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THE
Church Miscellany.

MARCH, 1881.

First Congregational Church,

KINGSTON, ONT.

MEETINGS :

- Sunday Public Services.....11 A.M. AND 7 P.M.
Sunday School.....2:30 P.M.
Church Prayer Meeting, Wednesday.....7:30 P.M.
Church Meeting on the Wednesday before the first Sunday in
each month.....
District Prayer Meeting, as Announced.
Young People's Association, as Announced.
Ladies' Association, as Announced.

The Church is the House of God and the services are free to all.
The entire revenue is derived from voluntary offerings.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

LP
BX 1153 KE F500 1881, Mar
Church Officers and Committee.

PASTOR :
REV, DR. JACKSON.

DEACONS :
G S. FENWICK, GEORGE ROBERTSON.
J. F. McEWAN.

SECRETARY :
THOMAS HENDRY.

TREASURER :
GEORGE S. FENWICK.

GENERAL COMMITTEE :
The Pastor and Deacons, together with—
J. H. MCFARLANE, HUGH JACK,
THOMAS HENDRY, THOS SAVAGE, Jr.
WILLIAM D. HENDRY, ROBERT HENDRY.
JOHN BOYD.

COLLECTORS :
R. HENDRY *Weekly Offering.*
J. BOYD *Open Collection.*
T. SAVAGE, Jr. *Open Collection.*
D. SPENCE *Sunday Collection.*
E. MORHAM *Sunday Collection.*
W. NEISH *Sunday Collection.*
W. RICHARDSON *Sunday Collection.*

CHURCH STEWARD :
GEORGE ROBERTSON.

USHERS :
P. CLARK, WILLIAM NEISH,
H. MILLER, W. L. ALLISON.

CHORISTER :
THOMAS HENDRY

AUDITORS :
GEORGE ROBERTSON. THOMAS HENDRY.

Gsefsef Grant's Boat Aug 1989 I



The Wreck of the "Arctic."



ERE you ever shipwrecked?" asked a gentleman of an old sailor with whom he had been talking, as he walked on the pier of one of our seaport towns.

"Ay, sir, once; and a terrible wreck it was."

"Where was it?" the other inquired.

"Off Newfoundland, sir. If you have a mind to listen to a yarn, I will tell you all about it."

"There is nothing I should like better," answered the gentleman. So the two sat down on a bench, and the old man began his yarn.

"It's four-and-twenty years ago now since I shipped on board the steamship *Arctic*, bound for New York. There is no need to say anything about the ship, except that she was strongly built and well found. There were over two hundred and thirty passengers, and one hundred and fifty souls belonging to the ship, officers and men all told.

"We left Liverpool on the 20th of September, and on the 27th were somewhere about fifty miles off Newfoundland. The weather had been foggy for some hours, and on that day we had not been able to see farther than half a mile or so, and sometimes not nearly so far.

"Eight bells had just struck, and I was going aft to attend to some duty, when the officer on deck shouted out, 'Hard a-starboard!' On turning to ascertain the cause of this sudden order, I saw a larger steamer than ours on the starboard bow, coming stem on towards us, under sail. The next moment she struck our bows with a tremendous crash that sent a shock through the vessel from stem to stern; but she herself seemed to have suffered most from the meeting; for, as she glided by and passed astern of us, we could see that about ten feet of her bows were literally cut or crushed off, and it was evident that she could not keep afloat long.

"Our captain ordered the boats to be lowered, and pull to the help of the stranger; but only one had started before it was discovered that our own ship had sustained a fearful injury.

"As soon as this was found to be the case the pumps were all set to work, and the ship headed in for land. Efforts were made to check the leak by getting sails over the bows; but all in vain, the vessel was doomed.

"When this became known there was a panic among the passengers, and, in spite of all the captain could say, a rush

was made for the boats. Dozens, thinking to make themselves secure, climbed into one as she hung by the davits, and breaking her down, fell into the sea and were nearly all drowned; the others were overcrowded and swamped, many men and women leaping into them from the deck when they were already crowded. No blame can attach to the captain for this state of things; he did all that it was possible for him to do to restore order, in which case many valuable lives might have been spared; but the catastrophe was so sudden and unexpected that the passengers, and I am sorry to be obliged to add many of the crew, lost all self-control and rushed upon their own self-destruction.

"The captain now ordered the fore-yard to be cut down, and had it sawed in two and lashed with other spars, thus making a raft about forty feet long by three or four wide, which when finished was launched, and in a few minutes sixty or seventy persons were clinging to it. Several smaller rafts were made of doors, barrels, or anything else that would float.

"The water was rapidly rising, all the pumping having little effect in keeping it down; and at last, while we were yet at work constructing more rafts the vessel began to settle down.

"It was awful to note the despair and agony that was marked on every face. But there was not much time to look about; the sea was rushing into the ship in great volumes, and when it closed over the smoke-pipe there rose from beneath it a sound like a heavy groan, terminating in a wailing sigh. This was no doubt produced by the steam and heat of the boiler being brought in contact with cold sea-water; but at that moment it had a weird and unnatural sound, never to be forgotten.

