

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1874.

Editorial.

"LIFE MORE ABUNDANTLY."

The religious awakening in Britain is calling men's thoughts in all directions to the subject of revivals. It is a large subject, but we can only glance rapidly at a few topics.

THE NATURE OF A TRUE REVIVAL.

It should never be forgotten by Christians that not only are they in Christ, but that Christ is also in them. God not only revealed Christ to Paul, but Christ in Paul. "Christ in you the hope of glory," he writes to the Colossians. We in Christ, which is justification, admits of no degrees: but Christ in us, which is sanctification, admits of various degrees, from the first feeble movements of life to full stature of the new man. A revival of religion, is therefore, in its strict meaning, a quickening of life already existing and its rapid advancement towards greater abundance. The best description of a revival of religion to be found anywhere, is in these words of Zechariah: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will seek to destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem: and I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness as one that is in bitterness for his first-born, . . . and

the land shall mourn, . . . every family apart, and their wives apart."—Zech. xii. 9, 10, 14. The whole subject in all its aspects is described in that passage, and exhausted, as it is given by the prophet: (1.) The Source of every gospel revelation. It comes down as rain on the earth. "I will pour." Jonathan Edwards, the best writer on revivals in the English tongue, observes, that this effusion, in the case of natural rain, is liable to fluctuations. "Though there be," these are his words, "a more constant influence of God's Spirit always in some degree attending His ordinances: yet the way in which the greatest things have been done towards carrying on this work, always has been by remarkable pourings out of the Spirit at special seasons of mercy." Works, vol. I. 314. There is given in the words of the prophet (2) The subjects of the reviving work,—the church of God, the vineyard that had been tilled and out of which the stones had been gathered, the field, fenced in, tilled and weeded. "Upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem." The promise of a revival is therefore a great encouragement to work in the way of diligently preparing the soil, for it is such a soil that responds most richly to the showers of heaven. There is given (3) The time of the revival. "In that day," which is our day, the gospel times, a fact that should teach us to attempt great things,

and to expect great things, seeing it is in *that day* our lot is cast. There is (4) The circumstances of the revival. Times of *peace* after war. "*I will step by step destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem.*" A time of universal peace has come to the world, the sword of persecution is in our day broken in Europe and elsewhere, just as in the Roman world, when the Pentecostal shower specially referred to in Zechariah, came on the Church of Christ. A time of war and strife may be a good preparation for a season of revival, but its congenial season is a season of peace.

THE EFFECTS OF A TRUE REVIVAL.

The test our Lord has given for testing teachers of religion is the true test of revivals, "By their fruits ye shall know them." In the passage quoted above, we have given us not only the *nature*, but the *effects* of an out-pouring of the Spirit. 1. *Christ is in the heart.* "They shall look on Me whom they have pierced," signifying that Christ in His atoning work, suffering for His people, is the central object of the revival. 2. *Arrows are in the conscience.* It is not Christ pierced by others, in which case we would pity Him, but Christ pierced by us, in which case we *condemn ourselves*. 3. *Holiness is in the life.* The Spirit is to them a spirit of *grace*, which word sometimes signifies something in the *heart* of God, then something in the *hand* of God, then something from the heart and hand of God, in the heart of His people; and lastly, which is its meaning here, something beautiful, holy, in the lives of Christians. 4. *Prayers on the lips.* Spirit of *supplications* it is, to show in the plural, the intensity of desire, the frequency and variety of the exercise of prayer—closet, family, social, public. 5. *Tears in the eyes.* They shall mourn. The greater the nearness to Christ, the more joyful and the more sad is the believer, so that we meet nowhere

in history an eminent saint, but we find him like his Master, a man of sorrow and of tears, though in these tears there is more of gladness than in the noisy laughter of the fool. 6. *An altar in each family.* "Every family apart." The family is the foundation of the Church and of the State. True godliness burns brightest there, as fagots piled together burn better than when apart. 7. *A closet in every house.* "Their wives apart." From the public duties of religion people retire to family duties, and from family duties to the closet, on which latter spot, more than on any other one thing, depends the progress and permanence of a reviv- ing work

HISTORY OF REVIVALS.

The first revival of which we read, was about 200 years after the fall, in the days of Enoch, when it is said "men began to call on the name of the Lord;" the fruit of which revival we find in Enoch, who walked so closely with God, that "God took him." 2. A wonderful revival of religion took place in the wilderness under Moses, continued afterwards under Joshua, among the generation that were under twenty years of age, when they came of age, and those that were born in the wilderness—a revival that is often referred to afterwards, as Israel's first love, the "love of her espousals." 3. Passing over two remarkable revivals, one under Hezekiah, and another under Jesiah, we come to a revival under Ezra, some of whose fruits,—the supremacy of the Bible, and the synagogue system,—continue till this day. 4. The revival on the day of Pentecost, which ushered in the Christian dispensation, and which need only be mentioned. 5. In the days of Constantine there was a general revival, but it lacked the depth of the revival that saved the Church in the sixteenth century. Since then, there have been remarkable local out-pourings of God's Spirit in various

places, among which, according to the opinion of such men as Dr. Cairns, Dr. Thompson, and Dr. Bonar, is to be reckoned this great awakening which, beginning in Edinburgh, is now spreading over Scotland, and which seems to possess most of the marks of a true revival given us by Zechariah.

HOW TO OBTAIN A REVIVAL.

This question, Isaiah, under another figure, answers for us. There is no true revival without the presence of the King of glory: and for His coming roads must be prepared. "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted; and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.*" Isa. xl. 4, 5. That the Church may be revived, her King must come; that He may come, a road, becoming His glory, must be made: that the road may become His glory, it must have four perfections. 1. *Valleys must be exalted.* What is this but to fill up neglected duties, to bring back the Bible to its proper place, to set up worship in our families, to keep the Sabbath holy to God, to hold up Christ more fully in our preaching? 2. *Every mountain and hill must be made low.* What is this but to lower in the dust our pride, our philosophy, our self-righteousness, and to become like little children in disposition? 3. *The crooked must be made straight.* What is this but to give up our conformity to the world in our thinking, in our acting, and instead of miserable expediency, to make conscience and right the rule of life? 4. *The rough places plain.* What is this but to keep our hearts always in a good frame, to fill up the ruts made during the week by the wheels of the world, and to be always looking for the coming of our Lord? Let us prepare such a road, and the glory of the Lord shall

be revealed, and all flesh shall see it, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

THOUGHTS ON SOIREES.

At a time when the Evangelical Churches of the world are waking up to a higher spiritual life and to closer conflict with worldliness and wickedness, it seems very natural to ask the question, if there is amongst us in Canada "any unlawful striving," any fighting not in accordance with God's rules for warfare; any fighting with wrong weapons, in wrong company and on wrong issues.

Our Soiree system, a great institution in country districts, the one great leading church excitement in our winter months, what of it and how will it stand the test of Scripture?

Tea and cake are useful baits in the hands of the noble company of Christian workers who are gathering into schools and homes the hungry Arabs of the large cities of Britain. Nor are tea and cakes to be despised as an attraction to make the congregational meeting a success when office-bearers wish to interest members in church work, though it were to be wished that there was less of this "tea-pot religion," as a wag calls it, among us. But the common *Soiree*, got up to draw a promiscuous audience, to please everybody, to make money for carrying on Christ's work, is an evil which can be excused or winked at only because of the "hardness of our hearts."

This Soiree system is a heavy yoke on the shoulders of ministers of the gospel. A gospel minister has professional duties to attend to, as much more weighty and pressing than the professional duties of doctors and lawyers, as eternity is above time. The gospel minister should be a man of study, a man of meditation, a man of prayer. It is his duty to see that the young are well taught in the Scriptures: that the erring sheep of his flock are sought out and brought back: that

mourners are comforted, that the sick are not forgotten, that the dying do not lack the consolations of religion. It is his duty to prepare sermons, to carry on correspondence, to keep a-going the machinery of his congregation, and to carry the gospel as he can, to parts beyond. Where is, therefore, his time for Soirees? The burden is not so heavy on city ministers, who have only one congregation, and who can, within a few yards of their door, get speakers to make a successful Soiree; but the case is different with country pastors, who have two or three stations, each of which must have its Soiree, and where it occupies a great part of the winter travelling in all directions, attending Soirees to pay back the dozen speakers. What would we think of a doctor who was driving all around attending Soirees, drinking tea, eating cakes, telling funny stories, making sport of the Philistines, while his patients were allowed as they chose or could to get well or die. On the shoulders of the Soiree, and of those who cry out for them, rests much of the blame for neglected pastoral work in many a backwood parish. The children of the church are neglected, the dying are unvisited, books are lying uncut on the study table, sermons are crude, the holy devout frame of mind called "unction," so essential to an ambassador for Christ, is lost, because people must have Socials and Soirees. Well, indeed, may many a country pastor in Canada say with Sterne's soldier, "they knocked me down and then told me to stand up."

We know what reply comes readily to one's lips. "We raise a good deal of money by Soirees; in fact we could not get on without them." A good deal of money! No. On a purely commercial calculation there is no speculation we know of (save, perhaps, railway shares) so utterly unremunerative, when we count time and trouble of begging and buying and borrowing, of cooking and printing and speaking, as a church Soiree.

But supposing money was made, to be counted in pounds, where we actually count it in cents, it is money got at a ruinous price.

It is money got at the price of *departing from Apostolic precept and example*; from apostolic precept; for Christians (as for the world, if they won't give their hearts to Christ, why should we seek their money?) are told to give according as the Lord has prospered them, not according as men coax and cajole them. From Apostolic *example*, for it amounts almost to irreverence to imagine the walls of Antioch covered with placards announcing a grand Soiree, where Paul and Barnabas are expected to speak so as to amuse and please Jew and Gentile, Heathen and Christian, the money to be devoted to building a church in the city, or paying the expense of the first missionary expedition into Asia. It is money got at the expense of *drying up the springs of Christian liberality*. There is no farmer but knows that it is bad policy to train a cow to let down her milk only as she is kept eating. But this is the very principle on which we train the churches of Canada, when we, trusting to a false method of selling so much entertainment for so much money, neglect the true method of appealing to the higher principles of the Christian's nature, saying to him when we want money for Christ's cause, "*Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be made rich.*" It is getting money at the expense of *dulling the weapon of our warfare*. The mission of the Christian ministry in this world is not to provide amusement for the public, nor even to enlarge the range of secular knowledge, but to combat with the wiles of the devil, and to deliver poor captives from his power. In this work they require to put on the whole armour of God. They must

keep the defensive armour whole and the offensive armour keen. Such need did the early preachers of the gospel feel to keep aloof even from "serving tables," *i.e.*, overseeing the distribution of provisions to the poor, that they pleaded exemption even from that work, that they might "give themselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word." There lies the secret of their power. These early soldiers of the cross did not dull their weapons in inglorious work, but kept them ever bright,—GIVING THEMSELVES CONTINUALLY TO PRAYER AND THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD. It is getting money at the expense of *lowering the Church's testimony before the world*. Lot seemed to his family that awful morning on which the cities of the plain were destroyed, as one that mocked, just because he who led his family into Sodom and kept them there, asked them to get out of it with all speed. His words that morning were so unlike his *practice* every other morning, that his family could not regard his pleading as anything but a solemn farce; and how can the world, and our own unconverted children, believe that heaven and hell, about which we speak so earnestly on Sabbath, are realities, when we banish them as completely from our Soirees as if there were no such things? What we hear about "*things above*" on Sab-

bath gatherings, the keen witted worldlings will naturally conclude is only professional talk, for in the great week-gatherings we hear only about "*things below*;" on Sabbath there is much lamentation over the unconverted: at the Soiree they are spoken to as jolly good fellows. The utterance of the watchman on the Soiree night is that the ship is safe, and that the crew and passengers can take to music and dancing: on Sabbath, when the cry is raised that the ship is among breakers, and that men must count all things but loss that they may win the shore, the watchmen may not unwarrantably look, from some, for the sneer that greeted Lot. "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." Eccles. ix. 1.

Did the Spirit of God visit us in Canada as It is visiting other lands, did the thought of a perishing world lie heavy on the Church's heart, did belief in the shortness of the time for working dawn upon our hearts, and the nearness of the Master's coming, then would the question that sent the prophet back to his work, "What doest thou here?" drive us from the miserable business of church theatricals, to our true field and our true weapons—PRAYER AND THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD.

Giving Preachers.

BURDEN-BEARING.

By THE REV. W. H. H. MORRIS.

"For every man shall bear his own burden."
—Gal. vi. 5.

If you look at the second verse of this chapter, you will find these words. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," while our text asserts that every man shall bear his own burden. These two passages, standing in such juxtaposition and apparently

contradictory, were once inexplicable to me. I found in one a command to bear another man's burden, and then, immediately following it, the assertion that every man should bear his own. How I could bear a person's burden if he was compelled to bear it himself, I could not understand. But that experience which years and trials bring to us all has interpreted these two passages correctly to me, and harmonized what formerly was

discordant. I see now how it comes about that all of you can aid me in bearing my burden, and yet how, in spite of all your well-meant and needed assistance, I must bear my own burden.

When God wishes to express any great truth,—which is but another way of saying when He wishes to express Himself,—He is compelled as it were to put it in more than one form of words. Truth is spherical, truth is cone like, and the mind must encompass it in order to understand it. Thus it is with the Scriptures. In one passage God gives us one view of a truth, further on another, and yet further a third; and so, by presenting it to us from many points of view, calling our attention to this and that side of it, He makes us at last understand it in its full force and completeness.

Moreover, He uses our experience to advance our understanding. One day reveals what the day before was hidden. There are many things in God's government over us which we did not comprehend once, but which we do comprehend now. There are questions in ethics, there are problems of body and mind, which were once mysterious, but which are now plain. From the tangled skein of our ignorance and misgiving each day's experience has unravelled some strand. With some of you the process is nearly completed, and the mass nearly threaded out.

Now in these two passages the main topic, the central shaft, is burden-bearing. This is the truth which, like a column written all over with hieroglyphs, we are to study. "Bear ye one another's burdens." That is one side of it. That teaches us the duty of sympathy, of tenderness, of mutual helpfulness. But come round to the side of our text, "For every man shall bear his own burden," and you see the other side, and the letters spell a different injunction.

I. This, then, is my first proposition, namely, that every man must bear the

burden of his own sins, both as concerns this life and the next.

The results of sin are strictly individual. It is with the soul as with the body, with the spirit as with the flesh. If you thrust a knife into your arm it does not affect me. You yourself feel the pain; you yourself must endure the agony. I may sympathize, I may pity, I may bandage the gash, but the severed flesh, and the lacerated fibres are yours, and along your nerves nature telegraphs the pain. So it is with the soul. A man who stabs himself with a bad habit, who opens the arteries of his higher life with the lancet of his passions, and drains them of the vital fluid, who inserts his head within the noose of appetite and swings off from the pedestal of his self-control, must endure the suffering, the weakness, and the loss which are the issue of his insane conduct.

Now there is nothing which grips one so tightly, nothing which coils itself around one with so deadly a compression, as remorse. When this feeling gets the fingers of its agony upon a man's soul, death itself is a release and a happy deliverance. I do not suppose that any of you can gauge the pressure of this sensation. It is the law of our nature that we cannot realize what we have not felt. Pain is its own interpreter. There is but one oracle through which agony can express its thoughts: that oracle is itself. To know what remorse is you must have felt remorse. The scarred and blasted tree reveals the hot and withering violence of the lightning, and so the scathed and shattered soul manifests the ruin of sin.

