

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

"Pegging away" is a homely phrase, suggesting the humble cobbler driving into the shoe these tiny bits of wood that hold the inner and outer soles together. It is a phrase, however, that is now historical, if not classical, as a phrase that was often heard from the lips of President Lincoln in the gloomiest days of the great rebellion. When people asked him how he was getting on, his reply was, "pegging away;" which was, in fact, in homely guise, the motto of the great painter, "no day without a line;" and which, as indicating the true spirit in which great wars must be waged, foreboded the ultimate triumph of the side that took it for its maxim.

Though we do not find any expression so homely as this in the mouth of the apostle Paul, we do find the thing itself, to a large degree, in his life. There was no man that understood better than he how to address a great audience; and no man knew better than he the immense power that lies in the hands of a man that can carry a great audience with him. There was no city he entered but he tried to get the ear of the great crowd that could always be met, on the Jewish Sabbath, in the Jewish synagogue. We could not call that "pegging away." It was "thundering away" over Asia and Greece, carrying, by the force of his "reasoning out of the Scriptures," the hearts of hundreds, in demonstration of the Spirit, to the obedience of the gospel. But he who could thus thunder to the great crowds that heard him in the synagogues, in the open air, and in judgment halls, could also do that kind of work which, in contrast, might be called "pegging away." He watches every chance, and catches every occasion, to push forward his work; like a merchant dealing one by one, for the sale of his wares, with the men he chances to meet; or like those agents sent abroad over our land, who push their sales with a watchfulness that never misses a likely customer. In Jerusalem we find Paul in close personal dealings with the Grecians he chanced to meet; in Cyprus, we see him explaining the gospel to Sergius Paulus, as his alone hearer. Now, his scholar is Timothy; then, he is

preaching to Lydia and a handful of praying women; again, his audience is the jailer at Philippi; and we see him next at Athens, "disputing in the market daily with them that met him." The next glimpse we get of him is at Ephesus, amid a small knot of men who knew nothing of the Holy Ghost. He grudges not to explain the doctrine to this little company. His sole hearers at one time are Felix and Drusilla; then it is Onesimus, a runaway slave; and for two years, when Luke drops the curtain on him, he is "pegging away" in his hired house at Rome, and receiving, in ones and twos, all that come in unto him, and preaching to them the kingdom of God, and teaching those things that concern the Lord Jesus Christ. His own description, in addressing the elders of Ephesus, of his manner of working while in that great city, answers exactly to the above glimpse of him from the pen of Luke: "I have taught you publicly, and *from house to house.*"

It shows great immaturity of judgment to decry, or disparage, or undervalue an educated ministry, and its immense advantage in speaking with the living voice and the living eye to great crowds of people. The platform, and the pulpit are to-day as capable of producing great things as they were before the press came into competition with them as a teacher of the people. It is almost unnecessary to say this in face of the effects following the preaching of Mr. Moody to audiences not unlike those that were seen in Galilee in the days of Christ. But it is necessary to call the attention of Christians to the power of individuals acting on individuals, the power of personal dealings with men and women and children, not in crowds, but singly, or in twos and threes. Who can calculate the effects on Africa, for many centuries, of the personal dealing of Philip for a few hours with the Ethiopian eunuch on the road to Gaza; or the effects on Asia and Europe of the dealings of Jesus of Nazareth with the terrified persecutor on the way to Damascus; or the effects of Priscilla and Aquila explaining by their own fireside the gospel more fully to Apollos? The truth is that Christianity owed its first great impulse beyond its narrow Judean circle to the individual efforts of individual believers, who scattered abroad by persecution, went everywhere preaching the word; preaching the word not as public heralds to great crowds, for such is not the Greek word here, but as one neighbour may whisper into the ear of another a piece of good news. It is the same word that describes Gabriel's private message to Mary that is used to describe the propagation of Christianity by these early disciples. For this kind of preaching there was no need of learning, or ordination, or office in the church. Everyone who had love in his heart, and a tongue in his head, could do the work: and they did it, high and low, rich and poor, and did it with the manifest approval of their Master, so that we read "that the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number, believed and turned unto the Lord," Acts xi. So notorious was this branch of Christian work (everybody

telling everybody about Christ), that Celsus sneeringly remarks that "wool-workers, cobblers, fullers, the most illiterate and vulgar of mankind, preached and commended their illiterate faith to women and children." Would that there was such cause for the proud sceptics of our day to sneer thus at us! There would then be solid hope of a coming triumph such as marked the days of this first love.

It is a well known fact that Mazzini, the Italian patriot, the father in all true respects of the present Italian Kingdom, seldom appeared before a public meeting. His mission, whose fruit is now this kingdom, was to sit about whispering his principles in the ears of men, organizing societies, setting others to work, encouraging the timid, restraining the impetuous, while he himself was a mere voice heard, but not seen. This way of working for Christ is open to every Christian, is lawful and regular every day of the week, and in every place where two meet. It is also a work that affords scope for very high qualities of mind and disposition. To deal personally with men, one needs to be himself in living and loving communion with his Lord; he needs discrimination to know when to speak, what, and how; he needs tact and resources to be able to meet objections, and answer difficulties; he needs patience to bear manfully with rebuffs, courage that is not soon shaken, and love that suffers long, and is kind.

In truth, this "pegging away" from door to door, from house to house, from one to one, is a noble art, in which many have obtained great proficiency and enduring success, without knowledge of Latin or Greek, and without authority from Conference or Synod. It is not till the educated ministry of the Church, and the pious membership thereof, meet on this common ground, of house to house and face to face dealing with the masses, that Solomon's picture of a living, conquering, invincible Church shall be realized; "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners;" or that the great results depicted by Solomon's father shall be attained; "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it: kings of armies did flee apace; and she that tarried at home divided the spoil."

Being Preachers.

A REFUGE FROM THE STORM.

BY THE EDITOR.

"For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm." Isa. xxv. 4.

There is no country in the world but has its storms. They come, these

dread visitants, in the form at times of tornadoes, bending and breaking strong trees, and laying low in the dust human dwellings. Then they come in the shape of deluging rains undermining and overturning buildings which no wind could shake. Then in our own northern clime, they come in the shape of fierce,

frosty winds, (in whose terrible cold, who can live?) driving the snow through every crack and crevice of our dwellings, and piling up the huge drifts across lanes, bye-ways, high-ways, and railways. There is probably not one now hearing me but have seen, and felt, and shivered in one of these storms of pitiless cold and ceaseless drift, that have made this winter a very memorable one in Europe as well as in America.

It would be strange indeed had the Bible (which is the most human, matter-of-fact book in the world, as well as the most poetical, spiritual, and divine) omitted storms from its notice. With a pen which is master of every subject it touches, the Bible pictures to our imaginations, in a few bold strokes, every variety and degree of storm and tempest. Is it a storm of rain? Listen—"The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken open, and the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights." Is it a storm of fire? Listen—"And the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from heaven, and he overthrew the cities and all the plains." Is it a storm of hail? Listen—"The hail smote throughout all the land of Egypt, all that was in the field both man and beast, and the hail smote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field." But time would fail us to follow this matter further than to refer to the 29th Psalm for a description of a storm among the mountains of Lebanon, which is remarkable not less for the awful grandeur of its diction, lost largely, of course, in translation, than for the sweetness of its closing words—"The Lord will bless his people with peace."

I.—THE STORM.

These storms in the natural world are however, but pictures and types of moral and spiritual things. There

are storms that shake and shatter the shelters of the soul, as effectually as the storms that beat and batter on our clay dwellings. If the Bible speaks much of the storms of the natural world, it speaks more, much more, of the storms of the spiritual world whose issues extend into eternity.

There are two storms, spiritual in their character and consequences, that receive great prominence in the word of God.

1st. There is a storm of God's wrath against sinners. Let us explain the meaning of the word storm in this connection. When the judge passes sentence on a criminal, handing him over to the officers of the law for execution, the words of the judge may be low, his voice husky with feeling, and yet these awful words bring down on the head, and heart, and home of the condemned man, darkness thicker, and horrors more terrible than accompanies the fiercest of earthly tempests. Such a storm of wrath and condemnation came down on man when he sinned his first sin. The time of day when the criminal was arraigned was the cool of the evening; the voice that spoke was full of sorrow, but the sentence passed was severe as became the awful offence. The doom of the serpent in all its depth is to us incomprehensible; the doom of the woman we see in her degraded condition in every country under the sun into which Christ has not come; and the doom of man is only faintly imaged in the accursed soil which gives him reluctant bread, and in the grave which never yet has said "it is enough." That storm of condemnation is beating every day and every hour against the sides and the roof, and the window of the soul of every child of Adam in a state of nature. "God is angry with the wicked every day." There is no peace, saith the Lord, to the wicked. The reality of this storm, and the miserable conse-

quence of abiding always under it, is the great burden of God's message to man, in all that he has spoken to us in his word. The Bible came not to teach astronomy, or geology, but to warn men that a storm is around them, gathering to a strength that nothing can withstand, unless they flee from it in time.

2nd. Then there is the storm of God's trials around his saints. There is a sense in which God tempts or tries men as he tried his friend Abraham and his servant Job. These trials of Christian integrity are necessary and conducive to ends, the importance of which we can only dimly see at this stage of God's plan. In order that these trials should effectually accomplish God's purposes, it is necessary that they should be real, severe and searching. When God comes to prove men, he works not in feigned ways as a parent does when he pretends to smite his child, while he smites the air. He comes with his trials as the refiner comes with his refining pot and his furnace, or as the husbandman with his fan in his hand separating the wheat from the chaff. "The day of the Lord," for that is the name given to the day of trial "is a day of darkness and gloominess, and a day of cloud and thick darkness," Joel, ii. It is a day on which the rains descend, and the floods come and the winds blow and beat on men's houses. In these tempests of adversity God sometimes sweeps from men their worldly goods, leaving them without anything in this world save their children, and friends, and health. But at times the storm waxes louder, and the blast comes more fiercely; the children die, leaving the home desolate. But the tempest has not yet reached its height. Sickness attacks the frame, and in a poverty-stricken and bereaved home, a man is laid on a bed of sickness, and wearisome nights are appointed to him. He has kind friends however.

That is surely a great blessing. But in God's inscrutable providence some of these friends die, others wax cold, and some perhaps become alienated. There is only one comfort left now: the face and the favour of God. But it happens at times that a cloud comes across this sun, and then the soul walks in the valley of the shadow of death, with nothing to sustain the fainting heart, save faith in God's promise, and hope in his mercy.

Do not suppose such a storm as this is only an imaginary picture. It is not, God be praised, a common thing any more than the storms of the natural world are common. If such storms as those of this winter were the rule and not the exception, men could not live in this climate; neither could the people of God exist here to any joyous or useful purpose, if they always walked in the darkness of these spiritual tempests. Though such trials however are uncommon, they are not rare nor imaginary things. Through such trials as the above,—loss of property, of children, of liberty, of health, of friends, of spiritual consolation, passed many of the saints whose lives we read in the Bible,—Lot, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, David, and others too numerous here to mention. In the case of Job, who seems appointed by God as a pattern for sufferers in all ages, we meet all the elements of the fiercest spiritual tempest; culminating as in the case of the son of God, in the hiding his Father's face.

It might be interesting to enquire here why God permits such storms, and what good they do in the economy of nature. It is only a passing glance, we can here give of a subject that is too deep and wide to be grasped by human intellect, with its present light in the *natural world*. This much however is plain, that as storms fulfil the important functions of purifying the air, or restoring the balance

between cold and heat, drought and moisture, and also of holding in becoming restraint and awe the hearts and hands of wicked men who are open to no form of argument save what strikes the senses; so in the *spiritual world* the tempests that fall on men's hearts are intended to separate the true from the false, to shew to God, to men, and to angels, what is in the hearts of the saints, to purify believers from the remnants of indwelling sin, to draw them closer to their duties and their God, to wean their affections from the things of time and sense, and to make sweeter to them their "Rest" when it comes. A matter, however, of more importance to us than curious speculation as to the reason of these things, is the practical question of where refuge is to be found when the storm merely threatens, or when it actually bursts around us in deafening and blinding fury.

II.—THE REFUGE.

There is not one probably hearing me, as I have already remarked, but knows what it is to be caught in a storm. It may have been fierce winds that overturned the stoutest trees in our forest; or rain that drenched the land and swelled the rivers; or an icy winter blast that drove every living thing shivering before it. In these circumstances our first thought is of shelter. On our reaching shelter depends our comfort, and it may be our life and the lives of others. And surely the natural instinct that leads the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, to seek shelter when a storm breaks out, should not be wanting to us, who have reason, conscience, and the word of God, when storms more terrible than any thing the ear can hear or the eye can see, threaten the peace and well being of our souls.

Two questions therefore of thrilling interest (and that strong expression is too weak) press themselves on every one of us with all the urgency of a near and sure tempest that will inevitably destroy us unless we flee from its fury. The first question is this, *where can we find refuge from the storm of God's wrath and curse due to us for sin.* This is a question that has pressed itself on the human conscience ever since the fall. Every school of wisdom and system of religion has given its own answer. The answer of the Bible to this question is contained in the words of Isaiah "He is a refuge from the storm," "He" that is the "Lord our God." And who this is, who is called the Lord our God, we know. He is the same who appeared to the Patriarchs as the angel of the covenant; the same who spoke from the burning bush: the same who uttered in the days of his flesh these precious words—"come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In asserting that our Lord Jesus Christ is a refuge from the storm of wrath due to us from sin, we are merely asserting the doctrine of the atonement. He is a refuge from this storm by taking the place of the criminal, bearing his punishment for him, so that legally and judicially "God pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us and received by faith alone." This truth embodied in the types, promises, prophecies, and symbols of the Old Testament constitutes the gospel of the grace of God, to which in every age and country poor sinners betake them as a refuge from that storm which overwhelms in everlasting ruin those upon whose defenceless heads it will ultimately descend. I need not however here enlarge on it as it is a truth familiar to you from childhood, and a truth often heard from this place.

