



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Earnest Christianity.

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[NEW
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ABOUT OURSELVES.

“**E**ARNEST CHRISTIANITY” has not ceased to be published, nor is it amalgamated with any other periodical. It is still continued on the independent basis on which it was originally started. To some this will be a source of regret, to others of satisfaction. In order that our own attitude may not be misunderstood, we append a few explanatory observations.

Two years ago we began the publication of **EARNEST CHRISTIANITY** as an independent enterprise, not in antagonism to any interest of the Church, but—as we believed—to supply a deeply felt want. Up to the present time we have continued its publication entirely at our own risk, and without one word of support or encouragement from any official source; in fact it has been treated with studied coldness,—its very existence practically ignored,—and, but for the advertisements which we inserted in the papers, the Methodist public might have remained in blissful ignorance that such a Magazine was published at all. Notwithstanding this entire absence of official patronage, **EARNEST CHRISTIANITY** still lives, without the slightest symptom of waning vigor.

When the General Conference decided to authorize the publication of a Connexional Magazine, it was recommended that negotiations be opened with a view to the transfer of “**E. C.**” to the Book Room, and its amalgamation with the new publication. Before the General Conference adjourned, the Book Steward asked the Editor of this Magazine if he had any objection to state what he was willing to do in regard to a transfer. As we had no

wish to sell out, common business courtesy would have dictated that the offer should come from the proprietors of the new enterprise ; but such was our anxiety to remove every possible ground of complaint that we waived our right in the matter, and made an offer to this effect, that if the Book Room would print the last three numbers for 1874, and foot the bills for the sample number we had issued, we would transfer the whole subscription list and good will of EARNEST CHRISTIANITY to the new Magazine. We understand that this offer was rejected by the executive of the Book Committee. We have been informed, furthermore, that the Book Room authorities would consent to print the three last numbers for '74, but nothing more. This was simply out of the question, and so we concluded to hold on "the even tenor of our way."

In continuing the publication of EARNEST CHRISTIANITY we wish it to be most distinctly understood that we do so in no unfriendly spirit to the new Magazine to which we wish all possible success ; but we do it in view of the following considerations :—1. Because we believed that in establishing this Magazine we were serving God and the Church ; 2. Because during the past two years God has greatly blessed our humble efforts, as letters received from our readers abundantly testify ; 3. Because large numbers among both the ministry and laity, strongly urge us to continue ; 4. Because we believe that EARNEST CHRISTIANITY has a sphere and a mission of its own, and that its discontinuance would be a loss to Church instead of a gain ; 5. Because the people still endorse us in the matter. The number of subscribers received during December, 1874, is nearly three times as great as during the corresponding month of 1873 ; 6. Because we believe that in publishing this Magazine we are doing a good work, and that "he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

We have but one thing more to add, namely, that in this whole affair we have honestly endeavored to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. We hope that all others concerned may, with a clear conscience, be able to say the same.

THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

“**B**UT ye shall receive *power*, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses to me.” So spake the one Divine founder of Christianity to the human founders of the Church. “And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up” to the throne from whence now, though no longer tangible to physical sense, He rules the Church and governs the world. Last words, founding words, words of intensest truth are they, greatest above many great and important words, words which are as a topstone on the building of spiritual truth which had been erecting and developing, receiving its pillars and ornaments through the years of discourse and parable and miracle and suffering which then came to an end. They are words which contained within their brief compass the “promise and potency” of the great Christianity which was just then to thunder its protests against sin and to proclaim its promise of mercy to the sinner. That promise soon became a possession, the wondering hope enkindled in its hearer’s hearts crystalized into grand demonstration, when the scenes of Pentecost burst on the astonished senses of the “dwellers at Jerusalem,” revealing phenomena entirely unprecedented even in the wonder-filled history of the Jewish capital and commonwealth. The narrative of that day, the history of all subsequent time justifies us in saying that the power of the Holy Ghost

1. *Is the one thing that the world does not understand*, in connection with Christianity. At its enunciation even the wide-awake and thoughtful Nicodemus exclaimed, “How can these things be?” At its realization and development the astonished crowd of Pentecost cried out “What meaneth this?” And the Nicodemus class of men—the reading, inquiring, reflecting, philosophising class—have uttered through the ages, and still are heard to utter the query, “How can these things be?” Some think they can analyze matter until the primitive atom shows itself as the original element of existence. One has his germ-cell and another his proto-plasm as the ultimate result of inquiry into the secret of life, and if we ask concerning light or sound or force, one shows you a spectroscope, and another enunciates a definition, but in the presence of this

Divine fact the query receives no adequate solution or response, and the indomitable pathfinder to Nature's secrets comes upon a puzzle to which his most earnest investigation reveals no satisfying clue.

And the "multitude" who are only incited to inquiry by what impresses as a wonder visibly present—they in their bewilderment at what surpasses all previous experience, a miracle of a class hitherto unprecedented, cry like those of the streets of Jerusalem, "What meaneth this." The life is in its best minds "earthly," with the majority "sensual," and in the case of some it is "devilish." The mental eye whose vision is dulled by the earthly element is only dazzled by the glory of this power, the mind whose higher sensibilities are soaked in the filthy slough of sensuality cannot catch even a far off glimpse of its light, while the men whose passions are fired by the Satanic inspiration, live at the moral antipodes of this experience. The track of a comet may be mapped and its coming predicted, the constituents of the stars may be described; by the appliances of practical science, and the wondrous capabilities of mathematics even the laws of storms may be ascertained with an approach to certainty; but the man of the college, of the counting house, or the shrewd citizen of common life, possesses no guage by which the dynamics of this power may be demonstrated. So true it is that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him." Yet,

2. *It is the one thing that the world most needs.* Compare with it those forces which have been put into rivalry with it or relied on as its substitutes. There is the force of *genius*. Genius is in its essence nothing but the human mind in its most potent form. The man of genius possesses the mental faculties of common humanity in a larger measure than his fellows, as a giant is physically, so is he intellectually—a larger man, and that is all. But he possesses no new power, cannot impregnate the race with any new moral element, nor endow them with a new intellectual power. For the enlargement of human thought, for the furnishing of social life, for the attracting of human attention from the merely animal wants of life, the men of genius have done much, but separated from *this* power they have done nothing for the moral elevation of mankind. All just honor to the great miners of intellectual gold, and the

great coiners of intellectual currency whose utterances are the bullion and coin of the thoughtful life of to-day; but when we remember such names as those of Bacon, Sheridan, Burns and Byron, there comes upon us the conviction that genius has in itself no power to lift its possessor into a moral atmosphere higher than the average level of sin-stricken humanity. A brilliant constellation of intellectual stars shone on the higher society of Britain in the age of Queen Anne, but it was in a night of terrible moral darkness in which infidelity murdered the hope of sunrise, when in-briate lords and immodest countesses mingled in debaucheries and immoralities too foul to describe, and the report of the duellist's pistol scarcely startling the revellers, gave evidence how little men believed in the value and sacredness of human life. The maxims of feudal politeness were observed, but beneath that polished exterior there festered an amount of moral rottenness which was a satire on civilisation and a disgrace to Christianity. All history shows that genius is a willing slave to all the various passions and prejudices of men, and before it can be a blessing it must itself be blest with the purifying and the directing power of the Holy Ghost.

There is the force of *education* on the popular mind. We admit the tendency of general education to diminish disgraceful and violent crime in a community, by quickening and furnishing human intelligence; but all this only turns the stream of depravity in a new channel; and since all experiments in this matter have been made within the Christian ages, and in lands where public opinion has been elevated by Christian teaching and holy influence, it is questionable whether education alone possesses any power to raise man in the scale of moral being. All the training you can put upon an ash will not make an oak of it, the shape may be changed, but the nature is still the same. No, it is not in genius which makes a pattern, or in education which sets the many to copy it, to exorcise the demon that has made man's moral nature the ruin that it is, and has hung, in the horizon of his future, the black clouds of coming wrath. "Neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Over the pages of all modern history are strewn the fragments of those broken cisterns in which men have miserably failed to carry the water of life to perishing humanity. But we further find that the power of the Holy Ghost

3. *Is the one conquering force of Christianity.* By it the first Christians were made out of the raw material of Jew and Gentile. No long and painful process of education, no terror of a potent monarch, no spell as of an orator's speech, but "Peter full of the Holy Ghost." The Holy Ghost suddenly received, suddenly communicated, works the moral miracle. Coming right down into the midst of men still full of their stubborn prejudices, still moving in the grooves made by former habits of evil, still surrounded by pledges of continuance in present ways; yet the hours of one day, nay, the moments of an hour is enough for the Spirit to reverse the current of living in three thousand men and to give to each a *new heart*, a right spirit and a holy aim. And at no time since have there been real accessions to the kingdom of God except by the same power, sought and bestowed. Outward means have dug the channels,—removed some of the obstacles; but the flow of this power it is that effects the work of God.

The power of the Holy Ghost received would solve many a problem concerning sanctification and the higher Christian life, for he who receives a plenteous baptism of the Spirit is immediately lifted into a mental region in which he sees what he never saw before: a new sense, so to speak, is engrafted upon his being, and by it he becomes a discerner of spiritual things. Indeed the highest Christian life is but the outcome in Christian consciousness and character of successive baptisms of the Holy Ghost on the soul.

Many, in these days, are advocating the use of symbols in Christian worship. Reasoning in the plane of actual average experience only, they point us to the power of symbols to excite and to perpetuate patriotism and similar sentiments; they tell us that evangelical worship is unphilosophic in its utter discarding of such representations, and they more than hint that if ever Christianity is to reach and hold the masses of mankind, it must make large use of such symbols as will at least represent the real truths of doctrinal orthodoxy. But here again history comes to our aid. What is the moral state of the masses that have been for centuries under the power and educating control of those churches which have made most use of symbols? The churches of Rome and Constantinople, for instance. For answer to that question compare the morals of Scotland, Connecticut and Cornwall, with those of

Sicily, of Portugal, of Tipperary and of Moscow. And not only in the sphere of morals, but also in that of religious sincerity and fervor. If the aim of Christianity is to gain adherents rather than converts, to fit itself into man's crookedness rather than to make him straight, then are they right whose advice we have criticised. But the mission of our holy religion is to reveal to man his disease and to present to him a Healer and a friend who will lift him into the family of God, and, therefore, its business is not with adaptation to the stupidity of the soul, but to receive and to impart the power that awakes and saves.

4. *There is but one way to its possession.* Simon Magus wished to buy this power with earthly coin; the attempt proved to be more than a failure. It cannot be pumped up out of the "depths of human consciousness," it is to be RECEIVED. One hundred and twenty of the lowly ones of Judea gather in an upper room. They make no pretensions to learning or to peculiar natural endowments; of what they have of the latter they seem almost unconscious, but they are ON THEIR KNEES, they look up with the simple look of child-like faith, and this power comes upon them: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2:4. Some days afterwards a persecuted few of them met for mutual sympathy, and *again* "when they had prayed . . . they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 4:31. John and Charles Wesley, with a few others, determined in the earlier months of the Methodist movement, to hold a watchnight for converse and prayer; the Holy Spirit comes upon them, they lie upon the floor prostrate under the power of God for hours, unable for anything but praise; but from it they rise to work as giants in the work of God.

But it is a gift for every one. Acts 2:17.—"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh." That is the promise of an inspired prophet quoted and endorsed by an inspired apostle. Luke, 11:13.—"If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children; *how much more* shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" These are the deliberate words of the Divine Master Himself. Pastor, do you want a revival? Ask and you shall receive. Class leader, do you wish lukewarmness banished from the class-room? Ask and you shall receive. Sabbath

School teacher, you want your class for Jesus. Ask and you shall receive—"For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

B. SHERLOCK.

HINTS AND HELPS TO READERS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

A GRAVE defect in the religious life of the day is ignorance of the Bible. The divine Book is often *read* but seldom *studied*; and not a few of those who do read it often do so at great disadvantage. Sometimes they open the Bible at random, and read what comes next to hand, without any reference to its connexion or scope; sometimes they read the Bible through, chapter by chapter, as a self-imposed task; but when the task is finished they have no distinct idea of what the Bible teaches as a whole.

If we would study the Bible with profit, a definite object is indispensable, and the only legitimate object in such an undertaking is *to know God's will in order to do it*. Therefore, we should endeavor *so* to read God's word as most effectually to secure this end.

In the remarks which I am about to offer, several points are assumed:—1. I assume that you are a Christian, and desire to know the whole will of your Lord; or, 2. That you sincerely desire to be a Christian, and that you read God's word to learn *how* you may become one. 3. I assume that you have no knowledge of the tongues in which the Scriptures were originally written; that you are dependent entirely upon your English Bible for information on the great matters which pertain to human salvation. Assuming these points, my object is to give some hints that may aid you in studying your English Bible to the best advantage, so that you may become an *intelligent* Christian, ready "to give an answer to every one that asketh a reason for the hope that is in you."

A cursory examination will show that in the English Bible you have no fewer than sixty-six distinct treatises or tracts, bound together in one volume. A closer examination shows that these

separate compositions treat of a great variety of topics, that they are the productions of a considerable number of different writers, and that they were written at intervals covering a period of 1600 years. Of course, the history contained in the Bible covers a much longer period ; but the interval between the writing of the Pentateuch by Moses, and the Revelation by John, was probably not more than 1600 years.

Examine still further, and you will find that these books differ not only in their subject-matter, but also in the style of their composition. Some are purely historical, some chiefly biographical, some prophetic, some poetical, some narrative, some epistolary. Here you have the historic narratives of Moses and Joshua, as well as the Chronicles of the Kings of later times ; again you have the dramatic poem of Job, the sweet pastoral of Ruth, the inspired lyrics of David, the terse, pithy wisdom of Solomon, the rapt seraphic strains of Isaiah, the mournful wail of Jeremiah, and the stirring utterances of the Minor Prophets, closing the Old Testament Canon.

Then, after a long interval, comes the great Biography—the life of Jesus the Christ, wherein, in simplest language, is recorded the glorious fulfilment of Old Testament type and prophecy. Then follows the story of Missionary labors, trials and triumphs as given in the Acts of the Apostles, the doctrinal and other correspondence of Paul, Peter, James and John, the whole appropriately closing with the magnificent Revelation of Jesus Christ, wherein is portrayed the career of the Church till the end of time.