I wonder greatly at the endurance of the human will, which, with agony here, and no hope in the hereafter, bears up under the pressure of its self-incurred curse. Where can a man with this remorse in his bosom flee? Can he escape his own heart? Can he triumph over his own thought? Can he sweep away the impending terror of his own forebodings? If he should take the wings

of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, what would that avail? If he should mount into heaven, if he should swoop to the nethermost recesses of hell, neither the light of the firmament, nor the depths of the bottomless pit itself, could provide him refuge from the terror of his own consciousness. A man with this remorse of sin in his heart is the moveable centre of a contracting circumference. The fire of his torment girdles him about, and over its blazing border he can never leap. Wherever he moves, it moves with him. The evil which kindled feeds it, and the fire of his suffering will never be quenched. Now, who can deliver him from his punishment? Can you or I? Is there a man or woman here equal to this task? It may be a brother, but can you feel that brother's remorse? It may be a loved one: can you bear the agony of her self conviction? No. That soul stands alone, like an oak on the plain, when the bolt hangs suspended and about to be launched above it. The fire will come down, and every leaf shall be withered. The very trunk shall be rived, and upon it shall fall the concentrated violence of the storm. The lesson I wish to teach is the individual responsibility of your acts before God. In morals there is no copartnership, no *pro rata* division of profit and loss. Each man receives according to the summation of his own account. By as much as any of you have done wrong, for that wrong you yourself are responsible. If you have sown to the wind, upon you alone will fall the pressure of the whirlwind. If your virtue is weak, if your will is irresolute, if your appetites are strong, the battle is your own, and by you must the battle be fought out. If you have wronged anybody, if you have slighted anybody, if you have betrayed anybody, if you have tempted or ruined anybody,—the sin stands ghastly and ominous at your own door. Others may have done as ill, others may have done worse, but their evil or their well doing

is no defence for you. Each soul is a unit, and virtue is absolute. The oak cannot borrow a leaf from the maple, the fruitful cannot lend to a barren tree. The solemnity of this thought is beyond expression.

II. I have alluded to the individuality of moral responsibility. I have striven to show you that each one must endure his own sufferings, and abide the result of his own actions, and that in this no one can share with him. Not only is this true in respect to moral responsibility, but it is equally true in respect to moral growth.

You may place two trees side by side, so that their branches shall interlace, and the fragrance of their blossoms intermingle, and yet in their growth each is separate. Covered by the same soil, moistened by the same drop, warmed by the same ray, the roots of either collect and reinforce the trunks of each, with their respective nourishment. Each tree grows by a law of its own growth, and the law of its own effort. The sap of one, in its upward or downward flow, cannot desert its own channels and feed the fibres of the other. So it is with two Christians. Planted in the same soil, drawing their sustenance from the same source, they, nevertheless, extract it through individual processes of thought and life. In daily contact and communion, whether in floral or fruitful states intermingling, equal in girth and height, equal in the results of their growth, the spiritualized currents of the one mind cannot become the property of the other. They cannot exchange duties. They cannot exchange hopes. They cannot exchange rewards, and, when lifted by Divine transplanting into another soil and clime, the law which governed, which divided, which individualized them here, will govern, divide, and individualize them there. No matter how close may be the communion between my soul and other souls; no matter how intimate and sympathetic may be my relation to you and

yours, to me still it remains true that whatever growth I have is my own growth; the hope which cheers me, is my own hope: the reward which awaits me, if reward shall be mine, will be eternally my own reward. It is also true that in struggle, in peril, in temptation, in battle, assist as you may, petition as you may, exhort as you may, the ultimate act, the critical decision, is of my own will.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on a convert's mind, that in his own natural powers, directed and sanctified by the Spirit, he is to find the source of all his usefulness, his safety, and his growth. Those processes of thought through which the Christian's mind passes upward, in understanding of God and apprehension of duty, are strictly and absolutely individual. I cannot think for you, or you for me. We cannot ponder, we cannot meditate for one another. Soul food, like body food, is assimilated by each man for himself. You might as well insist that I could feed you by what I take into my own system, as that the pabulum which my mental activity secures for my own growth can minister to you nourishment. Material wealth can be transferred, property can be willed to you, and you can be enriched by the result of another's toil; but no one can transfer his thought power to another. You cannot transmit mental capacity on parchment. You cannot reward idleness with the fruit of consecrated endeavour. In all these respects religion is intensely personal. Whether you rear a hovel or a palace it must stand on foundations your own hands have hewn and laid, and the mortar which cements the structure must be moistened by the sweat of your own industry. I wish every young Christian—yea, and every old one, too, would bring this truth home upon his consciousness, that in this respect he cannot divide responsibility with another. His church may be lethargic, his pastor may be remiss,

he may receive rebuff where he expected sympathy, and fellowship be only in name, and yet he is held to the same accountability, he must be judged by the same standard of duty and growth. Our graces may be as lifeless as the leaves of a blasted tree, and yet he is to be perpetually green. We may fall together, or one by one; yet over the ruins of our prostrated hopes the turrets of his citadel are to rise.

We are to stand, as the granite pillar stands, because it is weighty and ponderous, and set upon a well-secured pedestal. I have no faith in a virtue strong only in crutches and props, which topples over the instant friendly outside support is withdrawn. The soul that is virtuous only because of the absence of temptation is not virtuous at all; but the soul that looks enticement steadily in the eye, and frowns it down, until it slinks away abashed, which has the offer but refuses the bribe—to that soul the struggle and the triumph is Divinely strong. His virtue is not an accident. It is the result of that heroic self-control which follows the impartment of the Spirit.

See what determination the world manifests in the pursuit of carnal things; over what sharp obstacles men mount to honour and wealth. A worldly man asks no help from another. He plays the game of life boldly, asking no odds. When he comes to an obstruction, he puts his shoulder bravely against it, and rolls it aside or climbs over it. Nay, more, out of the very fragments of a previous overthrow he creeds a triumph. Nothing overaws him nor discourages him. He asks no one to bear his burden. He bears it himself, and finds it to be a source of strength and power. And shall a Christian shrink from what a worldly man bravely attempts? Shall we unto whom the heavens minister, faint when those to whom the gates of power are shut persevere? These things ought not so to be. What is a slip? What is a scar? What is a fall? They

will all testify to the perils you endured, and the heroism of your perseverance, at the Last Day. Think not of these. Write on your banner, where, living or dying, your eyes shall behold them, these words: "He who endureth unto the end shall be saved."

Who made it possible for us to bear our burdens? Who taught us by the wisdom of His lips? Who, by the example of His life and death? It was Jesus. He bore His burden when He cried in the Garden: "If it be possible let this cup pass from Me." No, neither the sympathies of Heaven nor the powers of God delivered Him. He accepted the destiny of His condition; He set His lips to the bitter cup, and drained it to the very dregs. But how came He, the Innocent One, the Holy One, to have any burden? Had He committed sin that He must groan under the judgment? No; His nature was as white as a lily when it floats on a darkened tide. The law of God had no claim against Him. He had not transgressed, he had not violated, the least injunction of the Almighty. He had wronged no one; He had slighted no one; He had neglected no one. How came He, then, to have a burden? and whose burden was it that He bore? It was your burden and mine that He bore. Heaven had claims against us, and He out of love and compassion undertook to satisfy those claims. He

did satisfy them. It was decreed that He must leave heaven for a time, and He left it. It was decreed that He must take the lot and condition of a mortal, and He took them. It was decreed that He must die, and the blood of His most precious life was freely shed on Calvary. All this was done for us. I mean every one of you,—for you who accept and for you who reject Him. He was the only man who ever died for his enemies. And now, with all that Christ did for you to point and wing it, I launch this query straight home to your hearts: What have you done for Him? Have you loved Him? Have you served Him? Have you ever even gone and done so much as to express a word of gratitude to Him? The wind will soon come up from the south balmy and warm, bearing in its breath suggestions of the orange and rose, and every root and fibre will thrill in welcome, and the dry twigs swell and prepare to unfurl their green banners, and the buds, unable to restrain themselves longer, will burst into beauty and fragrance. Shall nature thus hasten to express her gratitude to God as the sun comes journeying up from the tropics, and shall we, over whom that love is ever at its meridian, raying down its invitations upon us, quickening us with sweet enticements of growth, remain silent, unmoved, and thankless?

Poetry.

"CUR OWN."

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex 'our own,
With look and tone,
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have been broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger
 And smiles for the sometime guest ;
 But oft for 'our own'
 The bitter tone,
 Though we love 'our own' the best.
 Ah ! lips with the curve impatient ;
 Ah ! brow with that look of scorn ;
 'Twere a cruel fate,
 Were the night too late
 To undo the work of morn.

THE HEALER.

"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door."

At even, when the sun did set
 The sick, O Lord, around thee lay ;
 Oh ! with what divers ills they met,
 Oh ! with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near ;
 What though thy face we cannot see ?
 We know and feel that thou art here.

Oh, Saviour Christ, our woes dispel !
 For some are sick and some are sad ;
 And some have never loved thee well ;
 And some have lost the love they had.

And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free ;
 And some have friends who give them pain,
 Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin ;
 And they who fain would serve thee best,
 Are conscious most of sin within.

Oh, Saviour Christ, thou too art man,
 Thou hast been tempted, troubled, tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wound that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power !
 No word from thee can fruitless fall !
 Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
 And, in Thy mercy, heal us all.

THE BEST POSITION.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I lay me down to weep,
 And ponder o'er the matchless grace
 Displayed on Calvary's steep.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I lay me down to pray ;

Nor look in vain for blessing,
 In God's appointed way.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I lay me down to hear
 The welcome sound, "'Tis finished,"
 So sweet to sinner's ear.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I lay me down to rest ;
 Here foolish doubts and anxious fears
 Are banished from my breast.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I lay me down to love ;
 His blood the bond of union
 'Twixt saints below—a love.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I lay me down to feast
 On Him, my bleeding sacrifice,
 My altar and my priest.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I lay me down to sing,
 The grave has lost its victory,
 And death its venom'd sting.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
 I'd lay me down to die ;
 Till in the chariot of His love
 He bears me up on high.

Then seize my harp of gold ;
 And tune it loud and long ;
 The cross of Jesus crucified,
 My everlasting song.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

"Come and sit by my bed awhile, Jeanie
 there's just a little space
 Betwixt light and dark, and the fire is low, and
 I cannot see your face ;
 But I like to feel I've hold of your hand, and to
 know I've got you near,
 For kind and good you've been, Jeanie, the
 time that I've been here.

"Kind and good you've been, Jeanie, when
 all was so dull and strange ;
 I was left to myself, and was not myself, and
 I seem'd too old to change,
 And I couldn't get framed to the House's ways ;
 it was neither work nor play.
 It wasn't at all like being at home, and wasn't
 like being away.

"And the days slipt on, and the years slipt
 on, and I felt in a kind of dream,
 As I used to do in the noisy school sewing a
 long white seam ;
 Sewing, sewing a long white seam the whole
 of the summer day,

When I'd like to have been in the open fields,
either at work or play.

"But now I feel as I used to feel in the summer evenings cool,
When we barns would meet at the end of the street,
or the edge of the village pool ;
Or like when I've stood at the gate to wait for
father home from the town,
And held him tight by the hand, or held
mother tight by the gown.

"And I feel to-night as I used to feel when I
was a little lass,
When something seem'd alive in the leaves and
something astir in the grass ;
And all in the room seems warm and light, and
I'm pleased to go or to stay ;
But I've got a word in my heart, Jeanie, that's
calling me away."

"Oh, what have you seen, Nannie, have you
seen a blessed sight
Of angels coming to meet you ; have you heard
them at dead of night ?"

"Oh nothing, nothing like Jeanie, but what
saith the Blessed Word ?

'God speaketh once, yea, twice, unto man
when never a voice is heard.'

"And He's given a word unto me Jeanie—a
word and a holy thought,
Of something I've never found upon earth, and
something I've always sought ;
Of something I never thought that I'd find till
I found it in heaven above ;
It's Love He has given to me, Jeanie, His
everlasting love !

"I'm old, Jeanie, poor and old, and I've had
to work hard for my bread ;
It's long since father and mother died, and ye
know I was never wed ;
And the most of my life's been spent in Place,
and in places where I have been,
If I've heard a little talk about love, it's been
work I've mostly seen.

"And in summer the days were long and light,
and in winter short and cold,
Till at last I was good for work no more, for
you see I'm getting old ;
And I knew there was nothing left for me but
to come to the House, and I cried,
But if I was not good for work, what was I
good for beside ?

"And still when I went to chapel and church,
I heard of love and of love ;
It was something I hadn't met with on earth,
and that hadn't come down from above ;
It was something I'd heard of, but never seen,
that I'd wished for and hadn't found,
But I liked to hear of love and of love, it had
such a beautiful sound.

"And I used to think, perhaps it was meant
for richer people and higher,
Like the little maid that sits at church beside
her father the Squire,
For the angels that always live above, or for
good folks after they die ;
But now it has come to me I know, it is nigh
and is very nigh."

"Oh, tell me, what have you seen, Nannie ;
have you seen a shining light ?
Have you heard the angels that harp and sing
to their golden harps at night ?"

"Oh Jeanie, woman, I couldn't have thought
of such things as these if I'd tried ;
It was God Himself that spoke to me ; it was
Him and none beside.

"It wasn't a voice that spoke in my ear, but a
word that came to my soul,
And it isn't a little love I've got in my heart
when I've got the who e ;
It is peace, it is joy, that has filled it up as a
cup is filled to the brim ;
*Just to know that Jesus died for me, and that I
am one with Him.*

"It's love, Jeanie, that comes to me as nigh
as you're now, and nigher ;
It's love that'll never change, Jeanie, it's love
that'll never tire,
Though I'm old and I'm poor, and deaf, and
dark, and the most of folks that I see,
Be they ever so kind, I'd weary of them, or
they'd soon grow weary of me.

"And this isn't the House any more—it's
Home ; and I am pleas'd to go or to stay.
I'm not a woman weary with work, or a little
lass at play ;
I'm a child with its hand in its father's hand,
its head on its mother's breast ;
It's Christ, Jeanie, that's bid me come to Him,
and that's given me rest.

"And it isn't little God's given to me, though
He kept it to the end,—
It's wealth that the richest cannot buy, that
the poorest can never spend ;
And I needn't wait till I go to Heaven, for it's
Heaven come down from above ;
It's love, Jeanie, God's given to me, His ever-
lasting love !"

Faith, however abused by enthusiasts
or despised by infidels, is the highest
exercise of reason.

Ever remember, in your attempts to
reform men, that the fault lies more in
their hearts than in their heads.

Christian Thought.

CHRISTIANITY AND FREE-THOUGHT.

BY THE BISHOP OF PETERSBURGH.

This address to Free-thinkers, as some call themselves, is most living in its spirit, and without any doubt, unanswerable in its argument.

What is Free-thought? Free-thought may mean one of three things. It may mean freedom as opposed to NECESSITY; or it may mean freedom as opposed to AUTHORITY; or it may mean freedom as opposed to RESPONSIBILITY.

As regards the first of these. By freedom as opposed to necessity we mean this—that a man is free to think in one way or another; that it is not an absolute necessity for him always to think in one way or another,—that is to say, that his thought is not a necessary product of his physical constitution; that his thoughts do not grow in him and out of him as the blade grows out of the seed, or the flower out of the plant,—that thought is not mechanically necessary, but that a man has the power to will or choose how he will think. When we say freedom as opposed to authority we mean this—that a man is not bound to think in a particular way because he knows that somebody else thinks so: that is, that his thought is not to be subjected in any way to the thought of any other, and that he has a right to say to any teacher, no matter how accredited, "That is your opinion, but this is mine." And the meaning of freedom as opposed to responsibility of course is this—that a man is in no way answerable for his belief, and that whatever he thinks about any subject, he is never to suffer for his thought in any way whatever. These are the only three possible meanings of Free-thought. Let us take them one by one and see what Christianity has to do with each of these.