The second question is this: "where can we find refuge from the storm of temptation, suffering and sorrow, to which believers are exposed in this world? When a sinner passes from darkness into light, he does not necessarily obtain, along with justification, freedom also from sufferings common to man's lot in this world. On the contrary he passes under a kind, wise, firm, paternal government, one of whose maxims is, "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." To the question which these troubles suggest, the question viz., "where shall we find refuge?" various answers have been given. Idolatry has replied, "The Gods are angry: seek their favour by sacrifice." Under this belief a king of Moab, when the battle went against him, offered his own son in sacrifice, in the face of the besieging army. Philosophy has replied, "be content: you cannot help it: there are many worse off than you are." Christ says: "come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He is a refuge from the trials and sorrows of our lot, by his *kingly* office, as he is a refuge from the *guilt* of our sin by his *priestly* office. Let the troubles which storm round the Christian be what they may, he finds refuge ever in the kingly power of his Redeemer. Let me point out to you some of the precious qualities in Christ as his people's refuge in the time of their trouble.

1. He is a refuge ever *near*. Storms often come unexpectedly, like thunder out of a clear sky. Joseph found it so. In the morning he is traveling through the valleys of the loveliest portion of Palestine with the light heart of a youth of seventeen, looking for a happy meeting with his brethren: in the evening he is carried over the same road a prisoner bound for the slave market of Egypt. It

is well for him that the Angel of the covenant, before whom his father walked, was near him in that sad journey to the house of bondage. Into the ears of his mother his complaint could not come, for she is dead, and the caravan must have passed close to her tomb; and as for his father he is out of reach, though the slave merchants passed, it may be, within sight of the smoke of his camp. But he who is a "refuge from the storm" was near, and under the shadow of his wing the poor captive lad found shelter. As with Joseph, so often with us. The morning rises joyously, the night comes in sadness: with light step we go out, we return home crushed under a cloud of sorrow. But let us be thankful, the refuge is *near*. On the very street amid the bustling crowd, if we turn the eye of faith we see Jesus, our refuge, walking beside us and saying unto us, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." It is surely a precious privilege that if we call on Christ in the day of trouble he will answer; for "he is near to them that call on him." When the storm rises, be it the storm of an angry law, and an accusing conscience, or of adverse providence, and a sinking heart, run to Jesus before you run to any one else, for he, like his word, is "nigh even in thy heart."

2. He is a refuge, in all circumstances, *safe*. The nearness of a refuge is of no account unless it is secure. People have fled from their burning ship to their open boats, to be swallowed up at last in the wild waves. The very rock, that seemed secure as the everlasting hills, has often proved a false refuge, before the advancing tide. The hut, into which the wounded crept from the biting cold, after one of our famous battles, became their fiery tomb, by the torches of their cruel enemy. In like manner, in the spiritual world, there are

many refuges of lies, which invite men, by reason of their nearness, to flee to them, but which fail them in the hour of trial. From the troubles and sorrows of this life some men have sought refuge in money-making, some in earthly ties, some in pleasure, some in power, some in vice, some in literature, and some in science. These may do for a time, but the universal experience of men has been that all these things, as man's chief end, or as balm for a wounded heart, are miserable comforters in the hour of disaster, or bereavement, or death. Equally rotten as refuges are those ritualistic religions, that teach men to trust in priests and sacraments; or those sentimental religions, that teach men to rely on taste, and frames, and feelings; or, indeed, those evangelical religions that teach men to rely on Bible and creeds. These may do for a time; but when the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat on men's souls, such miserable refuges fall. It is not so with Christ as a refuge. "He is a high tower: the righteous flee into it, and are safe." They are safe in Him, for he never changes. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." They are safe in Him, for his strength is infinite. "All power in heaven and earth is given to him of the Father." Hence we find this as the song of those who have fled to Christ as their refuge. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."—Ps. xlv. 1.

8. He is a refuge in every respect *satisfying*. A refuge is often but bare walls, like the towers built in districts infested by robbers, to which men can flee in danger. And such is the mark of all false refuges, to which men flee for spiritual safety. They are empty of many things the soul needs.

Their pleasures are one-sided. Of these false religions, some may flatter the pride of the natural heart, others may gratify the taste, while some may soothe the sensibilities and please the imagination; but in the human soul there is always an aching void *they* can never fill. In Christ, on the other hand, as the soul's refuge, there is everything that man's complex nature demands. His doctrines furnish food for the keenest intellect. His loving, unselfish, holy character is a resting-place for the best feelings of man's heart. The pictures of the coming kingdom, with its New Jerusalem, "like a bride adorned for her husband," fills the loftiest imaginations. His blood cleanses and soothes the guilty conscience. His Spirit is man's best comforter; and His word man's only infallible guide. Such complete satisfaction did one of the greatest and best men of any age find in this refuge, that his motto became "For me to live is Christ;" which is only a terse way of saying what the greatest of poets said, thus: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

It only remains now to say a word or two in the way of practical direction as to your duty to Christ, as a refuge from the storm. It is your duty (1) to weigh well your position in this world, as exposed to danger. That you see no danger, is no proof that danger is not there. It was all mirth in the palace of the king of Babylon at the moment the forces of Cyrus were taking the city. If you are not a Christian, you are in danger. In danger not simply of falling sick suddenly, and dying without preparation, but in danger of God permitting you to enjoy life and health, and yet "swearing in his wrath that you should not enter into his rest."

Such a resolution passed in the council of heaven with regard to you, as was passed with regard to Israel, for their unbelief, would be really and truly a storm, for which this earth has no parallel. "Take heed, therefore, lest any of you fall after the same example of unbelief." It is your duty (2) to make sure of being really within the refuge. It is a dangerous error for one to conclude that he is safe, when he is not. If you ask the question, "How can a man know whether he is in Christ?" I reply in the language of an old writer, to whom the great Owen bore the testimony "that he was one of the greatest divines that ever wrote." "To know his interest in Christ," the Rev. Wm. Guthrie writes, "a godly man may argue thus: Whosoever receive Christ are justly reputed the children of God, ('But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God;') but I have received Christ in all the ways which the word there can import; for I am pleased with the device of salvation by Christ; I agree to the terms; I welcome the offer of Christ in all his offices, as a King to rule over me, a Priest to offer sacrifice and intercede for me, a Prophet to teach me; I lay out my heart for him and towards him, resting on him as I am able. What else

can be meant by the word RECEIVING. Therefore may I say, and conclude plainly and warrantably, I am justly to reckon myself God's child, according to the above quoted Scripture, which cannot fail." It is your duty (3) to rejoice in your refuge. The Christian duty and privilege of always rejoicing are surely too much forgotten. Rejoice! for your refuge is always near, always strong, always satisfying. In Christ you have all heart can desire. "Rejoice, and again I say unto you rejoice." It is your duty (4) to make all haste to enter the refuge, if you are still without. If you only understood all your relations to forces and laws in the spiritual world, as well as in the natural, you would see that your position lingering outside the walls of the refuge, and the sky looking so angry, is fully as foolish and reckless as Lot lingering in the streets of Sodom, while the awful storm was so near. Your lingering calls for holy urgency on the part of those who watch for your salvation. You need that one should take hold of your hand, to hurry you forth; and that these words should be sounded in your ears,— "Escape for your life: look not behind you; neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest you be consumed." FRANCIS

Poetry.

R E S T.

There came a stillness in my breast,
 A soothing hope, a blessed rest,
 From care and sin and sorrow;
 And tears were stealing down my cheek,
 And sighs rose from my bosom meek,
 Sighs of sadness, tears of gladness;
 Sadness for sin, now washed away;
 Gladness in hope of that blessed day,
 When left this world's wild mirth and madness,
 The soul a taste of Heaven shall borrow.

And still unto the Cross I cling ;
 Blest Cross ! that heals the serpent's sting,
 And gives me life eternal ;
 Peace, filling all my heart with calm ;
 Joy, soothing like some healing balm ;
 Peace past telling ; Joy excelling ;
 No more to mourn in anguish deep ;
 No more in dark despair to weep ;
 A peace and joy full sweet, upwelling
 Unto the peace of bliss supernal !

G. C. C.

 O M E M E E .

OMEMEE ! NAMED FROM THE INDIANS SAYING, AS THEY PASSED DOWN THE
 RIVER, OMEMEE ! OMEMEE !—DOVES.

Omeme ! a pleasant name, we deem,
 For it tells of the wood doves' coo,
 By the Indians heard on the rippling stream,
 As they passed in the birch canoe :
 The Indian has gone from the river side,
 But the name he gave thee shall still abide.

A pleasant spot in the summer's heat,
 With thy maple-shadows cool,
 Where the children laugh in the village street,
 As they come from the village school ;
 Or pause where the tendrilled branches twine,
 Each one at peace 'neath his household vine.

And pleasant when rich September comes,
 Like a king, with a gift for all,
 To ripen the grapes round the village homes,
 And to bid the apples fall.

Till in heaps they lie on the grass below,
 And the ground is bright with their crimson glow.

And now, though the snows are lying deep,
 Wild drifting over vale and hill ;
 Though the trees are bound in their frozen sleep,
 Omeme is pleasant still :

For its loving hearts make homes so warm,
 They laugh at the chill of the winter storm.

For Omeme has homes of peace and love,
 Each one like a sheltering nest,
 Where a weak and wandering little dove
 May enter, and be at rest :

Three such we have brought o'er the wide, deep sea,
 And here is a haven where they may be.

First, Freddie from Scotia's mountain land,
 Found a home and a mother's care ;
 Oh ! loving and gentle the kindly hand
 That plays with his silken hair ;
 And a father smiles, with a father's pride,
 On the boy, as he meets him at even tide.

Next Alice came ; and no thought of dread
 There lurked in her laughing eye ;
 " Oh ! will you be my mama ?" she pled,
 And who could such plea deny ?
 Now the house with her joyous smile is bright,
 And love is round her by day and night.

Last, orphaned Charlie, from Jersey's shore,
 His sheltering nest has found,
 Where his loving heart is alone no more,
 And his laugh is a welcome sound :
 A child at home ! let his laugh ring free !
 They love him, and who should be glad as he ?

Oh ! not alone came the children here ;
 Each one had a mighty guide :
 Ye might almost hear the words of cheer,
 As the Master walked beside :
 Yea, blest are the homes such grace to win,
 For with the children HE entereth in.

—S. R. GELDARD.

REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.

Lift up your heads, ye pilgrim bands :
 Hark ! hear ye not the cry
 Which sweeps across the desert sands,
 His voice, who heaven and earth commands ?
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! the crescent waves
 In yonder Eastern sky,
 Beneath whose beam oppression reigns,
 Beneath whose beam pollution stains :
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! Euphrates' stream
 Is spent ; the course is dry :
 The Prophet's vision is no dream,
 His burden is no idle theme :
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads, ye Eastern kings !
 Ask ye the reason why ?
 Who bore you erst on eagle's wings,
 You to your land in triumph brings :
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! the Master's face
 No more provokes a sigh ;
 Lo ! Israel's Lion shakes his mane,
 I see Him stalk athwart the plain :
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! for Canaan's soil
 Is yours : ye shall not buy :
 Long has it yielded as a spoil
 Its corn, its wine, its fruit, its oil :
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! your Temple's dome
 Shall once more kiss the sky !
 Jerusalem shall be your home,
 From which her sons no more shall roam :
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! lift up your voice !
 Ye heralds quickly fly !
 Bid Israel's exiled tribes rejoice,
 Israel, the people of His choice :
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Jewish Hymn, from "Hebrew Observer."

BEN JAPHET.

Christian Thought.

UNIVERSALISM.

I.

CONTRARY TO THE COURSE OF NATURE.

BY REV. D. M. N.

To beings like us, possessed of Immortal Souls, destined to live throughout the countless ages of Eternity, and who can enjoy this present state of existence but a very short time, it is a question of vast and vital importance what our future state will be

whether we are destined to enjoy a state of eternal happiness, or whether there is a possibility of failing to secure that condition.

There are many who deny the doctrine of future punishment, simply because, in their estimation, it is not proved to a demonstration and placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. I would ask if this mode of arriving at a conclusion is one becoming rational beings? In this the way in which we act in mere worldly affairs.

Should a mariner, voyaging over an unknown sea, hear a report that the waters were obstructed with numerous rocks, reefs and shoals, on which a large proportion of the vessels navigating them were wrecked, their crews, cargoes and passengers lost, would he rest till the existence of these obstructions was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt before he would use any precautions to prevent such a catastrophe; would he not, if a prudent man, use every means in his power to gain information on the subject? and, if he believed that there was one chance in a thousand of the report being true, he would seek to avoid those dangerous waters.

If a chart were put in his hands which would not only shew the danger, but pointed out a straight and narrow channel by which he might avoid them, how carefully he would examine his chart, how cautiously he would steer through the narrow passage which he was informed would lead him in safety into the harbour whither he was bound. The question would not be: Is there a possibility of the report being false, but, is there a possibility of it being true?

Were we to act with similar prudence in spiritual things the question would not be: is there a possibility of the doctrine of future punishment being false: but is there a possibility of it being true? And, if there is the most remote possibility of it being true, it becomes us, as rational, intelligent beings, to give the subject our earnest candid consideration. It is a remarkable fact that in what is confessedly the most important question in the world, we are satisfied with the smallest amount of evidence. On proof which would not at all be satisfactory in worldly affairs, we place our hopes of eternal happiness.

The everlasting punishment of the wicked is a subject so dreadful and appalling that few can approach it and

contemplate it with a steady eye. He who attempts to describe it unless he is absolutely assured of his own salvation, knows not but he is pronouncing his own doom; or, at the very best, that of his near and dear friends, relatives and neighbours. But as this doctrine holds such a prominent place in the Scriptures, as the Word of God abound with threatenings as well as promises, as our fears are appealed to as well as our hopes, it is no mark of wisdom to shut our eyes to this fact, and act like the ostrich of the desert, which, when pursued and in danger of being taken, hides its head and submits quietly to its captors. We should, on the contrary, give this subject our serious attention. In treating this subject I shall first endeavour to prove that there is such a thing as future punishment, second that that punishment is everlasting. In discussing this question, I shall use two classes of arguments. First: From the course of nature. Second: From Revelation.

