

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

POPERY, COMMUNISM OR CHRISTIANITY.

AT is seldom that a burning mountain begins its work of destruction without giving some warning that near at hand is the awful catastrophe. Just as seldom has there ever been any terrible upheaval of Society without signs and warnings,—ear enough to be understood by discerning minds,—of what was coming. The low, rumbling noise of the threatening volcano is kindly ordered by Providence to warn men to flee from places of peril; but the signs of coming social and political trouble are meant, not simply as signals for flight (as in the destruction of Jerusalem), but, often, as a loud call to be up and doing, to avert the threatening calamity.

The sad and ominous events that make July, 1877, a memorable month in the annals of North America (we refer to the Montreal party riots, and the United States railway and trade riots) are not, by any means, signals calling on men to save themselves from coming social ruin by *flight*. We believe and hope better things for the free laws and Christian institutions of North America. The mysterious underground noise, and the violent temporary eruptions that have resulted in plunging a dozen cities in bloodshed and death, more appalling than the carnage of the open battle-field,—these significant signs are not so much a call to *flee* the dangers as to *face* them.

Very different indeed in character and history are the forces at work in the party strife between orange and green in our Dominion, and in the strife between capital and labor in the United States: but

the evil at bottom is the same, and the remedy is the same for both. And that remedy is not surely that either the one or the other should yield. It is not that, in our party contest, Orange processions should yield up our streets to Popish processions, nor on the other hand that the wafer should give way to the drum. Neither is it, again, in the trade contests of the States that labor should be pinned to the ground crushed and hopeless, nor, on the other hand, is it that trades' unions, like Samson, strong yet blind, should, passing into communism, seize on the pillars of modern society, and involve themselves and their oppressors in fatal and general ruin. If there were only these alternatives before us, then indeed might we reasonably construe the significant and shameful events of last July into a signal for change from the effete and dying democracy of this continent, to the security afforded by the monarchies and empires and despotism of the old world.

But there is a third course, and in voice of thunder, and in letters of fire and blood, God is calling on us to choose in all haste to enter on that course. "The question," as Mr. Hughes, M.P., once observed, "the question which goes to the root of all problems of civilization, of all problems of human life is, **WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?** The time is upon us when that question must be answered, and can no longer be thrust aside while we go, one to his farm and another to his merchandise. Upon the answer depends our future." These words are as true of America as of England. It is being made as clear as noon, to all who have eyes, and these riots are a solid but sorrowful step in the progress of the demonstration, that the government of this American Continent must soon pass into the hands of standing armies or into the hands of Christ. If the people are not in an honest and thorough manner discipled to Christ, they must be remitted to the tender mercies of troops. There can be no order for this land, or any safe living in it, ere long, except as the rifle and the cannon make order and safety for us, unless men generally come under law to Christ, and drink of his pure and unselfish spirit. We possess on this continent, that popular form of government for which some of the countries of Europe are in vain

sighing : we have popular education, we have a free press, we have full liberty of public meeting and debate, and yet there is to-day a strong feeling that the foundation of our social life is rotten and honey-combed, just because America though professing to some moderate extent the religion of Christ, is not yet indued with the Spirit of Christ. On the banners of our societies, orange and green, and over the lodges of our trades' unions and railway offices must be written the words—"Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves : look not every man on his own things but every man also on the things of others," or else the words "Social anarchy and national collapse." There seems to be no middle ground between Christ and mammon, between religion and ruin. Above the door of the temples of freedom now going up on either side of the great lakes of this continent must be inscribed, "Christ" or "Ichabod"—"Jesus is our king" or else, "Our glory is departed."

The cry at one time was wont to be " Give us popular government and we shall do well." Then it was seen that government was unsafe in the hands of ignorant men, and the cry rose " Give the people secular education." The people have got secular education so that every man in America is supposed to be a reader, and is supposed diligently to read his newspaper, and yet in the face of such popular intelligence as the world never saw, America is called to witness the scenes of brutal and barbarous violence of last July. One thing therefore is yet lacking to our boasted civilization. It is that our popular government, and our secular education should be permeated, pervaded, imbued, indued with the Spirit of Christ. To the two above-named cries of free government, and general education must be added, if our land is to escape anarchy and ruin, the cry of practical Christianity. The heavens are gathering darkness, the moaning of the winds forebode the coming tempest, which is in reality the spirit of French Communism, and no skill of seamanship will avail the ship, nothing save the face, and form, and power of Him who stilled the tempest on the sea of Galilee. He alone is the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the foundation of social order. He alone, by

His word and Spirit, by His atonement and intercession, by His conquering, guiding, and restraining grace, can curb the fury of human passion, can subdue the pride of race, can check the fanaticism of party, can infuse into a nation a spirit of justice and moderation, and thus secure to every one his rights—to the laborious the reward of their industry, to capital its rights, to the rich the enjoyment of their wealth, and to princes and rulers the stability of their thrones.

The practical question, therefore, that God, in his providence, has flung before us to-day by the riots that have convulsed to its centre all North America, is the one—How can the people of our country be brought at large to the saving knowledge of Christ? That is truly the question of questions in our day, the pith and marrow of the weighty work that lies before us as the nineteenth century draws to its close. To accomplish the glorious task, it will be necessary:—

1. That our pulpits should be devoted more exclusively than at present to the exhibition, exaltation, and glorification of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is true that Christ is preached, in general, in the Protestant pulpits of the United States and Canada, but we are far from being assured that he holds the central position of commanding supremacy that belongs to Him. “I have lately,” says the Principal of a theological seminary in Montreal, “heard of a divine, about 500 miles from this city, who had preached about young men and young women, about bazaars, sewing circles, associations, libraries, and museums; about theatres, drinking houses, and gambling saloons; about Socinians, Calvinists, Papists, Brahminists and Buddhists; about parliaments, kings, republics, tyrannies, railway accidents, life insurances, and the great fires of modern times; about merchants, doctors, preachers, lawyers, stock-brokers, and the politicians of the United States, after which it was announced that he would now preach a little about Jesus Christ and his gospel! Our neighbours have had enough of this pest of secularism and sensationalism. Is it gaining foothold in Canada? If so, help to *drive it out* by giving the people the truth of God. Don’t allow the plague to desolate our

fair land, and to corrupt and weaken the church of God. Don't be ensnared by the delusion that you are to do for the community the work of the novelist, of the secular press, the daily paper, the magazine."

We do not believe that style of preaching is as popular as it once was, but "while the outworks of the sanctuary have been defended with the utmost ability, to use the words of an eminent preacher, "its interior has been too much neglected, and the fire upon the altar suffered to languish and decay. In proportion as the maxims and spirit of Christianity have declined, infidelity has prevailed in their room; for infidelity is, in reality, nothing more than a noxious spawn bred in the stagnant marshes of corrupted Christianity." In the tremulous movements which, unless we take warning, may be the forerunner of an earthquake which will ere long shake the foundation of society, the pulpits of this continent are implored to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified. They are implored to deal with every theme that tends to overshadow the face of our adorable Saviour, as the celebrated painter of the Lord's Supper dealt with his picture. The artist, perceiving that the communion cups on the table diverted attention from the face of the Master, drew his brush and reduced their glory, so that nothing might be in competition with Him. There is many a theme must be handled in the pulpit, just as Paul handled many a theme in his letters, from ladies' dress to lawsuits; but these themes in our sermons, as in Paul's letters, should not be in competition with Him, but in subordination, revolving round Him as the planets round the sun.

2. That Christ may be made known to the people at large, it will be necessary to devote the Sabbath more exclusively than at present to rest and religion. There is no magic in the mere name of Christ, nor in a dead faith in Him, nor in a passing knowledge of Him. There must be a study and imitation of Christ. Now this study and imitation of Christ is a high art which requires at least one whole day in seven to make men proficients in it. If this day is devoted to something else, no matter how innocent or intellectual

that thing may be, or, which is worse, if the day is devoted to work, as too many railways in the United States demand, then the study and imitation of Christ virtually ceases, and when this ceases what begins? Well, just this very thing that has startled the country, viz.: violence, riot, ruin, fires, murders by railroad employees and others who, deprived of the Sabbath, have ceased to imitate Christ, and ceasing to imitate Christ have taken, as is always the case, energetically to imitating the Devil!

Hugh Miller, in 1843, when the question of Sabbath traffic was agitated in Scotland, delineated the possibilities of the future if the traffic was allowed, in appalling hues. How strange that a generation after the "*Vision of the Railroad*" was penned by this far-seeing man, the awful picture therein foreshadowed should come so near literal realization in another land. Here is what the dreamer saw:—

"It seemed as if years had passed—many years. I had an indistinct recollection of scenes of terror and of suffering—of the shouts of maddened multitudes engaged in frightful warfare—of the cries of famishing women and children, of streets and lanes flooded with blood, of raging flames enwrapping whole villages in terrible ruin, of the flashing of arms and the roaring of artillery, but all was dimness and confusion. . . . *The railway. I said, is keeping its Sabbath.* . . . Half-buried in furze and sloe-thorn there rested on the rails what had been a train of carriages—the engine ahead scattered in fragments, and damp, and mold, and rottenness had done their work on the vehicles behind. The scene bore all too palpably the marks of violence and bloodshed. There was an open space in front where the shattered fragments of the engine lay scattered; and here the rails had been torn up with violence, and there stretched across, breast-high, a rudely piled rampart of stone. A human skeleton lay atop whitened by the winds; there was a broken pike beside it, and stuck fast in the naked skull which had rolled to the bottom of the rampart the fragment of a naked sword. The space behind resembled the floor of a Charnel house—bindweed and ground ivy matted over heaps of bones, and on the top of the largest heap of all a skull seemed as if grinning at the sky amid the tattered fragments of a cap of liberty."

The introduction of the "*pike*," and "*the cap of liberty*," indicates that Miller looked on communism as the fatal error into which the working classes (he knew them well,) would run as soon as they were divorced from Christ and the Sabbath. And of this thing there can be no doubt, that it is to incipient communism, latent yet and only groping into power here, that the railway strike of last July owes its fierce, bloody, and devilish character so strongly, re-

sembling the recent communistic riots of Paris. And the dreamer still further saw that as religious ignorance, ushered in by the loss of the Sabbath rest, drove the lower classes into communism, so did the higher classes lapse into Ritualism and Popery.

