer, R. Winton, J. Calver, A. Cruickshank, Wm. J. Barnes, A. Parsons, H. Furneaux, A. McKillop."

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In submitting the Seventh Annual Report of the Home Missionary Society, your committee are thankful to record a measure of success during the past year. The means at their disposal is small, and they have therefore been unable to extend their operations as rapidly as desirable, but they are certain that more has been done with their income than is done by the same amount in any other mission in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Hall visited the mission in Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, in the month of July. He reported to the committee on his return, that your devoted missionary, the Rev. Mr. Harrington, prosecuted his noble work with unabated zeal. He has two congregations, one at Rendell Harbour, and the other at Burgoyne Cove. His labours are incessant, and have resulted in much spiritual good. The two day-schools established by his exertions, and maintained by voluntary contributions, are making remarkable progress. In the school, Rendell Harbour, there are forty, and in that in Burgoyne Cove, thirty pupils. Here are seventy children under instruction during the week, and a much greater number on the Lord's Day. It is impossible to estimate the good that these schools alone have done, and will do for the people in that long-neglected locality.

Your committee are very anxious to be able to encourage the work of education. They were only able to set apart the small sum of ten pounds to assist the schools in Smith's Sound. Your committee had a very encouraging report from Mr. Harrington in the month of October last, and from every means of information, they learn that the mission under his direction is making good progress, and is worthy of the continued support of the Society.

The labours of our earnest and self-denying young missionary, Suer, have resulted in the formation of a church at Bay de North, in Fortune Bay. A number have united in Christian fellowship, and have been recognised by the church in St. John's. We learn also that during the year several have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and some have passed into the unseen world, but leaving behind testimonies to cheer their friends, and encourage your Society.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Here there is also a large Sunday-school and Bible-class, attended by old and young.

Mr. Saer reports that the desire evinced by all to learn to read and write is quite unusual. There has likewise been established in this place, in the month of August last, a day-school under a thoroughly competent and trained teacher. She has opened a night-school for the accommodation of those who cannot attend during the day, and a large number are under instruction here.

Your committee deem it of the greatest importance to have the people who are attached to the missions educated, and they have done all in their power to encourage this work. In this connection it is with much pleasure they refer to the valuable services rendered by the Misses Good. The St. John's Training School had been over three years in operation, and besides the thorough education imparted to a large number of pupils, nine young persons are receiving an education to qualify them to take charge of schools in other parts of the country. In the present state of education in this country, the Congregationalists of the capital would be placed under serious inconvenience but for the gratuitous labours of the ladies who are conducting the training school. The small amount allowed to our denomination would not support a suitable school in St. John's, and our children would be under the necessity of crushing into the other denominational schools.

The Committee would take this opportunity of expressing their high appreciation of the training-school and of the self-denying efforts of the Misses Good in preparing teachers to assist in the mission work of your Society.

Through the kindness of the Colonial Missionary Society, your committee were able to engage the services of Mr. J. B. Thomson. He had been preparing specially for his work during the past twelve months. His talents, zeal, and piety, the high opinion expressed by his friends and those of the Committee, who have known him intimately and personally, have led the committee to form an exalted opinion of his suitability for mission work in this country. They sent him forth on 1st January last to Fortune Bay, where he will be introduced to the church and people by Mr. Saer.

Your Committee have other work for Mr. Saer during the ensuing year which they think will meet with the approval of the Society.

The exertions of the juvenile collectors have resulted in adding considerably to the funds, and the Committee tender their sincere thanks.

In bringing this report to a close, the Committee would urge upon the friends of missions to the neglected of this, our native or adopted country, the importance of renewed and more earnest exertions during the coming year. Have we done what we could? Is it not possible for all to do more? We should not be satisfied with the work done. There is a large field before us, and it is our duty to enter it in the name of the Lord. They would advise that some scheme be devised to at least double the present income of the Society. Surely this is possible to faith, and earnest effort. We can do it if we try.

Above all, the Committee would urge the members of the Society to more earnest prayer. It might be well

to set apart a day once a quarter for special prayer for the Home Mission work. We have too long stood aloof from the work of the Lord in the neglected parts of this island.

We should, therefore, humble ourselves before God, and arise and work to redeem the time.

Our opportunities will shortly end; others will occupy the ground that we should have occupied; doors that are now open will soon be closed for ever. Therefore let us come at once to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the Mighty.

RICHARD NEYLE, Secretary.

St. John's, Feb. 14, 1877.

NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN ACCOUNT WITH THE TREASURER.

<i>Dr.</i>		
1876—To paid Mr. Harrington half-year's salary to 1st November	£30 0 0	
Travelling Expenses	5 0 0	
Donations to Schools	10 0 0	
Half-year's Salary in advance to 1st May, 1877.	30 0 0	
		£75 0 0
Paid Mr. Saer—Donation	10 0 0	
Wine for Church purposes	0 12 6	
		10 12 6
Paid Missionary Thompson—Quarter's Salary in advance to 1st April, 1877		15 0 0
Paid for Publishing Annual Report		4 0 0
Paid for Printing Christmas Offering Cards		0 15 0
Balance at the Commercial Bank		30 15 11
		£136 3 5

<i>Cr.</i>		
1876—By Balance of last Account at Commercial Bank		£58 12 10
Amount Collected by the Juveniles at Christmas 1876	£29 5 7	
Less £10 sterling to Support Daniel Spencer Ward in India	12 0 0	
		17 5 7
Juvenile Monthly Missionary Meetings	4 19 0	
Monthly Mission Boxes	1 10 0	
Infant Class Box	0 7 0	
Miss Radford's	0 6 0	
Miss Winton's	0 6 6	
		7 8 6

Subscriptions from—		
Rev. Thomas Hall	1 0 0	
Hon. P. G. Tessier	2 10 0	
Mrs. P. G. Tessier	2 10 0	
Mr. Howe	2 0 0	
Mrs. Howe	2 0 0	
Mr. Neyle	3 0 0	
Mr. J. H. Martin	5 0 0	
Mr. H. W. Seymour	2 2 0	
Mr. Joseph Beer	1 4 0	
Mr. Cruickshank	1 4 0	
Mr. A. Sillars	1 5 0	
Mr. Thomas Gale	1 0 0	
Mr. Henry Earle	1 0 0	
Mr. John Hutchings	1 0 0	
Mr. James Hutchings	1 0 0	
Mr. L. T. Chancey	1 0 0	
Mrs. L. T. Chancey	1 0 0	
Mr. William Murray	1 5 10	
Mr. Robert Knight	5 0 0	
Mr. Jackman	0 5 0	
Captain Davis	0 5 0	
Miss Good and Sister	1 0 0	
Mr. Robert Chancey	9 10 0	
Mrs. Robert Chancey	0 10 0	
Mr. Lewis R. Tessier	0 10 0	
Mr. Robert Barnes	0 10 0	
Mr. A. McKellop	0 10 0	
Mr. Richard Barnes	0 10 0	

Mr. William J. Barnes	0	5	0
Mr. Richard Knight	0	15	0
Mr. Charles Barnes... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Thomas	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. T. Hall ...	0	10	0
Master Herbert Chancey	0	2	6
Master Sydney Chancey	0	2	6
Master Henry B. Winton	0	2	6
A Friend	0	1	6
Mr. Robert Winton	2	0	0
Mrs. Finlay	1	0	0
	47	9	10
Donation from Juvenile Collectors of Sabbath-School, Independent Church, Motherwell, Scotland per Mr John Neilson. £3 sterling.	3	12	0
Donation from Union Chapel Sunday-school, London—P. O. Order, 12s. 3d. sterling...	0	14	8
Interest on Bank Deposits	1	0	0
	£136	3	5

Audited and found correct,

ROBT. BARNES.

A. CRUICKSHANK.

J. HOWE, Treasurer.

St. John's, Newfoundland, Feb. 14, 1877.

CHRIST WITHIN.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

CHRIST does not offer to be simply an occasional shower of blessings to the faithful believer. He promises to be a *living well*. "The water that I give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The deepest and the most urgent wants of the heart He promises to satisfy.

In true conversion Christ enters the soul. This is the very essence and touchstone of conversion. With Him comes light; with Him comes love; with Him comes peace. The radical change of heart in conversion is just as truly a supernatural work as was the resurrection of Lazarus from the cave in Bethany. Christ, then, enters the soul, not as a transient visitor, but as an abiding guest. While He abides there He gives perennial life and beauty and strength to the believer. "Because I live, ye shall live also." "Yet not I" said the happy, hale-hearted apostle, "but Christ that liveth in me." And that was the reason why Paul remained a Christian (a Christ's-man) long after the first excitement of the scene at Damascus had passed away. A well was opened in Paul's heart that day, and its deep, cool, living waters never ran dry.

Men could always predict how Paul would act in any emergency, because the principle that ruled him was always the same. "The love of Christ constraineth me." "For me, to live is Christ." The only reason why any good man continues to be a good man is that the well-spring in his soul never runs dry. Reckless, slave-hunting John Newton ceases to swear and scoff, and begins to pray. Twenty years later, John Newton is still praying, still preaching, still overflowing in beneficence among the haunts of busy London; and solely because the Lord Jesus dwelt in him, a source of holy affections, and an inspirer of noble and godly actions. On Sunday he preached to rich bankers and titled ladies. On a weekday evening he would sit on a three-legged stool, in his blue sailor jacket, and open up his rich experiences and wise counsels to the poorest who came to visit him. "I was a wild beast on the coast of Africa once," he used to say; "but the Lord Jesus caught me and tamed me, and now people come to see me as they would go to look at the lions in the Tower." What people came to see and to hear and to love in the sturdy sailor-preacher was the *Christ who dwelt* within John Newton.