First: It is alleged by Universalists that it is inconsistent with the character of a purely benevolent being to inflict eternal punishment on beings of his own creation. Were we to determine, a priori, what conduct the benevolence of God would prompt him to pursue, we would conclude, without hesitation, that an infinitely benevolent being would produce nothing but the highest state of virtue and enjoyment; that every creature of his creation would be perfectly holy and happy. But very different from this scheme is the actual state of things. Sin has reigned from the very beginning, and sorrow and suffering, the consequences of sin, are as widespread as the human race. What is all history but a record of the crimes, wrongs and sufferings of the human race? of the wrongs and injuries which one part of the human family has inflicted upon the other? of the

truth of the saying of the poet, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn?" Who, that has seen the horrors of a battlefield, as many in this congregation must have done, but must be painfully impressed with the vast amount of both natural and moral evil which exists in the world. Who that has seen those numerous engines of destruction ranged in order, and for hours together, belching and thundering forth leaden rain and iron hail, scattering death, destruction and human misery in every conceivable form broadcast in terrific profusion, sending innumerable pangs to the hearts of thousands of widows and orphans, throughout the land, the air rent, as if it were, with the roar of artillery mingled with the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the oaths, blasphemies, shoutings and jestings of the combatants, but must be convinced that sin, sorrow and suffering prevail to an alarming extent?

Who that has sat by the couch of a sick suffering infant, has seen its plaintive eyes upturned for help, has heard its feeble moans and cries, while the mother can only answer with her tears, has seen the frail form gradually wasting away, its cries becoming feebler, till at last it finds relief from its suffering in death, must see that pain and suffering prevail to a fearful extent, even where there is no actual sin? Now these are stern realities, which meet us at every turn. How are they to be accounted for? Do they accord any better with the scheme of the Universalist than with our own? The only rational explanation that can be given is that given by the Apostle: That sin has come into the world, and death by sin. The whole constitution of things by which we are surrounded is a standing testimony of God's hatred against sin. Throughout all the Divine administration, as far as we can trace it, every violation

of a Divine law, whether natural or moral, is followed by punishment. Every violation of a physical law, whether by excessive eating, drinking, or fatigue, brings its pains and its penalties in the form of disease, suffering, and premature death. All the vices and irregularities of youth, although long indulged in with impunity, invariably bring their punishment in after life, sometimes in extreme old age. The long delay which sometimes takes place before sin is visited with punishment, should suggest the possibility of punishment after death, and prepare the mind for the reception of the doctrine of future punishment. Indeed, it is a strong presumption in favor of such a doctrine. We likewise find that every violation of a moral law brings its punishment. Every indulgence of any of the malevolent passions, whether anger, envy, or revenge, brings its punishment in the form of shame, remorse, and unhappiness. The word passion itself is highly suggestive. It is derived from a word which means to suffer. Hence, to be in a passion is to be in a state of suffering. It is impossible to see a man in a violent paroxysm of rage without feeling that he is in a state of suffering. In the language of our Universalist friends, he may be said to carry a hell in his own bosom. Let us suppose a whole community under the influence of those passions, altogether removed from every ameliorating and hallowed influence, one goading on another to greater rage and phrenzy, and we have a state of things which may well be called a Hell. It is not necessary to suppose any vindictiveness on God's part in dealing with sinners. We need not imagine God to be contriving modes of inflicting pain upon sinners. It is only necessary to permit the sinner to be filled with the fruit of his own ways. This, according to Universalist's own showing, is

Hell; and it is sufficiently dreadful. If every violation of the laws of God, whether physical, mental, or moral, all brings its punishment, (and this is as clearly discernible throughout all the Divine administration in this life as if God should write it with his finger in the sky in letters of fire, or proclaim it in thunder-tones by a voice from Heaven,) can we believe that God's government will be administered on a different plan in a future state; and that, instead of punishing sin as he does in this life, he will, in the future life, reward it with his approbation; that he will cease to make any difference between the righteous and the wicked. Shall he who has spent his whole life in suffering, and he who spends it in inflicting suffering, be placed on a level in a future state? Shall the bloody Nero and the martyr Stephen be rewarded alike with crowns of glory, in the land of bliss? Yet this is Universalism!

It is urged by Universalists that the wicked may change in the future state, or, in other words, that the state of probation extends beyond the grave, and that all the temptations to which we are exposed in this life being removed, they may then forsake their sins, and turn to God. There is not a hint of such a doctrine in the Scriptures, and all analogy is against it. Evil habits, the longer indulged, are the more difficult to amend. In old age, when the whole being has become thoroughly infected and invested with sin, a change becomes, to all human appearance, impossible. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" then can they who have learned to do evil learn to do well.

The teaching of the Scriptures, confirmed by our own experience and observation, is that the paths of the righteous and wicked, which separate from each other at conversion, continue to diverge through life. The

path of the righteous, in proportion as he grows in grace, continues to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; while the path of the wicked, as he advances in wickedness, grows darker and darker, till his sun sets in eternal night. When the curtain of death drops, the doom of both is unalterably fixed.

That gulf, which has been widening through life, becomes impassible. As we are taught in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, they who would pass from one side to the other are not able. Were it otherwise, were it so that they who inherit the doom of the wicked could pass over and enjoy the state of the righteous, why may not the righteous fall from their happy state, and inherit the doom of the wicked? If the state of the wicked is not fixed and permanent, what security have we that the state of the righteous is unalterably fixed? If the state of probation extends beyond the grave, why will it not apply to the righteous as well as the wicked? If Universalism removes the fears of the wicked, it cuts off the hope of the righteous. The very condition of probation implies the possibility of a failure. A failure to secure happiness is misery. An objection, therefore, against future punishment, applies with equal force to the whole dispensation in which we are placed.

Can we see no benevolent object in the infliction of pain in the natural world? Were violations of the physical laws attended with no pain,—could we cut and mangle our flesh and fracture our limbs with impunity, could we labour incessantly without being warned by a feeling of fatigue and pain that our strength is overtaxed, a large proportion of the human family would, during the inexperience of childhood and the buoyancy of youth, break down or wear out their constitutions, and few, if any, would ever arrive at the age of maturity. The

pain, remorse, and unhappiness attendant on the indulgence of the malevolent passions, whether of anger, envy or revenge, go far to deter from similar violations; and, for ought we can see, the future punishment of the wicked may have the same effect. The knowledge that a life of sin unrepented of, will be followed by an eternity of suffering, may be the means of deterring many from continuing in the broad road which leads to death, and of turning them into the paths of righteousness. And thus the aggregate amount of happiness in the universe may be largely increased by this apparent severity; so that even the

future punishment of the wicked may be traced to the benevolence of God.

The judicious parent who exercises a wholesale discipline in his family and restrains them by occasional severity from the ways of sin and folly, largely increases their happiness by this prudent conduct; while, on the other hand, an indulgent father, who, through a mistaken kindness neglects to exercise a proper discipline, and allows his children to follow the bent of their own inclinations, permits those seeds to grow which will bear a rich harvest of sorrow and suffering in after years.

Christian Misc.

IRISH SKETCHES.

BY A MISSIONARY.

From the True Catholic.

A Bible had been given by the teacher of a mission school to one of her pupils (a Roman Catholic) as a premium for regular attendance and progress in her lessons. The girl's mother was greatly pleased with this mark of distinction, and still more with the school, on finding that the sale of the fancy-work which she had been taught there had added a few shillings to the weekly income of the family. The girl, on winter evenings, by the light of a turf or peat fire, would read whole chapters of the new book aloud to the members of her family, and commit large portions of it to memory. The Lord blessed the reading of the Bible to her soul. She became deeply impressed with her sinful condition, and felt that if this book were God's Word she must trust to the crucified Redeemer alone for pardon. She prayed earnestly in secret

for the Comforter to enter her heart and show her the way of salvation. After months of serious thought and much prayer, she decided for Christ, and told her mother that penances and confessions to a priest were of no use; for St. Paul said, in his letter to the Church of Rome, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," (Rom. v. 1); that David, who spake by the Holy Ghost (Acts i. 16), said, in the thirty-second Psalm, verse 5, "I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." The mother was greatly perplexed at these statements. Her neighbours advised that the girl should be withdrawn from the school, and the book that taught these things should be burned, or they would become heretics. The young woman had found peace in believing, and loved her book as the most precious treasure on earth. She became very anxious about the salvation of her mother's soul, and

embraced every opportunity of directing her to the love of God in giving His Son to die for sinners, and the sufficiency of the merits of His sacrifice to atone for all our sins. After a protracted struggle with her early prejudices, the fearful opposition of her husband and eldest son, the ridicule of neighbors, and the dread of her priest's denunciations, the mother also decided for Christ.

The priest was soon informed of the change of religious views undergone by this woman and her daughter. He visited the family, and assured them that, so long as they attended the heretical schools, and absented themselves from mass and confession, and refused to observe the laws of the Church, there would be as many devils in their house as there were rafters in its roof. The announcement greatly alarmed the husband and eldest son. They declared to his "rivirence" that they would not allow mother or daughter to go any more to the "Jumpers." When the priest had quitted the house, the husband told his wife and daughter that the whole affair would end badly if they continued to shun the Church and "go against the Lord's anointed clergy." The wife, with tears, said, "Mavourneen, (*i.e.*, 'My darling') surely I and my child have a right to worship God as He directs in His blessed Word. If the priests were right, sure they would not go against Christ and His holy apostles!" The husband solemnly threatened that both he and his eldest son would forsake her and the family if she and the daughter did not obey the priest; for he was quite sure the house was filled with evil spirits. The poor wife burst into a flood of tears, sobbing, "Mavourneen, mavourneen, sure you would not do the likes of that? It would break my heart, out and out." The daughter cried out, "I cannot give up my Bible, my Saviour, my school in which I have been taught to read of His love in His

own pure Word. 'If father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'" "Yes," added the mother, "'he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.'" Great were the trials to which this forsaken mother was subjected. The husband and son carried out their cruel threat, and for years never gave any pecuniary assistance to support her and four children that clung to her. The children in time renounced the mass, and embraced the Saviour. The daughter, with noble heroism and Christian fortitude, assiduously plied her needle, and the sale of her work contributed largely to the maintenance of the younger members of the family. After four years of unrelaxed toil, and bitter opposition from an incensed, bigoted populace, a wasting consumption developed itself in both mother and daughter. Husband and son had heard of their illness, but refused to visit them till they became reconciled to the Church, nor did they send them any pecuniary assistance. As their end approached, Carmelites urged them to send for the priest, and receive the last "rites of the Church." The sick women replied that they did not want any priest but Jesus. "But," said the Carmelite, "you ought to confess to a priest, and receive extreme unction before you die, for St. James has so commanded." "You misunderstand the Apostle," said the sick woman, "for he merely directs us to confess our faults to one another when we injure each other; and the priest has the same instructions to confess to the people when he does them an injury, that they have to confess to him. The anointing to which James refers is to give bodily health to the sick; but the priest never anoints any till he is sure the person will not recover." The Carmelite said, "The anointing is to give the soul spiritual health." "That cannot be," replied the sick woman, "for the soul of the anointed, according to your Church, still must

go into purgatory, and remain there till it is prayed out by masses; whilst, if it were raised up to spiritual health, it would not need to go there.' And you know that a priest will not anoint a criminal previous to his execution, because he is not sick. Now, if extreme unction were designed to give a soul spiritual health, the soul of a poor wicked criminal is in the greatest need of receiving the rite." This silenced the Carmelite.

On calling, one morning, to know how they had passed the night, to my surprise I found the daughter had expired, and the mother was but a few hours from the portals of eternity. She was rejoicing in the glorious triumph of her daughter, and stated that one of her last utterances was, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" The bereaved mother expressed her confident hope that in a few hours she would be re-united with her dear child in the presence of God and the Lamb, where there are no tears, nor death, and whose inhabitants would never say, "I am sick." She further added, "I am most certain that God, in answer to my prayers, will yet grant the conversion of my husband and son. Their unkind conduct is not from the want of natural affection, but from the blighting influence of a cruel system of darkness." During that day the forsaken mother breathed her last. It was a solemn sight to see two corpses, mother and daughter, in one room, profoundly sleeping in the icy embrace of death. Their happy death, without the rites of the Roman Church, produced quite a sensation in the district. On the morning of the funeral, the writer addressed a few words to the friends who had assembled to hear their remains to their last resting-place, from the text, "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ." Some Romanists were present, and I observed an elderly man and a young man, whom I had never seen before, deeply

affected. They were the husband and son of the forsaken mother. As the funeral procession moved on, a mob followed, uttering savage yells, but no deed of violence was perpetrated.

I visited the family some days after the interment, and was politely received by both husband and son, who had now resolved not to leave the surviving children.

* * * * *

Father and son said they were greatly perplexed with the prohibition of their Church in reference to the reading and studying of the Bible by the laity. Their priest told them they would take wrong meanings out of the Scriptures. They were shown that this prohibition was contrary to the command of Christ: "Search the Scriptures." (John v. 39.) The Bible reveals the way of salvation so clearly, that Timothy from his childhood knew the Holy Scriptures, which made him wise unto salvation by faith in Christ. (2 Tim. iii. 15-16.) The Bible is the only standard of appeal in all religious controversies: "If they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. viii. 20.) Jesus, in repelling Satan's temptations and the attacks of the Jews, appealed to Scripture as the ultimate authority. His example was followed by His apostles in their writings and addresses. Our Lord recognizes the right of "private judgment." "Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" (Luke xii. 57.) He urged the Jews to exercise their judgment in forming right conclusions in reference to His miracles and character; and Paul did the same thing: "I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say." (1 Cor. x. 15.) These men expressed their determination to consider prayerfully what I had said.

Some months after this interview, both father and son came into my Bible-class one Lord's-day morning, stating that, by God's grace, they had renounced the mass, and put their

trust in that Saviour in whom their dear departed ones had trusted. Tears suffused the old man's cheeks as he mentioned the names of his forsaken wife and daughter. I could not but recollect the hope of their conversion so confidently expressed by the wife as she stood on the verge of eternity. They attended this class for years. The whole family and mission were denounced, Sabbath after Sabbath, from the altar. One of the Jesuit priests threatened to turn the writer of these "Sketches" into a hare, and ostensibly visited a mission school, in which he was giving religious instruction, for that purpose. The priest was followed by a crowd to witness the miracle. I was there, and, in the presence of his astonished followers, discussed with him for some hours on the leading tenets of his Church. He left without effecting the marvellous transformation.

