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ALLEGED SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

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WE have already considered a few of those alleged instances of inconsistency and self-contradiction by which men have attempted to justify themselves in refusing to accept the Bible as a revelation from God. No very formidable difficulty has been encountered thus far; but we have not got to the end of the list, and it is quite possible that we may yet find some passages harder to be reconciled with each other than any that have been heretofore examined. Let us proceed therefore in the spirit of humility, and dependence upon the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, to the examination of some others. We begin with

DAVID'S NUMBERING OF THE PEOPLE.

"And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah."—2 Sam. xxiv. 1. *"And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel."*—1 Chron. xxi. 1.

This certainly looks more formidable than anything which we have come to yet. What is attributed to the Lord in the first of these passages, is just as explicitly attributed to Satan in the second; and the question which is likely to suggest itself to such as have not critically studied the Scriptures is this, How can a thing be done by the Lord and by Satan at the same time? It is true, we can readily understand how one can do a thing mediately and another do it immediately. We can easily under-

stand how one may be the agent and another the instrument of our action. According to the theory of the British Constitution the sovereignty of the nation is represented by the Crown, and all authority, both legislative and executive, is deposited with the sovereign; whatever is done therefore, either in the way of legislation or in the execution of the law, is done by the sovereign. The form of every law upon the statute book bears testimony to this truth. Each act of Parliament is represented as emanating from the sovereign signing at the time of its enactment. There is not a court of law in the empire in which the Queen is not to-day theoretically and potentially present in the person of the judge. When he pronounces sentence upon a man that he be hanged by the neck until he is dead, the Queen does it; and when that law is carried into execution, she, in the person of the Sheriff, or, if you will, in the person of the common hangman, does that likewise.

In the light of this illustration we have no difficulty in conceiving the abstract possibility of the Supreme Being being the mediate and Satan the immediate cause of the same thing. We have no difficulty in perceiving how the former might be the supreme, and the latter the subordinate agent in bringing about the same event. Nor is there any insuperable difficulty in conceiving it possible that the Divine Being might employ even Satan in the accomplishment of His purposes. In all governments there is some very unpleasant work to be done. In the maintenance of authority, in the execution of law, there are some things to be done for which a fierce and malevolent nature will be a much more suitable instrument than that which is refined and benevolent. And if men voluntarily yield to the solicitations of Satan, and, in spite of the commandments, the warnings, the threatenings and the expostulations of infinite love, persist in walking in the way of the transgressor, there does not appear to be anything unreasonable in making Satan the instrument of their punishment. It must not be forgotten that God sways a universal sceptre; that He is the fountain of all authority and power; and that all the forces of the universe are subject to His control. To His Son, as mediator, is given "all power in the heavens, and in the earth, and under the earth,"—all power, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, is subject to His authority. There is no force or power, therefore,

which may not be, nay which, as a matter of fact, is not in some way or other brought into requisition in the accomplishment of the divine purpose in the establishment of the Kingdom of God and the maintenance of His authority among men.

The bottom of the difficulty, however, is not yet reached. What we find it most difficult to believe, is that the Divine Being should first commission or appoint Satan to move David to sin, and then be angry with him, and punish him for doing that which He had Himself indirectly prompted him to do. And yet if the end of the moral government of God in this world is to develop and build up a complete manhood—if the grand end at which it aims is the formation of a genuine character—it is not easy to see how this could be reached without the discipline of trial. But there can be no trial without temptation. Come from what source it may, whether it comes to us by the appointment or the permission of God, temptation is one of the essential conditions of a state of probation. And nothing but infinite wisdom can properly determine the strain to which the virtue of any individual soul may be justly subjected, or the severity of the discipline required for the complete development and perfecting of any individual character. We must beware, therefore, how we arraign God at the bar of our imperfect judgment, or how we presume to pronounce upon His dealings with the children of men.

But if it be thought inconsistent with the character of God that He should select Satan to be His instrument in the trial of man, and to appoint him and send him forth on his mission of temptation, it must not be forgotten that what it might be inconsistent with the character of God to appoint, it might nevertheless be consistent enough for Him to permit. He is, we know as a matter of fact, permitting every day what we cannot at all conceive it possible for Him to appoint. He permits all kinds of abominations to be practised by mankind, which it were the sheerest blasphemy to accuse Him of appointing. But *in Scripture language, God is often said to do a thing when He merely permits it to be done.* In fact, this has been accepted by biblical critics as a rule of interpretation, without which many passages in the Bible could be scarcely understood. In illustration of this rule, we need only turn to the history of the hardening of Pharaoh's

heart. If the reader will turn to the following passages, he will find it affirmed in every one of them that the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart. Ex. vii. 13; ix. 12; x. 1; x. 20 & 27. And yet if he will read another class of passages he will find it just as explicitly affirmed that Pharaoh hardened his own heart. See Ex. vii. 22; viii. 32; ix. 34. And yet though there is an apparent contradiction between these two passages, every intelligent Bible student knows they are in perfect accord with each other. Pharaoh loved that which was wrong, and clung to it; and, as a punishment for his sin, God withdrew His gracious spirit from him and left him free to work out his own ruin. He did not harden his heart by infusing an evil principle, but by withdrawing His mercy from him.

The fact is, his heart was naturally hard, and made harder still by the obstinate rejection of the light, and persistent disobedience to the commandments of God; and whatever of softness he had experienced at any time was superinduced by the gracious dealings of God with him, and the operation of His Spirit upon his heart. If he had promptly yielded to those influences it would have been well; they would have saved him from the ruin which his obstinacy and rebellion brought upon him. He would have escaped the judgments in which he became involved, and the signal and tremendous overthrow by which he was finally overtaken. But the mercy of God which was bestowed upon him was abused, and, by the retributive judgment of God, it was withdrawn from him. His was but one of thousands of similar instances which have occurred in all ages and are constantly occurring in our own. The opportunities which come to us, if they are not promptly improved, pass away from us and return no more for ever. The choicest of these opportunities come to us in the form of those gracious influences which are unconditionally shed upon our hearts. Yielded to promptly they mean salvation, but resisted or trifled with, they will result in a deeper condemnation and weightier judgment from God.

That we may the better understand this and its bearing on the question under consideration, let us take a simple illustration. We shall find it in the blacksmith's shop. The iron is in the fire, and now it is a clear white heat, soft and malleable, ready to receive any form that the smith may be disposed to impress

upon it. Why is it so soft? Not because it is so naturally, but because of an extraneous or outside influence which has been exerted upon it. Now, what would be the result if this softening influence were withdrawn from it? Let us see. Already the smith has taken it from the fire and laid it upon the anvil; and even while we have been thinking about it, it has begun to change its colour; the white has been changed for red, and the redness is gradually changing into blackness; and it no longer yields to the hammer as it formerly did—*it has become hard*. Now what was it that hardened the iron? Was it the man who took it out of the fire, or the heat which withdrew itself from the metal, or the iron itself which gathered up the particles of which it is composed more closely together, so that the mass became denser? If the man had not taken the metal out of the fire the heat would not have withdrawn itself, and if the heat had not withdrawn itself the particles of the iron would not have drawn together so closely, and if the particles had not been so powerfully attracted to each other the mass would not have become so hard. The question is therefore susceptible of three different answers at least, all of which are equally true. The result may be attributed to the man, to the iron itself, or, strange and paradoxical as it may appear, to the heat.

Now this illustration, while it assists us in understanding the case of Pharaoh, may also help in the reconciliation of these apparently contradictory accounts of the numbering of the people. It shows how the same result may be truthfully attributed to different and widely dissimilar causes. And if so, why might not the same thing be truthfully attributed to God and to Satan at the same time? Let us see. The retributive element in this transaction must not be overlooked. It is said the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel. If this had not been the case, David would not have been permitted to fall into this trap, and the people would not have been subjected to the signal punishment which followed. The people had sinned, the displeasure of the Lord was kindled against them on account of their sin, Satan was waiting for an opportunity to engage in any work of evil; and all that was necessary to hurry David into this additional act of transgression, and to bring upon him and his guilty subjects the bitter train of disastrous consequences which

followed it, was simply for the Lord to withdraw the restraint which he had heretofore exerted upon Satan and let him loose upon David. Now, assuming this to be a correct account of the transaction, what impropriety would there be in attributing the result to the Lord although the active agent in it was Satan? The fact is, God did it permissively and Satan did it actively.

And let no one think that this view of the subject is unimportant. It reminds us that if we are not tempted above what we are able to bear, it is because Our Father in heaven stands between us and evil. It reminds us too that the secret of those fierce and terrible onslaughts of the enemy, by which we are sometimes hurried into sins which bring upon us the most distressing consequences, is the displeasure of the Lord, which has been kindled against us by our neglect of duty, and peradventure our indulgence in secret sin. And finally, it reminds us that the power of Satan is limited; that beyond the length of his chain he cannot go; and that so long as we live in the sunshine of the divine favour, we have nothing to fear from him.

"THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF CHRIST."*

THE dispensation of grace to the Jews was glorious, because it was an arrangement of the "Lord of glory." His works, both in nature and in grace, are glorious. Its teachings abounded with excellences, and suggested many thoughts of sublimity and beauty respecting the person, work, and times of the Messiah. Yet when contrasted with the mediatorial economy, its glory is scarcely seen, by reason of the "glory that excelleth." The glory of Moses is eclipsed by the superior glory of Jesus Christ.

The Aaronic priesthood was glorious in its design, externalism and saving results; but that of the Christian Church, which is invested solely in the Lord Jesus, excels it in every respect. Our "Great High Priest" is "the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His person." Before the glory of this priest, the glory of Aaron, and even of Melchizedek, fades into comparative insignificance.

* 2 Cor. iv. 4.

The real glory of the son of Jesse loses its brilliancy in the presence of the glory of the King, who now, by Divine appointment, occupies the "holy hill of Zion." David's Son, according to the flesh, was always David's Lord; and in all things He must have the pre-eminence. Prophets, priests and kings must bow reverently to Him, who "hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

The term glorious is often used, and with great propriety, in describing the works of God as displayed in the material creation. It would be inappropriate if employed in reference to a building, a garden, or any work of art. But as we gaze upon the jewelled heavens, the majestic ocean, the variegated landscape, the verdant vale, the flowing river, the dashing cataract, and the towering mountain, we feel impelled to exclaim, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good."

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork."

There is a glory of the sun; and perhaps no object before the external vision of man is more glorious; but he loses his lustre in the rays of the "excellent glory" which beam forth from the "Sun of Righteousness."

There is also a glory of the moon; but it is not equal in brilliancy to the Church of Christ, reflecting as she does the light emanating from Him, who is "the light of the world."

There is another glory of the stars; but it is scarcely visible in the presence of the "bright and morning Star."

There was originally a glory about humanity, but it was the glory of God; for man was made in the image of God, which is righteousness and true holiness. But this moral excellence, which is the glory of an intelligent being, our race has lost; for all have sinned and come short—been deprived of the glory of God.

The restoration of this moral glory to mankind, in such a manner as to advance the divine glory, is the great object contemplated and effected in the gospel of Christ. In order to accomplish this, the Son of God was incarnated. He came to earth, not in the glory of His Father, His own glory, or that of the holy angels, but in the weakness and meanness of human nature. Not in sinful flesh, but in its likeness he came:

"He laid His glory by,
He wrapped Him in our clay."

There was, indeed, a glory associated with the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ, not, however, like that of the ancient Shekinah, dazzling to human vision, but it was the subdued glory of goodness. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Here we have the key to the whole gospel. Its author was full of grace and truth. These two words comprise the sum of all its excellences. These are its image and superscription. As these heavenly virtues constituted the glory of Christ's character, they also in theory and in practice exhibit the glory of the gospel. There is no glory in a lie; never was, and never will be. Hence the character of the devil is without a single ray or feature of even inferior glory. If Christianity be false, it is not only not glorious but it is despicable. But there is no room for any misgiving here. The gospel is refulgent with every moral excellence desirable. Its doctrines have grown out of facts which have been established by the best kind of evidence possible. The foundation of our faith, laid in Zion, is not only safe, but will ever remain secure. No power in the universe can undermine this rock of eternal truth. The superstructure built, and being built thereon, is admirable for its symmetrical proportions and unchanging durability. It neither crumbles nor is tarnished by the lapse of time or the action of the elements of nature or human nature. The marvellous efforts of the insidious and inveterate enemies of the gospel to conceal its loveliness, silence its voice, and neutralise its influence, have signally failed. Never previously was its lustre so widespread, so profoundly admired, and its benefits so largely enjoyed as at the present time.

The prophetic utterances of Isaiah respecting the Church are being fulfilled: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." While this glorious system of religious influence, inaugurated by Jesus of Nazareth, is marching on, blessing and to bless, where is the glory of decaying Paganism, of Mohammedanism, of Buddhism, of Brahminism, or of infidelity? It is not to be seen in the form of wise legislation, safe jurisprudence, correct morals, mental development, social enjoyment, domestic comfort, rational worship, and a satisfactory hope of eternal life.

It is the glory of Christianity, that wherever it prevails in its purity, unshackled by those errors that deluded men have thrown around it, it promotes good morals, relieves the oppressed, banishes ignorance, purifies legislation, recognises the brotherhood of man, elevates woman, creates happy homes, refines humanity, and awakens blissful anticipations respecting the great future.

The gospel's glorious hope ;
Its rule of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its feet of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark that fails not 'mid the storms of death."

We are not in the least surprised at the wily, incessant and malicious opposition of the devil and his angels to the "glorious gospel of Christ." It was devised and carried into successful operation with the avowed purpose of destroying his works. Its radiancy dispels the congenial darkness of his kingdom, shows the deformity of vice, makes known his tactics of warfare, and reveals the accessible armour which insures victory to the Christian soldier. Hence the uncompromising antagonism between the Seed of the Woman and the Old Serpent. The gospel of peace fosters this enmity. We understand it as effecting peace with God, not peace with the devil. The great enemy has certainly displayed remarkable intelligence combined with subtlety in his efforts to mar the masterpiece of God's creation ; but he has been met by the Redeemer of mankind with a scheme exhibiting superior wisdom, skill and power. Nothing in the universe that comes within the range of the human mind manifests so much wisdom, intelligence, goodness, beauty, grace and power, as the glorious gospel.

As we contemplate the wondrous perfections of its adorable author, its marvellous adaptation to the human race, its splendid triumphs in the past, its influence on earth to-day, notwithstanding the repetitions of the pulpit for eighteen hundred years, its conservative principles, strangely blended with liberalism, its unwasted energies, and its doxologies of earth and heaven, we feel constrained to say, and to shout, as only those can do who realise that it is the power of God unto salvation—"The glorious gospel of Christ."