Now the question arises. What is the design of all this ? Is the Bible merely a hap-hazard collection of miscellaneous treatises, each complete in itself and independent of all the others ? or does each form but a part of a grand whole ? The answer is that while most of these books are in a certain sense complete in themselves, yet, when viewed aright, they are found to have a manifest unity of design, and when taken together form one complete Revelation of the mind of God to man. We reach, therefore, this conclusion : that to read the Bible with profit it is necessary, occasionally at least, to read it as a whole, to regard it as a single volume, to be read through as we would read any other interesting and important book. But to do this intelligently we need some knowledge of the men who wrote the Bible ; when, where, and under what circum-

stances they wrote ; the particular design they had in writing ; the order of the books, not the order in which they appear in our Bibles, but the order in which they were written and the relative place which each holds in the general scheme of revelation. Information on these points can generally be obtained from the " Introductions " to the various books which are printed in some editions of the Bible. With these preliminary acquirements we will be prepared for matters of detail pertaining to the contents of the sacred volume.

On opening the Bible you perceive that the various books are divided into *chapters and verses*. This arrangement is entirely arbitrary, and of comparatively recent date. The division into chapters was made by Cardinal Hugo, about the middle of the 13th century, to facilitate reference to a Latin Concordance which he was preparing. In 1661, Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, in his edition of the old Testament, divided the chapters of Hugo into verses, as we now have them. The New Testament was arranged in a similar manner by an English printer named Robert Stephens, in 1551, about sixty years before our present version was published. These divisions were adopted by the English translators, and have continued to the present time.

These artificial divisions are useful for reference in comparing one part of the Bible with another ; but in many instances they have been made in so careless a manner as to obscure the sense. A few passages will make this plain :

Gen. 2 : 1-3	is separated from	Gen. 1.
" 15 : 1	" "	" 14.
Acts 22 : 1	" "	Acts 21.
2 Cor. 7 : 1	" "	2 Cor. 6.
Heb. 12 : 1-2	" "	Heb. 11.

A similar difficulty is experienced in consequence of the arbitrary division of verses. Let us note one or two examples :

Psalm 98th, verse 8,	separated from	verse 7.
Luke 2 " 78,	" "	" " 77.

In trying to avoid errors arising from these arbitrary divisions, a " Paragraph Bible," or at least one in which the natural divisions are marked by a paragraph, thus : ¶, will be found very serviceable. (*) But where this cannot be obtained, let the reader pay

(*) Paragraph Bibles can be obtained through the Bible Society. Price, in cloth binding, \$1.25.

strict attention to the *sense* of what he is reading, and, when he gets to the end of a chapter, glance at the first few verses of the next chapter to see whether the topic is ended.

Another matter apparently trifling, but really important, is the *punctuation* or *stops*. Most ancient copies, both of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, were written without any such stops, consequently there was no division of sentences, or even separation of words. Still the advantages of careful punctuation in determining the sense of Scripture must be apparent to every one. Of course the punctuation of our English Bibles is not to be depended on as infallible, still it may be regarded as generally correct, because the grammatical construction of a sentence usually indicates where the stops should be placed. One or two instances of incorrect punctuation may be given :

John 12 : 27. As the passage reads in our version the meaning is uncertain, and the prayer seems contradictory ; put a note of interrogation after the word "hour," instead of a colon, and the passage will then read—"Now is my soul troubled ; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour?" [Shall I say that? no ; because] "for this cause came I unto this hour."

Again, in Luke 13 : 24, the full stop at the end obscures the sense ; a comma or semi-colon would there be better.

In reading the English Bible it will be well to notice certain *obsolete words* or *phrases*—that is words the meanings of which have changed, or which have gone entirely out of use since the English translation of the Bible was made in 1611. Let us notice a few of these :

In Genesis 45 : 6, it is said "there shall be neither *earing* nor harvest all the years of famine," and in Isaiah 30 : 24, "the young asses which *ear* the ground shall eat clean provender." The meaning becomes plain when we know that the word comes from the Saxon verb *erian*—to plough.

In 1 Sam. 17 : 22, we are told that David "left his *carriage* in the hands of the keepers of the carriage," and in Acts 21 : 15 we are told that Paul and his companions took up their *carriages*. Now, neither David nor Paul had carriages as we understand the term ; but the meaning is plain when we know that when our translation was made carriage was the common word for baggage or luggage.

In the next place you may notice in the English Bible a *diversity of type*. Some words or phrases are printed in what are called *Italic* letters. In other books, when we see a word printed in Italics we generally understand that it is to be emphasized; but in the Bible it is just the reverse. There it indicates that there is no such word or phrase in the Hebrew or Greek originals, and that it is introduced for the purpose of filling an ellipsis in a sentence, or to make the meaning clear to the English reader.

In most cases these *Italic* words and phrases have been inserted with great care, but there are some instances in which they either obscure or change the sense. Take for instance, Matt. 20: 23. As it reads in our version, it represents Jesus as disclaiming authority to dispense future rewards. If we omit the words in Italics altogether, the sense is incomplete, but if we omit the words "*it shall be given,*" and retain the words "*to them,*" we have the passage as follows: "To sit on my right hand and on my left is not mine to give, but to them for whom it is prepared of my Father;" that is, to such only can it be given.

The marginal readings of the English Bible are worthy of careful attention. These are of various kinds. Sometimes they are *literal translations from the original tongues*. For example: Gen. 30: 8.—"With great wrestlings;" *margin*—"Wrestlings of God." Mark 11: 22.—"Have faith in God;" *margin*—"Faith of God." Sometimes these readings give a *knowledge of ancient customs*, as in Psalm 20: 3.—"The Lord *accept* thy burnt sacrifices;" *margin*—"The Lord *turn to ashes,*" &c. The allusion is to the descent of fire from heaven upon the offered victim. Other of these readings supply probable interpretations of difficult passages. For example: Gen. 4: 13.—"My punishment is greater than I can bear;" *margin*—"Mine iniquity is greater than it may be forgiven." Job 3: 6.—"Let it not be joined to the days of the year;" *margin*—"Let it not rejoice among the days of the year." Isaiah 53: 8.—"He was taken from prison and from judgment;" *margin*—"He was taken away by distress and judgment." Lastly, in these readings we have *short explanatory notes*, such as translations of proper names, explanations of weights and measures, various readings in the different ancient manuscripts, &c., &c.

Another point that may be noted in the English Bible is the *table of contents* at the head of each chapter. These tables usually

mention the topic treated of in each paragraph contained in the chapter, and are useful in helping to a distinct apprehension of what we read. Take for instance the first chapter of Proverbs, read it without, and then with the table of contents, and the value of the latter help will at once be apparent.

Special attention should be paid to the *references to parallel passages*. The Bible itself is the best commentary, and unless we are diligent in searching out and comparing Scripture with Scripture, we shall never have an intelligent knowledge of the Word of God. To facilitate this object every reader should have a reference Bible, and cultivate the habit of comparing one verse or passage with another.

As indicated by the heading of this paper, we have endeavored merely to supply "hints" that may be useful to ordinary readers of the English Bible. At the same time let us remember that all aids are valueless without the Holy Spirit. He only can open the eyes of our understanding, and enable us to behold wondrous things out of God's law. Without this divine Teacher the word will remain to us a sealed book. Let us then, as we open the sacred word, breathe fervently the prayer:—

"Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by Thee
The Prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the Sacred Book."

A. SUTHERLAND.

THE REV. WILLIAM HAY.

In Memoriam.

THIS highly esteemed and useful minister was born in Ayrshire Scotland, on the 2nd of February, 1832, and died at Clifton Springs, New York, on the 3rd of September, 1874, in the forty-third year of his age and the nineteenth of his ministry. His father

dying while he was yet young, he was left wholly to the training of a devoted and godly mother. In after years he gratefully and frequently referred to her influence upon him for good, and always with feelings of the most respectful admiration.

At a very early age, while thinking of his fatherless condition, he was led by the Holy Spirit to seek the protection of his heavenly Father, and realizing the forgiveness of his sins he received the Spirit of adoption, whereby he could with confidence cry, "Abba, Father," while yet a child he came with his family to Canada, and settled on what is now called the Peel Circuit. Under the pastorate of the Rev. Henry Reid he joined the Wesleyan Church. In accordance with what he considered to be a clear and distinct call of God he became a probationer for our Ministry. At the end of four years, two of which were spent at Victoria College, he was ordained to the full work of the Ministry at Hamilton Conference in 1859. In June, 1860, he was united in marriage to Miss Stephenson, a young lady of intelligence and sterling piety, who proved a helpmeet indeed. For three years he was Chairman of the Bradford District. In his official capacity he was firm and moderate in the enforcement of discipline. He felt a tender solicitude for the young men under his charge, and in many ways manifested his kindly feelings and sympathy for his brethren in the District.

As a preacher his conclusions were reached largely by intuition, and his convictions were strong and definite. His decisions, while not arbitrary, were tenaciously held and enforced with a generous Christian magnanimity and fearlessness. Humble in his estimate of himself, there was no attempt at display. His preaching was Wesleyan, practical and convincing.

As a pastor his visits were not merely social calls, but were seasons devoted to the spiritual improvement of the flock under his care. Words of reproof, admonition and comfort fell from his lips in such a spirit that it was manifest that he sought earnestly the religious welfare of the people. To many, on all his circuits, his memory is blessed.

Says a friend who knew him intimately for many years, "I can testify that his character throughout his entire ministerial life, was ever adorned with those characteristics which bespeak a renewed mind and an unreserved consecration to God. There was nothing of extravagant sanctity in his deportment, but there was so much

of Christ in the activities of his life that wherever he went the people bore the willing testimony, 'This is a man of God.' "

He greatly dreaded a useless Ministry. The great anxiety of his life, next to the salvation of his own soul, was the salvation of sinners. Any apparent want of success filled him with deep searchings of heart. The writer has often remarked an intense earnestness in prayer which could only be accounted for on the ground that he had been pleading with God in private. Judging from his physical appearance, (few men being more healthy or robust), we predicted for him a long life of useful labour. In December, 1872, symptoms of a cancerous nature appeared, but he was very reluctant to give up his beloved employment. Often while suffering severely he tried to preach Jesus to the people.

Last June, at the Hamilton Conference, he was superannuated, and by the advice of his physicians he went to the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N.Y. Hopes and fears alternated, but at last it became evident that the end was approaching. The Sabbath before his death, hearing the sound of worship in the adjoining church, he said, "I was thinking that by next Sabbath I would be in heaven." On Tuesday Rev. Messrs. Morrow and Messmore called to see him, Bro. Messmore said, "You are going on a long journey." He replied, "Yes, I have scarcely any hope of life, but I have a better inheritance." To his beloved wife he said, "God will be to you a husband, my dear; He will 'comfort, strengthen and keep you.'" On Wednesday, though suffering intensely, he said to a lady who sat by his bed, "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." In the dim grey light of Thursday morning he passed calmly away from the shadows and sufferings of this world to enter upon a day that is endless. His wife, his brother, Mr. Robert Hay, of Hollin, and the physicians stood by and felt that "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged—quite on the verge of heaven."

J. S.

SCEPTICISM AND MODERN POETRY.

THERE are doubts and doubts. Not so many, perhaps, as is generally supposed, of those "honest" ones in which there lives—according to Tennyson—"more faith than half the creeds."

It has, in fact, become the fashion in certain quarters to over-compassionate the doubter, to accredit him with a greater depth, and even with a more thorough conscientiousness, than the man convinced. But with every desire to find the reasonableness of such a view, we have entirely failed to discover why the holding of a creed should imply a smaller share either of intelligence or honesty than the holding of a doubt. Credulity has its negative side as well as its positive one, and there is as much room to slip on the one side as on the other. Doubt disintegrates, disperses, repels. Faith attracts and knits together. It acts as a kind of centre of gravitation in the planetary system of things ideal, controlling the most erratic of orbits; standing to the intellect in much the same overmastering relation that Cressida's love stood to all her other feelings, when she declares :

—My love
Is as the very centre of the earth
Drawing all things to it.

Faith is the tonic of the poetical scale, the key-note to which the most wildly discursive imagination must return in the end, before the ear can rest satisfied. Hence we have absolutely no poetry in which doubt is anything like the central or dominant interest; while we have, as in the Hebrew poetry, as gorgeous palaces as imagination ever sanctified, whose material is supplied and whose genius is inspired from faith alone. When doubt is made use of at all in poetry, as in that highest quotable example, the Book of Job, it is introduced more as a foil to faith—the intense shadow of an intenser light—a wrestler brought into the arena only to be overthrown by his mightier opponent. Doubt can command no prolonged sympathy, and consequently can find no permanent footing in any of the higher places of poetry. Faith, on the contrary, seems to clothe itself with poetry without effort; attracts all poetry to it as a seemingly natural consequence; interwinds and interweaves its life with it, until—to use the strong Shakespearian phrase—the two have “grown together,” and their parting would be “a tortured body.” They are the dermis and the epidermis of the ideal anatomy, and their severance means mutilation. Poetry can find no more than a partial and passing attraction in anything that is doubtful; she is at best but a stranger and a pilgrim in the

debatable land. Her final election and abiding home is faith. She clings to faith as a child to a mother, and will not be taken off, as plainly as if she had declared, once for all, *thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people.*

FAITH, A REQUISITE IN POETRY.

The poetry that has been produced without due regard to this essential quality, has seldom outlived its own generation; and, in fact, any attempt to get the materials of poetry out of half belief argues a defective poetical perception at the outset.

It is possible, indeed, leaping to the opposite extreme, to get something like poetry out of the gigantic and passionate denial of Satan himself, as Milton has abundantly proved; or even, to a certain degree, out of the pagan abhorrence of the God of Christianity, as illustrated by a living poet. For, waiving altogether any question as to the moral fitness of rehabilitating even under an impersonal or dramatic mask that which, in the hearing of the majority of his audience, can only be regarded as flat blasphemy, there can be no doubt that Mr. Swinburne has reached his highest poetical possibility in what we may classify as his ethnical poems. Without troubling ourselves about whether the inspiration comes from above or below, there is a force about his audacious profanity that we do not so readily find in his other efforts. Good or bad, Mr. Swinburne's capacity for blasphemy is unquestionably *une qualite*, as the French would say, with their subtle substratum of meaning.

BYRON—SHELLEY—GOETHE.

Even the affectation of atheism, as in much of Byron's poetry, is an artistic expedient fraught with infinite danger to the user of it. Although one feels that the atheism of Byron is not real, but in most cases a mere stage property, one gets thoroughly sick of it before all his scowling heroes: the Laras, the Corsairs, the Giaours are painted in on the same gloomy and threadbare background—a varied fugue on the one everlasting theme—a change of costume, but the same old unhallowed anatomy visibly sticking through. Nothing short of the genius of Byron could have achieved even a partial success with such a clogging nightmare.

Atheism overshadows the resplendent genius of Shelley like a black thunder-cloud above a rainbow, and gives everything he has left behind him a phantasmagoric and evanescent character.