Persecution drove the family from the land of their birth. With one exception, they have found a happy home in a free country beyond "the wide waste of waters." Previous to the son's departure he informed me of a secret

which had long troubled his conscience. He reminded me of his having met me on several occasions, previous to his conversion, on an unfrequented road in a thinly-populated district. On each of these occasions, he came, he said, armed, to murder me, and thus prevent my persuading his father and the other members of the family to give up connection with the true Church. "This," he added, "is a heavy burden on my conscience, as it was murder in my heart. I was prevented from doing the deed of blood by the unexpected appearance of people. I state this to show God's mercy in changing my heart, and preserving your life so often when you were ignorant of your danger." This appalling communication reminded me of those texts: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore;" "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." I have had since many cheering letters from father and son, breathing loving attachment to Jesus, and a deep sense of gratitude to me for the continued interest I had manifested in the salvation of their souls.

Christian Work.

FROM THE WYND'S TO THE WOODS.

"Miss Bilbrough has very kindly sent us a manuscript copy of an article she was sending to the *Sunday Magazine*, about the homeless children, in behalf of whom she and other Christian ladies are ministering in Canada. The article is written for Edinburgh children, and called "*Canadian Stories for Edinburgh Little Ones*." To the article we have taken the liberty of giving a new name, "*From the Wynds to the Woods*," and insert it under the head of "*Christian Work*," because we wish our young readers to read this chapter of our Magazine each month, and feel an interest in Christ's work.—Ed. C. C. M.

When I was a child, I was pleased to see a heading like this, because I

liked to read stories, and used to skip over "the dry part." That was long ago, but doubtless children in 1875 do just the same still. How good God was to write so much of the Bible in beautiful stories, that the little children might enjoy it; many of them telling of boys and girls taken away from their homes and friends, like Joseph and Moses, Samuel, or the captive maid, or Daniel, and how God prospered them; and the stories I am going to tell you now are about little children, who even in this nineteenth century have been taken from one land to find homes in another.

You, dear children, who live within sight of the grand old Castle, or Arthur's Seat, must often walk up Princes Street, or look down into the Cowgate, and here and there you may see a "little Maggie," with her rags fluttering in the wind, and hair all matted and tangled, while at the corner of the street or bridge you might see her little brother, looking sad and hungry too, with sharp, keen eyes, eagerly pressing his cigar lights on the passers by. Ah! you and I have seen many such. And if dear mother took you with her, when visiting that dying woman in the Grass Market, at first you would almost fear to climb the dark, ricketty staircase, and then what a sad sight when you entered the room! The poor mother on a wretched bed, with a baby beside her; two more, three, and five, half naked, playing on the floor; and she tells mother sadly "how her husband is still on the tramp, looking for work, and Maggie and her brother are out, trying to beg or earn a few coppers." What is to become of these little ones when their mother dies, and if father never comes back? This is a question that old people, as well as little children, may well ponder over; and I want to tell you one way in which it is being answered.

If, when walking some day in Edinburgh, you call at a low, old-fashioned house, 6 Lauriston Lane, (where once lived Dr. Guthrie, the noble and successful advocate of Ragged Schools,) you will find there some thirty little children. "What are you doing, dear child?" you ask of one bright little girl. "I am learning to say hymns about 'Jesus, and to read of Him in the Bible, and to write and sew, and then, when May comes, we are all going in a big ship across the sea to Canada, and there kind friends will take us into their homes." What perfect faith a little child has! This one has never seen Canada, and yet

she fully believes all about it; just as you have never seen heaven, and yet by faith you can trust Jesus to take you safely there. The little girl's answer is quite correct; thirty little ones proved it so last year, being brought by Miss McPherson to Canada, and having already found good homes; and it is about these, your little fellow-citizens, I thought you would like to hear.

First, then, about a little Maggie; she was between two and three years of age, had rosy cheeks, blue eyes and fair hair, a very bonnie little maiden; we did not know her other name, so, as she was bright and fresh as a May blossom, we called her Maggie May. On arriving at Marchmont Home, the little ones, tired with the voyage and the two days and nights in the care, slept heavily; and next morning, after a bath, we had quite a busy time dressing them in nice, clean clothes. Little Maggy *did* look bonny in her bright pink frock,—so bonny, that the lady who had been taking charge of the Home for me during my absence thought how she would cheer and enliven her own Western home with her childish prattle and merry ways. So Maggie was promoted to the parlour, and looked down in a patronising way on her former little playmates. To one, especially, she had rather an antipathy, and when she saw him running round the veranda would hasten to shut the hall door, saying, "Grandfather shall not come in here."

But who was Grandfather, and how did he get such a strange name? A clever little boy, three years old, with no one to care for him. The other children had called him Grandfather because he was so old-fashioned and mischievous. I shall not soon forget the fright he gave us on board the *Prussian*. One morning, when assembling the children for prayers, there were grave and anxious looks. "Gran-

father" could not be found anywhere. Placed in charge of an older girl, he had escaped from her custody, and was nowhere in sight. Half-a-dozen were immediately despatched in different directions, while I myself explored saloon, cabins, intermediate, steerage, and fore-castle without success. All were interested in the search,—rough sailors, stewards, steerage passengers. It was a time of suspense; but God was better to us than our fears, and after a two-hours' comfortable sleep, Grandfather re-appeared from under the rug of a kind woman, who had found him wandering on deck. It was amusing to watch the smile break over the seamen's faces, when they asked to be shewn the truant "Grandfather," and such a tiny boy was exhibited. You will be sorry to hear Grandfather still retained his mischievous propensities. When a farmer and his wife would drive up to the home in his democrat, and fastening his team to the fence, come in and ask we had any little boys or girls for adoption, I have seen "Grandfather" all his little pinafore with stones, and never consider that the horses did not like them in their faces. I don't think Grandfather does that now, for he will get more sense in his happy home on the shores of Lake Huron. A lady writing lately of him, says "Harry is fine, interesting little boy; the friends all admire him. My sister and brother-in-law have no children; they think just as much of him as if he were their own, and he is very much attached to them. He says his pa will give him a farm when he gets to be a man, and then he will go and get Miss Blibrough to stay with him. Dear little Harry Moffat! I trust he will grow up a good man.

To be continued.

MR. MOODY IN LIVERPOOL.

There were great preparations made for Mr. Moody's work in Liverpool, and from the following communication from Mr. Nash, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Liverpool, which appears in the "*Christian*," it will be seen that the work has begun well in that great city:

The labours in Liverpool of our dear American brethern commenced on Sunday. For the accomodation of the evangelists Victoria Hall has been erected; Messrs. Haige & Co. being the contractors. It is throughout a wooden structure of enormous strength; the internal dimensions of the building are 174 feet long by 124 feet wide, divided by two rows of upright columns, which form the front support of the galleries, leaving an open central space 72 feet in width, and on either side a gallery 26 feet in depth. At the bottom end of the hall the gallery is 40 feet in depth, while the platform—40 feet square and 4 feet high—is at the other end. The total height of the building, from the floor to the ridge is 52 feet, and to the eaves 25 feet. The hall will seat 8,000 persons, but the passages are wide, and, with the standing room, nearly, if not quite, 11,000 persons may be able to hear easily what is going on.

For the purposes of daylight, over 80 windows have been provided. For evening services the building is lighted by twelve pendent circular gas coronæ, six on each side, each fitted with 150 jets. Underneath the galleries there are 14 smaller coronæ, each of these latter having 15 jets. The arrangements for lighting, warming, and ventilating the building are really excellent. There are 20 doors, all opening outwards, from four to eight feet in width each.

FIRST MEETING.

The first meeting conducted by Mr. Moody was held on Sunday morning last at eight o'clock, and was specially for "Christian workers." About 4,500 or more persons were present. There was a large attendance of ministers and other leading Christians on the platform. The proceedings commenced by Mr. Moody giving out the hymn,

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given."

after singing of which, the Rev. H. Baugh, M.A. (St. Mary Magdalen's Church), offered up prayer. Mr. Sankey (after having himself offered up a short prayer) then sang the hymn, "Ho my comrades, see the signal!" the congregation joining together in singing the chorus. Portions of the first chapter of Joshua and the sixth of Isaiah were read, and after Mr. Sankey had sung the hymn,

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
'Who will go and work to-day?'"

Mr. Moody delivered his address to the Christian workers of Liverpool. Speaking from the portions of Scripture he had just previously read, he urged upon the Lord's people to be very earnest and courageous in coming clear out from the world and testifying for the Master, to be true followers of the Lord Jesus, full of love, and showing in our lives—ay, and countenances, too—the reality of the happiness and blessedness of being children of God, and thus promote his glory and the salvation of precious souls. "Scatter seeds of kindness" was then sung, after which the Rev. Thos. Macpherson, M. A. (Presbyterian minister), closed the meeting with prayer.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

Long before the appointed hour (three p.m.) the vast building was crowded in every part, while thousands were outside unable to obtain

admission; indeed, several times the noise of the surging crowd vainly seeking even standing room, was distinctly heard inside the building, and once or twice threatened to interfere with the comfort of the meeting.

Further admission being simply impossible, Mr. D. M. Drysdale took the opportunity of preaching to the crowds who still congregated outside the building.

At twenty minutes to three, Mr. Moody stepped upon the platform, and gave out the 100th Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell." The singing of this well-known hymn by the thousands of voices was grand in the extreme, and very soul-stirring.

Mr. Thomas Fairclough having engaged in prayer, Mr. Sankey sang, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," amidst profound silence, each word of the hymn being distinctly heard in every part of the building.

Mr. Moody read a portion of 1 Cor. xv., and after the singing of "I heard the Saviour say," delivered a most earnest and powerful address on "What is the gospel?" He beautifully and simply explained the gospel, using Scripture after Scripture to prove his statements, again and again urging upon his hearers that "Christ had tasted death for every man," that "faith alone could save," and besought all present to "decide now, for now is the day of salvation." His remarks were very pointed, and illustrated by several touching anecdotes.

After singing, Mr. Moody concluded the meeting with prayer

EVENING MEETING.

This meeting was announced to commence at 8.15, but long before this hour the entire building was again crammed to excess, thousands being unable to get in, and this, notwithstanding a continuous drizzling rain. At half-past seven (three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed)

Mr. Moody gave out the hymn, "There is a gate that stands ajar," after which Mr. D. M. Drysdale engaged in prayer. Mr. Sankey then sang as a solo, "There were ninety and nine," preceeding it by prayer.

Mr. Moody then read the parable of the "Good Samaritan," Luke x, with running comments, bringing out clearly and very simply the gospel of the grace of God.

The hymns, "Guide us, O thou great Jehovah," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus," having been sung, Mr. Moody took for his text, Luke iv. 18, and preached therefrom a most powerful discourse, further bringing out the gospel. The address was in fact a continuation of the one delivered in the afternoon. He again made use of several most touching anecdotes to illustrate the truths he preached. Many a face was seen in the meeting with the cheeks bedewed with tears, and deep and frequent were the responses following many of Mr. Moody's utterances.

One of the most noticeable features in connection with the afternoon and evening meeting was the vast numbers of men attending, especially young men, the great majority at both these large gatherings being males.

WORK AMONG THE JEWS.

There is not among our readers any enlightened, living Christian but feels a deep interest in God's ancient people. It is with sorrow and joy they will read these extracts following, from the *Jewish Herald*:—

"As a rule, the reception I meet with among my brethren, (writes a London missionary,) is either friendly, or, at all events, free from outbursts of temper. But, considering the enmity which, alas! still prevails amongst multitudes of Jews towards our Saviour, it would be strange in-

deed if from time to time one did not come across some virulent opposition. I am led to these remarks by an incident in my missionary experience.

I met in the street a Jewish friend of long standing, a very prosperous man, in company with two of his co-religionists, perfect strangers to me. Observing that he was engaged, I merely saluted him, and passed on. Mr. N., however, made me stop, introducing me to his two friends. We went to a refreshment-room, already occupied by a few gentlemen (Gentiles), who were in the habit of meeting here these Jews on business. After a few minutes, I threw out some observations calculated to give them a hint of my religious belief, and the matter was sharply taken up by the younger of the two strangers, who observed that he liked all sorts of men, but that there was a certain *species*, viz., Apostates, whom he DETESTED. 'Apostates!' I said, 'Apostates!' They truly deserved every reprobation who wickedly fell from the true faith; but unfortunately that name had been falsely or erroneously applied to those who simply renounced that part of a creed which they had found superstitious, and became the adherents of some *inspired* truth, long hidden from their eyes. For instance, I added, I have personally known some scores of Jews, who, upon the carefulest and maturest investigation of Moses and the prophets, were led to the conclusion—indeed, the *only one* open to them—that the time for the advent of their long-awaited-for Messiah had expired with the period of the second Temple. That the minute details of prophetic reference to the Messiah astonishingly coincided with the history of the person of *Jesus of Nazareth*, and I asked whether the courage which led to an open confession of such convictions—convictions, too, which involve the painful trial of giving up father and mother, brothers and

sisters, yea, the nation itself from which the Jew is hewn, and from which he sadly parts—did not that bold step rather deserve to be praised, than to be tarnished by stigma. Indeed, where was the rhyme or reason for *hating* a converted Jew? Finishing these remarks, I stood up, saying aloud, "*I believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God.*" Scarcely had I finished the sentence, when, as though the flood-gates of Satanism and Billingsgate were alike opened together, the name of the Master was assailed, and the preacher also, by a voluble torrent, alternating between blasphemy and abuse. It was, I can assure you, hard to *hear*, and also hard to bear. As I had no wish to excite any ill-will against my antagonist, I could only protest, in very fervent words, pointing out that declamation did not constitute argument.

"As I proceeded in my defence of the honour of our great Master, and reasoned warmly, both from the Scriptures and from the history that followed, the interest of my audience grew perceptibly. A sort of chairman was informally constituted for keeping order, whose authority was tactfully acknowledged. This check answered admirably, as everything of a personal character was immediately condemned and promptly silenced. To give you some idea of the violent ebullition of my excited and bigoted friend, he said, among other things, 'If I dared I would kill you!' Again upon eliciting my confession of faith,

he shouted, 'You're a liar! you're a liar!' I checked myself for fear lest it should look like retaliation, remembering the words, 'In your patience possess ye your souls.' This quiet demeanour in due time produced its proper effect. The Gentiles called out for fair play, and the other two Jews also sided with me. An opportunity being now given me to give a reason for the faith that was in me, I grappled with a series of subtle objections one by one, leaving no resting-place for the foot of my objector. Those nominal Christians listened seriously, and the landlord, too, who originally was ill-disposed, saw me out upon leaving, and told me he was glad that I bore testimony of Christ."