"In an instant all who were on board were engulfed in the surging waters. Down, down we sank into the depths of the ocean. I did not lose consciousness even for a moment; but the terrible thought flashed across me that I should never again see the loved ones at home. Just when

I thought my last moments were come, I found myself rapidly rising, a gleam of light appeared above me, it grew brighter and brighter, and in a few seconds I was on the surface of the water, striking out for my life. I soon managed to reach the large raft, to which, as I said before, nearly seventy persons were clinging.

"The sea, though not high, was somewhat rough, and the waves constantly dashed over us, each time bearing away some of those who were too exhausted to hold on firmly to the raft. The poor women were the first to go; and one after another they relaxed their hold and sank into their watery graves. It was almost impossible to help one another, for those who for a moment relaxed their hold were almost certain to be washed away. It was awful to see the bodies of those who were drowned, but prevented from sinking by the life-belts that encircled them, floating around us or washed to and fro by the waves, sometimes under and sometimes over the raft.

"Presently night came on; it was a night of agony and suffering, such as it is to be hoped few have had to endure. As hour after hour passed by, numbers of my fellow-sufferers became wearied out and let go their hold, and were immediately swallowed up by the hungry waves. When at last morning dawned there were only three on the raft besides myself, and in the course of a few hours they too were washed away; and, out of the numbers that had sought refuge on that frail bark, I alone survived.

"All through that day I supported myself as best I could, hoping against hope that I might yet be picked up. As night came on again, however, I gave myself up to despair. Worn out as I was by want of food and by the unceasing attention I had to give to prevent myself being washed away, I felt that I could not endure another night. My strength was failing, my sight was becoming dim, so that I could scarcely perceive objects only a few feet from me. Even the ghastly faces of the dead that seemed to be looking up at me from under the raft were hardly discernible.

Summoning all my strength, I raised myself on my knees and gazed around, endeavouring to pierce through the gloom of the evening. Just as I was about to sink down again I saw, or thought I saw, a vessel. Was it some mocking phantom of the brain? No. I felt sure it was a reality. I could hear human voices, and then for the first time I perceived a boat pulling towards me. I can never forget the feeling I then experienced; with a cry of joy I fell back insensible.

"I remember nothing more till I found myself in a berth on board ship, and learned how I had been thus almost miraculously plucked from the jaws of death. The third mate of the *Arctic* had been picked up by a vessel, which immediately on hearing his tale sent boats to endeavour to save any who might yet be floating about on any of the rafts; but I was the only living being they found.

"Not until I had been some time in Quebec, at which port I was landed, did I recover from the effects of the awful time I spent upon the raft. For years afterwards often in my sleep I went through the sufferings I then experienced.

"How many of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated *Arctic* or of the other equally unfortunate vessel that caused the calamity, were saved, I have never been able to ascertain; I can only say that none besides myself, who trusted themselves to the raft, remained to tell the tale I have told you."

The gentleman who had been listening to the old sailor's narrative seemed greatly impressed by what he had heard, and asked the narrator several questions as to the state of his mind while in such extreme peril. But on this point the old sailor did not seem inclined to say much.

"I thought that I was very near to death," he said; "and I felt that I was not fit to die and enter into the presence of God. I wished that I had lived a better life, but felt that it was now too late to repent. Further than this I can tell you nothing. I will not attempt to describe the state of

mind these thoughts produced. Although, through the mercy of God, I have learned since then to put my trust in the Saviour, and feel that my soul is safe in His keeping, yet I cannot bring to remembrance the thoughts that came over me then without a shudder."

"You say that you wished you had lived a better life; did you imagine that if you had you would have been safe?" asked the gentleman.

"I hardly know what I thought about that, sir; but I know now, that no life that I could have led would have made me fit to stand before the judgment throne; and I tremble to think what would have become of my soul if I had perished then."

Such a narrative as this can hardly fail to produce serious thoughts in the mind of any one who hears or reads it.

The awful suddenness of the catastrophe and the extent of the destruction it wrought must impress every thinking mind.

There is something solemn, at any time, in the thought of meeting the last enemy, death. The apostle Paul recognised this fact; for, after dilating upon the glories of the future state of the believer, he says, in words that have been echoed by many a Christian since his day: "Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life."

Death at any time and under any circumstances is awful, but doubly so when it comes in a manner so sudden and unexpected. Out of the three hundred and eighty-three persons on board the *Arctic* probably not one had the slightest apprehension of coming danger until the catastrophe actually occurred. How many were prepared to meet their fatal doom it is impossible to say. It may be, that to many the sudden termination of mortal life was only the equally sudden entrance into glory; death to them would be the translation from a state of imperfection and of sorrow and suffering to one of perfect peace and happiness.

But there is reason to fear that many, like the narrator of the story, were totally unfit to die.

“ HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE.”

Let us ask the question, what would be our fate if we were suddenly called to appear before the judgment throne?

Another thought presents itself. Are we not all of us in somewhat the same position as the persons clinging to the raft? They knew they could not stay in that position long. One by one they dropped away; every hour made their numbers less, and not one knew how soon his strength might fail and he be launched into eternity. We are all uncertain how long we may live; day by day our friends and neighbours are passing away, death is busy around us, and we do not know how soon he may lay his hand upon us. Let us then prepare for that great change, and for the eternity that awaits us, by laying hold of the hope set before us, by placing ourselves in the hands of our Saviour, and by striving earnestly and prayerfully, as we are helped by the Holy Spirit, to live as becomes the children of God.

