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# Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 7.

JULY, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE WANTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

No. III.

The poetry on our second page is from the pen of an esteemed lady correspondent in London, and was written expressly for this magazine. Our authoress, besides attending to the duties of a numerous family, rendering valuable assistance in business, finds time to maintain a varied correspondence, to act as secretary for a benevolent society, to serve on several committees in connection with her church, to visit the homes of the poor, and, Dorcas-like, to make garments for the widow and the orphan—at the same time to contribute both in prose and verse to several periodicals. Thank God, there are thousands of her sex now lending valuable aid to the Church of Christ. If woman was "first in the transgression," she was last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre; and Paul is only one of a great multitude who has saluted the women that laboured with him in the Gospel. It is one of the most encouraging features of the great missionary enterprise of the present that women are being trained and sent to assist in the social, moral, and spiritual elevation of the neglected and benighted heathen at home and abroad.

Women are our best Sabbath-school teachers, missionary collectors, temperance advocates, and social reformers. We understand that they are largely employed in the national schools both in Canada and the United States, and that they make by far the most efficient elementary teachers in every country where so employed.

Certainly, one of the great wants of Newfoundland is, *Christian workers in connection with our various churches*. It is too much the rule to leave all to the ministry, or to a paid agency. If the dire necessities of our scattered and long-neglected population are to be adequately met, we must not wait till we can find paid agents to do it. I think there is ample ability in the colony to educate and elevate all those who have hitherto been neglected. In most places there are either ministers, school teachers, merchants, Government officials, or private citizens, who have had a fair, if not a liberal, education. Now, if these individuals do their duty, they will conduct evening classes, and Sunday-schools, and mothers' meetings, and such like things, and not be content till every individual in the settlement is able to read.

This proposal may be met with a sneer by some; but

the same kind of work is being carried on in all the great cities of England. Notably in the City of London, Christian men and women—yes, and men and women of wealth and position—are devoting their time and energies to this very work. I know well that few in this country either understand or appreciate their labours; but we must remember that we are at least half-a-century behind the mother country in regard to philanthropic as well as other enterprises. But surely we are not going to remain as we are. Our moneyed men are not behind in their donations to charitable and Christian objects; but all classes are far behind in the matter of personal consecration. Christ does not want *ours*, but *ourselves*. He gave *Himself* not His *wealth*, but His life, for us. What will we give to testify that we love Him because He first loved us. We can do a great work if we consecrate ourselves wholly to God, and the service of our country. It should not be necessary to employ arguments to induce any to commence who have the love of God in their hearts, that itself will *constrain* them. But many appear to be waiting for some great occasion, or to be employed in some conspicuous work. I think it was Elliott, the apostle of the Indians, who rejoiced to be permitted on his dying bed to teach the alphabet to a poor Indian boy.

We should seize opportunities as they present themselves, "and the least you do for Jesus will be precious in His sight." Come up at once to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Let the aged come with their wisdom and experience, the young with their energy and enthusiasm, woman with her varied qualifications, and the rich with their gold and silver. The field is the world, and the Lord of the harvest will give the needful strength, and prosper the feeblest effort, and crown the faithful with an eternal weight of glory.

"Go work in my vineyard to-day,  
Go toil in the burning sun,  
Come, ye blessed, I soon shall say,  
When your labour on earth is done."

## BRITISH AMERICAN BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY.

We are glad to know that this society has two active agents employed on the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland during this season. It is impossible to calculate the benefits conferred upon our people by the labours of these men. They bring a pure literature, at a remarkably low price, to the homes of the poor fishermen and others, most of whom would have no opportunity of obtaining it otherwise.

## STRAYED.

The father came in from the harvest-field and his toil  
 'neath the burning sun,  
 The mother, borne down by her household cares, felt  
 glad that the day's work was done,  
 The evening meal was before them spread, and the sun  
 was sinking low,  
 As the children and servants came round the board—all  
 there save little Joe.

"Now, where is my Joey?" the father said, "that he  
 comes not into tea?  
 Has any one seen him playing around—or know ye  
 where he can be?"  
 They looked at each other, but no one knew where the  
 pet of the household stayed,  
 For he had not been seen for many long hours in the  
 haunts where he frequently played.

The mother turned pale as the men uprose, to seek for  
 the darling child,  
 For she knew that the forest, not very far off, was still  
 but a virgin wild;  
 There were ravenous beasts in its undergrowth and  
 dens and pitfalls deep,  
 And serpents and insects crawled about where the child  
 might possibly sleep.

There was need for haste in that little band, for the day  
 was closing fast,  
 And they knew that darkness would settle down ere the  
 edge of the forest was past;  
 So they carried their lanterns to lighten their feet, and  
 frighten the beasts of prey,  
 In case that their search should be much prolonged, for  
 they knew not where Joey might stray.

They searched and searched till dawn of day in that  
 virgin forest wild,  
 For the sorrowful father's tender heart could not give  
 up his child.  
 The men returned to their needed rest and the gentle  
 mother's care,  
 But the elder brother's loving heart his father's search  
 must share.

The day wore on, when a trace was found in the prints  
 of his little feet,  
 In a bed of mud, where a stream had been dried up  
 by the summer's heat;  
 With eager haste, they followed the track amid the  
 bright wild flowers,  
 Which he'd stopped to gather—now here—now there,  
 then thrown away in showers.

At length, at the foot of a sheltering tree, lying sweetly  
 asleep on the ground,  
 With traces of tears on his much-begrimed cheeks,  
 their wandering darling they found  
 His little hands bleeding and scratched by the thorns,  
 one little foot naked and bare,  
 His clothes sadly torn, his limbs all begrimed, and  
 dust, leaves, and twigs in his hair.

When the sun went down on that summer night there  
 was joy in that house untold,  
 For the wandering lamb, by God's grace and love, been  
 carried home to the fold;

The father thought not of his weariness, nor the brother  
 his toil and care,  
 Nor the mother her soul's deep agony, while she waited  
 on God in prayer.

The household love and the household care were lavished  
 on Joey's frame,  
 And it seemed that such music had never been heard as  
 was found in the wanderer's name;  
 They could never forget all the sorrowful time when the  
 angel of death seemed so near,  
 And so from his wand'ring far from his home little  
 Joey was even more dear.

Is this not a picture of many of us who stray from our  
 Father's care?  
 To wander alone in pathless wilds, and their unknown  
 dangers dare?  
 Allured by the flowers, we wander on, and see not the  
 pitfalls near,  
 Our eyes are filled with their brilliant hues, and our ears  
 too dull to hear.

So we miss our loving Father's voice as he calls us  
 homeward long,  
 And our Elder Brother's heart of love and flow of pity  
 strong;  
 We drink of the impure streams around, and trol  
 through the mire and clay,  
 And snatch at bright flowers, which so fade in our  
 grasp, we are glad to throw them away.

So, stung by the insects, and torn by the thorns, and  
 turning our backs on the light,  
 We wander still farther away from our home, and grope  
 in the darkness of night;  
 Yet still our dear Father and Brother call on, and hold  
 forth the lantern to guide,  
 For they cannot but long for each wandering one to be  
 nestling close to their side.

When flashes of light from their Lantern of Truth  
 reveal them to any lost soul,  
 He sees himself ragged, disabled, and poor, and dirty  
 from head-crown to sole.  
 Then the Brother's great love makes Him rescue from  
 death the erring and penitent child,  
 And bear him in safety from pitfalls and snares lying  
 hid in the wilderness wild.

He heals and He cleanses the sin-defiled soul, and strips  
 it of rags and of self,  
 And clothes it with robes of His righteousness pure,  
 which cannot be bought with earth's pelf;  
 Thus, spotless and pure, He presents it to God, Himself  
 bearing suffering and shame,  
 Which is due to the sinner, as punishment just, for  
 rejecting His love and His name.

And oh! how the arches of heaven's court ring when a  
 wanderer's brought to the fold!  
 For that soul is more precious in archangel's sight than  
 worlds with their products of gold.  
 Then, Christians, be doing! work while it is day, to  
 rescue the wand'ring and lost,  
 And tell them of Jesus, the sinner's highway, and what  
 their redemption has cost.

## BE COMFORTED.

WHOEVER has hung over a grave's mouth, and heard the dull rattle of the earth as it fell and covered up the remains of a beloved relative, can comprehend the need of consolation at such a painful moment. Ah, there I have seen a strong man weep who never wept before; and when all was over, and it was needful to return to the desolate hearth, what a bitterness was life, bereft of all that could render it a joy! At such an hour there is only one instrument of music that can be endured—only one that can dispel the horror of great darkness brooding over the soul—it is the chime of bells on Christ's garment, speaking of immortality and resurrection and the glory of the redeemed. Harken to the symphony: "Thy brother, thy sister, thy father, thy mother, thy wife, thy husband, thy son, thy daughter, shall rise again. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Fear not: I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of death, and of the unseen world. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither doth the sun light on them, nor any heat. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

As the heart listens to this sweet melody, its pain is soothed, its empty aching removed. The thought of the happiness of the departed becomes a comfort to the one left behind. Murmuring is changed into resignation; the bitterness of parting into the anticipations of a joyful re-union; and the traveller bids himself again for his journey heavenward—lonely somewhat, but not without consolation, because of the cheering notes which fall from the fringe of the great Intercessor's robe.

It was the sounding of these bells, telling of immortality and unfading joys, which led one to say, as he gazed on the cold, marble-like face of his dearest earthly friend, "Though the turning of a straw would recall him to life on earth, I would not turn that straw." Another declared that the delight which he experienced, as he listened to those bells on the morning after a dear son had breathed his last, was so great, that if he had had children to lose, he would willingly have parted with one every week to obtain such heavenly comfort. And assuredly if faith's ear were unstopped, and on the alert to catch the notes, how often would the bereaved Christian be like the Highland mother, who, singing the high praises of God, helped to carry the body of her drowned boy into her now childless home!—From "The Highway of Salvation."