"As to the three Jews. The one who has known me for many years being appealed to by my disputant to say that I became a Christian for money, promptly replied, 'No, certainly not. I have known Mr. Zucker for a long time, and I have ever believed him to be a Christian from conviction.' That kind of declaration at once strengthened my hands a hundredfold. When again appealed to as to the value of my reasoning, he quietly replied that he thought that there was a great deal in it, and that it certainly had exercised his mind. 'Are you also then a Christian?' he was asked to say. 'No,' my friend said, 'but I have been considering that that reasoning leads up to it.' I thanked God inwardly for this encouragement."

Practical Papers.

WHAT KEEPS YOU FROM CHRIST?

Perhaps you are kept from coming to Christ from fear of ridicule. This

is not a snare to weak minds alone; to many persons there is more terror in a laugh than in a blow. Yet, from whom do you expect ridicule? From those whose good opinion you ought to value? No; but only from the

giddy, the frivolous, or the profane. How shall you meet it? You may, if you choose, quail before it, and be laughed out of your soul. This will give you but sorry consolation on your dying-bed. At the bar of God it will be a poor amend to you for having lost the favour of God and the joys of heaven, that you won the applause and feared the laughter of fools. There is but one way to meet ridicule; face it down. It is indeed a nettle, that if touched lightly will sting thee; but grasped firmly, it becomes a "handful of down." A college lad, who scoffed at his room-mate for "saying his prayers" before retiring, was at last so affected and shamed by his room-mate's persistency in doing right, that he was led himself to penitence and prayer. You injure even the sneerers, when you yield to their sneers. Pray for more grace, and persevere!

Pride has tripped many a soul, and kept it back from Christ. Every sinner has his full share of this; some more than their share. Naaman the Syrian had like to have lost his life through this snare. He wished to be saved like a gentleman; but he had to give in, and go to the Jordan like a filthy leper. When you undertake to dictate to God how He shall save you, it is sheer pride that is keeping you back. When you refuse to go down in the dust before Christ's cross, and confess guilt, and cry out "God be merciful to me a sinner!" pride is a lurking devil that is plucking at your skirts. If you are saved at all, it must be on God's terms, and in God's way, and in His good time. Count it the greatest marvel of Divine generosity that God is willing to save so perverse a sinner at all. But if you are lost, the inscription which truth will write over you will be, "Perished through pride."

Several persons with whom we have laboured have been kept from

yielding to Christ by the passion for the cup. Appetite warred against the Holy Spirit. To such a man a faithful pastor once said, "You must do as you choose; but you must give up your bottle, or give up your soul." The sacrifice was too great; the poor slave of appetite bartered his soul for his drain. The number of those who are held in the snares of secret sensuality is fearfully great. How can a man admit the holy Jesus into his heart, while the heart is a dram-shop or a cage of unclean birds?

Perhaps none of these snares—pride, fear of ridicule, love of gold, or love of drink, or love of sensual enjoyments—may hinder especially your salvation. You frankly say, "I am all wrong; I ought to be a Christian; I want to be one; but my heart is obstinate, and I cannot change it." You are right, you cannot change it alone. Do not attempt it. But Christ is waiting to change your heart; He has been ready to do it for many a guilty year of your life; the spirit of love is wooing you; reason unites with conscience in urging you to submit to Jesus, just as Bartimeus submitted to be cured of blindness. And remember that Bartimeus did three things—he "came to Jesus," and gave himself up to Him without any dictation, to be cured entirely by the Divine Wonder-worker. He did not wait; for in ten minutes the passing Saviour would have been out of hearing. He did not attempt to open his own eyes after he came to Jesus; he submitted to be operated on; his faith took him to Christ, and Christ healed him. Precisely this are you to do. Here begins and ends your doing. Don't forget that the blind man went to Jesus. Have you done that?

Perhaps you are intensely serious for an hour or two on the Sabbath under the pressure of preaching, but on Monday morning slip back again into the old grooves, and run your

whole mind on money-making, or study, or self-gratification. How long would it take you to build a house if you worked on it one hour each week, and pulled it down the rest of the time! When will you become a Christian by serving the world six days, and then thinking of serving your God on a small portion of the seventh?

My friend, you are trifling with your soul. You are trifling with God. He offers the new heart; He offers the grace that can convert you. Christ has knocked for many a year at your heart's door; the arm that knocks is not weary yet. But presently you will hear another knock—the Land of death will be at the door, and him you cannot shut out. How if he come in and find no Saviour.

there? It will cost thee an eternity to bewail thy folly in!

Do not stop to pick flaws in others, when God sees in thee the huge sin of rejecting the blood of Jesus. Do not prate about the "inconsistencies of Christians," when your whole life is one long inconsistency of admitting that religion is the only one thing needful, and yet making it less than nothing. There is no inconsistency on earth that compares with his who knows that Christ Jesus is willing to save him and yet persists in damning his own soul! Whatever you say now in self-excuse, we warn you that at the judgment-seat you will be ready to confess with bitterness of spirit, "God was right and I was wrong." Why not confess that now, and act upon it, before it is too late?—*Cuyler.*

Christian Miscellany.

WHAT TO PREACH, AND HOW.

'Young preachers think more about *how* to preach, old ones about *what* to preach. What to preach,' said he; 'I trust we have long ago made up our minds about that. We must preach Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ glorified, Christ coming again. We must preach all the doctrines of the Bible, especially the good old doctrine of substitution.' A woman came to him one day, and said she wished to join his church, as she had been converted there; 'Not,' said she, 'but that I have been a believer in Christ glorified for many years, but the ministry that I have been attending has been all about Christ glorified and Christ coming, and nothing about Christ crucified.' Whatever else we omit in our preaching, we must not omit Christ crucified.

In speaking of how to preach, Mr. Spurgeon said he feared to treat upon

that. He had not himself yet learned how to preach. If there were any present who had, he would gladly come to them to school to learn how to preach. There was a time he felt he could preach the best, and that was when he retired to rest on Sabbath evenings. Then it was that he wished he could do the day's preaching over again. How many things he would omit that he had said, and how many things he would say that he had omitted! He would, however, throw out a few hints upon how he thought that we ought to preach. *First*, we must preach naturally. *Second*, we must get out of technicalities. *Third*, we must get rid of the methodism or set grooves into which we are so apt to fall in preaching. *Fourth*, we must preach appropriately. *Fifth*, we must preach with clearness; *give the people great thoughts in simple language.* *Sixth*, preach earnestly. Other things being equal, the success of a preacher (if he

preaches the gospel) is in proportion to his earnestness. Mr. Spurgeon said, that often when he was preaching to his congregation, and had fired round after round of hot shot without apparent effect, he was in the habit of sponging his gun and ramming himself down it, and then of firing himself at the people. He generally found this last to tell. When, with earnest and affectionate entreaty, he let the sinner see that he loved him and sought his welfare, then he won his heart. *Seventh*, the great point in preaching is to preach affectionately. *Eighth*, our preaching must be very direct. There is a scriptural personality which says 'Thou art the man!' *Ninth*, we must preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. *Tenth*, we must preach believably.—*Spurgeon*.

CHURCH FAIRS.

The *Weekly Review*, the Presbyterian organ of London, publishes queries for their correspondents to answer. The following answers to a question about church fairs, tell us what the English think about church fairs, or "bazaars," as they are called there :

Bazaars are beneficial to a congregation in bringing the people together, and in promoting the growth of a church.—*G. B.*

Bazaars are excellent plans for raising money for any object, as they do not injuriously affect giving for the usual funds and schemes of the congregation.—*Edina*.

Bazaars, when properly conducted, without lotteries or auctions, serve the congregation as an easy way of accomplishing a specific object.—*A Deacon*.

If a congregation's finances are at such a low ebb, and its spiritual state in such a condition as that the people have not the grace of Christian liberality, better close the church than resort to such worldly means to raise money.—*Nemo*.

If a Bazaar is a mere sale of goods on sound business principles, the proceeds to be devoted to religious purposes, then it could be held for God's glory.—*This and That*.

The usual bazaars for religion are : (1) A scheme for making God beg the patronage of the devil ; (2) the children taking the place of the dogs, or the Church picking up the crumbs that fall from the world's table ; (3) a church-egg hatched by the world ; (4) religious bread buttered thick with worldliness ; (5) religious cake made palatable to the world by the spice and plums of vanity ; (6) a vanity fair got up in the name of God ; (7) a shop in which the merchants often attract more than the merchandise ; (8) a shop in which the ministers and office-bearers are the shop-walkers ; (9) a fraudulent tax imposed by customers on their tradesmen ; (10) a raffling shop, *alias* a gambling house ; (11) a semi-musical entertainment, in which the religious character of the performers is nothing, their skill everything ; (12) a direct temptation "to women professing godliness," to disobey God's command respecting dress. 1 Tim. ii. 9 ; (13) a provocation to emulation amongst exhibitors and donors : (14) a disgraceful substitute for true Christian liberality.—*Unknown*.

HELPS ON THE JOURNEY.

ÆSCHINES perceiving every one sent Socrates something for a present, said unto him, "Because I have nothing else to give, I give thee myself." "Do so," said Socrates, "and I will give thee back again to thyself, better than when I received thee." So, says God, if thou wilt give thyself to me in thy prayers, in thy praises, in thy affections, and in all thy actions, I will give thyself back so much mended, that thou shalt receive thyself, and me too ; thyself in a holy liberty, to walk in the world in a calling,—

myself, in giving blessing upon all the works of thy calling, and imprinting in thee a holy desire to do all things to my glory.

WHEN Philip Henry was settled at Worthenbury, he sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthews, of Broad Oak. The father demurred, saying that though Mr. Henry was an excellent preacher and a gentleman, yet he did not know from whence he came. "True," said the daughter; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." Mr. Henry records in his diary, long after the happiness of the union, which was soon after consummated:—"April 26, 1680. This day we have been married twenty years, in which time we have received of the Lord twenty thousand mercies,—to God be glory!" Sometimes he writes—"We have been so long married, and never reconciled, *i. e.*, there never was any occasion for it." His advice to his children, with respect to their marriage, was—"Please God, and please yourselves, and you will please me;" and his usual compliment to his newly-married friends—"Others wish you all happiness; I wish you all holiness, and then there is no doubt but you will have all happiness."

A FEW days previous to his death, the Rev. Dr. Belrage, of Falkirk, hearing his infant son's voice in an adjoining room, desired that he should be brought to him. When the child was lifted into the bed, the dying father placed his hands upon his head, and said, in the language of Jacob, "The God before whom my fathers did walk, the God who fed me all my life long to this day, the Angel who redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad." When the boy was removed, he added, "Remember and tell John Henry of this, tell him of those prayers, and how earnest I was that he might become

early acquainted with his father's God."

HE who receives a favor, should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.

IF we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all our hostility.

WE should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Fuller*.

A CONVERTED Hindoo was asked, "What did you gain by leaving Hindooism and becoming a Christian?" He replied, "I have a sweet peace in my heart, of which you can know nothing till, by the grace of God, you have felt it for yourselves. You can never know the value of that pearl of great price which I have found, till you yourself have sought and found it. When you trust in my Saviour, you will know the preciousness of the salvation which he is ready to give."

TOO MUCH JOKING.

Slang is not wit. Neither is the misspelling of words humor. And we may even go farther, and say that the prevalent disposition to present every thing, serious as well as trifling, in a ridiculous light, is also bad as a matter of morals. Yet there are many people whose sole effort in writing and in conversation appears to be in the direction of what they consider "smartness." That constant trifling with the sad realities of human life, with the serious work of human kind, with the events of the day, and with the character of the living and with the memory of the dead, is lowering the tone not only of literature, but of morals. The world itself is not a huge joke, however some people may so affect to consider it.—*Religious Telescope*.

BRILLIANT BUT USELESS.

Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon *en chef* of the empire how many times he performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times." "How many times did you save his life," continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishmen, "saved eleven out of thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I loss dem all; but the operation was very *brilliant*."

Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given! Souls are not saved, but the preaching is very brilliant. Thousands are attracted and operated on by the rhetorician's art; but what if he should have to say of his admirers, "I lost them all, but the sermons were very brilliant!"—*The Guardian*.

THE DELICACY OF ST. PAUL.

St. Paul was the ideal of a gentleman. Witness his delicacy and tact, seen pre-eminently in advice and reproof: "*I praise you not*"—this is his euphemism for "*I blame you*," "*I partly believe it*," when told of the divisions among his children. Mark his delicate tact with Festus, Agrippa, Felix. Note his dignity and sweetness in receiving the gift from the Philippian church, the grace with which he rejoices that "your care of me hath flourished again;" then the anxious guarding against hurting their feelings, also the hopefulness for them: "Wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity." Let any one curious in these points read from the 10th to the 21st verse of Philippians 4. The passage is full

of the subtle touches of the character. Professor Blunt in the first of his lectures on the "Parish Priest," admirably traces out this characteristic of St. Paul, though from another point of view than ours. And, once more, if any reader would have a perfect model of consummate tact and intense delicacy, let him study St. Paul's urging of a request that might have been a claim, in the Epistle to Philemon. — *Contemporary Review*, 1869.

"GIVING IT."

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

LIVED IT DOWN.

An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted, and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of law, but to one and all he replied:

"No; I will go to my forge, and there in six months I will have worked out such a character and earned such a name as all the judges, law courts and lawyers in the world could not give me."

He was right. It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offence that we assert our true dignity and prove our honesty and respectability.

A HARD LESSON.