Images of the most ethereal tenuity, that would have presented themselves to other men's minds in some vague and nebulous way, stood forth to the order of that imperial imagination with the distinctness and precision of objective realities. And yet with all this power he is still but the enchanter. Wherever you go it is fairy-world still, and affords no solid ground for mortal foot, and though you cannot resist its haunting beauty, you are equally haunted by a sense of its almost ghastly unreality. The kindred points of heaven and home are even more nearly akin than they are commonly supposed. Shelley's inability to conceive a heaven with a God in it to whom he could pay reverence, seemed to drain away all humanness and homeliness out of him, until his poetry became quite as unearthly as his adverse critics judged it unheavenly. Starving one side of his moral nature, the other side was super-saturated, and rendered morbid by an overflow of the imaginative secretions that should have fed both.

To the want of any deep-rooted conviction in the author's mind, may be attributed, we think, a great deal of that watery instability that characterizes too many of Goethe's heroes, although in his case in a more modified degree, Goethe's unbelief did not kick at heaven as Shelley's did in the Prometheus. His scepticism was of a milder and more passive type, or perhaps it might be more accurately described as a kind of moral *juste milieu*, with a singular inaccessibility to attraction on one side or the other.

There was evidently a lurking suspicion in Goethe's maturer mind that anything like well-defined religious views in a man argued weakness, and weakness was the one vice Goethe abhorred, even to a weakness. But that he was equally well convinced, on the other hand, that no feminine character could possibly be complete without such views may be as safely inferred. His women are singularly rich by the very excess of those qualities of faith and trust so conspicuously wanting in his men.

Even in the presence of Shakespeare's secondary characters—of his villains even—we are never altogether out of an atmosphere of faith. Among the very worst there is an implied recognition of God, a power without and beyond them, in an accusing if not approving conscience.—*Blackwood*.

Biblical Exposition, &c.

PAUL'S SECOND BLESSING.

BY DANIEL STEELE, D.D.

THAT Paul was in the enjoyment of perfect love, and professed to have attained this grace, is evident from 1 Cor. ii. 6, "We speak wisdom among them that are perfect;" in which passage he as evidently classifies himself among the perfect, as he does in Phil. iii. 15, "Let us, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." In all those passages in which he exhorts Christians "to perfect holiness in the fear of God" (2 Cor. vii. 1), "to be perfect" (xiii. 11), he either professes Christian perfection, or he is a guideboard pointing out the way which he himself does not travel. Again, he explicitly professes entire sanctification in such passages as this: "I am crucified with Christ; it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii. 20, literally translated). It was his consciousness of holiness of heart, and perfect sanctity of life, which justifies his instruction to his converts to imitate him. "Those things which ye have seen in me, do" (Phil. iv. 9); "For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us" (me) (2 Thess. iii. 7); "Ye became followers of us, and of the Lord" (1 Thess. i. 6); "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you" (ii. 10). But the perfect purity of Paul's heart and life may be admitted, while it may be stoutly denied that it is the result of a work of grace subsequent to his conversion. Therefore we will proceed to show that there was a distinctive experience in Paul's Christian life, which, though not called sanctification, must have had that effect, since to know Christ perfectly, is to be transformed into his likeness. "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." In Gal. i. 15, he says, "But when it pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me," &c.; the Greek scholar will observe a nice discrimination in the tenses, which is lost in the English. The words "separated" and "called," are both participles in a tense which is past in respect to the verbs "pleased to reveal." The passage may be thus paraphrased in the light thrown upon it by the grammar of the Greek tenses: "But when it pleased God, after my birth and calling into his kingdom (conversion), through his grace, to reveal his Son within me, that I might preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with any human being." He was both separated and called, before the revelation of Christ in him. Says Dean Alford, "To

reveal his Son, 'not by his (Paul's) conversion, which answers to *Kalesas* (called), but by that subsequent revelation referred to in verse 12." Here we find that Paul learned the gospel "by the revelation of Jesus Christ." We understand that Jesus was not only the subject, but the object of this revelation, *i. e.*, that he was not only the revealer, but the person revealed within the consciousness of Paul. Says Bishop Ellicott on this passage, "Both *subjectively* by deep inward revelations, as well as *objectively* by outward manifestations, was the great apostle prepared for the work of the ministry." This eminent scholar agrees with Aquinas in the supposition that this revelation was "vouchsafed to the apostle soon after his conversion, by which he was fitted to become a preacher of the gospel." Alford argues that the revelation of Christ's person to the bodily eye of Paul, was at his calling or conversion, and that the revelation of Jesus to his spiritual vision, was subsequent to that event. The whole question of a "second blessing," turns upon this point.

Says Bishop Ellicott, "It is a subject of continual discussion whether the teaching of St. Paul was the result of one single illumination, or of progressive development. The most natural opinion would certainly seem to be this: that as, on the one hand, we may reverently presume that all the fundamental truths of the gospel would be *fully* revealed to St. Paul before he commenced preaching, so on the other, it might have been ordained that (in accordance with the laws of our spiritual nature) its deepest mysteries and profoundest harmonies, should be seen and felt through the practical experiences of his apostolical labors." This strongly confirms our theory that the fulness of Christ's love was shed abroad in Paul's heart by a "single illumination" of the Holy Ghost, after which there was a rapid growth in spiritual knowledge. Let us quote Alford's authority in proof of our position, for he certainly cannot be accused of shaping his commentary to suit the Wesleyan view of an instantaneous sanctification after justification. "When," says Alford, "did this revelation take place? Clearly, soon after his conversion; imparting to him, as it did, the knowledge of the gospel which he afterwards preached."

That this revelation of Jesus, and of certain facts in his life (1 Cor. xi. 23) was internal, both Ellicott and Alford agree. Says the latter, "*in me* strictly; not *through me* (to others), nor *in my case*, nor *to me*."

Let us see now, what effect such an inward manifestation of Christ in a believer would naturally have. Says John Fletcher in his admirable letters on "The Spiritual Manifestation of the Son of God" (vol. iv. p. 284), "Then the believer, in a divine, transforming light, discovers God in the man Christ, perceives unspeakable glories in his despised person, and admires infinite wisdom,

power, justice, and mercy, in the blood of the cross. He reads the Scriptures with new eyes. The mysterious Book is unsealed, and everywhere testifies of him whom his soul loves. He views experimentally as well as doctrinally, the suitableness of the Redeemer's offices, the firmness of his promises, the sufficiency of his righteousness, the preciousness of his atonement, and *the completeness of his salvation.*" This is an exact description, so far as the meagreness of words can portray, of the experience of every soul which emerges into the glorious light of full salvation. Mr. Fletcher, elsewhere discoursing on the design of the spiritual manifestation of the Son of God, says that it is "to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, *that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*"

Here, then, in this revelation of Jesus within the heart of Paul subsequent to his conversion, we find the secret of that holy life, and the mainspring of that career of labors, dangers, and sufferings for Christ, at which the Church will never cease to wonder, and for which they will never cease to rejoice with thanksgivings.

Reader, has the Holy Spirit, in his office of Comforter, glorified Christ in your consciousness, unveiling his transcendent beauties to your spiritual eye, and filling and flooding your soul with

"Love Divine all loves excelling?"

Perhaps you have found in yourself a lack of zeal for Christ Jesus, and contrasted your feeble impulses with the tireless activity of some eminent Christians whom you know, or of whom you read? Do you wish to know the remedy? Would you have a new, mighty and ceaseless motive-power, take up its eternal abode behind your will? Then in faith ask the Father to reveal his Son in you in such a way as to rivet forever your wondering gaze upon his loveliness, and inspire in you a restless desire to glorify him to the utmost of your ability. Is the risen Jesus in your conception shadowy, vague and unreal, as an object dimly seen through a veil of mist? There is a hand ready, at your earnest entreaty, to lift that veil in an instant, and reveal to your rejoicing eyes your glorious Redeemer in the clear and sharp outlines of his manhood, yet radiant with the splendors of the Godhead. Then with Thomas you will exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" After that, you will be no more troubled about the Deity of Christ, or puzzled about the Trinity. You will find as sudden and as perfect a relief from these difficulties, as did Dr. Wilbur Fisk, when, after years of ministerial service, God revealed his Son in him at Eastham camp-meeting, while consecrating himself wholly to his service. Thenceforth, those dogmatic mysteries were to him experimental verities. It is only when, in any church, the revelation of Christ within the soul has ceased to be the common experience, that Unitarianism becomes possible. No man can call Jesus, Lord, except by the Holy Ghost unveiling his adorable person to his spiritual perception.—*Advocate.*

SERMON OUTLINE.

JEHOVAH OUR HOME.

“Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place.”—Ps. xc. 1.

THIS psalm sets forth the eternity of God and the frailty of man. Mourning the ills that contract and the evils that embitter this short span of existence, it turns man's *thoughts* to that power which can establish, and his hopes to that “mercy” which can “satisfy,” and crown with fadeless “beauty,” (see v. 17.) *Observe the solemnity and force* of the language of verses 1-3. “Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, return, ye children of men.” Inspiration stretches language into the misty eternity on either side, and reveals GOD existing ere ever a world was formed, and unchanged by circling years ; when the “mountains” depart and the hills remove. If the “mountains,” the emblems of constancy, mock man's littleness as they stand, broad-based and solemn, from century to century, how painfully evident that littleness becomes when man has to do with HIM, in whose sight a “thousand years are as a yesterday ;” how dream-like the brief, dwarfed being ; how priceless a refuge from the “flood” that “carries them away ;” how blest is he whose spirit leans on this truth :—“Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations !” The words suggest :—

1. MAN NEEDS A HOME.—A refuge beyond the reach of vicissitude. (1) We crave *immortality*, and our longings are never satisfied, our questions never answered, till our hopes take hold of the Infinite. Like the climbing plant, without the strong stem to support it, the sensibilities of our frail but wonderful nature, trail in the dust. Without repose in God, there may be the butterfly's gaiety while summer sunbeams last, but the worm is shelterless when the blast of adversity beats. (2) Some are anxious to establish man's *orphanage* ; the child of no promise ; the homeless heir of nothing. The unblest joylessness of such spirits indicates the “divinity that stirs within us.” (3) Many say, “our Father” with the lip, but know nothing of the “many mansions,” the children's home ; how can they know anything of home who believe in a *heartless* God ?

GOD REVEALS HIMSELF AS HUMANITY'S HOME.—“Our dwelling place.” Though sin's leprous spot taints the wall of our most sacred chamber, yet it has not razed the foundations of *home*. We

know something of the joys of its kindly shelter, when the ice blasts of a cold world bear upon us. But we *cannot* build for ourselves a *perfect home*. In God this home is *provided*, elaborately finished for the tenant man: he is invited to occupy it in perpetuity—"all things are now ready." God is a *perfect* home for the spirit; *perfect*, where nature, worn and weary with the world's incessant friction, can relax itself; where every want can be met with God's unfailing supply. *Perfect*, for under the grand sunlight of prosperity's sky, nature and grace congratulate us when we exult in God. *Perfect*, for the darkest midnight that trouble can frown, is arched by some bow of promise.

"Sorrow touched by *thee* grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

The perfection of our home in God is seen in three particulars. First: *Physical adaptation*. This world is fitted up for man's accommodation; fitted to engage energy and repay toil. It is not for the idler's comfort: he is the devil's apprentice, and clumsily endeavors to kill time. "Dress it and keep it," are the terms of the original grant. So used, there is bread and work for all. Men talk of the "curse of labor;" we don't believe in it; labor is one of our blessings; designed to keep us warm with healthful exercise under our chill moral skies. It is not the "thorns and briars," but

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Secondly: *Intellect finds a home in God*. Never talk of religious dullness, while the fields of a universe, teeming with "grand thoughts grandly expressed," are not only largely *unexplored*, but in their boundless infinitude almost unknown. Our intellectual nature, with its ever-widening range of vision, may expatiate forever in these fields of thought. All are the "precious thoughts" of God. Christianity represses no reverent curiosity. Its license is wide as the range of virtue, and interminable as existence. "Prove all things." "Whatsoever things are true," &c. "Think on these things." Our Father spreads out for the education of His children the grandly-illustrated page of nature, and the letter of his love. Christianity is the nurse of free thought. Thirdly: *Heart and soul—our moral being—find a home in God*. "In all generations." Religion, under every different form, and with every varied accompaniment—Patriarchal simplicity, Mosaic picture, Christian manhood—has ever been the same, ever fitted to man's heart. With tones of tenderness, it has ever substantially said, "I will give you rest." Believers of every past age, guided by the stars of promise, have passed within the veil, leaving their testimony; and each suc-

ceeding generation has been able gratefully to celebrate it—"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place," &c. *Every believer is going home.*

III. OUR HOME IN GOD IS INVIOLEABLE—IT IS PERFECTLY SECURE.—This cannot be predicated of any earthly home. "He builds too low, that builds beneath the skies." Fortune's wheel is sure to revolve and bring widowhood to many. Uncertainty is the wormwood that embitters the joys of earth. But God knows every contingency calculates the result of every event. His wisdom, power, love, &c., guarantee the inviolability of our home. Out of God, there is no resting-place for the jaded spirits of men; no arbor on the difficult hills of life; no home proof against the spoiler; or so barred that the ruthless hand of death will not tear the tenant from its shelter. But there is a "land of Beulah," "a house not made with hands," &c.

IV. GOD OUR HOME—THEN IT IS ETERNAL.—"From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." An eternal home! Here culminate our loftiest aspirations, our highest hopes. Give man the good his nature is *fitted* to enjoy; *secure* its possession to him *for ever*, and he finds that a perpetuity of bliss is bliss indeed. He has attained "glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life." Man has no lease of aught he values here below; the grant by which he enjoys *is not renewable for ever*. Every moment relaxes his grasp of earth's joys. Everything here below that makes life desirable, fades; no spring revives the wasted forms of sere and faded pleasures. But rise up and look through the glass of this text, and "pleasures for evermore" are discoverable; for "thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," and "to everlasting, thou art God."

V. THIS HOME IS TO BE REACHED THROUGH CHRIST. "I am the door." Even on earth, a man can enter the avenue to his father's house, the strait gate leading to immortal honors. In *Him*, "the whole building is fitly framed," &c. Built on *Him*, the rains may descend, the floods come, the wind blow, and yet the house falls not. In calm confidence of eternal security the believer says, "Return, O God our shield." *Christ is the door*. Miss it, and the spirit is a homeless exile; a shelterless outcast on the plains of undone despair. The door of hope is forever barred. Dream not of the joys of *home* out of Christ; and say not in your heart, "I cannot reach this distant home;" it is the seducer's whisper; stop your ears and cry "eternal life," *home, home, sweet home!* Every man may say, and ought to say, "I will arise and go to my father." A home and welcome awaits every returning prodigal.