Here is the secret of Christian perseverance. The Fountain-head of all holy affections and all generous deeds, and all heroic, self-denying endurances, is down deep in the man's heart: because Christ lives, he lives also. You can no more exhaust the graces of a John Wesley, or an Oberlin, or a Chalmers, than you can pump the Thames dry at London Bridge. What a transcendent idea that is in Paul's prayer for his brethren: "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." When, therefore, we meet with a man or woman

who almost never disappoints us; who is always "abounding" in the work of the Lord; who serves God on every day as well as the Sunday; who is more anxious to be right than to be rich; and who can ask God's blessing on the interest cut—when we meet such a one, we know that down in the cloths of the soul is Christ, the well-spring.

In a thousand ways will the inward fountain of Christian principle make itself visible. We see it in the merchant who gives Christ the key of his safe, and never soils it with a single dirty shilling. We see it in the statesman who cares more to win God's smile on his conscience than a re-election to office. We recognise it in the minister who is more greedy for souls than for salary. We see it in the young man who would rather endure a comrade's laugh than his Saviour's frown; in the maiden who obeys Christ sooner than fashion. I sometimes detect this well-spring of cheerful piety in the patient mother, whose daily walk with God is a fount of holy influence amid her household. I know of poor men's dwellings in which grows a plant of contentment that is an exotic rarely found in marble mansions. Its leaves are green and glossy; it is *fed from the Well*.

In dying chambers we have often heard this spiritual fountain playing, and its murmur was as musical as the tinkle of a brook 'in the leafy month of June.' Perfect love had cast out fear. Peace reigned. Joys sparkled in the sunlight of God's countenance. There was a well there which death could not dry—the "well of water springing up into everlasting life."

BEGIN AT HOME.

IT is a lovely story we get from the Germans, of the man who would carve out an altarpiece that should be a world's wonder, and sent far and wide for a piece of wood that would answer to his intention. He got the wood, but he could not carve the altarpiece. No likeness of Joseph and Mary and the Child would answer to his hand, and he was in despair, when an angel came to him in a dream and bade him take the log lying on his hearth ready for the fire in the morn. He woke up in great wonder, but he obeyed the angel, took his log, and the thoughts came so quick and the hand was so nimble, that the semblance he was seeking seemed to leap of itself out of the homely guise in which it lay by his own fireside.

Do you desire to accomplish some great thing for Christ? Do you desire to carve on some immortal soul the image of your Lord? Holy and divine the aim: pause not until it is realised. But are you solicitous regarding the material? Must you have only some select, aristocratic personage to work on—some fine lady or gentleman, some Indian prince or lordly heathen? Let this work sink deeply into your hearts. Take the nearest, though but a log or some half charred branch; take the poorest, weakest—yea, the very meanest at your door; despise not any. More despicable the subject, more glorious the result. This our churches have yet to learn. Alas! for us all, we are too nice, too genteel. We are not interested in converts unless they move in our refined and cultured circles; and the consequence is, we have hardly any converts at all; for we neglect the poor, and so gain not them, and the wealthy neglect us, for they perceive that we have reversed the apostle's maxim—seeking not them, but theirs.

RESTITUTION.

YOU have defrauded your neighbour. You have done him an injury, not accidentally, but on purpose. You have sought your own profit by inflicting a loss upon him. You have taken what belongs, not to you, but to him. You must proceed then to make restitution. Go at once. Go to-day, if you can. State the facts frankly and modestly. Acknowledge your wrong-doing, and repair the harm as fully as you can. It will cost you a struggle to do this. When, however, you have made up your mind to the struggle, you will probably find it easier than you expect. But whatever you do, don't keep this burden upon your conscience. It will stand between you and God. It is an obstacle which you cannot get over. You may forget that it is there; but there it is; and you are on one side, and Almighty God is on the other.—DEAN HOWSON.

ON SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

By FULTON SMITH.

IT is said somewhere that "man is a superstitious animal." Certainly history reveals to us the strange, weird fancies which possessed the minds of men, and which were incorporated in an unaccountable manner with their religious belief; and a careful study will exhibit this remarkable coincidence, that the superstitions of all nations are identical with each other in most of their elements. The gods and goddesses of peace, war, virtue, etc., etc., which peopled the mythological world of ancient Greece, Egypt, and the East are strangely accordant with the *genii* which entered largely into the fabled traditions of more northern latitudes—for example, the Anglo-Saxon, Germanic, and Scandinavian races. The priests of Druidism and of the varied forms of Pagan and Fetish worship are responsible for the huge impostures played upon the credulities of an ignorant age, but in this they were merely taking advantage of a weakness in human nature, namely, the love of the fantastic and the mysterious. While superstitious awe pervaded the religion and worship of the ancients, it extended its potent influence in almost every detail of social life, and omens good or evil were opined from the veriest trivialities of daily occurrence. The spilling of salt, the influence of the evil eye, the horse-shoe on the stable-door, and many other charms and auguries with which we are all familiar, were looked upon with suspicious dread or pleasant surprise, according as they boded good or ill. Ignorance lent a too ready aid for the receptive belief of superstition, and it would seem we have still to lament the prevalence of this absurd sentiment, based, as it is, upon the illogical. In these days of enlightenment in the "march of intellect," the many have progressed, while there are still some few remaining who cling to the formularies and the beliefs of former times. And what is most to be deplored is, in too many instances, these beliefs partake of the religious element. When the history of this present time comes to be written, it will be seen how far superstition has operated upon the mind in our various forms of religious worship—the notable deteriorating influences of the Romish persuasion as seen in unhappy Ireland, the unabashed, insinuating Romanising tendencies of Ritualism in England, and the strangely political aspects, showing themselves in Scotland's Presbyterian worship.

There is, however, another element of superstition which is to be found in various phases in these islands. We cannot now refer particularly to some of the English forms of superstitious belief to be met with in almost every village and hamlet, but in Scotland, which lays claim to its time-honoured traditions as pre-eminent among the histories of nations, we find extraordinary notions, which have become so indelibly impressed on the minds of some as to render them quite invulnerable to all attacks of reasonable argument and persuasion. We frequently hear grown-up people say "How altered the times are from these in which we were brought up." Then comes a long narration of how they were compelled at school to learn whole chapters of the Bible by heart, and repeat these on stated occasions, and to commit to memory the questions and answers in the Catechism compiled by the Westminster Assembly, the Confession of Faith, and so on; and the earnestness with which they impress upon one the fact of having accomplished the feat at some far-off period leads us to suppose, and with good reason, that their hope of salvation and faith are actually pinned to this act of service. Their acquisition of Scripture knowledge is evidently by rote, as its teachings are not by any means reflected in their life and conversation. Of what avail is it to be able to "run off," as we would unwind so many yards from a bale of cloth, any one of the Gospels from beginning to end, or so many of the Psalms of David, if our conduct does not accord with the lessons contained therein? Why, it is only the "vain repetitions" of which the Apostle Paul writes, and the "traditions of the fathers," to which our Lord Himself referred. While not despising, but the rather encouraging, the benefits to be derived from a constant perusal, and the committing to memory of passages of Holy Writ, we would warn the tendency to err on the other side of believing this act as "a service well-pleasing to God."

Dr. Hall gives it as his opinion, that it is far more important to care for converts, than to make it the sole aim of Church activity to convert sinners.

THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.

BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

WHEN a cloud of mercy breaks over a city, and hundreds and thousands are saved, the man who does not acknowledge the especial presence of God, must be a stupid ingrate. But there are places where there needs a delicate watching of symptoms in order to discover the gracious working. There are two or three unfailing tests.

When God is unusually present, it is manifest in the praying circles. The dullest thing on earth is a dull prayer-meeting—long prayers, long exhortations, long chapters, long hymns. I notice that men are protracted in their prayers just in proportion as their hearts are cold, and they have really nothing to say. What our public prayers most need is to be cut off at both ends, and set on fire in the middle! When the church is all full of coldness, three prayers will take up the whole meeting; but when the Spirit of God mightily appears, you can have fifteen prayers and fifteen exhortations in an hour and a half, and not be crowded.

When God's Spirit is unusually present, it is seen in the Sabbath congregations. There may be no larger audience; but there is a tenderness of feeling all through the house. It is as much as to say, "I am bereaved; give me some comfort. I am awfully tempted; help me out." And the minister of Christ, instead of addressing the people in a perfunctory way, and talking because he is expected to talk, speaks as a brother addresses a brother in some time of peril and anxiety. Oh, what a scene!—a congregation brooded over by the Spirit. Penitents weeping; backsliders bowing the head, imploring recovery; hearers pale with emotion; deep silence, broken only by sigh and sob, and outcry of anxiety; the Spirit calling: the devil tempting; Christ inviting; Sinai beating with all its thunders; Calvary proclaiming its love; angels of light contending for the soul's redemption; spirits of darkness fighting for its overthrow.

Do you wait for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost? Would you like to have a great multitude pressing into the kingdom? Would you like to hear the song of many thousands of delivered captives? You may. There is bread enough for the famished, and heaven has diadems enough to crown all the people as the sons and the daughters of the Lord Almighty!

If you see any encouraging symptoms, rouse yourselves to the settling of old grudges, and the extirpation of all animosities. There are, of course, at times, antagonisms of belief. Independent natures most certainly will have a difference of opinion about different things, but there should be in the house of the Lord no room for fighting Christians. Spiteful saints are an incongruity. When two drops of dew, born of the same cloud, assault each other from the grass-blades; when hedge-flowers, fed on the same soil, and kissed of the same sun, and watered of the same shower, thrust at each other with venom and hate, then can people of God, born of the same Spirit, and on the way to the same heaven, indulge in feud, and spleen, and squabble. Oh, if there be a man with whom you have not shaken hands for a long time, because you do not like him, give him your right hand to-day. You say he is in the fault. Perhaps he is, but I know very certainly you are in the fault, or you would have long ago forgiven him. Bury all your animosities underneath the cross of the Son of God, who died for you. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Still further, rouse up to the work of visitation and exhortation. When you have your heart full of the love of God, and you go and talk about Christ's salvation to a man, he will listen. The reason we so often fail is because our own hearts are not right. Go from house to house, and commend Christ to the people, not only with heart on fire, but with common sense and tact. I stood beside a man who was very worldly, talking to him on secular subjects, when a very good man came up to him and said—

"John, what is the first step of wisdom?"