But where, it is sometimes asked, is the gospel now ? In books, or in the hearts and lives of men ? We answer, in both. If it were only on paper, as expressed in human language in the sacred Scrip-

tures, the whole thing would be a grand failure. But such is not the case; it is visible in the Church as well as in the Bible. The living epistles of Christ, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, wherever they move and have their being, are contributing to the present glory of the gospel of Christ. Take away from human society the living, operating gospel, and where is its glory? It is all very well, and should awake gratitude to God that we have the gospel in the Bible, in the creed, in the hymn-book, in the pulpit, and sometimes in the newspaper; but in order to its rapid extension, and the full enjoyment of its blessings, its principles must be imbedded in the depths of the soul; thus shall the fountain of thought and motive be purified. Yes, we require the operation of the principles of the gospel in the family circle, in the marts of commerce, in the courts of justice, in the curriculum of education, in the legislative hall, and in the regal palace. As already intimated, one of the elements constituting its glory is its perfect adaptation to human society, under all circumstances, in all places and throughout all time. We are absolutely certain of its ultimate triumph. The great Mediator is even now gently bending the world to the sway of these glorious principles.

Above all, the chief glory of the gospel is its power to save men from sin, and fit them for the heavenly state. This it has ever been doing, is accomplishing yet, and will, until the judgment closes the present dispensation. Thousands are daily testifying of its benign influences. Hallelujahs are increasing. Some are heard in the furnace of affliction, some in the sunshine of prosperity, some in the agonies of death; others, like the voice of many waters, in the

"Happy land,
Far, far away."

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever. Amen."

G. O. H.

CORNWALL, P.E.I., *July*, 1875.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

THE CHRISTIAN ON THE SICK BED.

SICKNESS, though not to be coveted, and though repugnant to all the feelings of the natural man, yet, when sanctified by our heavenly father to our spiritual good, may be properly considered one of our greatest blessings. "Before I was afflicted I went astray," said Israel's sweet psalmist ; and many a servant of God has been with him led to exclaim, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted ; that I might learn thy statutes." St. Paul assures us that, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." It is the glory of Christianity, that we can thank God for sickness and affliction ; and that where all would seem dark and forbidding to the unregenerate man, yet the Christian can see his father's hand even here. Many a child of God can see where God's afflicting hand has been laid upon him, in mercy, to thwart some scheme or cherished plan which seemed to him as dear as life itself ; but when the glow of health has been superseded by the pallor of disease, and the once powerful arm lies weak as helpless infancy, and earth has lost its thousand charms, he can then see as never before, "Verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity."

Sickness gives us an opportunity to review our past lives, to weigh our past actions and desires, to take our bearings on the sea of life and test our hearts, whether they (like the magnet) will stand true to the polar star of our affections. While it calls forth in our behalf the kind ministrations of devoted affection, and makes us feel how dependent we are on those we love, it develops our own sympathies, and makes us susceptible to the claims of our suffering fellow-man.

But it is in our relationship to our Maker that sickness should produce in us its greatest results. When disease is wasting our clay tenement, when pain sends its languishing thrill through every weakened fibre, when our flesh and our heart faileth, how sweet, how consoling to cast our cares on Him who careth for us. With what eager relish we seize upon the promises of His holy Word and discover therein hidden beauties which we had well nigh overlooked. And the soul which erst was distracted by carking cares is driven to the bosom of its God, and there sings,

“Within His circling power I stand,
On every side I find His hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.”

The sick one realises, as he never did before, the uncertainty of life, and the importance of preparing to meet his God ; and while he may see that there is but a step between him and death, and shrinking nature may cry out, “Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me,” yet the language of submissive faith is, “Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.”

“Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say
‘Thy will be done.’”

“And when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore—
‘Thy will be done.’”

M. CAMERON.

EGYPT AND THE PENTATEUCH.

(Concluded from page 472.)

PASSING over several occurrences connected with the arrival of Joseph's brethren in Egypt, we note the incident where Joseph's cup is found in Benjamin's sack. The point to be observed is the remark of Joseph's steward, “Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth?” Our business here is not to prove that Joseph could really divine by means of his cup, but merely to show that such a practice was common in Egypt, and that the writer of the Pentateuch was well acquainted with Egyptian customs. *Jamblichus*, in his book on Egyptian mysteries, mentions this custom of divining by the cup, and says that by means of certain figures, reflected in the rays of light in clear water, future circumstances were prognosticated. One method of divining by the cup was by casting into it pieces of gold or silver leaf, together with precious

stones, engraved with certain characters; when, on the gods being invoked, the engraved signs were seen to be reflected in the water, by which certain facts inquired into were supposed to be ascertained. Another method was that of dropping melted wax into the cup, and inferring the answer to a given question from the shape it assumed on the surface of the water.

In the forty-sixth chapter of Genesis we have the account of Jacob going down into Egypt with his household and all their substance. A remarkable parallel to this description is furnished by a scene in a tomb at Beni-Hassan, representing strangers who arrive in Egypt. They carry their goods with them upon asses, and over this the number "37" is written in hieroglyphics. The first figure is an Egyptian scribe, who presents an account of their arrival to a person in a sitting posture, the owner of the tomb, and one of the chief officers of the reigning Pharaoh. The next, likewise an Egyptian, ushers them into his presence, and two of the strangers advance, bringing presents. Four men, with bows and clubs, follow, leading an ass, on which there are two children in panniers, accompanied by a boy and four women. Last of all another ass, laden, and two men, one of whom carries a bow and club, and the other a lyre, on which he plays. All the men have beards, contrary to the custom of the Egyptians, although very general in the East at that period, and represented in their sculptures as a peculiarity of foreign uncivilized nations. Some authors believe that this picture has a direct reference to the arrival of Jacob and his family in Egypt.

Before introducing his brethren to Pharaoh Joseph charges them to say that they were shepherds, so that Pharaoh might give them a location in the rich pasture-lands of Goshen, "for," it is added, "every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians." To this day the monuments furnish abundant evidence of this hatred of the Egyptians to shepherds. The artists of Upper and Lower Egypt vie with each other in caricaturing them. But how do we account for this abhorrence? By a significant fact in Egyptian history. Years before the time when Joseph was sold into Egypt a terrible calamity befell the nation. "The first migration of nations whereof history has retained the remembrance came rushing across Western Asia. Swollen by all the

nomadic tribes that it had gathered on its way, it fell suddenly upon the valley of the Nile." Whence came this human avalanche? We cannot tell with certainty; but, "judging by the force of its impetus, and the length of time it took for the disappearance of its straggling remnants, by the name accursed which it has left in the memory of Egypt—above all, by the avenging hate which, in later times, repeatedly impelled the Egyptian armies beyond the Tigris—it is in Central Asia that we must look for the starting-point of the invaders."

The only historic account we have of this invasion is that given by Manetho, an Egyptian priest, who lived and wrote when the Greeks were masters of Egypt. On many points, especially on Egyptian chronology, the testimony of Manetho is utterly unworthy of credit; but his account of the invasion of Egypt by the Hyksos, or Shepherd-kings, has an air of truth about it that renders it perfectly credible. "In ancient times," he says, "the anger of God was roused against us, I know not why; and there came from the direction of the east a multitude of men of ignoble race, who, precipitating themselves upon our country, possessed themselves of it without a struggle and with the greatest ease. They slew part of the chiefs, and cast the rest into chains. They burnt our cities, and threw down the temples of the gods. Their barbarity toward the Egyptians was such that all who had not perished by the sword were reduced, with their women and children, to the hardest servitude." Manetho further relates how the first king of the invaders, named Salatis, erected a strong fortification eastward of the Bubastic branch of the Nile, in which he placed a powerful garrison. "Dying after a reign of nineteen years, he had for a successor Beon, who was replaced by Apachnas, to whom succeeded APHOPHIS, [the Pharaoh who reigned in Egypt when Joseph came into power,] then Yanas, then Assis, in all, six kings in two hundred and fifty-nine years and three months." There is at the present time, in the British Museum, a papyrus roll on which is an inscription agreeing substantially with the account given by Manetho.

In this fragment of Egyptian history the following points are clearly presented: Previous to the time of Joseph Egypt was invaded and conquered by a vast army, to the rulers of which was given the name of Hyksos, or Shepherd-kings, as indicative of their

previous mode of life. Part of the native Egyptians were slain, part reduced to servitude, while a vast number (though this is not mentioned by Manetho) fled the country, and sought refuge in Nubia, behind the granite ramparts of Syene. From this point their descendants ultimately descended, and recovered possession of the country. It appears also, from other records, that the Hyksos adopted the religion of the country, that the native priests still continued to exercise their functions, and that a great number of native Egyptians remained in the land, and, in the course of years, were treated by the successors of the first Hyksos as citizens rather than as slaves. Doubtless it is this native population that is referred to when it is said, "Every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." The rulers of the land had no such prejudices, because they regarded the sons of Jacob as sprung from the same stock as themselves; but they wisely respected the prejudices of the native population, and hence gave permission to the Hebrews to settle in a part of the country by themselves.

In the first chapter of Exodus reference is made to the rapid increase of the Hebrews, after which follows this statement: "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph. And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: come now, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." We have already referred to the Hyksos invasion, and to the fact that the native Egyptians, expelled by the invaders, took refuge in Nubia. Issuing from thence, they made forays from time to time upon their conquerors, transmitting the quarrel from father to son for the space of two hundred and fifty years. Waxing stronger, they first possessed themselves of Upper Egypt, then descending to the Heptanomis, they regained possession of that, and finally succeeded in expelling the Hyksos entirely from the country. The "king who knew not Joseph" was, therefore, simply a descendant of the Pharaohs who ruled in Egypt before the Hyksos invasion. This fact accounts for the jealousy with which he regarded the Hebrews, believing them to be of the same stock as the hated race who had held possession of Egypt for two hundred and fifty years. His hatred of foreigners was so intense that it led the native

Pharaohs, when they regained possession of the country, to destroy every monument calculated to perpetuate the memory of the Hyksos rule ; consequently there remain only a few fragments of the public works undertaken while Joseph was prime minister of Egypt.

From Exodus iv. 14 we learn that task-masters were set over the Israelites, and that the latter were employed in building for Pharaoh the treasure-cities Pithom and Raamses, or Rameses, as it is more commonly called. These cities were situated in the Land of Goshen, the province where the Israelites dwelt, and one of them became the rendezvous before the exodus. Again, it is said, they (the Egyptians) made the lives of the Israelites "bitter with hard bondage in mortar and brick, and in all manner of servitude in the field." Now we know from various sources of information that the use of brick was very common in Egypt, and it is a significant fact that a small portion of chopped straw is found in the composition of these bricks. But one of the most remarkable confirmations of this portion of the Pentateuch is found in a painting discovered in a tomb at Thebes, representing the Hebrews as they were engaged in making brick. Some of the labourers are employed in transporting the clay in vessels, some in intermingling it with the straw ; others are taking the bricks out of the form and placing them in rows ; still others, with a piece of wood upon their backs and ropes on each side, carrying the bricks already burned or dried.

We now pass over a number of incidents in the life of Moses, and take up again the thread of the Bible narrative at the time when, in obedience to the Divine command, he demanded permission for the Israelites to go and sacrifice to God in the wilderness.

To realize the impressiveness of the scene, we must remember that he who at that time sat upon the throne of Egypt was an unrelenting foe of the Jewish people. He it was who, for a long series of years, had increased their burdens, till they groaned in hopeless anguish under the oppression. We must remember, also, that Moses had been for many years outlawed from Egypt, and that it was at the risk of his life to return at all. But God had given commandment, and, with that resolute faith which characterized his course all through life, Moses obeyed. To obtain admission to the presence of the king was not difficult, because on

certain days he gave audience in the throne room, when, according to custom, no one, however humble, was refused permission to lay his petition before the king.

We can imagine the impressive scene when the two venerable brothers, accompanied by several of the elders of their nation, enter the hall of judgment. Calm, fearless, and with the dignity of princes, they proceed down the central avenue of statues, till, in the open space before the throne, they make obeisance to the ruler of Egypt. For a moment the king gazes inquiringly upon them; but who can describe his feelings of mingled astonishment and anger when he first realises that these petitioners are Hebrew slaves! Nor is his angry astonishment lessened when, in answer to his haughty inquiry as to their business, he hears the startling demand, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast to me in the wilderness." We can hardly wonder that his first words are those of angry defiance, coupled with a threat of increasing, instead of diminishing, the burdens of the people. In the name of the god of Egypt he defies the God of Israel, and refuses to let the people go. This brings the question to a decisive issue. Pharaoh resolves, as many a fool since that day has done, to measure strength with Jehovah. We shall soon see with what result.

Undaunted by the first repulse, Moses and Aaron go again before Pharaoh and repeat their request, and when he demands a sign, Aaron casts down his rod, and it is at once changed into a serpent. The magicians, at Pharaoh's request, also cast down their rods, and similar results follow.

Several points here are worthy of attention. When Moses and Aaron go in before Pharaoh Aaron carries a rod in his hand, and in various passages we find reference to the rod which Moses carried. This custom was peculiarly Egyptian. The monuments show that the Egyptian nobles, when they went out, carried a stick from three to six feet long; and, from Exod. vii. 12, it appears that each of the magicians carried a similar instrument. When Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, it is said that it became a serpent, and the same phenomenon occurred when the magicians cast down their rods. It will aid our apprehension of the situation if we remember that the contest now beginning was a direct and well-understood contest between the gods of Egypt and the God of

Israel ; hence we see the Divine wisdom in beginning with miracles which the magicians were able to counterfeit, inasmuch as it rendered their subsequent overthrow more decisive. The counter-wonder of the magicians was founded upon a peculiar condition of Egyptian society. The art of serpent-charming has been native to Egypt from the earliest times. It is confined to a certain class, and is transmitted from father to son. At religious festivals these persons appear entirely naked, with the neck, arms, and other parts of the body coiled around by serpents, which they permit to sting and tear their breasts, defending themselves against them with a sort of frenzy, pretending to eat them alive. They are able, according to their assertion, to change the *hadja*—a very venomous species of serpent—into a rod, and compel it to feign itself dead. When they wish to perform this wonder they spit in the throat of the animal, compel it to shut up its mouth, and lay it down upon the ground. Then, as if in order to give a last command, they lay their hand upon its head, and immediately the serpent, stiff and motionless, falls into a kind of torpor. They wake it up when they wish, rolling it roughly between their hands. Of course all this does not explain *how* the wonder was accomplished in the case of Pharaoh's magicians ; but it serves to prove the minute acquaintance of the writer of the Pentateuch with Egyptian customs. There is a peculiar feature, too, in this contest : Aaron's rod, when changed into a serpent, swallows those of the magicians.