"There was a parish church on the neighbouring eminence, and it too was roofless and a ruin. I stepped into the interior, the scattered remains of an altar rested against the eastern gable. There was a crackling as of broken glass under my feet, and, stooping down, I picked a richly stained fragment, it bore a portion of that much revered sign,—the pelican giving her young to eat of her own flesh and blood—the sign which Puseyism and Popery equally agree in regarding as expressive of their doctrine of the real presence. A huge cross of stone had been reared over the altar, but both the top and one of the arms had been struck away, and from the surviving arm there dangled a noose. The cross had been transformed into a gibbet. Nor were there darker indications wanting. In a recess set apart as a cabinet for relics, there were human bones, all too fresh to belong to a remote antiquity; and in a niche under the gibbet lay the tattered remains of a surplice dabbled in blood. I stood amid the ruins and felt a sense of fear and horror creeping over me, the air darkened under the scowl of the coming tempest and the closing night, and the wind shrieked more mournfully amid the shattered and dismantled walls."

After reading this, one would be disposed to put it away in anger saying that it was the ravings of a diseased imagination, and that such horrors could not occur in our enlightened century. Is it not a fact, however, that horrors, far more horrible, traceable to Communism and Popery, did occur in Paris, a few years ago, during the reign of the commune; and of this we are persuaded that nothing save the spread of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ among the masses and the higher classes, can prevent these very scenes from being enacted on our own continent at no very distant epoch.

In confirmation of the views advanced in this article, we are glad to quote the impressive and weighty words of the Rev. Joseph Cook, Boston, (spoken last month at the Chautauqua gathering) which came to hand as the closing sentences above were passing from our pen:—

"Now we are assembled to-day on the edge of a hardly quenched volcano. Our land has twice been washed in blood in the first century of its existence, and yet within the last fortnight we have suffered from three things: a widespread strike of low paid labor, a riot of the roughs and the sneaks, and a grandmotherly self-defence. (Applause.) Our fathers thought that our safety consisted in the diffusion of liberty; very well, we have diffusion of liberty, and we have not found safety in that alone. Some of our fathers said it would be necessary for us to diffuse intelligence, and we have diffused that, as no other nation ever has done, and yet we are not safe. And now it begins to be whispered

that safe republicanism must consist not only in diffusion of liberty and a diffusion of intelligence, but in the diffusion of property. The self-respect of ownership will make men orderly it is thought. Now I am audacious enough to believe that when we have diffused property as far as natural law will allow it to be spread broadcast through the community, every man having what he can earn and keep and no more, there must be yet another diffusion, for I feel sure that safe republicanism consists in the diffusion of liberty, the diffusion of intelligence, the diffusion of property, and the diffusion of conscientiousness. These four things: liberty, intelligence, property, conscientiousness—unless we can saturate America with them, she never will be clay soft enough for the hands of the potter, that is, for the hands of the average multitude. But if we can diffuse conscientiousness, I think we shall have secured a diffusion of property, so that in the last analysis the diffusion of conscientiousness is the first work of the republic, and that work is the first work of the church, the great American Church; and we can then have a glorious American Republic, otherwise not. Unless we attend to the diffusion of conscientiousness in the population we descend at once. Any population that does not come together every week, with clean clothes and with sacred song and elevated discussion, and feel religious sympathy, will ultimately be led by quacks. And the unchurched population is very large among the unemployed, very large among those who are the explosive material in our cities, very large south, east, and west among tramps. There is to me no hope for America unless we give up the pet theory of our fathers, that the diffusion of liberty and intelligence is enough for republicanism. The diffusion of intelligence and property, fair wages, after fair rates have been paid to capital, and then diffusion of conscientiousness, and nothing short of that will save America from the evil we have seen burst forth all the way from Baltimore to San Francisco. In the church is the safety of republicanism."

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Living Preachers.

SINCERITY NOT ENOUGH.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.



ALSE doctrines among Christians have always been common. In one sense they are a good sign. When bad money is coined by forgers, it is a sign that good money is valuable. When false doctrines are put in circulation, it is a sign that the devil hates true doctrine, knows its value, and wants to prevent its doing good.

There is a false doctrine abroad in the present day, against which I desire to put you on your guard. It is a wide-spread delusion, and one which is calculated to do immense harm. The doctrine I allude to is this,—That we ought to be satisfied with the state of any man's soul, if he is only *sincere*, no matter what he thinks is truth.

This is a very common heresy indeed, and one against which we all need to be armed. There are thousands who say in the present day,

"We have nothing to do with the opinions of others. They may perhaps be mistaken, though it is possible they are right and we wrong;—but if they are sincere we hope they will be saved, even as we." And all this sounds liberal and charitable, and people like to fancy their own views are so.

Now I believe such notions are entirely contradictory to the Bible, whatever else they may be. I cannot find in Scripture that anyone ever got to heaven by sincerity, or was accepted with God if he was only *earnest* in maintaining his own views. The priests of Baal were *sincere* when they cut themselves with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out; but still that did not prevent Elijah from commanding them to be treated as wicked idolaters. Manasseh, king of Judah, was doubtless *sincere* when he burned his children in the fire to Moloch; but who does not know that he brought on himself great guilt by so doing? The Apostle Paul, when a Pharisee, was *sincere* while he made havoc of the Church; but when his eyes were opened he mourned over this as a special wickedness. Let us beware of allowing for a moment, that *sincerity* is everything, and that we have no right to think ill of a man's spiritual state, because of the opinions he holds, if he is only earnest in holding them. On such principles the Druidical sacrifices, the car of Juggernaut, the Indian Suttees, the systematic murders of the Thugs, the fires of Smithfield, might each and all be defended. It will not stand. It will not bear the test of Scripture. Once allow such notions to be true, and you may as well throw your Bible aside altogether. Sincerity is not Christ, and therefore sincerity cannot put away sin.

I dare be sure these opinions sound very unpleasant to the minds of some who may read them. But I tell you of them advisedly and deliberately. I say calmly that a religion without Christ,—a religion that takes away from Christ,—a religion that adds anything to Christ,—or a religion that puts *sincerity* in the place of Christ,—are all alike dangerous,—are all to be avoided, and all are alike contrary to the doctrine of Scripture.

You may not like this. I am sorry for it. You may think me uncharitable,—illiberal,—narrow-minded,—bigoted, and so forth. Be it so. But you will not tell me my doctrine is that not of the word of God, and of the Church, whose minister I am. That doctrine is salvation in Christ to the very uttermost,—but out of Christ no salvation at all, however zealous and sincere a man may be.

I feel it a duty to bear my solemn testimony against the spirit of the day you live in; to warn you against its infection. It is not Atheism I

fear so much in the present times as Pantheism. It is not the system which says *nothing* is true, so much as the system which says *everything* is true. It is not the system which says there is no Saviour, so much as the system which says there are many Saviours, and many ways to peace. It is the system which is so *liberal*, that it dares not say anything is false. It is the system which is so *charitable*, that it will allow everything to be true. It is the system which seems ready to honour other religions as well as that of our Lord Jesus Christ: to class them all together, and hope well of all those who profess them. Confucius and Zoroaster,—Socrates and Mahomet,—the Indian Brahmins, and the African devil-worshippers,—Arius and Pelagius,—Ignatius Loyola and Socinus, are all to be treated respectfully, none are to be condemned! It is the system which bids us smile complacently on all creeds and systems of religion. The Bible and the Koran,—the Hindoo Vedas and the Persian Zendavesta,—the old wives' fables of Rabbinical writers and the rubbish of Patristic traditions—the Racovian Catechism and the thirty-nine Articles—the Revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg and the Book of Mormon of Joseph Smith;—all are to be listened to, none are to be denounced as lies! It is the system which is so scrupulous about the feelings of others, that we are never to say they are wrong. It is the system which is so liberal, that it calls a man a bigot, if he dares to say, “I know my views are right.” This is the system, this is the tone of feeling which I fear in this day. This is the system which I desire emphatically to testify against and denounce.

What is it but a bowing down before a great idol, speciously called liberality? What is it all but a sacrificing of truth upon the altar of a caricature of charity? Beware of it, reader,—beware that the rushing stream of public opinion do not carry you away. Beware of it, if you believe the Bible. Has the Lord God spoken to us in the Bible, or has he not? Has he shown us the way of salvation plainly in that Bible, or has he not? Has he declared to us the dangerous state of all out of that way, or has he not? Gird up the loins of your mind, and look these questions fairly in the face, and give them an honest answer. Tell us that there is some other inspired book besides the Bible, and then we shall know what you mean. Tell us that the whole Bible is not inspired, and then we shall know where to meet you. But grant for a moment that the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible is God's truth, and then I know not in what way you can escape the conclusion that *sincerity* alone will not save your soul. From the liberality which says everybody is right,—from the charity which forbids you to say any-

body is wrong,—from the peace which is bought at the expense of truth may the good Lord deliver you!

I speak for myself,—I find no resting-place between downright evangelical Christianity, and downright infidelity, whatever others may find. I see no half-way house between them, or houses that are roofless, and cannot shelter my weary soul. I can see consistency in an infidel, however much I may pity him. I can see consistency in the full maintenance of evangelical truth. But as to a middle course between the two. I cannot see it, and I say so plainly. Let it be called illiberal and uncharitable, I can hear God's voice nowhere except in the Bible, and I can see no salvation for sinners in the Bible excepting through Jesus Christ. In him I see abundance. Out of him I see none. And as for those who hold religions in which Christ is not all, whoever they may be, I have a most uncomfortable feeling about their safety. I do not for a moment say that none of them are saved, but I say that those who are saved, are saved by their disagreement with their own principles, and in spite of their own system. The man who wrote the famous line,

“He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,”

was a great poet undoubtedly, but he was a wretched divine.

Let me conclude with a few words by way of application.

First of all, if sincerity alone will save, and there is no salvation excepting in Christ, make sure you have an interest in that salvation yourself. Do not be content with hearing, and approving, and assenting to the truth, and going no further. Seek to have a personal interest in this salvation. Lay hold by faith for your own soul. Rest not till you know and feel that you have got actual possession of that peace with God which Jesus offers, and that Christ is yours, and you are Christ's. If there were two or three or more ways of getting to heaven, there would be no necessity for pressing this matter upon you. But if there is only *one* way, you will hardly wonder that I say, “Make sure that you are in it.”

Secondly, if sincerity alone will not save, and there is no salvation excepting in Christ, try to do good to the souls of all who do not know him as a Saviour. There are millions in this miserable condition,—millions in foreign lands,—millions in your own country,—millions who are not trusting in Christ. You ought to feel for them, if you are a true Christian;—you ought to pray for them;—you ought to work for them, while there is yet time. Do you really believe that Christ is the only way to heaven?—then live as if you believed it.