And John answered, "Every man to mind his own business."

It was a rough answer, but he had been roughly accosted. If you come with common-sense, and tact, and Christian stratagem to a man, and express to him your interest in his immortal soul, he will not only listen, but thank you right heartily.

HUGH BIDSTON. OR GIVING UP ALL TO GAIN ALL.

BY THE REV. JAMES YEAMES.

IT was a very humble sanctuary, simply a large, flagged kitchen in which some twenty or thirty persons were gathered to worship God and to hear the Word of eternal life. A huge fire blazed in the amblegrate, and roared up a chimney so wide that had you looked up it you might have seen the stars shining in the sky.

The pulpit was but a table, covered with a clean cloth, and graced with a Bible, hymn-book, and two of the "best" brass candlesticks—these latter usually reserved as choice ornaments to adorn the high mantel-shelf.

Above the chimney-piece, polished to their highest degree of brilliancy were sundry stirrups and bits and culinary utensils. A special constable's staff, a pair of handcuffs, and a fowling-piece lent dignity to this housewifely display.

But in this humble kitchen the presence of God and the power of His Spirit had often been realised. Many a grand and ancient cathedral possesses fewer records of divine manifestations and spiritual success. On the spotless stones the big teardrop had often fallen from the penitent's eye. Many a spot in that lowly room had been balled as the place of a soul's decision, a sinner's trust, a saved one's rejoicing. While the preacher spake, and the holy influence was shed abroad, and the fire burned within believing hearts, the plain ordinary surroundings were all forgotten,—the kitchen was consecrated into a temple, and was none other than the "house of God, the gate of heaven."

Ralph Bidston and his good wife had for years opened their house for the preaching of the Gospel.

The village of Ashdene had its church and its vicar. Once on a Sabbath the beautiful Liturgy was hurriedly read, and a short moral lecture, sometimes compressed into seven minutes, was delivered. Then the amiable, jovial parson rode off to a dinner-party at the castle, not to be seen again among his parishioners till the next Sunday.

Margaret Sewell, long before she knew Ralph Bidston and became his wife, had become a true Christian. She was the child of a home where the sweet influences of piety were sensibly diffused, even as the summer air is loaded with fragrant scents of flower and field.

For love of Margaret, Ralph Bidston first went to the Methodist Chapel in the village where she lived, and where for several of his earlier years he resided. But love of the truth, and of the Saviour whom it revealed afterwards, became a more powerful motive; nor was Margaret aggrieved, but delighted at the change.

When Ralph took Margaret to Ashdene, they soon felt the want of the means of grace and faithful ministry to which they had been accustomed. This led them to open their own house, and to invite their neighbours to meet with them for worship. And God blessed the house which gave his ark an abiding place. All the five daughters whom God gave the Bidstons were early and most manifestly converted to God. They grew up sweet, fair Christian maidens, gathering around them the cottagers' children, and spreading heavenly knowledge and influence throughout the village.

But the second child of Ralph and Margaret was a son. Hugh Bidston was unlike both mother and father. In him the massive physical endowments of some forgotten ancestor must have been revived. In his cradle he was as an infant Hercules, and as he grew up showed a strength and development that made him the observed and admired of all who knew him.

United with a splendid frame was a spirit impetuous and indomitable. The dark eyes glowed with a fire that spoke of a will that could dare, do, and suffer, but never yield. The large well-set head with its glory of dark, clustering locks, the strong, stout limbs, the handsome countenance, features well cut and well balanced, the broad chest—all these proclaimed power. It was very evident to all that Hugh Bidston would be mighty for good or for evil, as his life might be directed.

The management of her boy was a sore problem to Margaret. He was so unlike herself and his father—so unlike the gentle sisters, who from their infancy had only needed the mildest government. The exuberant life of the boy made him impatient of restraint and mischievously wayward. Yet his penitence was prompt and sincere. His high spirit and noble, generous nature, were they but sanctified (as his mother

earnestly prayed they might be), would surely make him a "mighty man of valour" in the Lord's service. But on the other hand, should the strength of that nature be drawn into foul alliance with sin and slavish subservience to the devil—how vast the ruin that must ensue! The earthquake may rock the ground, and the cottage-walls but quiver and crack, but the same shock overturns and shatters the grand and stately pillar.

Hugh Bidston, as might be expected, showed a great love for manly sports. As soon as he was able to cross a horse's back he became a daring rider. He possessed an extraordinary affectⁿ for horses, dogs, and indeed all dumb creatures. He seemed, too, to possess, what is not unusual in such cases, a singular control over the brute creation. Fierce dogs fawned upon him and heeled his hand. Horses whinnied at sight of him, and pranced across the meadow to rub their heads against his shoulder. No one could exercise such a spell over beasts and birds as Hugh Bidston; and when he went fishing he was sure to return with ample spoils, while others had waited for "a bite" in vain.

It was through the associations formed in his fondness for the pursuits of the field that Hugh was first drawn aside. It is a curious enigma, never yet satisfactorily solved, why men closely associated with horses and dogs should become depraved in character. Certainly they are not injured by the innocent animals, for the horse and the dog in their nobility and patience of conduct often put to shame their human associates.

Hugh Bidston came into companionship with idlers and vicious men. The roadside tavern, the "Hare and Hounds," too, was no favourable school for such a youth. He early learned to smoke and drink, and though never seen, as the cant phrase goes, "the worse for liquor," there is no doubt that he drank sometimes enough to make him reckless, to deaden conscience, and to give the sensual an undue superiority to the spiritual, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, to render the sensual less controllable by the spiritual.

It is unnecessary to detail the steps by which Hugh Bidston descended into a state of complete godlessness. Prayer was now never offered by him; the Bible was untouched. He generally attended the church on the Sunday, for the day would have been long indeed without some occupation; but seldom was present at the services in his father's house. He was still generous and affectionate as a son, but his utter indifference to religion caused his parents the deepest anxiety and much sorrow.

Deterioration of character, where the soul is resolutely closed to all gracious influences, and laid carelessly open to the powers of evil, is rapid and sure. So Hugh became, perhaps almost insensibly to himself, but obviously to those who observed him, coarser and more sensual. Even the manly beauty of his face seemed to become degraded. The bright frankness which illumined his countenance in the days of his earlier youth had faded, and a sullen, ungracious hardness and gloom took its place. He gave himself thoroughly to attendance at races, coursing matches, and the like, often being away from home many days at a time. It was not easy to tell how he lived, for when at home he did little on his father's small farm. Yet somehow, he always seemed to have money; could always make a bet on a race, or buy a dog that took his fancy. Meanwhile his father and mother sighed and cried to God for their boy. His departure from the paths in which they had desired and trained him to tread, was a perplexity to them. Yet they never ceased to hope and pray for his conversion. Their anxiety and sorrow were increased when they found from some words now and again let fall by their son that he had not only chosen to walk "in the counsel of the ungodly" and to stand in "the way of sinners," but that he had come to sit in "the seat of the scornful." It was like a dagger to his mother's heart when for the first time she heard Hugh fling a sneer at the Holy Bible. It seemed hard indeed to hope for the salvation of one who had cut adrift from all the moorings of truth and godliness.

A year or two had passed away, and Hugh Bidston was more than ever enamoured of dogs and horses, and of races, and coursing and fighting matches. Yes, he who at one time would have flamed out in indignation at the suggestion of setting dogs to rend and tear each other, was now a willing party to such brutality, and kept several dogs, of no value for any other purpose. Two or three of these generally ran at his heels, the biggest of them an evil-looking brute, a monster of ferocious ugliness, but a prize-winner from the County Dog-show.

It was in the autumn of 186— that a young minister was

appointed to the charge of the village of Ashdene and other villages that lay scattered along the lovely valley through which the river Ash ran its silvery course. Herbert Cecil was but in his twenty-first year, slender and boyish in appearance, yet was beyond his years, and ardently devoted to his work. His obvious youthfulness, and the simplicity and power of his ministrations made him a great favourite among the farmers and cottagers of the Ash valley. His appearance was eagerly watched for on the one evening in the month when he was expected to conduct the simple service, and on the Sabbath when his "turn" came to preach at the various villages.

Hugh Bidston was introduced to Mr. Cecil at the latter's first visit to Ashdene. Hugh was only two years older than the minister, but physically he might have made two men like Herbert Cecil. But the most marked contrast was in the faces and demeanour of the two young men. Cecil's face was like a landscape on which the sunlight always rested. Intellect and piety gave a dignity and beauty to his countenance. He was manifestly a happy man. With hard work, much anxiety, and most moderate pecuniary resources, he seemed to lack nothing; but to be extracting the fullest possible pleasure from life, that is to say, from the life which is godliness. Hugh, on the other hand, looked anything but a happy man. He had acquired a habit lately of knitting his brows, while his face resembled rather a moorland under a grey November sky than a sunny prospect. He did not look, by any means, like a man who was laying out life's investment to best advantage.

Hugh took a strange liking to the young minister. Cecil's frankness, good humour, and good sense had a charm for him. Here was a man who was evidently no humbug, and who was happy, and happy in a life of religious devotedness. At least, Hugh would hear what the young fellow has to say. So, much to his parents' surprise, just after the service had commenced in the kitchen, a door leading from the yard was opened, and Hugh quietly slid in, and closing the door, planted himself with his back against it, and so stood during the sermon. Before the little company were dismissed he slipped away as he had come.

This was repeated as regularly as the service might come round; but even though the minister often stayed to take a little refreshment with the farmer's family, Hugh never gave Mr. Cecil an opportunity of conversing with him. The minister was often struck by the appearance of the young man as he stood erect, with his arms folded, against the door; a look of set determination upon his face, as if to say, "Select your heaviest ammunition, and fire away as hard as you will, you will not hurt me!" Sometimes there was a slight curl of the lip, either of simulated or involuntary scorn.