In the first place; freedom as opposed

to necessity. Does religion deny—does Christianity deny—to men this freedom? On the contrary, it asserts and vindicates it. Christianity teaches that man is free—aye, terribly free—to will his own belief, when it teaches us that man is answerable for his belief, because men cannot be answerable for that over which they have no choice or power whatever. If a man has no more power over his belief than he has over the colour of his hair, then he is no more responsible for his belief than he is for the colour of his hair; but if he is answerable for his belief, then that can only be because he has the power of choosing or willing how he will believe or think. And, therefore, the religion which tells you that man is answerable for his belief, tells you that he is free in his thought. And it is a very remarkable and a very strange thing that it is the very people who call themselves Free-thinkers—many of them at least—who most strongly insist upon the fact that man is not answerable for his belief; who are always telling you that man is no more answerable for his belief than he is for his height or the colour of his eyes. So you see it is these very men who in this respect are denying the freedom of thought, because you can only show that man is not responsible by showing that he is not free, for freedom and responsibility always go together. Christianity therefore in this respect, in this view of Free-thought, so far from denying it, asserts it against many Free-thinkers, and in this respect it is the Christian who is the real Free-thinker and who maintains the doctrine of Free-thought.

But, in the next place, it is said that freedom of thought is opposed to all authority; and we are told that thought cannot be free if it submits to authority. I ask you particularly to mark and to attend to this. It is quite true

that the *abstract idea* or notion of freedom is opposed to the *abstract idea* of authority in thought and religion. Quite true. But it is equally true that these are so opposed in everything else. It is just as true in politics, that the *idea* of freedom is opposed to the *idea* of authority. Where there is absolute freedom, you cannot understand how there can be any authority, and where there is absolute authority, you cannot understand how there can be any freedom. If you start from the maxim, Man is free, you arrive logically at the conclusion that there can be no authority. If you start with the axiom, Authority is supreme, you arrive logically at the conclusion that there is no room for liberty. The two ideas, if you think of them in your mind, are logically opposed the one to the other; but are they really so in practice? Is it true that freedom is found practically inconsistent with authority? Is it not true that men contrive to reconcile them every day and all day long? Is it not quite true, for instance, in the matter of opinion, that although opinion or thought is free, yet that thought is always submitting itself freely to authority? Have you ever considered how many of your most cherished opinions you are receiving on authority; not because you have proved them for yourselves, but because you have taken them from some one who you believe knows more than you do. You take the opinion of your lawyer on law as an authority; you take the opinion of your doctor on medicine as an authority; you take the opinion of your friends and neighbours on many points as an authority. Morality, itself, rests very largely on authority. We are always submitting ourselves to authority. So that though it is true that freedom and authority are opposed, if you think of them logically; yet it is equally true that there never was a case yet, in which the two did not come together the moment you set them free. They are like those chemical elements

which have a strong affinity for each other, and are never found apart in Nature. You may find them apart in the laboratory of the chemist, who has analyzed and separated them, but the moment you let them out of the laboratory they come together again. It is just the same with Free-thought and Authority. Men are always submitting themselves to authority. They do it readily. The more free a man's thought, the more readily and inevitably it submits itself to authority. The hardest thing in the world is to get men away from the influence of authority. They are always submitting themselves to it, and legitimately and rightly; for if they did not do so, they would never know or learn anything; and when we speak of the authority of Revelation, or of a Teacher who comes from God, we mean that he submits to your Free-thought, to judge of, his reasons why you should believe that he knows more about the things he has to teach than you do. This is really a part and a very large part of what is called the evidence of miracles. Men speak as if miracles were evidences of morals. We do not say that you are to believe our Lord when He says "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them," because He works miracles; but we say that we are to believe Him, because He has come down into our world to tell us of another world of which He knows and we do not, and gives us evidence by wonder and by miracle, by bringing down the supernatural and showing it before our eyes, that He does know more than we do. Let me give you a simple illustration of this. Let us suppose that you were walking through one of the grave-yards of this city in company with another, and that the discourse fell upon the resurrection of the dead, and that you were arguing that it was impossible,—that there was no authority to prove it,—and suppose that the person walking with you said, "I know more than you do

about this ; I know that there can be a resurrection of the dead ; and I will give you a proof that I do know more than you do ;" and suppose that stretching out his hand he bid the dead in that grave-yard arise, and that they sprung up alive out of the earth where they had been sleeping ; do you mean to say—is there any one in this congregation who would say, if he saw that miracle—that the person who had wrought it would be no authority on the question of the resurrection of the dead, or that it would be any tyranny over his Free-thought to say, "Believe this person?" Your Free-thought, because it is free, would immediately ally itself with the authority of the person who had done this thing. So you see freedom of thought is not inconsistent with the authority we claim for the Christian Revelation. For this reason, that the revelation submits its proof to your Free-thought, and unless you accept its proof, of course you cannot accept its authority ; but if you do accept it, you do not lose your freedom ; on the contrary, you are asserting and acting upon your freedom. I am not saying now that I have proved these miracles of Christianity (that will be done by others), I only say that when in the name of those miracles we claim authority for information about the other world, we are not violating Free-thought ; on the contrary we are appealing to your Free-thought and your judgment. "I speak as to wise men : judge ye what I say."

Now, I come to the third idea of freedom,—that is freedom as opposed to responsibility, —and this is what I really believe most men mean, when they talk about Free-thought as opposed to Christianity. They say, "You threaten us with penalties for disbelieving, and our whole soul revolts against this. Why ! it would be an unjust thing, it would be a tyrannical thing for a man to punish his fellow-man for his opinions ; we would not do that ; and do you mean

to say God will be less just and merciful than man, and that God will punish us because of our opinions, when you admit that man would not and should not do so?" Let us see that we clearly understand this. This objection goes upon the presumption that no man ought to suffer or be punished for his opinions : and with regard to this, I want you to consider two questions. Is it true that no man ought, under any circumstances, to be punished for his opinions ? And in the next place, is it true that men do not suffer for their opinions ? Is it true that man ought to be punished for his thoughts ? Now, it is quite true that so long as he keeps those thoughts to himself, locked up in his own breast, he will not be punished for them, for the simple reason that until the thought is known to be his thought, until he gives it utterance in some way, it is impossible for him to be punished for it ; but if he gives it utterance, is he never to be punished for it ? If a man utters a seditious thought, if he utters a libellous thought about his neighbour, if he utters a foul or indecent thought, is it true that he is not to be punished ?—Is it not true that he will be punished and ought to be punished for it ? And why ? Because this exercise of his liberty proves injurious to the general welfare. Because his individual law of liberty comes into collision with a higher law, and must give way to it, the safety of all being of more importance than the freedom of one. But, again, there are other penalties for thought besides those fixed by the law of the State. Society punishes a man's Free-thought much more sharply than the law does. There are offences of thought and of speech, with which the law does not and ought not to meddle, but which society punishes very heavily. Let a man entertain uncharitable thoughts, suspicious thoughts, evil and unkind thoughts of his neighbour—let him not even utter them in speech, but show them in his manner and look—let his fellow-men

know that he thinks ill of them or unjustly of them—and you know well how society visits on that man this exercise of his Free-thought. There is not one here who does not know that if all the thoughts of his heart were laid bare before his fellow-men he would pass a miserable (and it might be even an outcast) existence, because society avenges itself, in necessary self-defence, upon all such injurious exercise of Free-thought. You see, therefore, that society in its actings, as well as the law, does make men suffer for their thoughts. Take a step further. Pass beyond civil law and the constitution of society, and think for a moment of the constitution of Nature—of the laws which govern the universe. Do those laws allow of Free-thought? Do those laws allow men to make mistakes concerning any of the facts of Nature? Try it. Let any man think wrongly of any of the forces of Nature, and let him see what Nature will do. Let him freely think that fire does not burn or water drown, let him think that fever is not infectious, or that ventilation is unhealthy, let him think wrongly concerning any law of Nature, and he will find that he will be visited by a sharp and merciless punishment. Those who talk about appealing from Christianity to the beneficent laws of Nature forget this fact, that there are no laws so merciless,—so utterly unforgiving,—aye, and so utterly regardless of the circumstance whether a man has transgressed ignorantly or purposely: he who transgresses ignorantly and he who transgresses wilfully are alike beaten with many stripes. The great machinery of the world will not arrest its revolutions, for the cry of a human creature who by a very innocent error, by the mistaken action of his Free-thought, is being ground to pieces beneath them. Slowly, surely, relentlessly, eternally it moves on; oppose it in your Free-thought, and it will grind you to powder. There is no room for Free-thought there. Where then is

there room for Free-thought? Law restrains it, Society punishes it, Science laughs at it, Nature crushes it. And yet not without warnings too. Nature and Science have their priests and their prophets. The man of science will warn you of the consequence of transgressing the laws which he has discovered. He foresees the judgment days of Nature that may be coming in your life, and he tells you you are free, perfectly free, to think differently from him,—you exercise your own Free-thought about it; but you do it at your own proper peril,—you may refuse to believe him, your thought is perfectly free, but so surely as you do it you suffer for it. And, mark you, it is not his prophecy that has created the judgment. It is not his warning that brings down punishment upon you. It is not his book about sanitary laws that brings diphtheria or scarlet fever into your house. It is not the sinking of the mercury in the glass that brings on the storm. The written prophecy in the one case, the mute prophecy in the other, foretell the evil but they do not create it. Nature and Science then have their warnings and threatenings of penalty, and Nature and Science avenge themselves upon Free-thought. And mark this further: the more you lose sight of a personal will, the more you have to do with law and the less with the Lawgiver, fainter and fainter seems to grow the chance of forgiveness, less and less room does there seem to be for Free-thought. Ah! there is something after all in that word, "I believe in God the Father Almighty;" there is something in knowing and believing in an Omnipotent and loving will, that has the power to save the Free-thought of an erring creature from the terrible punishment which comes from the soulless and merciless machinery of law. And now that we have seen how little room there is for Free-thought in this world of fact and this world of law, let us consider one thought and one

fact more. Let us introduce into this world of existing facts and acting principles and forces one additional fact. Let us introduce the idea and the fact of a God. Let us suppose for argument's sake that there is a God. Can it be possible that it should be a matter of indifference how men think about this new fact? Can you really suppose that it should be a matter of great importance, of terrible importance, to men how they think about the very least fact or power in the universe, and yet that it should be a matter of no importance, a matter of the merest indifference, how they think concerning the great Fact of all facts, the great Cause of all causes, the great Lawgiver who gives all laws? Can it be a matter of indifference who He is, what He is, how He feels towards us, how we should feel towards Him? How can there be the possibility of thought without consequences, as regards God, if there be no possibility of thought without consequences, as regards the very least of God's works? Does it make no difference to us whether He is a father or a tyrant?—no difference to us whether He can or will not hear our prayer?—no difference to us whether He can or cannot suspend those terrible laws which we so dread? Is there really room then for this Free-thought about God, and can we afford to dispense with any knowledge we have concerning this God, if there be one? Can anything show more clearly the utter folly and absurdity of those words which I dare say many of you have heard in the last year, "Let us have religion without dogma—without theology. By all means let us have religion, but no theology." Is that one whit more sensible than, "Let us have sun, moon, and stars, but no astronomy; let us have plants but no botany; let us have chemicals but no chemistry; let us have the earth but no geology." What is theology? It is the science of God. And if God be a fact,—mark

you! I say *if*,—there must as certainly come a theology out of that fact as there comes a geology out of the fact that there is an earth. Science grows out of the facts with which it deals,—grows out of them by a natural and necessary law of growth,—and science, all science, (not theology alone but all science) is absolutely intolerant of any error respecting those root facts out of which it draws, and according to which it develops, its life. There cannot possibly be a greater absurdity than for a man to talk of religion without a theology, unless that man by "religion," means something utterly different from what everybody else means by the word. By religion we mean something that teaches our obligations to a higher Being; and that there cannot be without theology. But at any rate, if there be a God, there must be a theology. Now I ask you just to think what is that creed of Christendom which we all repeat. Say it over to yourselves when you go home. Nearly every word in it is the assertion of a fact. "I believe in God the Father Almighty: in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; who was crucified, dead, and buried, descended into hell, rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven,"—all these are assertions of facts. You may tell me these are not facts—that is another question; but all we say is, if they be facts, you are just as much bound to think rightly about these facts, as you are about any other facts; and you think respecting *them* under penalties just as much and no more than you think under penalties concerning *other* facts. You are just as much bound to think rightly concerning the fact which we call God as you are to think rightly concerning any other facts. But, then, men will say, "Your facts are not so certain as those of philosophy and of science." We answer, it may be so to you, but it is not so to us; to us they are realities

deep as the innermost core of our being; to us they are facts as certain as the great lights in heaven; we cannot conceive the possibility of our doubting them. But grant for a moment that all we can say is, *Perhaps* there is a God, *perhaps* there was an Incarnation; we have a right to say, if that *perhaps* prove to be a *certainty*, if what we think possible is really the case, then if you think wrongly about it, you will have to suffer the consequences of your erroneous thoughts. If when the man of science puts into your hands a book which tells you of sanitary facts,—of the danger of infection,—if you say as too many men do say, "We do not believe your facts, we are sceptical about your teachings, we will go on as we have done, we will suspend our judgment at least till you give us clearer proof"—what will be his answer? "I cannot compel you to believe; you may and must suspend your judgment if you do not believe, but meanwhile you will suffer; it may be the proof will come to you in sickness and death, but you will not escape merely because you suspend your judgment." And we say to you, not in anger, not in bitterness, not in denunciation of God's anger upon unbelievers,—(God forgive us if we ever speak so!) but we speak to you in the same tone of warning and not of threatening, in the same tone of reasoning and of entreaty and not of denunciation, as the man of science does; and we say to you, "If you be doubtful, remember that while you are doubting, time is passing; if these be facts, then you are imperilled if you think wrongly about them; there is danger in darkness as well as in light; if you tell us you are groping in the dark, then we say take heed how you grope—take heed lest these facts prove hurtful and dangerous to you, if you come into collision with them. We cannot alter these facts. If they are facts, they have a bearing upon your happiness, just as much as the facts in the natural world have.

You see, then, there is nothing incompatible with Free-thought, there is no violation of Free-thought in Religion a whit more than there is in Nature or in Science. All we say to you is this—that the consequences of thinking erroneously concerning the facts of God's nature may be as certainly perilous to you, as the consequences of thinking erroneously concerning the physical facts in your own nature, or in the world around you. We grant you the right to doubt these facts, but all we say is that, when we tell you that error about these facts may be fraught with serious consequences to you, we no more violate the right of Free-thought than does the physician who tells you that error about the facts which he knows, and you do not know, may be fraught with most serious evils to your bodily health.

And I now trust that we have disposed—I hope you will think fairly—of that prejudice which lies upon the very threshold of our enquiry, that Christianity is opposed to Free-thought.—Then to sum up what I have been saying. If Free-thought mean freedom as opposed to necessity, Religion does not deny this; it asserts it. If it mean freedom as opposed to authority, Religion does not create a contradiction between the idea of freedom and the idea of authority; and it is just as easy to reconcile the fact of freedom and authority in Christianity as it is in the State or in Society. And if by freedom of thought you mean thought without consequences, there is no such thing either in Society or in Nature, and therefore you have no right to expect that it should exist in Christianity. Therefore we do maintain that in all that is really implied in the word "Free-thought," Christianity is not that which denies it, but that which asserts it. Christianity is that which gives you back the reality of freedom, although it gives you back with it the awful responsibilities of freedom. Christ

tianity is that which gives you a possible escape from the soulless despotism of material law, in the merciful will of a loving Father. Christianity is that which prophecies for you a time, when the mysteries which now cause your free thoughts to hang in suspense shall be cleared away. Christianity is that which gives back freedom to the conscience, vigour to the will; but with

these it gives you back, as I have said, the awful responsibilities of a free choice, and yet an infinite blessing in the power to make it. Christianity is that which reveals, aye, and proves to you great truths concerning yourselves and concerning God, and, bringing you to know these truths, "doth make you free."

Christian Life.

MR. MOODY AND HIS WORK.

We abridge from the *Edinburgh Review* the following sketch of Mr. Moody, whose name is on men's lips, at present, from his connection with the awakening in Edinburgh.