Christian! as the world reads your *creed* in your tones and life, let it see that you are *going home*.—*W. C. B. in Homilist.*

HINTS AND HELPS.

GOOD AND BAD SERMONS.

SERMONS that are not good :—

1. Sermons addressed wholly to the Imagination, and not to the Reason.
2. Sermons addressed entirely to the Reason, without one stroke of Imagination.
3. A rhapsody addressed to the Passions, and not at all to the Understanding and Judgment.
4. A Sermon that soothes the Passions, and has nothing pointed to the Conscience.
5. A discourse without any Scripture proofs, well selected and explained.
6. A Sermon consisting of a string of texts picked out of a Concordance.
7. A Sermon made up of scraps of Latin and Greek, and dry sentences from Pagan authors.
8. A discourse that is all Gospel and no Law, *i.e.*, of no practical use or tendency.

Plainness is an important element in a good sermon, and this involves perspicuity of language, and indeed purity and propriety also. Every word ought to be English. Technical or scientific language should be excluded as far as possible, for while such words may show the learning of the preacher, they do not edify his audience.

Another great error is committed in what is called metaphysical preaching. Most young preachers are fond of the metaphysical mode of discussion, but they are not alone in this respect. Preaching of this kind is generally useless—sometimes mischievous. No ordinary congregation understands, to any good purpose, metaphysical discourses, and I doubt if they are ever profited by such preaching. Reason itself admits this.

Now, a good sermon, as men of reason will admit, is one which at once “strikes the Imagination, instructs the Understanding, informs the Judgment, persuades the Will, convinces the Conscience, improves the Reason, fixes truth in the Memory, animates and rouses the passions, and guides them to their proper uses in repentance and sublime devotion, arms the whole soul against sin, strengthens faith, and provokes to love and good works, comforts and animates the heart against the devil, the world and death, and enriches the soul with divine knowledge by scripture wisely and beautifully explained.”

This is my idea of a *good* sermon.

A SUBSCRIBER TO “E. C.”

PREACHING CHRIST.—No man can preach a moment unless his theology is so defined that he can present the person of the Lord Jesus in such a way that he shall represent to his audience the character of God. You may talk about it as you will—I have had only fourteen or fifteen years' experience in the ministry, but I have studied my work, and I have studied men—you may talk unti^l the crack of doom about the abstract goodness of Deity; you may talk about the eternal principles which make up the Godhead, and you cannot move men a single pulse. God the infinite is not to be reached by your mind or mine. He is not to be comprehended by your heart or mine. He is not simply the Invisible, but He is also very largely the Unknown, and we worship the light through the darkness. But when, on the other hand, we stand in our pulpits and preach the simple Sermon on the Mount, as a revelation from God, when we speak of him who preached it as the only authoritative preacher to the whole human race, we draw men's attention to a particular point; we compel them to love the person, and in loving him they love the Unknown. When I look back into the past, and see that nebula of mystery that hangs about the cradle of Bethlehem; when I see that deepening cloud, gathering first over the waters of Jordan, and opening with the voice of God coming through; when I see it growing darker and darker, until I can catch the outlines of the cross upon it; when I see our Master and Lord going from village to village, curing the sick of the poor as well as the rich, raising the dead, giving hearing to the deaf, and sight to the blind; when I see him wandering through the streets of Jerusalem, and finding his dreary road to the top of the hill; when I see him nailed there; when I look a few days after, and see him risen, and then ascending—I tell you, my friends, that if I can make those facts real facts, if I can tell my young men, as I do tell them, or try to, that they must look to him of Nazareth for their light, for the only power that will be vouchsafed them, by means of which they can

reach God, they will come around the cross, they will lift their hearts in reverence, they will bow their knees in prayer, and through Christ they will learn the secret of true religion. Yes, those were awful words of the Master: "If ye confess me before men, I will confess you before my Father which is in heaven; but if you confess me not, then I will not confess you." Put that book as the authoritative, divine representation of God upon your pulpits; preach it in its spirit; preach it with spirit, and the whole world is ours. Forgetting all controversies, forgetting all dissensions, lifting on high the one only flag that will ultimately win the victory—the flag on which is inscribed the name of Jesus Christ the Saviour, and marching forward in solid line, we shall overcome the enemy; we shall plant our victorious banner on his ramparts; and we shall live to be glad that we have been true to ourselves and true to the Father, because we have been true to the Redeemer.—*Hepworth.*

THE celebrated actor, Garrick, having been requested by Dr. Stonehouse to favor him with his opinion as to the manner in which a sermon ought to be delivered, sent him the following judicious answer:—

"My dear Pupil:—You know how you would feel and speak in a parlor, concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You could not think of playing the orator, of studying your emphases, cadences, and gestures; you would be yourself, and the interesting nature of your subject, impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would thus be in the parlor, be in the pulpit, and you will not fail to please, to effect, and to profit. Adieu, my dear friend."

The Home.



FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done ;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on :
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He's stronger than the storm ;
 He does not feel the cold, not he,
 His heart it is so warm :
 For father's heart is stout and true
 As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light ;
 Would all men were the same !
 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame !
 Folks need not be unkind, austere ;
 For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child ;
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain.
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes ;
 His wishes are so few ;
 Would they were more, that every hour
 Some wish of his I knew !
 I'm sure it makes a happy day
 When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
 That baby's almost wild ;
 See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
 Heaven bless the merry child !
 He's father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;
 He's through the garden-gate.
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait.
 Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART I.—FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

CHAPTER IV.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

NO, such another child never came again to my school. I had good scholars and bad ones, and they were constantly changing—old ones leaving and fresh ones coming in: but never one like Pippin. Not one of them had his hungry brain and loving heart. He had been to me something like the beloved John was to our Lord; and now he was gone, all the others seemed commonplace and at a distance from me. They could not creep into my heart as Pippin had done.

He did not come back at the end of three months. We never even heard of him. He was little more than a babe in years, and children cannot remember as old folks remember their friends. Mrs. Brown told me, when I made a purpose journey to inquire after him, that the lady had written to say he was safe and quite content, but she did not wish him to have any communication with his former home. Soon after that Mrs. Brown went away to live in Manchester, so we could ask for no more news about Pippin. I had, at times, an unsatisfied yearning when I thought of him; but, as years slipped away, I only recollected him as a child who was dearest to me, next to my own Willie.

Transome's rheumatism did not mend as he grew older and more infirm; and the burden of earning the rent as well as the living fell upon me. But times were very prosperous in the town just then, and trade was increasing every year. New mills were built along the river, and the mill-hands had constant work. Money was plentiful, and not a soul grumbled when I raised the school wage by a penny a week; the extra penny just serving to pay our rent. Now and then I was troubled within me by a talk of some grand new school being opened, that would 'tice all my scholars away; but the talk never came to anything. I used to wonder at times what I could do, for I could not see to stitch fine cloth any longer, my eyes were too dim; and the stockings I knit instead did not pay me half as well, though I knit as long as there was a glimmer of fire in the grate.

Ah! I shall never, never forget that sunshiny evening, early in May, when I followed my last scholar down the garden, and stood for a moment or two leaning over the wicket. The broad open

land lay all before me, with a great sweep of sky-line resting on the brows of the distant hills. The sky was all blue; and the yellow stoncrop on the thatch shone like gold. The withy branches were covered with soft, fluffy little tufts, called goslings by the children; and though the poplar tree, growing so tall and slender at the corner of the house, had no leaves yet, there were tassels of long crimson catkins hanging on its topmost twigs, and floating down when the soft pleasant spring breeze shook them a little. There were the rosemary and lavender bushes that I had carried all the way from home when I was married, to plant under our kitchen window, and they were just coming into bud. I looked down what used to be the dingle, and thought of the primroses, and hawthorn; and blue-bells that used to grow in its green and grassy nooks. It was no wonder that I could not help shaking my head a little at the ugly houses that had sprung up in their place. Yet when I turned my back upon them, and could see nothing but our own home, with the blue sky only behind the thatched roof, I was more than content.

"The Lord knows exactly what I love best," I said to myself, as I walked back up the garden path more slowly and toilsomely than when I was a young wife; "I wouldn't change it for the grandest house in all the town. Home's home, be it never so homely."

Transome had been hearty enough that afternoon to go down to his old master's to carry the month's rent. It was not far to go, but he would be weary and worn out more than enough before he could climb up home again; so it would not do for me to loiter and tarry in the sweet air and sunshine. I hurried in to red up the house, pile away the benches, and lay the tea all ready. The benches began to feel much heavier than they used to be. "It's the grasshopper," I thought, smiling to myself; "the grasshopper shall be a burden. Yes, yes! that time'll come to me as well as poor Transome. But God Almighty, He'll help me to bear the grasshopper, for He's helped me to bear the burden and heat of the day."

I had not put everything as it should be before Transome came in slowly, slowly, dragging one foot after another, and groaning heavily. Poor old man! I had not got my glasses on for fear of breaking them over my rough work, and I could not see his face clearly, but his groans went right to my heart. He had never given way so badly before, and I hastened to pull his arm-chair forward.

"Transome," I said, "is the pain so very bad this evening?"

"Ally!" he answered, in a stammering, choking voice; "Ally, lass! aw've gotten a blow."

All at once his old gray head fell on my shoulder, and he broke out into bitter sobbing and wailing, like a little child crying on its mother's bosom; only it was a thousand times more pitiful than a child, who can be hushed and sung to sleep in its worst trouble.

"What blow, Transome?" I cried. "Who'd strike an old man like thee?"

"Th' ou'd measter," he said, amid his sobs; "we've got to go, Ally—to quit. He's goin' to sell th' ou'd place to build bigger housen on; and we're bound to quit in a month's time. Oh, Ally, my lass!"

It fell upon me that sudden, I was quite stunned and dazed at first—as if, as Transome said, somebody had struck me a heavy blow. All the house-place seemed swimming round me. I could hear his sobs and groans; but I felt as if I could not understand why he was in such trouble. Then all at once it came over me, like a great wave, and all the trouble stood out clear. I felt as if the house was crumbling away. Better it should fall upon us, and crush us to death, than we be driven out of it in our old age.

That was a night to be remembered for ever. We sat down to the tea-table, but we could not swallow a morsel nor a sup, though our throats were parched and our tongues dry. Whichever way we looked, all was darkness and blackness. There was no one to comfort, and no one to help. Neither him nor me had any hope of changing our master's mind. After we were gone to bed, and both lay awake, making pretence to sleep, I could see no way—no way at all—out of our bitter sorrow and distress.

"Lord!" I heard Transome whisper, in the dead of the night, "only gie us strength to be faithful in little, and aw'm sure Thee'll gie us much when the reet time is come."

But how could we be faithful in little, if even that little was taken from us?

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST STEP.

HOW the days sped I do not know, but they seemed to pass by like the rushing of a river just before you come to a deep, dreadful waterfall, down which you must plunge into a flood that will drown you. Every morning and every evening carried us on to the terrible day when we must quit our old house forever. I kept my school open till the very last; for this was no time to lose a single penny I could win. There was no other house near that place where we could move to: for the lowest rent was five shillings a week; and I could never undertake to pay that. So my school would be lost, as well as our home, and I must try to begin again in a strange neighborhood, on the other side of the town, where the rents were lower. What was to become of Transome and me baffled me whenever I looked forward. He did not lie in bed any more, but sat beside me in the chimney-nook, whilst I

taught the children, now and then stretching out his hand—his poor hand, crooked and drawn together with rheumatism—just to touch me. I knew after a while what he was thinking of then, though he never put it into words.

Well, we had to sell some of our goods: the old loom for one, that used to make such a busy sound in our cottage early and late. The rest we carried with us to the other side of the town, into a small house, in a close pent-up street, where the wind never blew across one's face with a sweet, fresh breath. I did my utmost to gather together a few scholars; and sometimes I had a few, and sometimes none. Transome took to sitting always at my side; and if I was off for half an hour, doing a few errands, he'd welcome me back as though I had been away from him all day. He began, too, to talk more—at times quite eagerly, as if he was afraid he might some day want to tell me something, and would not have the chance. I never knew him talk so much as that long, dreary summer, when we were treading slowly down those steps poor folks know of, step after step downwards and downwards, never stopping, till the last step crumbles away under one's feet, and all is lost!

We trod on the last step, and it crumbled away underneath our old feet when the first sharp touch of winter came. We had kept up till then, pawning and selling our few goods to buy bread for our mouths. But when the biting cold came, and our blankets were in the pawnshop, and I had not a morsel of flannel to wrap about Transome's poor pained limbs, and no fire to give a little warmth to our worn-out frames, then I knew that all was lost! I was sorely bewildered and beset. Had the Lord been deceiving us all these years? Had He brought us to old age, and to the very gates of death, to forsake us at last? Transome had been faithful, if a poor ignorant man can ever be faithful to his God. If either of us had been unfaithful, it was me; and surely the Lord would not visit my sins and shortcomings upon him!

"Ally!" said Transome one day, "bring th' book, and read me again how th' blessed Lord came to's end upo' th' cross.

So I opened my old Bible, so worn out that it was worth nothing at the pawnshop; and I read aloud to him, shivering and shivering with cold as I read. There was not a spark of fire in the grate, or a crust of bread in the cupboard. I had not a penny in the world, and did not know where to turn to find one. We had not any friends, Transome being such a silent man, and me a foreigner in that county; and all my kinsfolk were dead and gone. It was forty years since I had married away out of my county.

I was thinking all these thoughts, taking no heed of the blessed words my tongue repeated; for I had read those chapters so often to Transome I did not need to think of them. How far even I had read I did not know, till all at once I heard Transome saying to himself—

"Scourged, and mocked, and crucified! God's own Son! That were ten times waur nor deein' i' th' workhouse."

That word stung me to the core of my heart; though in my secret thoughts I had known it must come to that. But to hear Transome say so! I threw down the Bible, and cried with a loud and very bitter cry. It seems as if I could hear myself even now, and as if I could see Transome's thin, pale face, as he looks at me.

"Ally!" he says, "thee'rt a gradely scholar. Is na' there a verse somewhere, 'faithful unto death'?"

"Ay!" I sobbed: "'be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"That's it," he cried; "learn it me, Ally, as yo' learn the little childer."

I could not say him nay, though my heart was like to brea. He caught hold, fast firm hold, of my hand, as I said it to him over and over again, him repeating it after me like the least of my scholars in our old house. It seemed hard to him; or maybe he wanted the lesson to be long, for it was growing dark in the afternoon before he stopped saying it.

"We'll stay one other neet," he said. "We've been to ether many a long year. But to-morrow morn, Ally——"

There was no need for him to finish what he was saying. To-morrow we must go into the Union workhouse. Nothing else lay before us. We had fought our fight, and this was the end of it! I could not believe that it was aught save a dream, only I was cold and hungry, and so was Transome—so cold and so hungry it could not be a dream.