So months passed by, and Hugh Bidston never missed a sermon that Cecil preached. He gave no sign of aroused feeling or awakened conscience. Yet, as he afterwards confessed, the arrows of the Lord stuck fast in him.

There was no change in his outward life, except that perhaps he was less away from home than before. But his dogs still ran at his heels, and shared his affections; and his companionship with sporting and betting men continued, nor did he cease to visit occasionally the "Hare and Hounds."

But he was very wretched. The minister had not thought of preaching at Hugh Bidston, yet his preaching had seemed to Hugh intended for him alone. It was not so much what Mr. Cecil said, as how he said it. He spoke as a man who believed and felt all he said. His reality was conspicuous. To him the doctrines of the New Testament were living verities, and not dead, dry theorems. The preacher knew Jesus of Nazareth, and walked and talked with Him, and came forth from the sweetness and profit of such hallowed intercourse, imbued with the spirit of His Master, to speak for Him with grace and power.

At length Hugh Bidston grew so miserable that he turned to the Bible in sheer perplexity. Not that he expected to find much help there. Indeed, he thought he had long ago convinced himself that the Bible was only a collection of old legends, skilfully used by priests for their own purposes. He had read the "Age of Reason," and had wanted to be satisfied therewith. He turned to it again. It disturbed him, but did not seem so satisfactory and convincing, as he remembered to have thought it. His mind was a chaos, a troubled sea, with waters casting up mire and dirt. He tried to utter prayer, but could not. No wonder, when his knees had not been bent in supplication for years. Yet the effort did him good. And his heart was crying to God like "an infant crying in the night, an infant crying for the light." And God, the patient

loving Father was hearing, and was answering, though as yet the poor, blind, perverse child knew it not.

At length Hugh resolved to take his difficulties to the minister, and sat down and wrote him a letter, and then sought an interview. The letter and Hugh's questions revealed to Mr. Cecil the fact and source of his infidelity. Poor Hugh's doubts were but a reflection of Tom Paine. Cecil at once said he had heard all this long ago, and the satisfactory answer to it too. "You have been reading Tom Paine."

Hugh looked up surprised, and confessed he had, and, indeed he had the book in his pocket.

"Give me Tom Paine and take in exchange this New Testament," said the minister. "The New Testament, at least, is harmless, you will admit, but as for this, did it ever shed a ray of light or truth into a solitary soul?"

Then Cecil went on to tell how his own soul had passed through its seasons of doubt and difficulty. "Difficulties," said he, "before which those suggested by this poor scribbler are as molehills to mountains."

Hugh was greatly interested, and not a little surprised to find that even the minister had known doubt and mental struggle.

Cecil and Hugh Bidston had more than one conversation, but little seemed to come of it all. Hugh's life was still wrong. How could he know of the doctrine if he would not do the will of the Father. He clung to all the low and debasing associations into which he had fallen, and if a glow of pure fire began to gleam through the smouldering heap of rubbish on his heart's altar, it was soon choked out into blackness again.

Strange to say, deliverance was to come to the captive, not through the instrumentality of the able, scholarly, and eloquent young minister, but by the agency of a rough and untutored ploughman-evangelist. Such a homely heaven-taught teacher came on a visit to his married daughter at Ashsteads, the hamlet lying just below Ashdene. He was a plain-looking and plain-speaking man, and his dress was worn though neat. Yet there was a singular power in his utterance, so that the hearers forgot the man, his weatherworn countenance, his large, horny hands, his threadbare, carefully-preserved ill-fitting coat. The little chapels and the cottage-meetings were crowded to hear him.

Manifest power attended his simple yet faithful ministry, and many a weary one was directed by him to the Saviour, and thus to rest. Among those who listened to the message of this ploughman prophet, and felt and owned its power, were some unlikely persons. It was not only the devout and well-disposed who were led to devote themselves to God, but two or three of the most reckless and profane were brought to penitence and faith in Christ, and became changed characters. Hugh was drawn to hear old Roger. He never expected less from any preacher, he never received so much. The discourse was an exceedingly simple and forceful exposition of the Gospel. Sin and salvation were clearly explained, and while treating of the former the preacher seemed to bring his hearers to such a view of themselves and of their God, that many of them felt indeed condemned already, and almost groaned aloud in their distress.

But when old Roger, having stripped the sinner of every false hope, and left him desperate and distressed, opened up to the troubled soul the love of God in Christ, it was as if the doors of a dungeon had been thrown wide open to the free air and golden light, and the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers let in upon the pale, despairing prisoners.

Among those who were most sorely stricken under the keen-edged truth was Hugh Bidston. He hastened away from the service and shut himself in a room and began to pray. The remembrance of his sins was grievous unto him and the burden intolerable. Yet no peace came to his heart. For days he prayed and struggled, but his distress seemed only to deepen.

One day while kneeling, and almost in an agony of distress, the sound of his dogs from the yard below came upon his ear. As God had used aforetime the mouth of an ass, and the crowing of a cock to convey rebuke, so the barking of those dogs seemed to set before Hugh Bidston the true nature of the difficulty that laid between him and peace.

Must these dogs be given up? Must all the old turf and sporting associations be cut off? He found that, although he had hardly been aware of it, there had been a clinging of heart to the old paths and the old companions.

In that moment it seemed that Jesus the Saviour whom he had been seeking, stood before him as Christ the King. There could be no coming to Christ without submission on the

part to all His will. The unsundered soul, mingling to its idols, could not find rest in repose on a Saviour's courts. Trust must be accompanied by submission, for how could Christ be accepted, unless self were abandoned?

The drops stood out on the strong man's brow, and the struggle raged fiercely between the powers of light and darkness. But at length the decision was made. "I do give up, I will give up all, yes all, for Thee, O Christ," cried Hugh. And in that moment his soul consented to all Christ's will, and relinquished all for His sake.

The burden was gone, the snare was broken. Peace, light, and joy broke into Hugh Bidston's soul, and the revelation of feeling was so great that he could hardly refrain from shouting aloud.

From that hour Hugh was a changed man. His soul expanded, his face brightened, his very step became elastic. Dogs were parted with, idle and godless companions forsaken, and the "Hare and Hounds" never saw Hugh cross its threshold again. Now he was foremost in every good work, and leader of a band of young men who seemed to be raised up at this time of gracious visitation, and who became the helpers of the minister in every good word and work.

Who can tell the joy of the mother and father now that prayers were answered and dearest hopes realised? And did not Cecil rejoice as one who divided the spoil?

A year after, when Mr. Cecil visited Hugh in his own dwelling, for Hugh had found a wife, and one of the best sort, the minister was not a little amused to find the house like an aviary, and filled with the music of singing-birds. Hugh had taken to canaries, his love of something living was so strong. But his heart was fixed upon God, and his life with all its great capacity and energies has ever since been devoted to the service of the Saviour.

INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.

YOUNG men should be deeply im-

pressed with the vast importance of cherishing those principles, and of cultivating those habits which will secure the confidence and the esteem of the wise and good.

A young man may be unfortunate, he may be poor and penniless, but if he possesses unbending integrity, and unwavering purpose to do what is honest and just, he will have friends and patrons, whatever may be the embarrassments and exigencies into which he is thrown. The young man may thus possess a capital of which none of the misfortunes and calamities of life can deprive him.

We have known men who have suddenly been reduced from affluence to penury by some overwhelming misfortune, which they could neither foresee nor prevent. Yesterday they were prosperous; to-day, every earthly prospect is blighted, and everything in their future aspect of life is dark and dismal. Their business is gone, their prosperity gone, and they feel that all is gone; but they have a rich treasure that nothing can take away. They have integrity of character, and this gives them influence, raises up friends, furnishes

them with pecuniary aid, with which to commence life once more under auspicious circumstances.

We cannot too strongly impress upon our young men the importance of abstaining from everything which shocks their moral sensibilities, wounds their conscience, and has a tendency to weaken that nice sense of honour and integrity so indispensable to a good character. "Integrity of character" Who ever possessed it that did not derive untold advantage from it? It is better than riches, it is of more value than "diamonds and all precious stones"; and yet every man may possess it. The poorest may have it, and a power on earth can wrest it from them. Young men, prize integrity of character above all earthly gifts. — *S. Lead.*

"BUTTONED UP TIGHT."

"DID the sermon fit to close?" asked a Christian lady of her husband, as returning home from church, she observed him most

thoughtful than usual.
"More than than he was the reply; " buttoned it up tight as preaching that does not come home so close, that men shall feel that it has special application to them, may be very eloquent, very beautiful, very forcible even, and yet fail of accomplishing the best and truest results.

Sermons that do not make men think after they have left the sanctuary for the less hallowed atmosphere of every-day life, are lacking in certain elements which are needed to make them truly effective.

The minister that is over-careful lest some word of his irritate and disturb some impatient sinner or some ice-bound professor of religion, is in danger of proving recreant to Him at whose hand he received his great commission. Hearers that listen to be entertained rather than stirred by the truths of the Gospel, have yet to learn that the truth is not an apodyne, but a mighty sword piercing the conscience and awakening

the soul. The pulpit, the Bible, the sanctuary, are so many instrumentalities to bring home Divine truth to the hearts of men, and make them feel its power.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible, will find one day that he has time to be sick.

SAYS the *S. S. Times*:—"The church that fails to provide for the support of its Sunday-school must not wonder if its Sunday-school fails to look to it for guidance and control. It is of little use to tell a child always to come home for a whipping, but never for a dinner. If he must feed and clothe himself as best he can, he is quite likely to feel that he is capable of doing his own threshing. A Sunday-school ought certainly to be a dutiful child of the church. And one way of bringing about or of securing this desirable state of things is for the church to provide for the Sunday-school suitable food and decent clothing."

"A MAN OF SORROWS."

A SERMON

BY THE LATE REV. WM. BROCK, D.D.

"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." ISAIAH LIII. 3.

