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## NEWFOUNDLAND

# Monthly Messenger.

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

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### THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

#### No. II.

A dream of years was realised when I reached the land of the "Stars and Stripes."

Like many others from the mother country, I had strong and unreasonable prejudices against our American cousins—at least, against some of their ways of doing things and many of their institutions. I expected to meet with insolence from every car-driver and crossing-sweeper, to be shouldered off the sidewalk by every passing pedlar; to be disgusted with "guessing," swaggering, and braggadocio. I expected to find the churches filled with ladies in full dress costume, the gentlemen with hats on, smoking cigars; to hear the ministers talking politics, or reading essays on political economy. I thought I should find little boys and girls dictating to their parents where they should spend the summer vacation, etc.; and everything in the same free-and-easy—or Young American—style. But how have I been disappointed, and confounded, and humbled! I would advise those who have not been to visit the great Republic to say nothing about it; they just know nothing. The opinions that we get from those strolling pedlars, or even some of the boasting tourists or book-making travellers, are as far from sober truth as we can well imagine anything to be.

I was at home with an old member of my church in St. John's—Mr. J. Heath. The kindness of himself and family was unbounded. I was rejoiced to find all of them walking in the ways of the Lord. I spent my Sabbath pleasantly, and, I hope, profitably too. In the morning I heard the pastor of Franklin-street Church, Somerville, the Rev. William Hubbell. In the afternoon I preached in the same place. In the evening attended the annual meeting of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, in the Tabernacle where some time before Messrs. Moody and Sankey held their great evangelistic services. There were supposed to be 7,000 present on this occasion. Among those who took part in the service I remember Rev. Dr. Webb, Congregational; Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Episcopalian; Rev. Dr. Tyng, jun.,

Episcopalian; Rev. Dr. Gordon, Baptist; and Mr. Sankey, who sang some of his beautiful solos and also spoke most impressively. There was a large choir, under the direction of a doctor of music. It was one of the most delightful services it was ever my privilege to attend. The Young Men's Christian Association is a power for good in Boston, and, indeed, in all the cities of the great Republic.

I was fortunate to be in Boston during what is called anniversary week—that is, the week in which the annual meetings of the various religious and philanthropic societies are held. I was anxious to learn as much as possible, and especially to become acquainted with the working of the churches known as "orthodox Congregational." Through the courtesy and kindness of the Rev. Mr. Hubbell, I had an introduction to the leading men of the various societies in the Congregational House. I soon felt myself almost as much at home there as I would in Memorial Hall, London. I was present at several meetings in Tremont Temple, in Pilgrim Hall, and in the Cradle of Liberty, or Faneuil Hall. In the latter place I was favoured with a rare feast. The meetings of the week are brought to a close by a festival, given by the Congregational Club. I met at this meeting missionaries from almost every part of the world, heard some of the best speakers of the denomination, and perhaps the best professional singers in Boston. On the same day I was the guest of an Association of Oberlin students at their Alumni dinner. Some of the first students of that great institution that the great Dr. Finney did so much to build up were present, and this was one of the most delightful meetings I was privileged to attend while in America. I shall long remember the pleasant intercourse, the deep religious feelings and joys of that afternoon in Pilgrim Hall.

While in Boston I visited a few of the public institutions; among others, the Free Library, the Museum of Art, and one of the public schools. It is impossible to speak too highly of the people of that ancient city. The entire municipal regulations appeared to me to be far in advance of anything I had seen in England. I gave a lecture on "Newfoundland," in Franklin-street Church; also in Newton, where I met the Rev. Mr.

Lowry, from Belfast, the respected pastor of one of the churches in Newton.

I visited Lowell, to see Mrs. Ward, one of the members of my church in St. John's. Lowell is a beautiful little city of about 25,000 inhabitants. I found Mrs. Ward in poor health, but, I hope, recovering. I had only a very short time to spend, as I had the honour of an invitation to dine at the far-famed theological town of Andover. At the house of the Rev. G. F. Wright I had the pleasure of meeting the venerable Dr. Pack, one of the ablest defenders of the faith, perhaps the best theologian on the continent of America. A perfect gentleman, profound scholar, and, withal, as gentle and humble as a child, I felt while in his society that I was carried back to the days of the Puritans. Andover is beautifully situated, and if anywhere in New England the spirit of Puritanism lives, it is here.

One other place outside Boston must receive a passing notice. I spent one of the happiest Sabbaths of my life in Middlebro', Mass., about thirty miles from Boston, and about four teen from Plymouth Rock. I arrived here on a Saturday afternoon, to supply next day one of the churches that was without a pastor. I found myself in the comfortable home of Deacon Pickens. The Lord's Day was very fine. We had two services and a prayer-meeting. Though this people had been for some time without a stated pastor, yet I found much life and power among them, and I judge that they are ripe for evangelistic work. Both deacons and members appeared to be earnest and faithful. I may say that I left with feelings of regret next morning. Should it ever be my privilege to visit Boston again, I will esteem it a joy to renew the friendship with the esteemed and loved friends at Middlebro'.