Look round the circle of your own relatives and friends. Count

them up one by one, and think how many of them are not yet in Christ. Try to do good to them in some way or other. Act as a man should act who believes his friends to be in danger. Do not be content with their being kind and amiable, gentle and good tempered, moral and courteous, earnest and sincere in their religion. Be miserable about them till they come to Christ by faith, and are actually born again,—for miserable you ought to be. Let nobody alone who is out of Christ, if only you have opportunities of reaching him. I know all this may sound like enthusiasm and fanaticism. I wish there was more of it in the world. Anything, I am sure, is better than a quiet indifference about the souls of others, as if everybody was in the way to heaven. Nothing, to my mind, so proves our little faith, as our little feeling about the spiritual condition of those around us.

This is the true charity, to believe all things, and hope all things, so long as we see the Bible doctrines maintained, and Christ exalted, but no longer. Christ must be the single standard by which all opinions must be measured. Let us hope well about all who honor him. But let us never forget that the same Apostle Paul who wrote about charity, says also, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema."

Poetry.

THE DYING CHILD.

Oh, clasp me in your arms, mother ;
 Once more oh let me rest
 My weary, aching head upon
 Thy pure and loving breast.
 Oh, gently hold my feeble form
 Close to thy throbbing heart,
 And on my brow imprint one kiss,
 Sweet mother, ere we part.

I feel that life is sinking fast,
 Soon will its pains be o'er;
 They'll bear me to the lone churchyard,
 You'll see my face no more !
 But do not weep when I am gone,
 God knoweth what is best;
 I shall be free from sorrow then,
 Among the pure and blessed.

I do not fear to die, mother,
To lie beneath the sod;
My body only there will sleep—
My soul will be with God.
Yet I would have thee plant some flowers,
To yield a sweet perfume,
Upon the gentle breeze that blows
About my lonely tomb.

And when above that quiet spot
Bright stars their vigil keep,
You'll come and kneel upon the mound,
But, mother, do not weep.
My spirit will be near thee, then,
And God will hear thy prayer;
He'll guide you to the pearly gate,
And I will meet you there.

Oh, mother! I'm so weary now,
Surely I'm going home—
Yes! yes! I see bright angel ones!
They softly whisper—come!
But we will not be parted long:
Sweet mother, do not cry;
The angels say they'll bring you soon
To God's dear home—good-bye.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

Not gazing idly toward the far blue sky,
With idle wish to see an angel pass,
But mindful of the soft winds drifting by;
The wealth of green, the sunlight on the grass,
I stoop to pick the flowers around my feet,
Thinking God loved them when he made them sweet.

Thinking that He would have me love them, too—
The daisies, and the clover red and white,
The sky, wild roses, sparkling yet with dew,
The blue-eyed grass uplifted to the light—
And thanking Him that with such beauty here,
He gave the seeing eye, the hearing ear.

Not longing for the tranquil evening hour,
When busy plans must all be laid aside,
When active hands and brain must lose their power,
And with their half-done work rest satisfied;
But, drinking in the blessed morning air,
I watch the climbing sun, with eager prayer.

The whole long day is Thine, O Lord, I say,
 With all its happy, helpful work to do;
 For single eye and steady hand I pray,
 To do my part ere yet the day is through.
 The noon must come, and afterward the night,
 But first and best is this glad morning light—

This light in which our duties stand out clear,
 When earth and sky alike are free from doubt,
 When even distant mountain-tops draw near,
 And far-off pine trees stretch their branches out.
 Uncertain yet I feel what life may give,
 But certain 'tis a blessed thing to live.

To live in Christ; not glorious death alone
 Unites us with the Master, at whose feet
 The small, brown sparrow never fell unknown,
 And ne'er unheeded bloomed the lily sweet.
 By walking in His footsteps we may see
 How fair and good our common life may be.—*Congregationalist.*

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

The grand hymn commencing, "I would not live alway," has long been a favorite with the whole Christian Church. It is full of sweetness, comfort, and holy joy. It has been sung by millions scattered all over the world, and will be repeated by millions in ages yet to come. The authorship of this beautiful hymn belongs to Dr. William A. Muhlenberg. The original first appeared in *Episcopal Recorder*, in Philadelphia, in 1824, and read as follows:—

"I would not live alway—live alway below!
 Oh, no! I'll not linger when bidden to go;
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer;
 Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of God,
 Apostles and martyrs so joyfully trod?
 Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam,
 While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
 Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
 Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
 And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray
 Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

"I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
 Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears;
The festival trumpet calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

"I would not live alway! no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom
Where He deigned to sleep I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

"Who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

"That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harper ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King, all arrayed in his beauty, behold!
Oh, give me, oh, give me the wings of a dove,
To adore Him, be near Him, enrapt with His love!
I wait but the summons, I list for the word;
Alleluia! Amen! e'ermore with the Lord!"

Christian Thought.

THE PECULIAR REFORMATORY FORCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D., OF THE METROPOLITAN M. E. CHURCH, WASHINGTON,
D. C., AT CHAUTAUQUA.

HE great thought of the hour is the reformatory forces of Christianity. The very idea of reformation supposes that there is something in man from which he is to be reformed, and something out of man to which he is to be reformed.

FOUR GREAT FACTS.

What then is the radical condition of humanity which renders reformation a necessity. Our theory is that man is depraved. Four great

facts confront us on every hand: first, there is such a thing in the world as what men agree to call vice, that the viciousness of our nature is manifested in pride and vanity, in envy and jealousy, in hatefulness and revenge, in theft and murder, in adultery and intemperance. And, secondly, men agree also that there is in the world what we call virtue, which is manifested in meekness and humanity, in spirituality and contentment, in the subordination of the physical passions and appetites, and, in a word, in acts of charity towards men and in deeds of devotion towards God. A third great fact is that this vice and virtue have their seat, not in the intellect, not in the physique, but in the man's moral nature; that man is radically bad, but not totally bad; that he is capable of bringing to maturity whatever is good, letting alone whatever is evil, only by a power outside of himself. The fourth great fact worthy of consideration is that the suppression of vice, whether in the individual, in the family, in society, in the nation, in the world,—and the development of virtue, whether in the individual or family or society or the nation or the world—the suppression of the one and the development of the other is by a force external to man, higher than man, as high as God.

CHRIST'S IDEA.

What is Christ's idea of mankind? His conception of humanity is that it is radically wrong, that it is radically bad from inheritance, that that which comes to us by the law of transmission is developed by education and by surrounding circumstances, and that which is radically bad in humanity manifests itself in the inordinate gratification of the appetites and passions; in the insubordination of the will, in the torpidity of the conscience, in the estrangement of the affections, the subordinating of man to selfishness. This is Christ's idea of the original radical condition of humanity. What is His great reformatory force? My distinguished brother, who was to have spoken to you this morning, framed the title of his thesis as "The Peculiar Christian Reformatory Forces." I accept the plurality of the phrase, but I turn away from all secondary reformatory forces comprehended in the system of Christianity, and I desire to fix your attention upon the great, the primeval, the initial, the fundamental reformatory force in the gospel for the reformation of mankind. And what is that force? That force is that a force outside of man, a power greater than man, a power high and great as God must come into the human heart and give subordination to his will, intone the conscience to the severest morality, and enthroned Christ in the affections of the human heart.

WHAT CHRIST DID NOT.

What Christ did not do is as remarkable as what He did do. He is not a philanthropist in the ordinary sense. He came not into the world to improve man's physical condition as a primary object. He discouraged all desire or hope on the part of His followers as to temporal expectation. He boldly declared : "in the world ye shall have tribulation ;" and when a scribe said to him, "Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest," he chilled the desire and silenced the expression by saying : "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." If you say to me that when Peter declared, "We have forsaken all for Thee," that the Master replied : "They that have forsaken fathers and mothers" and so on, "for me shall receive a hundred-fold in this world." I say that that was simply declarative of a result, and was not presented as a motive. If you insist upon it that it was a motive, then I affirm that the motive was negatived by the expression that Christ also added : "Tribulation and persecution." The miracles that He wrought were but the credentials of His ministry, and I am not far from the truth when I assert that had He not come as the Son of God to proclaim himself to the faith of mankind as such, He would not have wrought a miracle. He did not heal all the blind, He did not restore all the sick, He did not raise all the dead, but here and there, wherever He could write a credential by a miraculous power, there He wrote it. The poor were around him, the orphans were on every hand, but Christ organized no orphan asylum. The widows wept around Him, but He instituted no houses of mercy for them. He has not the poor honor of Howard, nor the honor of Peabody, who reared tenement houses for the working classes. He does not rank as a philanthropist in the ordinary sense. Nor did He come into the world as the great teacher of science. He founded no college. He opened the portals of no university. He did not send the schoolmaster abroad. Nay, with contempt He uttered the saying that "By wisdom the world knows not God." He was familiar with the secrets of nature. He was a high priest of science. His Divine imagination grasped the universe. What a system of science he could have given. He might have anticipated Bacon, Newton, La Place and others. All the magnificent inventions of to-day, which have lifted the burden of toil from the shoulders of humanity, flowed through that Divine imagination. The iron horse, the electric telegraph, the screw, the wedge, the lever, all these were familiar to him. He might have anticipated Watt, and Morse, and others. What a system

of *materia medica* He could have given to mankind. The science of medicine was then not only in its infancy, but it was absolutely cruel in its practice. . He was a philanthropist you say. His great heart yearned over the physical conditions of humanity. Why then out of the immense resources of His Divine intellect, did He not give us a system of comparative anatomy and of physiology, of *materia medica* that would have prolonged human life, that would have relieved men and women from the thousand pains and pangs, and thus alleviate our sufferings. He has not the poor honor of Francis Bacon—Francis Bacon who had the prescience of the coming day, and gave to mankind a new law for the interpretation of nature. He came not into the world as a statesman; He expressed no preference for this form of government or that. Thrice he was invited to act as a judge; He declined. Once he was solicited to act as a king; but he refused. He was not a statesman. Despotism was around him. The very emperor who sat on the throne of Rome spread his empire over one hundred and twenty millions of human beings, and that empire extended from the river Euphrates to the Atlantic ocean. Despotism was everywhere, but He did not declare himself for a republic, or for a democracy, or for an aristocracy. He simply uttered this great truth. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Nor did he come into the world as an abolitionist. Slavery was around Him on every hand. Roman slavery with features more terrible than the domestic slavery of the south. And he himself predicted that his own countrymen should be carried into bondage till the market was glutted and there were no more buyers. He did not go on a crusade against domestic slavery with Wilberforce, nor did he issue a proclamation of emancipation with Lincoln. He talked of swords, he spoke of arms, he described soldiers, but he organized no peace society, as has Elihu Burritt, and John Bright. The social evil was around him, but all he said was to the Magdalene: "Go and sin no more." Intemperance was as prevalent then as it is now, but he offered no pledge to the people. Idolatry cursed every valley, and sat upon every hill-top, but he addressed no crusade against idolatory.