CHRIST came to our world, as you know, from Heaven, from the wisdom of His Father, made in the likeness of man, partaker to all intents and purposes of flesh and blood. Think of Him now as He came. There was room for other persons, and other persons' children in the inn, but there was no room for Him, nor for those who belonged to Him! The announcement of the Angel was—"You shall find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." *That* was the beginning. Presently, as the law required, He was brought into the Temple, and an offering is brought, the law requiring that—The poor folk of Judæa might bring a pair of turtle doves which might cost but a sorry trifle. Other folk were to bring a lamb for offering, but when there was poverty, and only when there was poverty, was the lamb to be superseded by the turtle doves. Well, there were no flocks or herds awaiting the child Jesus, for His presentation, neither had those related to Him wherewith to buy a lamb from any flocks or herds that were not their own. He came into the Temple with all the marks of penury upon Him, and He went on until by-and-by He was disclosed or manifested unto Israel, and there you have Him with some poor women administering to His wants. Think of the frugality, and of His being dependent upon the administration of such bounty. Though He was rich He had become poor for our sakes. Why, the cattle upon a thousand hills were His at that moment! His were all things in heaven and all things on earth. Why, He could create the provender when other people wanted it, but for His own purposes He was dependent upon the kindness and bounty of others. And so there came from His lips that most pathetic of all utterances—"The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Truly, "a Man of Sorrows," even in the lower form of sorrow was our Saviour from the womb. By-and-by He moved into society, and there matters waxed with Him a great deal worse. He went about doing good, as soon as He went about at all in His public capacity, and remember how He was always doing good spontaneously. It was not extorted from Him, but given generously and unbegrudgingly. He was always ready with the open hand and loving heart. He was always ready to do

good to all men in all ways, and for all purposes; and yet He was calumniated for His very benevolence. His adversaries were found in His neighbours, in His own countrymen, generally, and they took those very acts of His benevolence, and casting them in His face, bade Him, insultingly, to recollect the origin from which He came. And He felt it, too. Was not that lame man leaping like a kid, and was not that dumb man singing in his now-found glory? Yes. And was not that blind man looking out upon heaven above and the earth beneath? Yes. But then, they said, why was it done—was it not all through Beelzebub? Yes, no thanks to Him at all; it simply indicated his association with the diabolical Lucifer was His colleague—the Prince of the power of the air was His sovereign Lord. You have sympathy enough with



THE LATE REV. WILLIAM BROCK, D.D.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

your Saviour to feel how He must have been cut to the heart, and how thus He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." And so as He went on in His benevolent career, we find how significantly the words in Psalm xxii. 12 apply to Him: "Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gaped upon me with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion." And that was so really with Him—that being the figure, but the fact was worse than the figure. You recollect how they were always trying to entangle Him in His talk, how they came upon Him unawares; how they misrepresented Him and the words that came from His mouth. You remember how, as He explained and enforced the law they stood appalled, and being so appalled, they carried out their hatred oven to the danger of His life. Jealousy stood aghast at His exposition of the law; impurity was offended, and pride stood upon its dignity, and malice said if he went on like that He should die the death! They spared nothing. It was one of the common maxims of the adversaries of your Saviour that nothing was too bad for Him, no matter how gross the calumny and no matter how cruel the treatment; no matter how ferocious the onslaught—to it all he was exposed, and by it all He was assailed. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

And then, beyond and beside the human, there was the Satanic. You remember the forty days of temptation in the wilderness, brethren, one of the great mysteries of our holy faith, one of its most transcendent and sublime facts, that our Lord was for forty days and forty nights in the solitude of the wilderness tempted of the devil; and when one temptation fails and another comes, one sits and reads the details of those temptations, brethren, until one almost holds one's breath lest the devil should prevail. He *did* prevail over the first Adam, and trampled him in the dust, and it seemed

almost as if he was about to trample on the second Adam, and put Him in the dust also. Thank God, in this conflict our Saviour did not succumb.

But mark you this, that no sooner was that conflict over and the devil gone than there came an angel from heaven strengthening Christ. I do not know how he did strengthen Him, nor in what direction the strength was required, I can simply abide by the fact, which seems to me to be a volume in itself. "There came an angel from heaven and strengthened Him." There was no pretence in that—that was not done for show, it was a solemn and a significant fact. Your Lord and Saviour was so broken down by that onslaught of the devil that He evidently needed strengthening, and a messenger was sent from heaven for that sole and special purpose. "He suffered being tempted." I have heard even good men talk about Christ's temptation as though he were so perfect and pure that it was no trial to Him at all. No, my brethren, that is a misapprehension; the purity and perfection of His nature made Him the more susceptible of trial. Bothunk yourselves now for a moment on this point, and then you will recollect that our Lord's humanity was real humanity, created in everything like unto us except that He was "without sin." Now if you remember that sinlessness you will see that you have been in error; and that from that very sinlessness and purity He was all the more susceptible of suffering, because in Him there was no sinfulness nor sin. Why, you have David telling us that his eyes ran down rivers of tears, because men kept not the law. But David's susceptibility was nothing to Christ's. You have it said that Lot was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked men in his day, but Lot's susceptibility was nothing to that of Christ; you have St. Paul at Athens with his great soul stirred within him because of the idolatry of the people—and yet Paul's susceptibility was nothing compared with Christ's. You have the apostles setting forth on their mission as the off-scouring of all things, and how they felt it we are told in the Scriptures; but the susceptibility of these men was nothing to that of Christ. When you think of the poverty, the misrepresentation, the cruelty, the sufferings which He underwent, you may well understand how He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." You may talk of your tender consciences, you may talk of your instinctive hatred of evil—what is it? I hear men sometimes say that they instinctively shrink from that which is mean and bad and vicious. You say you are all over acsibility, you cannot bear to hear men swear, you cannot bear to see the sights that are sometimes seen in our London slums because of your instinctive dread of what is evil. So far so good, but judge thereby how your Lord must have been a sufferer when with that immaculate purity of His, when with that entire abstinence from and ignorance of sin, He was surrounded day by day, as He was in Jerusalem and other places, by humanity in some of its worst phases of poverty and guilt. Oh, yes, He shrank as we can never shrink from it, He bore it to the bitter end. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "My tears have been my meat day and night," was His utterance, "because of the sinfulness of men." Do you not recollect what He said once, that "The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the Elders, and of the Chief Priests, and of the Scribes." Let these sayings sink down into your hearts, "for the Son of Man shall be delivered into the hands of sinners." And again, "The Son of Man shall be betrayed unto the Chief Priests and the Scribes, and they shall deliver Him to the Gentiles to mock and to scourge, and to crucify Him." And yet, again, He said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it is accomplished." He was moving along from all the sufferings I have indicated, and that was the spirit in which he apprehended the sufferings which were to accompany Him to the end. "I have a baptism—a submersion into suffering—a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." Pressed, oppressed, depressed. "How am I straitened until it be accomplished." And one day He was on the Mount of Transfiguration, where there were gleams of the glory that by-and-by would shine out in unclouded vision, and Moses and Elias were sent down there to minister to Him in the midst of that glory. And there and then comes a voice from heaven, saying—"This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." And there and then He had spoken of the baptism that He should accomplish at Jerusalem. It weighed Him down, it possessed His spirit, He could think, as it were, of nothing else—"How am I straitened until it is accomplished." Think of this one utterance of His—"Now

is my soul troubled"—how ominous of suffering! "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful"—how significant of grief! "Let this cup pass from me," was expressive of the woe which caused Him to shed, as it were, "great drops of blood": the mind so wrought upon the body as to produce a singular phenomenon—His sweat being like drops of blood falling to the ground. "A man of sorrows!" Gethsemane tells you that. But, presently, one of the prophecies that had so distressed Him, came out literally true, for a man who had been His companion to the last, a man who had known all His griefs, who had been with Him in all His retirements, and was privy to every thing that had been done, whether in the midnight hour, or by the light of day, that man came and betrayed Him with a kiss. Now you know how all generous natures abominate treachery. Of all the acts that a man can perpetrate, nothing equals the act of treachery—the betrayal of a friend! Why, the man is universally abhorred, and when it comes into the betrayal of your friend with a kiss—what then? "A man of sorrows," indeed, I trow. The impress of those lips upon His cheek must have been like a dagger driven to His heart; and then there came a sneer from the bystanding adversaries. And is this the evidence of thy Messiahship, thou Nazarene? Sold by one of thine own apostles! Sold for base, filthy lucre, and only thirty pieces of that! Is that thy Messiahship? And when He looked round and saw every one of the eleven had forsaken Him, the sneer came with cruel plausibility and greater pungency still. To have had one of them do what Judas had done was bad enough, but now the eleven of them had turned their backs on Him in the hour of His distress. But there comes back one of the eleven, and the hope might have been entertained by our Saviour, if He had not been omniscient, that there was one who was ashamed of himself and who had come back faithfully to stand by His side. Simon Peter is coming back to avow himself the friend. Alas! for Simon Peter's friendship, he came back into the very vision of his Lord, within the sound of His voice, and what our Lord heard from him was not the honest and outspoken avowal of friendship to the death, but was the declaration—he never knew Him. "I don't know Him; let the mob illtreat Him, or crucify Him, they may so far as I am concerned"—and then he swore and kept on swearing that the prisoner at the bar never had been and never would be a friend of his. Was not that touching our Saviour "in the apple of His eye?" Might He not well say in tones of sadness "Was ever sorrow like unto My sorrow?" Coming down to the very lowest point of humanity—"becoming obedient unto death." They had all forsaken Him. Oh! my brethren, then His adversaries had it all their own way. They became yet more fierce and yet more cruel. They spat upon Him. Think of that. They scourged Him: they went and found an old Roman vestment and put it on over Him as a sort of sham royal robe, and then they platted a crown of thorns and put it upon His head and put a reed in His hand, and then bowing the knee said—"Hail, king of Jerusalem!" Why all the execrations of all the devils would not have distressed Him like that. To be mocked by the men who had Him now entirely at their mercy and who forthwith hounded Him away to the cross, and there, to render His degradation and agony more complete and more severe, crucified Him between two thieves. Now as to the physical anguish of that crucifixion I do not say a word—I could not say anything I believe that might be quite trustworthy for its accuracy, but I remind you how all the functions and organisation of the body must have been interrupted, and how the lingering death that had commenced was about the most shocking that could be endured. I leave that to you, only reminding you that I believe the word "excruciating" had its origin in our Lord's crucifixion. Hence you hear of "excruciating agony," and our Lord's sufferings are portrayed very significantly by that very expression. However, taking it that the sufferings of His body were excruciating, still infinitely more so were the sufferings of His soul—and they were the soul of His sufferings. To hang there as the act of crucifixion had placed Him was dreadful, but to hang there alone and destitute was the most fearful and terrible of all. No wonder that this old earth of ours shook to its very centre! No wonder that the heavens wrapped themselves up in gloom! And if you could read out aloud the registers of Pandemonium for that day you would read out awful exultations at what had happened on Calvary. And if you could read out aloud the registers of paradise you would read out some utterances of the darkest and deepest dismay that intelligent minds have ever known at what was

happening on Calvary. The moral universe shook as it reverberated with the cry: "My God! my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" By the Divine appointment and Divine interposition He suffered until there was nothing more to suffer. He exhausted that cup that had been given Him to drink, and as He exhausted it He died. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