"My lass!" he said, tenderly, very tenderly—and my mind called back the sound of his voice as we came home picking flowers along the canal side—"we mun remember as 'twere God's own Son as deed upo' th' cross. If thee had to see me hang, it 'ud be far, far waur nor deein' i' th' Union; but it would na' be waur nor what He bore for us. No, no, Ally; God Almighty dealin' wi' us softer nor wi' Christ. And, Ally, His poor mother stood by to see Him dee upo' th' cross,"

"Oh! if it was only me," I cried, "I could bear it!"

"Ah! but thee'lt have to bear it for me, he said, smiling on me. it's just the same wi' me. If it were na' for thee, Ally, aw could go cheefu' and glad to th' Union; for aw've noan so long to live. But never to hear thee say 'Good neet' as I fa' asleep, nor 'Good day' when th' morn breaks, that's th' hurt, lass, that's th' hurt."

In the dark cold night I took the few things we had left, and pawned them, spending part of the money in coal and food, and thinking that with the rest we might come out of the workhouse again in the spring, and I could get a little school together once more. I bought a small store of tobacco for Transome, for I knew

how sorely he would miss his pipe when we were parted. The long, long night wore away too soon, and then I went to the relieving-officer and got an order to go into the House.

There was a glimmer of pale sunshine in the sky as Transome and me crept along the streets towards the Union workhouse, feeling as if everybody we met knew where we were going. He could not drag himself along save at a very slow pace; and here and there, wherever there was a doorstep to an empty house, we were forced to sit down and rest. Transome did not speak many words as we went along, for he was very weary with the journey; but every now and then his poor fingers clasped my arm more tightly, as if he meant to say, "Cheer up, Ally; it must come right in the end." But at length we reached the end, the long, blank wall, and the great black doors: and though we stood outside full five minutes, looking into each other's face, no help came. I was forced to ring the loud clanging bell, and we crossed over the black doorsill into the workhouse.

CHAPTER VI.

GOOD-BYE.

WE stood inside the great black doors, which swung to behind us, shutting us in as though they would never open again, save, maybe, when we were borne out through them in a pauper coffin. Transome leaned more heavily on my arm. A man in the workhouse suit was sitting in a little room just within the doors, and as we stood staring about us he called out sharply;

"Na, then! whatten yo' standing' there for?" he shouted; "canna' yo come on and tell me whatten yo' want here?"

"Me and my husband have brought an order to go into the House," I said.

"Inside birds, eh!" he said, laughing a little; "caught an' caged! Go on, then, t' th' measter's office. First dur t' th' reet across th' yard."

I guided poor Transome across a large, square yard, with nought to be seen save high walls on every side, with windows in them that had no curtains, like eyes without eyelids, looking down on us. But there was not a face to be seen at any of them; and a mournful stillness filled the place. It was Transome that knocked at the master's door,—a quiet, feeble knock that could never have been heard if there had been much noise. We were called to go in, but we did not stay there many minutes; and the master sent a man with us to show us our separate wards.

Once more we had to cross the great yard, Transome clinging to my arm, till we came to a door in the wall, where we must say

good-bye to one another. We never had said good-bye all those long years,—those forty years, since he had taken me from my father's home in another county. How could I let him go out of my sight? It was not like setting him off for his day's work, sure of coming in again in the evening. How could him and me spend our time a part?

"Could na' yo' leave us for two or three minutes?" said Transome to the man, feebly. "Hoo's been th' best wife as ever a man had these forty years; and aw dunno how to bid her good-bye. Gi'e us a minute longer to be together."

"That aw will," answered the man, "but it canna be more nor a two or three minutes. Bless yo'! yo'll see one another at prayers morn and neet, if yo' chosen to go; and yo'll ha' half an hour o' Sunday, besides half a day out once a month. It's noan so bad is th' House, so as yo' getten reet side o' th' measter."

He went off for a little while leaving Transome and me by the door into the women's wards; with all those dark, staring windows looking down on us. I laid my head against the doorpost, and broke out into heavy, heavy sobs.

"Na, Ally," cried Transome, "na, my lass! Hush thee! hush thee! God A'mighty's here as well as out yonder i' th' world. He knows where we are; and sure He loves us both, same as He's loved us all along. We mun put our trust in Him, and go through it: thee and me mun part. Eh? but aw wonder if God A'mighty looks down on ony hearts sorer nor ours at this moment o' time?"

"Only promise," I said, through my sobbing, "promise me faithfully, you'll be careful of yourself, and keep up, so as we can get out again in the spring, when the warm weather is come. Oh, Transome! if I could only keep nigh you, and take care of you, I shouldn't mind."

"There's One as'll take care on us both," he answered, his voice trembling; One as says, 'I'll never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' On'y think o' that, my lass. He's here 'i the workhouse itsen; and nought'll part Him away from thee nor me. Good-by, Ally. Aw hear th' man comin' back to us."

He stretched out both his hands to me, and I put mine into them, and we kissed each other solemnly, as if we were both about to die, and enter into another world. I saw his face quiver all over, and then there came across it a patient and quiet look, which never left it again—never! I knocked at the door before me, and passed in; just catching a last sight of him turning away with nobody to lean upon. Then the door was thrust to between us, and I could see him no more.

I did not heed much what was said to me, and I did not look about my new dwelling-place; only I followed a woman, who passed through many rooms, where the windows were high up in the walls.

so that nobody could reach the sills, and where there were groups of women all dressed alike, chattering most of them; and there was a strange, close smell. Oh, how different from the sweet air in our old home! At last, when I came to myself, as it were, I found I was sitting on a chair at the head of a little narrow bed, in a long room, with two long rows of beds down the sides of it, and a narrow path up the middle. All the beds were alike, and the bare, whitewashed walls closed us in, with nothing to be seen through the high windows, save a little bit of grey November sky. There were old women all around me; some of them many years older than me,—even a few of them bed-ridden; but they seemed too dull to take any notice of me, as if everything that was like life had died out of them, save the bare life itself.

Well, there's no need to tell you much about the workhouse. Most poor folks know more of it than they care to know, either through their own troubles or the troubles of their friends. I don't say a word against it; only I could not be with Transome. There! think what it was to have been his wife forty years, with scarcely a brangle between us, and never a sulking quarrel, and all at once to be shut up in different parts of the same building, with only a few walls and yards to part us, yet not be able to see him, or even send a loving message to him. I wet my pillow with my tears that night—ay; more than when my Willie died!—as I wondered and wondered how he was faring, and if he was warmly wrapped up, and how his pains were. But I could do nothing for him, no more than if I was lying in my shroud and coffin. At last my loneliness and my trouble drove me to remember Him that is everywhere, and was with Transome as He was with me. "Lord," I said in my heart—for it was not altogether a prayer such as I had generally said to Him—"Lord, if they'd only make his bed comfortable, and wrap him up well in the blankets! Do put it into their hearts, Lord, for he's tried to serve Thee faithful all his life long."

After that I felt a little easier in my mind; I fell asleep, and dreamed of the days when Willie was alive; only sometimes the child was Willie, and sometimes Pippin. I suppose it was because I had close to my pillow the little box that held the curl of Willie's hair and Pippin's piece of money. It was the only thing I had brought in with me, except a few bits of linen Transome had woven for me years and years ago, which I had bleached as white as snow in the frost on the brow of the hill.

(To be continued.)

FAITH is not a mere *credit* given to the word of Jesus, but a *heart-trust* reposed in Him; and therefore called believing *on* Him.

 PRAYING AND SAYING PRAYERS.

Jemima was a little girl
 Who many prayers could say ;
 But O! she had a wandering heart,
 And, therefore, did not pray.

She kneeled beside her little bed
 "Our Father" to repeat,
 The while she twisted into knots
 The corner of the sheet.

Her roving eyes, as she there knelt,
 Were never closed at all ;
 She'd count the roses on the rug—
 The stars upon the wall.

And "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
 Her careless tongue would say,
 When all her thoughts were of the doll
 That on the pillow lay.

Ah! 'twas no wonder that she grew
 Ill-tempered, proud and rude,
 For if a child should never pray,
 How can a child be good?

Dear readers! shun Jemima's fault,
 And heed the words I say ;
 When you kneel down to say your prayers,
 Be certain that you pray!

 UNBELIEVING, OR BELIEVING PRAYER.

BY R. PEARSALL SMITH.

IN a hospital a young woman said, "Now I have said my prayers I will pray." And she then began, in a most simple, child-like way, to talk to God as her Father. Do you, dear reader, *say* your prayers, or *pray*? We do not ask whether you use a form of prayer or not, but whether your heart and your faith are in your prayers. Did you ever in your life pray with its true meaning, and in faith, "Deliver me from evil?" Did you ever once expect, in the day which was before you, to be delivered from evil as you prayed in the morning? Are not unbelieving prayers amongst

the greatest sins of the Church? And if so, what a long line of transgression has yet to be confessed by some dear children of God!

But will you go on thus? Will you continue, day after day, year after year, from youth to age, to ask God for what you do not expect to receive? or, if to receive at all, only to a very modified and small extent?

We beg you to face this question. If you do not understand victory over sin, or "holiness through faith," as a doctrine, are you willing to face its reality as expressed in the words of your own daily prayers? Do you daily pray, in words or in substance, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep me this day without sin?" Were our Lord to respond to your petitions, "Believest thou that I am able to do this," what would be your reply? Were your prayers for the cleansing of your heart answered, would you not be marvelously surprised? Possibly you would even be quite in a tremble, thinking that the hour of death was approaching; for perhaps you are accustomed to making a kind of extreme unction and "dying grace" of a fully consecrated heart; a something you can have in the immediate approach of death, but not sooner. To one who plainly asserted that full trust and full victory were only possible to the dying, the question was put, "How long before death may this grace come?" He said, "A few hours;" but he gradually conceded a few days, then weeks, but stopped at six weeks as the longest possible time! Less absurd, only because less definite, do you cling to the thought of the act of dying as your deliverer, instead of a present, all-powerful Christ?

A young evangelist, of great earnestness and unusual success in preaching, was asked the question, whether, when he asked the Lord to save him from sin in the day which was before him, he expected him to do it. He exclaimed, "Of course not!"

As he said these words the dreadful character of the sin of unbelieving prayers was revealed to him, and he gave himself, as never before, to a life of full trust. With this act the whole character of his inner life was changed; faith replaced unbelief, expectation substituted discouragement, and victory was found where before was heart-paralyzing failure.

A child of ten years old, who had been converted at the age of four, and who had just learned the secret of a life of full trust, was asked one day—

"What makes you so happy?"

"I trust Jesus," was the reply.

"Yes, but you have trusted him for the pardon of your sins these six years," said the questioner.

"Ah, but I trust him for more than that now," was the happy rejoinder; "for every time temptation comes, I just say, 'Save me, Jesus'; or, 'Jesus saves me.'"

"And does he save you from the sin?"

"Of course he does! Why do you ask me?" was the impulsive reply of the little believing one.

What can you say, dear reader, about your prayers for deliverance from sin? When we ask you whether you expect the Lord to keep you, do you answer, "Of course not?" or "Of course he does?"

Any community would be shaken to its centre were the Christians for one day to have faith mixed with their prayers. A power hitherto unknown would fill every heart. The world would feel the power of the reproof of the Holy Spirit—"Of sin because they believe not in me," when the Church was no longer practising and lamenting a partial unbelief. Paralysis would be replaced by divine energies of faith.

Let none, however, draw beautiful pictures of the possibilities of faith, and place them afar off,—“I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh,”—saying, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” Let it be ours to face this question of believing prayer, and live the life of the righteous, having not only our last end, but each day that leads to it, like his.

May all our half-believing Christian readers obey the Holy Spirit as he leads them to a life of completed self-renunciation and entire trust!—*Christian's Pathway.*

LONESOMENESS.

A MOTHER, busy with her household cares, was obliged to go into an upper room, and leave two little ones alone for some time. So she gave them books and toys to amuse them, which answered very well for a time. But, by and by, the house seemed to grow so still and lonesome, they began to feel afraid. So the eldest went to the foot of the staircase, and calling with a timid voice, said: "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling," said the mother, cheerily. "All right," said the little one, more to herself than to her mother. So she went back to her play for a time. After a while the question was repeated, with the same answer and the same result. Oh, how often, in our loneliness and sadness here in the world, we forget that God is still overhead! But if we only send up our prayers to Him, we shall not fail to get a comforting and quieting answer. "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." You need not fear in the darkest night, or the wildest storm, for God is still overhead. "As one whom his mother comforteth," so the Lord will comfort those sorrowing ones who flee to His bosom for rest.

UNCLE DAN'S ROPE.

BY ELIZABETH SILL.

FRANK'S mother was called down from the nursery one morning to attend to something which would probably detain her some time; and before she left the room she took Frank's reins, with which he had been playing horse, and tied him to a leg of the bedstead. Then she gave him some picture-books, and playthings, to amuse himself with while she was gone; cast one look around the room to see that there was nothing within his reach by which he might free himself, and went down stairs with an easy mind.

You may think it was rather hard treatment to tie up a boy of six years old, who had at the time deserved no punishment, but the fact was that Frank was a great runaway. His mother had several times left him with strict instructions not to go out of the room, but no sooner was she well out of the way than Master Frank would slip quickly down stairs, open the front door softly, and be off. Once he was gone nearly all day, which, as his parents lived in the city of New York, was really alarming; and was only found by telegraphing to all the police-stations. His mother suffered so much distress about him that it made her ill for several days, and although she was so delighted to see him brought home safe at last, that it was very hard for her to punish him, yet she did oblige herself to do so on his own account; for she knew that he ran a terrible risk, of either losing his life, or of being carried off where she would never see him again, unless this bad habit was checked. This is the explanation of the tying up.

But Frank was not the only person in the nursery; his little brother Julian was on the opposite side of the room building a house with blocks. Julian was two years younger than Frank, but he was not tied up, at least, not with anything you could see.

Frank played for a while with his toys and books and then he began to get restless, and to look about for some means of getting loose. As he did so he spied his mother's scissors—which she had overlooked—lying on the floor, about half way across the room, and considerably beyond his reach. There was a tape tied to them by which they could be fastened to her waist.

Frank considered for some minutes how he should get at the scissors; there was nothing anywhere near him long enough to reach them. At last he stooped down and looked under the bed, and then, crawling under, he brought out an old cane of his father's with a crook on one end, with which he and Julian often played horse. He stretched it out toward the scissors and found that he could just reach the tape, and after several trials he succeeded in hooking the cane into it. After this he had no more difficulty; he drew the scissors up to him, cut the reins which fastened him, and

went softly out of the room, unnoticed by Julian, who was completely absorbed in his blocks.