WHAT CHRIST DID.

Ah! the Master standing on the eminence of the ages looked out upon the world. He looked to China, and saw that subordination had been a failure there. He looked also to the east, and saw that mental abstraction had been a failure there. He looked to India, and saw that intellectuality had been a failure there. His eye glanced over classic Greece, from Homer down to the Academy of Plato. He recalled the

marvelous words of those renowned writers. He saw the marble breathe under the chisel of Phidias, and the paintings by those immortal artists—the grapes of Attica, and the birds of Attica came and pecked at them. But he saw that culture, culminating under a sunny sky, under the most favorable circumstance, was not the great reformatory force indispensable to the recovery of mankind. He turned his eye to Rome. He saw what the sword had done: nay, he beheld what law had done, law teaching the Emperor on his throne, teaching the soldier in his camp, teaching the peasant in his cottage. He saw law enthroned in all its brilliancy, all its power, but he turned away from all these reformatory forces, and he said: "I must take the citadel of men, I must ask permission to go into the heart of man, I must invite him to place his will subject to my will, to permit me to quicken his conscience, to enthrone me in his affections, to live for me in his life. I must ask him to fill his days with charity towards men, with devotion towards God. Nay, I must ask him to permit me to transform him into myself, so that each man shall be a living, walking, breathing, thinking, loving, working Christ." This is the great reformatory force. Let us praise the church as an organization; let us praise the Sunday school as an auxiliary force; let us thank God for the potency of the press, secular and religious. Let us rejoice in our schools of learning and in our halls of justice. Let us send up a doxology to-day for civilization in all its component parts, in all its elements of power, but let us remember that he who was wiser than the wise turned away from all these things. His eye glanced over the race. He said: "Humanity can rise to these things without my aid." Some master-mind is yet to give the world a simple, direct, new definition of civilization. That definition can not be found in our lexicons. It is not recorded in cyclopedias. I do not hesitate to say that humanity may reach a civilization of the highest intellectual culture, where art shall revel in glory, where government shall be wise and paternal, where the sciences shall be advanced, where all the elements of our civilization may exist without the great primal factor, namely the Holy Ghost upon the human heart.

CONCLUSION.

What now is the conclusion? What is the reformatory force of Christianity? It is the salvation of the sinner. It is the conversion of men. The momentous question that Christ put to the world was: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "I have come to seek and save those that are lost." His great condition is: "Ye must be born again." Oh, ministers of God, everything else is

futile, every thing else is a failure unless the soul is saved, saved by the blood of Christ. Oh, men of the press, who can write in lines of light, whose eloquence can raise rhetoric into logic, and metaphor into argument, remember! remember that the press is a failure unless man's heart is changed by the Holy Ghost sent down from above. Superintendents, teachers, laborers in this glorious work of bringing the lambs to Christ, yours it seems to me is the initial work, yours the most comprehensive work, yours the grandest, as we anticipate the result. But, remember, superintendents, remember librarians, remember secretaries, remember teachers, remember all ye workers in the school and Sunday School cause, that your work is a failure unless the young heart is brought to Jesus, unless Christ is enthroned in the affections of childhood. Let this be done. What then? Then comes the elevation of the race. Then comes the ingathering of mankind. Then comes that long anticipated day when the kingdoms of this world shall be the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Christian Life.

RICHARD COBDEN.



Y the generosity of an American gentleman, for many years in business in Bradford, England, a statue of Mr. Cobden was recently presented to that town. At the unveiling, Mr. Bright discoursed very tenderly of his companion in arms in the great battle for cheap education and cheap bread. It is well to remember how diversified the forms in which Christ appears in his people. At one time Christ meets us in his servants toiling in foreign mission fields, then in back streets of our cities comforting the sorrowful and feeding the hungry; in the press, in the pulpit, in the hospital, in the battle field; translating the Bible, writing tracts, exploring wild lands; in all these positions do we see Christ working in the great heart of his holy Catholic Church. It is interesting, therefore, to get glimpses, through the light of a bosom friend, of Cobden battling for the rights of the people to cheap literature, cheap education, cheap bread, cheap government.

Mr. Bright, having amid cheers unveiled the statue, said:—We are met to do honor to the memory of a man whom I do not hesitate to describe as one of the best and noblest Englishmen of our times.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' FRIENDSHIP.

I have been asked, I presume, to take part, and the most prominent part, in this morning's ceremony, because of my intimate acquaintance and intimate personal relationship with Mr. Cobden—which lasted unbroken and undisturbed by a single jar during the long period of twenty-five years.

MR. COBDEN'S BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

You know, probably, that Mr. Cobden was not what in the world's language is called highborn—that he did not enter on life with what we call good connections, that he was not surrounded by appliances of wealth, that it could not be said of him that fortune came smiling to his youth and wooed it—for he was born, if not in a humble, at least in a very moderate farm house, of a respectable, quiet and honorable family, in the county of Sussex. Of his school days I shall say only this, that I suppose he had no better opportunity of education in the school to which he went than have almost all the boys now of similar age throughout the whole of Great Britain. He had no opportunity of attending the ancient universities, and of availing himself of the advantages, and I am afraid I may say in some degree of suffering from some of the disadvantages from which those universities are not free.

MR. COBDEN'S FIRST SPEECH AT ROCHDALE.

The first great public question to which he turned his mind, as far as I am able to gather, was the question of public and national education—and I know that the first time I became acquainted with him was in connection with that question. I went over to Manchester to call upon him and ask him if he would be kind enough to come over to Rochdale and speak at an education meeting which was about to be held in the school-room of the Baptist Chapel in West Street, of that town. I found him in his office in Morley Street, and introduced myself to him, and told him what I wanted. His countenance lit up with pleasure to find that there were others that were working in this question, and without hesitation he agreed to come. He came and he spoke, and though he was then so young as a speaker, yet the qualities of his speech were such as remained with him so long as he was able to speak at all. Clearness, logic, a conversational eloquence, a persuasiveness which, when conjoined with the absolute truth that there was in his eye and in his countenance, it was impossible to resist.

THE CORN LAWS—FIVE YEARS' UNSTINTED WORK.

After this there came up the question of the Corn Laws, for the skies had lowered, and the harvests were bad, and in the year 1888 there was a considerable movement in Manchester, partly by some private individuals, and partly, and most importantly by the Chamber of Commerce, an Anti-Corn Law Association was formed, which ultimately and soon became the now famous Anti-Corn Law League. I will not speak of the labors of the League. They are known to some here. The time has faded, and the League and its labors have gone into the past; but its results remain and can never be destroyed. But for several years a discussion on that one question, whether it was good for a man to have half a loaf or a whole loaf, for several years that discussion was maintained—I will not say with doubtful result, for the result never was doubtful and never could be in such a cause. But for five years or more we devoted ourselves without stint; every working hour almost was given up to the discussion and the movement in connection with this question.

HARD TIMES—A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

There is one incident that to me is most touching in connection with it, and which I hesitate to refer to, and yet I feel as if I scarcely could avoid it. It was in September of the year 1841. The suffering throughout the country was fearful. You who live now and were not of age to observe what was passing in the country can have no idea of the state of your country in that year. Well, it was at that time that I was at Leamington, and one day Mr. Cobden called upon me—for he happened to be there also on a visit to some relatives. I was then in the depths of grief, and I might almost say of despair, for the light and the sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said:—"There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the corn law is repealed. I accepted his invitation. I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, therefore I accepted his invitation, and from that time we never ceased to labor hard on behalf of the resolution we had made.

THE RESULTS OF FREE TRADE.

If you cast your eyes over the globe what is it you see? Look at Canada, look at the United States, whether on the Atlantic Sea or on the Pacific slope; look at Chili, look at the Australian Colonies, look at the great and rich Province of Bengal, look on the shores of the Black Sea or of the Baltic—wherever the rain falls, wherever the sun shines, wherever there are markets, and granaries, and harvest fields, there are men and women everywhere gathering that which comes to this country for the sustenance of her people. And our fleets traverse every sea, and visit every port, and bring us the food that only about thirty years ago the laws of this civilized and Christian country denied to its people. You find that in holy writ "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." We have put holy writ into an Act of Parliament, and since then of that fulness every man, and woman, and little child in this country may freely and abundantly partake.

MR. COBDEN AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

After that, and not long after, came another great political transaction, which greatly disturbed him, as you may suppose—I mean the war with Russia—the Crimean war. Turning back to his pamphlet, one can understand the profound grief with which he must have seen the policy of the country at that time. He had warned it against it, he had hoped that it was impossible, and yet in a moment of passion and of prejudice that war was undertaken. He, speaking to me about it more than once, said:—"When the people are thus in a state of frenzy, when their reason seems to be dethroned, it is useless to argue with them. We must wait till there comes a cooler and a more reasonable time;" and he looked on, sad and dejected, till the termination of the strife.

THE FRENCH TREATY.

Finally, the treaty was signed, and the triumph was achieved, and I venture to say there is no act of any statesman's life that can be looked back to with more unalloyed pleasure by him who did it, or by his friends who stood by him and commended it, than that great act of the commercial treaty with our neighbouring country of France. There are persons who think there didn't much come out of it, and these are people who want the world to get on much faster than it appears that Providence has enabled it to get on. I saw the other day that in that little book of Mr. Ashworth's he says not less than twenty-seven commercial treaties between different countries in Europe followed the treaty between England and France, and if this were the time, and I had now the opportunity to

give you the figures connected with it, you would see that the traffic between England and France in fifteen years had increased three-fold, and the commerce between the different nations, or about half-a-dozen of the principal nations, had increased also to an enormous extent.

MR. CORDEN'S LAST DAYS.