Though I spent the greater part of two weeks in and about Boston I seemed to have only begun to see its beauties, and to get acquainted with its multitudinous institutions, and introduced to the men of power and mark who are labouring in the various fields of usefulness.

I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Hubbell for much information, and, indeed, for favours that I shall not soon forget. He has a large heart, and it is evidently consecrated to the service of the best of Masters.

(To be continued.)

## FLOWERS FOR THE INVALID.

FROM the presence of flowers in an invalid's room a great advantage is derivable. Flowers are very beautiful and very welcome during seasons of health. A stroll through a well-kept garden, especially in the early morning before the dew has passed away, and when the richness of colouring, and the singular sensation of exuberant life, then particularly observable, are at their height; an hour spent in the depths of dingles and green glades, where the sun, shimmering

through the broken boughs overhead, lights up for a moment wild blossoms nestling together amidst the mossy roots of the older trees, are delights that we can all appreciate thoroughly; but when the hour of sickness, of pain, of weariness comes, and we lie on our beds, feeling as though we should never know again what ease and health are, then it is that the languid heart leaps up, the dull eye brightens, the pale lips call back their colour and their smile together to greet the gentle visitants, as the door opens to admit our out-of-door comrades, who, undeterred by the uncongenial gloom and closeness, come to sympathise with us, to tell us that we are not forgotten in our former haunts, and that our steps will be gladly hailed there when strength is ours again.

Illness, looked at even in the most cheerful light, both by patients and nurses, is a wearisome experience. The same room, the same routine, the same diet, and the same inclines, taken at the same hours, are not by any means enlivening circumstances; clean, well-aired, cheery, as unlike a sick-room as possible as the chamber of suffering may be kept, yet there is, and always must be, a depressing feeling within it; something totally unlike itself is wanting to relieve its oppression, to give rise to new thoughts quite unconnected with it or its occupation. And to supply as far as they can this very need, flowers, tastefully arranged and well placed, offer their kindly services. It is such a relief, such a positive luxury, to turn the eye away from the grim, bad-taste suggesting row of medicine bottles; from the sundry bisect papers that stand on the table, ready to dispense their well-meant but painfully unpalatable contents; from the oft-coneuel pattern on the walls, one rose, two green leaves, a sort of proposal for a brown leaf, ending in a badly-formed piece of trellis, a white rose and a green leaf at top; from the window-curtains hung up in their perpetual folds; from the fire which, though partaking of a family resemblance with the dear old one downstairs, evidently belongs to an ill-conditioned and ill-favoured branch of the original stock; to turn the weary eyes and weary attention from all these things, and rest them gently and peacefully on some spiritual-looking blossom, so unallied to all earthly trouble, so suggestive of coolness, and freshness, and unworldliness, that the tired brain and throbbing pulses become half-unconsciously soothed, and the heavy eyelids drop and droop lower, until, as pitying sleep closes them fast, she transforms our last idea of a beautiful creature; that of the image of a guardian angel watching beside us and warding off all suffering from our pillow. And well may tasteful, hopeful thoughts be suggested by our mute friend, either in their own simple forms, or in the glorified guise bestowed on them by our dreaming fancy—for what is the mission of it and its brethren?

"To comfort man; to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim,  
For who so careth for the flowers  
Will much more care for him."

## SELF-RELIANCE

SELF-RELIANCE, combined with promptitude in the execution of our undertakings, is indispensable to success. And yet multitudes live a life of vacillation and consequent failure, because they remain undetermined what to do, or, having decided that, have no confidence in themselves. Such persons need to be assured; this assurance can be obtained in no other way than by their own successes in whatever way they may attempt for themselves. If they lean upon others, they not only become dissatisfied with what they achieve, but the success of one achievement, in which they are entitled to but partial credit, is no guarantee to them that, unaided, they will not fail in their very next experiment. For want of self-reliance and decision of character, thousands are submerged in their essays to make the voyage of life. Disappointed and chagrined at this, they underestimate their own capacity, and thenceforward, relying on others, they take and keep a subordinate position, from which they rise, when they rise at all with the utmost difficulty. When a young man attains his majority, it is better for him, as a general rule, to take some independent position of his own, even though the present remuneration be less than he would obtain in the service of others. When at work for himself in a business which requires and demands foresight, economy, and industry, he will naturally develop the strong points of his character and become self-reliant.