Socrates, the ecclesiastical historiographer, reports a story of one Pambo, a plain ignorant man, who came to a learned man and desired him to teach him some psalm or other. He began to read unto him the thirty-ninth Psalm: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Having passed this first verse, Pambo shut the book, and took his leave, saying that he would go learn that point first. When he had absented himself for the space of some months, he was demanded by his reader, when he would go forward? He answered that he had not yet learned his old lesson; and he gave the very same answer to one that asked the like question forty-nine years after. Such a hard thing it is to rule this unruly member of the tongue, that it must be kept in with a bit and a bridle, bolts and bars.

IS IT THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH TO PROVIDE AMUSEMENT FOR PEOPLE ?

Dr. Hall, of New York, thus answers the above question:—

Now a church has no vocation to provide amusements. They may be necessities like boots, or luxuries like French clocks, but the church has not been called into existence to provide them. She has other work to do, and the amusements—for which, no doubt, there is a place—should spring out of the ordinary life of the community. There are very few cases of a church operating in the entertainment line, and strengthening itself as a church thereby. Far more frequently it holds the people only while it amuses, and when it forsakes the operative, theatrical, spectacular, or sociable, and returns to its proper business, the constituents go where they can get "the real thing," for which indeed the feeble imitation only prepared them.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE OF JESUS.

JOHN XX. 11.

The Christian will sometimes be brought to walk in a solitary path. God seems to cut away his props that he may reduce him to Himself. His religion is to be felt as a personal, peculiar, appropriated possession. He is to feel that, as there is but one Jehovah to bless, so there seems as if there were but one penitent in the universe to be blessed by Him. Mary Magdalene, at the sepulchre, was brought to this state. She might have said, "I know not where Peter is—he is gone away, perhaps into the world, perhaps to weep over his fall. I know not where John is. What are the feelings and states of my brethren I know not. I am left here alone. No one accompanies and strengthens me. But if none other will seek my Lord, yet will I seek Him." There is a commanding energy in religious sympathy. A dead fish will swim with the stream, whatever be its direction: but a living one will only resist the stream, but, if it chooses, can swim against it. The soul that lives from God will seek and follow God, though the stream of men and opinions would hurry it away from him.—*Richard Cecil.*

AN AGED HUSBAND'S FAREWELL.

The venerable Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, as the body of his life-long and godly wife was lowered into the grave, said impromptu: "Farewell, dear wife. You were God's greatest earthly gift to me. We have been very happy together. We are separated now. You are with Christ in glory. Christ is with me in grace. Our separation will not be long. I shall soon be with you. Farewell, dear wife!"

BEARING THE CROSS.

The Rev. Charles Simeon observed to a much respected friend, "Many years ago, when I was an object of much contempt and derision in this university, I strolled forth one day with my little Testament in my hand. I prayed earnestly to my God that He would comfort me with some cordial from his Word. It was not for direction that I was looking, but only for support. I thought I would turn to the Epistles, but my book was upside down, so, without intending it, I opened on the Gospels. The first text that caught my eye was this: 'They found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name: him they compelled to bear His cross' (Matt. xxvii. 32). You know Simon is the same name as Simeon. What a word of instruction was here! what a blessed hint for my encouragement! To have the cross laid upon me that I might bear it after Jesus—what a privilege! It was enough. And when I read that, I said, 'Lord lay it on me; I will gladly bear the cross for Thy sake.' I henceforth bound persecution as a wreath of glory round my brow."

CHRIST'S GOLD.

"I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."—Rev. iii. 18.

Christ's gold is not like the world's. He offers it not as the world offers. And He offers it not to those whom the world thinks worthy of it. What will not men do to win gold? What sacrifices—what efforts will they not make? And after all, the gold thus dearly bought will not satisfy; it is not "gold tried in the fire;" and when the day of trial comes that melts the hearts of men, and searches out the secrets of the soul, that gold for which they sold themselves is seen to be a curse rather than a blessing. How different with the riches offered by Christ to "whosoever will" receive them! The salvation

which He so freely bestows is no vain gilding of happiness; it has stood fiery trial in cases innumerable, and has proved to be solid riches for time and eternity. The man whose heart has been touched with light and life from above looks on the poverty of riches of this life as an eager traveller pressing on to his journey's end looks on the inn where he spends the night—it may be good or bad, but it is not much matter to him, for he is going home! He has gold enough of another kind to make him independent, and this gold will not perish in the using, nor disappoint in the enjoyment. Lord, give us all thine own true riches!

ANSWER TO A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

A young man, when converted to God, was keeping a tavern, and, like others, sold intoxicating drink. He soon felt uneasy in relation to his business, and resolved to ask counsel of a minister in whom he had much confidence. Next time the minister came that way and put up with him, the subject was broached and advice asked. "I will answer you in the morning," said the minister.

Night passed, and the minister's carriage was brought to the door, and he took his seat in it. The tavern-keeper began to think he had forgotten his promise. But no: there was a moment's pause; and then the remark, "I will now answer the question you put to me last evening: *Sell all you can to the glory of God,*"—and away he went!

The reply was "as a goad, and as a nail fastened by the masters of assemblies." The young convert found on reflection that he could really sell *so little* intoxicating liquor "to the glory of God," that he had better give up that department of his business; and did so. "A word in season, how good it is!"

NO REPENTANCE, NO PEACE.

Have you ever heard of the great clock of St. Paul's in London? At mid-day—when carriages, and wag-gons, and omnibuses go rolling through the streets—how many never hear that great clock strike unless they live very near it. But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away—when men are gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London, then at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of that clock may be heard for miles round. Twelve!—one!—two!—three! four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man. That clock is just like the conscience of the im-penitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his con-science. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. He will not allow the inner man to speak to him. But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The day will come when its voice will sound in his ears, and pierce like a sword. The time must come when he must retire from the world and lie down on the sick-bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, that solemn clock, will sound in his heart; and if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul. Oh no! write it in the tablets of your hearts. Without repentance no peace!

THE HAND TO TRUST TO.

A few Christians were once met to-gether for consultation under very trying circumstances. Some were *much* discouraged, and all seemed cast down. At length one of them rose and said, "Cannot you trust the hand that was nailed to the cross?" A feeling of sacred awe came over every one at this question. Then came a casting of the care on God, and a sweet rest in Him.

CHOPPING AND SWEARING.

A late distinguished president of one of our Western colleges was one day walking near the college with his slow and noiseless step, when a youth who had not observed his approach, while engaged in cutting wood, began to swear profanely in his vexation. The doctor stepped up, and said, "Give me the axe;" and then very quietly chopped the stick of wood up himself. Returning the axe to the young man, he said in his peculiar manner, "You see now the wood may be cut without swearing." The reproof was effectual, and led, there is reason to believe, to an entire abandonment of that impious habit.

A good many other things besides chopping can be done without swearing quite as well as with it, and the breath wasted in blasphemy and impiety might better far be spent in prayer and praise to Him who gives us every blessing, and who spares from a thou-sand ills.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

M. Janin, who recently died, was afflicted by a greivous malady, which affected both body and mind. His weakness, we are told, weighed upon him terribly, and some of his last words are full of pathos. To M. Housseaye he said: "I am a great writer; I am celebrated; I belong to the Academy. Well, I would willingly give all that to be able to walk round this room alone." To another friend he remark-ed: "Here I am, a millionaire three times over since my father and mother-in-law died; and of what use is all this money to me! I can't eat, I can't drink, and I do not care about horses." How vain at such a time are all the consolations of earth. How price-less then the promises and hopes of religion!

FOLLY OF SINNERS.

Baxter, in his "Call to the Unconverted," says: "I remember a circumstance that a gentleman, yet living, told me he saw upon a bridge over the Severn. A man was driving a flock of fat lambs, and something meeting them, and hindering their passage, one of the lambs leaped upon the wall of the bridge, and his legs slipping from under him, he fell into the stream; the rest seeing him, did, one after one, leap over the bridge into the stream, and were all or almost all drowned. Those that were behind did little know what was become of them that were gone before, but thought they might venture to follow their companions; but as soon as ever they were over the wall, and falling headlong, the case was altered. Even so it is with unconverted, carnal men. One dieth by them and is lost, and another follows the same way, and yet they will go after them, because they think not whither they are gone. Oh! but when death had once opened their eyes, and they see what is on the other side of the wall, even in another world, then what would they give to be where they were?"

ALMOST PERSUADED; YET NOT QUITE.

Is the Bible true to you, or is it not? Oh! think for a moment of the terrible, imminent danger into which your delay is plunging you, gathering around you day by day an accumulation of obstacles which lessen your chances of decision, and which delay the opportunities of salvation. And you are only *almost* persuaded to catch the flying moment, and repent and be converted now! Do you know the imminent risks that you run by delay? Death at hand, and you *almost* pre-

pared to meet it! The Grand Assize, and you *almost* ready for the trial! The Judge at the door, and you *almost* persuaded that it is time to get ready for His coming! Eternity flashing or darkening upon your sky, and you *almost* beginning to think that it may possibly be true! Heaven opened for the ransomed and the ready, and you *almost* at the gate before it shuts! The last sheaf of the harvest gathered, the last flower of the summer plucked, and you *almost* saved! Oh! I would pity your infatuation, while I would sharply rebuke your folly. Nay, it doesn't become me to speak sharply. I would rather weep in your presence, and give you the Gospel sacrifice of tears, if only it might bring you to consider and return to-day.

In all solemnity and in all earnestness, I ask you to come to Jesus *to-day*. Now, while the Father waits; now, while the Son has not ceased to plead; and now, while the Spirit is ready to take of the things of Christ, and show them to you.—*Mor. Punshon.*

FIRST BELIEVE.

An assurance of being regenerate is in no way previously necessary unto the believing of an interest in forgiveness. When convinced persons cried out, "What shall we do to be saved?" the answer was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and ye shall be saved." They are not directed first to secure their soul, that they are born again, and then afterwards to believe; but they are first to believe that the remission of sin is offered to them in the blood of Christ, and that "by him they may be justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law." Nor upon this proposition is it the duty of men to question whether they have faith or no, but actually to believe. And faith in its operation will evidence itself.—*Owen.*

A SOLEMN COVENANT.

1658.

“The Churches of Christ in Ireland, walking in the faith and order of the Gospel, do agree together, through Divine assistance, to set apart the fourth day, called Wednesday in every month, solemnly to seek the face of our God, and, by fasting and prayer, humbly to mourn before him for the things following, which is also recommended to our dear friends in England, and scattered brethren in several places, who have obtained the like precious faith with us :

1. Their little knowledge of God, in Christ. 2. Their little sincere love to God and his people. 3. Their little serious searching of the Scriptures. 4. Their weak faith in the precious promises. 5. Their slow progress towards heaven. 6. Their dulness in prayer and praise. 7. Their want of sympathy with the suffering people of God. 8. Their forgetfulness of past mercies. 9. Their little laying to the heart of Divine judgments. 10. Their want of wisdom in reproving sin. 11. Their little mourning of sin. 12. Their great ignorance of the deceptiveness of their own hearts.”

Are there not churches of Christ to-day who might profitably unite in such a covenant as this, and who might with great propriety substitute such a confession as this for the vain-glorious reports in which they parade their worldly progress as a cover for

their spiritual poverty? — *Boston Christian.*

FOLLOW UP YOUR WORK.

I often think that Christian work is like much of our secular work in its laws and methods. If you send a woodman into the forest to fell trees, you do not expect he will strike his axe into the trunk, and then into another, till he has gone through the whole wood, delivering but one stroke upon a tree. That would do if he were ‘blazing a trail’ through the forest; but if his work be to fell trees, it doesn’t do at all. He may chop till he is grey, and never produce a log for the mill. He must make his stand by one trunk, and smite away, and make the chips fly, and walk around it, still swinging his axe and working toward the heart, till it comes crashing to the ground. That’s the type of successful Christian work. If you should undertake to nurse a sick man up to health, you would not accomplish your hope by sitting up an hour at his bedside, watching him one night, or giving him one big dose of the remedy prescribed. You must spend many an hour with him, watch many a long night, administer the healing potion many times over, and then you might recover your friend. This is very like what you have to do to recover a sin-sick soul. One visit, one interview, one appeal, doesn’t secure the object.—*A. L. Stone.*

Children's Treasury.

NURSERY SONG.

On Monday, I wash my dollies' clothes;
 On Tuesday, smoothly press them;
 On Wednesday, mend their little hose;
 On Thursday, neatly dress them.
 On Friday, I play they're taken ill;
 On Saturday, something or other;
 But when Sunday comes, I say "Lie still;
 I'm going to church with mother."

HE WILL CARRY THE LAMBS IN HIS ARMS.

Thou hast said it, gracious Shepherd,
 The great privilege I claim ;
 In Thy loving arms, oh, shield me ;
 Call me by Thy blessed name!

In Thine arms, oh gracious Shepherd,
 Nestled on Thy loving breast,
 There is joy, and hope, and safety—
 There alone is peace and rest.

Rather in Thy sheltering bosom
 Would I lie secure from harm,
 Than possess all worldly riches—
 All that earthly monarchs charm.

Earthly friends may die and leave me,
 Thou canst know no change or death ;
 Thou through life will safely keep me,
 Then receive my parting breath.

One of Thine own little loved ones
 Make me, keep me, Saviour dear ;
 Shield me, fold me, blessed Shepherd,
 Through my life's long journey here.

—C. E. R. P.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS?

What can I do for Jesus ?
 I'm such a little child.
 Can I make known His goodness—
 His disposition mild?
 What would I do for Jesus,
 If I had but the power!
 Alas! I feel my weakness ;
 I'm such a little flower.

I cannot preach the Gospel
 To eager, listening ears,
 Nor fight His glorious battles,
 Who am so young in years.
 Can I do nought for Jesus,
 For his kind love to me?
 Oh, yes! I'll sing His praises
 Who died upon the tree.

Yes, I can *sing* for Jesus ;
 And HE will hear my song,
 Who wishes little children
 To join the heavenly throng.
 He loves to hear the voices
 Of little ones like me,
 And, smiling, says His kingdom
 Shall our own kingdom be.

I'll *pray* and *sing* to Jesus,
 The little CHILDREN'S FRIEND,
 Who gave His life to save us
 From torment without end.
 The sound of children's voices
 His willing ear doth greet ;
 Then *sing* and *pray* to Jesus,
 For children's prayers are sweet.

—JOHN R. APPELYARD.

BABY BELL.

Among fair flowers, dear Baby Bell,
 So sweetly sleeping,
 We gaze upon thy confined form,
 'Mid bitter weeping.