The next act in the series of wonders was turning the waters of Egypt into blood. In this miraculous transaction there is a substratum, if I may so express it, of natural occurrences. The water of the Nile, at the beginning of the inundation, assumes a red colour caused by the large admixture of reddish-coloured clay, brought down, during the heavy rains, from the table-lands of the Atbara. The miraculous element, in the event under consideration, was the sudden and intense character of the change, and the fact that it extended to all the canals, lakes and pools, and even to the water contained in vessels of wood and stone in the houses. The severity of the chastisement appears from the vast importance of the Nile water to the Egyptians, and from the enthusiastic love of the people for it. The Nile water is almost the only drinkable water in Egypt. The Turks are accustomed to say, that if Mohammed had drank thereof he would have asked immortality of life that he

might drink of it always. When the Egyptians go on a pilgrimage to Mecca or elsewhere, they speak continually of the delight which they will experience when, on their return, they shall drink again of the water of the Nile. These facts will enable us to appreciate the words of Moses, "The Egyptians shall loathe to drink of the water of the river."

We have now reached a point in the history of the Israelites where the monuments can afford us no further information. Of course Egypt erected no monuments to perpetuate the memory of her national humiliation, and the crippling of her military power. It may be observed, however, in passing, that each of the plagues was directed against some one of the gods of Egypt. The Nile was worshipped—its waters are turned into blood. Other gods were worshipped, as protectors against flies, locusts, and other insect plagues—these now came in such countless swarms that the land is devoured by them. The Egyptians worshipped Apis, the sacred bull, as an emblem of Osiris—their cattle are smitten with a greivous murrain. Then followed the plague of boils upon man and beast, the tempest of fire and hail, the supernatural darkness, and, last of all, the swift flight of the destroying angel, smiting the first-born as he passed.

The morning dawns at last—the day of deliverance for a long oppressed race. We gaze with profound interest upon their movements. We see them journeying from Rameses to Succoth, from Succoth to Ethan, and we follow on until from the rocks of Baal-Zephon we look down upon the shores of the Red Sea, strewn with the wrecks of Egypt's chivalry; while far beyond the mighty host move onward, led by the mysterious fiery pillar that for many succeeding years guided their desert-wanderings, type of the constant presence of God with his people still as he guides them to their heavenly rest.

It needs not that we should further pursue the theme. Enough has been said to show that there are no such discrepancies between the records of God's Word and of Egypt's ancient history, as some have asserted; and my object will be gained if these facts serve to strengthen in any mind the conviction that, spite of all the assaults of infidelity, "the Word of the Lord shall stand forever."

A. SUTHERLAND.

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

A MEMOIR OF BY-GONE DAYS.

SOME four miles from his vicarage and church, yet within the bounds of his extensive parish, Mr. Fletcher has built a small chapel. The itinerants of Wesley regularly preach in it, and Mr. Fletcher frequently visits it. Having come to Madeley with our friends, let us join them thither also, and enjoy for a little longer the society of that most saintly of men. We meet among the groups walking to the little chapel Mr. Fletcher himself and his very eminent wife, and at once will listen to the conversation by the wayside.

H.—“My friend and I heard you gladly this forenoon, and were much instructed by your discourse; but there were some points which we should like more clearly to understand.”

F.—“I rejoice that you inquire where Christ maketh his flock to rest at noon. The rest from the guilt and power of sin you will find only in inward holiness.”

B.—“What do you think this consists in?”

F.—“In what St. Paul calls the kingdom of God—righteousness which excludes guilt, peace which banishes all fear, and joy which can no more subsist with doubts, anxiety and unstableness of mind than light can subsist with darkness. That there is a state wherein this kingdom is set up, firmly set up in the heart, you may see by our Lord’s Sermon in the Mount, by his priestly prayer in St. John’s Gospel, chap. xvii., by the epistle of that apostle, and by various parts of the epistles of St. Paul and St. James.”

B.—“But how shall we aim aright at this liberty of the children of God?”

F.—“It requires a continual acting of faith, of a naked faith in a naked promise or declaration, such as ‘The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.’ ‘The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.’ ‘I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.’”

Mrs. F.—“My dear, would you explain what you mean by ‘a naked faith in a naked promise.’”

F.—“I do not mean a bare assent that God is faithful, and that such a promise in the Book of God may be fulfilled, but a bold, hearty, steady venturing of my soul, body and spirit upon the truth of the promise with an appropriating act. It is mine, because I am a penitent sinner, and I am determined to believe, come what will. Here you must shut the ear of the mind to the suggestions of the

serpent, which, were you to reason with him, would be endless, and would soon draw you out of that simple way of faith by which we are both justified and sanctified."

B.—"I long for this full salvation, but I find my heart so distracted and tossed."

F.—"Here lies the grand mistake of many poor but precious souls; they are afraid to believe lest it should be presumption, because they have not as yet comfort, joy, love, &c., not considering that this is to look for fruit before the tree is planted."

B.—"I shall certainly begin to look for it."

F.—"You must also remember that it is your privilege to go to Christ by such a faith now and every succeeding moment, and that you are to bring nothing but a distracted, tossed and heavy heart, just such an one as you have now."

B.—"It seems impossible to believe just now without having any feeling."

F.—"Beware, then, of looking for any peace or joy previous to your believing, and let this be uppermost in your mind; but beware of worldly cares. Oh, my friend, what is the world? A flying shadow. As we fly through it, let us lose ourselves in the eternal substance."

H.—"Mr. Fletcher, what is to be experienced in the full accomplishment of the promise mentioned in that prayer of our Lord recorded in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, 22nd and 23rd verses, 'That they may be one even as We are one, I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.'"

F.—"Oh! what shall I say? All the sweetness of the drawings of the Father, all the love of the Son, all the rich effusions of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, more than ever can be expressed, are comprehended here! To attain it the Spirit maketh intercession in the soul, like a god wrestling with a god."

B.—"There is something more than being cleansed from sin implied in it, then?"

F.—"Oh, yes! We must not be content to be only cleansed from sin; we must be filled with the Spirit."

But here we are at the little plain chapel at Madeley Wood, and gathering to it are numerous groups of children as well as men and women.

B.—"What mean these groups of children, Mr. Fletcher, who are gathering around the chapel?"

F.—"Why, we have a Sunday school here every Sabbath, and one or two in other parts of my parish, and in all we have upwards of three hundred children in them."

H.—"I read an interesting account in Mr. Wesley's Arminian Magazine for January last, of Sunday schools formed in Gloucester by a Mr. Raikes, three years ago. It appears that a Methodist young woman was conversing with Mr. Raikes, a benevolent citizen of that

town and publisher of the *Gloucester Journal*, one Sabbath day, when his attention was directed to the groups of neglected children in the street. He asked her, 'What can we do for them?' and she answered, 'Let us teach them to read and take them to church;' and they immediately proceeded to try the suggestion; and they both attended the scholars to the Church, exposed to the comments and laughter of the populace as they passed along the street with their ragged procession. But I had no idea that you had them in Madeley."

F.--"They were recommended to me by Mrs. Darby, an intelligent pious person, whom I have always found ready to promote every good work."

B.--"How do you interest and encourage the children to attend?"

F.--"My method is to give them little hymn books and point them to some friend or neighbour who will teach them the hymns and instruct them to sing. The little creatures are greatly taken with this new employment, insomuch that some of them will scarce allow themselves time to eat or sleep for the desire they have of learning their lessons. Then at every meeting I distinguish them who have made the greatest proficiency by some small rewards.

B.--"But don't you find a great difficulty to draw and fix their attention?"

F.--"Well, no; but come in and see how we do it."

Singing and prayer over, and the lesson for the day read, Mr. Fletcher began to talk to the children. Just as he was persuading them to mind what they were about, and to remember the text he was about to give them, a robin flew into the house, and all their eyes were turned towards it.

"Now," said he, "I see that you can attend to that robin. Well I will take that robin for my text." He reminded them of the care God took even of robins and sparrows; that though naughty boys often killed them, yet not one of them fell to the ground without their father's notice. He showed them how harmless they were, and how cruel it was to rob and wantonly kill them. Then he showed how much more valuable they were than the robin, dwelling upon the immortality of their souls and their danger because of sin, and lastly, how Jesus had died to save them. By means of the robin he had gained their attention, and happily kept it, and the lesson that day learned would never be forgotten. School over, a public service is held, the children all remaining. The prayer book and gown are here laid aside; it is simply a Methodist chapel, and Mr. Fletcher is a Methodist preacher. He announces his text, 2 Cor. vi. 2; "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

"Satan," said the preacher, "has two grand devices by which he persuades men to make two great mistakes. The first is of

unbelief; God will not save us now: the second is of impenitency; He will do it at death. By these devices he damns multitudes of souls. Consider,

"I. What is the accepted time? (1.) It is that time when God offers sinners to accept their persons and pardon their sins. (2.) It is that time when sinners can close in with that offer.

"II. What is the day of salvation? (1.) As to Christ, the days of His flesh, birth, temptation, agony, death, resurrection, intercession. (2.) As to the Spirit, the day when He saves sinners by an application of what Christ has done and suffered. (a) From stupidity by awakenings. (b) From guilt by pardon. (c) From uneasiness by peace and joy. (d) From a spiritual hell by a taste of heaven. (e) From sin by righteousness and new birth. How short is the space; a day; only a day! It is wasting away; soon it will be gone! Yet, all the time you have to work in. This day," said the preacher, "will be followed by the night. The day of life is the day of salvation, the day of grace, the Lord's day, the day of health, the day of youth, the day of the gospel, the day of power. Remember Felix, Lot's sons, Jerusalem.

"III. Now is the accepted time. The Father calls, 'Now,' 'Now,' Jesus intercedes; now ministers plead; now the Spirit strives; now, while you have a conscience to reprove, eyes to see, ears to hear, senses, health, leisure. Now Christ stands; now saints pray; now mercy courts; now the door of heaven is opened; now a well of life is unsealed; now the scale hovers; now a breath; now death is coming; now the Gospel trump sounds; God summons now—now that others are entering in. Behold! let not Satan, world, flesh, blind thee. Behold! soon the time of rejection. No time then. Soon day of death, of judgment, of condemnation; the day when the wheels of opportunity shall be fast. Oh, who shall bear that day of God—that last day! Sinners, Jesus weeps over you; squander not your day; oh, kill not your time, your soul, and your Saviour together."

Such is a brief outline of the sermon; but who shall describe the pathos and unction with which it was delivered. It seemed as if none present could resist the powerful appeal. And when in prayer the preacher poured out his soul for his hearers, many a sob and many a groan betokened how deep had been the conviction made on the hearts of his rustic congregation. He had spoken as in the presence of God, and had taught as one having authority. And when our two friends together left the chapel, and were slowly walking back to Madeley, we do not wonder to hear them converse as follows:

H.—"Great as Mr. Fletcher is as a writer, he is far greater as a preacher, don't you think?"

B.—"I would rather have heard one sermon from him *viva voce* than read a volume of his works. His words were clothed with

power and entered with effect. His writings were arrayed in all the garb of human literature, but his living word soared on eagles' flight above humanity. His preaching was apostolic."

H.—"Without aiming at sublimity, he was truly sublime; and uncommonly eloquent without affecting the orator."

B.—"He is wondrously skilled in adapting himself to the different capacities and conditions of his hearers—he can stoop to the illiterate and rise with the learned. To hear him without admiration is impossible, and without profit improbable."

H.—"While others are anxious to charm their hearers with studied ornaments of artificial eloquence, his first care evidently is, in simplicity and godly sincerity to declare the truth as it is in Jesus."

B.—"Had he aimed at celebrity as a public speaker, furnished as he is with all the united powers of learning, genius and taste, he might have succeeded beyond many; but his design is to convert, not captivate his hearers; to secure their eternal interests, and not their momentary applause."

H.—"His subject, his language, the tone of his voice, all conspired to fix attention and affect the heart."

Thus conversing together, they reach the vicarage, when Mr. Fletcher overtakes them and speaks to them.

Mr. F.—"I and my dear wife have a select meeting this evening for religious conversation, and shall be glad to have you attend it if it is convenient for you to remain."

B.—"To light our tapers by the flame of your ardent piety and holy zeal has been the object of our visit to Madeley, and we shall only be too happy to accept your invitation."

F.—"Nay, rather let us all get low at the foot of the Sun of Righteousness; then shall we let our light so shine that others may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

The evening meeting was not large but select,—the poor and the rich met together. Here was the inquirer whom the arrow of truth had wounded, and here the established believer; here the tempted one, and here, too, the one athirst for that Christian perfection so earnestly contended for in the morning sermon. It is, in fact, a Methodist class meeting, with John Fletcher as its leader, and his devoted wife as his assistant; and what Methodist would not be willing to be a privileged attendant. We shall do our best to give each of our readers that privilege for once.

Mr. F.—"Dear companions in tribulation. Peace and mercy, faith, hope and love be multiplied to you all in general and to each one of you in particular, from the Father of mercies, through the Lord Jesus Christ by the spirit of grace. I thank you for your kind remembrance of me in your prayers. O, that I had more power with God! I would bring down all heaven into all your hearts. Let us strive together in love for the living faith, the glorious hope,

the sanctifying, perfecting love, once delivered to the saints. Look to Jesus. Brethren, move on. Run yourselves in the heavenly race, let each sweetly draw his brother along, till the whole company appear before the redeeming God in Zion, adorned as a bride for the heavenly bridegroom. For myself, I find much comfort from my relation to my covenant God, and by my relation to Him as my covenant God. O, how does my soul exult in that dear Mediator. How do I hide my poor sou' under the shadow of His wings. Let us sing that verse we have so often sung together :

‘Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.’

So may we live and die in the faith, going on from faith to faith, from strength to strength, from comfort to comfort, till Christ is all in all to us all.”

Mrs. F.—“Glory! unceasing glory to my adorable Lord! O, how does my soul praise God for his gracious providence. I have seen great changes, had many trials and comforts, and I have learned much experience, which has been blessed to me. O, for the moment when I shall become a whole burnt sacrifice. Having had some hurry in my house, I was reflecting a few days since how hard it is to keep up uninterrupted communion with God in outward hurry. It was opened to me that the very spirit of the Christian life stood in the strictest observation of those words, ‘If a man offend not in tongue, the same is a perfect man and able also to bridle the whole body.’ Now for want of this watchfulness I offend often. If I had a more continual attention to the spirit of God I should find much more room for silence than I usually do. That passage in Wesley’s Notes on the 1st Epistle of St. John was lately greatly blessed and very sweet to me. ‘Love is the beginning of eternal life, the same in substance with glory.’ I saw love comprised all in itself. For two hours I was led to lie before the Lord in longing desire. When in Dublin lately with my dear husband, we had some remarkable proofs of the saving power of the gospel. I know not that I ever found a more humbling sense than while I was there.”