Only one man was saved from the raft. We may *all* be saved if we really desire it, and accept the salvation that is offered us; the salvation which was bought for us by Christ's most precious blood, and which is held out to all who will receive it.

G. H. S.

“ He knoweth the Way that I take;” or, The
Christian's Assurance.

I CANNOT see into the future,
Or tell what “to-morrow” will bring—
It may be the darkness of winter,
Perchance 'twill be sunshine and spring;
The hopes fondly cherished may wither,
The friends I have trusted forsake,
But Jesus my Lord is unchanging;
“ He knoweth the way that I take.”

For many long years He hath led me
O'er mountains of doubting and fear,
Down valleys of sorrow and trial,
By pathways both stony and drear.

His voice hushed the tempest to stillness,
The ocean was calm when He spake ;
My bark will be safe with its Pilot ;
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Though darkness may shroud all the future,
His presence the gloom will dispel,
The sea shall divide at His bidding ;
With Jesus to lead, "all is well."
And still as I go on my journey,
A path through the desert He'll make,
Though briars and thorns may obstruct me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

He knoweth the past and the present ;
The future my Lord can foresee,
Jehovah, who feedeth the ravens,
Will not be unmindful of me.
At night He will compass my pillow,
Nor leave me when morning doth break,
His arms, everlasting, protect me ;
"He knoweth the way that I take."

He knoweth, and when He hath tried me,
And fashioned me into His mould,
My spirit, made perfectly holy,
Shall shine in His presence as gold.
Then, then from these dull earthly visions,
In His likeness at last I shall wake,
To sing of His goodness for ever,
"Who knoweth the way that I take."

L. E.

The Garden without and the Garden within.

WHAT a desolate, dreary look a piece of garden-ground wears in winter ; the earth is hard and cold, and if the garden has not been planted, nothing is to be seen but a few weeds. The spring sunshine will come, and the rains will fall on that ground, but still only weeds will flourish if the gardener does nothing to it. Just like such a piece of ground are our hearts by nature. God's mercy shines on us like the sun in spring.

His loving words in the Bible, His messages by His ministers, and His gentle voice in our hearts rebuking us for sin, and sometimes drawing us to seek Him, are like the gentle rain and dew and south wind to the garden of our souls; but unless our wills work with these heavenly influences, all that the garden of our hearts brings forth is still only weeds. Thousands are trusting to God's mercy who are doing nothing whatever to improve the garden of their hearts, except chopping off the tops of the thistles, perhaps, to make it appear a little better before men, while the roots remain; and so year after year the garden yields no good fruit, and when harvest-time comes, and the Master calls for the produce of the garden, where will it be? The Master has given the gardener tools and seed, and he has strength to work, but he has left his garden neglected, though his mind is his tool-basket, and God's word is full of seed.

Dear friend, ask yourself, "Am I neglecting my heart's garden? Am I trusting to the sunshine and the dew, and not working with their help to bring forth fruit for God's glory? Am I sowing good seed by taking into my heart the precepts and promises of God's Word, with an appetite as if they were my daily food? Do I neglect no means of improving my heart by meeting with others to pray for the sunshine of God's grace to bless my own endeavours?" (for without this all seed-sowing is as useless as the sunshine is without the seed). To say, "I am as safe as others, and God is merciful," will not avail you when the end comes and "the wheat is gathered into the garner, and the chaff burnt with unquenchable fire." Your garden must be dug up, your heart must be probed; God's Holy Spirit must be allowed an entrance, as the sun must penetrate between the cold clods of earth. Do not shrink from this probing; it may give you suffering at the time, but sin must be brought to light and laid bare before God. The prodigal did not hide his sin when he came back to the father. Oh no! his first words were confession: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and

am no more worthy to be called thy son." Have you ever been brought to this state, and felt that you could gladly leave all your empty sinful pleasures to see the Father's smile, and be embraced by His forgiving love? If you love the world better than your heavenly Father, there is no peace for you, no hope, if sudden death should call you away from this world.

Do I hear you say, "I cannot feel like this; I should like to be saved, but I am content to go on as I am at present; I shall have time yet to repent." Remember, every hour the weeds are growing stronger in your heart; the sunshine even will harden it more and more while it is left untilled, and at last it will be found good for nothing. Time is fleeting. Be up and doing. Work with God; He can give you the will and the power, if you come to Him in earnest prayer, believing that you shall receive.

You are quite right in saying you cannot feel like the prodigal of yourself; but you have the power to ask to be made like him. An entire change in our natures is needed, and this is what in John iii. is called being "born again," and unless you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of God. You must have your past sins washed away through faith in Jesus' atoning blood. This is the spiritual meaning of being "born of water," because water cleanses. And you must be "born of the Spirit;" that is, the Holy Spirit must come and dwell in your hearts to keep you from sinning in future, for he that is born of God doth not commit sin. By this is meant, does not willingly and wilfully sin, and does not run into temptation. If through carelessness a true Christian commits sin, it grieves him bitterly; it is not a pleasure to him to sin, as it is to the unconverted; he strives and fights against it when he sees and feels it. To worship God and to work for his Saviour is his pleasure; and he longs to bring others to feel the peace he enjoys. He watches against temptation, and prays continually to be kept from it, and so watching and so praying he is "safe in the arms of Jesus," and the

thought of death is no longer a fear and dread to him, for to depart is to be for ever with his best and dearest Friend, with Him who, for his sake, left the glory of heaven to live the life of a working-man amid cold, hard, ungrateful companions, and then for their sakes laid down His life, a penalty for their sins. Having lived, He knows all your trials, and you may tell them to Him as freely as to your brother, for He can sympathise; having died, He can take your fear of death away, for the sting of death is sin, and your sin was laid on Him; but remember, it is he that forsaketh sin that shall find mercy.