We hailed thy coming, Baby Bell,
 With joy and pleasure ;
 A little sunbeam in our home—
 A precious treasure.

But God hath called thee, Baby Bell,
 From home so early,
 To dwell with Him in mansions fair,
 With angels holy.

Dear little lamb ! dear Baby Bell !
 A treasure given !
Still ours—though lost to sight awhile—
 Safe, safe in heaven.

Then 'mid fair flowers, dear Baby Bell,
 So sweetly sleeping,
 We yield thee, blessed baby, up,
 To Jesu's keeping.

—MRS. PARKER.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

Why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin Lydia, one morning after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded, old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumbled and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair, and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back again among her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress; she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home. Young men who are polite and pleasant in outside society are rude to their mothers, and snarl at their sisters; and girls who, among strangers, are all gaily and animation, never make an exertion to please their own family.

It is a wretched way to turn always the smoothest side to the world, and the roughest and coarsest to one's nearest and dearest friends.—*Child's World.*

"GOD SEES YOU."

Many children have read the sweet tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A pleasing story of his childhood is told in a sketch of his life:—

Little Hans was one day with his mother and some other poor neighbours gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming, and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble, or short stumps of the grain-stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others, and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans' whose hopeless case now suddenly filled him with new courage, stopped, and turned, and looking into the man's face said: How dare you strike me, *when God sees you?*"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth, of which little Hans reminded him when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children as well as grown people might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God! Then you rise in the morning; through all the hours of day; when you go to bed at night; in darkness when you are fast asleep; when you are faithful in duty; when you are careless; when you are kind and loving, and when you are unkind and selfish and sinful—always everywhere, *God sees you.* When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little

brothers and sisters, or undutifully to your parents: when you are tempted to lie, cheat, or steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself, "How dare I do this wicked thing, when God can see me?"—*Mother's Magazine*.

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"HE NEVER MADE HIS
MOTHER SMILE."

An Irish girl, in giving evidence in a court of justice against a lad who had committed a theft, and was a constant source of uneasiness to his parents, said "Arra, sir, I'm sure he never made his mother smile!"

What a sad testimony to be given against any boy is this!

—

LADDERS.

Did you ever see a person carry a ladder? He puts it on his shoulder, or, it may be, he puts it on his head between the rounds, and has one of the sides resting on each shoulder, and having it nicely balanced, walks along. A man with a ladder is an interesting object on a crowded street. He looks at the end before him, but the end behind him he cannot see. If he moves the front end to get out of the way of a person, away goes the rear end just as far in the opposite direction, and the slightest turn of his body, only a few inches, will give the ends a sweep of several feet, and those in the way may look for bruised heads, while the window glass along the street is in constant danger from the unseen rear end of the ladder.

When a small boy, I was carrying not a very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly.

"Look here my son, there is one

thing I wish you always to remember; that is every ladder has two ends."

I never have forgotten that, though many, many years have gone, and I never see a man carrying a ladder or other long thing, but what I remember the two ends. Don't we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits, I think he only sees one end of that ladder, and that he does not know that the other end is wounding his parents' hearts.

Many a girl carries a ladder in the shape of love for dress and finery; she only sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end that she does not see is crushing true modesty and pure friendship as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd.

Ah, yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.—*The Moravian*.

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THE LITTLE GROCER WHO
FAILED.

"Mamma," cried Freddy, "I will play grocery store."

After a great deal of counting, Freddy found he had several pennies.

"Not much capital," said Sister Nellie—she was grown up.

"What is capital," asked Freddy.

"The money you have to buy your goods with, that is your capital."

Freddy bought tea, coffee, white sugar, beans, salt, pepper, flour, meal, candy, nuts, soap, dried apples, and starch. But all these cost fifteen cents, and Freddy had only seven cents.

Freddy arranged his store and put out his sign; and just then all the older brothers and sisters came home from school, so that Freddy had plenty of customers, and his goods went off very fast, and he thought grocery store was a splendid play. Lucy said she would take the dried apples if he

would write it down in his book for her, because she had forgotten her money.

When the little grocer had sold all his goods, Nellie reminded him that he owed eight cents. Freddy began to look around his store for money, but he found only four cents.

"Why, they didn't pay for the things," said Freddy.

"You know I asked you to put the dried apples down in your book," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Freddy, "but I didn't have a book, and I forgot it besides; but you might bring back the dried apples, Lucy."

"O no! I can't, I've eaten them," said Lucy.

Then Freddy found that the candy and nuts were eaten up too, and those who had bought them had no money to pay for them.

"Well," said Freddy, "it's of no use. I can't pay that eight cents, for I've only four cents."

"Why, then our little grocer has failed," said Nellie.

"Failed?" said Freddy. "That means I can't pay it?"

"Yes, that's it," said Nellie.

"That is because I did not think about the pay when I sold them," said Freddy.

When you are grown up a man, and have a real store, remember these things. Don't buy more than you can pay for. Don't sell other people more than they can pay for. Always think what you are doing.—*Exchange.*

PICTURES ON THE WALL.

What beautiful pictures the frost makes on the window in a cold winter's night! Early some frosty morning see how many interesting things you can find spread out on the panes of glass, more delicately and more beautifully made than in the best artist's painting.

On one pane you may find a picture of a beautiful flower garden, surrounded by pretty groves and trees. Upon another you may see a train of cars dashing along at a rapid rate. Here you discover a fine church, with a tall steeple; there is a large castle, and beyond it is a fine strong fort, with all its guns pointing at the army coming up to take it. Yonder, above these, is a balloon, with ever so many people and a dog in it, going up among the clouds; and faintly, on the next pane, there seems to be the outline of some beautiful mansions, like to the heavenly Jerusalem which the Apostle John saw, when in the Isle of Patmos.

What wonderful power must He have who can cause the frost to make so many beautiful and wonderful pictures! How kind of Him it is to give us all these pleasant things to make even winter beautiful and cheerful to us!—*Child's World.*

HOW WE ARE SAVED.

When, in the darkness of the midnight train, the conductor's lamp is seen glimmering through the car, does he hold it in to your face to learn who you are in order to be satisfied of your right to proceed. No; he lets its beams fall on the ticket, which you hold out to him, and if that is right you are right, no matter who you are, whether rich or poor, whether rude or noble. Christ, and Christ alone, is our passport to glory. Never can we say, "O Lord look upon me, for I am holy." Always must we say, rather, "Behold O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine Anointed." And ever since that face dropped pale and gory on his breast with that dying sentence, "It is finished," God has only to look upon it to justify any sinner, however guilty, who looks upon it in a trusting faith. Believest thou this, my heart?

LUCK AND LABOUR.

Two boys left, last week, their country homes to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labour can do for me," cried the other.

Which is the better to depend upon, luck or labour?

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labour *will* turn up something.

JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

A Roman Catholic priest in Belgium rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "*bad book*," pointing to the Bible. "Mr. Priest," she replied, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, a drunkard, and made such a noise in the house that no one could stay in it. Since he began to read the Bible, he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, Mr. Priest, that a bad book produces such good fruits?"

BABY.

In a happy home the joy of the hour—baby—died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of the baby while she was here, and you held her and carried her in your arms all the while she was ill. Now, mother, who took her on the other side?" "On the other side of what, Alice?" "On the other side of death: who took the baby on the other side, mother? She was so little, she could

not go alone." "Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children into His arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

PUSH!

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up, the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism could do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute," and he hurried into the house, where two or three pink aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now boys," said cousin Will, "this is a small thing, but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning.

"If anybody is in trouble and you see it, don't stand back; push!

"Whenever there's a kind of thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

Facts and Opinions.

THE Chancellor of the German empire, speaking officially from his place in Parliament, says that the time has come to tell a story which had been long kept a secret, but which, after all that has happened, had better be made public. Then, having related a conversation in which the Papal Nuncio at Munich declared that in all countries except America, England, and Belgium, the Roman Church had to look to revolution as the sole means of securing her rightful position, Prince Bismark explained the origin of the late war. "Gentlemen, I am in possession of conclusive evidence proving that the war of 1870 was the combined work of Rome and France; that the Ecumenical Council was cut short on account of the war, and that very different votes would have been taken by the Council if the French had been victorious. I know from the best sources that the Emperor Napoleon was dragged into the war very much against his will by the Jesuitical influences rampant at his Court; that he strove hard to resist these influences; that at the eleventh hour he determined to maintain peace; that he kept to this determination for half an hour, and that he was ultimately overpowered by the persons representing Rome."

CONTRASTS such as the following are well worthy of being mentioned. Fifteen years ago, the village Havadvoric, Central Turkey, was a nest of brigands. Its people, armed, prowled round the neighborhood, plundering herds, flocks, and vine-

yards, the terror of the villages of Moosh Plain. Now Havadvoric has a church, into which fifteen were received at a recent touching Communion Service. The people are quiet and patient, even under persecution. The Government could do nothing with them. But now Armenians say to the missionaries, "We thank you that you have rescued our sheepfolds, vineyards, and gardens from these men." After forty years of labor by Americans in Turkey, there are 76 Evangelical churches among the Armenians, with 4,082 members, 50 native pastors, 56 educated licensed preachers, 128 Sabbath schools, and 222 common schools.

MAGNITUDE OF ANCIENT WORKS.—Ninevah was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, forty-six miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof—it was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height, and 858 on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 360,000 men in building. The Labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes in Egypt presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos

was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

AFRICA.—The Rev. Charles New, who last summer published an interesting account of his missionary labours in Africa, has returned to his work; and his report regarding the inhuman trade which it was thought Sir Bartle Frere and the Sultan of Zanzibar had suppressed, is, "Slavery on the East Coast of Africa remains intact." The traffic is carried on as briskly as ever, both on land and sea, and Zanzibar, Mr. New says, is as well stocked with slaves as ever.

SYRIA.—We learn from the *Church Missionary Gleaner* that a new church for the native Protestant congregation in connection with the Church Missionary Society at Jerusalem, consisting chiefly of converts for Mohammedanism—the fruits of the Rev. F. A. Klein's work—was opened for worship on Advent Sunday. On the same day, an excellent native catechist, Khalil Djamal, was ordained by the Bishop Gobat to the charge of the new church.

SIAM.—Mrs. Dean, the wife of a Baptist missionary in Siam, has forwarded a petition, signed by most of the European ladies at Bangkok, praying for the abrogation of the law which allows a man to pawn his wife and children into slavery in payment of a debt contracted by opium-smoking or gambling. It has been favourably received by the young King, and this unnatural privilege will probably be taken from the Siamese gentry.

FRUIT.—The *Times* publishes an extract of a private letter from Ningpo, in which the writer says: "I heard there a remarkable testimony to the power of Christianity from the mouth of a heathen. He came into our little preaching room while I was waiting for the man on the table to arrive.

He was a respectable man, in easy circumstances, and very courteous. He had never heard the Gospel, he said, but he had seen it. He began extolling its power and excellency. 'I know a man,' he said, 'who used to be the terror of his neighbourhood. If you gave him a hard word, he would shout at you and curse you for two days and two nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a bad opium smoker.' (I have since heard that he was involved in two quarrels in which blood was shed.) 'But,' he continued, 'when the religion of Jesus took hold of him, he became wholly changed—gentle, not soon angry, moral, his opium left off, etc. Truly the doctrine is good.'"

The *Indian Evangelical Review*, on a careful calculation, estimates the number of converts to Christianity in India during the last year as over 5,000. 951,000 books and tracts have been issued and 218,000 school books, published by the Christian Vernacular Education Society. Precious seed! God give it increase!

BISHOP CROWTHER says:—"King Umoru, of Nube, received with joy and a thousand thanks the Arabic Bible I presented to him from the C.M.S. He is an Arabic scholar, and could not hide his emotion from his courtiers, who joined in his admiration. He willingly granted me a place for a Mission Station, on the opposite side of the town of Eggan. Thus the Lord influenced the heart of this Mohammedan potentate, even when at a war camp, to grant us the desire of our hearts on behalf of a Christian Mission."

BEHARI LAL SINGH.—Intelligence has been received of the death of the beloved native missionary, Behari Lal Singh. Behari left England on the 24th October, and had a prosperous voyage to Calcutta, but was called away to a brighter home on the 21st December. He was only fifty-three

years old when he died. His health had been failing for some years. Behari has had a remarkable career. Born of Rajpoot parents, in 1821, he was sent in 1830 to be educated in Dr. Duff's Institution, in Calcutta, where he spent ten years. In 1840 he was sent to take charge of a Government school in Central India, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Donald McLeod. Three years afterwards he wrote to his friend Dr. McKay, desiring baptism, and attributing his conversion unto God to the impression produced on his mind by the Christian character of Sir Donald. In proof of the reality of his conversion at this time, he resigned a Government situation of £120 a year, with the immediate prospect of succeeding to another of £300, to go down to Calcutta and live on a salary of only £10 a year, that he might preach the gospel to his own countrymen. Fifteen years were thus spent by him in connection with the Free Church, and Dr. McKay testifies that during that period he had been honoured to bring in more souls to Christ than any of the missionaries or of his native brethren. While in this country, some years since, he was ordained as a missionary and a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. In 1861, with the consent of the Free Church Committee, he offered his services to the English Presbyterian Church for a year to set agoing their Rajshaye mission, which led to his remaining permanently in charge of it. "One of the earliest converts of the Free Church," says the *Weekly Review*, "he was one of the most unselfish, being entirely free from that love of money which has been the snare of so many. His gentle, affectionate nature, his simplicity of character, combined with a large amount of shrewdness and general intelligence, and withal his unaffected piety and humility, made him a general favourite, and won a way for him often where his extreme diffi-

dence might have led him to shrink back."

The survey party of the Palestine Exploration Fund consists now of two officers of the Royal Engineers, and three non-commissioned officers of the same corps, all experienced men, and trained in survey work. The present scene of their explorations, which recommenced in October last, is the hill country of Judah, a district full of interest. In the course of the first month's work, Lieutenant Conder reports several discoveries of great interest and value. The survey party have followed up to its source a curious peice of engineering work, known as Pilat's Aqueduct, which Josephus says was twenty-five miles long. Lieut. Conder makes it thirty.