Mr. Moody was born in the year 1837 in one of the New England States, in the district which was the scene of the great awakening under Jonathan Edwards, about a hundred years before. But so far from his inheriting anything from that remarkable movement, he was brought up a Unitarian, and had not even heard the gospel of the grace of God till he was about seventeen years of age. Going about that time to Boston, to be trained for business in the establishment of an uncle, he one day went into the church of Dr. Kirk, a Congregational minister in that city. There, for the first time, he listened to an evangelical sermon. It had the effect of making him uncomfortable, and he resolved not to go back. He felt that his heart had been laid bare, and he wondered who had told the preacher about him. Something, however, induced him to go back next Sunday, and the impression was renewed. A Sunday-school teacher in whose class he had been, having come to see him and to ask for him at his place of business, he opened up his mind to him, and he was enabled to enter into that peace and joy in believing to which he has been the instrument of introducing so many.

Not very long after this Mr. Moody left Boston and proceeded to Chicago, where he entered into business for himself. Being full of the desire to be useful, he went into a Sunday-school, and asked the superintendent if he would give him a class. In this school there were twelve teachers and sixteen pupils; and the answer to his application was, that if he could gather a class for himself he would be allowed to teach them. Mr. Moody went out to the streets, and, by personal application, succeeded in bringing in a score of boys. He enjoyed so much the work of bringing in recruits, that instead of teaching the class himself, he handed it over to another teacher, and so on, until he had filled the school. Then he began to entertain the notion of having a school of his own. He went to work in a neglected part of the city, where Roman Catholics and Germans abounded. Chicago contains a large number of each, and among other things for which they are notorious, disregard of the Sabbath is conspicuous. Sunday is the day devoted by many to concerts, balls, and pleasure generally. Mr. Moody saw that to succeed in such a population, a school must be exceedingly lively and attractive, and as he observed that the Germans made constant use of music in their meetings, he was led to consider whether music might not be employed somewhat prominently in the service of

Christ. Not being himself a singer, he got a friend who could sing to help him, and for the first few evenings the time was spent between singing hymns and telling stories to the children, so as to awaken their interest and induce them to return. A hold having in this way been established, the school was divided into classes and conducted more in the usual way.

Mr. Moody had acquired a position of much influence in the United States in connection with Sunday school and mission work, when the war broke out between North and South. This led to a new turn being given to his labours. There was a large camp in the neighbourhood of Chicago, to which he gave much attention, going there night after night and striving to bring the soldiers under the influence of divine grace. When the Christian Commission was organized under the presidency of his friend, George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, Mr. Moody became one of his most energetic coadjutors. He did not go into the army as an agent of the Commission, but he was president of the Executive branch for Chicago, and nine different times he went to one or other of the scenes of warfare, remaining some weeks and working with all his might. These services with the army were of no little use, not only in producing direct fruit, but also in developing that prompt and urgent method of dealing with men, that strenuous endeavour to get them to accept immediate salvation, which is still so conspicuous a feature of his mode of address. With wounded men hovering between life and death, or with men in march, resting for an evening in some place which they were to leave tomorrow, it was plainly, so far at least as he was concerned, the alternative of "now or never;" and as he could not allow himself or allow them to be satisfied with the "never," he bent his whole energy to the "now."

Mr. Moody's labours in the army were often much blessed. Of all his cam-

paigns of this kind there was none on which he looked back with more pleasure than one in the State of Tennessee, in connection with troops under the command of general Howard. That General being in the fullest sympathy with Mr. Moody, their work together was very earnest and much blessed. It is pretty well known that after the war was over General Howard became President of the Freedmen's Bureau, and gave a great impulse to the operations for educating the slaves. The Howard University at Washington, a large institution for the education of negroes, over which the General has presided for several years, was one fruit of his interest in the cause. The University is supported by Government, and is impregnated with a thoroughly Christian spirit. The Fisk "University" (the Americans are fond of big names) is a similar institution, situated in the State of Tennessee, among whose pupils are the Jubilee Singers, who are now labouring so hard and so admirably to procure funds to erect a jubilee hall. Mr. Moody has always had a deep interest in the welfare of the negroes, and rejoices exceedingly in the efforts of the Jubilee Singers to elevate their race, and to make the three millions of negroes a useful, intelligent, and happy Christian people.

In October 1871 occurred the terrible fire which destroyed a great part of Chicago. Mr. Moody, with his wife and two children, was roused in the middle of the night to find the fierce fire approaching their dwelling, and leaving his house and household gear to its fate (all the property he possessed) had to hurry along to seek shelter in the houses of friends. It happened that his children spent the night in the house of Mr. Moody's friend, Mr. Spafford, the gentleman who recently sustained such an appalling bereavement at the wreck of the Ville du Havre—all his four children having been drowned, and his wife alone saved. Mr. Moody's school and church, as well as the buildings of the Young

Men's Christian Association, perished likewise in the conflagration. The feelings of himself and fellow-citizens, on going to see the ruins, can hardly be conceived. But after the first stunning sensation was got over faith and hope revived. In one month after the fire a temporary erection was completed! No small energy must have been required to accomplish this, amid the confusion, the bustle, and the infinity of things that had to be attended to. But reared the wooden building was, and it has served the purpose of church and school till now, when a new and substantial building is sufficiently advanced to allow the basement story to be used for public services.

When things had settled down after the Chicago fire, Mr. Moody began to think of permanent premises for his school and Church. A suitable site was secured, and it was resolved to proceed with the erection of a large and commodious building, which, besides accommodation for the schools, will have a hall or church, containing sittings for 2500. The cost of the whole will be about 220,000. Mr. Moody by his disinterested labours has made so many friends all over his country that the contributions have flowed freely from all parts. Among the most interesting was a colossal subscription from 500,000 Sabbath-school children, of 5 cents each, all anxious to have a brick in Mr. Moody's tabernacle. From Pekin he received a contribution of 300 dollars from an unknown friend. A few converted Chinamen collected a few dollars even from their pagan countrymen. A little while ago it seemed likely that the whole sum necessary would be provided, but the collapse in business which has since occurred may deprive the enterprise of some of the expected contributions.

On arriving in this country in mid-summer of last year, Messrs. Moody and Sankey's first field was York. Their progress there was slow. They had to win their way to the confidence of the

people, and that by slow degrees, as at first they had none of the clergy to back them, and there was a general suspicion or uncertainty with regard to them. The other towns visited in the north of England were Sunderland, Newcastle, and Carlisle. In some of these the impression produced was very great. Newcastle especially responded in a wonderful way. The work of grace seemed to advance there wonderfully, and the power of Heaven fell on the hearts of the people. Some friends in Edinburgh, hearing of what was doing in Newcastle, invited Messrs. Moody and Sankey to pay a visit to Edinburgh. Mr. Kelman, of Leith, went twice to Newcastle to judge of the work for himself, and returned full of joy and expectation. Accompanied by Mr. Sankey, Mr. Moody came to Edinburgh about the middle or towards the end of November. Here they were received with much cordiality by influential members both of the clergy and the laity. Our readers are familiar with the progress of the work in this city and in Leith. Mr. Moody has taken a remarkable hold of the people of Edinburgh; and of Mr. Sankey's influence, if there were no other evidence of it, it would be enough that his hymns have become popular melodies, and that they are being sung or hummed everywhere by old and young.

What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? He is not a man of much education or culture; his manner is abrupt and blunt; his speech bristles with Americanisms; his voice is sharp, rapid, and colloquial; and he never attempts anything like finished or elaborate composition. But he is in downright earnest. He believes what he says; he says it as if he believed it, and he expects his audience to believe it. He gets wonderfully near to his hearers, without any apparent effort. Whatever size the audience may be, he is at home with them at once, and he makes them feel that they are at home with him.

He is gifted with a rare sagacity, an insight into the human heart, a knowledge of what is stirring in it, and of what is fitted to impress it. He has in his possession a large number of incidents and experiences well fitted to throw light on the points he employs them to elucidate, and to clench the applications which he uses them to enforce. In addition to all this, he has a deeply pathetic vein, which enables him to plead very earnestly at the very citadel of the heart. At first his tone may seem to be hard. He will take for his text, "There is no difference," and press the doctrine of universal condemnation as if the worst and the best were precisely alike. Possibly the antagonism of his audience is somewhat roused. But by-and-by he will take them with him to some affecting death-bed, and his tone will show how profoundly his own heart is stirred by what is happening there. The vein of pathos comes out tenderly and beautifully. He seems as if he were lying on the ground pleading in tears with his hearers to come to Christ. But, most important of all, he seems to rely for effect absolutely on divine power. Of course, every true preacher does, but in very different degrees of conscious trust and expectation. Mr. Moody goes to his meetings fully expecting the divine presence, because he has asked it. He speaks with the fearlessness, the boldness, and the directness of one believing a message from the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. And he takes pains to have his own heart in the spirit of the message. He tries to go to his audience loving them, and actively and fervently longing for their salvation. He says that if he does not try to stir up this spirit of love beforehand he cannot get hold of an audience; if he does he never fails. He endeavours to address them with a soul steeped in the corresponding emotion. He seems to try, like Baxter, never to speak of weighty soul concerns without his whole spirit being drenched therein.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

An autobiography of last century: being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, as narrated by himself.

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CHAP. III.

in which is further related the growth of conviction in my soul.

In order to pass the time, I went out one day for a while's shooting. When watching for birds, the thought came suddenly across my mind that death was near at hand. Although in good health, I stood like one stunned when the thought of ETERNITY entered my mind. I began to lament my state, saying: "How much better it were for me to be a dog than a man; for were I a dog, death at one stroke would end my misery, but now it was only beginning." I began to fear that I was going to die like Francis Spira, for though I was able till now to conceal my mental anguish, it seemed as if self-control was at last leaving me. I resolved, however, did reason continue with me, to hide my terrors; but if it left me, as I had seen some people, then I feared I would die raving and blaspheming.

The reasons why I wished to conceal my trouble were these:—1. Could I only hide them from others till the day of Judgment, then I would have so many companions that my agony would not appear singular. 2. I shrank from losing my good reputation; for although of religious reputation I had none to lose, still in the view of the world my common reputation was good, and if I died in the agonies of despair, I would be a bye-word in the mouth of everybody; whereas if I only could keep my tongue there would be no more said about me than about some other people in the country, esteemed honest, who died like lambs, but who, in my opinion, went to hell as surely as if they had died in the ravings of despair.

Shortly after this, being present in a congregation where the Lord's Supper was dispensed, I was melted into tears

during the delivery of the sermon, and when the communicants gathered around the table, I was ready to cry out with anguish of soul, as I saw myself forbidden, as it were, by name, as a dog to touch the children's bread; but I was no sooner among my old companions than my tears were dried up and I was the same as before. Being on business in Edinburgh, and happening in company where they talked of creeds, a gentleman, observing me in the Highland dress, asked me what was my creed. My reply was that my mind in that respect was like a white sheet of paper, ready to receive any writing he might choose to put there. "If it is so," he replied, "then permit me to warn you to beware well lest the Devil write something of his there, and then you are no longer creedless." This home-thrust put me in such confusion that I knew not where to look, for the man's remark pierced me to the quick, know-as I did, that the very thing he foreboded, the Devil had already done. Further, I was ashamed that I had spoken so disrespectfully of religion, and resolved never to express myself so again. After leaving the company, this man's rebuke followed me so closely, that I could by no means dismiss it, and it brought back on me afresh the despairing thoughts that had nearly conquered me,—that the Devil had already written his law on my heart and his image on all my conduct.

On the 10th day of May, 1741. "A wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure: in her occasion who can turn her away? in her mouth they shall find her." (Jer. ii. 24). "I set bars and doors and said, hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."—(Job xxxviii. 11). On a Sabbath day, while roaming the fields, as was my habit, my sister met me and rebuked me for my Sabbath-breaking, asking me what I thought would be my doom, did I die in the state I was then in;

would I not truly and surely perish? At first I began to mock her, but this did not silence her, for she told me that unless I repented I would certainly perish. I then replied that she need not trouble herself to tell me that, for I knew it too well already. "Most wonderful," she answered; "are you in the belief that you are doomed? are you really in despair?" She then pointed me to the blood of Christ, which is able to cleanse from sins of the deepest dye. "That blood," I replied, "I have counted an unholy thing, and I have done despite unto the Spirit of Grace." She then asked me if I was in the habit of praying, and when I last prayed. My answer was that I had not bent a knee for four years past. "Will you not pray to-night?" she then said. "No, no!" I answered, "I will never pray;" for I was then really of that mind, and I could not ask a blessing on my food, nor even venture to take God's name into my lips. She urged me, at least, to pray, and to humble myself in the sight of God, who would raise me up and restore me, His poor lost child. What upbraidings of heart, and what fearful thoughts of God I then had! I stood like the publican, far off, and uttered his prayer:—"God be merciful to me a sinner." And thus I prayed, not as a form, but from a deep sense of my sin and misery. But though I thus prayed, I had no hope God would hear me, for Satan and my own unbelieving heart kept on telling me that I was the greatest of fools, to imagine that it was possible that God could ever pardon such a sinner as I was. But I concluded that, as matters could not be worse, I had better persevere, for I saw that I must die did I stand there, and I could only die were I to go forward in the duties of religion; and besides, to give up praying now that I had once began, would surely increase my guilt sevenfold. I therefore prayed the Lord that He would never suffer me again to backslide. And the Lord at this time did

teach me by evidence, deep and convincing, that my sins could be forgiven, notwithstanding their heinousness; and that it would bring greater glory to Him to forgive the like of me, than to forgive a less wicked man.

About this time I fell in with a book called the "Practice of Religion," which pleased me so well that I began diligently to set about keeping God's law, according to the direction it gave me, and I soon made such progress in the external duties of religion, that I could boast of a handsome garment wherewith to clothe my spiritual nakedness. The change that came over me made a noise in the country-side, as I was notorious for my irreligion. Some said "Is Saul among the prophets?"—(1 Sam. x. 11). Others said, "We have heard many things of this man."—(Acts ix. 13). Everyone, indeed, felt some degree of surprise. My old companions began to despise me and shun my company: others began to revile me and attack my honor, which, being my most precious jewel, was next to impossible for me to give up; but I was strengthened by the thought that in every age Christ's people were cast out and reviled for His sake; besides, I thought of how Jesus was reviled, and yet He reviled not again. But I was so weak that I believe I could have renounced the Christian profession I had taken up, could I only hope thereby to get these revilers to be once more at peace with me. But I saw that the renouncing of my profession could never win back for me, with them, my lost reputation: on the contrary this step back would only sink me lower in their esteem. "Blessed is he," saith our Lord, "whosoever is not offended in me." Matt. xi. 6. But I then saw that I had begun to build my house without counting its cost, and that it was time that I should sit down and calmly reckon it up. I did so; I laid to my account in following Christ, calumny, back-biting, tribulation, loss, coldness and straits; but I firmly re-

solved that, in spite of these, or any other trouble that might arise, I would never forsake Jesus, whom I had now begun to follow. But my old companions continued their bitter taunts whenever they met me, saying, with contempt:—"Behold one of the Saints." Other persons, with the best intentions, advised me to cease reading books or else they would drive me mad, and then I would be of no use to myself or to others; while a few, of a more generous spirit, lamented over my condition, saying, "Alas! he is lost to us now since he took up these notions;" and some, indeed, concluded that I was really crazy. However, I tried to shun their company as much as possible, and loved well to be alone, and put up with everything as well as I could, though that was not always as well as I ought. But this I learned: that the enmity between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent must be indeed great, when even the form of religion (for at this time I had nothing more) cannot be borne, but must be driven away with hatred and contempt.

On the 5th day of August, 1751, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in our parish, and although I could not venture, on account of my heart sins, to approach the table, yet I cannot say that the Lord was to me that day "a wilderness, a land of darkness" (Jer. ii. 31), for I received great good from the preaching of the Word, especially from a sermon from the words, (Lament. iii. 40) "Let us search and try our ways and turn again to the Lord." That sermon was very useful to me on account of the encouragement and directions it gave me, for at that time I was much troubled with temptations of which I will make no mention till I come to the time I got the final victory over them, which was about eight months afterwards.