Mr. F.—“My dear, can you tell the company how you were first led into the experience of God’s full salvation?”

Mrs. F.—“About the years ’61 and ’62 there was a great revival among the societies. Both in London and in many other places prayer was made without ceasing, ‘that the glory of God might go forth as brightness.’ These prayers were answered in a very powerful manner. The spirit was poured out on some in such a degree as can hardly be conceived but by those who felt the divine influence. Mr. Wesley and Mr. Maxfield were in an uncom-

mon manner blessed in their preaching. The mighty power of God was seen on every side. Christ was held out as a complete Saviour, and represented as crying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' These rivers did indeed flow from heart to heart; some portion of the river reached me also. These words were applied to me 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' But I could not believe so as to give my whole heart to the Lord. I knew him mine, but other things had yet life in me, though not dominion over me. I was now assured that the blessing could not be received but by simple, naked faith, and my soul groaned out its desire :

'That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds and will not let Thee go,
Till I my suit obtain.'

One day when a few of us were met together at Bro. Gifford's, while he was praying my faith took hold on Jesus as my full Saviour, and on that morning I felt rest, not joy, but a rest in that thought, 'The Lord reigneth, and his will shall be done.' For some days I was much exercised with temptations, and continually accused that I had thought, said or done something amiss; but after a little while I found more solid rest, and sensibly felt my will and affections were fixed on God, and most powerfully was I penetrated with these words :

'Their daily delight shall be in his name,
They shall as their right his righteousness claim;
His righteousness wearing, and cleansed by his blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.'

That promise also dwelt on my mind, 'In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be thy strength.'

Mr. F.—"Let us, my dear, shut our eyes to the gilded clouds without us; let us draw inward, and search after God if haply we may find him; let us habituate ourselves to live inwardly."

To Miss Hatton.—"I think the state your soul is in is not uncommon. The only advice I can at present give you is not to look at self except it be to believe it away. Be generously determined not to live easy without the thoughts of Jesus on your mind and His love in your heart. Get that love by obstinately believing the love of Christ to you till you are ashamed into some return of it. If you will reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord, you will not reckon without your host. Christ will put his hand to the bill which faith draws."

To Miss Bryan.—"I am glad to hear that the Lord leads you in the exalted way of exulting faith, triumphant hope, and rapturous

love. Mount higher ! mount higher ! there is no fear of you losing yourself except in the boundless tracks of divine mercy and on the eternal hills of redeeming love ; and to be lost there is to be happily found."

Mr. Vaughan.—"I cannot say that I am on the Rock of Ages. Billows of temptations seem to drive me away from the haven where I would be. O, wretched man that I am."

Mr. F.—"Are you willing, really willing to be delivered? Is your sin a burden too heavy for you to bear? If it is, He is near that delivers, that justifies, that sanctifies you. Be of good cheer, brother, only believe ; an act of faith will help you to a lift. But one act of faith will not do ; faith must be your life, in connection with its great object."

JAMES HARRIS.

SIGNS OF AWAKENING, AND WHAT TO DO.

BY THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

WHEN a cloud of mercy breaks over a city, and hundreds and thousands are saved, as in Glasgow and Belfast, 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 unailing 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.

Oh ! sweet hour of prayer ! Bower of peace, where we talk to the Beloved, his locks wet with the dew of the night. Oh ! mountain of frankincense, sweet with all fragrance for a weary soul. Oh ! harbour for a driven and storm-tossed spirit, a place where fountains spring and gates of glory open, and a ladder soars into the skies bright with the shining messengers of salvation. Can it be that there are those who do not know the might, the majesty, the grandeur, the glory, the tenderness of prayer?

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. Spit-fire 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 of 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 wrong. 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.

When the Lord Jesus Christ uncrowned Himself, and went up on the cross, to bleed his life away in our behalf, does it not seem as if his voice dropped from the throne to-day, saying to us as He looks towards those souls whom we have neglected, "Their blood will I require at thy hands." Can you conjecture what will be the future of this great multitude of souls that are marching on across Bibles, and sermons. and the torn and bleeding heart of the Son of God? Do you not know, O Christian, that your chance for doing them good will soon be gone? Your strength begins to bend in the blast, and soon from the door of your tomb the wave of your life will dash back into a death-foam. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—*Christian.*

THE BRIGHTON CONVENTION.

WE believe that the tidings which for several weeks have reached us from across the Atlantic have excited the wonder of all our readers. We think, however, that the Brighton Convention is the most marvellous of all. Ten days were devoted to meetings specially to promote the *higher life*. On some days as many as *eight* meetings were held. At the greater number Mr. Pearsall Smith presides and speaks, assisted by the Rev. Theodore Monod, of Paris, the Rev. E. H. Hopkins, of Richmond, Mr. S. A. Blackwood, Mr. Hy. Varley; while Mrs. Pearsall Smith always holds two Bible meetings, as well as one exclusively reserved for ladies. The key-note of both Mr. and Mrs. Smith's speeches is the duty of Christians entirely consecrating themselves to God's service and living a life on an altogether higher level than that lived by the vast majority of professing Christians. According to Mr. Smith, there should be nothing in the whole range of Christian experience which should be done otherwise than in the full and conscious sight of God. There should be nothing like what brings shame upon Christ of trying to live with the world in one hand and the cross in the other; or, in other words, trying to live partly a church life and partly a worldly life. The strictly evangelistic services are presided over by Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Varley, and Lord Radstock. It is computed that about 7,000 visitors have come to Brighton to attend the Convention, including something like 200 pastors and their wives from the continent.

A full report of the proceedings of the Convention has been published, but we have not been able to obtain a copy. A few details have been published in various journals which prove that the most sanguine anticipations of the originators have been more than realised. If the following is a specimen, we may hope for glorious results :

Amongst the "requests for praise and prayer" at the Brighton Convention was the following: "A large brewer, wine and spirit merchant, now present for the last time, who has derived great blessings from this Convention, has for some time past been under such strong convictions of the curse of intemperance, that he has decided to give up his business, although it is no temptation to him whatever. He earnestly asks the prayers of this assembly that he may be guided right in every way."

As Mr Pearsall Smith has laboured with such remarkable success on the continent, the following account will, we feel sure, be read with pleasure, and will once more illustrate the truth that "holiness is power."—

In connection with the labours of Mr. Smith in Germany and Switzerland there is springing up just now what might actually be called quite a literature. It has become a standing subject of discussion in the Church papers, and threatens to become a battle-field, with only this difference, that the opponents of the movement are getting more violent now that Mr. Smith is gone, and his friends are more disposed to work than dispute. The High Church organs bristle with articles denouncing the movement. But everywhere the enumeration of his sins reaches a climax in the statement that he is a Methodist; beyond this the terrified imagination of these clericals cannot travel. Since the account of the meetings in Berlin appeared in the *Recorder*, two little works have appeared on the movement in the German metropolis. One is written by the Rev. W. Bauer (Court and cathedral preacher), with the title, "R. Pearsall Smith in Berlin." It bears on the title-page a motto, "Quench not the Spirit: despise not prophesyings: prove all things: hold fast that which is good." The twenty-three closely printed pages of this little book are certainly written in the spirit of these words of St. Paul, and are all the more worthy of being read, since Mr. Smith was Mr. Bauer's guest. The other little book (of forty pages) contains four of Mr. Smith's sermons, which were preached in Berlin in the Vereinshaus. It is no exaggeration to say that in the various towns where Mr. Smith preached his work was, for the time, the great subject of conversation in most circles. And no wonder, for there have probably never, since the Reformation, been, day after day and night after night, such a series of meetings purely religious, and attended by so many thousands of people. The highest nobility and the lowest artizans; university professors and persons quite illiterate; representatives of all religious parties, the

Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Jew, were at these meetings. Mr. Smith spoke for the last time in Berlin on Monday, and travelled on directly to Basel, where a number of services were conducted until the following Monday. A Conference was held, for which 576 tickets were given to laymen, and 103 to clergymen. Some of the meetings were attended by 2,000 and 3,000 persons, Mr. Smith's addresses being interpreted. The meetings at Basel were arranged for by a committee of the Evangelical Alliance. The Irvingites, Baptists, and Plymouth Brethren refused, however, to join in the undertaking, so that there were only the Established Church and the Methodists engaged in the movement. Of the latter, there are two branches in Basel, both American—one the Episcopal Church and the other the Albrecht Methodists, so called from their founder. Mr. Achard, the Episcopal Methodist minister in Basel, preached on Sunday evening in St. Peter's Church, the largest in Basel after the cathedral. Mr. Riggerbach had preached in the afternoon in the Methodist Church. That Sunday was a wonderful day, In the forenoon more than 2,000 came to the Lord's Supper in the cathedral, a larger number than perhaps had ever been to that service within those walls on any one occasion before. When making one's way up to the spot where the communicants neither knelt nor sat, but stood to receive the elements, one was reminded of the throng at the Exeter Hall meetings. Although four clergymen were busily occupied in dispensing the bread and wine, the sacramental service lasted two hours and twenty minutes. In the evening 6,000 people assembled in the three meetings held. Mr. Weisz, a Methodist clergyman in Bavaria, writes of the meetings: "I have just returned from the Alliance meetings at Basel. There were during the day 2,000, and every evening from 4,000 to 5,000 persons present, and Pearsall Smith delivered every day six addresses. He is a man that can be compared only with Wesley and Fletcher, and holds the scriptural doctrine of holiness in perfect agreement with us, but presenting not so much the theological as the practical side of it. He is a man of a childish simplicity of character, with the stamp of perfect love, and the most learned theologians in Basel were won by him. Many clergymen from all parts confessed themselves overcome, and said that they should return home as new men." Many of these came not only from Switzerland but Württemberg, Baden, Alsace, Rhenish Bavaria, and even from the Wupperthal. The choir, which consisted of about 150 voices, did very good service. Mr. Smith never spoke long at once, but frequently paused and proposed silent prayer for a few moments. The feeling was often at such times almost overpowering. He preferred also very short prayers which asked for blessings in direct and explicit terms. At one of his meetings a learned professor who had formerly preached against Mr. Smith's views publicly confessed

his error. Mr. Smith went from Basel to Zurich, intending to hold two meetings there, but he found the interest so great that he was led to conduct five on that day. At the last meeting, held at the Tonhalle, above 2,000 persons were present, and nearly 1,000 remained for the protracted meeting. At Carlsruhe, where Mr. Smith spent three days, some of the meetings were very largely attended, and several of the grand ducal household were present.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

WE use this term, instead of Holiness or Entire Sanctification, as it is now most commonly used. One principal object contemplated by our Magazine is the promotion of holiness, therefore we take deep interest in every agency which tends to spread scriptural holiness. Methodists have always believed in holiness as an article of their creed; but at the present day others are also asking, with great eagerness, how can I be holy? is it possible to live without sin?

From Germany we hear glorious news. A number of the pastors attended the conferences at Oxford and at Brighton which were held under the presidency of Mr. Pearsall Smith, and on their return home they were full of the Holy Ghost, and immediately began to translate Mr. Smith's books on holiness into the German language, and then scattered them abroad. A State Church minister and a Countess of Halle issued some pamphlets on the same subject, which produced a great awakening among the upper classes of society. Holiness meetings were also held in Switzerland, which were largely attended by ministers and people of all denominations, the result of which has been that a great number have found full salvation, and are spreading the doctrine of holiness. If all travellers were like Mr. Pearsall Smith, how much good they would do, and how they would strengthen the hands of missionaries.

A convention of a remarkable character was held at Nismes in France, which excited great interest. For days, a number of churches were thronged with eager multitudes desiring to understand more about the deep things of God. As many as 2,000 were present at one meeting. Remarkable conversions and renovations took place in all classes, from the youth to the hoary-headed man, in those near and in those who came from afar. It was a shower of blessings on thirsty souls. The services concluded with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and a sermon by Pastor Monod, which brought before the public the doctrines of the Gospel in simplicity, and annihilated the strange reports which fanatics of Rationalism and Romanism had industriously circulated.

But the most remarkable convention for the promotion of holiness has recently been held at Brighton, a full account of which is to be published in a separate volume. In the meantime, we are glad to learn that, for ten days during which the convention was held, the interest was unabated, and that on certain days several meetings were held simultaneously. The basis of all the gatherings was founded on the scriptural statement that "Christ gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity." The chief aim of the exhortations, prayers and addresses at all the meetings was to impress on all present the injunction, "Be ye therefore perfect." "He that is born of God doth not commit sin," was often cited; while, "Jesus saves me now" was the language of many who related their experience.

It was not to be expected but that some would raise objections to Mr. Smith's teachings, but all are agreed that perfection should be the standard and the aim of all believers, and that they should ever be pressing towards it as a mark, and that that degree of attainment which satisfies many, perhaps the majority of Christians, is lamentably low. To inculcate therefore the duty of holiness is salutary doctrine. The Brighton meetings were signalled by the spirit of prayer and praise, of devout earnestness and pious self-consecration. The intercourse between the English and foreign brethren was specially gratifying, and Christians of almost all countries have in this convention realised their common brotherhood, and been drawn together more closely in the bonds of unity and love. The intercommunion of German and French pastors was a season eminently hallowed; the last lingering sparks of national animosity were utterly quenched in that baptism of the Spirit which enabled them fully to realise their oneness in the Lord. . . . All must remember their duty and "follow after righteousness," and "forget the things which are behind, and press forward to those which are before." Our brethren in the London Conference not only held a meeting at Conference for the promotion of holiness, but have also held another since, which continued for some days. Our brethren in Newfoundland also had a holiness meeting at their Conference; and we are pleased to see that one is planned to be held at Sheffield, England, in connection with the Wesleyan Conference, which is in session while we are writing these lines.

The camp meetings that have been held both in America and Canada so far this season have given an impetus to the grand work of holiness. Of these we intend to write more fully in our next. While therefore increased attention is being given to the work of *full salvation* in both hemispheres, it must augur well for the future, and lead us to think that God is about to "arise and have mercy on Zion, for the time to favour her, yea the set time is come. Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof."

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM WILMOTT was born in the village of Wing, Rutland county, England, August 14th, 1806. In company with his parents and their family, he sailed from Liverpool for America, August 14th, 1816, and just six weeks after they landed in Boston. In two weeks they went to New York and remained over winter, and in early spring they set out for Canada. For nine years the family resided in Little York (Toronto), and then removed to Trafalgar, in the county of Halton. The settlement was just in its infancy; but the Methodist missionary made regular visits once a fortnight, on a week-day. The family were Presbyterians; but deprived of the ministrations of that Church, they gladly, in the year 1827, embraced the privilege of uniting with the Methodist society, the late Rev. Thomas Madden being the minister. About this time William had much anxiety about matters of doctrine, but by the study of the Scriptures and the works of Fletcher and others, he became thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the Arminian view of the atonement. Soon after uniting with the Church, he was enabled to trust in Christ for personal salvation. Though faithful in the discharge of all Christian duties, yet he was often the subject of much anxious thought, and of many doubts respecting his acceptance with God—many times rejoicing, but at others much tempted and cast down.