## GLORIOUS PROMISES.

**SANCTIFYING GRACE.**—"He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ"—Phil. i. 6 Reader! is the good work begun in thee? Art thou holy? Is sin crucifying? Are thy heart's idols one by one abolished? Is the world less to thee, and eternity more to thee? Is more of thy Saviour's image impressed on thy character, and thy Saviour's love more throned in thy heart? Is "salvation" to thee more "the one thing needful?" Oh! take heed! there can be no middle ground, no standing still; or if it be so, thy position must be a false one. The Saviour's blood is not more necessary to give thee a title to heaven than His Spirit to give thee a meetness for it. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His!" "Onwards!" should be thy motto. There is no standing still in the life of faith. "The man," says Augustine, "who says 'Enough,' that man's soul is lost!" Let this be the superscription in all thy ways and doings, "Holiness to the Lord." Let the monitory word exercise over thee its habitual power, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Moreover, remember, that to be holy is to be happy. The two are convertible terms. Holiness! It is the secret and spring of the joy of angels; and the more of holiness attained on earth, the nearer and closer my walk is with God—the more of a sweet earnest shall I have of the bliss that awaits me in holy heaven. Oh! my soul, let it be thy holy sacred ambition to "Be holy!"

**REVIVING GRACE.**—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."—Isa. xl. 31.—"Wilt thou not revive us, O Lord?" My soul! art thou conscious of thy declining state? Is thy walk less with God, thy frame less heavenly? Hast thou less conscious nearness to the mercy-seat, diminished communion with thy Saviour? Is prayer less a privilege than it has been?—the pulsations of spiritual life more languid, and fitful, and spasmodic?—the bread of life less relished?—the seen, and the temporal, and the tangible, displacing the unseen and the eternal? Art thou sinking down into this state of drowsy self-contentment, this conformity-life with the world, forfeiting all the happiness of true religion, and risking and endangering the better life to come! Arise! call upon thy God! "Wilt thou not revive us, O Lord?" He might have returned nothing but the withering repulse, "How often would I have gathered thee, but thou wouldst not!"—"Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone!" But "in wrath He remembers mercy" "They shall revive as the corn." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

**PERSEVERING GRACE.**—"The righteous shall hold on his way"—Job. xvii. 9.—Reader! how comforting to thee amid the ebbings and flowings of thy changing history, to know that the change is all with thee, and not with thy God! Thy spiritual bark may be tossed on the waves of temptation in many a dark midnight. Thou mayest think thy pilot hath left thee, and be ready continually to say, "Where is my God?" But fear not! The bark which bears thy spiritual destinies is in better hands than thine; a golden chain of covenant love links it to the eternal throne! That chain can never snap asunder. He who holds it in His hand gives thee this as the pledge of thy safety,—"Because I live, ye shall live also." "Why art thou then cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God!" Thou wilt assuredly ride out these stormy surges and reach the desired haven. But be faithful with thyself! see that there be nothing to hinder or impede thy growth in grace. Think how little may retard thy progress. One sin indulged—one temptation tampered with—one bosom traitor, may cost thee many a bitter hour and bitter tear by interposing between thee and thy God. Make it thy daily prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

**DYING GRACE.**—"I have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. i. 18.—And from whom could dying grace come so welcome as from Thee, O blessed Jesus? Not only is Thy Name, "the Abolisher of death;" but Thou didst Thyself die! Thou hast sanctified the grave by Thine own presence, and divested it of all its terrors. My soul! art thou at times afraid of this, thy last enemy? If the rest of thy pilgrimage-way be peaceful and unclouded—rests there a dark and portentous shadow over the terminating portals? Fear not! When that dismal

entrance is reached, He who has "the keys of the grave and of death" suspended at His golden girdle, will impart grace to bear thee through. It is the messenger of peace. Thy Saviour calls thee! The promptings of nature, when at first thou seest the darkening waves, may be that of the affrighted disciples, when they said, "It is a spirit, and cried out for fear!" But a gentle voice will be heard high above the storm, "It is I! Be not afraid!" Death, indeed, as the wages of sin, must, even by the believer, be regarded as an enemy. But, oh! blessed thought, it is thy last enemy—the cause of thy last tear. In a few brief moments after that tear is shed, thy God will be wiping every vestige of it away!