“Repentance is to leave
The sin we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.”

You think, perhaps, that a life of religion is a gloomy thing; but a Christian's life is far happier than that of the worldling, for his pleasures leave no sting behind.

“When on the poisonous breeze
The seeds of death like thistle-down are borne,
And strong men fall around like summer corn,
‘His soul shall dwell at ease.’

By night on raging seas,
When waves white-crested gleam amid the gloom,
And in the whirlwind's pause the storm-bells boom,
‘His soul shall dwell at ease.’

And when on bended knees
The weepers ask his life with changing fear
And hope, while death in solemn march draws on,
‘His soul shall dwell at ease.’”¹

Reader, would not you have your soul thus at ease?

¹ “Songs of Heaven and Home.”

“Suffer the Little Children to come unto Me.”

“MOTHER, I am going to Jesus,”
Said a little boy one day,
As upon a bed of sickness,
Faint and worn with pain, he lay;
“Heaven, mother, you say is fair;
How soon now shall I be there?”

“Do you wish to leave, darling,
Papa and me, and go away?
What will baby do without you—
He will miss you when at play?”
“Give him my toys, and tell him I
Have gone to live up in the sky.”

His mother kissed his fevered brow
As he laid down his head,
She smoothed the pillows under him,
Then sat down by the bed;
Her heart was full, sad tears she wept,
And watched her darling while he slept.

’Twas some time ere he spoke again,
And then his voice was low.
“I’ll make a will of all my things,”
He said, “before I go;
And give to each as I think best;
Then I’ll lie down again and rest.

“My money, dear mamma, divide
Amongst the poor around,
There’s eighteen shillings in the box,
I think—or else a pound;
My dog I give to dear papa,
My ‘dickie’ must be yours, mamma.

“And baby shall have all my toys,
My rocking-horse and top,
The box of soldiers, and the gun
He likes so much to pop;
And he must have my Bible too—
There Jesus tells him what to do.

“ DO YOU ? ”

“ ‘ Let little children come to Me,’
He says in that sweet book ;
His lambs He carries in His arms,
And soothes them with His look ;
He gives a crown to all His own,
Who stand around the great white throne.

“ Oh, mother, I shall soon be there,
The angels won’t be long ;
They’ll take me up, and I shall then
Have joined the happy throng
Where children sing of Christ who died,
‘ Worthy the Lamb once crucified ! ’ ”

As night came down an angel passed
From out the gates on high,
He freed the spirit from its cage,
And bore it to the sky ;
And when the eastern clouds shone red,
The little suffering boy lay dead.

E. S. P.

“ Do You ? ”

IT is said that little pitchers have long ears, by which I suppose is meant that children hear more than is intended for them to notice. This they certainly do, and what is more, they often ask very inconvenient questions on what they hear. An illustration of this lately occurred where I was visiting, and made me feel uncomfortable in the presence of two dearly-loved friends ; but the lesson the unconscious child taught me has left so deep an impression, that I should feel culpable were I to bury the incident in oblivion.

Visitors were announced at a house where I was also a caller, and, as became Christians, the conversation quickly turned to the subject dearest to all of our hearts—the love of God—when my host, with unusual earnestness, besought a young friend, who had accompanied the older friends, to

“DO YOU?”

keep close to the Word of God as the only safe guide for a consistent walk in the paths of godliness. It had either escaped observation that “the mite, Dora,” was still present, or else she was supposed to be too busy fitting a new dress on her doll to notice anything else passing in the room, when, just as Mr. A. had raised his voice to repeat for the third time, “Keep close to God’s Word,” we were all startled by a small voice asking in equally earnest tones, “Does you, papa?”

A pause ensued, during which we all had time to scan each other’s faces with an inquiring expression, as though the “Does you?” rang through each mind demanding a reply. At last the dear child’s father said in a rather confused manner,

“I hope so, my love!” and on Dora’s merely saying, “For torse you does,” an uncomfortable silence again fell on the party, and we were all greatly relieved when the lady of the house appeared. But the relief was not for long, for when, at another turn of the conversation, this lady was sending a message of condolence to a neighbour in sorrow, beseeching her to recollect that the Lord does not willingly afflict, and that if we would only call to remembrance His former mercies,¹ we should not faint under His corrective hand, little Dora again broke in on us with the home-thrust, “Does you, dear mamma?”

“I hope so, my darling,” was again the unsatisfactory answer.

And unsatisfactory it was, at any rate, to the little girl, for turning back to her doll she lisped, with a shake of her pretty head, “I sould say, ‘Yes, my darling,’ right out.”