In the summer of 1839, while very ill, he was one day praying earnestly for a realisation of God's favour and presence, when at mid-day he saw a person glide, as it were, from the window into the room. In his hand was a large book, and around him a halo of light brighter than the noonday sun. (It was irresistibly impressed upon his mind that this was his Saviour). He opened the book, and in a clear voice read, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," then closed the book and quietly glided away. With this vision came a sweet realisation of God's pardoning mercy and a full assurance of his acceptance with God. From that time he could adopt the language of the apostle, "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Those with whom he associated "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus." For many years he not only enjoyed sanctifying grace, but also joyfully testified that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

In 1843 the late Rev. Matthew Whiting appointed him a class-leader. The duties of this office he diligently discharged for nearly twenty-four years, when failing health obliged him to relinquish this work. He was then appointed a steward, which office he held until his removal to Toronto in 1872.

For over thirty years he was an official member of the Methodist Church. He was truly loyal and devoted to the Church of his choice, and his time and means were liberally bestowed to advance the cause of God. For many years, and up to the time of his death, he was a trustee for two churches and one parsonage.

He highly prized the class-meeting, and delighted to meet with his brethren to testify of the amazing love and mercy of his Saviour. He was never absent from the services of the Lord's house, unless detained by illness of himself or family; and his delight was in "the law of the Lord."

He was married in 1834, and in his wife he found a helpmeet indeed. There was mutual love, unity and piety. They were ever more anxious that their children should be enriched with the wisdom which cometh from above, than that they should have great wealth or worldly distinction. He gave his family, three sons, a good education; provided them with an abundance of good books and papers; shielded them from evil influences and companionships, and set before them the lovely example of a consistent Christian life.

He had the pleasure of seeing all his children converted in childhood, and devoting their energies to the service of God. One is a minister, and the other two are class-leaders in the Church of his choice.

Though retiring and unexcitable in temperament, yet he was faithful in witnessing for Christ, and his religious enjoyments were very great, though not often ecstatic. In a letter written to his son, he says, "I cannot express my feelings better than in the language of the Rev. C. Spurgeon: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name. Wake up, *my memory*, and find matter for the song. Tell what God has done for me in days gone by. Fly back ye thoughts, to my childhood; sing of cradle mercies. Review my youth and its early favours; sing of long-suffering grace which followed my wanderings, and bore with my rebellions. Review before my eyes that gladsome hour when first I knew the Lord, and tell over again the matchless story of His mercy. Awake up, *my judgment*, and give measure to the music. Come forth, *my understanding*, and weigh His loving-kindness in the balance; see if thou canst count the small dust of His mercies; see if thou canst estimate the unsearchable riches which God hath given thee in His unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ. Recount His infinite love to thee. Reckon up the treasures of that everlasting covenant which He made on thy behalf, and which was ordered in all things and sure. Sing aloud of that divine wisdom which contrived, and of that love which planned, and of that grace which carried out the scheme of thy redemption. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

When attacked by his last illness, he had an impression that he would not recover. He felt that his work was done, and could say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give unto me at that day."

For some days the intensity of physical suffering almost prevented conversation. When the pain subsided he frequently gave expression to his joyous sense of God's presence. The enemy was not permitted for a moment to torment or harass. His peace and joy were constant—a fitting close to a long life spent in the earnest, active service of the Master. During his whole illness his experience was expressed by

"Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in love I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!"

While strength remained he would wave his hands and whisper, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb." For the last week his spirit was more an inhabitant of another world than of this; and on Sabbath the 9th of May, 1875, he quietly and triumphantly passed away to be forever with the Lord.

On Tuesday his remains were interred in the family burying ground, at Bowes' Church on the Milton Circuit. The Rev. James Gray preached to a large congregation from Rev. vii. 14.

COMMUNICATED.

DARE TO STAND ALONE.

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
 And dare to stand alone;
 Stand for the right, whate'er ye do,
 Though helpers there be none.

Stand for the right! Humanity
 Implores, with groans and tears,
 Thine aid to break the festering links
 That bind her toiling years.

Stand for the right! though falsehood reign,
 And proud lips coldly sneer;
 A poisoned arrow cannot wound
 A conscience pure and clear.

The Home.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART III.—FAITHFUL IN MUCH.

CHAPTER I.

MY BROTHER AND I.

IT is I, Millicent Carr, who have written down the foregoing narrative, from the lips of Mrs. Transome herself, scarcely venturing to alter a word in them; yet now and again retouching them, as fondly and carefully as one brushes away a speck from a portrait that we love.

And now that the time is come when the whole is completed, and the past has "orbed into the perfect star, we saw not when we dwelt therein;" and I can look back at it, with eyes still dimmed with tears, and see it shining with a brightness that grows more and more unto the perfect day—now I am ready to tell you myself all that is lacking to finish the history Alice Transome began.

First of all, then, you must be told how empty and dreary my own existence had become, even before I had fairly passed through my girlhood. My brother, George Carr, was suffering from a spinal complaint, which must confine him for life a prisoner in his own room. My father and mother had made every arrangement for the future with a view to his comfort solely; and I was left in charge of him, in solemn charge, by both of them. His illness kept us in so utter a seclusion that I had no friends, no acquaintances even, besides the busy physician, who spent a few minutes with us occasionally, not in hope of effecting a cure for George, but to render him any alleviation of his pain which was possible. Two old servants—a middle-aged man and his wife, who had no wish to change their condition—formed our household.

Our house was a detached dwelling; one of those places in Brompton presenting a blank side to the road, and surrounded by high walls over which no passer-by can catch a glimpse of the interior. It had been bought by my father purposely for George, who could be carried out upon the lawn when the summer was hottest, and lie there under the rustling leaves of the poplars, or the thick branches of the elms, where the birds chirped drowsily from their hiding-places amidst the foliage. But after some years even

this change became too trying for him ; and all he could bear was to have the windows flung wide open, and lie with his pale face towards them, watching the summer clouds floating across the little field of blue, which could be seen from his sofa. Sometimes, for hours together, he could not suffer the sound of my voice, nor the turning over of a leaf in my book ; and all I could do for him was to sit in perfect stillness, where, if his languid eyelids opened for an instant, he might see my face, and feel that he was not forsaken.

But all this wore out my girlhood. The long seclusion made me shy and formal ; and it had become difficult, if not impossible, for me to form any friendship, should the chance come across me. I did not know how to respond if any stranger spoke to me, except on mere matters of business. By the time I was five-and-twenty I felt as old as many women are at fifty. All the possibilities of my life seemed exhausted ; and only a vast barren wilderness stretched before me, which made me shudder as I looked forward, and saw nothing between me and the far horizon except a level flat, threatening a perpetual monotony and weariness.

"Milly," said George to me, one day when he was unusually well, "you and I need more interest in our lives. What do you say to adopting a child ?"

"Adopting what?" I cried, feeling sure I had not understood him aright.

"A child!" he repeated: "a boy, I think ; for if he were too noisy and boisterous, we might send him out of the way when I could not bear with him. So far as I can see there is no chance of your getting married, my dear, is there ?"

"No, George," I answered, laughing, yet with a little bitterness and regret in my secret heart. It would have given me pleasure to have had at least the chance of marrying ; but I had never had any, and was never likely to have now.

"If you had a child to think of," he went on, "you would feel younger again ; and perhaps I should as well. I fancy I should like to watch a boy playing in the garden, or hear him whistling about our quiet house, or coming in from school every evening."

"But there are your bad days," I objected.

"Well, I really think I give way to my bad days," he said ; "but when I cannot bear a noise he must stay out of hearing somewhere, or learn to be quiet for a while. At any rate we could try it for three months ; we should know by the end of that time."

We talked it over for a day or two ; and the plan took deeper hold of us both, until at last I wrote out an advertisement, similar to some I had seen in the *Times*, and sent it to that paper. I had often been struck by the number of benevolent persons who offered to adopt children ; so I followed their example, and waited with great anxiety for the answers.

There were a good many of them ; very peculiar ones I thought most of them. But as nearly all the children offered to us were babies, I had to reply, stating more particularly what we were looking for. After that I had several extraordinary persons coming to the house, with boys of different ages, who did not at all answer my expectations. I began to think that our plan must fall to the ground.

But one morning a letter in a child's writing—a large, round hand, with very shaky upstrokes, and downstrokes slanted all ways—came to me by post. I opened it with some curiosity, and read it aloud to George.

"My father is Captain John Champion, and he's gon to see a long wile ago, and never came back. i am living with Mrs. brown in castle street, Burn Ston, lankysheir, and go to School, were i lerne to rite and read. I will try to be good, for i no Jesus loves me, and wants me to be good. Pleas let me cum for 3 months, and see how you like me, and if i am a good boy. i was eight years old last berthday, and father's been away 3 yeres, a long wile. he told me be good, and tell the truth, till i come back, and i am goin to do it. i want to lern a grate deal before he comes back again. i am philip, at Mrs. brown's, castle street, lanky-sheir. i havent any mother, or brother, or sister,—only father ; and Mrs. brown ses she must send me to the yuneon if father dosant come home soon. i am very sorrrie and fritened."

Poor little letter ! and poor little writer ! We laughed ; but we did not care to meet each other's eyes, for fear of seeing tears in them. It happened that my brother's doctor came that very day ; and it turned out that he had some friend in Burnstone, to whom he offered to write about the boy. This gentleman saw Mrs. Brown and Philip Champion, learned the boy's story, and gave us so favourable an account of him that I forwarded the money and directions to the woman to send him up at once to me in London.

I remember that the day Philip came was one of George's worst days. From early in the morning he had been lying in a stupor, if it could be called a stupor, which was miserably sensitive to every sound ; and I had been sitting with him, at his feet, facing him, so that he could see me without stirring. Both of us heard Thomas leave the house, about the time when the train which brought the child was due at Paddington ; and both of us heard him come in again about an hour afterwards. But neither of us spoke or moved. George lay like one dying, and I sat still with a sinking heart, as I dreaded to hear the shrill voice of a child breaking through the profound silence. I began to fear that neither of us had counted the cost as we should have done.

But the silence was not broken. The twilight came on, and George slept a little while. When he woke up again he spoke in quite a blithe and cheerful tone.

"It's past, Milly," he said; "one more day is gone for ever, thank God! Now run and look at your boy, and send Thomas with my tea."

CHAPTER II.

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

I WAS glad to move, for I was stiff and cramped with my long watch. Very weary and bowed down I felt; and my heart was heavy with the thoughts that had passed through my brain during the day. How many days there were in every year! and how many years in a lifetime! My spirit seemed cramped as well as my body, and I could not force it out of its attitude of dull melancholy and foreboding. How long were we to bear the burden of such lives as ours?

I could not even wish to see the child I had sent for. I went into my own room, and had tea there alone, shrinking from the charge I had undertaken. I felt a desire to send him away again without seeing him. It seemed to me, perhaps because I was brought into personal contact with so few people, that to see any of our fellow-creatures involved us in a new and stronger relationship towards them. When we awake from our dream of death, and our open eyes look upon Him who has loved us, and in whom we have believed, though we saw Him not, what new tenderness and discipleship, strengthened a thousandfold, will spring up in our hearts for Him!

But I could not send the boy away unseen. Martha waited upon me very slowly, and coughed a short irritated cough now and then, as if about to speak, but I would not give her the opportunity. After I had finished my tea I put off going down stairs as long as I could; and then I went reluctantly, looking forward with dismay to the three months' trial we had partly promised to the boy.

I opened the door of the dining-room so gently, from long habit, that the child did not hear me. A blazing fire filled the grate, but there was no other light. He was sitting in my father's large old arm-chair, drawn in front of the hearth; and his curly little head was resting on his hand, as he gazed dreamily at the glowing embers. There was a wistful, subdued quiet about his face and posture that went straight to my heart. He was waiting patiently, that was evident, for something unknown to come to him. I did not think, as Mrs. Transome did, of the one Blessed Child, who has made all children's lives sacred; but his face called to my mind those angel faces to be seen in the pictures of the old religious painters.

As I paused on the threshold the boy became conscious of my presence, and slipped down from his high seat ; crossing the room on tiptoe, and speaking in a whisper almost too low for me to hear.

"Is he better now?" he asked: "have I made any noise?"

The earnest, uplifted face was so winning, that I bent down, and pressed my lips to the soft cheek as fondly as if it were no new face to me. Nor did it seem new. That odd trick of the brain, which makes us feel as if we could dimly remember the present in the long forgotten past, brought to me the sensation of having looked upon it, and caressed it in some former life.

"Yes, he is better now," I said, sitting down in the chair he had left, and taking him on my knee; "and you've been as quiet as a little mouse."

"I knew he'd be better soon," he answered, with a beaming glance at once shy and merry, "because as soon as that man told me he was ill, I asked God in a minute to make him better. I knew God would do it."

"Are you sure of it?" I asked; for it had been plain to me long ago that our prayers had been too feeble to reach the ear of God.

"Sure!" said the child, "why, isn't he better? You only asked to see what I'd say. My mother told me God is everywhere, and I must ask Him for what I want, just as I asked her. I was a very little boy then; but I've never forgotten it."

"You must never forget it, Philip," I said. But had I not forgotten it? Was there not within me the lurking unbelief of God being so near as to catch every whisper—nay, even to see my thoughts afar off. I leaned back in the chair, with my arm about the child who knew so little of me, yet trusted me so simply, that already his face was bright with a smile as he looked up at me. Was it possible that I might so lean upon God, of whom I knew so little, and look up into His unseen face with a trust as full? Was His arm really about me as mine was about Philip?

"If you love me," he said, "and let me live here till father comes home, I'll try to be very quiet and good. Mrs. Transome said you'd be sure to love me if you hadn't a heart of stone. You haven't a heart of stone, have you?"

"I hope not," I answered, stroking his wistful face.

"Nor him that's ill?" he continued; "it frightened me to think of your having hearts like that, you know. But Mrs. Transome promised me if you had, she'd let me go and live with her in her little house, where there's a big old loom. I used to go to her school; and she taught me for nothing; only father's to pay her well when he comes back."