## SINCERITY.

BY sincerity I mean very much more than truth-telling. I know people whose word can always be trusted, and who never break a promise, yet who are not through and through sincere. Sincerity in character is like transparency in crystal. It is character without a flaw to hide, with no desire to appear better than it is, and it is not afraid to let itself be open as the day, for the day to shine through.

Absolute, rigid, uncompromising principle in all essentials is the rule of the sincere. Courteous consideration, generous self-forgetfulness, and kind approbation, is equally the rule of the sincere. I cannot refrain from warning my readers against gushing. Think when you are writing that letter to that beloved friend whether you mean all you say. Say nothing you do not feel sure you mean. Too many ardent intimacies burn themselves out; too many life-long friendships grow cold through the fierceness and fervour of the sentiment on which they are built. They are like fires of chips or brambles, not like deep, smouldering furnace-heats.

"Faithful," says the Holy Book, "are the wounds of a friend." It is the kiss of an enemy that is deceitful. I believe that between the best friends there are times when plain-speaking is necessary; but when there is a solid foundation of mutual trust, it will never give offence.

"Sine cera—without wax. Being in reality what it seems to be—not hypocritical or pretended, nor simulated." So says the lexicon. Please look up the word for yourself, with all its synonyms.—*Sunday school Times.*

## THE DEBT TO MOTHER.

MOTHERS live for their children, make self sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely, that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words which she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honour and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest, and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with debt to her not half discharged.

## "I'VE GOT HOME."

"I'VE got home," said my little two-year-old sister, as she returned from having spent the day away, that her innocent prattle and baby noise might not disturb our sick mother. She came running to her bedside, and exclaimed, with eager delight, "I've got home!" The joy that filled her little heart burst forth, as going from one to another, she repeated the words, "I've got home."

How those words, coming from that childish voice, have echoed in my ears since. Often, when tossed about on the billows of life, I have longed to step inside this loved retreat, this family Bethel, and breathe from an overflowing heart, "I've got home!" These words speak of dangers passed, of hardships endured, of wanderings ended. We can rest now. We can put off the travel-soiled garments, the robes of formality, the restraints of society; the masks of worldly policy are out of place here; conventional garbs are unnecessary; the atmosphere is unsuited to them; the warm genial breeze of love and peace bespeak another climate. Cares and anxieties are for the present put away. Our lives seem revolutionised. The benign influences of home shed a halo of joy around our hearts.

Hark! I seem in fancy to hear the weary Christian as he shall step inside the pearly gates of the "New Jerusalem," say, "I've got home!" The burdens of life are laid down, the hardships overcome, the warfare ended, the victory gained, the battle of life over. The tossing to and fro on the tempestuous sea of doubt and uncertainty is at an end. He has long been looking "through a glass darkly," but now the "many mansions" in his Father's house burst upon his enraptured vision. He has reached the haven and moored his storm-beaten barque. The quicksands and shoals are far out of sight. He is at home. The narrow way in which he has walked has been exchanged for the "highway of holiness" in the kingdom of his God. The redeemed who are to walk there will be his companions throughout the endless ages of eternity.

It is joy to return to an earthly home after months or years of absence; to a home even that is but temporary and fleeting; but what will be our emotions of joy when we enter our eternal home? No more going out from the parental care. The light of the Father's smile ever beaming upon us. The tender welcome of our elder brother. Ah! shall we not exclaim with infinite joy and satisfaction, "I've got home"? "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Mount Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—*Mattie L. Barnett.*

Carnal pleasures are the sins of youth, ambition and the love of power the sins of middle age; covetousness and carking cares the crimes of old-age.

## TO OUR YOUNG WOMEN.

**YOUNG** women of to-day! the solemn duty, the glorious privilege, rests with you to redeem the young men of our country in your companionship from dreadful danger, and save yourselves from sharing its heaviest part. You hold the heart-strings of our young manhood. You can wield a power greater, perhaps, than fathers' teachings or mothers' tears. Oh! use it for God: use it for purity and temperance. Demand reform—of the guilty, already sinning, immediate repentance and abstinence: and warn those in danger, so that they may know that you are watching to see if they love sin more than they do you. Do not trust your heart's affections with a man who is at any moment likely to yield to the lowest temptation and surrender his manhood. Do not trust your tender love with a man who cannot control even his grosser appetites and passions, but will risk his own health and your happiness for the idle gratification of a vicious propensity. Do not associate with a young man who drinks. These are the negatives. The positives are: Go to work actively to save; dissuade young men from doubtful courses which may lead to sin; kindly and tenderly reach forth and save the falling. Perhaps they are even now waiting for the token of loving anxiety or the word of tender rebuke that tells them that someone cares for their souls. Perhaps they are even now ashamed of their evil ways, and only need the power of some beloved voice to win them back to purity and peace. There is greater power, if wisely used, in the soft entreaty of faithful love to turn the scale of resolution, than in the taunts and sneers of profligate companions. It is a power delicate but mighty, like the sunshine; use it for God and temperance; chide and rebuke in love, as well as entreat and persuade. Induce your female friends to do likewise, and help them, and you can soon form a social sentiment and power against intemperance which will crush the demon in a year. Make the social atmosphere of your homes so pure that drunkenness will be ashamed to enter there. Oh! this is service which will make life glorious, and will save men from destruction, dignify womanhood, and glorify God.

Dare you do it?

Ask God's blessing and guidance, and begin to-day, and in His mighty power go forth conquering and to conquer.—*Watchword.*

## HOW TO MAKE WORK EASY.

**T**HE same amount of Christian work is exhilarating to one man and exhausting to another. In the one case it is a tonic and in the other leeches. Why the difference? In order to work easy, the undertaking must be congenial. But you say that much of what is expected of us is repulsive to the natural soul. Our reply is: "Get your heart right and the work will be pleasant. No need of your trying to do Christian work unless you are a Christian." Do not fret about results. All Christendom engaged in the redemption of one man would make a failure. God only is sufficient. Our work is to bring the soul under the proper influences. We are responsible for means and not for results. Fretfulness is not augmentation, but depletion. The successful Christian workers are without exception cheerful. They do the best they can, and then leave the matter with God. We excuse an occasional fit of the "blues," but when the disease becomes chronic, the man has all he can do to take care of himself, and has no time for the improvement of others. If you have the salt rheum, and a man offer you a box of salve that he says will certainly cure you, and you observe that he has on his hand the same disease unhealed, you say: No, I thank you: if your medicine were worth anything, you would cure your own hands." So there is no use in a morbid man of gloomy heart attempting to raise others out of spiritual misfortunes, because his shadowed soul is a slander on his medicine. A man must have both his feet solidly planted on the Rock before he can pull sinking men out of the floods.—*Talmage.*

The design of God's providential dispensations is seldom understood at first. We ought, therefore, to believe, though we understand not; and to give ourselves up to the Divine disposal. The great work of faith is, to embrace those things which we know not now, but shall know hereafter.

## RELIGIOUS EMOTION.

**T**HERE is an obvious purpose among a large class of religionists to ignore the emotional aspects of Christian experience. It is frequently remarked religion is not feeling. In a qualified sense that may be correct. But true religion always inspires feeling. It is claimed that we should not be governed by our emotions. Nevertheless, men are so governed, always have been, and, probably, always will be. Most assuredly, religion, considered either as a system, or as an experience, is well calculated to excite and intensify the emotions. Its history embraces the most touching and thrilling incidents, and cannot be read without stirring the heart to its profoundest depths. Its doctrines are so sublime and wonderful, that when properly apprehended, they must awaken in the soul admiration, wonder, and joy. What right disposed mind can come into contact with the doctrines, precepts and facts of New Testament Christianity and not be moved? Who can contemplate the teaching and eventful life of the most prominent and leading character, Jesus, and not feel all the sympathies of his nature aroused? His advent set heaven in a stir, and when born in Bethlehem, a multitude of the heavenly host started and sang with triumphant joy, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will to men." All heaven was in ecstasy when He returned from the conflict with the powers of darkness an exultant conqueror. Can we be expected to accredit these things and not be excited?

As an experience, a present life, what is the true idea of religion? In its most elevated and spiritual modes and manifestations, is it not love?—love to God and man? Can there be love without emotion? Who can love and not feel it? Moreover, is not this the most thrilling and joyous emotion known to our race? We had as well attempt to see without eyes, or hear without ears, as to love without feeling. Our feelings may not always be manifested in precisely the same manner. Much will depend on the structure of our mind and our education. Our joy may sometimes find expression in tearful silence and may covet retirement. Then, again, it may break out in exuberant shouts of transport, and invite all to come from the ends of the earth to hear us tell our wondrous story of salvation. The religion of mere work, or sublimated sentiment, will never reach and can never save the world. To be pardoned, adopted, regenerated, and sanctified, is to be filled with peace, power, and joy in the Holy Ghost; a peace that passeth all understanding, a power all divine, and a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Our Bible and the religion it imparts, are full of transporting hallelujahs, and those who read the one and possess the other, may rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."—*Christian Standard.*

## THE GREAT MASTER.

**"I AM my own master!"** cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to dissuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked a friend.

"Responsible? Is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"To be master of yourself, you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work His direction. He is regulator, and where he is master all goes right."

"'One is my master, even Christ,' repeated the young man, slowly and seriously; "everybody who puts himself sincerely under His leadership wins at last."—*Christian Weekly.*

## JENNY'S HONEYSUCKLE;

A STORY OF A FLOWER MISSION.

By REV. FREDERIC WAGSTAFF.