For six weeks my hopes of receiving pardon were still growing, for I thought that I had now got my heart in such a

frame that I could regulate all my thoughts according to the rule of the ten commandments, and thus, being still ignorant of God's way of justifying a sinner, I was building on something in myself. The Lord, however, did not suffer me to continue long in this opinion, for in face of my high estimate of my heart I soon found it full of confusion. One day, at work in the fields, I felt impelled by a dreadful temptation to give utterance to such blasphemy as, I hope in God's mercy, I would not of my own impulse utter under pain of being torn from limb to limb. But with such force did the temptation assail me that I feared my reason was indeed giving way, for I felt as if I, a living man, was possessed of the God-defying spirit of lost souls in hell. I ran to a wood near by to pray, and said in the language of Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." I remember well that I also added words to the following effect: "O Lord, I have been too long spared on this earth, therefore cast me out of thy sight, so that I be no longer an offence to Thee whom I have now cursed to the face." For five weeks this temptation followed, striking me regularly at two and sometimes three settled hours of the day, which threw me into great distress, as I imagined I was never more to get free of these horrible suggestions. But God saw fit to rebuke Satan so that he left me for a season, my mind being greatly comforted by this scripture (Isa. xxv. 4) "For Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible one is as a storm against the wall." As soon, however, as I got a little ease from the trouble, I felt creeping over me a coldness in religious duties, hardness, and hankering after my old idols. My goodness withered, and I became altogether unfruitful. In this state I read one day the fifth chapter of Isaiah, and the threatening there against the unfruit-

ful vineyard came home with power to my conscience. "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it; wherefore when I look that it should bring forth grapes brought it forth wild grapes? And now go to; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof and it shall be eaten up. . . . I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it." To these words my heart replied, "True, Lord, Thou hast with me tried many ways; yes, Lord, Thou hast lavished care on me more than on thousands who have been more obedient to Thy Spirit. Long, indeed, hast Thou borne with my sinful ways in the wilderness: more than three years hast Thou come seeking fruit and finding none. Cut me down, for too long have I cumbered Thy ground. And though Thou mightest delay to inflict this extreme judgment, yet can I wonder though Thou shouldst withhold from me the dew and rain of Thy Spirit, and make my earth iron and my heavens brass." These words—"I will command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it," affected me deeply, for sad indeed did the thought seem of roots dried up, branches withered, and no fruit, but thorns and thistles, "ground rejected, nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burnt," Heb. vi. 8.

Those ministers that would be found faithful in the work of God, must not be afraid of the face of man. If we seek to please men, further than is for their spiritual good, we are not the servants of Christ.

When the end of the world is come, and the kingdom delivered up to God, even the Father, there will then be no further need of ministers and their ministration; but, till then, they shall continue, and the great intentions of the institution shall be answered.

Christian Work.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We are glad to find, from the thirty-fifth report of this Society, that in the three departments of PEARLAGE, COLPORTAGE, and EDUCATION, the Society is busy and prosperous. It is not too much to ask of our readers to read the following extract from the annual report presented lately at a public meeting in Montreal, and to ask them also to help this Society, by their means and prayers.

The Committee, in presenting their report to the friends of the Society, call attention to the progress of the work committed to their charge during the past year. There had been no abatement of zeal or effort on the part of the committee or agents, for the conversion of our French fellow countrymen, and the circulation of the Bible. The non-denominational character of the Society had been carefully preserved, and only those cardinal virtues of the Christian faith, in all their scriptural purity, which Protestant Christendom regards as essential to salvation have been promulgated. The one aim has been to set forth Christ and Him crucified, as the only and sufficient Saviour; the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice; and the Holy Spirit as the great agent in renewing the heart. There can be no doubt that the French-Canadian people are now more open to receive the Gospel than they were some years ago; they are becoming more independent, asserting the right to think for themselves on matters of religion, and are perusing the Bible, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the priests, who set themselves to suppress this dawning freedom of opinion. Still the people will think, read, inquire, and listen to the colporteurs. No doubt this awakening is the result of education, the circulation of God's Word, and the evangelistic labors of this and kindred societies. After noting the ceaseless opposition of the

Roman Catholic priesthood, and which proved the necessity for extended missionary work, the work of

EVANGELIZATION

was referred to. The Society continued to bear the same relation as it had done since 1858 to the *Synod des Eglises Evangeliques*, namely, contributing to the support of the ministers without interfering with the internal management of the churches; in thus aiding it, until strong enough to take an independent position as an Evangelical French-Canadian Church, the Society evidences its undenominational character and catholic basis. The Committee repeat that, in their belief, an earnest Protestant Church, essentially French-Canadian, freed from the difficulties presented to their minds by the outward divisions of British churches, whilst combining all that is Scriptural in doctrine and practice, is the most fitting ecclesiastical organization for the French-Canadian people. The converts are scattered over a great extent of country, thereby increasing the expenses of the Society, and the difficulties of pastoral care. At St. Cecile, the Rev. A. Boy is in charge of a congregation, and ministers to the wants of 75 persons in the village. Ottawa and the surrounding districts are visited by Mr. P. S. Vernier, 130 persons being connected with the church. Mr. I. Matthieu labors in Grenville. Rev. J. A. Vernon occupies the important station of Montreal; the Sabbath services are regularly maintained, and a deepening interest in spiritual things manifests itself. Mr. Vernon has been assisted in the public services by Rev. Prof. Coussirat, and several students of the Presbyterian College. In noting the interesting Sabbath-school which is connected with this church, the Committee acknowledge the long-continued and valued services of Miss Wilkes. (Daughter of Rev.

Dr. Wilkes.) At much personal inconvenience, self-sacrifice, and through many discouragements, she has cheerfully devoted herself to the work of instructing the children attending it. Rev. R. P. Duclos labors at St. Hyacinthe, where he has established a Young Ladies' Protestant Institute. At Joliette Messrs. Vessot and Amaron have labored on, a neat chapel having been dedicated during the year. In Chicoutimi, on the River Saguenay, Rev. Mr. Cote is prosecuting a work of the most encouraging character. By the combined efforts of this Society, the British Protestants in the place, and Mr. Cote, a church, school house and minister's residence have been built there. Mr. Cote also teaches a school of young men who are preparing for ministers and colporteurs. In Quebec during the year a committee has been formed in connection with the Society. The pastor there is Rev. L. Langel, for some years a missionary to the East Indies, but who, owing to the great heat of that country, was obliged to seek a cooler climate. Mr. A. Soland has charge of the Inverness Church. The field thus occupied extends from beyond Ottawa to Lake St. John, Saguenay, and near to Gaspé, on the east, a distance of 500 miles.

COLPORTAGE.

In this line, the labors of the Society, though very arduous, have been steadily carried on by a band of devoted workers in the cause of Christ. During eleven months past 3,016 Bibles, etc., and 52,698 books, tracts and periodicals have been circulated by missionaries, and from the Depository.

EDUCATION.

This important branch of the Society's work is being carried on energetically. At the Point-aux-Trembles schools, since their foundation, about 1,500 have received a course of education. The history of 210 male and 122 female pupils has been traced—nearly

all of whom were either Roman Catholics, or the children of French-Canadian converts. Of the 210 boys, 93 became church members, 30 taught schools, 49 colported, and 20 became ministers of the Gospel; of the 122 girls, 65 became church members, 37 taught schools, and 16 were married to missionaries. One-sixth of the boys followed farming, and a large number learned trades. Owing to the want of sufficient funds, the number of pupils has hitherto required to be limited, and some had been refused; this, it was to be hoped, would never occur again, and the Committee, feeling the need that education should be carried on upon a larger scale, have this year appropriated a large sum for educational purposes. The staff of the Institutes consists of Rev. C. A. Tanner, Principal; Mr. Bourgoin, Mrs. Bourgoin, and Miss Cairns. Mrs. Tanner, assisted by Miss A. Morin, manages the domestic affairs.

THE AWAKENING IN EDINBURGH.

The very best estimate we have seen yet of the work in Edinburgh, is in a letter from Dr. Horatius Bonar, to a brother, elsewhere, in which, with great sense and calmness, he weighs the men and the movement, finding both worthy of confidence.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR IN THE "DAILY REVIEW."

The following letter by Dr. BONAR was written to a brother elsewhere, and was not intended to be sent to any newspaper. A desire has, however, been expressed for its publication, and we are sure it will be read with great interest by all:—

Sir:—You may wish to have my impressions of what is now passing in our city, and stirring our community so deeply. I give you these in as short a space as possible; asking you, at the same time, not to trust to my judgment, but to come and form your own opinion, with all calmness, of that which from first to last professes to be a work of God, not of man; yet, at the same time, a work which, as wrought by human

instruments, may contain in it many of the imperfections of the imperfect agent. The homeliness of the earthen vessel does not prevent the treasure from being heavenly, nor make it impossible that the excellency of the power should be of God.

It will not be denied that the thing which has so suddenly appeared among us, and stirred the placidity of our literary city, looks, in many respects, very like what we have long desired and prayed for; so that the news of such a movement should not repel, but attract us, as being, perhaps, the very thing which we have been longing for; not the less likely to be so because it brings no honour to ourselves, and owes nothing of its power to the enticing words of man's wisdom in any form, whether of polish, or logic, or philosophy.

The movement carries on its face an intensity of earnestness which leaves one in no doubt as to the single-heartedness of the workers. With them Christianity is not a creed merely, but a living energy which ought to carry everything before it. This much must be said at the outset, in the way of disarming hostility. Let us not, however, look at the work from without, but from within. Let us throw ourselves into it, and then form our judgment. I think that in so doing right-thinking men will not merely withdraw opposition, but feel constrained to sympathize and approve.

The evening crowds in the two assembly halls, the more fashionable afternoon audiences in the city churches, the five thousand men that stood packed densely together in the Corn Exchange, the eager gatherings of young men, the two thousand that have for nearly a month crowded into the noon prayer-meeting daily—these are plain evidences that the movement is already a mighty fact, whatever may be its import or its philosophy.

I do not give any opinion as to actual

results. The time for this has not yet come. Yet these are already such as would surprise many, and show that the work is a reality. The heart of many a father and mother, of many a sister and brother, is now rejoicing in the changes that have been wrought, and the signal waves in which prayer has been answered. The spiritual influence (contagion, as some call it) has struck into every rank and circle, and even those who decry it as fanaticism admit, and perhaps dread, its power. None who were present in the Corn Exchange last Sabbath evening will forget the crowd of listening men, most of them from the Grassmarket and the Cowgate; nor will any who were present that same evening, at a later meeting, forget the scene when six hundred of the Grassmarket men steamed up from the Corn Exchange into the Assembly Hall, and, falling on their knees, gave themselves to God, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Moody successively leading in prayer.

These American brethren bring to us no new gospel, nor do they pretend to novelty of any kind in their plans, save, perhaps, that of giving greater prominence to the singing of hymns, and conveying the good news to their hearers through this instrumentality. They come to us recommended by many trusted brethren in England and elsewhere. It is now ten years since the late Dr. Robert Burns, of Toronto, wrote thus after a visit to Chicago:—"Among leaders in such goodly undertakings, the name of Mr. Moody deserves honorable and grateful notice, and he is surrounded by a goodly band of faithful coadjutors, both clerical and lay." ("Life of Dr. Burns," p. 337.)

We may trust them. They fully deserve our confidence; the more we know of them in private, the more do we appreciate them, and the more do we feel inclined to cast in our lot with them. They are doing a good work. Let us bid them God speed, and put our own shoulders to the wheel. Let us learn

from them also to preach the gospel more simply and more naturally.

This is the day of earnest men and earnest things. Let no man forbid the Christian worker to be in earnest. He surely is not the one man who, amid all the fervour of modern zeal, is to remain cold, and to be repressed in his loving ardour, because his ways of working are not exactly according to established rule and line. We ask for soundness in the faith, and we do well. These men are sound. We ask for a consistent humble life, and we do well. These men are consistent and humble. We ask for self-denial, and we do well. These men are self-denied, hard toiling men, who are spending and being spent in a service which they believe to be not human but divine. We ask for definite aims, and an *ultimatum* in which self shall have no place, and we do well. These men have the most definite of all definite aims, winning souls to everlasting joy, and they look for no fame and no reward save the Master's approval and recompense in reserve for those who turn many to righteousness. They have in view no sinister, no selfish, no sordid motives, as their past history shows, and as every one who associates with them must feel.

Besides all this, it is vain to try to stop these men. They will work and they will speak, whoever shall say nay. Let us work along with them. They heartily desire the co-operation of all who love the Lord Jesus. They are modest, teachable, self-distrustful, though resolute men, who will listen to and learn from the poorest, but who will not be turned aside from what they know to be duty by any, whether great or mean. If we think them extravagant let us join ourselves to them, and moderate what excesses we may find in them. If we think they are taking unlawful ways of gathering the crowds from our lanes, from our streets, from our squares, from our villas, let us remonstrate with them, and suggest more

efficient and more prudent methods of awakening our heedless and slumbering masses, whether rich or poor. If we can do the work better and more in accordance with our Scotch habits, let us step in and do it. The men are such that they will be delighted to give place to anyone who will do the work better than themselves.

But the work must be done. It is too great and too important to be let alone. Confronted as we are with the augmenting mass of human evil, we must fight it or we must go down before it. If we do not deal with it, it will soon deal with us. And how can we deal with it, save by a power from above, and by the use of a remedy which contains, in solution within it, the potency of a divine cure. Let us not be too scrupulous as to the appearance of the vessel in which we administer the medicine, if we are satisfied that it is for the healing of the world.

At the same time, I must say that I have not seen nor heard any impropriety or extravagance. I have heard sound doctrine, sober, though sometimes fervent and tearful speech, the utterance of full hearts yearning over the wretched, and beseeching men to be reconciled to God. That I should accord with every statement, and fall entirely in with every part of their proceeding, need not be expected. Yet I will say that I have not witnessed anything sensational or repulsive. During the spiritual movements which took place in Scotland about thirty years ago, in most of which I had part, I saw more of what was extreme, both in statement and proceeding, than I have done of late. There was far more of excitement than there is now. The former movements depended far more upon vehement appeals, and were carried along more by the sympathetic current of human feeling than the present. When the present movement began I feared lest there should be a repetition of some of the scenes which I had witnessed in other days, and I

did not hesitate to express my fear to brethren. My fears have not been realized. I have been as regular in my attendance at the meetings as I could, and though I will not say that there was nothing which I might not have wished different, yet I have been struck with the exceeding calmness at all times—the absence of excitement—the peaceful solemnity pervading these immense gatherings of two or three thousand people, day by day—the strange stillness that at times so overawed us; and I felt greatly relieved at the absence of those audible manifestations of feeling common in former days. Rowland Hill was once asked the question, “When do you intend to stop?” “Not till we have carried all before us.” So say our brethren from Chicago. We say amen. This needy world says amen. Human wickedness and evil say amen. Heaven and earth say amen. The world is great, and the time is short. But the strength is not of man but of God.—I am, etc.,

HORATIUS BONAR.

The Grange, Dec. 31, 1873.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND.—

There are many indications that England is on the eve of a great awakening. Here are promising indications of it.

The “Day of Intercession of Missions” was very generally observed in the churches of the metropolis and many of the provincial towns, as also in many of the Nonconformist places of worship. This is not the only instance in which (some sharp encounters in controversy notwithstanding) there are indications of an increasing disposition on the part of Churchmen and Dissenters to seek simultaneously the same spiritual blessings, and thus to unite in purpose at least, in supplication and intercession to their common Father. In accordance with the invitation of the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester, special simultaneous mission services

will be held in as many parishes of the metropolis as have, through their respective clergymen, secured a mission preacher, and arranged for mission services. Five years ago there was an experiment of the same kind, but embracing no such wide area, and possessing no such extended and influential support as in the case of this year's mission. The mission commences on the 8th inst., and occupies ten days, being those which immediately precede Lent. As we write, the demand for mission preachers exceeds the supply, and the expectation is entertained that these services will result in an awakening or a quickening of the spiritual life in many souls. The London Congregational Union (a body which was instituted somewhat over a year ago) has resolved to hold revival services extending over the whole month of February. For this purpose the metropolis has been divided into four districts, and a week's services will be held in succession in each district. Here, as in the case of the Church Mission, there is the anticipation that spiritual blessing will be earnestly sought, and will be undoubtedly obtained.