It was impossible to pass this second remark over without notice, not so much for the sake of vindicating my friend, but because, young and unreasoning as the child was, it might injure her unformed Christian principles, were the wavering “Hope so” to take precedence in her young mind of the firm and beautiful “I do” of the believing soul.

¹ Psa. lxxvii. 10, 11.

Calling her, therefore, to his knee, her father asked, “And why should my little girl say yes to this——”

Without a moment's hesitation she looked artlessly up into his face, and said,

“Cos I is quite sure dear mamma doesn't forget. She taught me my pretty text, ‘Forget not none of His ben'fits,’ and she says ben'fits is the mercies we have evely day; so she souldn't say, ‘Hope so;’ soud you, mammy dear?” and the sweet young face smiled round to “mammy dear” for a corroborative word. But her eyes were full of tears, and her voice too quivering for speech. Presently, however, she replied to us all:

“How marked is the difference between hope and faith! Even this dear babe perceives it. Hope may anchor the soul to the rock, but faith climbs and stands safely on it. Hope looks forward to the promised land, but faith enters it at once, and takes full possession.”

“All the difference between ‘There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God,’¹ and ‘We which have believed do enter into rest,’² I ventured to remark, when my friend (the child's father) exclaimed heartily:

“Do not let us be cowards! Hope is a blessed Christian grace, and supports as we walk through the deep waters; but faith—ah, what does faith do? it divides the waters, and enables us to pass over dryshod. Oh no, my little babe is right, the Christian should have no ‘I hope so;’ it should all be joyful, earnest certainty in matters ‘touching his God.’ How much happier should we be if in both of these two cases which have elicited this conversation we could firmly say, ‘I do take God's Word as the rule of my life, and I do trust Him in the darkest dispensation that hides even Himself from my sight.’”

Here little Dora's wondering eyes fixed on her father, as if she would like to speak, induced the invitation to do so, when she leaped from his knee, and folding her hands, said reverently, “I can sing it to you, if I may.”

¹ Heb. iv. 9.

² Heb. iv. 3.

Then pitching her voice to its highest infantile strain, she sang so sweetly and correctly, that it was difficult to realise that the singer was but five years old—

" 'I does believe, I does believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And on the cross He shed His blood,
Yes! Jesus died for me! "

Then, on her father's catching her up to bestow the well-earned kiss, she whispered softly, yet so as to be heard by us all, "'I does believe' is nicer 'n 'hoping-so' isn't it, pappy dear?"

I need not say that Dora's question remained unanswered; and must I confess why? Because, though we were all professing earnest Christians, we had not an undisputed right to the glorious name "Believers," simply because when asked certain questions concerning our filial privileges as children of God, instead of being able to reply, "I do," we could only attain to the poor "I hope so" of any spiritual outsider.

Dora's lesson has not been without its results, and one, at any rate, of those present on that occasion never hears or gives this unsatisfactory reply, "I hope so," without deep heart-searching, and a prayerful desire that more of St. Paul's soul-stirring aspiration may be hers, and that when asked to give a reason for the hope that sustains her, she may be able to exclaim with humble gratitude, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."¹

X. Y. Z.

N.B.—It must not be supposed that this dear child understood the solemn verities she uttered, but as "I hope so" in gaining parental permission for any expected pleasure would convey doubt, she would naturally prefer the heartier form of speech.

¹ 2 Tim. i. 12.

The Power of Faith.

Mark v.

JESUS is with the ruler
Whose daughter lieth low,
And crowds of people throng Him,
As to his house they go ;
Some to implore His pity,
Some marvelling at His fame,
Some with new love enkindled,
And some to praise His name.

Mark that pale, timid woman,
With feeble step and slow ;
Twelve years of wasting sickness
Have strangely laid her low :
Twelve years of ceaseless spending,
In suffering, on and on,
With many a famed physician,
Until her means are gone.

And she was nothing bettered ;
It was sheer waste, she knew ;
Her step became more feeble,
Her pale face paler grew.
And in the sighing tempest
She seemed to hear her doom
And catch the solemn echoes
That murmur through the tomb.

She knew the power of Jesus,
Who then was very nigh ;
And so she came behind Him,
As He was passing by ;
Be'ieving, in her weakness,
With light-enkindled soul,
That if she touched His garment
She should at once be whole.

None helped her to the Saviour,
Of all that anxious band ;
But gently as an infant
She raised her trembling hand,
And faith had grandly triumphed ;
Oh ! faith for her had won
The health for which she languished,
The favour of the Son !

“FAITHFUL IN THE LEAST.”

“Who touched Me?” said the Healer ;
And at His feet she fell,
And felt it such a comfort
Her greatest griefs to tell.
He spoke in tenderest pity,
He bade her sobbings cease ;
“Thy faith hath brought the blessing ;
Oh, daughter, go in peace !”

So is it with the sinner
Who gives his wanderings o'er :
Throughout all generations
Faith makes the promise sure.
Faith gilds the pilgrim's passage
Beyond the shades of night,
And, on his Saviour resting,
He gains the hills of light.

J. H.

“Faithful in the Least.”

THE STORY OF A TRACT DISTRIBUTOR'S LIFE.