THERE are yet many untried ways by means of which access may be had to human hearts. He who spoke as never man spoke has left us a world of suggestiveness in His teachings. It is not only the matter of His discourses that we who labour in His vineyard have to study. There is an ever-flowing freshness of instruction to Christian workers in the manner of His teaching, which, if rightly considered, would lift our labours above the common tracks and ruts of sameness, and cause those to whom we speak to hear us gladly. Of late years, there have been many new methods of working—not all equally wise or equally successful—but all interesting as showing what may be done to impart a fresh interest to the oldest truths, and to invest even the tritest sayings with the air of novelty.

We don't know who invented "flower missions," but whoever first hit upon the happy thought must have been one who was quick to detect the inner meaning of our Lord's sermon on the Mount, and who knew that the lilies of the field were capable of teaching other lessons than those of contented trust in Providence. The flowerets have a thousand lessons for the open eye and heart as they bloom in field and garden; but to the denizen of some crowded city court they bring special messages of love and mercy, as many a poor sinful soul has discovered to his lasting joy. It is of such a case we have to tell in the present article.

In one of the close "yards" abutting upon a great thoroughfare in the east of London, are the head-quarters of an unpretending but very useful mission. It were possible to fill pages with the story of its humble work, as its band of self-denying labourers pursue their toil, unnoticed, indeed, of man, but not unseen of God. One is sometimes tempted to wonder how it is that such workers find encouragement to continue their hamunly-speaking unremunerated endeavours. There is, as everyone knows, a certain stimulus in public recognition and popular applause that enables the weary to persevere, and gives, at least, temporary strength to the weak. In the back lanes of our cities, and in the retirement of our country villages there are many weak and weary ones who never meet with the stimulus of that encouragement. And yet they persevere—more persistent, more unwavering, and more successful frequently than those whose lot seems cast in more congenial places. They have encouragement, though not of earthly kind. They had applause, though not from human lips. "For God is not unrighteous to forget their work and labour of love." And so it comes about that the little band, whose sphere of usefulness lies round — yard, continue steadily plodding on their way, garnering but little harvest that can be seen on earth, but storing up in heaven a rich blessing to be made known at the last day.

Among other means of doing the Master's will, the managers of "— Yard Mission" have adopted the plan of distributing small bouquets of flowers among the crowded dwellings in the unsavoury courts and alleys round. From distant places in the country—north, south, east, and west—sympathising Christian friends send their supplies of flowers; and little bunches are neatly tied together, each having wrapped round it some appropriate text of Scripture, and thus fragrance as of heaven itself is conveyed to homes that need it much. Awhile ago a large quantity of honeysuckle thus found its way from some quiet country garden to the noisy city court. Divided into smaller portions, the fragrant flower was speedily transferred to some of the darksome houses near.

On the following Sunday evening the mission-room was open as usual for the purpose of making known the love of God. Its rough walls were made slightly by bright-coloured mottoes, testifying to the goodness of the Heavenly Father, and rough voices sang with hearty, if unmusical tones, some simple Gospel hymns. The director of the mission, with an eye quick to detect signs of special interest, was soon attracted to a poorly-clad girl in the remotest corner of the room, whose thin, pale face was but too true an index to the sorrow of the heart within. As tears slowly trickled down the young woman's cheek, the gentleman kindly spoke to her, desiring to guide her to the Saviour she so evidently needed. It was

with difficulty he could get any replies to his remarks; but he noticed that in the bosom of her dress she wore a little sprig of honeysuckle, and that, as her agitation increased, her trembling fingers played nervously about the leaves and blossoms of the poor, withered flower.

Rightly guessing that this flower was one of the many sent out from the mission-room a few days before the gentleman spoke to the girl about it. "Come," said he, in a kindly tone, "tell me all about it. It's that flower has brought you here. What does it make you think of?"

"Oh sir," she replied, taking the half-dead blossoms from her dress, and pressing them passionately to her trembling lips, while her tears fell like rain upon the withered leaves. "Oh, sir, it's this honeysuckle. My poor mother's cottage used to be covered with it; and I ran away from home and broke her heart."

And so it was. Two years before the wayward, sinful girl had turned her back upon her peaceful country home, leaving it at the time when the air was heavy with the rich fragrance of the honeysuckle that almost hid the windows from the traveller's sight. Jenny had gone off to London with another and older girl, little thinking, it may be, of the perils that would await her there, and all unconscious of the depths of sin, and sorrow, and suffering to which she was going. She went from bad to worse, lost to virtue and to shame, living a life of sin in that region of moral heathenism at once the pride and the disgrace of Englishmen—our country's metropolis. Thoughts of her childhood's home, and of her broken-hearted mother would, at times obtrude themselves, but they were put away and drowned by drink, until the heart was well nigh hardened against all remorse and against all hope of reclamation.

But God was working out a plan for her restoration. The flower mission was performing its quiet unostentatious task, and the sprigs of honeysuckle were distributed as we have said. One of them was left at the door of the house where Jenny lived. Returning from the streets, the outcast girl caught sight of it upon the table. The sight brought back the memory of her cottage days; the very air seemed fragrant with the scent of far away loveliness and beauty. The heart of the sinner was reached at last. Hearing that the flower came from the Mission Hall in — Yard, Jenny found her way there, as we have described. The story of a father's love melted her heart, and a resolution was formed to return at once to the home of an earthly parent and a heavenly one.

Inquiry at the house next day elicited the fact that the resolution had been carried out. Without money to pay a railway fare, the poor girl started off on foot at day-break on the Monday morning, and as the sun was setting on the Tuesday night her pilgrimage was ended, and the mother's cottage in a Hampshire village came in sight. Weary, hungry, and footsore the wanderer met a loving, forgiving welcome. Mother and daughter together lifted up their voices and wept, but the tears of the former were tears of joy. The dry, dead flowers that had been God's messengers of mercy to a sinful heart lay scentless upon the table, as the penitent told how she had been led to return; but the fragrant smell of the living ones borne upon the breeze through the open window was an emblem of that sweet smell which is ever precious before God, the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart.

## THE SNOWDROPS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the parsonage of a little village lived an aged minister with his only daughter. The wife of his youth had long before been laid to rest under the green turf of the churchyard, and the sole support and comfort of his old age was his motherless child, Mary. He had educated her carefully, endeavouring by every means in his power to supply the loss, so early sustained, of her other parent; and it was the grand object of his life to lead her young heart to place its chief trust in Him who is our sole unfailing Friend. He endeavoured above all things to lead his child to a knowledge of her Saviour-God, and to induce her to become His disciple. It is true that in order to accomplish this end, the Spirit of our God must Himself take up His abode in the heart, but we are none the less to blame if we throw hindrances and obstacles in the way of that Spirit's work, and it is none the less our duty to endeavour, by every means in our power, to forward

it in ourselves and others. Mary's father selected himself the books his daughter read. It is true that the uniformity of her life in that quiet village rendered books a necessity of her existence; but her father gave such a turn to her reading that her unobtrusive became matured and her heart ennobled, without her susceptible imagination being in danger of being too much stimulated or over-excited. Firmly and unwaveringly he kept in view that one object of his life, to strengthen and build up the soul of his young daughter. He was a wise master-builder, one who had taken care to lay his superstructure on a solid foundation. For, although the events of futurity are not within our own control, yet God will, through all the rain and sunshine of this world, complete and render secure the building, and though, now and then, a storm may loosen a beam, or shake lintel or rafter, yet nothing can destroy the foundation, and all will issue in everlasting good.

Still and thoughtful stands Mary, now eighteen years of age, at the window of her sitting-room, looking out into the cold wintry landscape. Hill and meadow are covered with deep snow: it seems as if all nature were enveloped in a vast winding-sheet, and the storm rages over the groves, as if venting its maddest passion upon the leafless trees. Any one whose heart is light, or who lives in the midst of a large cheerful family circle, can manage to feel happy and sheltered in the dullest weather, caring no more for wintry days than do plants in a warm room.

But Mary's heart is troubled and heavy, and the sight of that wintry prospect fills her eyes with tears. Poor Mary's heart has lost its peace, and her faith, which has hitherto rather been the sweet reliance of a child than the firm trust of the experienced Christian, is not sufficient to support her in this extremity. A neighbouring parish has lately lost its pastor, whose place has become supplied by a young man, Hartmann, such was the name of the young minister, took an early opportunity of visiting Mary's father, and soon became an immense favourite with the aged pastor. Decided in his religious opinions, earnest and warm-hearted in disposition, the young man soon won the heart of the old one, and gained in him a true friend and a wise guide and counsellor. Hartmann's frequent visits, his sociality and his intellect, brought a pleasant change to the monotonous life of the parsonage. Mary soon learned to behold all things in the rosy hues of love. The common duties of the day were no longer irksome to her, for she had the evening to look forward to, those delightful evenings which were as wings wafting her away from prosaic realities to sunny lands of imagination. Hartmann enjoyed intercourse with the mind of so intellectual a girl, and seldom missed paying his evening visit to her father and herself. Frank and honourable as he was, he could not avoid giving her many proofs of his esteem and regard, proofs which were to Mary as pearls to be carefully strung together and worn as her choicest treasures. But such pearls are often mere tinsel, only dazzling us by their false glow, and making our clouded eyes insensible to the true value and beauty of that pearl of great price, for which we should be willing to relinquish all earthly possessions. Mary soon learned, by examining her own heart, that her inward peace diminished in proportion as she sought earthly good, even supposing that good to be the highest attainable in this world. The idea, however, of becoming Hartmann's wife had become so natural and so probable, that she saw no reason for checking the affection she felt herself beginning to feel for him. So passed an entire year. Hartmann had arrived with the earliest days of winter, and once again the autumnal wind shook the stubble and whistled in the variously-tinted leaves of the trees whose fruit had gone. During this time Mary's heart had been experiencing all the alternations of joy and grief which a passionate love can bring. But now sorrow had obtained the complete mastery over joy. For though Hartmann's manner to her remained the same as ever, friendly and kind though never tender, he began now to speak of alterations and preparations in his house, to take frequent journeys from home, and to discontinue (sometimes for days together) his visits to the parsonage. It was evident that the object of his fondest hopes was elsewhere. Mary suffered deeply, but in silence. It is true she had learnt to look on life from another point of view from that which is too frequent with her sex. She felt that wedded love, however happy, is not the highest object to which woman's heart can aspire. Her father had taught her to raise her hopes and her longings beyond the bounds of time and space. He had often told her, too, that whoever desires to serve God must be willing to deny

himself, take up his cross daily, and follow the Master's footsteps. All this she had been taught; but *knowing* and *learning* are not the same with *practice* and *experience*. Mary felt as if her dreams of earthly happiness had shivered into fragments; she tried to be resigned and patient, but the struggle was too hard, and cost her many bitter tears.