A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE has been held in Chee-foo, North China. Among the subjects considered were, the kind of literature required by the Chinese, and the best means of providing it; woman's work for women in China; schools as a Missionary agency, and Medical Missions; these subjects were freely discussed, and tolerably opposite opinions were expressed, especially as to literature and boys' boarding schools. But all were unanimous as to the value of women's work for women, and the urgent need of increasing it. Mr. Hartwell, in summing up the discussion on the subject, said that "the united sentiment of the meeting was, that results of the work of women in China had equalled, if not surpassed, those of the work of men. Of all the members he had admitted to the Church at Sung-chow, half had been brought in by the influence of women." The desire for an increase of Medical Missions was also unanimous.

THE RECENTLY ANNEXED KINGDOM OF FLI consists of seventy-two islands, containing an area of 4,460,000 acres, out of which about 3,000,000 are untenanted, five-sixths of which are

cultivable. The whole native population is estimated at 140,500, with 20,000 wild mountaineers; but 300 drilled indigenous police, under white officers, are stated to be enough for purposes of order. The phantom government, set up under Kakombau, is bankrupt and impotent; and the white and brown population equally long for the hoisting of Her Majesty's flag. The "King of the Cannibal Islands" only wants a pension and a new ship; the chiefs ask certain assurances about their food, mats, and oil; and good houses in Sydney are ready to advance money to the planters, for sugar-growing and crushing mills, the moment that annexation is declared. There will be difficulties about the lands to be made over to the State, but these will be met by firm demands for a well-defined domain and absolute suzerainty; all just rights, of course, being respected. Mpaflu, the Tongan, will probably have to be maintained in a nominal position as Chief of the Windward Islands, and the old island system must be utilized for a time, till the Central Government can extend its action over the Archipelago. As a Crown colony, Fiji will become, the Commissioners think, very prosperous; its soil is fertile, its climate good, its scenery magnificent, and the change will bring a large white population into the islands. It has admirable harbours everywhere, except in Tavunui: and while its annexation will abolish the Polynesian slave-trade, it is the only course, the Report declares, which "can avert ruin from the English planters, and confusion from the existing Government."

POLYNESIA.—Rev. Dr. Nesbitt, of Samoa, said lately, that while a few years ago every island in Polynesia was under the spell of heathenism, there are now about 400,000 Polynesians who have been reclaimed from heathenism, and profess Christianity.

MR. STANLEY, the commissioner of

the *New York Herald* and *Daily Telegraph*, who is gone to carry on the explorations of Livingstone in Central Africa, has made a good beginning of his work, by employing the time during which the expedition for the interior was preparing at Zanzibar, in exploring the RUFUJI River and Delta. This is one of the most important rivers south of Zanzibar; it had been twice entered previously, once by Dr. Kirk, and once by Mr. Elton, both of whom reported it as not navigable, and useless for commercial purposes. With two European companions, brothers, of the name of Pocock, and twenty or thirty natives, Mr. Stanley explored two of the numerous mouths of this river, and ascended it in a vessel drawing five feet of water, as far as Kisu; he could have gone 240 miles further with a lighter boat. He considers the river admirably adapted for commerce, navigable for 220 miles of its course for steamboats as large as the largest on the Mississippi. Rice, fruits, and maize are abundant in this region, as also are ivory and gum-copal. All these can be purchased in that country, and sold at fabulous profits in Zanzibar and home markets. The chief point of interest in Mr. Stanley's despatch lies in his statement that he has discovered the place at which the overland slave traffic from the south and west can be arrested as it crosses the upper channel of this river. This is at the town of Kisu, which is a regular ferrying point for the great slave caravan, which comes overland to Dar-salaam, and his letters contain suggestions for the easy annihilation of the traffic. With a few steam launches, drawing from twelve to eighteen inches of water, Mr. Stanley believes that Her Majesty's Government might forthwith completely abolish the caravans of slaves, which, to the number of four to five thousand, annually cross the Ruffi, at the point mentioned.

A Night in Galilee.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLAIN OF GENNESARET—THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Standing on the mount on which Christ preached his memorable sermon, let the traveller look towards the east. Some thousand feet below him is the Sea of Galilee, pear-shaped, lying like a mirror in its frame work of mountains. It is some thirteen miles in length and six miles in width at its widest part, but it is only the northern section that can be seen from this mountain. The eastern side of the sea is guarded by a wall of grey hills, (some 2,000 feet high, bare, and deeply furrowed by ravines,) between which and the lake there seems no room for cultivation. There might be room, judging by the eye, for a road, except in some spots where the cliffs seem to push their feet sheer into the water. To the north one can easily see the gap in the mountains down which the Jordan makes its way from Lake Merom to this lake, "the eye of Galilee," at our feet; and yonder, up high on the brow of Lebanon is Safed, visible here from Christ's pulpit, a fit illustration, as a city set on a hill and seen by all Galilee, of the position Christ intended his church to hold in this land and in this world.

Next to the lake the spot of greatest interest to the traveller standing on the Mount of Beatitudes, is the plain of Gennesaret, which lies between him and the north end of the lake. It is only a small bit of country, about four

miles long and three miles wide, shaped like a bow tightly strung, but one of the most famous spots to Christians, in Galilee. It was a district of great fertility because of its abundant supply of water; there are no less than four streams and two copious fountains pouring their precious burden over the plain by means of aqueducts and canals, the remains of which can still be traced. Further, its soil is deep and rich, being a dark alluvial loam containing the debris of the basaltic rock in the neighborhood, washed down by these mountain streams. And again, the plain lying some six hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean, sheltered also on the north by lofty hills, possesses a climate very much like Egypt. Taking these things into account, we can believe almost every word of the glowing description Josephus gives of the spot, when he writes as follows:

"The country also that lies over against this lake hath the same name of Gennesareth; its nature is wonderful as well as its beauty; its soil is so fruitful that all sorts of trees can grow upon it, and the inhabitants accordingly plant all sorts of trees there; for the temper of the air is so well mixed, that it agrees very well with those several sorts, particularly walnuts, which require the coldest air, flourish there in vast plenty; there are palm-trees also, which grow best in hot air; fig-trees also and olives grow near them, which yet require an air that is more temperate. One may call this place the ambition of nature, where it

forces those plants that are naturally enemies to one another to agree together. It is a happy contention of the seasons, as if every one of them laid claim to this country; for it not only nourishes different sorts of autumnal fruit, beyond men's expectation, but preserves them a great while; it supplies men with the principal fruits, with grapes and figs continually, during ten months of the year, and the rest of the fruits as they become ripe together, through the whole year; for besides the good temperature of the air, it is also watered from a most fertile fountain."

It is not its fertility however, and paradisaical beauty, "a land full of the beauty of Jehovah," some slight traces of which can still be seen, that renders the spot so interesting to the Christian. But the fact that somewhere in this plain were situated Capernaum, the home of our Saviour during the three years of his public ministry, and also Chorazin and Bethsaida, with perhaps Magdala, the home of Mary, who hence was called Magdalene, meaning of "Magdala." That plain, now so desolate, was, in the days of our Saviour, like a very bee-hive as to the number and activity of its inhabitants. Bethsaida of Galilee and Chorazin lying on the lake, were full of fishermen busy catching and curing fish for home and foreign consumption. From these towns came five at least of the twelve Apostles. Capernaum, identified by Capt. Wilson, was right on the great caravan road between Egypt and Damascus, and was probably in the time of Christ the most important city of the twelve cities on the Sea of Galilee, for Tiberias was then under Antipas, only rising into existence under the hammer and chisel of the mason and the stone-cutter. Capernaum had therefore its custom-house, tax-gatherers, its garrison of Roman soldiers with centurions, its schools, and a costly synagogue, 74

feet by 56, built by the Roman centurion, (Luke vii. 4-5), the foundations of which have recently been laid bare. That fertile plain was therefore in the time of Christ, the busiest and richest and most crowded spot in all Galilee; therefore it was that he chose it as the centre of his evangelistic work, preaching in its synagogue the sermon of John vi. But the wealthy, luxurious people, who were exalted to heaven by the presence and preaching of Jesus, were cast down to hell by their neglect of them and the country given over to the desolation and solitude that almost reminds one of the borders of the Salt Sea.

It is drawing on towards evening, and we set our horses' heads in the direction of the lake, "the eye of Galilee." The descent is rapid, for the waters of this sea are between 600 and 700 feet in the bowels of the earth, being far below the level of the other seas of the world. The sun has sunk behind the mountains of Galilee as we draw near Tiberias, but it shines with great beauty on the high rampart of hills that face us to the east of the lake. There is not a sail to be seen on these waters. At one city, which, in the time of Josephus, 280 ships were gathered for purposes of war, and few people to be seen abroad on the beach that once glittered with the temples and synagogues, houses and palaces of Jews and Romans. M. Renan says, that on the shores and environs of this lake we have "a fifth gospel torn but still readable," (uncinquieme, evangile, lacere, mais lisible encore.) That is true; but the fifth gospel Christians find here is not, however, the gospel Renan finds, but rather that found by another poet and Hebraist of a different school, (McCheyne), who thus sings while sojourning by these waters:—

How pleasant to me thy deep blue waves,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Has often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow,
But thou hast loveliness above,
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy tide.

Gracéful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past—Bethsaida where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent, the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?

O, Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

Oh! give me Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

CHAPTER VII.

A NIGHT IN TIBERIAS.

We were startled with our first look of Tiberias. It was built in the days of Christ, by that Herod who beheaded John the Baptist, and was named by him in honour of Tiberias, the Roman Emperor. Its founder, "that fox," having passed most of his early days in Italy, tried to make the new capital of Galilee as like an Italian city as he could. He built palaces and theatres, and baths, adorned them with paintings and statuary, and filled the place with foreign people, and foreign, wicked ways, so that the more pious Jews avoided the place with horror. This was probably the place where the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod, and to this palace

was brought the head of John the Baptist, some say from Machaerus beyond Jordan, others say from Samaria. From the character of the city, its people, its court, its king, it does not appear that Christ ever entered within its walls. Certain it is that Herod never put himself to the trouble of riding out a few miles to hear the preacher whose fame filled the land, for the two never met till they met and parted before the crucifixion, when Christ's solemn silence showed who was king, and sealed Herod's doom.

This proud city, we were well aware, passed through many changes—ceased to be the capital of Galilee, became in the second century one of the four holy cities of Palestine, and the seat of Jewish learning, was won and lost by the Crusaders several times, then passed through the hands of Persians, Arabs, and Turks, in whose hands it now is. Such a history could not lead us to expect a flourishing city; but for the spectacle that met our eyes we were not prepared. The earthquake of 1837 which laid waste Galilee, has left Tiberias a mere wreck, its walls rent from bottom to top, its towers as if shattered by demons in their giant fury, its streets blocked up with rubbish, and its houses full of ugly cracks. When one adds to this filth and heat, there is as wretched a picture of a city as can exist anywhere. We rode on through narrow streets for some time and at last alighted at a house where we were to stay for the night. It was a kind of private hotel, and as supper could not be ready for some time, some of us proposed to have a bath in the lake. We walked along the pebbly beach south of Tiberias, and sat on the shore. The water was clear, and sweet to the taste, the sea calm, and the sky without a cloud. It is difficult to imagine that such a scene as this could change in the sudden fashion mentioned in the gospels. But the following description by Capt. Wilson

of the Palestine exploration party helps us to realize what the evangelists record so briefly.

"The morning," says Capt. Wilson, "was delightful: a gentle, easterly breeze, and not a cloud in the sky to give warning of what was coming. Suddenly, about mid-day, there was a sound of distant thunder, and a small cloud no bigger than a man's hand was seen rising over the heights of Lubieh, to the west. In a few moments the cloud appeared to spread, and heavy black masses came rolling down the hills towards the lake, completely obscuring Tabor and Hattin. At this moment the breeze died away, there were a few minutes of perfect calm, during which the sun shone out with intense power, and the surface of the lake was smooth and even as a mirror. Tiberias, Mejdal and other buildings stood out in sharp relief from the gloom behind: but they were soon lost sight of as the thunder gust swept past them, and rapidly advancing across the lake, lifted the placid water into a bright sheet of foam: in another moment it reached the ruins, driving myself and my companion to take refuge in a cistern, where for nearly an hour we were confined, listening to the rattling peals of thunder and torrents of rain. The effect of half the lake in perfect rest whilst the other half was in wild confusion, was very grand. It would have fared badly with any light craft caught in mid-lake by the storm, and we could not help thinking of that memorable occasion on which the storm is so graphically described as *coming down* upon the lake."

After supper we went to one of the towers whence we could see the lake in moonlight. But that was the end of the romantic for us in regard to Tiberias. We retired to our beds but not to rest; but it is well to pass rapidly over the experience of that night. When our party met next morning over

an excellent breakfast of fish from the lake, the same doleful tale came from every one. One of the company, Mr. Astor, not wishing to be burdened with talking about the matter, as he was a man of few words, showed us his arm covered from the waist to the shoulder with specimens of the prowes of the fleas and bugs of this unholy city. One can learn from this how precarious a thing it is to trust much to pilgrimages for sentimental feelings. The charms of the Sea of Galilee can be destroyed in one night, and the traveller may be driven from sacred localities suffering in every pore from heat and filth. It is possible therefore to enjoy Tiberias, (after one has been there), thinking and talking and writing about it beside a good fire on a Canadian winter night, better than to be walking its streets, and sleeping in its beds until such time, at least, as better accommodation is provided for Europeans, and such as have tender skins.

It was clearly seen in our walk to the hot baths, about a mile south of the modern town, that nearly all the level ground here between the mountains and the lake about two miles long and a quarter of a mile wide, was at one time occupied by this proud city and its suburbs. There is the foundation of a wall, here are heaps of stone, there blocks of granite, and yonder a solitary column still standing. The hot baths were therefore close to the wall of the city, and few Roman towns could boast of such baths. The water as it issues from the ground is too hot for the hand to bear it. The bath room is a fine building erected by Ibrahim Pasha in 1833, and seems to have escaped the earthquake in 1837, for it is in excellent condition, and was full of people who come there from various parts of Galilee for the cure of their diseases, so that on a small scale we saw there that evening what was often seen in Galilee during the ministry of our Lord.