LIZABETH SYDSEF was born at the commencement of the present century, in a small market town in the west of England. Her family claimed its descent from some German Protestant refugees, who had emigrated to England in order to escape religious persecution in their own fatherland. They were faithful to their religion, counting it honour to suffer persecution for the name of Christ.

Elizabeth herself was the daughter of poor parents. The father died in his prime, leaving the widow with three orphan children to face a cold world. She forthwith opened a small school, and managed by this means to support her little family in some degree of comfort.

A large part of the education she imparted consisted of hymns, combined with copious reading of the Scriptures. When a very little child Elizabeth would sing these hymns, while the friends and neighbours listened with wonder.

She was also very fond of reading, and when about

eight years of age met with Legh Richmond's "Young Cottager," which she read with avidity. The reading of this book led to her conversion to God, although never, from the time of her earliest recollection, was she destitute of conviction of sin. But, under the quickening influence of this little book, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit, these convictions culminated in conversion at this early age.

From this time she practised secret prayer with great regularity; and finding no quiet corner in the house available for her use, she, with another girl similarly minded, used to retire regularly every day to a secluded spot, and pour out her childish petitions.

At twelve years of age, so consistent was her life, and so marked her proficiency in prayer, that she would frequently pray publicly in a cottage prayer-meeting. At this time she and her sister were factory workers in her native town, and had to endure much persecution on account of their religion; for the elder sister, as well as Elizabeth, was accustomed to read the Bible and retire for secret prayer.

When in her teens Elizabeth went to domestic service, as also did her sister, in order to procure a decent maintenance and assist in supporting their mother. She spent nine years in service, with varying experiences, and then opened a small school, as her mother had done—going back home, indeed, to do this when her mother was too feeble to continue in the work. But after her mother's death Elizabeth was once more thrown upon the world homeless, and she again tried service. Thus she was driven about for some years, having no settled home, and was at times dependent almost on the charity of strangers for a shelter. Her way of life was always lowly, always humble, but full of unflinching trust and confidence in God.

At length she married, somewhat late in life, a labouring man, a widower, who had a little family and a smaller income. From this time it became her constant study how to live honestly in the sight of all men.

This was not an easy task; but her surroundings only

served to show more brightly and more beautifully her godly life, in the midst of hard, grinding poverty. Family prayer was steadily maintained; the Sabbath was strictly kept; and not unfrequently, when her step-children were gone to the Sunday-school, she would follow, and, stealing quietly in, act as substitute to some class which was destitute of a teacher.

Not content with this, she commenced labouring as a tract distributor, and that most faithfully. Her district included some thirty houses, which, in later years, was increased to over sixty; and these houses were all regularly and faithfully visited once a fortnight with the zeal of an evangelist.

Always very poor in this world's goods, she was humble, prayerful, full of rich faith. Her conversation was literally and entirely about the Word; for she was so full of the treasures of the Bible and of Christian experience, that she could not speak one five minutes without turning the current of talk into a religious channel. There was not a text, nor a chapter, nor an obscure phrase, in the Bible but she was acquainted with; for the precious book was literally "the man of her counsel," "the lamp to her feet." Her feeling seemed to be that of Newton, when he wrote:

"Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to talk of Him
Who loved, and died, and reigns for us."

In her tract district were to be found several poor old people, some of them Christians, others not, but all hastening down the hill of life. To these she was as the "messenger of good tidings;" for at many places she would regularly read her tracts to the recipients of them, while at others she would read the blessed Word and engage in prayer. She had not silver and gold to give these poor old, feeble, bedridden people; but such as she had she gave unto them. She had received largely of the Spirit's influence, and so she could minister to others. Some few at

times laughed at her ; for her earnestness and simple single-heartedness were so different from the general run of mankind, and even of professing Christians, that she seemed to them as "one that mocked." Still even these cherished a secret respect for the earnest, godly, whole-hearted Christian ; feeling in their inmost hearts that they would give anything to be as secure upon the Eternal Rock of Ages as was she.

No luxuries ever came to her lot. Her greatest treat was to go to some tea-meeting, especially one intended solely for church-members, or to travel on foot to her native town, to renew the acquaintances of former years. To all these her coming was like the appearance of a fair green oasis in the desert of life ; for the refreshment of her conversation and goodness was something to be remembered long, long after. And on such occasions the simplest fare was offered and received with thanksgiving. A slice of dry toast and a cup of tea, or a few potatoes, were her staple articles of diet, and formed her chief support.

To a friend, who occasionally gave her some little comforts, she once observed : " My heavenly Father has always ministered to my *needs*, but never to my *need-nots*. What I have needed that He has given me ; but what I have *not* needed has all my life long been withheld. I never had a sufficiency of income to buy anything save bare necessities, and we have had to be very frugal with them ; but God knows best. He has made me rich in faith, and beside and beyond all that, I am His adopted child ; I shall come to my inheritance before very long."

Her work of tract distribution was never allowed to flag. No matter what the weather, or how weary her frame, she was faithful to the last, and as regularly as the day came she was to be seen with her basket going her rounds and serving her Master. She was like Mary of Bethany, lost to all considerations of worldly wisdom when her Master's work required to be done, or her Master's name to be glorified. More and more markedly her conversation was in heaven ; and even those who knew her best noted how

she grew in grace and faith. While among a party of friends one day she repeated a hymn expressive of her desire to be with her Lord. Said a listener: "Do you really feel like that? Do you long to be with Christ *now*?" To which she replied: "Oh yes; if it were this evening, I should welcome the summons. I *do* love Him; yes, I do love Him!" Eight days from that time she was in the presence of her Lord and Master.