THE FRENCH REFORMED CHURCH.—

This was once a large body. It is now composed of 105 Consistories or Presbyteries, of some 570 Congregations. The great struggle between those ministers who hold the Divinity and Christ, 320 in number, and those who reject it, 250 in number has come to a crisis, and the heretical minority have withdrawn from the Synod, as may be seen from the following letter:

Let us enter the Assembly itself. It is a time of high excitement. We imagine that the contending hosts are preparing themselves for the strife, and that we shall hear soon the thunder of the war. The authoritative decree of the Council of State is expected from the ruler of the land, who claim rule also in this poor distracted church. The “Temple du Saint Esprit” is prepared and artistically draped and adorned for the solemn occasion. The President, or

Moderator, takes his seat, with prospect of work difficult as that of Æolus in calming the turbulent and contending winds beneath his care; but, to the surprise of all, the "Opposition" benches are empty! The "Left," as the Liberals are often called from the position they occupied in the former Assembly, do not put in an appearance. One of their number only enters, and lays on the table a protest. The document declares that the minority can take no part in the deliberations of the Assembly, unless the late Confession of Faith is declared to be a mere expression of opinion, not intended to be enforced upon the members of the Church. This, of course, cannot be entertained by the Assembly, who resolve to abide by the decisions of the past session, and specially by the Confession of Faith then agreed to.

The next point of deep interest is, What is the decision of the Council of State which the deputies are summoned to hear? The second day of the session has come, and the messenger from "the powers that be" arrives. The notification containing the result of the deliberations of the Council of State is laid on the table; the great seal is broken, and the document (the purport of which both Right and Left probably know beforehand) is read aloud. The final sentence—from which there is no appeal—is, that the Synod was duly elected as the representative of the Church; that it was legally empowered, according to the provisions of the Code Napoleon, to pass resolutions which should possess legislative force; and that, as an ecclesiastical assembly, it had full right to decide on matters of faith, and to declare the Confession of its belief. So far the deliverance of the Government was in favour of the Evangelical section of the Synod; and it was gladly received by the Orthodox, who are now alone in the Assembly in this sense. Thanks, indeed, were given by the members of the Synod present to the great Head of the

Church for His gracious ruling in this matter.

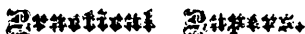
RELIGION IN HUNGARY.—Mr. C. L. Brace, an American gentleman who has been visiting Hungary, thus speaks of the numerical proportions and influence of the different religious communions in that country:—

"So general is the ruling race, the Magyars, made up of Protestants of the Reformed Church, that if a peasant be asked what church he belongs to, he will, if a Magyar, be sure to reply, 'The Hungarian,' meaning the Reformed. Yet out of the 15,417,327 population of Hungary, this Church really only numbers 2,024,332, and their brethren, the Lutherans, 1,109,154 more. Still, these three millions constitute the best intelligence and higher patriotic worth of the nation. They have thoroughly organized churches, many highly educated clergymen, their superintendents or bishops, and their church conventions where both laymen and clergy are delegates. The laity have much pride and interest in their churches, and take part in all their affairs. The church government is Congregational, yet there are synods in which the churches are represented; but these seem to have no absolute power. The superintendents are very active and useful now, and do a great deal of good work. The Roman Catholics number 7,653,560, or about one-half the population. Their highest clergy are members of the 'House of Lords,' or 'Magnates,' which, however, is somewhat of a useless and merely ornamental body. The Roman Catholics have not, however, a great popular influence. The Catholics have always been Liberals, and opposed to the encroachments of the Church of Rome. It will be remembered that the Hungarian bishops almost alone voted against the infallibility dogma. The Hungarian Protestants were never bigoted, so that the two churches have lived together amicably during many centuries. The

Greek Catholics, numbering 1,587,585, and the Greek Orientals 2,579,048, are the lowest and most ignorant of the population, completely under the control of their priests, and superstitious in the extreme. The Jews count 552,133; the Unitarians number 54,438, all but 787 being found in Transylvania."

PROGRESS OF TRUTH IN ROME.—Among other indications of the advancement of the Protestant cause in Rome may be mentioned the inauguration in that city of the second session of the Young Men's Christian Association, which took place recently. The good work

seems to be impeded in other parts of Italy by the astuteness of the priests. At Naples, we learn, a Presbyterian sailor fell sick and became an inmate of the Pellegrini Hospital. When the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Gowin, went to visit him, he found his bed surrounded by priests who were in the act of administering the last rites of the Romish Church. Mr. Gowin was informed that his services were not needed, inasmuch as the man had "become a Catholic." Ultimately Mr. Gowin discovered that the poor fellow was totally unconscious of what had occurred; but he died almost in the clutches of the priests.



NEWNESS OF THE SPIRIT, INSTEAD OF THE OLDNESS OF THE LETTER.

BY REV. NEIL MCKINNON.

1. Let those who possess some evidence of their having already passed from death unto life, learn a lesson of gratitude for the great privilege of deliverance from the law as a covenant of life, and for the consequent advantages for the practice of holiness which they enjoy. Your former state was a state of alienation from God; now you are reconciled to Him; your sins are pardoned; the prospect of a glorions immortality beyond death and the grave is laid open before you; and grace is promised to prepare you for the full fruition of the joys of heaven. For all this let gratitude to God be written upon your hearts. Consider, not only, that to God's sovereign mercy and grace is to be ascribed the wonderful provision made in the death of Christ for your salvation, but also the fact that the proclamation of the gospel message has resulted in your conversion: the latter fact as well as the former calls for deep gratitude. The manifold riches of the grace of God shine forth in bright effulgence in

every department of man's redemption.

2. See that your gratitude be proved by holy living. The practice of holiness is not a thing which may or may not follow the deliverance of a sinner from the curse of the law and the tyranny of sin. We are delivered that we may serve in newness of spirit. The express purpose which Christ had to accomplish by laying down his life as a ransom for sin, and by giving efficacy to the preached gospel by His Holy Spirit, was to make men holy to the glory of God's grace: see that all your own efforts coincide with the accomplishment of that purpose. "As He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation: because it is written, Be ye holy for I am holy" (1 Peter i. 15, 16).

There are some who seem not to care what their personal character may be, if only they can cherish some hope of escaping the torments of perdition. Brethren, let it not be so with you. Being dead to sin, and alive to God through a crucified Saviour, you are introduced into a state wherein new views of God, new views of the gospel, and new views of your prospects for eternity,

furnish you with the strongest motives and the highest encouragement to the practice of holiness. Therefore live for Christ. Consider your privileges; look to your inheritance; recognize your new spiritual relations; and by God's grace "quit you like men;" "resist the devil;" conquer your lusts; crucify the flesh; and show to the world around you that there is power in godliness. Would you not wish to be made instrumental in building up the Kingdom of Christ? Be careful to show that you yourself are His loyal and obedient subjects. Would you not wish to grow in the assurance of your interest in Christ, and to have a continual sense of His complacent regard? Hear what He says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love." I beseech you, study to know your duty, and having known it be careful to discharge it; "For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

3. But this style of urging to duty, while it is the proper way of addressing some of you, may, nevertheless, be only adding distress to grief in the breasts of others who are cast down, because they feel their own vileness and unworthiness, and their inability to do those things which the Word of God prescribes as their duty, in a manner satisfactory to their consciences. To such I would say, with all affection, let not your sorrow and distress grow into despair. If you cannot at present take to yourselves the comforts of the gospel, cease not to struggle against unbelief; keep your eye upon Jesus Christ, the crucified Saviour; and even while you do not serve Him as you would wish, cease not to make the effort to crucify the flesh, and to walk after the Spirit. In your distress you may be at times on the verge of concluding that you have not the Spirit of Christ, because you experience so much annoyance from

sin and depravity. But know for your comfort, that such reasoning is inconclusive. Was not Paul a converted man, united to Christ, and led by the Spirit, when he penned this Epistle? But he had hard struggles with sin and corruption, as we learn from the following context: "For that which I do," says he, "I allow not; for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; 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." And so distressing was his experience; that he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But he finds relief in looking to God through the Lord Jesus Christ. And so may you also, anxious and sorrowful soul, find relief, if you look for it to the same quarter.

4. A few words to such of you as have not yet been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Whether you are living in sinful pleasures and utter neglect of the gospel, or in the vain hope that you will be able to secure an interest in the favour of God by your own wisdom and virtue, will make very little difference in the end. As long as the law has a hold of you as a covenant, there remaineth nothing for you but disappointment and ruin. All men are by nature and practice under sin, guilty before God, and can never be justified by the deeds of the law. But a message of reconciliation is proclaimed; and a free and full pardon—a bill of indemnity, written in the blood of God's own Son—is offered to every one that hears the gospel. If you have discovered your need of it, if you are willing to have it, it will be yours. If you now embrace the terms of reconciliation, God will not upbraid you for your past neglect. I beseech you, stir yourself up; shake off every delusion; renounce your own

righteousness; listen not to the cavils of unbelief at the difficulties connected with some of the doctrines of the gospel scheme,—such as your own inability, the necessity of divine agency, man's original depravity and yet his continued responsibility. Take what is plain, act upon it, and leave the difficulties with God. You have every encouragement to look to Christ for salvation; the Spirit is promised in answer to earnest prayer; God is wait-

ing to be gracious; invitations and promises are abundant. In the words of Hosea, I earnestly counsel you, "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips. Ashur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses; neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our Gods: for in Thee the fatherless findeth mercy."

Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

UP TO JERUSALEM.

It was not very long, say four hours, after midnight, when the rules of early rising that govern eastern travel, forced us out of our beds. While breakfast is getting ready, some of us ascend the flat roof of the convent to see the land in sunrise, as we had seen it the evening before, in sunset. It is the same picture, but the colouring is changed. What lay ten hours before in shadow, is now in sunshine; and what then lay in sunshine, is now in shadow. The silvery waters of the Mediterranean, and the plain lying between, which drew our attention the evening before, are now forgotten as we scan the mountain rampart through which we must ascend to Jerusalem. The summit of the mountain barrier carries, at a distance, comparatively an even and horizontal profile, having none of those peaks and points, and towering heights that distinguish the mountain scenery of Switzerland and Scotland. As the sun rises behind the dark wall, we can see that the mountain barrier has breaches in it, made by many a winter torrent. We know from books, for the eye cannot inform us at the distance, that from time immemorial, up two of these

wadies, or ravines, or glens, have lain the roads to Jerusalem. One, called by our guides the "camel road," being somewhat smoother than the other, and the road for heavy transport between the sea and the city, enters the hills to the north of where we stand, and goes up to Jerusalem by the two Beth Horons. There is not, perhaps, in Palestine, or Christendom, a more memorable road than this, for without a doubt, over it Joshua chased into the plain the five Canaanitish kings and their dimitted hosts the day the sun and moon stood still, "which was like no day before or after it," (Jos. x.) The other road, *Wady Ali*, shorter, more precipitous, but less interesting historically, is the one travellers with light baggage generally take, and the one that has been chosen for us by our guides, which, in tent travelling, is often another name for our masters.

The Latin Convent overlooks the whole of Ramleh, and the flat roofs of the town lay before us, overspread with dark objects, to which, at first, we gave no attention in the dim morning light. Soon, however, the dark mass began to move, as the beams of the morning sun came on it, and the citizens of Ramleh, for the house-top is the best of bed-

rooms in the hot nights, shook themselves, (there is no undressing,) and went down stairs to breakfast. So did we also, and soon thereafter, our cavalcade setting out with the usual confusion and noise, and passing between hedges of the prickly pear, which enclose beautiful gardens, issued on the great plain and made for the gate, (God's making,) that gave us entrance into the everlasting hills.

Just as we are entering the mountain pass, we see on the right, a rock rising out of the plain, like the Castle rock of Edinburgh, crowned atop with ruins. In answer to our questions, we were told that it was the "*Castle of the penitent thief*," but at a glance one could see, (a point of more interest than the monkish tradition that *there* I ved and robbed the thief of the gospel.) that *there*, exactly half-way between the sea and the city, (15 miles from each), stood the key of the gate of the valley. The man that held that castle, held the entrance to the valley, held the valley, held Jerusalem on its eastern side, for the other road leads to the city round by its northern flank. But when we see a key flung, rusty and broken, in the highway, we know that the treasure it was made to guard is corrupted or stolen; so these deserted ruins tell the story that Jerusalem, once so precious, is now not considered worth attacking or defending.

There can be little doubt but it was down this glen the Philistines came rushing and crushing, pell-mell, in desperate flight, pursued by Israel after David had, further up the valley, slain their champion. It was up this same road the men of Kirjath-jearim carried the ark of God after the Philistines sent it from them. Once and again must Samson, in his visits of love and war to Philistia, have walked this road: but how changed the times, for our reveries are interrupted by a long line of pilgrims, chiefly Russians and Poles, coming towards us, men and women, on

horses, on asses, on mules, on camels, returning from Jerusalem after spending Holy Week in that city. It is hard to pass them, for our road is a bridle-path now in the bed of the stream, and anon half-way up the face of the mountain. Up, up, still climbing, (for Jerusalem lies 2,600 feet above the sea,) and we emerge on a breezy upland, cross it, and plunge into another valley, follow it for some distance, but as it would lead us away from our destination, we leave it, cross another upland, and plunge into a third valley, and so on for four hours, (=9 miles,) till, hot, wearied, and thirsty, we rest for mid-day luncheon, under the shade of some trees that mark the site of a deserted town, where we enter the following notes, while our attendants are lighting their fires and preparing coffee, black, muddy, bitter, but most grateful of beverages to the weary traveller.

Our forenoon's ride (1) gave us a rich succession of magnificent views. Each time we emerged on these uplands, especially in the earlier part of the day, we obtained new prospects of the great sea, the great plain, and which was a new element, the great hills to the north, the parents of these hills over which we were riding, descending like steps in a great staircase from Hermon to the desert of Egypt. One could now understand how the great sea and the everlasting hills became imbedded in the literature of the Jews, for on the west side both are almost constantly in sight. It gave us (2) an insight into the direction of the water-courses of the country. Jerusalem, as is understood, occupies a site on the back-bone of the Judean spur of the Lebanon range, and all the small streams either run west to the Mediterranean, or east to the Jordan valley, like ribs from the spine. It gave us (3) a dim view of the ancient glory of the land. The hills are limestone, and from the nature of the soil and their inclination to the sun were admirably well adapted for the cultivation of

olives and figs, and grapes. When the labour of man in building terraces from the foot to the top, the remains of which can be distinctly seen in many places, and in irrigating, was superadded to the natural terraces of the limestone strata and to the rains from heaven, there was to be seen, as the effect, no doubt, in olden times, a country of great fertility and beauty and healthfulness. It gave us (4), however, a sad view of its *present desolation*. The trees are gone; the terraces are broken down; each succeeding winter is carrying the soil into the beds of the streams, to be washed down into the sea; the people that thronged the towns and villages on almost every ridge, and that manned the fortifications that crowned every summit, are gone; the streams that gladdened the vales are dried up as the country has come to be stripped of its trees, and the whole land mourns and is desolate.