It was a circumstance somewhat singular, and very affecting to my mind, that on the very day when President Lincoln and the Northern forces entered the city of Richmond, and when in point of fact the slave confederacy was vanquished and at an end, on that very day, on that very Sunday, that 2nd of April in the year 1865, the spirit of my friend left its earthly tenement and took its way to another, and to him, doubtless—and I do not trust in vain—a brighter world. I had been only a month before that sad day visiting him at his house at Midhurst. It was a day in the early March. We strolled out in the fields, and as we were returning home he began to talk of his poor boy—his only son—who had died some nine or ten years before, and he said, turning round and pointing to a beautiful little church in a most lovely situation, “Yes, my poor boy lies there, and I shall very soon be with him.” I little thought how soon. Only a few days afterwards he went up to London. It was a time when the question of spending large sums as an absurd and monstrous idea of defending Canada from the United States was under discussion. He went up to London with the intention of speaking upon that question, and pointing out to the House of Commons the foolish and irrational course on which they were invited to enter. He went up on one of the bitterest days of that month of March, and he was stricken by the cold, and fatally stricken. Only some ten days afterwards, I think, his complaint became greatly aggravated, and on that 2nd of April that I have spoken of I was at his room early in the morning, and remained with him during some unconscious hours, until the final close of a life to which I felt myself, and have always felt myself so strongly attached. One more picture of him. I attended his funeral at Midhurst, and he was laid in the same vault with his poor boy, and in which they are now accompanied by the remains of his dear wife and the dear boy’s mother. I attended, I say, the funeral. Before we left the house, leaning on his coffin with his daughter—one of his sorrowing daughters, whose attachment to her father seemed to have been a passion scarcely equalled among daughters—she said, “My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount.” Why, his own life was to a large extent—I speak it with deference and with hesitation—a sermon based upon that greatest of all sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice.

Christian Work.

MISSION WORK IN LOWER CANADA.

HE painful prominence lately given to the Roman Catholic question in Montreal, renders peculiarly opportune the following extracts from the journals of the missionaries of the French Canadian Missionary Society, with which we have just been favored. We presume that all our readers are more or less familiar with the efforts of this Society to evangelize Lower Canada, by sending colporteurs through the country with the Scriptures, and by gathering the young into its excellent schools at Point-aux-Trembles and elsewhere. The extracts given below show that the work makes sure progress, even if somewhat slow. They will be read with interest, as showing the character of the work and the agents employed in it. We have to permeate the mass of Lower Canadian Romanism with Protestant intelligence and morality. A solid million of peasants—half of them unable to read or write—is not the most desirable neighbour. Not the least of the dangers which threaten the State is the presence of an ignorant and priest-ridden population, ready to be the tool of the Church, or of the political demagogues who are themselves the Church's instruments.

We invite attention to these extracts :—

“ During the past month we have worked much together and succeeded well in circulating the Word of God. If many refused it, some were willing, and a few even desirous, to have it. A young woman came to us at night to get a Testament : she had come three miles. The bitterness of the priest has made his hearers eager to listen to us. There is a marked change in this parish. People agree that the priest went too far and said things that were untrue. We have had meetings every Saturday night on our return from colporting, and forty or fifty Roman Catholics have come round listening. Many say they now understand the Gospel. An old man of eighty, who is considered wise among them, said openly that he had learned more about religion in three months than he ever learned in seventy years from his Church. Another old man burst into tears, saying, ‘ I know that you speak the Word of God, and I am determined to follow it now. I weep over my past life (he had been a hard drinker); I ask you to pray for me especially.’ His wife and family were at first very bitter, but now themselves listen eagerly. Another man had often refused to listen. He is an honest and influential farmer. Lately

he said : ' I am sorry I did not know you better, for I find that you declare the true Gospel. I thought that the Virgin only could save us, but I see now it is only Jesus. You have proved to me that He is the only Mediator.' "

" There is a great work going on in the minds of scores of these poor benighted people. One man came to us and asked us to read and explain the Gospel. After a long conversation he invited us to go to his house in the evening. We went, and found him with a crowd around, to whom he was relating what we had told him. It did my heart good to listen to him before entering, speaking in his simple speech of Christ and His love. When we began to read, hundreds of questions were asked from every side. Said one man : ' I listen to your prayers and feel another man altogether. I feel that our beads are of no use. I want to pray, but I cannot express myself ; when at my work I ask God to enlighten me.' He has since said before other Roman Catholics that he is one no longer, but will follow the Gospel. He said : ' Some people will call me *Suisse*, but I am very glad to bear any name for the name of Jesus.' "

" A woman has come to know the truth through reading a Testament. The last time she went to confession the cure said to her : ' If you will not promise not to let that Protestant bookseller come again to your house, I will not give you absolution.' She replied : ' If you will not give me absolution, the good God will give me his. Tell me, sir, when you read us some verses of the gospel is it not good ? ' ' Certainly.' ' Oh, well, the colporteur only reads two or three chapters in the same book.' "

" A medical student tried to overthrow me in discussing religion. He said : ' Supposing that our priests do teach us error, and we in our ignorance believe it, do you think we shall be lost ? ' ' Well,' I said, ' supposing you were a doctor, and I came to you for medicine, and you in mistake gave me poison, do you think my ignorance of what was in the bottle would change its properties and render it harmless to me ? ' ' No,' he replied. ' Ah, well, so it is with your cures ; if they teach you a lie, your ignorance will not change it into the truth. The Gospel says that if the blind lead the blind, *both* shall fall into the ditch.' "

" Coming near another village, I met a young man, and finding he could read, but did not know even what the Bible was, I gave him one to take home, and told him I would call in an hour to see if he would buy it. I found him surrounded with neighbours to whom he was reading the Bible. I asked him if he wished to keep it. ' Yes,' he said, ' here is your money.' Just then a man entered who cried out that these were *Suisse* books, and that I was ' a devil.' I told the young man that it was God's

Word he was reading, and that men had no right to forbid him. 'Sir,' said he, 'I'll read it to the end; and if it is all like what I have read, no man shall take it from me.' I have also had some success in circulating the Word among the lumbermen on the Gatineau."

"The brother of a young man lately converted is himself also changed. I went to see the parents, who are still Catholics. Taking me for one also, the father said: 'My affliction is more to-day than ever. My two sons have changed their religion and become Protestants. My neighbour here prevailed on them to go to his church, and it was there my oldest son changed; and since then my youngest has changed through my neighbour always talking to him.' I said: 'Are your boys who have become Protestants worse boys to-day than they were before?' 'Oh, no,' said he; 'before my eldest boy changed he used to get drunk, he would swear most fearfully, he used to smoke and chew tobacco; but now he has laid aside all these bad habits.' I said, 'thank God for that.' I then read the third chapter of John, and while I was explaining the Word of God to him his daughter came in and sat down to listen. Then I asked him if I might pray. He said he had never heard a Protestant pray in French. He got all his children to kneel down around me, and when we rose from prayer the father walked into the next room to conceal his tears. When I took leave, he went quite a distance with me to the public road, and expressed a hope that I would visit him again.

Montreal, July, 1877.

MISSION WORK AT LIVINGSTONIA.—RESCUE OF HUNTED SLAVES.

BY THE REV. DR. STEWART, HEAD OF THE FREE CHURCH MISSION AT LIVINGSTONIA.

Since I wrote last, in December, I am glad to be able to tell you that things here have been going on well—nothing of a. untoward kind of any consequence having occurred—while there is much to be thankful for. There have been a few cases of fever, mostly slight, and the health of the party continues fairly good. We cannot expect in latitude 14 degs. south the same robust vigour or energy we enjoy in latitude 50 degs. north. Since the beginning of this year Livingstonia seems to have taken a great start, and to have begun to grow, and in one of the directions we specially wish it to grow, as an anti-slavery centre. Up to September or October

last there were very few people actually settled here—certainly not a dozen—though there were others constantly coming and going from the neighbouring villages. Since then, five or six different parties have come seeking protection, and wishing to live with the English. The last and largest of these numbered twenty-two, and they came to us in a somewhat strange way. Early one morning a man appeared in the station and said that he had arrived during the night, and had slept on the sand on the beach. He was poorly clad, and in a woeful condition, and he looked doubly so on a raw, rainy morning. His story was as follows:—That he and several others had come from the country of Mpemba—a notorious slaving chief on the western shore of the lake; that they had been privately informed by a friend that they were to be sold, and had fled in a large canoe to an island, which was uninhabited, intending to come on here; that the canoe had got broken on the rocks, and that he had come here to ask assistance in the patched-up fragments and remnants of what had held them all; that he had been two days and two nights on the way, and that there were twenty-two men, women, and children still on the island, and that they had nothing to eat and no means of getting off since the canoe was now broken. Would we help them?

His story seemed a little odd, and yet it had a certain ring of truth. We accordingly got up steam in the *Ilala*, and in less than five hours ran over the distance that had taken him two days in his crazy canoe, the pieces of which were sewn together with bark and rivetted with wooden pegs in a wonderful manner. About one o'clock we reached the island, which we approached cautiously, partly on account of the rocks, and partly because I did not know whether we were not being led into a trap. Dr. Black went ashore in the boat, and shortly had them all on board—twenty-two souls in all—including one or two infants. They had nothing with them, except a few hoes, some bows and arrows, which the natives always carry, about a pint of dried maize in a calabash, and a basketful of wild roots they had dug on the island. We had cooked some grain on the way for them, and this we gave them as soon as they came on board. We then lifted our anchor and steamed off, and after five hours' steaming, reached the station at sunset with our living freight. In the morning they were in a miserable plight—uncertain of their fate and of any deliverance; in the evening they were safely housed in Livingstonia, and I have no doubt their slumbers were deep and sound, or their dreams, if any, pleasant from the knowledge that now they are safe under the protection of the English, and that no slaver's paw would now clutch or

hurt them. So far as they have yet gone they have been well-behaved and willing to work, but it is too early yet to express an opinion. Their story receives confirmation from the fact that we heard a dhow had passed over lately from the east to the west side, to "hunt elephants," as our native informer in vain tried to get us to believe. This dhow was no doubt the "large canoe" those whom we rescued said they saw and were informed that it was "to carry off people who were to be sold," themselves amongst the number. They also said that several other canoes had left the village at the same time to come here, but none of them have made their appearance as yet.