The day on which she went her last round with her tracts was bitterly cold and wintry. A north-east wind blew when this devoted tract-distributor started forth on her mission. A friend endeavoured to dissuade her from her intention, but she would not listen, saying: "I must not lose the opportunity of sowing the good seed in more than sixty families." So, with her basket on her arm, she trudged away on her errand of faith and labour of love. But it was for the *last* time. More than once she faltered before the cruel blast, but she finished her round, and then returned home to die. Inflammation of the lungs rapidly supervened, and her weak nature succumbed to it after the lapse of two or three days. But calmly, and even rejoicingly, she awaited the change. To a friend, who asked her how she felt in the near prospect of death, she replied in the words of a dear old hymn:

"Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where can I fly but to Thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest."

Christian friends came around her, anxious to do everything in their power to alleviate her sufferings, and, if possible, to bring her back to health and strength. But it was all in vain. The long-waiting child was summoned home to the more immediate presence of that God whom she had so long followed. She passed away in a quiet sleep, exchanging earth for heaven without one struggle.

She was almost seventy years of age at the time of her death.

A Prayer for every day and all day long.

IN the morning hear my voice,
Let me in Thy light rejoice,
God my Sun! my strength renew,
Send Thy blessing down like dew.

Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray,
Live as always seeing Thee,
Knowing "Thou God seest me."

When the evening sky displays
Richer pomp than noon arrays,
Be the thoughts of death to me
Hopes of immortality.


When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day and hail the night.

Thus with Thee, my God, my Friend,
Time begin, continue, end,
Whilst its joys and sorrows pass
Like the flowers of the grass.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Bristol, Oct. 25th, 1838.

"Looking unto Jesus;" or, My New Year's Cards.

 **O**NE New Year's day the post brought me two cards of greeting from distant friends. The first I opened had printed upon it a wreath of violets, within which the words were written, "A Happy New Year." I felt very grateful for the kind remembrance; but these words were not in tune with my feelings that day. The year just past had been a season of blighting sorrow; it had brought me one of those shocks of trouble which, more especially in our youth, leave us almost unable to believe in earthly peace or gladness for us again; and

though I knew something of the secret of joy in my God, yet as I laid down the pretty card I said to myself with a sigh, "I can't face the future a year at a time, and, thank God, I need not; it will only come to me day by day moment by moment, and perhaps before this new year grows old the Lord Himself will come, and bring our years to an end, like a tale that is told."

And then, with tears in my eyes, I opened my second envelope. The card it contained was very plain, pale blue, with a narrow silver border, and it bore the words, "Looking unto Jesus." Old familiar words! but they reached my very heart at that moment of sadness with the wonderful living power with which God's Word is imbued by His Spirit. They dispelled the vague dread and healed the soreness which my first New Year's card had made me feel, and spoke to me peace and strength; and this New Year's card, hanging framed on my wall, has been so comforting and helpful to me many a day since, that I cannot forbear writing down some of the precious truths it has spoken to me, in hope of cheering some who may be entering on a new year with a heart sad and sinking, as was mine that day.

1. "Looking unto Jesus" means trusting Him for help. This is the very beginning of a life of real Christian faith; the helpless, conscience-stricken sinner is invited to look unto Him, as the dying Israelite on the brazen uplifted serpent, for healing and salvation. "Look unto Me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth," is His unbounded invitation to mankind. The temple of old was in this sense a beautiful type of Jesus, the appointed meeting-place where the Father's eye is resting in pardoning love, to which therefore the sinner's eye may be turned in full assurance of pardon. "That Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place of which Thou hast said, My name shall be there: that Thou mayest hearken unto the prayer which Thy servant shall make toward this place."¹ St. Paul writes to his Galatian converts of such

¹ 1 Kings viii. 29.

looking unto Jesus as the only and entire foundation of their Christian faith. "Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you."¹

And having thus trusted Him wholly as our Saviour from death eternal, it is our right, ay, and our bounden duty, to look unto Him with the same entire dependence in every kind of want and weakness. In every difficulty, anxiety, perplexity of our daily life, we may say, in full assurance of faith, like one of old, "We have no might, neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee."² Or when entangled, hemmed in by worldly, hostile surroundings, seemingly held fast down to earthly things, we need not weary ourselves with vain struggles, but rest our hearts on Him, and say, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, for He shall pluck my feet out of the net." We may indeed be made to wait for His succour, but oh, how restful such waiting will be while "looking unto Jesus;" while we can say, "As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters; . . . so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that He have mercy upon us";³ while we are trusting in His unfailing love which cannot, His almighty power which need not, delay one moment too long the looked-for blessing, "My help," can we triumphantly sing, "my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."⁴

2. "Looking unto Jesus" implies that we order all our ways with reference to Him, considering what is His will in all we do and say and think. Without this there can be no looking to Him in real peace-giving trust. "Study pure and holy walking," says Leighton, "if you would have your confidence firm, and have boldness and joy in God; you will find that a little sin will shake your trust more than the greatest sufferings." "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk even as He walked," looking unto Jesus not as our guide alone, but our example.