**AFTER GRACE, GLORY.**—"The Lord will give grace and glory"—Psalm lxxiv. 11.—Oh! happy day, when this toilsome warfare will all be ended, Jordan crossed, Canaan entered, the legion-enemies of the wilderness no longer dreaded; sorrow, sighing, death, and, worst of all, sin, no more either to be felt or feared! Here is the terminating link in the golden chain of the everlasting covenant. It began with *predestination*; it ends with *glorification*. It begins with *sovereign grace* in a bygone eternity, and no link will be wanting till the ransomed spirit be presented faultless before the throne! Grace and glory! If the earnest be sweet, what must be the reality? If the wilderness table contain such rich provision, what must be the glories of the eternal banqueting house? Oh! my soul, make sure of thine interest in the one, as the blessed prelude to the other. "Having access by faith into this grace, thou canst rejoice in hope of the glory of God!" for "whom he justifies them he also glorifies!" Has grace begun in thee? Canst thou mark—though it should be but the drops of the incipient rill which is to terminate in such an ocean—the tiny grains which are to accumulate and issue in such "an exceeding weight of glory?" Delay not the momentous question! The day of offered grace is on the wing, its hours are fast numbering, and "no grace, no glory!"

**ANOTHER COMFORTER.**—"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter: that He may abide with you for ever."—John xiv. 16.—Blessed Spirit of all grace! how oft have I grieved Thee! resisted Thy dealings, quenched Thy strivings; and yet art Thou still pleading with me! Oh! let me realise more than I do the need of Thy gracious influences, Ordinances, sermons, communions, providential dispensations, are nothing without Thy life-giving power. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth." "No man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." Church of the living God! is not this the cause of thy deadness? My soul! is not this the secret of thy languishing frames, repeated declensions, uneven walk, and sudden falls, that the influences of the Holy Ghost are undervalued and unsought? Pray for the outpouring of this blessed Agent for the world's renovation, and thine own. "I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh," is the precursor of millennial bliss. Jesus! draw near in Thy mercy to this torpid heart, as Thou didst of old to Thy mourning disciples: and breathe upon it, and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." It is the mightiest of all boons; but, like the sun in the heavens, it is the freest of all.

**PROVIDENTIAL OVERRULING.**—"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose."—Rom. viii. 28—My soul! be still! thou art in the hands of thy covenant God. Were those strange vicissitudes in thy history the result of accident or chance, thou mightest well be overwhelmed; but "all things," and this thing (be what it may) which may be now disquieting thee, is one of these "all things" that are so working mysteriously for thy good. Trust thy God! He will not deceive thee,—thy interests are with Him in safe custody. When sigh says, "All these things are against me," let faith rebuke the hasty conclusion, and say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" How often does God hedge up our way with thorns to elicit simple trust! How seldom can we see all things so working for our good! But it is better discipline to believe it. Oh! for faith amid frowning providences, to say, "I know that Thy judgments are good"; and, relying in the dark, to exclaim, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" How can I doubt the wisdom, and faithfulness, and love of the most mysterious earthly dealing, when I know that the Roll of Providence is thus in the hands of Him who has given the mightiest pledge Omnipotence could give of His tender interest in my soul's well-being, by giving Himself for me?

## OUR BURDENS.

Poor child of sin and woe,  
Now listen to thy Father's pleading voice;  
No longer needst thou go  
Without a friend to bid thy heart rejoice.

I know thou canst not rest  
Until thou art from sin and sorrow free;  
Earth cannot make thee blest:  
Come, bring thy suffering, bleeding heart to Me.

CHRIST came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost." The reason He assigned for eating with "publicans and sinners" was that they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; He "came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Though all the invitations of His Gospel message abound with characteristic traits, extending rather than limiting their application, yet they prove that while the provision of the Gospel is sufficient for all, it is free for each; even the poorest, the most wretched, and the vilest are not excepted. The unconverted and unawakened may not accept the invitation, but they unquestionably need the blessing, and ought to comply; they have been redeemed by its Author, and they may read their character and destitute circumstances in its descriptive terms.

*All are burdened with a load of guilt.*

"God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." This command implies that all have sinned; a supposition which is sustained by the Holy Scriptures, and which may be proved by an appeal to the life and conscience of every one. All the unconverted are not addicted to the same sins, nor chargeable with the same amount of guilt. But the man is not to be found who has not sinned, "and come short of the glory of God." Who, for instance, is not conscious of having on certain occasions indulged tempers which implied infidelity to God, hostility to man, and affinity to the prince of darkness,—tempers which, had they been expressed in language or embodied in action, would, without a figure of speech, have proved us to be the chief of sinners? Who is not conscious of having uttered, either thoughtlessly or intentionally, words which were calculated to poison the young, to pollute the chaste, to slander the absent, to harden the impenitent, to grieve the sorrowful, or to calumniate the excellent of the earth? And as for actions, who has not felt the necessity of crying, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, who, O Lord, shall stand? Every mouth is stopped; and all the world is become guilty before God."