He had seen a target company go past the window that morning, and was full of the idea of going to see them shoot. Nobody seemed to be about the halls; nurse was out walking with the baby; Jane the housemaid was cleaning the silver in the pantry, and his mother was in the kitchen. So Frank thought he had a free field, and could slip off without being seen. But when he had opened the front door quietly, and had fairly started, who should he meet just coming up the street, but his uncle Dan.

Uncle Dan, who had some acquaintance with Frank's ways, immediately asked where he was going, to which Frank, who, though he was so very mischievous, was not a deceitful or an untruthful boy, answered boldly, "To see the target-shooters."

But Uncle Dan thought he had better go back with him to the house, and wait until he could take him some other day to see the target-shooting, and Frank—who had learned by experience that Uncle Dan's promises were always made in sincerity and not merely to put him off,—consenting to this, they went back together.

In the meantime Frank's mother had gone upstairs to the nursery and was greatly alarmed at not finding him there. She questioned Julian, but it was evident that he had seen nothing of what had passed. She went over to the place where she had tied Frank, saw the scissors and the ragged cut in the reins, and then she knew that her boy must have run away again; and she was hurrying down stairs to look for him, when she was at once relieved and astonished by seeing Uncle Dan walk in holding him by the hand.

"I left him in the nursery tied up and perfectly safe as I thought," said she, "and in some way he managed to get the scissors and cut the rope. I do not know what I shall do with him."

"We shall have to send him to Barnum's and have him put in one of those strong cages that they keep the lions in," said Uncle Dan, with a very serious air, "but in the meantime, sister, you should tie him with something stronger than a rope."

Frank's mother understood, but Frank did not, and he had asked, "With what? tie me with *what*?—with *what*? Uncle Dan?" several times before his uncle seemed to hear him. At last he sat down and took the little boy between his knees.

"Frank," said he, "did you ever hear of Casabianca?"

"The boy who stood on the burning deck?" said Frank in one breath, "yes—I can say that."

"You know," continued his uncle, "that his father—the captain—placed him at a certain post on the ship while the battle was going on, and told him to stay there and watch it. By and by his father was very badly wounded—the ship got on fire—Casabianca saw the flames coming nearer and nearer to him. Did he want to stay there?"

"No," said Frank eagerly, "he called to his father 'Must I stay? Must I stay?' and he didn't hear him."

"Oh! then perhaps he was tied, and could not get away," continued Uncle Dan.

"No," replied Frank shaking his head, "he wasn't—I don't believe he was."

"Why, what made him stay then? he knew that there was a great deal of powder on the ship, and that as soon as the fire reached it the ship would be blown up, and he would be killed, or perhaps burnt up before that. What kept him there?"

Frank began to see the upshot of all this; he looked down rather sheepishly and played with Uncle Dan's watch-chain. "I s'pose he thought he ought to stay, because his father put him there," said he at last in rather a low voice.

"That's it, my boy; then you see there is something stronger than a rope to hold a boy; duty, Frankie, *obedience*, that was what held Casabianca steady, on the very spot he was put in, until the ship blew up. Was Julian tied up this morning as well as you?"

"No," said Frank, "Julian don't want to run away; he is afraid."

"But Julian likes to go into the kitchen with mamma, and see her make cake—why did he not go?"

"Julian's good," was the rather reluctant answer.

"And so he don't need any rope?" said Uncle Dan. "I once heard of another boy—a little Dutch boy, who was one day playing by himself, just outside a large city, on a bank built to keep the water of a river from overflowing. He noticed a little water trickling down the side of the dyke, as it is called, and stooping down to look closely at it, he saw that there was a small hole through which the water was leaking, and the hole was growing larger every minute. It would not be long before there would be a great opening in the dyke, and the water would rush through and make a tremendous flood. As quick as thought he put his finger into the hole, just like a cork, and stopped the leak. There he sat, not daring to take it out, waiting for some one to come by who could carry the news to the city and send men to stop the mischief. But for hours and hours nobody came, yet still he sat there; he must have been very tired and hungry, and I am sure his finger must have ached with holding it so long in the same position, but he never stirred until at last help came. A great many boys would have gone away and not have cared what happened. What kept him there?"

"I guess because it was right," said Frank.

"That was it," said Uncle Dan. "Now, Frankie, are you going to be a horse or a cow, that must be tied up to keep them from running away, or like a brave boy that minds because he ought to? Are you going to need a rope again?"

"I'll stay without a rope next time," said Frankie.

And that was the end of his running away.

COPY AFTER THE ORIGINAL.

BEING engaged in teaching school I am often struck, while looking over the copy-books, by the difference in the writing on the same page, written by the same pupil, under the same copy-line. I notice that the writing gradually becomes more uneven and less intelligible as its distance from the copy increases. That nearest the copy resembles it most; while that farthest from it is least like it. The reason is evident:—At first the pupil tries to imitate the copy, and to a certain extent succeeds, but soon, as he descends the page, he loses sight of the original copy, and copies after his own. In the first line he but imperfectly imitates the copy, and the next, being written from his own instead of the original, is still less like it; and so he proceeds, till finally, the writing bears scarcely any resemblance whatever to the line at the top of the page which he began at first to copy after.

If the pupil would improve in his writing, *he must copy after the original*. So with the Christian. If he would advance in the Divine life; if he would go on to perfection; if he would become more like Christ, *he must copy after the original*. The Great Teacher has left us an example that we should follow His steps. But if we lose sight of Him, and follow the example of any other, our lives will soon bear but little resemblance, if any, to the pattern left us to copy after. Would we be like Christ, we must always have Him in view, and be sure that we always COPY AFTER THE ORIGINAL.

JAMES LAWSON.

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

NEVER complain of your birth, your training, your employments, your hardships; never fancy you could be something, if only you had a different lot assigned you. God understands his own plan, and He understands what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most depreciate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. Choke that devilish envy which gnaws your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather, bring it up to receive God's will, and do His work in your lot, in your sphere, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DON'T expect too much of them ; it has taken forty years it may be, to make you what you are, with all the lessons of experience ; and I will dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles ; don't ridicule them.

Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," said the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our tempers rise to see how carelessly their plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a life time.

Lastly, don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves, and, liars so early did they display these undeniable traits ; yet we have lived to see those same children become noble men and women and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child, by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values—plenty of love.

The grent pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 tons. According to Herodotus, it took the labour of one hundred thousand men, twenty years to build it. To show the mechanical value of modern improvements, Dr. Lardner affirms that 480 tons of coal, with an engine and hoisting machine, would have raised every stone to its position.

He that is little in his own account is great in God's esteem. This makes the way and work of man acceptable unto God, and also sweetens and increaseth man's communion with God. If ever, therefore, you intend to enjoy God's glorious and blessed presence, labor for this humility and meekness.

MORNING HYMN.

LIKE this sweet sunshine let Thy love
Shine down on me to-day,
Shelter my soul, thou brooding Dove,
Like these warm skies, I pray.

There is no brightness in the earth,
No glory in the sky,
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,
Except when Thou art nigh.

Then, Lord, all day be near my soul,
And look me through and through,
Till every wish owns Thy control,
And every thought is true.

As earth turns blossoming toward the sun,
So seeks my soul Thy light,
This day be heaven in me begun,
Where there is no more night!

OUR LOVE FEAST.

A GRACIOUS WORK.

As God in His kind providence gave me the opportunity, not long since, to tarry for a while on one of those mounts of privilege where His dear saints were encamped, He whispered to my soul much that in the busy scenes of home-life, I scarce could hear. And His way of doing it was so sweet!

He called me to sit beside a couch of suffering, whereon was laid one of His children ripe for glory, and "only waiting" for a summons "to depart, and to be with Christ." The perils and the joys of the voyage over which that weak bark had been borne, were narrated, and I learned now, by a constant testimony for Jesus, given not

only in meetings but everywhere, and a close walk with Him, *that* Christian life had rounded out, and come to reflect, as nearly as may be, the image of our God.

This done, I was bidden by this dear child of God, to tell my story. Oh, *how little* I had always thought it, and scarce ever had told it except in detached sketches. Not being a Methodist, it had not been my way to have "an experience," as they use the term. I consented willingly, yet the quarter was not told; indeed never can be. But as the items of God's leading and teaching, and the transit of my soul from unbelief to full consecration and trust, were partially brought out, they

crystalized, and now as a whole, they stand a monument to His praise.

No sooner had I begun this recital, than I found occasion to thank and praise Jesus for His watchful care over me during those many years of my earlier Christian life, in which I had not even discovered my great sin of unbelief. So sheathed was I in the prejudice that comes of a certain educational bias, so full of preconceived opinions (and withal having much pride of intellect), that I had seldom seen Jesus, and heard His words. My surroundings at home, or in church, had not told me of Scriptural holiness. God, however, had been preparing me for its reception. Praise His dear name!

For many long consecutive years I had been increasingly an invalid. Not having the presence and indwelling of the Holy Spirit, there were developed in me the impatience and irritability that so naturally belong to a nervous sufferer, of an ardent and impulsive temperament.

Through much acute suffering, mental as well as bodily, there came upon me a melancholy and a morbid condition, that no medical treatment, or force of resolution on my part could overcome. Just then, in my hour of extreme need, when the forces of nature were about to give way, (for reason was almost dethroned), God sent a precious woman, truly a mother in Israel, to the city in which I lived. Contrary to her expectations, she tarried at our house. Taught as she was of the Spirit, she apprehended readily my great peril, and boldly took me just where a new power or influence was brought to bear upon my poor weak head and heart. It was the pressure of God's hand, and it held me fast. Soon I was under the arrest of the Holy Ghost, and was learning the lessons that no other teacher could have taught me.

Now I do not propose to narrate the steps which made up that circuitous route of mine. Like the children of Israel, I might have entered the Canaan of rest by a much shorter way. There were certain points to be gained, how-

ever; and I found that just so sure as I saw God's leading in this or that direction, and would not go accordingly, I could not take one more step in advance, and therefore failed to come into the way of holiness. In His kindness, God waited for me often and long, but never compelled me to obey, and *never led me forward* until I voluntarily surrendered all to Him. To my own shame I confess it, that I did not believe (though I knew others did, and with a Scripture warrant), that God's children could live without sinning. At that point I halted, and for six months, day and night, endured untold agony. It was no less than a living death,—a constant crucifixion. Would God that these words might meet the eye of some dear troubled soul, standing just there. Now I see what made the trouble. It was that I assumed a position which demanded an understanding of the truth, instead of yielding my all to Jesus, (Prov. iii. 5).

There I stood, powerfully convicted for sinless living, while as yet I did not, even theoretically, accept the fact, that so to live is possible. Though I did in a measure, "delight in the law of God," still it was my mournful cry, "But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." Of course the result was a hard, long struggle. It was effort all the while. It was *do* and live, for I had not apprehended that it is through faith in Jesus, and by His own indwelling, that the soul can "*look* and live."

Much was said to me about consecration, and I thought I did congregate all. So far as externals were concerned, I yielded fully. But little did I dream of the reserve that I still held. It was all in my will. That I had not given up, either as to the beliefs I indulged, or the filling up of my time. And just here I see so clearly what then I did not; for the Holy Spirit, our great Enlightener, had not yet revealed to me the truth at that point.

The distinction I would make is between renunciation and consecration. I did, obediently, and to the best of my

ability, give up this and that doubtful indulgence, or unholy temper. I no longer held any thing that I thought could grieve Jesus, or that I thought he would not hold were he in my place. But what of it? That was not enough. In reality, it was not consecration at all; it was only the negative part of the work. So far as it went, it was just right; but to stop there would have been failure, disaster, shipwreck. There was, in so doing, no element of trust in Jesus. I was then brought to see that not only must I "forsake all," but must "follow Him" (Matt. xix. 27; Luke xiv. 33); that is, I must leave this, and commit that. I must quit-claim, and make over to Jesus, even these good and precious things, His gifts to me. Not that he would dispossess me of their use or enjoyment, but that they were to be held for me, and I was to have my all only in and through Him. This was done, and my all was on the altar.

When I came thus to a simple "abandonment to Jesus,"—

"I gave all trying over,
Simply trusting I was blest."

That was, in effect, throwing open the door of my heart. My whole being was henceforth a "temple of the Holy Ghost." I saw that it was not for me to cleanse, or keep clean my heart; nor could Jesus, until thus He got possession. Then he cleansed and furnished it for His own abode. He did "possess me whole;" and it was my joyful cry, "Nor ever hence remove."

"Oh, the cleansing blood had reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!"

I found, too, this truth, which in the experience of every sanctified believer stands out in bold relief; when all is yielded to Jesus, it is easy to believe all that He says; and until then, one has no right to try, or even to dare to appropriate his promises for full salvation. Then I could believe, not only that we may live without sin, and that the precious blood cleanses where it touches, but that "it cleanseth me, now," and will all the way along (Rom. vi. 18; 1 Pet. i. 9). According to the words of Jesus, our faithful promiser (John xiv. 23), and in His tender love,

He came unto me with the Father, and they made their abode with me.

Just then, I began to know the keeping power of Christ. A leaflet, bearing that title, was brought to my notice, and the dear Lord most graciously used it to teach me how to trust Him to keep me "from the evil."

Then, when I had yielded all, and by trust believed that God accepted the offering, was commenced the precious moulding which He stands engaged to carry on, until the work is complete, and now while I sit and sing—

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers,
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours,"

it is just what I mean.

Doubtless God had a definite purpose in making me the creature He did, full of intense feeling, and very positive in all my purposes and perceptions. He meant, too, that my new life (Rom. vi. 4), should be a positive quantity in His hands. The negatives had held their places long enough. Thenceforth, I was to be, at any cost, wholly the Lord's, even if so be he might call me to stand as a mark. Not then (in 1867), as of late years, could one, a Presbyterian, be an advocate for "entire sanctification" (Wesley), and find at every turn a precious company with whom to journey. It was peculiarly a "lone way," and as such blessed, for even so had it been with Jesus. With Him I journey, and in His precious blood find constant cleansing. Another lesson learned, and particularly needful in my case, was to live in the present. It was hard for me, presumptuous it seemed, to promise Jesus that I would live without plans; but when I did, he took me at my word, and has so held me thereto, that never since have I been able to retract aught of it. As daily and hourly I am called to this or that engagement, all unknown before, my restful happy spirit sings,—

"No, no; no counting, only trusting,"

and so "my life flows on," a constantly satisfying portion in Jesus. Thanks be unto His glorious name!—*Advocate of Holiness.*

Topics of the Day.

ANGLICAN DIFFICULTIES.