And yet, brethren, "in Him there was no sin." He was "woolly harmless and undefiled." The wicked one came and had nothing in Him. He was God's well beloved Son, evermore doing that which was well pleasing to His Father. And so it might have been thought that from sorrow He would have been exonerated, and that from griefs He would have been exempt. But that would have been wrong, you see, for these griefs and sorrows were His Father's own infliction. "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him." "The Lord hath put Him to grief." By the determined counsel and foreknowledge of God was He taken, and by wicked hands was He crucified and slain. How then is this great mystery of Godliness to be explained? Oh, brethren, it is a mystery the nature of which I cannot unravel; the process of which I cannot explain, but a mystery in the reality of which I humbly and devoutly rejoice to-day. Somehow these sufferings had to do with our sins; they are our sorrows, and they are our griefs from the beginning to the end. We look again, and we find that "the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all," and we find that "the Lord hath made His soul an offering for sin"; we look again and we gather this, that the sufferings of Christ were of that kind that amidst them all He did so conform Himself to the will of God, and through the medium of them all He did so accomplish the purposes of God, and by virtue of them all He did so magnify the government of the Lord that they may be taken as vicarious, as a moral equivalent for sin, so that God can be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. And so it is God hath made Him to be sin for us, though "He knew no sin, that we might be the righteousness of God in Him." "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." A familiar topic this. Your daily bread is a familiar topic, but you return to it constantly nevertheless. So let this familiar topic be returned to again and again. Have ye fellowship, my brethren, with the sufferings of Christ; for they were endured for us and for our salvation.

GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

APRIL 1. Morning. THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD. (1 Cor. xv. 41-55). In the preceding verses (35-40) two questions are put by an objector—(1) How are the dead raised up? (2) With what body do they come? The first question means, in what manner? and the second, with what kind of body? The apostle answers by giving illustrative analogies. First, the death of the seed sown in the ground, for seed to be productive must die. Secondly, the difference between the seed and the future plant, for though each kind of seed produces its own body, yet the form of the product is very different from that of the seed. Thirdly, from the different kinds of flesh in different animals, implying that there may be other kinds of which we know nothing. And, further, from the difference between earthly and heavenly bodies, and the variety which exists in the glory of the latter. This brings us to the paragraph which forms the lesson. The sun, moon, and stars differ in their glory, and among the stars there are degrees of brightness according to their sizes, or to their relative distances from the earth. The apostle then applies these analogies. "Thus also is the resurrection of the dead." It (the body) is sown in a state of corruption, dishonour, weakness, and a natural or animal body. It is raised in incorruption, in glory, in power, and a spiritual body, and thus, in one sense, it is the same body, but in another a very different one. There is no reference here, as some have thought, to the different degrees of glory which the bodies of the risen saints will possess, but there is a natural body—the one we now possess—and there is a spiritual body, in which the Spirit of God shall fully dwell, and which shall be like the glorified body of our Lord (ver. 45). Quoting Gen. ii. 7, the apostle says the first Adam was made a living soul, that is, a psychical organism, not exempt from death; the second Adam, Jesus Christ, became a life-bestowing

spirit, that is, at His resurrection from the dead (ver. 46). We now bear the image of the first, or earthly Adam; we shall hereafter bear the image of the second, or heavenly (ver. 47, 48). The need of this change is shown in ver. 50; the process in ver. 51-54. Not all of us will die, says the apostle, but all will be changed in a moment, so that the bodies of all the saints will become glorified bodies, and their death will be swallowed up for ever (Isa. xlv. 8, 1 Thess. iv. 16). Then follow the glorious consummation (ver. 55-57), and the exhortation to steadfast work (ver. 58).

Afternoon. THE OIL INCREASED. (2 Kings iv. 1-16). A poor widow was in great distress, not knowing how to pay her debts (Lev. xxv. 39-40). She appealed to the prophet Elisha. What had she? Only one pot of oil; and he told her to go and borrow as many vessels as she could, and to pour the oil into them, which multiplied as long as there was a vessel to receive it. She then sold the oil, and was able to pay her debts. Into empty vessels God pours the oil of grace, and the supply is enough to meet everyone's requirements. Every vessel may be filled to its utmost capacity; and of Christ's fulness we may all receive, and grace for grace (John i. 16). But the widow's oil was now more than she needed to pay her debts, and keep her son out of prison. What was she to do with it? "Live thou and thy sons upon the rest," said the prophet; and thus does God give to His people an ever supply of blessing, on which they may constantly live, but always in dependence on Him for more. Elisha went to Shunem, or Solam (ver. 8), on the south-west end of it. Lower Hermon, and there he found a wealthy woman whose house he afterwards made his home as he passed in his journey from Carmel to Jezreel (ver. 8). She asked her husband to build him a little chamber, and to furnish it (ver. 10), and here he often took up his abode. What was her reward? Elisha wished to know what would be most acceptable to her, and Gehazi, his servant, put to her the question (ver. 12-13). She had no child, and she was advanced in years; and Elisha called her, and foretold that in a year from that time she should embrace a son (ver. 14-16). It seemed incredible to her, yet it came to pass (comp. Gen. xviii. 10).

April 8. Morning. PETER'S CONFESION. (Matt. xv. 13-28). Jesus asked His disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" On receiving their reply, he asked, "But whom say ye that I am?" Peter replied, "Thou art the Christ—that is, the Messiah, the Son of the living God, that is, the Divine, eternal Son." How did Peter know this? It had been revealed to him by no human teacher, but by the Father Himself—(1 John iv. 15, v. 20). "Thou art Peter"—a rock—said Jesus (John i. 42), and upon this rock, thy confession, or myself, I will build my church," etc. Jesus did not say upon thee, for He Himself is the foundation of His church, and upon Him the apostles themselves built—(1 Cor. iii. 11, Ephes. ii. 20). The Romish doctrine of the Primacy of Peter is a figment, and built upon it, as the Church of Rome is, that Church must one day utterly fall. But what meant the keys which were given to Peter? (ver. 19). Simply the authority he obtained, together with the rest of the disciples—(xvi. 18)—to open the gate of the church first to the Jews (Acts ii.), and next to the Gentiles (Acts xi.), or to close it, as in the case of Ananias (ch. v.), or in that of Simon Magus (ch. viii. 18). Some time later Jesus began to speak clearly of His being put to death, when Peter rebuked Him, and said, "Pity Thyself, Lord, this shall not happen to Thee" (ver. 22)—as if he knew better! Alas, how soon the rock had given way! But how terrible was the Lord's rebuke, "Get thee behind me, Satan," or adversary, as the word means, "thou art my stumbling-block." Then Jesus spoke of the necessity of self-denial (ver. 24), of the danger of losing the soul, and of the impossibility of its redemption when once lost (ver. 26), of His coming in glory, and of the reward which shall be given to men according to their works (ver. 27). The coming of ver. 28 refers either to the transfiguration (see ch. xvii) or to the destruction of Jerusalem, which was a type of the final advent of our Lord.

Afternoon. THE STRUMMITT'S SON. (2 Kings iv. 18-37). The faith of this woman was soon put to the test. The son, grown up to be a lad, went out into the fields among the reapers. Smitten, perhaps, by a sunstroke which affected the brain, he cried to his father, "My head, my head!" He was taken to his mother, and died upon her lap. What could she do? She believed in the prophet's God, and she resolved at once to go to Elisha, who was then at Mount Carmel. Her husband objected that it was neither the new moon of the Sabbath, nor on which days it appears that pious Israelites

were accustomed to meet for the worship of God, the prophets supplying the place of the missing Levitical priesthood. "Never mind," she said, and her ass being ready, she drove on with a servant. Elisha saw her coming, and sent Gehazi to meet her. "Is it well?" etc., he asked. "It is well," she replied, and yet her child was dead; but she told the prophet her trouble, and he sent Gehazi with his staff, bidding him lay it on the face of the child. He went and did so, but "there was no sound, and no attention," for no magic power lay in that staff, and the child did not awake. The woman's faith must therefore look higher. Elisha himself went, and after praying to God, lay down upon the dead body of the child, which began to wax warm. Elisha paced the room, the child sneezed, and presently awoke to life (see 1 Kings vi. 20, but compare Mark v. 39-42, etc.) The woman, on receiving back her son, fell at the prophet's feet, and gave thanks.