On the last fine evening of that autumn, the pastor was seated in a pleasant arbour in his garden, reading a book. His daughter sat beside him, making tea, but every now and then casting an absent gaze over the autumnal woods. A week had passed since they had seen Hartmann, and he had again been on a journey. She knew well what had probably been the object of that journey, yet a vain deceptive hope still cheered her. She almost expected some miracle would be wrought to spare her the misery of losing him. In this mood Mary sat at the tea-table, suddenly, however, a well-known step roused her from her reveries, and in another moment Hartmann was by her side. "Who knows," thought Mary to herself. The young man greeted father and daughter with his usual frank cordiality, told them the town news, and then, not without slightly reddening, nor without a shade of embarrassment in his manner, he told the pastor of the happy result of his journeys. A few days before, he informed Mary's father he had become affianced to his beloved Emily.

"You know my intended," he said, turning to Mary. "You will, I feel sure, show her attention and kindness, for the country-life into which she is about to enter for my sake, will be dull at first, after the cheerful home she will have to leave."

Poor Mary! The storms which, like heralds of death, came beforehand to usher in the winter, are like gentle breezes in comparison with the tempest which has sprung up in her heart. Waking and sleeping she repeated to herself Hartmann's terrible words, but it was long before she could completely realise the crushing thought that his love could never be hers. But when the first passionate sorrow had passed away, her thoughts reverted to the Divine source of all love and goodness, to Him whom she had been in danger of forgetting, in His creature, and whom, probably, she would not have remembered now, had he not blighted the flowers of her life. But she was to experience that the return to her Heavenly Father could only be accomplished through the deepest self-abasement. Blessed words of the apostle, "humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time." Sweet and comforting accents are ye, to such as have been taught your true meaning. But melancholy days were now in store for poor Mary. The dull winter days, the intense, almost desolate stillness of her home, rendered, if possible, still sadder by occasional visits from Hartmann and his bride, the increasing infirmities of her father, and a thousand other cares and deep trials which a light heart might easily have borne, but which weighed heavily on one already so tried. All these things were to the pastor's daughter a daily exercise of faith and obedience. How deep is the truth conveyed in these words of Ewald's, in his excellent "Instructions for the Female Sex." "It is not as a punishment, but in mercy, that God sends us daily tasks when the paradise of the heart is lost."

But we are like foolish children who refuse to take healing medicine when they are sick on account of its bitterness; and thus Mary thought to find in these daily trials only a new source of sorrow, feeling indeed, somehow, that she was at a school, but not comprehending exactly what she was to be taught in it.

So passed that long, sad winter, but at length once again the warm sun of March imparted new life to the chill meadow and the soft winds of spring breathed once more upon the frost-bound earth, and even Mary, heavy as was her heart, shared in some degree in this universal gladness. She often went into the woods and fields, and joined in celebrating Nature's festival resurrection. One day she brought home from one of her rambles some of the spring's first-born children, the lovely snowdrops, and with them she decorated her father's quiet little study, because he was no longer able to go out and gather them himself.

"I wonder," said Mary to her father, as she arranged her spring bouquet in a vase on the study table, "I wonder how it is that these, the most fragile of all flowers, should be the earliest of all to come out into bloom. So many stormy days and so much ice and frost seem to threaten their very life, but they venture to show their pretty white heads in every



sunny place in the meads; and they don't seem to have any fears for the future."

"Shall I tell you," said her father, who had all along been a silent witness of his daughter's inward struggles, and who had been eagerly waiting for an opportunity of saying to her a few grave, kind words on the subject—"Shall I tell you, Mary, what these flowers remind me of? They always appear to me emblems of a life cheerfully consecrated to God, and of a meek spirit patiently waiting in humility and faith for the fulfilment of his promises. Just as these snowdrops were born in the midst of the struggle between nature's life and death, so, my child, the strife in your heart between your own will and that of God, will give birth to the fair blossoms of patience and obedience."

These words of her father's opened Mary's eyes to the lessons she was being now taught, and to the school in which she was learning them. There fell from her eyes as it were scales, so that she no longer regarded herself as one needlessly chaste, or felt in her wounded and broken heart that she was alone in the world. She saw, on the contrary, that it was her own perpetual striving against the will of God which had cost her so much pain. This insight into herself was a great boon. It paved the way for her ceaseless striving against her own unsubmitive heart; but, like all other gifts of God, it was not to be obtained altogether without an effort. But God always grants help to the sincere and earnest seeker after right, and none ever sought Him with all their heart in vain. Mary was to experience this, and having already the will to rise superior to her sorrows, she was soon to gain the victory.

Hartmann became a husband and father, and as long as his old friend lived, he paid frequent visits to the parsonage. Mary's peace of mind was at first threatened by these visits, but gradually she gained so much command over herself that what had once been love, in time settled into calm friendship. Shortly after her father's death she also married. She became the wife of a country gentleman, whose pious and upright character had gained her warm esteem. Providence had designed for her a position of many responsibilities and wide usefulness, and in the active duties devolving on her as the mistress of a large household, she learned that that is the best and happiest kind of love which is not perpetually fixing its gaze on self.

JANET.

## THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

DR. AIKMAN, in his "Life at Home," urges children not to forget the old folks at home. He says: There is always a liability, when sons and daughters have gone away from the home of their childhood and have formed homes of their own, gradually to lose the old attachments and cease to pay those attentions to their parents which were so easy and natural in the olden time. New associations, new thoughts, new cares, all come in, filling the mind and heart, and, if special pains be not taken, they crowd out the old loves. This ought never to be. You should remember that the change is with you, and not with those you left behind. You have everything new, much that is attractive in the present and bright in the future; their hearts cling to the past they have most in memory. When you went away you knew not, and will never know till you experience it, what it cost them to give you up, nor what a vacancy you left behind. They have not, if you have, any new loves to take the place of the old. Do not, then, heartlessly deprive them of what you still can give of attention and love.

Visit your parents. If you live in the same place, let your step be, perhaps daily, a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles, yea, many miles away, make it your business to go to them. In this matter do not regard time nor expense; the one is well spent and the other will be fully, yea, a hundred-fold repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that father or mother has gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel which last bore you to their side.

Write to your parents. I have known father and mother wait with sick hearts through weary months, longing that some word might reach them from an absent son. They have watched the mails till in despair they have ceased to expect any more, and while they may not have the grief of a great bereavement, they have what is almost as bad, the

bitter consciousness that they are not in mind enough to even call out a few poor lines from one whose infancy and early years they watched with sleepless love. Sons are often guilty of this crime—I cannot call it less—from sheer neglect or indolence. While an hour, perhaps a few moments, would suffice to write a letter which would give unspeakable satisfaction, they let months and even years slip away in utter indifference to all the pain they are causing. Oh, how full is many a mother's heart of sorrow and foreboding, when just a few words from an absent son would fill it with joy and praise! Such indifference or neglect is shameful and wicked. One need not wonder that sons guilty of it are not prospered, that they wait in vain for those turns of fortune which will send them home, as they dream, to surprise the old neighbourhood with their wealth. Their thoughtlessness has been productive only of disaster.

Keep up your intercourse with father or mother; do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told; do not say, "No news is good news." If it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say, "I am well;" if it be only to send the salutation that says they are "dear," or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little messengers shall be like caskets of jewels, and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say, with a warm-hearted son:

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise,  
And roll between my home and me;  
Yet shall my quenchless memories  
Turn with undying love to thee."

—Selected.

## INCREASE OF JOY.

IF you have one joy now, and will become a Christian, you will have ten thousand joys then. The grace of God will not deplete you; it will not rob you of a single satisfaction. There is not one thing in all the round of enjoyments that will be denied you. God gives especial lease to the Christian for all sunlight, for all friendship, for all innocent beverages, for all exhilarations. I will tell you the difference. You go into a factory, and you see only three or four wheels turning, and you say to the manufacturer: "How is this? you have such a large factory, and yet three-fourths of the wheels are quiet." He says the water is low. A few weeks afterwards, you go in and find all the spindles flying, and all the dands working—fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred. "Why," you say, "there is a great change here." "Oh, yes," says the manufacturer, "the water has risen. We have more power now than before." I come into this man's soul, who has not surrendered himself to God, and I find there are faculties employed, but only a part of his nature is working. The water is low. After a while I come into that man's nature, and I find that all his capacities, all his energies are in full play. I say there is a great difference. The floods of divine grace have poured their strength upon that soul, and whereas only a few faculties were employed then, now all the energies and capacities of the soul are in full work. In other words, he who becomes a Christian is a thousand times more of a man he was before he became a Christian.—*Talmage*.

Don't HURRY.—Believe in travelling step by step; do not expect to get rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance by its daily gain enriches a man more than fits and starts of fortune and speculation. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the less speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is a poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water may be got from a very small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch. Large bears may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds in but little.





THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT,  
(From a Photograph by Mr. Turner, Cheapside )

## THE ACCEPTED CALL.

A SERMON

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

"When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face: my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—Ps. xxvii. 8.

THE question is often asked, How do men become the sons of God? Sometimes this question is asked sneeringly by those who do not believe in the possibility of such a transformation. Sometimes it is asked earnestly and anxiously by those who believe it possible that humanity may be so honoured, but who are bewildered as to the way in which that honour is to be obtained. They have said, "We started together, and have gone shoulder to shoulder for twenty or may be fifty years, and now there is a difference between us as wide as heaven and hell. How has this marvellous change in you been effected?" and I have replied, "Don't ask me, because I may be an impostor; go to some one of whose conversion it is impossible to doubt, and remember that when you have obtained an answer from one child of God you have in substance received an answer from all." And so to day I take you to David. Here there can be no mistake. We know that he was a sinner by nature, for he says he was "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity." We know that he was a sinner by actual transgression, for his history is stained with records of the vilest iniquity; and we also know that he afterwards became a man after God's own heart, and has been made the leader of the Church's praise to the end of time. I ask you to listen to his own account of the way in which the great change was effected. It is brief, but full so full that we may learn from it the way of salvation. He says, "When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." That is, God spoke, and I heard Him. God called me, and I came to Him. God held out His arms, and I ran into them. "Why," many of you are saying, "this is just my experience." I know it is: I care not whether you are a Methodist, a Baptist, a Charchman or a Nonconformist, a Protestant or a Catholic—if you are a child of God, my text is your spiritual history. God's family is one, though we are called by many names, and when it comes to matters of experience our unity is at once visible manifest.

The text naturally divides itself into two parts. We have first, *God's address to man*; secondly, *Man's reply to God*.

First, we have *God's address to man*—"Thou saidst, 'Seek ye my face.'" Here we have the *origin* of all true religion. It begins with God. It was so at the outset. All who know anything about quarrels among men know that as a rule the offended party is generally the first to seek reconciliation, and it may well be so, for when a man knows he is in the right he can afford to be generous—to hold out his hand, and say as Abraham did to Lot, "Let there be no quarrel between thy herdsmen and mine." But whether this be true of the quarrels among men or not, it is gloriously true of the great quarrel between God and man. Man sinned, and God was angry with man. Did He, however, wait for man to draw near to Him with a broken and contrite heart and ask for pardon? Did He wait for man to come and confess his in gratitude and sinfulness? We know He did not. We know that if He had, our reconciliation would never have taken place, but the whole family of man would have moved on in one dark blaspheming procession to perdition. God knew this, knew it well, and "because He delighteth in mercy" He spoke first.

And has it struck you how soon He spoke? Did He wait till man had learnt by years of bitter experience the sinfulness of his sin? No, He did not. Blessed be His name! the first day of man's sin was the first day of God's revelation of mercy! He who has commanded us not to let the sun go down upon our wrath acted upon His own command, and before the end of the first day of men's transgression, He went to him, and while showing him his sinfulness and its sad results, proclaimed to him the glorious news of salvation. 'This God spoke first to our race: "the way of peace" is not an invention of man, but a revelation from heaven.

Do I hear some one saying, "But does God really speak to man? Can there be this direct intercourse between Him and us?" I answer, "Yes, He can and does." Cannot we speak to our children? Cannot the sheep on the hill-side speak to

their little leaping lambs. Cannot the parent bird speak to her little open-mouthed young ones? And is God the only dumb parent in the universe? He that made the tongue, can He not speak? He does not speak all day long. He speaks sometimes in tones of thunder, which are like the beginning of hell to the guilty soul, and sometimes in tones soft as a mother's blessing, which fill the eyes with tears we know not how.

Do I hear some one saying, "But I have never heard Him?" Perhaps not; that, however, may not be because He has not spoken.

I shall never forget my first visit to a woollen mill. The noise of the machinery stunned and bewildered me. The owner of the mill explained the various processes as we went on, but it was a dumb show to me—I heard nothing. Suppose when I came out I had been asked whether the gentleman spoke to me during my visit, and I had replied "No," would it have been true? Certainly not; he spoke, but I did not hear. His voice was drowned in the surrounding noise. And so it is with thousands of those around us. God speaks to them, but His voice is drowned in the hubbub by which they are surrounded. They are awakened in the morning by the postman's knock, and before they have time for a thought about God or eternity, the noise of their own mill is all around them, before the letters are finished the morning paper arrives, and the roar of the world is added to the sound which already existed; a short prayer is uttered, a hasty meal swallowed, and henceforth it is whirl and excitement till the evening; they return home worn out and weary, by the aid of stimulants they are able to spend an evening of worldly pleasure, and then a short psalm and a shorter prayer is read, and they retire to a troubled rest to be awakened again by the postman's knock, and to go through the same distracting round. This is the history year in and year out of thousands around us—and how can God's voice ever be heard in this whirl? There will, however, come an end to this. While I was in that mill the dinner hour came, and instantly the machinery stopped, and out of the silence came a hundred voices that had been speaking before, but had been drowned in the noise. And so it will be with us. This life is not to go on for ever. There will come a morning when other hands will open the letters, when the newsman will be told that the paper is needed no more, when there will be sorrow and silence in the now busy home. The noise of time will be unheard: there will be the silence of eternity, and, if we neglect the offer of mercy, out of that silence will come a voice louder than thunder which will say, "Because I have called, and ye refused; because I have stretched forth my hands, and ye would have none of my reproof, I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh."

The text also shows us the *nature* of religion. When God speaks to man, what does He say? The text says, "Seek ye my face." Do you ask, what does this mean? It means just this, "Come to Me." This is what God says to every man, not just "Come to My House, or My Book, or My servant," but "Come to Me." When God says this, do not the words imply that we are at a distance from Him?

Some one may say, but how can this be? Do we not live and move in God? How then can we be far from Him? How? Suppose you meet an old friend, and at once go up to him to express your pleasure at the meeting, and he receives you coldly, and passes on, would you not say you met so and so, and he was so distant—you met him, and yet he was distant? What do you mean by that? You mean that your bodies met, but that there was no union of heart, and that is what God means when He speaks to us. He says we draw near to Him with our lips, but our hearts are far off. Now it is the heart that God wants, and to offer Him any substitute is a insult.

But does not God teach us further by this passage, that though we are afar off we need not stay there? When he says, "Come to Me," does not that imply that there is a possibility of our coming? If there were no such possibility, the invitation would be a mockery. I know that when Adam was driven out of Paradise, the fiery sword was placed there to prevent his return. But there is a beautiful passage in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews which says, "He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." There is a world of comfort for the trembling heart in this. But what does it mean? It is clear that it does not mean that He has put away sin as a fact, for it meets us everywhere. Nor does it mean that He has put it away as a thing to be punished. Many of you feel something of its punishment even now.

Does it not mean that it is put away as the legal obstacle to man's salvation? Yes, thank God! it does. There is no fiery sword now to keep us back from God. That sword was quenched, and instead of the sword of vengeance, the sceptre of mercy is held out to the trembling penitent that he may touch it and live for ever. True religion then is not form, or ceremony, or creed, or any thing of that sort; it is something infinitely higher—it is the heart coming back to God.

Everything else instead of this is hollow mockery—a refuge of lies. This then is religion—the heart coming back to God. That is the first part of the subject, and before I go any further I stop to ask whether you can go so far. I beseech you do not shirk the question, has your heart come back to God? It is a matter between you and Him: His heart has come back to you; but has your heart come back to Him?

If so, all is well; for you “to live in Christ, and to die will be gain”; but if not, and you remain as you are, you will be miserable in time, and lost in eternity.

Secondly, we have man's reply to God. God said to David, “Seek ye My face,” and the reply of the Psalmist was, “Thy face, Lord, will I seek.” The answer was therefore personal. There is great danger in this age of companies of our losing ourselves in the firm of humanity. But our spiritual affairs must all be done individually: we have in this sense to live alone, as we shall have to die alone, and to stand alone before the judgment seat. You find out man's isolation when you stand, as most of us have stood, in the solemn death-chamber. How lonely the soul seems then! You remember when you stood in that quiet bedroom and saw the father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or child go out alone. You could but watch and weep; your heart was breaking, and you longed to go with them; but your loved ones went out alone to meet their God. You and I shall have to die soon. There will be weeping eyes and anxious, broken hearts; but we shall die alone—one last lingering look, and then we shall go alone into the tremendous realities of eternity. Just so must we try and live alone. God speaks to each as though there were no other being in the universe, and says, “Come to Me.” And each of us should answer as if there were no other, “By Thy grace I will arise and come.”

The answer of David was not only personal; it was prompt. When thou saidst, There was no talk about to-morrow or next day. The devil's policy is to cheat us out of the present. His suggestion is, any time but the present for a good deed; no time but the present for a bad one. He never talks to you of putting off sin, but he often talks of putting off prayers and conversion. He never speaks to you about sinning to-morrow. No; sin to-night, and repent to-morrow; that is the devil's policy. David knew this, and when the Lord said, “Seek ye My face,” the decision was at once made—“Thy face, Lord, will I seek.” And so it should be with each of us. Procrastination is full of danger. Every time we reject the offer of mercy we increase the probability that we shall never accept it. I was staying one night with an old gentleman, and when the company was gone, and we were alone, I said, “Are you on the road to heaven, sir?” With a quivering lip, he said, “No, I fear I am not.” I said, “Why, that is a very terrible thing. You have been connected with the church for many years?” “All my life,” said he; “my house has been the preacher's home for more than thirty years, and none have been more welcome.” I said, “It is a terrible thing to love the servants, and not to love the Master.” “That has just been my case,” was the reply. I said, “But has not the Holy Spirit striven with you?” “Oh, it is not God's fault that I am as I am,” was the answer, “it is all my own. I recollect well, when an apprentice, the Spirit strove with me, and I put Him off till I was out of my apprenticeship. When that time came He strove with me again, but I determined to wait until I should be my own master. When I entered into business I was again troubled about my soul, but then came the thought. I have so much to think about now; when I have made a fortune I will retire from business, and the rest of my days I will live for God.” I said, “Well, you have made a fortune and have retired; how is it with you now?” And the tears ran down his cheeks as he replied, “It is harder work now than ever.” I would ask, is not that the history of many whom you have known? They never intended to go to hell; they always intended to do better, but all the time they permitted difficulties to increase until now, with grey hairs upon their heads, they are standing on the brink of perdition.