Even those whom men have deemed virtuous God may justly charge with utter forgetfulness of His presence, with a total disregard of His love, and with a contemptuous rejection of His Son. They have despised "the riches of His goodness," slighted the monitions of His Spirit, misapplied their immortal powers, and foolishly expended their time and talent in the pursuit of objects which neither merited their love, their labour, nor their confidence. Alas! they can neither review the past without remorse nor anticipate the future without fear. The chains of a moral slavery are on their spirits, the plague of a deep depravity rankles in their hearts, and the uncancelled guilt of ten thousand secret sins presses with leaden weight on their consciences. "The wages of sin is death"; and of "every sin" it may truly be asserted that it "deserves the curse of God, both in this life and that which is to come." Who can estimate the guilt of violating a law which the finger of God wrote, which is a transcript of the Divine mind, and which is, in an absolute sense, "holy, just, and good"? Who can estimate the demerit of creatures who, "for many long rebellious years," have preferred mammon to God, Belial to Christ, sin to holiness, and the sensual enjoyment of earth to the spiritual felicities of heaven; who have set at naught the supreme authority of the King of kings, loathed immaculate purity, trampled on infinite love, and impiously defied the thunders of almighty wrath? Guilt like this outweighs the mountains; it is heavier than the sand of the sea-shore. The mere imputation of it pressed the Son of God so that He sweat great drops of blood, and cried, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." How deep, oh, how tremendously deep must it sink us in the abyss of misery if we refuse to repent, and continue to slight His proffered rest!

But, blessed be God! though you may have missed it thus far, you need do so no longer. The Lord Jesus not only engages to confer it if you apply, but also undertakes to teach

you whatever is necessary to its reception and retention. "His commandments are not grievous," for they are dictated by love and bounded by reason. He requires nothing but what He has a right to demand; nothing which we are not compelled by reason, justice, and gratitude to perform. The duties He enjoins are no less necessary to our happiness than they are to His glory; and in all the labours and trials to which his people may be called, He engages that His grace shall be sufficient for them, for His strength is perfected in weakness.—From "Rest for the Weary in Jesus." By the Rev. P. M'Gowan.

## CYPRUS: ITS BIBLICAL HISTORY.

THE first reference to Cyprus in the New Testament is the statement in the Acts of the Apostles (iv. 36), that Barnabas was a native of Cyprus. This excellent man, whose original name was Joseph, or Joses, was a disciple of Christ, and, if we are to believe certain ancient authorities, was one of the seventy Evangelists. It is not improbable, however, that his conversion took place at a more subsequent date. It will be remembered that on the day of Pentecost there were gathered together in Jerusalem "Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven."

Cyprus, we cannot doubt, considering the large colony of Jews that was already established there, sent its contingent to attend the great festival in the Sacred City; and of that company, in all likelihood, was Barnabas, who, hearing Peter's sermon and participating in the influences of the Holy Ghost, became a convert to the Gospel; and being a man of some property, disposed of it by sale, and handed over to the Apostles the money it realised, that they might use it for the extension of the Christian cause. When the persecutor Saul had been brought under the power of the Gospel, and the disciples at Jerusalem, remembering his past career, were suspicious of his insincerity, Barnabas fulfilled the pleasing office of introducing him to their confidence, and declaring what wonders the Lord had already wrought by him.

To the fact that Cyprus was the native place of Barnabas, may we, with a little care, trace the fact that in the overruling providence of God this island occupied a conspicuous place in the first stages of Christian history. When the persecution arose about Stephen, and many of the disciples were scattered abroad, some of them "travelled as far as Cyprus," and preached the Gospel, confining their labours to the Jewish colonists. The result was that with the Divine blessing conversions took place; and not only so, but these Cyprian converts, animated with evangelistic zeal, hastened over to Antioch, and proclaimed the glad tidings to the Grecians resident there; and with such success, that a great number believed and turned unto the Lord.

The news was not long in reaching Jerusalem. It is possible the preachers were embarrassed with the magnitude of the work, or that perplexing questions may have arisen in their dealing with the Gentile converts, so that they needed counsel from head-quarters. Be this as it may, the Apostles and elders soon learnt of the good work that was going on; and after mutual consultation despatched Barnabas to Antioch, to make full inquiry, and to encourage the converts to steadfastness in the faith. We can easily perceive the wisdom of their selection, and can understand that, as a countryman or fellow-islander of these young or at least inexperienced preachers, Barnabas would be the most likely man to gain their confidence, and be serviceable to them. The result fully realised their expectation. The devoted Cyprian evangelist was delighted with what he saw and heard, and added greatly by his faithful exhortations to the strength of the Christian cause at Antioch. But seeing the magnitude the work was assuming, he hastened across to Tarsus to secure the co-operation of Saul. We can well believe that to the latter it would be a pleasant surprise when his old friend appeared in the streets of his native town, and so interested was he in the account given him of the gracious work going on, that he was easily persuaded to return with him to the Syrian metropolis, where "a whole year they assembled themselves with the Church, and taught much people."