"But suppose he never comes back?" I suggested, gently. For there was no hope that Captain John Champion was alive; and I

wished to wean the child from a false idea that might give him continual sorrow. The little face clouded for an instant ; the bright eyes shone through tears ; and the beautiful lips trembled. Only for an instant, however. A smile broke out again, with something pathetic and incomprehensible about it, which made me ready to weep over the child's faithful love for his father.

"He will come some day," he said, in a quiet, firm voice. "He will come back again. I have never forgot to say, 'Please God, take care of him all this day,' when I've woken in the morning ; and, 'Please God, take care of him all this night,' when I've gone to bed. Father told me to do it ; and I've done it always. God is taking care of him ; and he's sure to come some day."

Ought I to have reasoned with him ? I had not time then ; for Thomas came to say that my brother wished to see the boy. I waited a minute or two to tell Philip whom he was going to visit ; and how many years he had been ill ; and how he had been suffering that very day. His bonny face grew grave and serious ; and he trod along the carpeted hall with a careful and silent step. I wondered what he would think of George's white, worn face and low voice. He entered the room with me, unconsciously clasping my hand more tightly ; but the moment he saw George, he stole forward on tiptoe again, and put his hand down softly on his pillow.

"Are you very ill ?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Very," answered George : "and so you are come to be our boy, are you ?"

"If you love me, and let me stay," he answered. "Have you never asked God to make you quite well again ?"

"Yes, thousands of times," said George, as gravely as the child had spoken.

"Then He knows it's best for you to be ill," said Philip ; "but He loves you all the same, you know. Mrs. Transome says He won't give us just what we ask for ; and we must learn to be content, because He knows best. I asked Him for a pony ever so long, and He did not give me one ; but it isn't because He does not love me. He chooses for old Transome to have bad pains, and old Transome says he'll be faithful to God in spite of them, for God has been faithful to him. When God chooses, it's all for the best, Mrs. Transome says."

"Yes," said George, holding the boy's small, brown hand in his thin white fingers ; "and I must learn to be content too."

"It's like learning lessons," Philip went on, in his clear young tones ; "Mrs. Transome told me so. It's just like learning our A B C. Sometimes I forgot A and knew B and C ; but I was obliged to go back to A, you know. It took me a whole week to learn all the letters ; that was a long while."

"Yes, it is a long while," said George; but I knew he was not thinking of the child's lesson in the alphabet. No, it was his own harder task he was looking at. I am afraid we had both forgotten our first faith in God's love: and now we were sent back to it by the simple teachings of Philip, so that we might begin again a child-like life in His kingdom.

"Milly," said George, after the boy had gone away under Martha's care, "God has sent us one of His own little ones."

THE THREE C'S.

HOW can the youth be trained in Christian truth, and in Christian living? Let me name three things.

i. First of all, there must be a right creed. A creed — *credo* — I believe. There must be a believing of the right thing. It is common to hear in certain quarters, in our time, that what a man believes is not of any particular moment. There is no greater absurdity proclaimed by intelligent men. Every day of our life we are finding out that what we believe is of the last importance to every movement we make. If I had been led to believe that Philadelphia lay on the road to Boston, and if I had taken my ticket at the Grand Central Station this afternoon, instead of taking it, as I did, upon the shore that looks toward New Jersey, I should have been at Hartford about this time, and missed the spectacle of this splendid meeting, and the honour of sharing with you its pleasures and privileges. And so the world over. If I believe wrongly, even though sincerely, I must go wrong. And it must be so, necessarily, in things religious. We must teach our children to believe *the truth*. It is only the truth that has value. Children judge from the outside of things. They are pleased with the gilt and glitter of the exterior of the book. The man values it for the treasures it holds between the covers. You look at a church edifice. It is as magnificent as a palace. But the value of the building is in what is taught in it. So in the Sunday-school. Its value lies in the truth that is taught in it. And the value of this American Sunday-school Union is, that it has been a teacher of the truth throughout; I think I may say with the least possible admixture of human error, or even of human peculiarity. I do not hear of its being Old or New School in theology; I do not hear of its being Broad Church or Ritualistic; I hear of its teaching the truth of the living God, as pure and as undiluted as I think it can well be given forth by any simply human organisation. And, brethren, it is when we are teaching this truth of the living God, as the one instrument for the quickening and saving of men, that we can look

with confidence for the blessing of the divine and quickening Spirit.

2. But there must be along with this right creed a *living conscience*. Conscience and creed are adapted to one another. Each is the supplement of the other, just as the steam and the steam-engine are adapted to each other, and the one is the supplement of the other. Steam, and no engine—no work done. Engine, and no steam—no work done. Conscience, and no creed—no right living. Creed, and no conscience—no right living either.

There are many people who hold a creed as one would wear an ornament. They sport it prominently, as a man does his diamond, for example. When it is in the fashion, he wears it in his shirt front. When that goes out of fashion he will flash it on his finger, in a ring, and then again lock it in his dressing-case. So many people do with their creed. Now, dear brethren, creed and conscience are to go together; and when you hear a man boasting and ranting about his beliefs, who yet gives no evidence that he has any conscience, look upon him as a man who is simply blowing off steam! Creed, a true creed, founded upon the Word; conscience, a living conscience, quickened by the Holy Ghost: these are the two elements in that Christian character that this society aims at building up.

3. Then there is character itself. You take the young ones about Christmas time to the toy stores, and among the toys you have sometimes been amused in looking at those India-rubber faces that can be bought for a trifle. You can pull the nose till it is as long as my arm; you can make the face laugh or wink or cry, at will; you can close the mouth as tight as a nut-cracker, or you can open the lips as wide as the gates of a ferry. There are many men who have a certain resemblance to that India-rubber face. Their elasticity of moral and religious principle is very like it. You can squeeze them or pull them into anything or nothing, at will. They have no character. If you go into a printing-office, and ask to look at a fount of type, you will be shown pieces of metal that, set up in a given order and daubed with ink and placed under pressure, will stand for a certain thing; and the compositor can tell you beforehand just what will be produced, and those types placed in that order will always produce the same thing. That is character.

Now, what we want is creed and conscience making Christian character; so that the young men and young women of the land will be Christian men and women, pure men and women, good men and holy men and gentle men, and pure and tender and loving and holy women; so that these men will not grow up to be "repeaters" at the ballot-box, or when they come to be judges or to serve in public and official positions have the shadow of dishonour or mistrust lingering near them—but *men*, brave, faithful,

pure, true, fearless men, made such *because* they feared God and hated covetousness. This is the type of American citizenship we would build up, and it can only be realised on the foundation of a true Christian character.

REV. JOHN HALL.

POCKET DEEP.

DOES your religion go pocket deep? Were you converted only in the upper story—the man only scalped—or was he killed dead? Does your religion reach only down about that “unruly member,” so that, cut your head off, and soul and body would both be damned? Or, were you converted right down through, from head to foot, “soul, body and spirit,” pocket, pocket-book and all? Not merely the coppers, threepenny pieces, and smooth fourpences, but those gold half-sovereigns and sovereigns, and the five and ten pound notes. Say, friend, when God converted you, did He convert house, barn, cellar, corn-cribs, potato-bins, meal-bags, and all?

You have been praying for a “deeper work of grace”—how deep will you have it?—*pocket deep*? You have desired “to feel more deeply;” how deep?—*pocket deep*? or, do you only want to feel skin deep? You don't feel as you want to; well, perhaps you never will till you *feel in your pockets more*.

Just think about these matters, will you? You feel for your brother; well, just feel in your pocket. You feel for the poor; well, feel in your pocket. And if you *feel there*, you will make others *feel*, and feel very thankful too, that God has some servants whose religion is *pocket deep*.

“Oh, I don't believe in talking so much about pecuniary matters.” You don't, eh? Ah, well, I think your religion is not quiet pocket deep yet. Try again; get a little nearer to Him who “was rich” and “became poor” for you. You feel rather pleased when God's blessings come rolling into *your* purse and dwelling; that's all right, but the Lord Jesus said, “It is *more blessed to give than to receive*.” Now, don't shrug your shoulders so; I'm not going to beg a sixpence from you; don't be alarmed, I wouldn't ask you to give me a crown for all the money you have in the world. Don't fret; all I want to know is whether your religion is *pocket deep* or not. Just think of it a little. I don't ask whether you would scatter everything to the four winds if you knew the Lord was coming, so that you *couldn't use it*; but whether you are as ready to open “the bag” *now*, when it can be of use, as at some other time, when it will be scattered in haste and fear, and do no one any good, and perhaps will do much hurt, as has often been the case in times past.

In a word, is your religion *pocket deep*, or is it only *skin deep*?—
SELECTED BY A FRIEND.

STREAMS THAT MAKE GLAD THE CITY OF
OUR GOD*

MAKE me, Lord, as a fountain,
Spring from the depths below,
Far in channels of blessing
The waters of life may flow.
Soft as the night-dew falling,
Swift as the carrier dove,
Bearing my Master's message,
Telling my Saviour's love.

Springing up in the sunshine,
Glad in its dazzling light,
Cheering the heart-sick watcher,
Whispering songs in the night ;
Loving the stars that lightened
The drops that in sadness fell,
E'er fresh springs rise in the darkness,
Deep from the fathomless well.

Then to run as a river—
A river of truth and joy—
A river to flow for ever,
When cisterns of earth are dry,
Bearing a brother's burden
Over the dark world's flood,
Filling a thousand fountains,
To gladden the city of God.

ANNA SHIPTON.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

I THINK I have got the key to the study of the Bible—take it up *topically*. Take 'Love' for instance, and spend a month studying what the Bible says about love, from Genesis to Revelation. Then you will love everybody, whether they love you or not. In the same way take up 'Grace,' 'Faith,' 'Assurance,' 'Heaven,' and so on. When you read the Bible, be sure you *hunt for something*.

"Spend six months studying Genesis ; it is the key to the whole book ; it speaks of death, resurrection, judgment—it is the seed-plant of the whole Bible. Read the same chapter over and over, and over again, and don't leave it until you have understood it. [Mr. Moody illustrated this point by describing the chromolithograph process, which requires some twenty-eight separate

* John vi. 14 ; vii. 38.

impressions, in order to produce a life-like portrait.] About the twenty-eighth time you read a chapter you will see the man Christ Jesus, who is on every page of Scripture.

"Here is another way. Take up *one word* in a book, such as the 'believes' of St. John's Gospel. Every chapter but two speaks of believing. Look up the nineteen 'personal interviews' with Christ, recorded in that gospel. Take the 'conversions' of the Bible. [Here Moody recommended a book on this subject by Rev. A. Saphir, lately published by Messrs. Isbister.] Take the seven 'blesseds' and the seven 'overcomes' of Revelation. If you want to get the best book on 'assurance' read 1 John iii. and the six things there worth 'knowing.' Take up the five 'precious things' of Peter, or the 'verilys' of St. John." Mr. Moody closed by repeating striking expositions of the book of Job as a whole, and of the "four things which are little, but exceeding wise," in Prov. xxx., told to him by some English friends.—*Moody.*

"GIVING IN."

IT is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier, and more prudent to yield somewhat of precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable, gentle.

"DIDN'T MEAN TO."

"I DIDN'T mean to," said Sam, the other day, when he left his hoop lying in the gateway after dark, so that old Mr. Marvin fell over, and broke his leg. The dear old minister will never walk without a crutch again. We shall miss his gray head, and wise counsel, and solemn prayer in our meetings and sick-rooms. He will be obliged to lie many weeks in bed before he can sit up or walk a step; and all because Sam "didn't mean to."

The careless nurse that held little "Gracie" when she was a lively, strong, rosy baby, six months old, jumping and throwing herself about in all directions, tried to read a story-book and attend to the child at the same time. "Gracie" gave a jump, and fell back over the arm of the sofa and injured her spine; so that, from being the pride and joy of the house, she became a puny, wailing, deformed child, whom no doctor could cure. It was little comfort, as her mother sat up at night and soothed her distress, and her father tried all that wealth could do to make her straight and strong, to hear the nurse say, "I didn't mean to."

Some young ladies were working in a powder factory one day, full of life and happiness. They all expected to lie down in their homes as usual that night. Death seemed far off, as, perhaps, it does now to you. One of them carelessly threw a pair of scissors to a friend sitting near. The scissors hit a cartridge, and caused a terrific explosion, which sent a large number of young girls and men into eternity in an instant of time. When relatives were weeping and sorrowing and trying to find the dead bodies of their dear children among the charred remains of the victims of the accident, how little consolation it was to hear one say, "She *didn't mean to!*"

THE BOY'S TRIUMPH.

THERE were prizes to be given in a school, and a boy named Willie was anxious to gain one. As he was very young, the other boys were ahead of him in all his classes except in writing; so he made up his mind that he would try for the writing prize with all his might.

He did try bravely. He wrote every line with great care. There was not a blot on a single page. His copy-book would have done credit to a boy twice his age. When the time came for giving the prizes, the gentleman who had acted as judge came to the school.

Holding up two copy-books, he said, "It has been hard for me to say which of these two books is the best in the school; but there is one page in Willie's book which is not only better than Charlie's, but better than any other page in Willie's own book. His book, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with joy, though not unmixed with fear. He went up to the gentleman, and said, "Please, sir, may I see that page?" "Certainly," said the gentleman, looking a little surprised.

Willie glanced at the page, and then handing back the book, said, "Please, sir, that is not *my* writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book by mistake one day instead of his own."

"Oho!" said the gentleman, "that alters the case;" and after comparing the books again very carefully, he gave the prize to Charlie.

The boys laughed at Willie. "What a fool you were, Willie, to say anything about it!" said one of them. "I wouldn't have told; the page was in your book."

Willie heard all that they had to say, and then quietly replied, "It would not have been the truth if I had not told who wrote that page. I had rather tell the truth than gain a dozen prizes." Noble Willie!

Throughout life he acted upon that rule, and was loved and respected by every one.

WHY HE TAKES THEM.

Among shepherds it is customary, when a flock will not cross a river, to carry one of the lambs to the opposite side, when, attracted by its bleating, the mother will at once cross, followed by the whole flock.

THIS flock stood waiting by the rapid river,
 And would not cross,
 Although the shepherd kindly called them thither ;
 And banks of moss,
 And fields of green, and verdant hills, surrounded
 The further shore ;
 The danger all their narrow vision bounded
 Of crossing o'er.

He stretched his kindly arms, and gently called them—
 They would not heed :
 The deep, broad river's rapid stream appalled them ;
 Though pleasant mead
 And mountain fair, beyond the darkling river,
 Rose to their view,
 And in the distance bright, unfading ever,
 Were pastures new.

The shepherd took a lamb, and safely bore it
 Within his arms
 To where the pastures brightly gleamed before it,
 And all alarms
 Were hushed. The mother heard its voice of pleading,
 And, crossing o'er,
 The flock behind her followed in her leading,
 Unto the shore.