The last few weeks have been specially barren of remarkable occurrences in the Church, both at home and abroad; and the unfortunate journalist, whose special vocation is to write upon the topics of the time, is placed in circumstances very similar to those in which they were placed in ancient times who were required to make bricks without straw. This trifling inconvenience, however, should not form any very serious matter of complaint if the prevailing quiet may be taken as a symptom of health rather than of declining vitality. This, it is believed, is the case in respect to the churches of the country in general and of our own Church in particular. If at present, as in former times, peace is to be taken as the synonym of prosperity, our Canadian churches generally may be said to be in a prosperous condition. If there be an exception to this it is in the case of the Anglican Church, which appears to be but ill at ease. If progress be, as some philosophers contend, a change from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity, this Church must either have vastly outstepped all the other churches in progressiveness, or else, unlike most other communions, there was not the state of homogeneity to begin with. Whichever of these theories be adopted, the fact of existing heterogeneity unfortunately is but too apparent, and how such a conglomeration of discordant elements can be held together in a state of effective unity it is difficult to conceive. It is evident that the differences which separate the leading denominations of evangelical Protestantism outside of the Anglican Church, are not nearly so serious as those which separate the different parties within its own pale. But for its enormous endowment, and the prestige which it possessed as a national establishment, "the Church" in England would have fallen to pieces long ago, and how a similar *congeries* of heterogeneous elements can be long kept together without these bonds of union, it is not easy to divine. The work of separation has already commenced—division there has been long ago—and it is difficult

to see how it can be prevented from going forward. Nor is it easy to conceive what evil can result from the disruption of a unity which is purely imaginary, or how the clergy of St. James cathedral and those of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the city of Toronto, for example, would be any farther apart if they were in separate and distinct organizations than as they now are, unnaturally bound together in one. In that case each party could pursue the even tenor of its way, acting up to the full measure of its conviction of what is right, without scandal and annoyance to the other. But whatever may be the result of existing agitations, we recognize in them the indications of vitality, and we would fain believe, the striving of earnest spirits after a more perfect comprehension of the truth as it is in Jesus and a higher form of church life. They show that there is among our brethren of this denomination not only strong conviction, but fidelity to what they believe to be the truth; and whether they result in a unity not only in idea but in fact, or in a separation more complete, we trust the interests of truth and righteousness will be promoted.

OUR MISSION WORK.

The satisfaction which is felt with the new order of things in our own Church appears to be well-nigh universal and complete. Notwithstanding the greatness of the constitutional changes which were inaugurated at the late General Conference, everything has gone on so smoothly as if no change whatever had taken place. The elements heretofore separated, which have been brought together, are being rapidly fused into one homogeneous amalgam, and already all traces of former separation are rapidly disappearing. The brethren constituting the deputation to the Eastern Conference, and who had the privilege of attending the Missionary Anniversaries in the principal places in that part of the great field providentially committed to us as a Church, were most favourably impressed with what they witnessed during their extended tour. They everywhere met with the most cordial reception, as the representatives of the Methodism of the West, and were treated with that unbounded hospitality for which our friends in the East are so famous; and they were especially delighted with the manifestations of zeal and liberality in supporting the institutions of the Church. The brethren

ren evinced their hearty appreciation of the new order of things by largely increasing their contributions to the Missionary fund, and if the example set by them is followed throughout the whole Church, a much larger amount will be laid upon the altar of Christ for evangelistic purposes than was ever contributed for the same purpose by the Methodism of the Dominion of Canada in one year before. This is as it should be; the field to be cultivated is constantly enlarging, and is everywhere white unto the harvest; and after all that has been done by the Church, the labourers, when compared with the greatness of the work are but few. The times in which we live are characterized by great opportunities and great dangers to the Church of God, and it calls for great acts of self-denying and devoted service upon the part of those who would see her interests effectually promoted and the world speedily brought to the feet of Christ.

EDUCATION.

Next to evangelization is the work of education. Ignorance is the mother of delusion rather than of devotion. A trained intellect is scarcely less necessary in this age of intellectual activity than a heart impressed with the truth. Error never before, perhaps, presented itself to the minds of men in such subtle and plausible forms as at present. The poison is insinuating itself into much of the most fascinating literature of the day; and questions of the most vital interest to Christianity and to the souls of men, which we had supposed had been disposed of for ever, are being re-opened for discussion, and must be grappled with anew by every one who claims the right to read and think for himself. It is therefore impossible to exaggerate the importance of an education conducted on a sound religious basis. In view of these momentous considerations, it must be matter of the liveliest satisfaction to all who take a deep interest in the future of our country and our race, that the numerous educational institutions of our Church are in efficient and highly successful operation. Victoria College never had, we are informed, a larger number of students in attendance, or students of a more promising class. It must be pleasing to those who have bestowed upon her so much anxiety and toil, and who have made so many and such great sacrifices for her interests, to

know that "Old Vic" has such a warm place in the affections of the Methodist people of this country; and year after year they are evincing a more and more thorough appreciation of her importance as one of the most potent agencies for good, called into existence by the prudent and wise fore-thought, and the self-sacrificing devotion of our fathers. Our theological schools at Cobourg and Montreal are doing an invaluable work for the rising ministry of the Church. Their value and importance, with all due deference to the members and adherents of the Church, it may be said, are only very imperfectly understood and appreciated; but probably the numerous educational meetings which are being held in various parts of the country, will bring this matter more prominently before the Church than it has been heretofore brought, and there can be no question that when the claims of these institutions are fully understood, no department of our Church work will meet with a more thorough appreciation, or a more cordial and liberal support. The Ladies' Colleges are receiving a patronage becoming the importance of the work which they are performing. The Hamilton Wesleyan Female College is as popular and successful as ever; and the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby is receiving such an amount of patronage and support as to show that that enterprise was not undertaken any too soon. Stanstead College is, we understand, meeting with marked success under the able Presidency of Mr. Hansford. And the Collegiate Institute at Dundas is enjoying a high degree of prosperity, under the management of Mr. Ryckman. We are not accurately informed in respect to the Colleges and Academies of the East, but from the meagre hints which we have received, we infer that they are effective and prosperous—doing a really good work.

OUR GREAT NEED.

Amid all these indications of general prosperity there appears to be but one thing wanted to make this great Church all that could be desired—A wide-spread and powerful revival.—In no croaking or depreciatory spirit is this said. So long as every week brings us the news of here and there a work of grace resulting in the conversion of souls, often in considerable numbers, it must be confessed there is much cause for thankfulness in the present state of the

Church. But with all the agencies and instrumentalities at work, have we not a right to look for larger results? With a deeper consecration and more entire devotedness is there not good reason to believe our Church operations would be attended with more signal displays of Divine power? There may be in Churches, as well as in the case of individuals, temporal prosperity and spiritual decline,—and the presence of the former may so dazzle us as to prevent us from seeing the latter. We read of a Church which fancied itself rich and increased in goods, and having need of nothing, when in reality it was miserable and poor and blind and naked; and these things were written for our admonition, lest we should fall into the same delusion. There does not seem to be any good reason why the membership of our Church should not be augmented by at least ten thousand members during the present year. Still, it must be confessed, numerical increase is by no means an infallible test of spiritual prosperity. There may be seasons of unhealthy excitement in which large additions are made to the numerical strength of the membership of a church without any corresponding augmentation of its spiritual power; while, on the contrary, there may be seasons of deep calm; when, in the absence of any peculiar external manifestation, the people of God may attain to a profounder experience of divine things, and rise into a higher form of the divine life. We cannot always judge correctly of the actual state of the church. This, it must be confessed, is a season of comparative quiet; but if the thousands of our Israel are quietly, patiently, and prayerfully waiting upon the Lord, beyond question they shall renew their strength; and when they are filled with the spirit, one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight. Mr. Wesley found in his day, that when the doctrine of Christian perfection was made prominent in the pulpit, and when Christians pressed into the enjoyment of that grace, sinners were converted, and the whole work of God, in all its branches, was promoted. And this has been the experience of some of the most successful of his successors. Probably this has been the experience of most Methodist ministers, at some period or other of their ministry. *Might not a little more attention to this most important matter be attended with beneficial results?* Is there not a danger of the distinct and characteristic testimony of Methodism being given up?

THE GLADSTONE CONTROVERSY.

When an audacious, unscrupulous, insolent and aggressive power like the Papal Church, is compelled to assume a defensive position, no unimportant end has been accomplished. Mr. Gladstone's paper on the political consequences of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, has accomplished this, if no more. It is many a day since so many attempts were made to prove that fidelity to Rome is compatible with fidelity to civil government, and therefore, that a man can be at once a devoted Catholic and a loyal subject of a government which may not be in accord with the policy of the church, as during the last few weeks. But we suspect the judgment of Christendom will be, that these defences are more creditable to the ingenuity of the advocates, than they are satisfactory to those to whom they are addressed, and whose judgment they were intended to influence. If the Church of Rome were a purely religious institution, however false might be its creed, all that these apologists affirm might be true; but as a great political institution, full of subtle cunning and intrigue, claiming the right to exercise the double function of both temporal and spiritual rule, the case is altogether different. When the Pope ceases to arrogate to himself the rights and prerogatives of a sovereign, and his cardinals no longer claim to be princes, the apologists of the system will have a much easier task; but so long as the Roman pontiff absolutely refuses to recognize or submit to the authority of the government under which he lives, and whose protection he enjoys, and so long as he continues to threaten, excommunicate, and curse the monarch of his own country, and is doing everything in his power to bring about the overthrow of its government, they will find it up-hill work to make the world believe that a man can be at once loyal to the Pope, and loyal to a civil government whose policy may be supposed to collide with the interests of the church of which he is the head. Let us suppose that in any complications which may arise in Europe, certain powers, for the sake of securing the influence of the Pope, should adopt as apart of their programme, the dismemberment of Italy and the restoration of the States of the Church,—can any one believe, in view of the past history of the Romish Church, that the loyalty of the "Catholic" subjects of any government which might see fit to oppose this

policy, could be relied on? So long as any government will shape its policy in such a way as to make it subservient to that of the church, so long it may count upon the loyal support of the Romish subject—but no farther. No intelligent Canadian needs to be told these things. The humiliating sacrifices which we are compelled to make every year, in order to conciliate this unscrupulous and dangerous power, and to keep down the spirit of rebellion, bears testimony to the correctness of the view which has been taken by Mr. Gladstone.

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

JAPAN.

CANADIAN Methodists must ever feel deep interest in this country, from the fact, that it is the first Foreign Missionary field they have occupied. The labors of the devoted COCHRANE and M'DONALD have been remarkably successful. Nineteen young men have been baptized, and so cheering is the prospect that these pioneer brethren are asking for a reinforcement of laborers. There are probably some thirty Missionaries in all laboring in Japan, and, we believe, they are all working in harmony. The converts have to undergo great persecutions, as the ruling classes are dreadfully opposed to Christianity.

A recent communication from one of the Missionaries of the American Board states that the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and John have been translated and published in Japanese, and Luke will soon be ready, and Genesis and the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians and Hebrews, have been translated. There is one very pleasing feature in connection with the new converts, that several are young men, not a few of whom are desirous to preach the Gospel.

CHINA.

In 1807, Morison began his labors in China, and now there are thirty different missionary societies who have sent their agents thither. There are about 200 Missionaries, 28 native Ministers,

and 618 native agents of all kinds. The membership exceeds 10,000. There are 9 inland provinces, with a population of 180,000,000, which have no Protestant missionary.

The principal places occupied as centres are the cities which are crowded with people. Peking alone contains *one million and a half* of people. Some twenty Missionaries preach daily in this city. In the province of Chekiang, it is believed, that in ten years 1,000 communicants have been added to the Church. The Chinese are a reading people, and the Missionaries do all they can to give them a wholesome literature. In some places they have opened reading rooms, which have been the means of doing much good. It is well known that the people of the Celestial Empire have always looked upon the rest of mankind as barbarians, and the late trouble, which was occasioned between the Japanese and China, respecting the Island of Formosa, where the English and Canadian Presbyterian Churches have a successful Mission, have caused them to hate other nations more than ever. The Presbyterians have sent a reinforcement of Missionaries to Formosa.

The Missionaries complain that the conduct of some of their own countrymen greatly hinders the prosperity of Mission work in China. For every Missionary there are 10 ungodly foreigners. These persons are chiefly English and American citizens, and sometimes they even claim to be members of churches, but their conduct is often a sad reflection upon the Christian religion. The truth, however, is progressing. Recently, a revival took place in North China. A Buddhist became a convert to Christianity, and went to his native town, and won 50 communicants where he was, at least 200 miles from any Missionary.

We are pleased to see that efforts are being made to prevent the importation of opium to China. The Hon. W. M'Arthur and others are seeking to enlist the influence of the Prime Minister of England, Mr. Disraeli, towards so desirable an object.

As the Chinese have of late years been of such a migratory character, it may be hoped that their sojourn in America, British Columbia and Australasia will aid in the propagation of the Gospel. A refugee, Wang Chin Foo, was recently appointed to a professorship in the Asiatic department of the University at Newburyport, Mass. Still, more recently, a prince of high rank visited

England to ascertain by personal inspection the various public schools, and, if approved, will send a large number of Chinese youths thither to be educated in the various branches of learning which are taught in these schools.

INDIA

Has long been a Mission field. A late census proves that no less than 200,000,000 of people are there under the sceptre of Queen Victoria. One means of evangelisation adopted by the Missionaries is *preaching in the bazaars*. In Calcutta alone, twenty Missionaries and helpers hold services, morning and evening, daily, in those places. Another is *colportage*. In Madras 50,000 copies of God's word were sold last year, more than 250,000 houses were visited in 650 villages. In one village where there was no Missionary, the *colporteur* found a company of natives regularly meeting for the purpose of reading the Bible. This meeting owed its extence to a respectable goldsmith, who, when on a journey, got possession of a few parts of the Scriptures, which he read to such good purpose, that he became concerned for his fellow-citizens, and hence the said meeting was established.

There are many hindrances to the spread of the Gospel in India. *Caste* is one. Another is the support that has been given by the English Government to idolatry. In 70 years, some £9,000 have been paid to the maintenance of 33 idols in Orissa. A remonstrance signed by several Pundahs has been presented to the Government.

We are glad to see that a son of Dr. Scudder, the eminent Missionary, has been sent to Arcot in South India, to take charge of the hospital there.

A pleasing feature of the Missions in India is the efforts that are being made towards self-support. In the M. E. Church Conference, at Bareilly, where there are 5 millions of people, a large number of native preachers are supported by their own congregations. A military gentleman recently testified to the excellent character of some native soldiers who were under his care. While in his tent, one evening, he heard them sing such tunes as the "Old Hundred," and such hymns as "Rock of Ages," with which he was so much pleased, that he thanked God for the success which had

attended the labors of the Missionaries among the degraded sons of India, who, only a few years since, roamed in a state of barbarous wildness.