In the afternoon of the day of the rescue, as we steamed homewards, I could not help feeling that the *Ilala* was about her proper work, and though not a fighting ship, intended to sink and burn dhows and alarm Arabs out of their skins and color, yet in a peaceful way she was circumventing these workers of evil, and fulfilling one of the real objects of her mission. It was sometimes asked at home two years ago what we were going to do with a steamer. It would be difficult to describe all its uses or fairly to estimate its value. It is perhaps enough to say that our position and our progress would have been entirely different without the *Ilala*; even with the largest boat we have here—a gig given to us by Port Elizabeth friends—it would have taken us a week to have carried off these people from the island, as not more than four or five, with the rowers, could have been taken at one time. We have, however, to sustain those who come to us till their own gardens yield them food. For this we expect them to work at reduced wages, and they seem very willing to do so. But we have now about ninety or more daily to feed, besides those attached to or forming part of the mission staff, instead of eight or ten as last year. Even at the moderate ration of one pound to two pounds of grain a day, this involves an expenditure of a ton of *mepira* or maize every month. To get this we have to scour the coasts of the lake with the steamer. Of course this will involve more expenditure in the way of calico than perhaps the committee contemplated. But it must be plain enough that if we give this people protection we must for a time give them food and work; otherwise it is simply protection, with liberty to die of hunger. I have asked one generous friend of the mission to give us some calico now lying at Quillimane, and which was sent out for another purpose. Our chief want is calico. Common white calico at 8d. per yard, not dearer, even cheaper, would do. It will cost nearly three times that price before we get it here. Since the mission seems to be so wonderfully prospered of God, it ought to be generously nourished

so as to confirm its early growth into mature strength and place it, so far as human means go, beyond the risk of failure from any temporary disaster. It would be difficult to estimate the magnitude of the results which may, with God's help, be attained if this settlement meets with no early and serious check. Of course a single false step here or stinted support from home may give this unhappy check. Hence we need daily to ask for wisdom to find the right and safe course. It cannot be supposed that notorious slave-dealing chiefs will look with friendly eyes on our doings. And in two cases the parties have been sent after, and an attempt made to get them back. In the last case there were two men, one woman, and two children. Had we delivered them up, the older man would probably have been killed, and the woman and younger man sold. It generally takes half a day to go through these cases. There is a great mass of lies on both sides, but if we can fairly make out that no theft, murder, or other crime has been committed, we allow them to remain. We say to those who come to recapture them: "These people came here without our asking them. We do not even ask them to stay. If you can induce them to go back with you do so; but you shall not take them by force, nor lay a finger on them to hurt them." In the argument on the matter they are generally beaten out of the field by the question—"How would you like if I were to seize and sell you." As the messengers don't know but what this, or something equally bad, is intended, the statement generally produces silence and extreme gravity of countenance, and the conference ends. We wish them civilly good-bye, and if they have no food for the return journey we give them some, and they betake themselves to their canoe, or to the road rather, crestfallen and empty of their prey.

The school goes on well and continues to increase. Five more of the sons of Makololo chiefs were brought up the river by Dr. Law the last time he was down.

The daily meetings to which I referred so fully in my last—at present held in the evenings, as the people are scattered at mid-day—are going on regularly, besides two services on Sundays. I have great faith in these as a means of accomplishing much good. For I confess it seemed almost hopeless to try to make any impression on the ignorance of the people by two short meetings at intervals of seven days each. But by daily communication with them on the facts and truths of the Bible, we may expect some light to break in on this worse than Egyptian darkness. That there should be already so much religious and teaching work going on steadily is, as I have before stated, matter both for wonder and

thankfulness. We generally close the meeting with one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. If the music is well sung in the different parts with force and expression, the effect on the audience is very marked, even though they know only a little of the contents of the hymn from a few words of previous explanation. And all this on Lake Nyassa, where fifteen months ago the darkness and silence of centuries was all unbroken by a single sound or by a single ray of light. This is God's working, however, not man's, though the agency be human.

Our first visitor from the outside world arrived at Livingstonia the other day. He came straight to us from near Umballa in the Punjab, where he has been working as an engineer on the Sirhind Canal, and having a furlough of two years, and having also been in Europe lately, he thought he might spend a part of his furlough in some useful way by coming here to see if he could help us. And he has placed himself as a volunteer on the Livingstonia force for a year, impelled, I believe, simply by a vigorous natural activity, and by pure interest in the enterprise and success of missionary work. His coming will be of great service, and has already benefitted us by clearing up our misty views on various pieces of work to be attempted or now going on. The first important work he will probably undertake will be a survey of a road over the Murchison Cataracts, which may be begun next dry season. This survey, when completed, we shall probably offer to one of the branches of the International Society, inaugurated by the King of the Belgians. It will form, so far as we are concerned, an *experimentum crucis* as to whether actual work is intended by that society. It is safer also to begin with a road of sixty miles than with one of 600 to Ujiji. If the society does not aid in the making of this road, we shall have to construct something of a much inferior kind ourselves, as transport over this little bit of sixty miles costs us £6 15s. per ton, and at one time cost the ruinous amount of exactly double that, or £13 10s per ton.

If our visitor were not a relative of my own—and also a James Stewart—I should be disposed to say that this example is worth following by Christian young men who have occasional periods of leisure, whatever be their profession, if it belongs to some useful art. The idea is a new one, and many a mission station and institution might be benefited permanently by the stay in it for twelve months of a man who knew his profession or business thoroughly. A man may not care for spending two entire years in lounging about continental picture galleries or in the pleasant nooks of the old country, and, if he is in vigorous health, may prefer action to inactivity. Of course the number of men who have such periods of leisure is not great.

Practical Paper.

ARE YOU AGREED WITH GOD?

BY REV. JOSEPH COOK, BOSTON, U.S.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?"—Amos iii. 3.

MHEN I lie dying I want the Bible for a pillow. It tells me what I am, and how to get into similarity of feeling with God. That is what I want when I am expecting instant death. If I want it then I want it now. What we see in flashes is true the whole day long, life through, eternity through. If there is any certitude it is a certitude for all time and place. A man cannot escape from himself, or from God, or from his own record. Does the pulpit know anything about these things? It knows that two cannot walk together unless they agree, and that we must walk with ourselves, with God, with our record. The past is absolutely unchangeable. God cannot make what has been not to have been. You were born in Boston. God's omnipotence cannot make it true that you were not born in Boston. The record of your sins remain for ever and for ever. How are you to be at peace face to face with God who knows your sins, and face to face with that record? Well, that record never will be changed.

Perhaps God can screen you from it. This Book says there has been a chastisement of our King substituted for our punishment. And now, if we want to get rid of the load of sin, and desire to have coolness in facing the foe, what is it necessary for us to do? Look at the King who has taken the chastisement in place of our punishment. I aver that of all means of getting rid of the love of sin I do not know one effectual, except looking on the cross.

How can I get rid of this love of sin? I can resolve, and I can hold myself under the stern power of will; but that is not what God wants. You remember, in the old story about the Golden Fleece, one ship's crew went by the Isle of Sirens, and they heard the songs of the women who were fair in their upper forms, but whose bodies ended in snaky twines. Ulysses went by and filled his ears with wax, and bound his crew with knotted thongs. He tied himself to the mast. And thus he went safely by. But afterwards a man named Orpheus, a great musician, came by, and he gave better music than the sirens, and so went by, not with wax in his ears or his crew bound with thongs, but without any

temptation to stop. The ancients knew the difference between morality and religion. That man who went by with wax in his ears was the man of morality. The man who went by and did not want to land because he had better music was the man of religion. His heart was changed by listening to a more ravishing melody than the sirens could produce.

Ulysses rather wanted to land: and so your man of morality rather wants to sin. If that is morality, going by the Isle of Sirens with your ears full of wax and your limbs knotted with thongs, I will give you a certain amount of credit for good judgment and the effort of the will to avoid sin. God forbid that I should underrate morality, but it does not make man at peace with himself. In the nature of things it is not enough to make men walk in peace; only religion, not morality, can do that. Morality is going by with wax in its ears; religion is going by raising a better music, without a single pulsation of desire to land; or if you have such a desire, it is too subsidiary to the torrent of mighty love for what God loves, and hate for what God hates, to count for anything. You may have morality, but, unless you have similarity of feeling with God, you cannot be saved. And I don't know how you can get similarity of feeling with God except by looking at the Cross, and on Him who took chastisement for our punishment. When I look on God as my Redeemer I am glad to take Him for my Lord.

I want to give to every soul here this thought. Look on God as your Redeemer; trust Him, and then it will be easy to take Him as your King. And when you have taken Him both as Redeemer and King, you have saving faith—and never till then. Until you do that you cannot be at peace. When Frederick the First, the father of Frederick the Great, lay dying, he had a false view of the atonement, and Roloff, his chaplain, reproached him for the many crimes of his reign. "We are saved," said Roloff, "on two conditions: the first is that we gladly take God as our Saviour, and the second is that we gladly take God as our King. You seem to believe you are going to take God as your Saviour, but not as your King."

The illustration has held good for more than a hundred years, because it represents the sense of Scripture, that two cannot walk together unless they agree. Ah! the philosophy of man, contrasted with this Divine story of the Cross, is less than a rushlight contrasted with the moon. I solemnly believe I cannot get rid of the love of sin myself; that I must get rid of the love of sin if I am to be happy when I go hence and the Bible tells me that God is my Redeemer from sin. I believe that. I look on Him, and I lose the love of sin, and am brought into similarity of feeling with the personality of God—and that is salvation.

Christian Miscellany.

MOODY ON MARRIAGE.

HE first miracle was performed at a marriage. The first thing that will take place in the next dispensation will be the marriage of the Lamb. I want to say a few words about matrimony. The moment that I mention that subject there is a general titter. People talk about death as the most solemn thing in life. I believe that the most solemn step that any man ever took was matrimony. There are a number of hells on earth to-day because people have not been led together by God; because their marriage was not made in heaven, and God never intended them to live together. They are living miserable, wretched lives in consequence. I don't know any subject we ought to pray more over, and it is farthest from our prayers. We pray for everything else, but we do not pray for a blessing on our marriage. Look at the misery, look at the wretchedness in Chicago to-day on account of it. I want to say right here, and I don't want to give any uncertain sound, may God have mercy on those men who are putting away their wives for nothing. There is a God of equity sitting in the heavens who will judge them by-and-by. Don't let those men think they are going to escape judgment. This thing of divorce is alarming, and yet by many it is considered a trifle.

Men get married to-day and are divorced to-morrow. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The idea that a man should, without provocation, put away his wife is terrible, and yet it is being done. I think there is a blight in many a home to-day on this account. And let me say another thing—that I believe in Paul's declaration, that no unconverted person should marry a converted person. What right has a man to give himself away to a godless, Christless woman; or what right has a religious woman to ally herself for life with an irreligious man? When you speak to people about this, they laugh at you, and say it is none of your business—that the Church has nothing to do with it. But the Church has to do with it. There is just as imperative a law in regard to it as the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Look at the misery which comes of such alliances. If you are going to marry, my friends, be sure that you have Christ and His disciples there.

Do not do anything you cannot ask the Lord to bless you in. We, as parents, ought to be very careful in whose society our children go. We ought to pray very much that when they select a companion for life God may help them—that the match may be made in heaven, so that their lives may be pleasant and profitable.