Such, expanded, are the notes made by the traveller as he rests at noon, the second day on Jewish soil: but it is time to get into the saddle. We pass the site, it is contended with good reason, of Emmaus, 60 furlongs (7½ Roman miles) from Jerusalem, abundantly watered and rich with fruit trees. Here to the right of our road is a large handsome Christian church, erected we suppose, by the Crusaders. Three of us ride on, dismount, tie our horses and enter the building. It is a stable for sheep and cattle, and the dumb brutes are ariving to be folded for the night, wondering whence we are and what we want with them. We had no time to take many notes or indulge in sentiment over the sad sight of this ruin, for the sun is fast nearing his setting and our party are on a-head of us. We overtake them, and after climbing a very steep ascent we emerge once again on what appears to be a broad table land. So often had we looked for Jerusalem, and so often had we been disappointed, that we were put off our guard. Then, quite unexpectedly, there came first to

view the mountains of Moab, across the Jordan, with the deep depression of the Dead Sea at their base, and then, about a mile away, the lofty grey walls of Jerusalem, standing somewhat above us, clear against the evening sky, and reflecting the last rays of the setting sun from the summit of the tower of Antonia. There were few or no words exchanged as we rode slowly on towards the Jaffa gate. It is hard to follow the laws that govern mental action; but if there is ever a time when "the heart may be excused for flying to the head," as the saying is, it is surely on one's first sight of Jerusalem. Then, amid the multitude of thoughts, fancies and feelings that come crowding on the mind, there will rise up one figure, JESUS, who walked these roads, who preached often in that city, who was crucified somewhere near where we were that evening riding, and who ascended to heaven from that hill overlooking the city to the east. JESUS came that evening to some of us, and walked beside us, shutting out all else—not simply as the central character in Jewish story, the central figure in the world's history, but as the sin-bearer, a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, walking these roads, and going out and in that city, working the great problem of man's redemption, while of the race he came to save there was not even one that fully knew him, or fairly understood him, or deeply sympathized with him. Out of such thoughts we were roused by the sharp clatter of our horses' heels on the stones of the gateway and the din of a group of Turkish soldiers, who stood respectfully aside as we passed under the arched roof into the city.

Those who seek opportunity to sin in solemn assemblies for religious worship, profane God's ordinances to the last degree, and defy Him upon His own ground. It is like striking within the verge of the court.

Children's Treasury.

THE RAVENS.

Within a town of Holland, once,
A widow dwelt, 'tis said;
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread,
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child—
A boy of eight years old—
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed!"

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before!
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed.
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow smiling said,
"That ravens might fly in, to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried—
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the streets to his own home
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food, that filled
This humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door. [Lord!
Looked up and said, "Many thanks, good
Then shut it fast once more;
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

—Golden Songs.

CONSCIENCE.

I remember reading, when a very little boy, about a child who was in the habit of going to an upper room, or loft, where there was a store of apples. She went from time to time to steal the fruit, but she met with something that greatly troubled her. There happened to have been placed in that store-room an old oil-painting. It was a large face, the eyes of which, go to what part of the room the little girl might, seemed to follow her, and they appeared to be saying to her, as she stooped down to take up the apples, "Ah, I see you! It is very naughty. You are sure to be found out."

This so annoyed the little culprit from time to time, that she was determined to put a stop to the threatening of those two large staring eyes; so she procured a small knife, or a pair of scissors, and struck them out. Ah! but there were still the two large holes in place of them, and she never could look at them without thinking of the eyes, and what they used to say to her. She had put out the eyes, but had not, nor could she, get rid of her conscience. Moreover, the very means she had used for sinning without rebuke only served to discover her guilt; for when what had befallen the painting came to be found out, it led to such inquiries as at last to reveal the whole truth.—*Selected.*

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"Oh, Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it through the board awhile, it's most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing; "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No, what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked, the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on—

"There is an old proverb which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

"I'll tell you what, Frank," said Eddie, "when we find ourselves getting angry, let's run out and use the saw Krissingle brought me, and then we won't find time for the saw of contention."—*Young Reformer*.

WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD?

Dr. Leifchild came upon a poor lad among the mountains of Ireland—one eleven or twelve years of age, poorly clad, no covering for his head, no shoes, no stockings, but with a mild, cheerful countenance and with a New Testament in his hand—keeping the gate of entrance to one of the richest and most magnificent views.

"Can you read?" said the Doctor.

"To be sure I can."

"And do you understand what you read?"

"A little."

"Let us hear you," and I turned his attention to the third chapter of the Gospel of John, which he seemed readily to find, and said, "Now read."

He did so with a clear, unembarrassed voice: "There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews; the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi."

"What does that mean?"

"It means *master*.—'We know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.'"

"What is a miracle?"

"It is a *great wonder*.—'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee.'"

"What does 'verily' signify?"

"It means *indeed*.—'Except a man be born again.'"

"What is that?"

"It means," he promptly replied, a *great change*.—'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

He paused, and with an expression of seriousness and devotion which I never shall forget, placing his hand upon his bosom, he said, "It is *something here*," and then raising his eyes, he added, "and *something up yonder*."

THE STOLEN PENNY

"When seven years old," said the Rev. Samuel Killpin, "I was left in charge of my father's shop. A man passed, crying, 'Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each.' In my eagerness to get one, I lost all self-command; and taking a penny from the drawer, I made the purchase. My keen-eyed mother inquired how I came by the money. I evaded the question with something like a lie. In God's sight it was a lie, as I kept back the truth.

"The lamb was placed on the chimney-shelf and much admired. To me it was a source of inexpressible anguish. Continually there sounded in my ears and heart, 'Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not lie.' Guilt and darkness overcame my mind, and, in an agony of soul, I went to a hay-loft, and there prayed and pleaded, with groanings that could not be uttered, for mercy and pardon. I entreated mercy for Jesus' sake. With joy and transport I left the loft, from a believing application of the text, 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee.' I went to my mother and told her what I had done, and sought her forgiveness, and burnt the lamb, while she wept over her young penitent."

WILLIE'S FAITH.

Willie spent the summer months at his grandpapa's farm in the country. He loved the quaint, 'old-fashioned house, with its low ceilings, its tiny window-panes, and its odd nooks and corners, which made such wonderful hiding-places. But most of all he loved to walk in the grand old woods with his papa, who often left his business in the city to spend a few days at the old place. One day, as they were rambling in the woods, they came to a wide brook, over which a plank had been thrown so that people could cross to the other side.

Willie's papa crossed over first, and, looking back, he saw that his little boy seemed unwilling to follow him; so, stepping back, he took his hand and led him across.

"Were you afraid to trust yourself upon the narrow plank, Willie?" asked his papa.

"I was, until you reached out your hand to me, and then I wasn't a bit afraid, papa."

"Did you feel sure that I would take you safely to the other side?"

"Yes, papa; quite sure."

"That feeling of trust in my protecting care is what we call FAITH. You know you were asking me the other day what is the meaning of the word 'faith,' which occurred so many times in the chapter you were reading."

"If it means *trusting* in people, and *believing* what they say, I think I understand it papa."

"Yes; that is its meaning. I told you just now to take my hand, and I would see you safely over the brook. You believed, and trusted me fully; and just so our Father in Heaven wishes us to believe and trust in Him. Sometimes we hardly know what to do, or which way to go; but, if we give ourselves to Him, trusting in his loving care, and asking him to help us, He will guide us through all the dangers of this life, and take us at last to His beautiful home in Heaven."

"TAKE ME ON SHORE."

A godly minister had a careless and idle son, who left his home and sailed to a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him, and send him good advice. The ship which bore their boy reached a distant port, and was waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore, and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kind of music.

He amused them for a long time; but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore."

The sailors told him that he must not go yet.

"Oh, indeed I cannot stay any longer," replied the little black boy, "and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ. This is about the hour when he meets us under a tree to tell us more. I want to go and hear him."

The sailors were overcome by the boy's entreaties, and at once rowed him ashore.

The minister's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned by them. "Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus than that poor boy, and yet caring far less for him. That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the Word of Life, while I am living quite careless about it!"

In great distress of mind he retired that night to his hammock. There his father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation he so much needed. He became a sincere Christian, and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.

Christian Miscellany.**THE "LOCH EARN."**

REMARKABLE FACTS MENTIONED AT THE NOON-DAY PRAYER-MEETING, EDINBURGH.

The Noon-day Prayer-meeting in the Free Assembly Hall was crowded on Thursday. The exercises are, of course, principally devotional, but a short address of five minutes is usually given by Mr. Moody. On Thursday he spoke of the importance and power of faith in prayer. "Let not him that wavereth think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." He related some touching incidents which had come under his own notice in illustration of the power of believing prayer, especially in the case of mothers praying for their sons when away on the battle-fields in the late war in America. Soon after, Dr. A. Thomson read a letter which he had received that morning from a Christian lady in Edinburgh, narrating a series of incidents in connection with the rescue of the passengers of the shipwrecked "Loch Earn," of which her own son, one of the passengers, had been the witness. The story, which we subjoin, was listened to with the deepest interest, and came in with peculiar fitness after Mr. Moody's address:—

"After the 'Trimountain' left them, and they had examined their ship, many a heart failed, and they feared they would never see land again. They could not navigate the vessel, and were left to the mercy of the wind and waves, or rather to the care of Him who ruleth wind and waves. Vain was the help of man. The wind drove them out of the course of ships, northward. You are aware that two ministers were left on board the 'Loch Earn.' One, M. Cooke, a truly godly man, did all he could to encourage their hearts. Every day at noon he gathered them together, and earnestly by prayer strove to lead them to the Saviour, and this he continued to do till they reached England.

The day before they were rescued, they knew that very shortly the ship must go down. The wind had changed, bringing them nearer the track of ships, but they had little hope of being saved. M. Cooke told them of his own hope, that death to him would be eternal life, and he urgently entreated them to put their trust in 'Him who was mighty to save.' At the same time, he told them he had no doubt they would be rescued, that even then a vessel was speeding to save them, that God had answered their prayers, that next day as morning dawned they would see her. That night was one of great anxiety. As morning dawned, every eye was strained to see the promised ship. There truly she was, and the 'British Queen' bore down upon them. You may think with what thankful hearts they left the 'Loch Earn.'

"One thing is remarkable—the officer in charge on board the 'British Queen' had a most unaccountable feeling that there was something for him to do, and three times during the night he changed the course of the vessel, bearing northward. He told the watch to keep a sharp look-out for a ship, and immediately on sighting the 'Loch Earn' bore down upon her. At first he thought she had been abandoned, as she lay helpless in the trough of the sea, but soon they saw her signal of distress. It seems to me a remarkable instance of faith on the one side and a guiding Providence on the other. After they were taken on board the pilot-boat that brought them into Plymouth, at noon, when they for the last time together joined in prayer, M. Cooke read to them the account of Paul's shipwreck, showing the similarity of their experience. I earnestly trust that the teaching the crew of the 'Loch Earn' received during that time of sore trial may be greatly blessed to them."

WHERE SHALL WE INVEST?

Men solicitously ask this now-a-days. It is an important question in money-circles, "Where shall we place our unemployed capital?" It is a serious matter for the workingman who pays out so much every Monday (that is a better pay-day than Saturday), looks at the little that is left after buying groceries and clothing, and says, "Where shall I lay by these scanty savings?"

Banks are useful. Habits of saving are to be encouraged. It is a good thing for the young father and mother to have a Bible and a bank-book in the house. Still, banks are not above failure.

What of railroad stocks? We must have railroads. The iron rails are to be spiked across the country. Still the time may come when railroad securities will be as unsterile as weathervanes in March.

"I will hide my money in a vault," says the owner of the Government bond. Before the month is out there is a skilled hand boring a hole through the steel doors.

There may be no burglar without, but how often a defaulter is within. The thief indoors slyly altering figures in the ledger is more to be dreaded than the thief without.

"I will put my money in real estate," says a man. "A house is not a railroad, or a bank, or a vault. Am I not safe?" The ashes of Chicago and Boston are his answer.

The lessons of all business-life are that no investment is absolutely safe. Sustain banks, push railroads judiciously, build houses, keep up a reasonable confidence between man and man, but when you lay your money away, don't let your *heart* go with it. The hiding place may be empty of its treasures some day, and no hunting find it.

May we not "trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God," and be found among those "laying up in store

for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." That investment is *safe*.—Edward A. Rowl.

OUR FATHER.

"I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. vi. 18.

Tried Christian, thou art not an orphan! Thou hast a Father. God, in all the glory of his nature and perfections, is thy Father.—He has adopted thee for his own. He has regenerated thee by his Spirit. He has called thee out of the world, and has promised to do a Father's part by thee. He says, "I will be a Father unto thee." Dost thou want advice? Consult thy Father. Dost thou need supplies? Ask them of thy Father. Art thou tormented with cares? Cast them on thy Father.—Art thou alarmed at foes? Cry unto thy Father. Do thy difficulties appear insurmountable? Appeal to thy Father. God is not merely a Father in name; he has a Father's nature. He not only calls us his sons and daughters, but wishes us to act toward him as such. We should exercise confidence in his love. We should trust in his promises. We should appeal to his paternal heart. We should look for our supplies from his hands. In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, we should let our requests be made known unto God. He loves to see us confide in his care, rely on his promises, expect his communications, and acquiesce in his will. Believer, whatever trials may befall thee, whatever troubles may come upon thee, whatever enemies may rise up against thee, whatever changes may take place in thy circumstances, one thing can never befall thee - thou canst never be fatherless; therefore, thou canst never be friendless. Thou art God's child, however poor thy circumstances or trying thy path. What an unspeakable mercy! "We are the chil-

dren of God; and, if children, then heirs: heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."—Rom. viii. 16, 17.

"RESTORE SUCH AN ONE."

Dr. Tyerman, in his "Life and Times of Wesley, gives the following letter from Wesley, never before published, written with reference to a preacher named Wm. Shent, who had previously fallen into sin and disgrace:—

LONDON, Jan. 11, 1799.

I have a few questions which I desire may be proposed to the society at Keighley. Who was the occasion of the Methodist preachers' first setting foot in Leeds? William Shent. Who received John Nelson into his house at his first coming thither? William Shent. Who was it that invited me and received me when I came? William Shent. Who was it that stood by me when I preached in the streets with the stones flying on every side? William Shent. Who was it that bore the storm of persecution for the whole town, and stemmed it at the peril of his life? William Shent. Whose word did God bless for years in an eminent manner? William Shent's. By whom were many children begotten in the Lord? William Shent. Who is he that is ready now to be broken up and turned into the street? William Shent. And does nobody care for this? William Shent fell into sin and was publicly expelled the society; but must he be also starved? Must he with his grey hairs, and all his children, be without a place to lay his head? Can you suffer this? Oh tell it not in Gath! Where is gratitude? Where is compassion? Where is Christianity? Where is humanity? Where is concern for the cause of God? Who is a wise man among you? Who is concerned for the gospel? Who has put on bowels of mercy? Let him arise and exert himself in this matter. You here all arise as one man and roll away the reproach. Let us set him on his feet once more. It may save both him and his family. But

what we do let it be done quickly.—I am, dear brethren, your affectionate brother.

JOHN WESLEY.

THE HARDEST HEART.

When an unregenerate man dares to put on a Christian profession, this is perhaps the most rapid and certain process for consummating the devil's work. For if a man will be audacious enough to join himself with the saints while he is indulging in private sin; if he will continue to come to the communion table when he knows that his basest lusts are still indulged; and if, moreover, he has the face to boast of being a child of God when he knows that he is an utter stranger to Divine grace—why, such a man is the raw material out of which Satan can make a Judas. The devil himself could not make a Judas until he had found a false apostle. You must look among hypocritical professors of religion if you would find the worst of men; and I must add, you may succeed best in your search if you can find a false-hearted minister. The higher the place in God's garden the more rank the weeds. The hardest-hearted men of all are not those who have been guilty of crimes against society, and have been put away into our jails—often a little kindness will melt these savages down; but the worst of all are those demons in human shape, who make a profession of being the people of God and all the while know that they are sinning with both hands wickedly. To cover a vile life with the coverlet of a Christian profession is a sign of reprobation.—*Spurgeon*.

"NO BURDENS ALLOWED TO PASS THROUGH."

There is a gateway at the entrance of a narrow passage in London, over which is written, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

"And yet we do pass constantly with ours," said one friend to another, as

they turned up this passage out of a more frequented and broader thoroughfare. They carried no visible burdens, but they were like many who, although they have no outward pack upon their shoulders, often stoop inwardly beneath the pressure of a heavy load upon the heart. The worst burdens are those which never meet the eye.