In Santhal there has lately been a very remarkable work of grace. For days in succession, from 50 to 100 persons were asking their way to Zion. Some came 20 miles for religious instruction. Every convert was instructed to act as an evangelist, and even the women were not backward in laboring among their sisters. The Missionary says that "the whole land of Santhal seems to be under the mighty influence."

Rev. W. Taylor, of California, has been the instrument of doing an astonishing amount of good in Madras. He has truly been "instant in season and out of season," and has preached to crowded congregations, not only in churches, but also in halls and temporary buildings.

Narayan Sheshadri, who attended the Evangelical Alliance at New York, writes from the Bethel village which he established near Jalna, and says, that he never preached to such large congregations, "hundreds are flocking to the house of God to hear the singing and preaching."

MADAGASCAR

Has well been called "the martyr Church." Some 50 years ago, the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society found the people sunken in idolatry, with no written language. They reduced the language to writing, instructed thousands of children to read. Some native churches were formed, and, besides the Bible, the Pilgrims' Progress was given to them. A fierce persecution broke out in 1835, which raged until 1857. The profession of Christianity was made a capital offence, and hundreds were put to death in the most cruel manner. Only 70 Bibles escaped destruction, and at the end of about 25 years, the number of Christians was greater than when the persecution broke out, notwithstanding all who had been put to death, so that at present, it is believed, there are about *a quarter of a million* of people, who have outwardly gathered under the Christian standard. The present Queen acknowledges her indebtedness to the Gospel. In reply to an address sent her by the London Missionary Society, she says: "May the Almighty bless

you in your useful labors for the evangelizing of mankind, and may He ever give to the people earnest hearts to help you to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ among all nations."

A deputation recently visited the Island, whose report reminds us of what Barnabas and Paul said, respecting what they saw at Antioch. The following is the latest statistics respecting the work of God in Madagascar:—

European Missionaries, - - - - -	30
Ordained native Missionaries, - - - - -	50
Christian workers, - - - - -	3,000
Church members, - - - - -	67,000
Adherents, - - - - -	28,000
Schools, - - - - -	570
Scholars, - - - - -	25,000
Contributions, - - - - -	£2,000—\$10,000.

And yet, in the face of these facts, there are men, such as Prof. Tyndal, who tell us that Missions are a failure.

MEXICO

Has long been regarded as one of the most unlikely fields for Protestant Missions. Popery seemed to reign supreme. The *American Board* has made an attack on this domain of the Man of Sin! Rev. J. L. Stephens has fallen a martyr to the truth. His death was occasioned by the instigation of the *curc*. A priest is reported to have said that in his death, "the world had one thief less, and the church an enemy less!" Such is the intolerance of the Popish priesthood that the people are afraid to be seen hearing the Missionaries. Still, some of them do come. Recently, 12 women and 3 men walked 80 miles to meet a few of their fellow Christians in Church fellowship.

The *M. E. Church* Mission has for General Superintendent, Rev. W. Butler, D.D., who was the founder of the Missions of the said Church in India. The society occupies no less than 12 cities, including the *capital*. It is scarcely 2 years since Dr. Butler went to Mexico, and yet there are now 219 members; also, 4 English congregations, 4 Day-schools, and 3 Sunday-schools. Attention is paid to a native agency, and already 11 native preachers have been employed.

The *M. E. Church South* is also laboring in Mexico. Bishop Keener, who has the field under his superintendence, wishes to educate young Mexicans in Southern colleges; the Faculty of Emory College has agreed to educate 2 young men. Other colleges will no doubt act in a similar manner. The Bishop has lately made a tour through the Mexican part of his diocese, and is impressed very favorably with what he saw, and calls upon the Church to sustain the Mission in the most vigorous manner.

PROFESSOR SEELEY, of Amherst, has been giving six lectures on Missions, before the New Haven Divinity School, which are the result of his own observations in the foreign fields. REV. DR. HOPKINS, DR. JOHN HALL, and H. W. BEECHER, are also engaged to deliver lectures on Missions. Recently DR. JOHN CAIRD, at the request of DEAN STANLEY, delivered a lecture on Missions in Westminster Abbey. Surely the world moves.

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY are still pursuing their glorious career as evangelists, lately in Scotland, then in Ireland and now in England. In every place God puts honor upon them by making them a blessing to thousands.

MR. W. BOARDMAN and others have been holding special services at Oxford and London, for the promotion of 'the higher life.' Their meetings were numerously attended by many even in the higher walks of life. Rev. THORNLEY SMITH, a returned Missionary from Africa, took an active part in Mr. B.'s meetings. The work of holiness spreads.

Some very eulogistic papers have been written respecting the death of Mrs. PALMER, none more so than that by DR. TALMAGE, which reflects credit upon the author's head and heart.

The dying words of DR. EDDY, late Missionary Secretary of the *M. E. Church*, are an appropriate conclusion of our present review:—"Forward is the word—no falling back; we must take the world for Christ; say so to our people. God calls us louder than thunder in the heavens; He strikes the hour. We must throw down our gold in the presence of God. Amen."

Church and Parsonage Architecture.

ABOUT PARSONAGES.

WHAT kind of a house does your minister live in? Perhaps, Mr. Circuit Steward, no one ever asked you the question before, and it is quite possible you never asked it yourself. Well, "better late than never." We have started the question for you, and if there is "room for improvement" in the matter referred to, perhaps some good results may follow.

Truth compels us to say that not a few of the structures called, by way of courtesy, "parsonages," are simply disgraceful. Inconvenient, shapeless, *paintless*,—constructed of the poorest materials and in the cheapest (?) way, they are suggestive of discomfort at first sight. It must be a source of great consolation to many ministers to have the prospect of a "mansion" *above*, in view of the kind of places they are often compelled to live in *here*. The difference is easily accounted for: there are no stingy stewards in heaven.

At this point we "rise to explain" that we do not plead for costly, ornate structures for ministers' residences. We want comfort, not splendor; convenience, not show. At the same time there is no reason why a house should be as plain as a pike-staff merely because a minister is to live in it. The last ten years have witnessed great improvements in this respect, and some of our circuits have parsonages that are a credit not only to the "Connexion," but still more to the generous hearts that built and planned them. We hope the era of improvement will continue. On a certain occasion old King George heard some of his officers declare that Napoleon (just then winning some of his most brilliant victories) was mad. "Mad! mad! mad!" cried the King, in his abrupt way, "I wish he would bite some of my generals!" We have heard some of our generous churches accused of "worldliness" and "extravagance" when they have provided a comfortable home for their minister: we only wish that they would bite some other churches that we wot of.

There are several preliminary steps about the building of a parsonage that are worthy of consideration. A certain writer gives a

recipe for cooking a hare, which begins—"first, *catch him.*" In preparing to build a parsonage, first of all secure

A GOOD SITE.

In regard to a site there are several things that should *not* be done. Don't crowd the parsonage upon the church lot, unless it be a very large lot; don't build in a swamp, nor two miles out of the village, because ground is cheap there. Don't put the parsonage next door to a tavern, nor on the noisiest part of the main street, nor with the front windows looking into somebody's stable yard. Such things have been done, and may be done again, for aught we know. Now, let us state what *should* be done: Get a lot in a healthy situation, sufficiently elevated, if possible, to be easily drained. Let it be large enough to afford a garden spot and a little play-ground for the children. Let it be near enough to the church to be convenient for the minister's family, and yet far enough away to save them from the perpetual visitations of professional beggars, irrepressible book agents, and ubiquitous insurance men. In a word, let it be a spot that you can point out with honest pride to strangers and visitors as the spot you have chosen for your minister's home.

Our next advice is, employ a

COMPETENT ARCHITECT.

Never mind if it costs a little: you will more than save it in the long run, besides the satisfaction of getting a house that you won't be ashamed to look at when finished. When the architect's plans and estimates are complete, give the work into the hands of a responsible contractor. Don't employ some third-rate workman because he's a member of the congregation, nor some irresponsible man because he promises a subscription, nor some botch because he will work cheap. Get a good responsible workman, and then you will be likely to get value for your money.

Our space will not admit of anything further at present save a brief description of the accompanying plans. The *perspective view*, FIG. 1, represents a building suitable for a country circuit, or village, and will be found, we think, to combine the important features of neatness, convenience, comfort and moderate cost.

DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

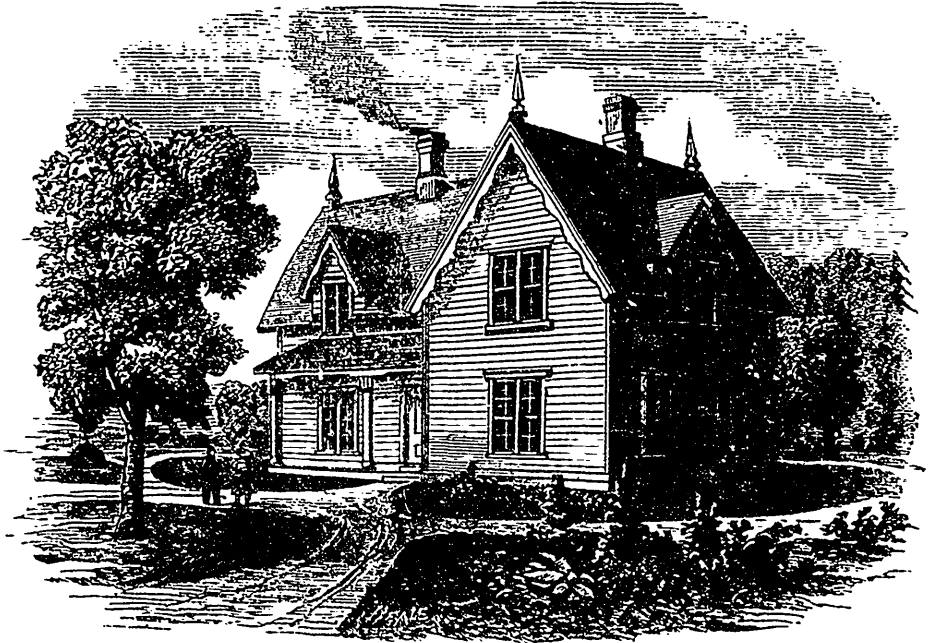


FIG. I.—PERSPECTIVE.

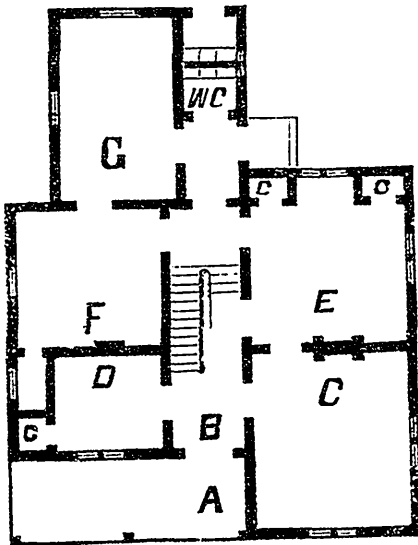


FIG. II.—GROUND PLAN.

Reference.—A, Verandah; B, Hall; C, Parlor; D, Study; E, Dining Room; F, Kitchen; G, Woodshed; C, C, C, Closets.

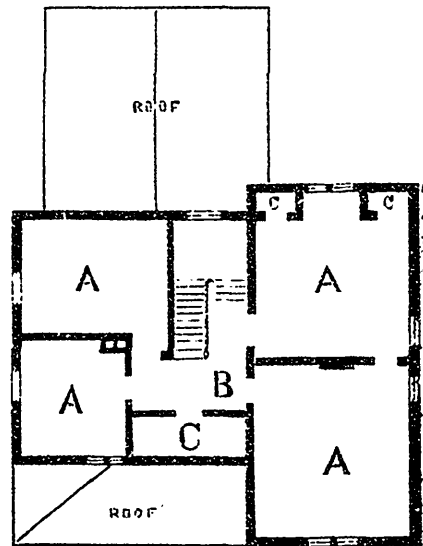


FIG. III.—SECOND FLOOR.

Reference.—A, A, A, A, Bed Roms; B, Hall; C, C, C, Closets.

Editor's Portfolio.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

COMPLIMENTARY addresses are, not unfrequently, mere matters of form. Such, however, is not the case with the one which follows. By a life at once blameless and useful, Bro. Aikins has won for himself no mean place in the esteem of the Christian people of Montreal, while his devotion to all the interests of Methodism renders such a tribute from his brethren appropriate and proper. We trust Bro. Aikins may have many years of usefulness in his new sphere. The address explains itself:

TO JAMES AIKINS, ESQ.,

DEAR BROTHER,—We, the members of the Quarterly Board of the Montreal Fourth Circuit of the Methodist Church of Canada, with which you have been intimately identified since the first organization of the Circuit, have heard with great sorrow of your intended departure from our midst to reside in another part of the Dominion.

We feel that in parting with you we are losing one who in all departments of the work committed to him, as Local Preacher, Class Leader, Sabbath School Teacher, and Church Trustee, has proved himself a most faithful and efficient labourer, and we cannot allow that parting to take place without giving expression in some form to the sincere sentiments of high esteem and Christian affection which we cherish towards you personally—impressed as we have been with your uniform Christian consistency, urbanity, hearty readiness to co-operate in every good word and work, and faithfulness in the discharge of all official duties devolving upon you, as well as your superior judgment in the deliberations of the Board.

And to those especially, who were identified with you in the erection of the Dorchester Street Church, will often revert the memory of the hopes and fears you shared in that undertaking, to the success of which, under God, you so ably and effectively contributed.

We bow to the ruling of Divine Providence in this separation, believing that in it He to whom "thy way" is committed, is directing "thy path" and while we would hail with unfeigned joy the favouring dispensation of Providence which would direct your early return and permanent stay among us, we earnestly pray that wheresoever placed, you and those dear to you may ever realize and enjoy "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," and in the great day of final account hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Signed on behalf of the Board,

T. M. BRYSON,
Recording Steward.

E. A. STAFFORD,
Superintendent.

THE RIFTED ROCK.

"He smote the rock."—Ps. lxxiii. 20.

1. In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a-

- larm ; Storms and billows have u - ni - ted All in vain to do me harm ;

In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Surf is dash - ing at my

Cho—In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a-

feet, Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all complete.

- larm ; Storm and bil-lows have u - ni - led All in vain to do me harm.

2. Many a stormy sea I've traversed,
 Many a tempest-shock have known,
 Have been driven, without anchor,
 On the barren shores, and lone:
 Yet I now have found a haven
 Never moved by tempest-shock,
 Where my soul is safe for ever
 In the blessed Rifted Rock.