April 15. *Morning.* THE YOUNG RULER. (Matt. xix. 16-30). One who was rich asked Jesus, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?" He did not know Jesus as God, and only used the term *good Master* as a compliment; whence Jesus's reply. But, said our Lord, "Keep the commandments," and being told which, the ruler said he had kept them from his youth up. Jesus did not deny this, but (see Matt. x. 21.) looking upon him he loved him, as a young man of moral character. But he was covetous, and this was his one failing, hence the requirement (ver. 21). Alas, it was too much (ver. 22). Whether the ruler ever returned we are not told, but Jesus gave to the disciples a solemn lesson on the danger of riches (ver. 23-25). It is not wealth, but the love of it that keeps men out of heaven, and only God can destroy the love of it in the human heart. Peter said that they had left all, and followed Jesus, and asked, somewhat faintly, perhaps, *what shall we have therefore* (ver. 27). Jesus promised (1) a hundredfold in this life; (2), everlasting life in the world to come (ver. 28-29).

Afternoon. NAAMAN THE LEPER. (2 Kings v. 1-14). Naaman was a great man, but he was a leper. Leprosy is one of the most loathsome diseases to which man is subject. It is not infectious, but is hereditary, and is quite incurable by human art. Even a little child may do good; and the captive maiden was the means of her master obtaining a cure (ver. 2).

4. The King of Syria sent Naaman with a letter to the King of Israel with rich presents—ten talents of silver (£3750) two talents of gold (£7500) and ten changes of garments very valuable in the East. But the king could not cure the leper, and hence was in great trouble (ver. 5-7). Elisha heard of it, and Naaman was sent to him. He went in great state, as if he thought that much deference must be paid to him. But the prophet, to humble him, would not even go out, but sent and told him to go and wash in Jordan, etc., etc. He was enraged, and quarrelled with the conditions (ver. 9-12). *Abana* is now the *Barady*, or cold river; and *Pharpar* the *Awaj*. The former is very clear and transparent, whereas the Jordan is often muddy and of a clay colour. The servants of Naaman were wiser than he (ver. 13), he took their advice, and was cured (ver. 14). Then his gratitude knew no bounds, and cured also of his spiritual leprosy, he returned to Elisha offering him a present. But to avoid all appearance of selfishness, Elisha would not take it (ver. 15-16). Naaman now resolved that he would worship only the God of Israel, but, he thought impetuously, that no god could be served but in his own land, or on an altar built of the earth of his own land, hence he requested (ver. 17). Further, he asked to be forgiven if he should appear to join outwardly in the worship of idols (ver. 18).

5. RUMMON (the pomegranate) was the principal god of Damascus; elsewhere he is called Hadad Rummon (Zech. xii. 11), Hadad being the sun-god of the Syrians. Elisha commended Naaman to the further grace of God (ver. 19).

April 22. *Morning.* CHRIST'S ENTRY, ETC. (Matt. xxi. 1-13.) Bethphage, the house of figs, was on the eastern side of the Mount of Olives, and was in the direct road to Jerusalem. On Palm Sunday Jesus sent two of His disciples into the village to bring an ass and His young colt; upon the latter Jesus rode, thus fulfilling Zech. ix. 9, and Isa. lxiii. 9. This was the only time He ever rode, as far as we know, and it was as the Prince of Peace, entering the capital of His own land. The ass represented the Old Testament economy, the colt the New. Spreading garments to ride over was an oriental mark of homage (2 Kings ix. 13). Palms were then waving on the road, and their branches were broken off and strewed on the way (ver. 8). Hosanna means *Help, Lord, Thy salvation* (Ps. cxviii. 25). Here it was a benedic-

tion to the Messiah. As He entered the city the people were moved with violent excitement, as the word means; and asked, Who is this? The reply was given by those who accompanied Him (ver. 9-11). Jesus entered the Temple, and on the next day (Mark xi. 13) cast out from the court of the Gentiles those that bought and sold animals for sacrifice, etc.; and overthrew the tables of those who exchanged the common money, at a premium, for the double drachma, or sacred money of the Temple (John ii. 13).

Afternoon. GEHAZI. (2 Kings, v. 15-27). The sin of Gehazi was twofold, falsehood and covetousness. He obtained these presents by uttering a lie; he then went back to his master as if nothing had happened; he again said what was not true; and his punishment was richly deserved. He became a leper, and the disease passed on to his posterity.

April 29. THE BARREN FIG-TREE. (Matt. xxi. 14-27.) On the Monday morning Jesus was hungry, and, as He went back to the temple He saw a fig-tree having leaves. Now, the fruit of this tree appears before the leaves, and Jesus expected, therefore, to find fruit on it, but found none. It was a pretentious tree, and thus a symbol of the Jewish nation, hence the curse pronounced upon it. Its speedy death indicated the withering of the ponty of the Jews. The disciples when they saw it wondered. Jesus told them that if they had faith they would do even greater things.

Afternoon. ELISHA AT DOTHAN. (2 Kings vi. 5-23.) The Syrians were at war with King Jehoram, and Ehjah warned him of their plans. The King of Syria sent a large host to Dothan, twelve miles north of Samaria, where the prophet was. His servant saw them, and was alarmed. But when his eyes were opened, he obtained an insight into the spiritual world, and what a sight he beheld! The Syrians were smitten with mental blindness, so that they could not see correctly (ver. 15-19). He led them to Samaria, and thus they fell into Jehoram's hands; but, at the prophet's request, instead of slaying them the king set bread before them, and thus by kindness ensured peace.

THE UNIVERSAL BOOK.

AS the heavens are high above the earth so are the thoughts of God high above all thoughts of men. And consequently God's book contains within it such wisdom as no other book exhibits. The highest and the lowest, the wisest and the simplest, find something here adapted to their needs. It encircles the whole compass of human thought; it includes within its mighty sweep the depths of divine wisdom, unsounded and unexplored by mortal man. The poet, the orator, the statesman, the philosopher, the law-giver, the peasant, the king, the little child, the grey-haired man, the widow, the fatherless, youth in its strength, old age in its infirmity, infancy in its helplessness, manhood in its vigour, womanhood in its tenderness, the holiest and the purest as well as the lowest and the vilest, the sons of men and the heirs of God, find in this book something adapted to the peculiar condition of each and every one. It is the universal book, such as no human mind could have produced. It is the sum and substance of all wisdom and knowledge, the quintessence of thought, the unfailing treasury of Divine knowledge which is here made accessible to the feeble understanding of the sons of men.

In the language of an old writer:—"As the skilful player on an organ useth one stop after another, now evoking the shrillness of the reed, now the mellowness of the flute, now the vibrations of the harp, now the clear ringing of the clarion, and now the heavy swell of the diapason, so did the Spirit of God in the preparation of one book, for all men and for all time, make use of all the varied accomplishments and faculties of human kind: the learning of Moses, the shepherd songs and royal minstrelsy of David, Solomon's ingots of solid gold, the condensed expressions of eternal wisdom, Isaiah's burning prophecy, Jeremy's plaintive elegies, the nervous eloquence of Paul, Love's gentle soliloquies in the person of John, and the sublime visions of the Apocalypse, the thunders, and voices, and earthquakes, forming out of them all one *holograph*—the one incomparable, harmonious book of the world."

Men who would scruple to utter a lie, do not scruple to entertain a prejudice, forgetting that prejudice is a standing falsehood.

MORE LIKE THEE.

Words and Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, great ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pu - ri - ty, I would fol - low in Thy

CHORUS.

footsteps, Dai - ly grow - ing more like Thee. More like Thee. More like Thee, more like Thee. Sa - viour,

this my con - stant prayer shall be.— Day by day, where'er I stray, Make me more and more like Thee.

- 2 Lest I wander from Thy pathway,
Or my feet move wearily,
Saviour, take my hand and lead me,
Keep me steadfast : more like Thee.
- 3 When temptations fiercely lower,
And my shrinking soul would flee,
Change each weakness into power,
Keep me spotless : more like Thee.

- 4 When around me all is darkness,
And Thy beauties none may see,
May Thy beams, O Glorious Brightness,
In effulgence shine through me
- 5 When death's cold, repulsive finger
Leaves its impress on my brow,
May Thy life, within me swelling,
Keep me singing then as now.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sojourn at Mentone has resulted in the re-establishment of his health, and that he has resumed his labours in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon (co-pastor with his brother) proceeds to the Continent for a similar period of rest and change of air. The various agencies of the church have been vigorously sustained during Mr. Spurgeon's absence, and the pulpit has been well supplied. The membership now numbers 4,938, being an increase of 146 during the past year.

The death of the Rev. James Martin, B.A., minister of the Baptist Church, Collins-street, Melbourne, is announced. Mr. Martin occupied a prominent position amongst the ministers of the Baptist body in Australia, and his loss is deeply mourned. He formerly filled the pastorate of a church in Nottingham.

The success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Boston, notwithstanding the chilly atmosphere of Unitarian and Rationalistic theology so abounding in that city, has been very encouraging. The American papers say that the city has been profoundly stirred. The Tabernacle, which seats 6000, is crowded with hearers and inquirers. Even some of the Unitarian ministers are publicly speaking in favour of the evangelists, and urging their congregations to attend the services. Numerous instances are given of the reclaiming of inebriates, for whom special efforts have been made; and restitution has followed the conversion of men who have fallen into dishonesty.

A Union Conference, "for the promotion of Scriptural holiness," was held in the Freemason's Hall, Great Queen-street, London, during the week ending March 10. The conference, as set forth in the programme, was undenominational, and embraced ministers and members of all the leading Evangelical bodies of Christians. Controversy was shunned, and personal consecration seemed to be the aim of speakers and hearers. The proceedings throughout were unimpassioned,

and a quiet but deep spirit of devotion characterised all the meetings. These comprised prayer-meetings, general meetings, ladies' meetings, meetings for personal inquiry and conversation, and meetings for exposition, testimony, prayer, and praise.

The English Baptists are doing a good work amongst the beggars in Rome. They have organised a mission for that purpose. Many have renounced the Romish Church. At a meeting held recently the question was asked how many were willing to give up the priest and accept Christ as their Saviour, when 170 responded—70 of that number professing conversion.

Peace has been concluded between Turkey and Serbia; and the Servians are now as vigorously pursuing their former occupations as their impoverished means will allow.