David was prompt in his decision. “When thou saidst, Seek ye My face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord,

will I seek.” Ob, follow his example. Now is the day of salvation. Now heaven's gates are open; now the Gospel message is proclaimed; now the High Priest is pleading; now the Spirit is striving; now the Church is working; “all things are now ready”; it is God's time. To-morrow the sceptre may be turned into a sword; to-morrow the door may be shut; to-morrow your doom may be sealed; to-morrow, instead of an open heaven, there may be a yawning hell. Let there be no talk of to-morrow, but say to-day, “I will arise and go to my Father.”

Then, the answer of David was also decided—“Thy face, Lord, will I seek.” Many people are content with thinking about religion. I know persons who have been talking about religion for the last twenty years, but who have not got a step further yet. They have always been thinking about joining themselves to God's people, and the devil has been laughing at them all the time. We must act as well as think. Thinking about heaven will never take a man there. “When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek”—“I will do it.” And there is no presumption in that decision. It is not presumption to say, “I will” if God calls me. There is nothing Pharisaical in that. If God calls me, He does “with the word the power convey,” and though the devil, and the world, and the flesh are strong, God is stronger. He is now in our midst waiting to help you. Look up and say, “Lord, I will—happy or miserable—whether men bless or curse—whether it takes me to a palace or a workhouse, I make no conditions, I will seek Thy face.” You will have to do it, if you are ever to get to heaven.

Lastly, the answer came from the right place. “When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face;” my lips?—no, no, the lips are too often liars, but the heart never is—my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.” David did not stand up and say, “I will arise and go to my Father,” while his heart was alienated and his life in rebellion. The lips, perhaps, were silent, but the heart responded, Yes. Religion is heart-work:—

“Words may come forth with eloquence

And claim the world's applause,

Which yet may never rise from thence

To the sky that o'er us glows.

But word, or look, or thought, which from the heart doth rise,  
Like incense up to heaven shall float, a welcome sacrifice.”

What the heart says God always hears. It is said of a Greek musician that his touch was so delicate and his ear so quick that he would often play a tune on his harp which only his own quick ear could catch. Whether fact or fable, this affords a beautiful illustration of God's intercourse with man's heart. When God speaks to the heart He always gets a reply. You hear me to-night, but I shall not know, perhaps, until the day of judgment what have been the results of this service; but when God comes He always gets an answer. God is coming to you, and is saying, “Give Me thy heart.” Oh, make thy heart stop to listen to Him. God says, “Come to Me.” That is not hard, is it? Yet do it, if it be hard. Let your heart reply, and God will hear. He is listening—His ear is at your heart at this moment. Perhaps there is some young man here who is saying, “I will come to God; I have often thought about it, but I will do it, by the help of the Holy Spirit.” If so, He hears, and will help. I was sitting one night with a farmer who said to me, “I was very happy and very miserable last night.” “That is very strange,” I answered. “I was,” he said; “when one after another went up to seek for mercy my heart danced for joy; but when I thought of my own children, not one of whom is yet converted, I felt as if my heart would break, I thought everybody's children were being saved but mine.” One of his daughters, who was married to a neighbouring farmer, was present, and turning towards him with a face beaming with happiness, she said, “Thou you did not know what my heart said, for last night I made up my mind that your people should be my people, and your God my God.” Ah, there was a father sitting in that square pew and saying, “I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought”; and there was the great Father up yonder saying, “Bring out the best robe, and put it upon her, and let us rejoice and be glad.” There is that father saying to-night, “Oh, if my son were but saved.” Yes, young man, and the best news you could send home would be that you had given your heart to God. In the name of your mother—in the name of your father—in the name of

those who have gone to heaven, and who are perhaps even now bending over you, I pray you to be reconciled to God." "The Spirit and the bride say, Come."

And will you not accept the invitation? Christ, who sought you with His own blood, asks you to come to Him. He says to you, "Give Me thine heart." May each of you do so this night. I put the question the other day in a village service, "Who is there here that will give his heart to God?" And a little girl, with a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Please, sir, I will." I do not ask you to respond in a similar way, though I should not be sorry to hear such an answer. But let the word be spoken by the heart—let God hear it—"I will." He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh the door shall be opened. "Who-soever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." God has never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye Me in vain. There are no hearts too dark, too hard, too foul, too guilty to be saved. And now, brother, standing between thee and hell, I ask thee, wilt thou be reconciled to God? O, by that life of sorrow which He lived, by that death of agony which He endured for thee, I beseech thee, decide to-night. We shall never all meet again on earth. I look around upon your faces, and I shall not see many of them again till we meet before the judgment bar. There will be no opportunity for me to offer mercy to you then, but I do offer it to you now—full, free, present mercy. You

"May now be saved, whoever will,  
This man receiveth sinners still."

To-night God calls you to Himself. O that every soul in this congregation may say, "Thy face, Lord, I will seek."

## A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

BY H. A. CLIFFORD.

WE are told that "one sinner destroyeth much good." We have learned that one righteous person can counteract, to some extent, evil influence, and be the means of accomplishing much good. There never was a time when there was so much need of godly young men as the present. There are hundreds of young men constantly going up to the house of God, and are almost persuaded to be Christians. They sigh for the sympathy of kindred spirits. They are looking for the one who has it in his heart to say, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." They are waiting for the strong, hearty shake of the hand which is the token of a hearty welcome. Sinners must be made to feel that God's people love them, before we can do them any good. As soon as this impression is produced, love begets love. The first sign is revealed by which men know that they have passed from death unto life, "Love to the brethren." Even while I write my mind goes back a few years ago to that place blessed of heaven, Wharton-street Church, Philadelphia, where a certain young man, whose eye may trace this page, took me by the hand and led me to Jesus, and when surrounded by a large body of godly young men, and under Christian influence, overwhelmed by numerous acts of kindness, I was favoured above what I had hoped or asked. I received impressions there which make the time spent among the young men of Wharton-street, the bright spot in my life. Thank God for young men who are not afraid to live and work for souls. May their numbers increase until not only in the place where "prayers are many and sermons more," but wherever a creature of God is to be found, there also will be the young man to love and do good. God is blessing the efforts of the young and rising generation. In the mighty army now being raised for the conversion of the world, the young man stands in the front rank, and if "only an armour-bearer," the Captain of our salvation may depend on him. The world is to be saved, and the young men must help do it. "Let no man despise thy youth." Napoleon at twenty-seven executed that mighty campaign in Italy that has rendered his name immortal, hurling back the Austrians to their capital and exiling from one of the laughtiest monarchs in Europe peace on his own terms. Calvin, at twenty-seven, gave to the world those "Institutes," which have affected the theological thought of the world ever since. Sumnerfield, at twenty-seven, ascended, leaving to the world a name and a life which will be ever cherished as a Godsend and a blessing to mankind.

There are hundreds of young men who, with willing hands,

loving hearts, and sanctified lives, can be the means of turning many to righteousness.

The demand and want of the Church is the young man. As of old, so to-day, Christ loves the young man. The old adage, "Old men for council and young men for war," was never more true than now. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual and mighty through God, in overwhelming the powers of darkness. We expect to come off more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us. Listen then to the call of your better nature, of duty, and of God, and with all the energies of your being, go forward trusting in Him who teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight. Life to us all is but a battle. Already we see through the wavering ranks of the foe. Great is your reward in heaven, and stamped upon our banners is the pledge of the Captain of our salvation—victory. The faithful unto death shall receive a crown of life.—*Christian Standard.*

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

DAMON being condemned to death by Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, obtained liberty to visit his wife and children, leaving his friend Pythias as a pledge for his return, on condition that, if he failed, Pythias should suffer in his stead. Damon not having appeared at the time appointed, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in prison. "What a fool were you," said he, "to rely on Damon's promise! How could you imagine that he would sacrifice his life for you, or for any man?"

"My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than my friend should fail in any article of honour. He cannot fail; I am confident of his virtue as of my own existence. Oppose him, ye winds! disappoint his eagerness, and suffer him not to arrive till my death has saved a life of much greater consequence than mine, necessary to his lovely wife, to his little innocents, to his friends, to his country. Oh, let me not die the most cruel of deaths in that of my Damon."

Dionysius was confounded and awed with the magnanimity of these sentiments. He wished to speak; he hesitated; he looked down, and retired in silence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and, with an air of satisfaction, walked to the place of execution. He ascended the scaffold and addressed the people: "My prayers are heard, the gods are propitious; the winds have been contrary; Damon could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and my blood shall ransom that of my friend."

As he pronounced these words a murmur arose, a distant voice was heard; the crowd caught the words, and "Stop, stop execution!" was repeated by every person. A man came at full speed. In the same instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and in the arms of Pythias. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved; you are safe." Pale, cold, and half speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haste! cruel impatience! what envious powers have wrought impossibilities against your friend? But I will not be wholly disappointed; since I cannot die to save you, I will die to accompany you."