WHAT PARENTS CAN DO.

Things which parents may inculcate upon themselves and their children, without fear of excess :

1. Neatness and propriety in dress, having reference to occasion and the circumstances of the individual.
2. Politeness; paying due regard to the tastes and feelings of others.
3. Good humour.
4. Cheerfulness.
5. Justice in respect to the property, character, and feelings of others.
6. Cultivation of the intellect, with a view to the discovery and vindication of truth.
7. Wisdom ; the skill to avoid vice and misfortune, and to attain virtue and success.
8. Self-control ; the power to restrain one's self from acts of imprudence, vice and folly ; the power to compel one's self to do what is required at the right time and in the right way.
9. Moral courage ; the power to resist fashionable errors ; to maintain unpopular truth ; to show sympathy, kindness, and humanity toward the unfortunate, the humble, and the poor, even where it may threaten momentary contempt.
10. Consistency, without obstinacy.
11. Charity in all its forms.
12. Excellence in the profession or pursuit to which a person devotes himself, accompanied by equity and modesty.

Things which parents should repress in themselves and their children :

1. Display of all kinds, in dress, equipage, manners, accomplishments, talents, wit, personal beauty, power and wealth.
2. Great riches, rank, station, office, as instruments of selfish gratification and pride.
3. Exclusiveness, by which persons affect to be of a superior caste.

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4. That assumed superiority of taste which displays itself in hyper-critical discontent.
 5. That pretendedly superior sagacity which imputes bad motives as the source of good actions.
 6. That cunning which would make dupes of mankind.

S. G. Goodrich.

THE MOTHER OF THE SPURGEONS.

The Rev. Dr. Ford, of America, recently paid a holiday visit to London, and thus alludes to his visit to the Stockwell Orphanage: "There were five Spurgeons present, and all said a few words. The father, John Spurgeon, his two sons, J. A. Spurgeon and Charles, then the two sons of Charles H., Masters Thomas and Charles. It was an interesting sight. After the meeting Mr. Spurgeon introduced me to his father, and we conversed together, as we walked about the grounds, for some considerable time. Of course I asked him of his family. He is sixty years of age. He has eight living children. He has spent his life in the ministry. In course of the conversation he said, 'I had been from home a great deal, trying to build up weak congregations, and felt that I was neglecting the religious training of my own children, while I toiled for the good of others. I returned home with these feelings. I opened the door, and was surprised to find none of the children about the hall. Going quietly up the stairs, I heard my wife's voice. She was engaged in prayer with the children. I heard her pray for them one by one by name. She came to Charles, and especially prayed for him, for he was of high spirit and daring temper. 'I listened,' said the old gentleman to me, tearfully, 'listened till she had ended her prayer, and I felt and said, "Lord, I will go on with Thy work." The children will be cared for.'"

No one is too old to plant a seed of truth in some human heart. Aged Christians, keep at it to the end! You may behold fruit when you have hardly looked for it. We see it stated that Mrs. Molly Richardson, late of Baldwin, Me., when in her ninetieth year, was one day eating a fine apple, and remarked that she would like to raise some fruit of that kind. She therefore planted the seeds, one of which sprouted and became a thrifty tree. Mrs. Richardson lived to be ninety-seven years old, and ate fruit from the tree. Mr. Moody tells of a woman in London, eighty-five years of age, working for the Master, and bringing sinners to Christ for healing.

THE DAUGHTER'S PRAYER.

The late Dr. Krummacher, chaplain to the king of Prussia, in referring to faith and prayer, writes as follows : " A little incident occurs to me which I can hardly withhold, on account of its simplicity and beauty. The mother of a little girl, only four years of age, had been for some time most dangerously ill. The physician had given her up. When the little girl heard this, she went into an adjoining room, knelt down, and said : " Dear Lord Jesus, O make my mother well again."

And after she had thus prayed, she said, as though in God's name, with as deep a voice as she could : " Yes, my dear child, I will do it gladly ! "

This was the little girl's amen. She rose up, joyfully ran to her mother's bed, and said : " Mother, you will get well ! "

And she recovered, and is in health to this day. Is it, then, always permitted for me to pray thus unconditionally respecting temporal concerns ? No ; thou must not venture to do so, because thou canst still ask and doubt. But shouldst thou ever be inclined by God's Spirit to pray thus, without doubt or scruple, in a filial temper, and with simplicity of heart, resting on the true foundation, and in genuine faith, then pray thus by all means ! None dare censure thee ; God will accept thee.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, LL.D.

"BE careful where you go," said a father to his son, who started out one very dark night on an errand of mercy. He held in his hand a lantern which threw a circle of light around him. " I shall be safe enough," replied the son, " so long as I can see clearly where to step. I can tell when I am in the road."

The lantern did not enable him to see distant objects. There was a small circle of light, and on every side was darkness. Yet the light was sufficient to guide the young man on his way. He could not see far before him, but he could see far enough to place at each step his foot in safety. He accomplished the work he set out to do. Suppose he had said. " I cannot see what is before me. I will not move till the road is plain before me for the whole distance I have to travel." He would have done nothing. The benevolent act would not have been performed.

There are those who refuse to walk by the light they have, because

it is not greater. Present duty is plain, but the duties of a future hour are not seen. Present duty is neglected because future duty is unknown.

Some decline to enter upon the performance of present duty because they do not see how they can perform some future. For the duty of to-day they have adequate strength; but the duty of to-morrow is plainly beyond their present strength. Forgetting the Divine declaration, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be," they neglect the possible duty of to-day in consequence of the impossible work of to-morrow.

THE DISRUPTION MINISTERS' WIVES.

"Ere I here take leave of the visitation at this time of the Perth Presbytery, I must indulge myself with a few words on the admiration I then felt, and still continue to cherish, for the conduct and bearing of the ministers' wives. The ministers themselves were hearty and resolute. Their wives were full of enthusiasm, and set little by the prospect of the change in their circumstances which they were called to contemplate. When I looked on the snug smiling manses—when I reflected on the associations which bound them and their families to them—when I remembered that they had no prospect before them but comparative poverty for the future of their earthly course—and when I listened to their earnest expressions of hope that nothing would induce the Church to swerve from its faithfulness, I could not but feel persuaded that God had, in a wonderful way, endowed them with grace for this great occasion, and made them helpmates indeed for their suffering but resolute husbands. I have often said that if commemorative monuments be lawful for any object, the wives of the ministers of the Disruption of 1843 deserve one—magnificent and perennial. The extent to which I honour and respect them I cannot express. Had they faltered, had they even been lukewarm, they would not have changed the purpose or course of those to whom they stood in so close and sacred a relation; but they would have made their trial far more grievous. As the case was, they encouraged their husbands' hearts, brightening the future with animating hopes and happy anticipations. Come what might, the wives were prepared to meet all hazards for the sake of the glory of their Lord and Saviour. None were more marked for this than the wives of the ministers of the Presbytery of Perth. May their memory be blessed!"

"Both in one faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered
With meditations on the happy end."

—Dr. Beith's "*Memories of the Disruption Times.*

THE NEW YEIR.

THE *Christian Treasury* publishes some rich specimens of old Scottish poetry about 1550. This has an almost historical interest, if we remember the times, and is a fine study of the Scots tongue:—

“O hie eternal God of micht!
Of thy grit grace, grant us thy licht,
With hairt and mynd sinceir,
To leif efter Thy lawis richt,
Now into this new yeir.

God keip our Quenin; and grace hir send
This realme to gyde, and to defend;
In justice perseveir:
And of her wais mak an end,
Now into this new yeir.

God send grace to our Quene Regent,
Be law to mak sic punishment,
To gar lymmars fairbeir
For till oppress the innocent,
Now into this new yeir.

Lord, schent all sawers of seditioun;
Remove all rancour and suspiciooun,
Quhilk may this cuntrie feir.
Put all pertubars to punitioun,
Now into this new yeir.

God send pastors of veritie,
Be quham we may instructit be
Our God to serve and feir.
And to set furth his wourd trewlie,
Now into this new yeir.

God send the comouns weil to wirk;
The grund to lawbour, and nocht irk;
To win gude quheit and beir;
And to bring furth bayth staig and stirk,
Now into this new yeir.

And tak awa thir ydle lounis,
Cryand walkars, with cloutit gounis;
And sornars that ar sweir;
And put thame in the galiounis,
Now into this new yeir.

I pray all stratis and degree
To pray to God continwalie,
His grace to grant us heir;
And send us peax and unities
Now into this new yeir.”

THE LESSON OF THE MILL.

In the May number of this magazine there is a piece of poetry with the above heading, founded on the proverb,—“The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.” The lesson taught in it is that we should improve the present moment, because time once past cannot be recalled. Now, the proverb regarding the mill, already quoted, is quite true. But it is just as true that “the mill cannot grind with the water that’s to come.” It can grind only with what is now passing through it. Here then, the mill teaches us another lesson. We can no more make use of to-morrow, than we can of yesterday. The present only, is ours. It is impossible to conceive the speed with which the present changes into the past. The word “no” is a very short one, yet a portion of time passes away while we are pronouncing it. To one going swiftly through a railway cutting in a stoney soil, the rows of stones appear only so many lines. He passes so quickly from one stone to another, that he cannot fix his eyes on any, and then the effect is as I have just stated. So it is when we try to think of the present moment. But many put off doing good till to-morrow. How foolish! In a certain sense, we never see to-morrow. When it comes, it is changed into to-day. Reader, improve the present—the golden opportunity. “Put not off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.” Remember that “the mill cannot grind with the water that’s to come.” It is a true saying, “Hell is paved with good resolutions.” Satan cares not what and how many good resolutions you make provided they are never anything more than mere resolutions.

T. F.

Metis, Que.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

Mr. WESLEY wrote the following letter to Mr. S——, at Armagh, in Ireland, April 24, 1769:—

“Be active, be diligent, avoid all laziness, sloth, indolence. Fly from every appearance of it, else you will never be more than half a Christian. Be cleanly. In this let the Methodists take pattern by Quakers. Avoid all nastiness, dirt, slovenliness in your person, clothes, and house. Be always sweet above ground; uncleanness is a bad fruit of laziness; use all diligence to be clean, as one says:

‘Let thy mind’s sweetness have its operation
Upon thy person, clothes, and habitation.’