And, as believers in Jesus, we are to refer to Him not our doings alone, but all our sufferings. "Looking unto

¹ Gal. iii. 1. ² 2 Chron. xx. 12. ³ Psa. cxxiii. 2. ⁴ Psa. cxli. 2.

Jesus," there will be no fixing of our eyes on second causes, even though our trials come through the unkindness, the wrong-doing of our fellow-men; when we lift up our eyes we shall see "no man save Jesus only," and every care and sorrow will lose its bitterness, when we see in it His own direct and loving discipline.

3. Does our earthly sphere seem narrow? are our earthly interests limited? "Looking unto Jesus," our true life has a boundless range. It is recorded of an old German philosopher that on being asked why he confined his daily walk to the narrow limits of his little garden, he answered: "The space here is truly very narrow, and very short too, but" (and he looked up to heaven as he spoke) "it is infinitely high." So may they truly say whose soul's eyes are lifted up to Jesus.

4. What deep comfort is there in this looking unto Jesus in the trial of separation from those we love! separation of any kind, but more especially that which is caused by His taking such loved ones to Himself. Since neither life nor death can separate us from the love of Christ, most surely nothing can separate from each other those who are united in His love. Every passage in God's Word which tells of the union of believers in Jesus tells us that for such there never can be real parting. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." How can the fact that one, a little while sooner than another, lays aside this body of our humiliation touch our real union and communion with each other in Christ, who is our life? Dear reader, are you mourning the death of some dear one "fallen asleep in Jesus"? Consider for your comfort that since both of you are "looking unto Jesus," you are continually in spirit together; a little while, and the outward semblance of separation will be no more. Dwell on such words as these: "I pray that they all may be one as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."¹ "As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the

¹ John xvii. 21.

members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ."¹ "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."² "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; . . . one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."³ "Will there be in heaven recognition of parted friends?" is a question sometimes asked, and oh, how anxiously asked by the bereaved! God's answer of unspeakable comfort seems to be, "Friends in Jesus cannot really be parted at all; it makes no difference that some of His members are still on earth in the body. Oneness of heart in 'looking unto Jesus' is an everlasting bond."

5. Yet we are waiting for the perfect manifestation of the sons of God, and so in our looking unto Jesus is involved a looking forward. While "our conversation is in heaven" even now in eternal reality, yet from thence "we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."⁴ Well has it been said, "Nothing doth so establish the mind amidst the rolling and turbulence of present things as both a look above them and a look beyond them; above them to the steady and good Hand by which they are ruled, and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which by that Hand they shall be brought."

Well may we, then, who believe in Jesus, go on our way in fearless confidence and joyful expectation, looking unto Him, looking for Him; day by day, hour by hour, we are drawing nearer to the place He is preparing for us; to the everlasting companionship of those to whom He has united us in Himself; to the unfading joys of our heavenly home; to His visible presence, whom, not having seen, we love; meanwhile, in whom, though now we see Him with faith's far-seeing eye alone, yet we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

A. J. T.

¹ 1 Cor. xii. 12.

² Gal. iii. 28.

³ Eph. iv. 4, 6.

⁴ Phil. iii. 20.

Spring.

BEAUTIFUL Spring! we hail thee now,
With pale green robe and hope-wreathed brow;
Coming o'er meadow, moorland and hill,
The hand of Dame Nature with plenty to fill:
Health in the breezes borne on thy wings,
Joy in the chords of thy musical strings,
Mirth in thy voice, and a smile in thine eye,
Ah! myriads await thy descent from on high:
Beautiful goddess! all nature will sing,
"Hail to thee! hail to thee! beautiful Spring!"

Swiftly, yet surely, thou'rt nearing our clime,
And the songsters of air ever greet thee with chime,
As in concert they warble, or trill their sweet lays,
So grateful to heaven for warm sunshiny days:
While the hedgerow, ashamed of twigs leafless and bare,
Decks herself in green buds with such delicate care;
Then waits thy warm breath ere her full dress she weaves,
And nestles young birds 'mong her beautiful leaves.
Ah! sweet are thy gifts, gentle child of the wing,
Hail to thee! hail to thee! beautiful Spring!

Lavishly scatt'ring thy bounties around,
Peerless in beauty thy gifts are e'er found;
And where o'er the sward thy light footsteps have trod,
Crocus and daisy spring up from the sod:
But when through the woodlands thou wendest thy way,
All nature proclaims thee the bright Queen of May,
As in light verdant tints e'er so lovely to see,
Thou clothest with grace every high-arching tree.
Ah! thy chaplet of flowers round our hearts fondly cling,
Hail to thee! hail to thee! beautiful Spring!

Thou cheerest the suffering daughters of pain,
And breathest in sick-room thy fragrance again;
Through violet, primrose, or sweet sunny ray,
Thou gildest the gloom of a wearisome day,
And pointest with finger to beauty above,
Where all is enduring perfection and love;
Where, stainless and free from this body of earth,
The soul shall inhabit the home of its birth.
Ah! sweet is the rest of the ransomed, who sing—
"All hail to thee, Saviour, the Life-giving Spring!"

H. D. I.

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