There is another gate—one which we are invited to enter, and must enter, if we would ever attain to rest and peace, and over which is also inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." This is the strait gate, which leads to life; and by it stands One who opened the narrow way to which it leads, saying to each one of us, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Reader, have you brought your burden and laid it down there?

CARLYLE AND KING DAVID.

"David the king," says Thomas Carlyle, "has fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there is no want of sins, and thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, 'Is this your man according to God's heart?'"

"The sneer, I must say, seems to me a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations often baffled, never ended struggles of it be forgotten?"

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

"Of all acts, is not repentance, for man, the most divine?"

"The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin; that is death. David's life and history, as written for us in these psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below.

"Is not a man's walking, in truth, always 'a succession of falls?' That

his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one, that is the question of questions."

These are strong words of Carlyle's, but they are true. This man after God's own heart sinned and fell, repented and sinned again. Let us then take courage, and feel that, notwithstanding all our sins and shortcomings, God approves our upward struggles, our humble repentings, our earnest desires to grow in grace.

THE PRECIOUS PLANT.

Two little girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to the neighboring town, each carrying on her head a basket of fruit, to sell for money enough to buy the family dinner. Bridget murmured and fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last Bridget got out of all patience and said vexedly:

"How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not a bit stronger. I don't understand it."

"Oh, it is easy enough to understand," replied Walburga.

"How so?"

"I have a certain little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light that I can hardly feel it. Why don't you do so too?"

"Indeed it must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows wherever you plant it, and give it a chance to take root, and there is no telling the relief it gives! Its name is Patience!"—*Herder.*

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

Not long ago, the Rev. Dr. Mills, in one of his powerful appeals to mothers to consecrate their children to the ministry of the gospel, said: "A youth, after great deliberation, and with the knowledge that his mother desired him to be a clergyman, decided at last

to become a lawyer; and, soon after his mother inquired of him, in a tone of deep and tender interest, 'My son, what have you decided to do?' 'To study law, mother.' She only replied, 'I had hoped otherwise,' and her convulsive sobbing told the depth of her disappointment. 'Do you think,' said he, 'I could go into the law over my mother's tears?' He reconsidered the case, and has long been an able and efficient clergyman."

All that Leigh Richmond, was, he attributed to the simplicity and propriety with which his mother endeavoured to win his attention, and store his memory with religious truths when yet almost an infant.

O! if Christian mothers would but wake up to the use of their powers and their influences, a Samuel might arise out of every family, and Leigh Richards be counted by thousands.—*Fire-side Monthly*.

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

The happiness we derive from creatures is like a beggar's garment—it is made up of pieces and patches, and is worth very little after all. But the blessedness we derive from the Saviour is single and complete. In Him all fulness dwells. He is coeval with every period. He is answerable to every condition. He is a physician to heal, a counsellor to plead, a king to govern, a friend to sympathise, a father to provide. He is a foundation to sustain, a root to enliven, a fountain to refresh. He is the shadow from the heat, the bread of life, the morning star, the sun of righteousness; all, and in all. No creature can be a substitute for Him, but He can supply the place of every creature. He is all my salvation, and all my desire; my hope, my life, my glory, and joy.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but thou art the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. I

cannot be exposed, I cannot be friendless, I cannot be poor, I cannot be fearful, I cannot be sorrowful with Thee.

THE DRUNKARD'S BARGAIN.

There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing; and food and fire for my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from the school master, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shopkeeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, and yet more, I will pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind; there's my character as a man and profession as a Christian; I give up all—give me drink! More yet have I to give! There's my heavenly inheritance, and the eternal friendship of the redeemed; there, there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I give up all that is great, good, and glorious in the universe; I resign all for ever, that I may be drunk!"

LOOK TO JESUS ONLY.

You are looking not at the object of faith—at Jesus—but at your faith. You would draw your comforts not from him, but from your faith; and because your faith is not quite perfect, you are as much discouraged as if Jesus was not a quite perfect Saviour. How sadly does the sly spirit of bondage deceive you! For what is your act of believing? Is it to save you? Are you to be saved for believing? If so, then you put acts and works in the place of the Saviour. And faith, as an act, is in your view your salvation. The free grace of the covenant you turn into a work, and how well that work is done becomes the ground of your hope. What a dreadful mis'ake! since salvation is not to him that worketh, but to him that believeth!—*Romaine*.

CHARACTER.—"The essence of the character is in the spirit. The sin of an action is not in the outward performance, but in the motive."

GOD.—"How great is God! He is the cause, the means, and the end of all things in the universe but sin, and even sin He subordinates to His own high ends."

LOVE.—"Love rules the intellect; what the heart loves most the intellect most ruminates. Thought like a conveying angel, will bring the loved one to the soul's eye a thousand miles away. To a true disciple Christ is the grand central theme of thought."

PERSONAL CHRISTIANITY.—"Personal Christianity is not a creed, however orthodox; not a ritualism, however scriptural; not a profession, however outwardly consistent, not a service, however seemingly useful, but is Christ in man."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—"First impressions are the most indelible and influential. The rich man in hell remembered his 'father's house.' The soul strikes its roots deeply into the first scenes of its life, and those roots may be as fine as the finest web, but they are stronger than adamant chain. Nothing can break the mystic fibre. Though a thousand miles away, the soul feels their vibrations."

THE DEVIL A PREACHER.—"According to a mediæval legend, an evil spirit once entered a monastery, passed his novitiate, and became a full brother. In preaching one Advent to the assembled friars, he spoke of the terrors of hell, and depicted them most graphically, and, of course, eminently qualified for so doing. His discourse produced a profound sensation among his audience, their blood curdled with horror, and some of the weaker brethren

fainted away. When the true character of the friar was discovered, the Superior expressed to him surprise at his want of judgment in preaching a powerful sermon, calculated to terrify the hearers from ever venturing on the road which leads to the place described by the preacher with such reality. But the devil replied, with a hideous sneer, "Think you that my discourse would prevent a single soul from seeking eternal damnation? Not so; the most finished eloquence and the profoundest learning are worthless beside one drop of unction—*there was no unction in my sermon.*—*Sabine Baring-Gould*

THE SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.—"We saw an account lately of an elephant upon service in India, that, going to drink, fell into the broad, deep tank or well, constructed as a reservoir. To get him out, they threw in great quantities of fascines or hurdles, which the intelligent creature placed under his feet as fast as they were given him, and thus raised himself not only to the level of the water, but to the brink of the well, and moved out without difficulty. Now this is the way to conquer the world and rise above it, when you have fallen into temptation, or into a sea of anxieties, or cares, or pleasures. Instead of being overwhelmed with them, tread them under your feet, and you are soon raised superior to them, by the very means of them. It is for this very purpose that God suffers his children to fall into divers temptations, as a discipline for their good; and if they have a spiritual intuition half as quick and active as the instinct of that sagacious elephant, and desire to get out, rather than play about and dally with the world for their own indulgence, they will count it all joy, knowing that the trial of their faith worketh patience. But patience must have her perfect work, and they shall be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

CHARITY.

Dr. Chalmers beautifully said, "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, the threatening voice within, health gone, happiness gone—I fain would leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

One of the Beane colporteurs entered a three-storied house, in which, according to the custom of the country, three different families lived. He began with the highest story; and sold copies of the Scriptures in this and in the next. On inquiring about the family on the ground-floor, he was warned not to enter, but he did enter. He found both the man and his wife at home. He offered his Bibles; his offer was replied to with abuse, and a positive order to leave the house instantaneously; he, however, stayed, urging them to buy and read God's holy Word. The man then rose in a violent rage and struck him a severe blow on the cheek. Up to this moment the colporteur had stood quietly with his knapsack on his back. He now deliberately unstrapped it, laid it on the table, and turned up the sleeve of his right arm, all the while steadily looking his opponent in the face. The colporteur was a very strong man. Addressing his opponent, he said:

"Look at my hand, its furrows show that I have worked; feel my muscles, they show that I am fit for work. Look

me straight in the face; do I quail before you? Judge then for yourself if it is fear that moves me to do what I am about to do. In this Book my Master says, 'When they smite you on one cheek, turn to them the other also.' You have smitten me on one cheek, here is the other! Smite! I will not return the blow."

The man was thunder-struck. He did not smite; but he bought the Book which, under the influence of God's Spirit, works marvels in the human heart.—*Report of the Bible Society.*

COMFORT IN BEREAVEMENT.—If a man has a statue decayed by rust and age, and mutilated in many of its parts, he breaks it up and casts it into a furnace, and after the melting he receives it again in a more beautiful form. As the dissolving in the furnace was not a destruction, but a renewing, of the statue, so the death of our bodies is not a destruction, but a renovation. When, therefore, you see, as in a furnace, your flesh flowing away to corruption, dwell not on that sight, but wait for the recasting. And be not satisfied with the extent of this illustration, but advance in your thoughts to a still higher point; for the statuary, casting into the furnace a brazen image, does not furnish you in its place a golden and undecaying statue, but again makes a brazen one. God does not thus; but, casting in a mortal body formed of clay, He returns to you a golden and immortal statue; for the earth, receiving a corruptible and decaying body, gives back the same incorruptible and undecaying. Look not, therefore, on the corpse, lying with closed eyes and speechless lips, but on the man that is risen, that has received glory unspeakable and amazing, and direct your thoughts from the present sight to the future hope. But do you miss his society, and therefore lament and mourn? Now is it not unreasonable that, if you should have given your

daughter in marriage, and her husband should take her to a distant country, and should there enjoy prosperity, you would not think the circumstance a calamity, but the intelligence of their prosperity would console the sorrow occasioned by her absence; and yet here, while it is not a man, nor a fellow-servant, but the Lord Himself who has taken your relative, that you should grieve and lament? And how is it possible, you ask, not to grieve, since I am only a man? Nor do I say that you should not grieve; I do not condemn dejection, but the intensity of it. To be dejected is natural; but to be overcome by dejection is madness, and folly, and unmanly weakness. You may grieve and weep, but not give way to despondency, nor indulge in complaints. Give thanks to God, who has taken your friend, that you have the opportunity of honouring the departed one, and of dismissing him with becoming obsequies. If you sink under depression, you withhold honour from the departed, you displease God, who has taken him, and you injure yourself; but if you are grateful, you pay respect to him, you glorify God, and you benefit yourself. Weep, as wept your Master over Lazarus, observing the just limits of sorrow, which it is not proper to pass. Thus also said Paul: "I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others who have no hope." Grieve, says he, but not as the Greek, who has no hope of a resurrection, who despairs of a future life.—*Chrysostom.*

HABIT.—"Habit is like a cord. It is strengthened with every action. At first it is fine as silk, and can be broken with but little effort. As it proceeds it becomes a cable strong enough to hold a man-of-war steady, amidst boisterous billows and furious winds. Habit is a river. At its headspring you can arrest its progress with ease, and turn it in any direction you please, but as it approaches

the ocean it defies opposition, and rolls with a thunderous irresistibility into the sea."

ABEL ENTERING HEAVEN.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When, lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown!
A song unknown to angel ears,
A song that told of banished fears,
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could these high notes attain!
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain;
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffered long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly ransomed soul on high,
To join the chorus there;
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all redeemed by Christ below
To that fair world of rapture go.

O give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice;
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys;
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore.

WHAT I BRING.

I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once-opened fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.
O loving Saviour! now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
(O suffering Saviour! all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own ;
O Saviour! let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone !
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

“ WE WOULD SEE JESUS.”

We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life ;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen,
For the last weariness, the mortal strife.

We would see Jesus—for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch, upon both heart and
brow ;
And though our souls have many billows
breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus, the strong rock-founda-
tion
Whereon our feet are set by sovereign grace ;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we seek His face.

We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see,
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we come to
Thee.

We would see Jesus—yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclothe its
fingers :
Our love for Thee makes not this love less
strong.

We would see Jesus—sense is all too blinding,
And Heaven appears too dim and far away ;
We would see Jesus, to gain the sweet re-
minding,
That Thou hast promised our great debt to
pay.

We would see Jesus, that is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come at the
sight ;

We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal
night.

LETTER FROM MRS. KENNEDY.

The many friends Mrs. Kennedy has
in Canada will be glad to read the fol-
lowing letter from her :—

15 EGLINTON STREET,
SALTCOATS,

January 15, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. CAMERON,—You will
see from above that I am now located
in a house of my own, for which I am
very grateful. The money (including
contributions from CHRISTIAN MONTHLY)
which my dear old friend Mr. Kennedy
sent me, I have invested in furnishing
a cottage, with the view of letting it in
summer, and I am in hopes that, by and
by, I may get some one to board with
me during the months my house is not

let. But the fact is, when any one asks
me what my future prospects are, I
cannot tell them. I live a life of faith
entirely on Him who promised he would
be a husband unto me, and I feel, as He
has given me a house and furnished it
in answer to prayer, that he will provide
for me otherwise; perhaps it may not be
just in the way I plan for myself, but
in some other way of his own. But at
present, my faith is so strong in God's
promise to me, that I feel no anxiety
for the future. I took possession of my
house a week before Christmas.

We have all enjoyed good health this
winter, and my delicate boy has been
able to attend school regularly, without
any apparent injury to his health. I

have no doubt but our living here has had a very beneficial effect on him. The air here is very bracing. . . . You would find the society here very congenial, as we have got some very eminent Christian men among us, and we have got many interesting meetings and a good work going on at present. All my friends would be as glad to see you as I would. I am very glad to hear that there is a prospect of your being able to continue the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY this year. I think you have done very well, considering the difficulties you had to overcome. I hope that you may be able, at least, to clear expenses for the last six months. . . . It is a comforting thought, that while you may have been giving your labour for nothing, at the same time you may have been reaping a harvest of souls that you will never know anything about till you reach the eternal world. I do pray that your publication may be greatly owned and blessed this year, and I feel as if it will be. God seems to be answering believing prayer in a wonderful manner at present. I look anxiously every month for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY; it seems to be a strong tie between me and Canada. My brothers-in-law, as well as myself, are very well pleased with it. Its namesake, the *Christian*, of London, is growing quite a power in the religious world at present. I am trusting that your publication may take as firm a hold on the people of Canada as it is doing here. . . . I am very glad to see that paper, as well as yourself, advocating the need of Evangelistic services in Canada. Oh, Mr. Cameron, you have no idea the good they are doing in this country. What wonderful times they are seeing in Edinburgh at present through the instrumentality of these services! Wherever I have heard of these services being held, they are always followed by immediate fruit, in the conversion of souls, people coming out decidedly for Christ. I have seen an illustration of

it in this place. The parish minister here, Mr. McNab, some of whose hymns I have sent you, is a great believer in them, and he has had a great many of these meetings, employing every Evangelist he could lay hold on, Free or Established, preaching with them in the streets, or in halls or churches; and the consequence is that this place has been greatly blessed, a great many young men and women have been brought, through these meetings, to a saving knowledge of the truth, and not only so, but they have become working Christians. My brother-in-law has also an Evangelistic meeting every Sabbath evening here; Christians of all the different denominations attend, and he too has reaped much fruit. He has always an after meeting, where Mr. McNab and other Christians help him, and many souls at that meeting have been brought to decide for Christ. My brother-in-law is a sweet singer of hymns, and that seems to impress some people even more than the preaching. It is wonderful how God is using music now very much to draw people, as in the case of Mr. Sankey. This seems to be a time of an especial outpouring of God's spirit. Oh that this revival, which has taken place in Edinburgh, may extend all over the world, and especially may it extend to dear Canada; and I am praying, my dear Mr. Cameron, that you may be the means of promoting it there through your publication as well as by your personal efforts.

I must now draw this epistle to a close, thanking you in the warmest manner for the efforts you have put forth to collect a little money for me. May God bless you and all those who have so kindly ministered unto my necessities; and wishing you and Mrs. Cameron, with all your family circle, a very happy New Year in the highest sense of the term,

I remain, my dear Mr. Cameron,
Yours very sincerely,

AGNES KENNEDY.