[The above is selected from an interesting little volume entitled "Cyprus: Its Place in Bible History." By Rev. J. Thain Davidson. London: Hodder. 1s.]

## THE LORDS LAND.

BY REV. H. P. RIDGAWAY, D.D.



Jaffa.

Our party was to leave early Monday morning (May 11) for the Plain of Philistia. After some hesitation I decided to forego this trip and to accompany my wife to Jaffa. The ride from Jerusalem to Jaffa has been called one of the most dreary in Palestine, but to me it proved very enjoyable. The first hour we were traversing a rocky plateau, and for several hours descended rapidly, though winding up and down over the hills. To our right lay a deep valley with a village on either side; one on the hillside at the right was pointed out as the site of that Emmaus to which two of the disciples were going when "Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." (Luke xxiv. 13-35) We wound along through the wady and through olive groves, and came to Kirjath-jearim, now Kuryet el 'Enab, on our left, built upon the hill-side, and having a substantial look. To this town, the supposed site of Kirjath-jearim, the ark was brought after the Philistines had sent it as far as to Beth-shemesh, and where it rested twenty years until David took it to Jerusalem. (1 Sam. vi, vii; 2 Sam. vi.)

Signs of busy life rapidly increase as we near Jaffa. Good houses are seen, and for a mile or more we wound through narrow lanes which are bordered by groves of oranges, lemons, and citrons, protected by high walls. It was already evening, though clear and bright, when we arrived in Jaffa. The ride of thirty-six miles in one day did not prove excessively fatiguing, though rest was very welcome.

Our approach to Jaffa through the orange groves was pleasing, but not so imposing as that from the water, when the whole town can be seen rising upon a hill-side, its white walls and domed roofs giving a different impression from that which one afterwards receives when threading with care, and sometimes real difficulty, the narrow irregular dirty streets.

There is a tradition which makes Jaffa the oldest city in the world, and authentic history gives it a great antiquity. Its name has not been lost or changed, as have the names of most ancient cities. It seemed strange to remember, when on the spot, that this was really the port from which Jonah took ship for Tarshish, when he would have fled from the presence of the Lord. (Jonah i. 3.)

The ancient Joppa became the seaport for Jerusalem under David's prosperous reign, and to it came the floats of fir and cedar from Tyre and Sidon for the building of the first and second temples. (2 Chron. ii. 16; Ezra iii. 7.) It was here that Peter raised Tabitha from the dead, after which he tarried many days with one Simon, a tanner, and while he prayed on the housetop he saw the vision recorded in Acts x. 9-16. The traditional house of Simon is still shown.

Our company turned again toward Jerusalem. Taking the road over the Plain of Sharon, we lunched at Beit Dejan (Beth-dagon of the Philistines), and thence rode on to Lud, the

Lod of the Old Testament and Lydda of the New. At Lydda Peter healed Eneas, who had been bedridden for eight years (Acts ix. 32-39), and was still there when Dorcas died, and the disciples sent for him to join them at Joppa.

On the next morning we were in the saddle by half-past six o'clock. We passed over an old Roman road, which for some miles could be plainly discerned, and where in some places steps were hewn into the rock, and in one place the elevation across a wady still remains. Along this very road marched the Roman soldiers who escorted St. Paul from Jerusalem to Caesarea Philippi, after he was rescued from the fury of the Jews. The ascent to Upper Beth-horon (Beit ur el Foka) is very steep and difficult. There is a noble view from the summit of the hill upon which it is perched. Some of the walls of the village have large stones with bevelled edges built in with more modern work. At this point Joshua's victory over the five kings of the Amorites became a rout, and they fled "along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon," and down the valley of Ajalon, which stretches south-west to the plain. Near here on a rock Joshua stood when he commanded the sun to stand still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. The whole aspect of the country made very graphic this Bible account, as we studied the details of this remarkable battle and pursuit, related in the tenth chapter of Joshua.

In approaching Jerusalem from this direction some of the most remarkable tombs of the vicinity are passed, though they would not be noticed unless attention was called to them, or one was seeking them. The Tomb of the Judges is one of the most remarkable of them all. The *façade* of the vestibule is cut in the rock, neatly finished with moulding, and the architrave surmounted by a pediment curiously carved. There is one large room, about which are *loculi*, and in the walls arched recesses, deep enough for the reception of sarcophagi. Out of this room doors open into small rooms, and from one corner a flight of steps descends into an arched vestibule leading into vaults, with *loculi* and niches. Why this place is called the Tomb of the Judges is not known, though various reasons are given.