Dionysius heard, and beheld with astonishment; his eyes were opened; his heart was touched; and he could no longer resist the power of virtue: he descended from his throne, and ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair. Ye have demonstrated the existence of virtue, and consequently of a God who rewards it. Live happy; live renowned; and as you have invited me by your example, form me by your precepts, to participate worthily of a friendship so divine."—*The Weekly Welcome.*

PREACHING FOR A REVIVAL.—There are preachers by myriads and majorities, and deeply pious ones too, that never once in all their lives distinctly concentrated their purposes to the single point of converting men. Their efforts are to finish an eloquent sermon, to develop theological or biblical truth, to thrill aesthetically an audience, to pour forth general religious emotion, to spread a popular fame, to gather crowds, to build a large church, etc. Verily these often have the reward, namely, success in their objects. But here is a lone-some preacher who does not object to all these; but with or without them, by study, by closet, by pulpit, by pastoral work, some or all, he means to convert souls, and just so many as he can.

## MANY MANSIONS.

"But now they desire a better country—that is, an Heavenly one."—  
John xiv. 17.

IT is in the upper room at Jerusalem that Jesus speaks to His disciples these words of peace and comfort. Judas has received his sop, and left the room. The "Hallel" is not yet sung; and while Jesus, knowing exactly what Judas is about, and what must presently befall Him, waits the completion of all that is to come to pass. He pours into the ears of His disciples the assurance of the fulness of His love, the richness of His grace, and the eternity of His purposes concerning all who will believe on Him. They are sorrowful in the knowledge that He is very soon to leave them. How soon, or in what manner the separation is to take place, they know not. If they knew, their hearts would be even more overwhelmed with sorrow.

In the tenderest love Jesus soothes their troubled minds by assuring them of the home prepared for them beyond the changing scenes of the present life. He comforts them by a promise of the ample abode provided for them in the Father's house above. He pictures to them Heaven as a house, a permanent abiding place, embracing the ideas of security from enemies, rest from worry and weariness, and a homely state of comfort in the Father's love. To such a home as this He tells them He is going, to make their entrance into it all the happier when in His own good time He will call them there.

What is the meaning of "many mansions"? Some people find in it a thought of a vast house with many apartments, and take their idea from the numerous chambers provided in the Jewish Temple for the Priest and Levites. It is true that a literal translation of the Greek words will carry this idea; but it is just as true that the words will as well bear the rendering "ample accommodation," or "much abiding place," as "many mansions." Whatever words we may use to express the idea, the meaning of our Saviour is evidently that there is abundant room in Heaven for all who love to follow Him, and that the redeemed and glorified will have in the upper "mansions" not only all the space they can desire to occupy, but with it everything that can minister to their highest and noblest desires.

Jesus here presents Himself as the Way to the upper mansions of glory which are in His Father's house. The doubtful-minded Thomas, uncertain of the future, and probably disappointed because the temporal kingdom which he had expected Jesus to set up on earth did not look very promising, expresses a doubt as to the possibility of reaching the upper mansions. He knows not where they are. He fears he will be lonely when Jesus shall leave him. He dreads to take the journey alone and in the dark. It is to allay such fears in the mind of Thomas, and in the minds of all who, like Thomas, have doubts and fears, that Jesus thus declares Himself "The Way." Just as a sure path leads to its certain destination, so, by following Jesus, we are led up to God. There are paths in our life which would lead us astray; paths which branch off in the dark in unknown directions, and by taking which we may fail to reach our destination, and bring up somewhere else. There are forks of the roads where the guide-boards are lost, or the directions painted on them are wrong. There are names of streets on our city lamps, but the lamp-frame may be turned partly round, and the names may indicate just the opposite of what they ought to, and so lead the passenger into a street crossing the one he wants to take. But Jesus Christ is THE TRUTH. He never led anybody astray. Were it doubtful work to follow Him, this discourse of comfort would be of no account to us. He that hath seen Christ hath seen God. The footsteps we follow lead us up to our Father and our God. We take no risk in accepting Him as our Guide. He leads not only to a continuance of existence, but to eternal life. He, revealed to us in the first chapter of this Gospel as the life and the light of men, lights us on our way to the eternal light and a life which shall outlast and triumph over death.

What then if trouble comes? There is an abundant abiding place for us, beyond its reach? What if we wander? We shall be eternally at home in the "many mansions." What if it is dark here? Christ leads us through the darkness up to the light; into His glory.

Glorious light ahead for the beclouded Christian. Rest for

the weary teacher. Home for the houseless child. All through the love of God in Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the Life. By Him we come to our Father, In Him we find our eternal home of joy and rest and peace and comfort.

## GIDEON OUSELEY.

IN a biographical memoir of this celebrated itinerant preacher, recently issued by the Wesleyan Conference Office, Mr. Arthur has shown himself a master of the true art of book-making. The memoir was written under the most disadvantageous circumstances, sources of information being few and almost unapproachable, and Mr. Arthur's own ill-health and failing sight being of themselves difficulties almost unsurmountable. The book is full of loving utterances; and the thrilling incidents in the life of the one-time gambler, drunkard, and profligate, but who afterwards became so eminently useful in his Master's service, cannot fail to be intensely interesting.

The two following incidents will give our readers some idea of the humorous side of his character:—

### OUSELEY AT A FUNERAL.

As a priest was reading mass, and the multitude were on their knees, a stranger suddenly rode up. Dismounting, he knelt in the midst of the congregation with manifest solemnity. As the priest went on reading, in a tongue of which the people knew not a word, the stranger caught up passage after passage, selecting, though unknown to his hearers, those portions which conveyed directly Scripture truth or solemn warnings. He suddenly turned the words from Latin into Irish, and repeated aloud after the priest. Then, with deep feeling, he cried at the end of each passage, "Listen to that!" The priest seems to have been overwhelmed and awed, and the people completely melted. When the mass was ended, and all rose up, Mr. Ouseley, with a face beaming with affection, urged upon the people the necessity of having their peace made with God, telling them they must become reconciled to Him, and that it was possible so to do by real repentance and true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. As he was taking his departure the crowd cried to the priest, "Father, who is that? Who is he at all?" "I do not know," said the priest; "he is not a man at all. Sure he is an angel; no man could do what he has done." Long afterwards he (Mr. Ouseley) met a peasant, and, accosting him, had a conversation, which we give in the words of Mr. Reilly:—"My dear man, would you not like to be reconciled to God—to have His peace in your heart, and stand clear before the great Judge when He will come in the clouds of heaven to judge the world?" "Oh, glory be to His holy and blessed name! sir, I have this peace in my heart; and the Lord be praised that I ever saw your face!" "You have! What do you know about this peace? When did you see me?" "Don't you remember the day, sir, when you was at the berrin (burial), when the priest was saying mass?" "I do very well. What about that day?" "Oh, gentleman, you told us then how to get that peace; and I went, blessed be His holy name! to Jesus Christ my Saviour, and got it in my heart, and have had it there ever since."

### APTNESS IN PREACHING.

On one occasion, when Ouseley was preaching, the crowd began to throw heavy missiles. He stopped, and after a pause cried out, "Boys, dear, what's the matter with you to-day? Won't you let an old man talk to you a little?" "We don't want to hear a word out of your old head," was the prompt reply. "But I want to tell you what I think you would like to hear." "No, we will like nothing you can tell us." "How do you know? I want to tell you a story about one you all say you respect and love." "Who's that?" "The blessed Virgin." "Och, and what do you know about the blessed Virgin?" "More than you think; and I'm sure you'll be pleased with what I have to tell you, if you'll only listen to me." "Come, then," said another voice, "let us hear what he has to say about the holy mother"; and there was a lull, and the missionary began. "There was once a young couple to be married," and then he told, in homely language, the story of the wedding in Cana, and wound up thus:—"The Master tasted it, and lo and behold you! it was wine, and the best of wine too! and there was plenty of it for the feast—ay, and it may be, some left to help the young couple setting

up housekeeping. And all that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the blessed Virgin, and doing what she bid them. Now, if she was here among us this day, she would give just the same advice to every one of us: "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it." And now I'll tell you some of the things He says to us: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." So the preacher got leave to finish his discourse, with not a little of good effect. On another occasion a furious mob of rogues came near, bent on mischief. Mr. Ouseley immediately, with a loud voice, addressed those nearest him: "Make way for the gentlemen"; and then, with perfect courtesy of manner, looking at the surprised rogues, he said, "Come forward, gentlemen; I want to speak to you on important business." Their leader hushed them to quiet, and quite respectfully approached the preacher. "You know Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest?" "Yes, your reverence." "Will you carry a message to him for me?" "To be sure, your reverence." "Well, take Gideon Ouseley's compliments to the reverend father, and ask him, Can he make a fly?—not the fly that they put on the fishing hook, but one of those little things buzzing about our ears." "It's no use, your reverence," said two or three at once; "shure, we know he couldn't." "What! is it Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest, cannot make one of these little flies?" "Och, and shure he could do nothing of the kind," several voices goom-humouredly shouted. "Ah, then, gentlemen, if you're sure he couldn't make a little fly out of a bit of clay, how could he make the blessed Saviour out of a bit of bread?" "True for your reverence," said several, gravely.