O stricken hearts, all torn with grief, and bleeding ;
 A Saviour's voice
 Ye would not hear, nor follow in His leading
 Of your own choice !
 And so He takes your lambs unto His keeping,
 That eyes all dim
 And dark with sorrow's clouds, and sad with weeping,
 May look to Him,
 And see, beyond the darkly-rolling river,
 Those gone before,
 And to the fields with verdure green for ever
 Cross safely o'er.

HOLINESS AND WORK.

THERE are several conditions necessary to the maintenance of holiness, as faith, confession, watchfulness, prayer ; but our present object is to give prominence to another, not less essential than any of these, namely, *work*. Earnest work for Christ is as necessary to the healthy development of the spiritual life as exercise is to the healthy development of the body.

Here is the rock on which many sincere souls are splitting. They forget that holiness is not only a blessing to be enjoyed but a grace to be used—not so much an end, as a means to an end. Yielding themselves to God through Jesus Christ, they are made perfect in love ; but instead of committing the keeping of their souls to Christ, and going forth to employ their renewed strength in useful work, their whole anxiety is to keep the blessing. In a little while they find, to their surprise and disappointment, that it has escaped away, and that they are again victims of the fear that hath torment. Again they seek and find, but again, through ignorance of Satan's devices, they forfeit it ; and at last, weary of the perpetual conflict, they relapse into their former condition.

All this failure would have been avoided, if, thinking less of the gift and more of the Giver, they had, with loving, grateful hearts, devoted themselves to the work of leading others into the same intimate and happy fellowship with God.

And not only is it indispensable to spiritual health and growth that we work for Christ, but it is necessary that we allow the Master to choose our work. It is not uncommon for those who have received an extraordinary baptism of the Spirit to imagine that they are about to be called to some great undertaking. But this by no means follows. Their plain duty at such times is, not to wait for a grand opportunity of doing good, or for official position, but just to do the work that lies nearest to them, for that is the work which God in His providence has allotted to them. What a fine example has been left us by Jesus Himself ! No feature in His character is more striking than His great interest in the welfare of individuals. Hear Him at Jacob's well, teaching that Samaritan woman the nature of true worship, as earnestly and patiently as though He had left heaven to save only her. See Him talking to the impotent man at Bethesda, or going to the temple in search of him whose sight had been restored, that He might teach him the way of life more perfectly.

And it is such work as this that the fully sanctified believer must do if he would "walk in the light." If he waits for a great opportunity, he may find when it comes that his zeal has cooled and his strength declined. Why need he wait ? Many of his daily companions are out of Christ ; he has Christian brethren who need to be led into clearer light ; there is a neighbour lying on a sick

bed, and longing for counsel or comfort. "When I am depressed or despondent," said one who was entirely devoted to God, "I visit a sick or poor neighbour, and in relieving his sorrows disperse my own."

The reason why God has instituted this intimate connection between work and healthy spiritual life is clear. We see it in the great law of the divine government that man is his brother's keeper. Jesus Christ has by His death bound up all the race in one bond of brotherhood, and made men responsible for each other's welfare. So rigidly does He confine Himself within the limits of this law, that though He "will have all men to be saved," they usually are saved only through human effort; grace flows to them through human channels. And therefore a Christian who is not, at all fitting opportunities, preaching the Word, is resisting the divine law and damming up streams of blessing.

If Christian believers would wake up to the acknowledgment of this truth; if they would give themselves up to God through Jesus Christ, that they might be filled with the Spirit, and would then, with prayerful hearts, and burning words, and beseeching looks, tell "the old, old story" to all who would listen, there would soon be such a revival of religion as the world has never yet witnessed. Religious biography abounds in incidents which fully warrant this assertion. Take the following:—

"More than thirty years ago two young men were travelling in America. They were going in opposite directions, but met at a brook and stopped to give their horses water. During the few minutes that they were together, the elder spoke to the younger about his soul, and about Christ. They parted, never to meet again in this world, but the Spirit of God carried home the words to the young man's heart, and they were the means of leading him to Jesus. The name of the young man was Champion. He was the only son of a wealthy farmer, and the last of his name. He looked over the map of the world, to see which was the darkest country. He thought it was Africa. To Africa, therefore, he determined to go, and tell its inhabitants about Christ. His father opposed his resolution, and offered to support twenty missionaries himself if his son would stay at home. 'No,' was the youth's reply, 'the Saviour left richer possessions, and sacrificed His life for me: I cannot stay.' To Africa he went, and laboured there for five years. Often did he wonder who was the man that had met him at the brook, but he never could discover, till one day, sitting in his African home, he opened a parcel that had just arrived from America. Among other things there was a new book. He took it up. On the back of it he read, 'Memoir of J. Brainerd Taylor.' He opened the first page, and saw a likeness, and as his eye caught the likeness, he knew it was the man who had spoken to him at the brook side."

Seed sown in an individual heart will not often produce so much fruit as in this case; but there are tens of thousands of Christians, each of whom will have this day as good an opportunity of saving a soul from death as J. Brainerd Taylor had on that day, and who, if he embraces the opportunity in the same spirit as he—for he was a fully consecrated man,—will be as successful. If this be so—if there be men in the world whose eternal destinies turn upon the effort we may make this day to save them, then are we not guilty of their blood if we fail to make the effort? And is it any wonder that faithfulness to this duty should be so essential to fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ?—*John Brash in King's Highway.*

FAITH AND PEACE.

AS the crowd passed out from a little chapel, after a meeting of great interest, two ladies remained in the doorway for conversation, and the following words were heard:—

“I really wish I could have such peace of mind as many of these speakers seem to have. I have been trying for the last two years to get more comfort out of my religion, but I don't succeed very well.”

“Well, then, I would stop trying now, and just trust Jesus for that real comfort which you can receive from *His* religion.”

The face of the last speaker shone with the light of faith and peace, while that of the other was sad and gloomy, as if she were under a cloud of darkness. We turned away—for the conversation was not designed for other ears—and were led to reflect upon the varieties of Christian experience. Some there are who seem to be always on the mount, shouting their glad hallelujahs to the Lamb, while others are desponding and doubtful. They have a hope in Christ, and feel that they have been “born again,” yet they see so much that is sinful in their own hearts, and so realise their own weakness and inability to serve Christ acceptably, that they are constantly depressed, and fail to receive that peace which Jesus has promised to those whose minds are stayed on Him.

“Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them,” says the psalmist. And again, “The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace.”

There may be physical infirmities which cloud the mind and clothe everything with the hue of its own darkness, but is not the religion of Christ able to triumph over even these infirmities and give strength in the midst of weakness? He has said, “My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.” Let us then never look at ourselves and at our own religion, as we

call it, which Jesus gave us when we gave up our sinful hearts to Him. The children of Israel could not lay by manna for the next day or week, nor can we live in comfort and peace on the religion we experienced at our conversion. We must look to Jesus every day and moment for the needed supply.

Those who go about singing sadly and tearfully,

“Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord,”

seem to be hunting for some lost treasure, forgetting the blessed truth that Jesus Christ is “the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.” He saved us yesterday and washed us in His own blood, and He is the same Saviour to-day, just as willing to do for us all we need, if we look to Him. Let us trust Jesus always, and listen to His word. “Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.”

There is a beautiful river flowing past a dear old home, which is cherished with tender memories. We gathered stones on its brink in childhood, and in maturer years walk beside it, thinking of all the time in which we have known and loved this beautiful “White river,” flowing on so peacefully and quietly, never ruffled by storms, never tossed by tempests, but always restful and peaceful. And we may have just such peace. “For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river.” Let us then cease our desponding and remember the Apostle’s exhortation, “Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”—*Christian Banner*.

A REVIEW.

A LONG way I have travelled, and a tried and trusty Guide,
On mountains or in valleys, has journeyed by my side;
I have known the snows of winter, and the might of summer heat,
And my heart has oft been weary, and my head, and way-worn feet;
Life has not always given the joys I thought the best,
But each day has brought its brightness, and each night has brought
its rest.

The dawn of every morning had a burden for my heart
Of pain, or care, or longing, or a difficult work-part;
There have been times of anguish, when, instead of joy and gain,
The guerdon of my labour was sharp woe and bitter pain;
But always for my comfort, when lonely or depressed,
The day has had some brightness, and the night has had some rest.

There have been hearts to love me, and eyes to smile on me,
 There have been hours of sweetness, where pleasant pastures be,
 There have been quiet places where the voice of God was heard,
 And hope, and strength, and courage, were given with His word ;
 And buoyantly the pathway my homeward feet have pressed,
 And the day has brought its brightness, and the night has brought
 its rest.

I can but sing of mercy, for God has led me on,
 And I have known His kindness in all the years by-gone ;
 And I do not fear the future, whate'er its weal or woe,
 Since He will walk beside me, wherever I may go ;
 His strong arm will enfold me, His love shall make mē blest,
 And the day will bring its brightness, and the night will bring its
 rest.

I know there lies before me a shadow of deep gloom,
 The rolling of the waters, and then the silent tomb ;
 The rush and then the darkness, the gloaming, and the night,
 But the Guide will stay beside me, and His smile will give me light ;
 And I will say with gladness, as I die upon His breast,
 " The day has brought its brightness, and the night has brought its
 rest."

WALKING HEAVENWARD.

WALKING through the woods sometimes, the air around us
 seems filled with a strange perfume ; we look about to dis-
 cover the cause, and find some delicate blossom, crushed by
 our footsteps, breathing out its life, thus first making us aware of its
 existence.

So it is often reserved for the touch of sorrow to express from
 our crushed and bleeding hearts a perfume whose fragrance shall
 linger around all our life-path, and gladden the waste places through
 which we pass with its sweetness.

Mid the darkness, we are drawn close to the heart of Christ,
 and taking the cup from His hand, we find that He has extracted
 from the draught its bitterness, and drinking it for His sake, it
 becomes sweetened to our taste.

His presence lightens all our way, and holding Him by the hand,
 on the "stepping-stones of our dead selves," we shall presently rise
 up to a nobler, purer life, a life "hid with Christ in God."

The reason so many are befogged on the question of entire
 consecration is that they parley with the enemy, and want to
 compromise the case.

Missionary Department.

ITALY.

THE opening of Italy to Protestant missions caused many churches both in England and America to direct their attention thither. Dr. Luther H. Gulick has made much effort to obtain the statistics of Protestant churches and missionary operations there. He has compiled a table giving the numerical strength of the Waldensian, Free Italian Church, English Methodists, American Methodists, and English and American Baptists. We extract the following summary. There are in all 136 stations and 25 out-stations, making a total of 161; 56 of these stations and out-stations represent only 21 different localities. The Doctor thinks that an early division of the fields would have obviated this unhappy fact. At least $\frac{1}{2}$ of the places are capital cities, and 10 of them have a population at least of 100,000. It is believed that there are 4,822 communicants, 104 pastors and evangelists, and about 3,000 pupils attending the mission schools.

Should any be disposed to question the propriety of sending so many missionaries to Italy, let them remember that the census of 1860 proved beyond a doubt that the ignorance of the country was most appalling. By the addition of the Venetian and Roman provinces the population rose to 26,801,154, and of these 19,553,792 are unable to read and write! Seventy-three per cent. then, or three out of every four persons in Italy, are ignorant of the "three R's." In thirty out of fifty-six departments, the average exceeds 73 per cent., being in some 80 per cent., and one reaching above 90 per cent. As was to be expected, most of these provinces belong to the former possessions of the Holy See and the kingdom of the two Sicilies, yet some of them form part of the most civilised portions of Italy. To the surprise of many, it is found that the rich and flourishing city of Milan, with a population of 200,000, contains 45,613 persons who can neither read nor write!

The American Methodist or M. E. Church, has twelve native Italian preachers, and four others are preparing to become such. Each of these preaches several times a week, and some of them average a sermon for nearly every day in the month. They are all converted men, and having gifts, grace and usefulness, bear the Methodistic evidence of a divine call to the holy ministry. They are all fully equal to the average of the preachers in our own country, and some of them are men of very superior talents.

JAPAN.

It was but recently that the empire of Japan was accessible to Protestant missionaries, and it must be admitted that the churches of England and America have not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. The following may be regarded as the present condition of the missionary work there. Twelve societies, English and American, 107 missionaries (including ladies) are residing in Yeddo, Yokohama, Kohe, Osaka, Nagasaki and Hokodati. In five of these cities churches have been formed, the united membership of which is about 200. The Scriptures and other religious works are carrying light and salvation to places where the missionary cannot secure a hearing, by reason of the restriction which prevents his journeying more than twenty-five miles from a treaty port. Dr. J. C. Hepburn, the medical missionary of Yokohama, who combines the functions of surgeon, physician, translator, lexicographer, evangelist, and philanthropist, while on a visit to this country last year, Romanised his translation of the Gospel of St. John, and the American Bible Society printed it. In Japan it was hailed with delight by the missionaries and the natives who were acquainted with the Roman character. The benevolence of Christianity is daily illustrated in the relief from pain and sickness which is afforded at the mission hospitals and dispensaries. Schools for boys and girls are doing an important work in training up persons who, it is believed, will occupy useful positions in the Christian church not many years hence.

As Yeddo is the place where our excellent brother Cochran resides, our readers will be glad to peruse the following description of it. Yeddo or Jeddo is one of the five principal cities of Japan, and now the seat of government, which makes it the metropolis of the country. This city has a circumference of twenty-four miles, and covers a surface of thirty-six square miles. It is a very picturesque city, rising and falling over undulating ground covered with fine old trees. It has no less than fifteen hundred large temples, which, surrounded by their gilded globes, produce a beautiful effect. The streets are crowded with a busy multitude, but there are few wheeled vehicles. . . . As regards the character of the people generally, there is much in it to excite and keep up our interest. They are an inquiring people. There is great difference between Japan and China in one important respect, viz., the accessibility of the women. One has remarked that Paul's success in the first churches of Europe which he established owed much of that success to the superior social position which the women in those parts held over their sisters in Asia Minor. May the missionaries have a similar experience in Japan.

It may not be known to many that the Japanese are mostly idolaters, and that in all their temples there are strange instruments called *praying machines*, or, in the Japanese language, "The Precious Wheel of Religion," which are generally made of brass, but in some cases they are of gold, and enriched with precious stones. The handle passes up through the cylinder, and forms the spindle round which it revolves; only a very slight action of the hand is necessary to make it turn. The whole of the interior of the cylinder is filled with papers or cloth closely printed with the prayer, and the letters on the outside have the same meaning as those on the inside. Such machines are in constant use all the day long. Sometimes they are placed over streams of water from which people get their supply for domestic use, and it would seem that the people imagine the water is blest by means of the wheel of Buddha having passed over it. Such are some of the absurdities of heathendom in Japan, reminding us of what the Scripture saith: "Surely they are without understanding; having eyes they see not, neither have they hearts to understand."