Whatever clothes you have, let them be whole; no rents, no tatters, no rags. These are a scandal to either man or woman, being another fruit of vile laziness. Mend your clothes, or I shall never expect you to mend your lives. Let none ever see a ragged Methodist. Use no tobacco unless prescribed by a physician. It is an uncleanly and unwholesome self-indulgence; and the more customary it is the more resolutely should you break off from every degree of that evil custom. Use no snuff unless prescribed by a physician. I suppose no other nation in Europe is in such vile bondage to this silly, nasty, dirty custom as the Irish are. . . . Touch no dram. It is liquid fire. It is a sure though slow poison. It saps the very springs of life. In Ireland, above all countries in the world, I would sacredly abstain from this, because the evil is so general; and to this, and snuff, and smoky cabins, I impute the blindness which is so common throughout the nation."—*Wesley's Letters*, p. 91.

"LORD! WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

"Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" was the first prayer of Paul the apostle. He had been doing every ill within his power to the name of Jesus, but immediately upon being turned from darkness to light he sought the Lord's mind as to what he should do for his Lord. It is only those who know that the Lord has done all for them as sinners, that can cry to Him as servants to know what work they shall do for Him. An aged Christian once gave a young believer, who was not clear as to what special work he should engage in for the Lord, this advice: "If you are not quite sure what is your work, try something, and the Lord will soon show you what He would have you do."

It is home behaviour which is the test of goodness. A pleasant order to the worn-out servant "not to hurry" won't delay the supper; a sympathetic loving kiss to the languid-looking mother will do her more good than wine. A little praise, a little wonder as to how she manages to keep the house so cool and clean, and endure all the worry of the nursery, will make her happy. If some only knew how good a word in season is, they would give it oftener, and get in exchange smiles and kisses and pleasant little acknowledgments. A day has a great many good things in its gifts, but the key to them all is renunciation and unselfishness.

THE LORD'S CORN.

THE mission station in the Indian Territory was at one time in my house. Tobaccowell, one of our neighbours, was a member of the little mission church, and like many a white professor, was spasmodically zealous for the glory of God. One Sabbath he listened to a sermon from Gen. xxviii. 22, "And of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee.

At the close of the service he said to the missionary:

"Me plant big corn-field next week. Me make it ten pieces; plant all, then one piece be the Lord's corn."

He did so; the part of the field to be devoted to the Lord was ploughed and planted with great care. But when the time for hoeing had arrived, our neighbour hoed his own corn, but did not find it convenient to hoe the Lord's. As the season advanced, the Lord's corn, uncultivated and dwarfed, and Tobaccowell's well hoed, tall, and thrifty, produced a sad and striking contrast.

The sight of that cornfield has been a life-long lesson to me; and whenever I find myself more devoted to my own personal interests than to the glory of God, I say to myself, I am neglecting the Lord's corn.

TACT IN VISITATION.

WHILE Dr. Guthrie's parish was carefully visited by the parochial agency apart from the minister, he was also himself diligent in visiting; and in no field of labor was his tact more apparent than in this work of visitation. He was quite equal to any emergency. For example, one day when visiting, he came to the door of an Irish papist, who was determined that the doctor should not enter his house. "You cannot come in here," said he; "you're not needed nor wanted." "My friend," said the doctor, "I'm only visiting round my parish to become acquainted with my people, and have called on you—only as a parishioner." "It don't matter," said Paddy, "yer shan't come in here;" and with that lifting the poker, he said, "If you come in here I'll knock yer down." Most men would have retired, or tried to reason; the doctor did neither, but drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the Irishman fair in the face, he said, "Come now, that's too bad! would you strike a man unarmed? Hand me the tongs, and then we shall be on equal terms." The man looked at him for a little in great amazement, and then said,

"Och shure, yer a quare man for a minister! come inside;" and, feeling rather ashamed of his conduct, he laid down the poker. The doctor entered and talked, as he could so well do, in a way both so entertaining and so instructive as to win the admiration of the man, so that when he arose to go, Paddy shook his hand warmly, and said, "Be sure, sir, don't pass my door without giving me a call." It will not be wondered at that a man who could thus break down the opposition of an enemy, should have been respected and loved by many a warm heart, and have found few homes in his parish where his visits were unwelcome.

OUR INFLUENCE.

THE stone flung from my careless hand into the lake, splashed down into the depths of the flowing water, and that was all. No, it was not all. Look at those concentric rings, rolling their tiny ripples among the sedgy reeds, dipping the overhanging boughs of yonder willow, and producing an influence, slight, but conscious, to the very shores of the lake itself. That hasty word, that word of pride or scorn, flung from my lips in casual company, produces a momentary depression, and that is all. No, it is not all. It deepened that man's disgust at godliness, and it sharpened the edge of that man's sarcasm, and it shamed that half-converted one out of his penitent misgivings, and it produced an influence, slight, but eternal, on the destiny of an immortal life. Oh! it is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence—and it clings to me. I cannot shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself. I must either be a light to illuminate, or a tempest to destroy. I must either be an Abel, who, by his immortal righteousness, being dead yet speaketh; or an Achan, the saddest continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name is the fact that man perishes not alone in his iniquity.

Faith is the hand of the soul, to hold and to work.

God is the builder of this temple—the work is His, and he that does but touch a pebble in his own strength is sure to let it fall and wound himself.

Children's Treasury.

"WHAT'S THE USE?"

 "WHAT'S the use?" is the common saying with the young in regard to hard, distasteful studies. They mean to do something far different from anything that will require their dull, dry studies to be brought into play. But leaving out of the question the mental discipline to be got from them, which is, after all, the main object of study, these very things may be turned to excellent account in after years. "My teacher made me study surveying twenty-five years ago," said a man who had lost his property, "and now I am glad; I can get a good situation by such means, and a high salary."

A certain French king used to regret with great bitterness, the deficiency of his education, when surrounded by men of learning and the highest culture. He reproached the memory of those who had been so indulgent of his idleness, and said, with bitter sarcasm, "Was there not birch enough in the forests of Fountainbleau?" Better a sharp, strict master, who insists upon thoroughness in all that children undertake, than a frivolous, superficial one, who permits them to slip over their lesson in an easy way, which they will regret with like bitterness in later years.—*Early Days.*

"LET'S PLAY."

Oh! blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say,
When they can't have the things they wish for
They take others, and cry: "Let's play."

"Let's play that the chairs are big coaches,
And the sofa a railroad car;
And that we are all taking journeys,
And travelling ever so far.

"Let's play that this broken old china
Is a dinner set rare and fine,
And our tin cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine!

"Let's play every one of our dollies
Is alive and can go to walk,
And keep up long conversations
With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play that we live in a palace,
And that we are the queens and kings ;
Let's play we are birds in a tree-top,
And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play that we are school-keepers,
And grown people come to our school ;
And then punish them all most soundly,
If they break but a single rule."

Oh ! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say;
And we might be happy as they are,
If we would be happy their way.

What odds twixt not having and having,
When we have lived out our day !
Let us borrow the children's watchword,
The magical watchword, "Let's play."

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool ;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play ;
That is how to keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn ;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive ;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast ;
Bullfrogs they became at last ;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot ;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be ;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.—*Nursery.*



THE FINCHES.

THE FINCHES.

AMONG the class of birds called Finches are not only some of the most beautiful, but some of the most melodious of the feathered tribe. They are, too, very easily tamed, and have been the companions of man from the most ancient times, and in some places they are valued more than any other birds. We give an engraving of five of them—the Goldfinch (at the top,) the Chaffinch, Bullfinch, Siskin, and Mountain-Finch.

The Goldfinch is highly esteemed for the colors of its plumage, the elegance of its form, and the sweetness and fullness of its notes. It is at the same time a gentle and peaceful bird, easily tamed and raised as a cage-bird, and showing great attachment to those who take charge of it.

The Chaffinch is a cheerful little creature, and passes the greater part of the day in action, only reposing from its fatigue during the noon-tide heat; and it, like the goldfinch, builds an exceedingly artistic nest. While the female is sitting on the nest, her mate pours out an uninterrupted flow of song. Chaffinches are exceedingly attached to their young, and utter loud cries at the approach of an enemy.

The Bullfinch is a very docile bird, and though its natural song is harsh and disagreeable, yet it may be trained, as in England, Germany, and Holland, to whistle many airs and songs in a soft, pure and flute-like tone, which is highly prized. There are many schools for training them, especially in Germany, the teacher making use of a flute to aid him.

The plumage and song of the Siskin are both attractive, the greater part of the former being a beautiful green, called the "siskin green." Its song resembles that of the canary. It does not care about staying long in one place, but spends much of its time in wandering over the country, going south for the winter.

Mountains and large close forests are the favourite resorts of the Mountain Finch, but in the winter season, when deep snow is on the mountains, it descends into the lowlands and mingles with the other finches. It equals the chaffinch in its activity, but is inferior to it in the quality of its song.

All these little birds are industrious. They are persevering; they do their work in the right time; they do not interfere with each other; they do not get discouraged because they cannot build their nests in a day; they do not refuse to work because they have to find their own straws.

Will not the little readers of these lines learn a lesson from these birds? If these birds which God has made and cares for each day, but which can neither talk, nor read, nor reason, as we do, are so kind to

each other ; so industrious, persevering, and energetic ; how much more is it the duty of boys and girls who can read God's Holy Word to be kind to each other, and industrious, and try to help each other in doing all that God has told them to do. What a blessed world this would be, if little children—and big ones too—would only behave as well as do the birds!

TALKING WITH GOD.

A little girl, whose father was an infidel, and who lived in a Godless home, went to visit a friend of hers whose parents were both Christians. While she was there the family gathered for their usual morning worship. While they were reading the Word of God she listened very attentively, but when the father knelt reverently down and engaged in earnest prayer, she seemed amazed, and glanced all around the room to see who he was talking with, and seeing no one looking at him she was greatly puzzled. As soon as she had opportunity, after the service was over, she whispered to her friend, and asked :—

“ Who was your father talking with this morning ? ”

“ Why, he was talking with God,” said her friend.

The little girl knew nothing about God, or His dealings with the children of men, so they tried to explain to her who and what God was, and then told her the “ old, old story ” of the cross. To all this she listened very eagerly, and when they had finished she inquired earnestly:

“ Can't I talk with him too ? ”

“ Certainly you can,” said they, “ for he loves little children, and has said, ‘ Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ ”

She seemed very happy, and when she got home that night she jumped into her father's lap and told him about those good people that talked with God, and what they had told her about him, and then, with her little face beaming with joy, she exclaimed :

“ Oh father, they said I could talk with him too, and he would hear me ! ”

She did talk with him, until her father and all the family learned to love and commune with the “ unknown God.” Surely, “ out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”—Matt. xxi. 16.