## ISRAEL'S IRON AGE.

THE above is the title of an exceedingly interesting and useful work, the third edition of which has just been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The author, Dr. Marcus Dods, has chosen a grand subject, and has grandly rendered it. The judges, with their stern, uncompromising fealty to their God and their country, are graphically portrayed, and lessons and arguments of the most convincing nature are presented to the thoughtful student. The following passage, which closes the chapter of Joshua, is a fair specimen of the author's style, and will, we think, be acceptable to our readers:—

We see in the conquest of Canaan to which Israel was led by Joshua, in what sense, and to what extent, we should look for present victory over sin. Joshua did not deal only in promises. He said, there are your foes, let us slay them. He would have been hooted out of his command had he not given actual victory. Promises would have been counted mere evasions. And no one who is in earnest about sin will be put off with mere expectations of deliverance. Sin is as much sin now as ever it can be in the future. If it is wrong to sin in the world to come it is wrong to sin now. Sin, if hateful to God, must be as hateful now as ever it can be. If God is in earnest about delivering me from sin, He will deliver me now; and if I am in earnest about being delivered, no expectation of future deliverance can compensate for the misery of present bondage. The Saviour I need is one who can help me to-day, one who counts my present enemies His enemies, and who can communicate to me such real strength as shall make the difference between my being defeated and my conquering them. If He merely promises to take me out from among my foes, if He merely says I shall be rid of them when I die, is that to be called victory? Certainly not; and it is not such victory Christ offers. But many perhaps may say, I would it were so; that Christ gave present victory, that His saving from sin meant my being saved from those sins I am in bondage to, those only sins it concerns me to be saved from. I would it were so. This was a salvation to be prized, by which I myself could now become a better, holier, more useful man. But I have sought such salvation long; I may not be much in earnest about anything, but I have spent more earnestness in seeking such salvation than in any other pursuit; and I cannot see that I have found it. Theoretically, nothing seems grander and more satisfactory than this salvation by Christ. Practically, it fails me at every point.

It is useless to give the lie to experience; and it were untrue to say that yours is a singular case, or that you ought to expect greater things. For when conquest of present sins is promised, you are not to expect immediate victory. You will not have any victory if you do not engage in immediate

warfare. But read the history of Israel, and what do you find? That they held their land at immense cost of life and treasure; that no bloodier battles are on record than those in which they had to engage with their old foes. They were successful, they did hold their land, but never found it much easier than at the first. So when you fall into sin that makes you doubt whether Christ is a present Saviour, there is really nothing else to say than this: You must win back again the ground you have lost. Of course it is weary work, heart-breaking, humbling, tormenting work—a trial to faith so dreadful that many a soul has broken down under it; yet what is to be done? Are you to yield to sin? are you to live on contentedly with that in you which you know is working death? are you to disbelieve Jesus Christ and live at a distance from God, unable to bring your state of heart into the light of His countenance? Rather than this, will you not endure all things, making each relapse into sin the occasion of doing something more to guard against its recurrence, and of praying to God more and not less earnestly? You know that you *must* make way if you do so. Your sins may be so strongly rooted in your nature that you see before you a lifetime of struggle; but so is it with many. Even when you lie stiff and unconscionable on the field of battle, you may be of the winning party. As he who died in the moment of victory, his eye already dim so that he could not see whether it was the ranks of friend or foe that were breaking, so do most Christians die, sword in hand, not having had much time to erect trophies and sing hymns of victory, and see all the fruit of their warfare, but not the less certainly having obtained eternal victory over the sins they knew and fought against in this present life.

## NOT WILLINGLY.

There is strong consolation in these words of the weeping prophet, "He doth not afflict willingly."

The word translated "willingly" means "from his heart." "He doth not afflict from his heart," but only and always from his hand. When his hand is lifted up against us, his heart is yearning over us with unspeakable tenderness. When Joseph "made himself strange" unto his brethren, and "spoke roughly" to them, his heart said, "O my brothers!" So when God makes himself strange to us in the disguise of some dark providence, when he speaks roughly to us, his heart is overflowing with more than a mother's tenderness. When he says, "Hear ye the rod," his heart says, "How can I give thee up?"

And if we are His, can we not kiss the rod? When it falls upon us all we shall surely see our Father's hand at the other end of it. It is not then wielded by a tyrant, nor is it an iron rod; neither is it a dead bramble, but rather a living rose branch. Like Aaron's rod it buds and blossoms, and bears fruit—"the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Are we passing under the rod to-day? Behold how the smiting shakes off the precious fruits! And what a beautiful variety there is, and all from one branch! There is everlasting love, and sweet peace, and meek patience, and perfect submission, and holy joy, and abiding hope, but we forgo. Time would fail us to count up all the precious fruits of our Father's rod.

We are exhorted to "hear the rod," but we should use our ears as well as our eyes, and look when we hear, that we may see where the fruit falls, and may gather it up and eat it, that it may be unto us the joy and rejoicing of our hearts. Let us take all our trials as love-tokens, for surely in kindness only are they sent. God does not afflict willingly. He sees the "need be," though we may not. Let us then be patient and prayerful unto the rod.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

A teacher wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "O no!" replied the little one; "mamma lets out the tucks!"

HOW TO RESTORE A FALLEN BROTHER.—You are in the boat; he has fallen overboard into the water. Therefore, don't push him with the oar, for he will only go farther from you, or sink to rise no more. Rather sail round him, enclose him in the Gospel net; or take him up in your hands, and lift him into the boat, and speak kindly and comfortably to him, and remember that by so doing you will hide a multitude of sins.



## A WORD OF WELCOME.

WHEN we started this journal, our distinct aim was "the diffusion of wholesome and attractive literature in the homes of the people," and we think our object has been thus far accomplished. Our purpose being so clearly stated, it is therefore with great pleasure that we welcome an accession to the ranks of popular literature, in the shape of the "Weekly Welcome," issued by Messrs. Partridge. This new paper, so cheery and homelike in its title, is the same in its contents; it entirely fills its own particular sphere—that of a fireside weekly paper—and we think has left no room for a rival. It is not flattery, but simple truth, to say that everything produced by Messrs. Partridge is done most thoroughly well, and this is no exception to the rule. The "Weekly Welcome" consists of sixteen large 4to pages, full of instructive and interesting articles, and each number has seven or eight large illustrations, which are, with few exceptions, exceedingly good. The whole is well printed with clear type, on good paper, and all for a penny! For those who prefer it, the paper is issued in sixpenny monthly parts, with each of which is given a beautiful steel engraving, alone worth the whole price of the part. We trust that many thousands will, in one form or another, do themselves good, and through them their neighbours, by giving this paper a thorough and hearty "welcome."

## IS IT FAIR?

INFIDELS make special pretensions to fair dealing and fair play. Now, would it be a fair way of investigating the character of any man, to go among his bitterest enemies, and hunt up every sneer, and scoff, and story, whether true or false, and then, without further ado, pronounce judgment upon him, and refuse to have any intercourse with him? Would it not be reasonable also to consult his friends, and see what they had to say, and especially to become personally acquainted with him, and also to investigate the character and accusations of his enemies, before giving credence to them, and see whether they were not prompted by envy, malice, or revenge, in the charges which they brought against him?

But how do sceptics investigate the Bible? Not one in a hundred of them has ever read it through since they came to years of understanding. Not one in ten thousand of them could read it fluently and understandingly in the tongues in which it was written. They do not make it a study; they do not understand it; they cannot fairly represent it. It is a rare thing that an infidel quotes a passage of Scripture correctly. Even the passages they produce as objectionable are usually misunderstood, misquoted, or misrepresented. Probably not one infidel in five hundred could quote correctly from memory twenty passages of Scripture, giving chapter and verse where they occur; and probably not one in a thousand could repeat verbatim five chapters from the Bible. And the little they do know of the words of the Book is what has been taught them in childhood, when their judgments were immature, instead of being learned by them when grown up in the way of careful, diligent, painstaking investigation.

Now, we submit, that if men wish to investigate the Bible they should read it, study it, learn it, practise it, and inquire concerning it among its friends as well as its foes; and then let them investigate the condition and character of persons who live according to the Bible, and compare them with men who hate it, curse it, or are ignorant of it, and they will be better fitted to judge of its merits.

## THE COMFORT OF LOVE.

NO an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a minister once said:—

"When I leave you I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there the first thing I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle, and, tried as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is she does not love me, or to say the most for her, she

loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly." It is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now, as I never loved Him before." From that time his peace was like a river.—*Selected.*

## THE FIVE POUND PRIZE

Offered by Mr. Longley, the London publisher, for the six best Essays on Scriptural subjects, has been gained by Miss Minnie Brice, 3, Lower Summerlands, Exeter.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Child's Bible Narrative* (London: Cassell, 2s.)—We are very glad to find that our suggestion as to issuing a popular cheap edition of "The Child's Bible" has long since been anticipated by Messrs. Cassell in the handy volume before us, which has now reached its fourth edition (32nd thousand). This is indeed a boon. The Bible story in the narrative form so loved by children, with fourteen good illustrations, for 2s. is a marvel of cheapness.

*Blivira; or, the Power of the Gospel* (London: Stock). A thrilling story of priestly persecution in down-trodden Spain. It is long since we read a work of pure fiction so absorbing and dramatic in its interest.

*The Christian Globe*. June Part (London: Allington, 6d.).—Quantity unequalled at the price. The photograph of Dr. Moffat, which accompanies the part, is alone almost worth the money.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.—The minister's wife ought to be selected by a committee of the church. She should be warranted never to have headache or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge; she should be cheerful, intellectual, pious, and domesticated; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day-labourer, and be always at leisure for "good works," and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and the Home Mission; she should conduct Bible-classes and mothers' meetings; she should make clothing for the poor and gruel for the sick; and finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's too.—*London Baptist Magazine.*

The Editor of "CHURCH AND HOME" says, "The George Woods' Organ is simply perfect. Its richness of tone and great volume render it an invaluable acquisition to those directing public praise meetings and services of song."

Special attention is called to the Advertisement of "POND'S EXTRACT" in this issue. As an alleviator of pain and hæmorrhage—a healer of wounds—or as a subduer of any kind of inflammation, this extract has gained a reputation and sale in America so extraordinary, that it warrants the assumption that it is an article of great virtue. It is endorsed by Medical men, who more readily lend their praise on account of its being merely a distilled extract of the Hamamelis or Witch Hazel Shrub, which is favourably mentioned in the medical works of all schools.

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