Some of us took our horses after breakfast the next day and rode over to the hill of Evil Counsel, approaching it from the south over the Plains of Rephaim. On the top are some old massive stone buildings. This hill takes its name from being the supposed site of the country house of Caiaphas, the high-priest, in which the council was held when Caiaphas declared it was expedient that Christ should die for the nation. (John xi. 50, 51.) Directly on the north-east of the hill, in the steep sides overhanging the valley, is Aceldama, or the Potter's Field. Aceldama is an enormous cavern, partly natural and partly artificial, about fifty feet deep. There are three or four shafts leading into it from the top. In the side of the same hill are several other caves, which were used for sepulture. Indeed, the whole face of the mountain seems to have been a vast burial-place.

On leaving the mount we struck at its foot the Jericho road on the north and east. We wished, if possible, to identify the spot where Jesus, in his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, stopped to weep over the doomed city, and accordingly we rode for a short distance toward Bethany, and then, opening at Luke xix. 36-44, read the whole account. We then retraced our steps, and soon after we had rounded the south-western shoulder of Olivet, and began the descent toward Gethsemane, the city came full in view—the eastern wall, the Mosque of Omar, the Tower of Antonia, lying in the foreground. This, then, we concluded, must have been about the spot where Jesus uttered his memorable lamentation, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." Thence we rode once again by Gethsemane, across the Kedron, by St. Stephen's Gate, around the north wall, till we reached our camp near the Jaffa Gate. We now began to feel the climate of Jerusalem very debilitating. The city may be regarded as healthy until the sirocco begins to blow, about the first of May. This wind is entirely destitute of ozone; to which cause is attributed the peculiarly distressing effect it has upon strangers.

May 25, Monday. We broke camp at half-past seven a.m., and after a few more inside glimpses of the city, mounted our horses and took the Nablous road for the tour of Central and Northern Palestine. The road lay through a barren track, with an occasional strip of green stretching among the naked, white limestone ledges. In a little while we reached a conical hill near the village of Shafat, which is the traditional site of

Nob, the place of the Tabernacle, and a city of the priests in Saul's days. From the summit of this hill we could see Tullel el Ful just to the north, the reputed site of Gibeah, the birthplace and residence of Saul, and hence called Gibeah of Saul, which belonged to Benjamin. (Judges xix.; 1 Sam. xi. 4.) Gibeah, before it became the centre of Saul's eventual career, was also the scene of the thrilling narrative given in the book of Judges xix. 20. Around the site of Gibeah lie valleys, any one of which may have been the scene of the touching incident in the history of David and Jonathan, when the unselfish Jonathan apprised his friend of the continued anger of Saul. Then ensued one of the most affecting interviews recorded in the lives of any two human beings. After they had embraced and pledged each other to mutual fidelity, David fled to the land of the Philistines, and henceforth became an outlaw. We do not read that the faithful friends ever met again; and the next word we hear from David about Jonathan was when, years afterwards, tidings came to him that Saul and Jonathan had fallen on the heights of Gilboa.

Er Ram, Ramah of Benjamin (Josh. xviii. 25; Judges xix. 13; Ezra ii. 26), was our next point. It stands on a hill slightly to the right of the main route, and is a dirty Arab village built among ancient ruins. We are told also that it was under a palm tree, between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim, that Deborah dwelt and judged Israel. (Judges iv. 5.) The location of Beth-el is not very commanding. It is situated on a rocky ridge between two valleys which converge to the south and run off into Wady Suweinit. The ruins of an ancient city, consisting of masonry, broken columns, and other fragments, are scattered over the hill, covering a large space. The present name of the place, and the exact description of St. Jerome (twelve miles north of Jerusalem to the right of the road), identifies this village as the Beth-el of the Bible beyond a doubt. This nook was a favourite resort with the patriarchs, and from the time that Abraham pitched his tent here, "having Beth-el on the west and Hai on the east" (Gen. xii. 8) in his first southward journey in the Land of Promise, Beth-el became prominent in sacred history. But of all the events which occurred at Beth-el, that which has most effectually embalmed it in the memory of the devout of every age is Jacob's vision and vow.

Only a short distance off, across Wady Mutyah, slightly north of east, lies Rummon, the noted Rock Rimmon of Judges xx. 45; to which the last six hundred men of the Benjamites fled after the battles which nearly extirpated their tribe from Israel. The hill is very steep and naked; and from its top the valley may be seen which comes out above 'Ain Duk, near Jericho. There is a small village on it. The road on leaving Beth-el joins the main thoroughfare, and leads down into a pretty valley.