Dr. Ziemann has returned to this country, and a public meeting has been held in Manchester to welcome him back. It is his intention, however, again to proceed to Servia in the interest of the orphanage he has established, and in the support of which a considerable sum has been given or promised. In connection with the Manchester Evangelisation Committee over £9000 has been given for the relief of the distressed refugees in Servia.

The election of President of the United States has resulted in the instalment of Mr. R. B. Hayes, with Mr. Wheeler Vice-President. Mr. Hayes is a lawyer by profession, and has been a member of Congress and a brigadier-general in the American army. He is descended from a Scotch family, and is a man of high culture, a patron of art, and a Christian gentleman.

Sir Bartle Frere has departed to South Africa, where he will fulfil the duties of Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. He has already won the respect and goodwill of Christians of all denominations, and his appointment is looked forward to with much hope by the Church of Christ, by philanthropists, and by men of all parties in politics.

It is interesting to learn that the Princess Alice (Princess Louise of Hesse) devotes herself to works of charity, and has her home in Darmstadt and in our own metropolis, and is visiting this country. She does not content herself by

contributing to funds, but personally seeks out in homes of wretchedness those whom she aids.

An "all-day meeting," for prayer and exhortation in reference to foreign missions, is announced to be held in the Conference Hall, Mildmay-park, on Friday, April 13. The leading missionary societies approve of the design of the meeting, and it is intended as preliminary to a conference to be convened in 1878—similar in character to the great Missionary Conference held in Liverpool in 1860.

As a representative man, the death of Mr. George Odger claims a record in our "Note-book." His illness was long and painful, and terminated in death on Sunday, March 4. His funeral was attended by many thousands of mourners, amongst whom were several M.P.'s, who followed in procession, led by several brass bands, which played the "Dead March in Saul." As far as the eye could reach along Broad-street, Bloomsbury, was a dense mass of people, cabs, and conveyances of various kinds. He was interred at Brompton Cemetery—the Rev. G. M. Murphy, Professor Beesly, and Mr. Fawcett, M.P., taking part in the proceedings at the grave. With his politics we have nothing to do, but his general conduct often elicited the respect of his opponents. Born in 1820, in humble life, his education was severely neglected, but, like many others of his craft (that of shoemaker), he imbibed a taste for reading and reflection; and with good natural abilities, made good use of his scanty opportunities, and became a fair sample of self-culture. He successfully contested the boroughs of Chelsea, Stafford, and Southwark.

The presentation of "Uncle Tom" (the Rev. Josiah Henson) to Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle on Monday, March 5, was a source of much gratification to the old hero, as it also afforded much pleasure to the Queen, who presented him with a photograph, signed, "Victoria, Reg., 1877," and mounted in a handsome ornolu frame. Mr. Henson was accompanied by his wife and Mr. J. Lobb, editor of the *Christian Age*. He will shortly return to Canada, the object of his visit to this country having been accomplished, about £1,400 having been raised to release his property and school from their heavy mortgage.

The following is the most recent table of the numerical strength of the various religions into which mankind is at present divided:—Protestants, 89,000,000; Romanists, 70,000,000; Greek Church, 76,000,000; Jews, 5,000,000; Mohammedans, 160,000,000; Heathen, 788,000,000—Total, 288,000,000.

The introduction of the art of printing into England, 400 years ago, by William Caxton, will be celebrated this year. A loan exhibition will be held in Stationers' Hall. It will be opened on Monday, June 11, and will close on Saturday, June 23. Caxton's works, together with numerous antiquities and appliances connected with the art of printing, ancient and modern, books, periodicals, newspapers, etc., etc., will be exhibited. Caxton was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, near by the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, in the neighbourhood of which—probably the Almshouse—the first press was established.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WHY will publishers persist in issuing books with all the edges uncut? We have just been reading a volume by the Rev. J. H. Thomson, of Eaglesham, and as the page is small and the type large, we have been compelled to use the paper-knife every few minutes, thereby spoiling the book and our appreciation of it. "A word to the wise," etc. Mr. Thomson tells very pleasantly and instructively his reminiscences of visits to the graves of many of Scotland's noblest and most illustrious martyrs, and he brings to his task the zeal and search of the antiquary, the precision and care of the historian, and the Christian patriotism and devotion of a Scotch minister who loves the country of his birth, and reveres the memory of her noble defenders of the faith. The result is a book we would advise all to read.

Mr. Beauland's geological treatise (b) is worthy of a careful perusal. It contains a handsome frontispiece, showing the geological periods, with the strata and forms of life belonging thereto, and exhaustive explanation and copious indices. The author has made the subject of which he writes a special

study for many years, and the book is calculated to dispel the doubts of timid Christians, who fear that in this scientific age the foundations of Bible truth are insecure; and to silence the objections of irreverent scientists who allege that there are discrepancies between God's Work-Book and Word-Book. Mr. Beauland shows that while the Bible speaks on some subjects on which science does not, and *vice versa*, yet whenever they both speak on one subject, they agree. The volume is well got up, and we heartily recommend it.

One of the most novel mementoes (though not an inappropriate one), of the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to this country is a little book (c) just published, entitled, "Helen Gray." We have been more than pleased with it; the author is a thoroughly experimental Christian, and writes what he feels, and this little narrative is a perfect gem.

Ruth Elliott is a prolific and discursive writer, and her latest book (d) is very different to "James Daryll." An imaginary waif and his quondam sweetheart are the hero and heroine of this prettily-told story, and of course everything ends happily. We happen to know that the book is printed at, and sold for the benefit of, Mr. Stephenson's Children's Home, a fact which will, we trust, ensure many purchasers.

Happy must be the experience of Mr. Fleming when he can write such books as the one recently issued (e), treating of conversions which have for the most part come under his own special notice. We have been greatly cheered by the perusal of this precious volume; may many more good servants of the Lord be constrained by it to work yet more earnestly and untiringly for His service.

The Book Society, whose penny edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress everyone has seen, has just issued a popular "Life of Luther," which should be read by the million. When we say that ninety-six pages, with four illustrations and a coloured wrapper, with "A. L. O. E." for the writer, and Lord Shaftesbury for the introducer, may all be had for twopence, surely nothing more is necessary to be said in regard to this wonderfully cheap and complete book.

The Strand Art Union has sent us an engraving of "The Deathbed of the Rev. John Wesley," one of Claxton's masterpieces. The varied expressions on the countenances of the persons round the bed are exceedingly lifelike, and one can almost see the heartrending anguish of the venerable John Horton, the calm resignation of Esther Ann Rogers, the overwhelming grief of Charles Wesley's wife, and the quiet, patient, trustfulness of the dying saint. As a memento this picture is invaluable, and as a work of art it is all that can be wished for.

The London Fine Art Association has also sent us copies of the three pictures mentioned in their advertisement on our back page, *The True Vine*, *The Shepherd's Chief Mourner*, and *Blind Man's Buff*. They are the cheapest we have seen, and many cottage parlors will, we doubt not, be brightened by the trifling outlay required.

MISCELLANEA.

If we would have God be careful of us, we must be careful of the things He has committed to our trust.

Do you wish men to speak well of you? Then never speak of yourself.

Every fool can find faults that a great many wise men cannot remedy.

A LESSON FROM A CHILD.—I remember hearing of a little girl who went to her Sabbath-school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school; and she, in the simplicity of her little soul, said, "O, dear mother, I am afraid I have done nothing; for you know there was little Mary Curtis, whose baby brother was buried this week, and she was so sorry, and she cried so that I cried with her; and I took her hands in mine and kissed her; but it quite took all the lessons out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect, and she was so happy that, although she got more tickets than I did, I was quite glad, and I told her so, and kissed her too." "My dear," said the happy mother, "you have not said so many lessons, perhaps, but you have fulfilled the Apostle's injunction; you have wept with those

(a) *The Martyr Graves of Scotland*. By the Rev. J. H. Thomson. (London: Johnstone and Hunter).

(b) *The World Before Adam*. By the Rev. A. Beauland, F.G.S. (London: Bemrose). 3s. 6d.

(c) *Helen Gray*. By J. W. M. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter).

(d) *Little Ray and Her Friends*. By Ruth Elliott. (London: Wesleyan Conference Office).

(e) *Remarkable Conversions*. By the Rev. James Fleming. (London: Houghton).

that weep, and rejoiced with those who rejoice." —*Rev. Paxton Hood.*

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The Managers beg to call the attention of the public to the fact, that they have, at a recent sale, purchased the ORIGINAL STEEL ENGRAVING by Samuel Bellin, from the artist, Marshall Claxton, Esq., of the deathbed of the REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M., now exhibiting at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, Strand.

The Engraver has re-retailed produced on Steel that which the painter has so skillfully placed on canvas—restoring the bedchamber of the venerable Father in Melksham, who, surrounded by his friends, has been prayed with the Rev. Joseph Bradford, the last of his life, and was able to articulate being, "Farewell!" With a groan, this man of God, this beloved of thousands, entered into the joy of the Lord Wesleyan morning, the 2nd day of March, 1791. The great purpose of his life was doing good. For he relinquished all honour and preferment; to be benefited all his powers of body and mind, all times and in all places, in season and out of season, by gentleness, by terror, by argument, by reason, by reason, by interest, by every motive of every inducement, he strove, with unwearying fidelity, to turn men from the error of their ways, and to lead them to virtue and religion.

See following copy of letter:—
"The Strand Art Union Association. Gentlemen,—I have received the Engraving of the deathbed of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., which you are publishing from the picture painted by Marshall Claxton, Esq., and purchased by the Wesleyan Association, and now exhibiting at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, and consider it a very fine engraving."
"Yours faithfully, MARSHALL CLAXTON."

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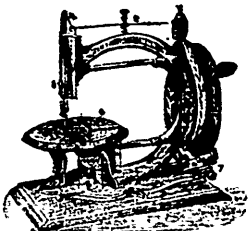
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