We are glad to know that the Scriptures are being translated into the Japanese language, and the work of revision has been completed through the Gospel of Luke. The translation is being published under the auspices of the American Bible Society.

The people of Japan give great encouragement to schools, and in several instances have availed themselves of the services of missionaries to act as teachers, as in the case of Dr. McDonald at Shidizuoka. A former prince has given \$30,000 for the establishment of a new primary school in each village of the provinces which he ruled before the empire was consolidated.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions are contemplating the building of a training school for Japan, hoping that by this means they will not only secure the education of the youth, but also secure many native ministers. Several sums have been promised, and it is hoped that a sufficient amount will be realised to justify the inauguration of such an important institution.

All the missionaries, like our own noble brethren, are appealing to their respective societies for reinforcements. One, however, writes in the following strain, fearing that the bright side is too much presented and the dark side too little:—"The Churches should know that the way here is not wide open, so that all we have to do is to go out, preach a sermon or two, and then baptize the believers till we are tired. We all think that the work in this land will be a great and glorious one . . . Christianity is a *despised* doctrine and way in Japan; yes, it is a *hated* thing, and an offence to thousands. Government does not fight it, neither does it tolerate it, except when the officials of the place where the Bible is being taught are quiet about it. If one or two of these

object, then the Bible must pass out. The devil is not dead yet. He is alive and very vigorous in Japan. I pray you dissuade our people from thinking that we are out in holiday costume, with flags flying and drums beating, making a triumphal march through this land. The fiery darts of the evil one fly thick and fast, and he is contending every step of the way. Hence we must fight if we would win, and we are willing to fight, and are glad to know that we shall come out more than conquerors by and by; but while we are fighting we want our churches to know it, and to sympathise with us and pray for us, and for those here from whose hearts Satan is ejected, and in whose place Jesus reigns."

MISCELLANEOUS.

IT is much to be regretted that many benevolent institutions are at present much crippled for want of means, none more so than some missionary societies. The American Board complains that during the last three months the income has been such as to awaken fears that the year will close with an augmentation of debt. An income of \$525,000 was anticipated, but up to July 1st, only \$329,053.54 had been received.

AN INDIAN of the Wyandot tribe, attending a monthly concert, and hearing what missions had done for other tribes, rose and said, when he thought of all that had been done by the missionaries, his heart was almost too full for him to speak. They had come to his tribe about the same time that others went to the Choctaws. But they met a very cold reception. In a council of the nation they were advised to go away. They were told that their religion did not suit the Indians—that their God was not the God of white man. But they persevered, and God blessed them, and the result with them—the most northern tribe—had been just the same as described by his brother from the most southern. They, too, had their missionary society, and when the first member, an old warrior, laid down his subscription, he said, "There! take that, *and give the Gospel another push.*"

HOLINESS is the habit of being of one mind with God, according as we find His mind described in Scripture. It is the habit of agreeing in God's judgment, hating what He hates, loving what He loves, and measuring everything in this world by the standard of His word. He who most entirely agrees with God, he is the most holy man.

Topics of the Day,

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE HARVEST.

AN abundant harvest, always an invaluable blessing to an agricultural people, is especially a matter of thankfulness at a time of commercial depression like the present. A short crop would have been no ordinary calamity to us this year; but that evil has been mercifully averted from us, and through all our borders the husbandman is called to rejoice in the munificence with which a beneficent Providence has rewarded his labours. The yield will probably prove to be considerably above the average, and, with the present remunerative prices, we may reasonably expect a considerable revival of trade during the autumn; and all classes of the community will share in the blessings which are descending upon the tillers of the soil. And if the goodness of God leadeth men to repentance, may we not hope that with the revival of trade there may come a revival of the religious life of the Church, and with the return of commercial prosperity there may come an increase of spiritual influence and power. The husbandman has not only toiled hard, but he has waited long and patiently for the harvest; and, notwithstanding the evil prophecies of many, and, it may be, the migivings of his own heart, the desired blessing has come. So shall it be in respect to the spiritual harvest to be gathered by the Church, if, like him, she patiently continues "to labour and to wait."

THE EASTERN CONFERENCES.

The reports which have reached us of the proceedings of the Conferences of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland furnish pleasing indications of prosperity and progress in that part of our work. The notable increase in the missionary income shows that our brethren are disposed to not only help themselves, but to bear their share of the burden involved in the enlargement of the missionary field and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom into "the regions beyond." Neither the Nova Scotia nor the New Brunswick Conference followed the example set by the Conferences of the West, in the selection of a chief officer. Both seemed to be disposed to pass their honours round, and each selected a man for its head who, though not untried in other departments of official responsibility, had never filled the presidential chair before. The Rev. A. W. Nicholson, the accomplished editor of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, was elected to the Presidency of the former of the Conferences, and the Rev. D. D. Currie, the able Secretary of the

General Conference, to that of the latter. We heartily congratulate those Conferences upon their choice, and our honoured brethren upon the distinction conferred upon them.

THE INTERNATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

The first camp meeting on Wells Island began July 21, and continued fourteen days. It appears to have been an occasion of both pleasure and profit, realising in some good degree the conception of its projectors in combining innocent and healthful recreation with religious improvement. The object aimed at by the association which has this enterprise in hand, is to secure to Christian families the opportunity of enjoying all the advantages of a first-rate watering-place, free from the evil and danger which are commonly associated with such places, and at the same time supplying them with religious services calculated to promote spirituality and devotion, so that they may return to their homes spiritually as well as physically invigorated—better prepared for the ordinary business of life, and better prepared to work for God. The conception is a noble one, and if it can be realised, what has been long felt to be a *desideratum* will be secured. To thousands of people in the large towns and cities, a few weeks of relaxation in circumstances which will allow them to get their lungs inflated with pure air, to bathe in the sunshine, and at the same time straighten their limbs and appropriately exercise their muscles, is not only a boon but a necessity. To many it involves nothing less than a new lease of life. And if all this can be secured not only without spiritual deterioration, but with positive spiritual advantage, the blessing will be immeasurably increased. This is what is aimed at in this enterprise, and all good people will pray that it may be crowned with the most complete success. The association deserves credit for the admirable arrangements which have been made for the comfort of persons attending these meetings, and also for the measures which have been adopted to secure order, and to exclude everything which would be inconsistent with the object which is sought to be obtained. The meeting itself, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Haven of the Syracuse University, appears to have been in the highest and best sense—as a means of religious instruction and spiritual edification—a success. The association is to be congratulated on the success which has attended its labours thus far, and many will unite with us in praying that their most sanguine expectations may be more than realised in the future.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S TRIUMPH.

There are some men whose failings even "lean to virtue's side," and Mr. Plimsoll appears to be one of these. That he should have been betrayed into the indiscretion of which he was guilty, in the manner of his denunciation of those who were disposed to postpone, if not to defeat, a measure upon which he verily believed depended the lives of hundreds of his countrymen, is certainly to be regretted; and we may well believe that no one regrets it so much as he does himself; but it is impossible for any disinterested and right-minded person not to sympathise with him in the intense earnestness with which he has laboured to bring about a much-needed reform. The practice of painting up old rotten and utterly unseaworthy ships, and sending them to sea overloaded and heavily insured, in the hope that they might founder at sea and the owners get the insurance for them, is one of the foulest blots upon our Christian civilisation, and that it should have so long escaped exposure is simply astounding. Mr. Plimsoll has earned for himself the gratitude of every philanthropic heart for the thoroughness with which he has investigated the subject and the fearlessness with which he has set the appalling facts, which have been brought to light through his inquiries, before the public. The language which he employed in Parliament was unparliamentary, and therefore reprehensible, but perhaps there was no other class of terms, after all, which could have more accurately described the conduct of those who were disposed to trifle with a subject which evidently demanded the most prompt and thorough legislative interference. That he should have been driven to a state of mind bordering upon madness by the appalling facts with which he found himself confronted is scarcely to be wondered at. But the great heart of the English nation at length has been stirred to its profoundest depths, the "coffin ships" are doomed, and the sailor is likely to have the same protection afforded to him which is extended to all other classes of Her Majesty's subjects. Nothing short of a thorough reform of the law touching this subject will satisfy the public sentiment of the nation. The Merchants Shipping Bill, which has just become law, has been passed simply because it was felt that in the present temper of the people something must be done; and though it is understood to be only an instalment of what is needed, and of what will certainly be granted by and by, its passage constitutes one of the grandest moral victories ever achieved by conscientious earnestness.

THE TOMBSTONE CASE.

The now somewhat celebrated "Keat's Case" appears to become more celebrated still. The decision of the Rector that a Wesleyan minister has not the right to annex the title of "Reverend" to his

name on the tombstone of his child, has already been appealed three times, and notice has been given that it is to be appealed again. The first appeal was to the Bishop of the Diocese; the next was to the Bishop's Court, and the third was to the Court of Arches. In each case the decision of the Rector has been sustained. Now the case is, it appears, to be carried up to the Privy Council; and what the result of this last appeal will be, time alone must determine. The decision recently given by the Dean of Arches is a curious document, which will be read with interest, and most likely with astonishment, by thousands in England as well as elsewhere. According to this judicial decision it is questionable whether any one, except a clergyman of the National Church, is not guilty of a violation of the law, and does not expose himself to punishment by assuming the title of "Reverend." The Dean did not feel himself called upon to decide that point; but the care with which he guarded his utterances left little room for doubt as to what his opinion really is. The sentences, however, which will probably be read with the greatest interest by many, will be those in which he broadly asserts the right of the established clergy to the absolute control of the national burial grounds. "The church-yard is the freehold of the incumbent, subject to the right of the parishioner or stranger happening to die in the parish to simple interment, but no more. Indeed, the incumbent has a right to pasture animals which do not injure the bodies interred in the church-yard; and every gravestone of course interferes with that pasture." From this it appears, therefore, that the incumbent has not only the right to decide what stones may or may not be placed in the church-yard; what sort of inscriptions shall or shall not be allowed to be put upon such stones as are suffered to be erected; but, if the whim seizes him, he has the right to exclude such stones altogether! Surely this is not a state of things which is likely to be much longer submitted to by the nonconforming churches of England. The Wesleyans have been heretofore a sort of breakwater by which "The Church" has been shielded from the violence of her nonconformist assailants; if no other good result should flow from this singular lawsuit, probably it will cause this great religious body to perceive the mistake of toadying to a system of ecclesiastical tyranny which is strangely out of harmony both with the spirit of the New Testament and the age in which we live.

LOOK not for any blessings out of Christ; and in and by and from Him look for all blessings. Let Him be thy life, and wish not to live longer than thou art quickened by Him. Find Him thy wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption; thy riches, thy strength, thy glory.—*Bishop Hall.*



CALENDAR.

Prepared for *Earnest Christianity* by Rev. GEO. H. CORNISH.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

First Quar. 7th day, 4hrs., 20min., P.M. | Last Quar. 22nd day, 1hrs., 43min., A.M.
 Full Moon 15th " 7 " 26 " A.M. | New Moon 29th " 7 " 38 " A.M.

There will be an Annular Eclipse of the Sun, Sept. 29th, visible only as a partial eclipse in that part of the Dominion lying east of longitude 93° west.

September in the old Roman Calendar, was the seventh month, and was so named from the Latin "Septem." Although our year begins with January, and September is the ninth month, it still retains the old name.

1	Wed.	(3) Oliver Cromwell, died	1658
2	Thu.	Rev. Rich. Pope died at Quebec, aged 43 years	1832
3	Fri.	Rev. Wm. Hay died at Clifton, aged 43 years	1874
4	Sat.	Hudson River discovered	1609
5	Sun.	(6) Prince of Wales visited Toronto.....	1860
6	Mon.	First French Methodist Conference held at Nismes, France.....	1852
7	Tue.	Rev. John Neelands died, aged 85 years	1864
8	Wed.	(7) Rev. John Law died, aged 63 years	1868
9	Thu.	Rev. Dr. Coke born	1747
10	Fri.	First importation of tea into England	1391
11	Sat.	Rev. Geo. Poole died, aged 54 years	1853
12	Sun.	(13) Gen. Wolfe died at Quebec, aged 33 years	1759
13	Mon.	Second Canada Conference met at Fifty Mile Creek. Bp. Hedding	1825
14	Tue.	Rev. Thos. Jeffers died, aged 62 years..... [President.	1871
15	Wed.	Rev. Wm. Ryerson died, aged 75 years	1872
16	Thu.	Cape of Good Hope surrendered to the British	1795
17	Fri.	First Upper Can. Parliament met at Niagara	1792
18	Sat.	Rev. John S. Marsden died at Peterboro, aged 83 years	1845
19	Sun.	Rev. Richard Treffry, sen., (Eng. Conf.) died, aged 70 years	1842
20	Mon.	(21) Gananoque taken by U. S. troops	1812
21	Tue.	Rev. William Reilly, (Ireland) died, aged 87 years	1868
22	Wed.	Rev. John Wesley, ordained by Bishop Potter	1728
23	Thu.	Wesleyan Institute at Didsbury, Eng., opened	1842
24	Fri.	Rev. Wm. Case made arrangements for transla. scrip. in Chippewa	1830
25	Sat.	Rev. Peter Jones preached in Brunswick St. Chapel, Leeds, Eng....	1831
26	Sun.	Rev. William Atherton, (Eng. Conf.) died, aged 74 years	1850
27	Mon.	(25) Mrs. Hemans born	1794
28	Tue.	Lord Nelson born	1758
29	Wed.	William the Conqueror landed.....	1066
30	Thu.	Rev. George Whitfield died, aged 55 years.	1770

WE ALL MUST SPEAK FOR JESUS.

Con-Moto.

Music by Dr. BESSEY.

We all must speak for JE - SUS, who hath re-demp-tion wrought;

Who gave us peace and par-don which by His blood He bought.

We all must speak for JE - SUS, To show how much we owe

To Him who died to save us From death and end-less woe.

2. We all must speak for JESUS, The aged and the young,
With manhood's fearless accents—With childhood's lisping tongue.
We all must speak for JESUS, His people far and near—
The rich and poor on land and wave, The peasant and the peer.
3. We all must speak for JESUS, Where'er our lot may fall,
To brothers, sisters, neighbours, In cottage and in hall.
We all must speak for JESUS, The world in darkness lies;
With Him against the mighty, Together we must rise.
4. We all must speak for JESUS, 'Twill oft-times try us sore.
But streams of grace to aid us, Into our hearts He'll pour.
We all must look to JESUS, Till He shall come to reign
Within our hearts and free us From every sinful stain.