Instead of going on directly to Nablous we turned to the right, skirting the fertile valley in which Turmus 'Aya stands, along which are distinct traces of an old road, ten feet wide, and in about a half-hour came to Silun, the ancient Shiloh. Shiloh was the resting-place of the ark of the covenant until it was captured by the Philistines in the days of Eli. Why Shiloh was chosen by Joshua as the capital of the nation I cannot conjecture, unless it was its central location and its accessibility from all points. It was extremely interesting to stand on this honoured spot, and to recall the earlier and heroic period of Israel, when they gathered about this first altar, on which flamed for three hundred years the original fire which was kindled in the wilderness. With it are associated the troubled life of the aged Eli, and also the fawning moral beauty of the child Samuel, whose after career so fully justified his early promise.

Our road from Seilun lay westward, through a small wady which runs into the Wady Lubban, which in its course becomes successively Wady Kerawa and Wady Ribbah, until, as Nahr el Aujeh, it crosses the plain of Sharon and empties into the Mediterranean Sea a short distance above Jaffa. Pursuing this narrow wady only so far as Wady Lubban, we turned directly north, leaving Khan Lubban, the ancient Lebonah (Judges xxi. 19), on our left, and rode up the valley Lubban.

At noon we came to Jacob's Well. It lies at the mouth of Wady Nablous, or the ancient Valley of Shechem. On the swell of ground where the smaller valley, coming down from the west, loses itself in the broader plain of Mukhna, was "the parcel of a field" which Jacob bought from the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem. (Gen. xxxiii. 19.) The mouth of the well is surrounded by a stone enclosure, and covered with boulders, one of which we had to remove before

we could look down into it. We could not see to the bottom, and of course, like all other tourists, had to commit the folly of testing whether it contained water by throwing down a stone. It was perfectly dry. Usually, early in the spring, it has several feet of water. The depth of the well when examined by Dr. Robinson, in 1838, was one hundred and five feet, and when last measured was seventy-five feet, but now it is much less. The probability is, if it were cleared out it would have constant water. There is one Scriptural event which more than all others has lent a charm to the spot where we now lingered. It occurred in the history of Him who is greater than Jacob, who digged the well. "And he must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink." (John iv. 4-7.)

A short distance to the north of Jacob's Well, beyond a little hamlet which surrounds the Fountain of Dafneh, is Joseph's Tomb. It consists of a well enclosed with stone walls. Inside is a single chamber, and across, at an irregular angle, is an ordinary Moslem tomb, where it is said Joseph was buried.

After lunching under neighbouring fig-trees we turned up the Vale of Nablous. Instead of going at once to the city, we turned off the road to the left, and by a sharp and winding path ascended Mount Gerizim, coming first to a comparatively level area, where the Samaritans keep the Passover. Within a square enclosure, just at sunset, the sin lambs are slain. There is a cut in the rock through which the blood of the beasts flows, and near by is a large round hole where they are roasted. The whole company encamp on the spot for the night, and on the next morning rise at break of day, open the hole, tear the lambs in pieces, eat them in the utmost haste, and immediately depart.

## THANKFULNESS.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"They glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful."—*Romans i. 21.*

GRATITUDE, though varying in its elements, is always of the nature of love, or praise, or both. It is a yearning of the feelings towards one that has done us good. It is the heart's attempt, by grateful feeling, to pay back a service; to give happiness again to another in some way on account of happiness received. It is the spontaneous effort, then, of a noble nature to requite a kindness. It is tribute, or heart-money. There are those who are very slow and torpid, and who recognise as favours chiefly those things which feed their appetites. There are those to whom you shall gain access almost only through their senses. I need not say that these are but just one step above the brute creation. In capacity man is far lifted above the brute creation, but in fact there be many men that live who do not seem to reach so high as many of the more intelligent and more grateful animals. The horse and the dog are far more grateful and more noble, often, than the men that own them. There are those who are willing enough to receive favours, but who are so selfish that they feel very little response. With them the least thanks are enough for the greatest obligation. They are eager, greedy, and hard-hearted. They are everlastingly hungry for benefits, but the more you give them the more they expect. The more you do, the more they demand. And continuity of favour works in them a sense of expectation, rather than a sense of thankfulness. Beggarly and mean they are. There are those whose pride leads them to accept favours as their due. They have such an overweening conception of their own merit that nothing comes quite up to their deserts; and they receive benefactions as if they were debts paid. There are men so high that even God never hands anything down to them. They stoop to take favours from the very hand of their Maker, as if they felt above Him, and as if everything came up to their eminence and excellence. Thus, instead of a lively gratitude, there is an exacting and always unthankful pride in such natures. For pride is bottomless. Though you were to pour into its vortex a thousand years, it would be no nearer filled than at first. There is no end to it. But, above these, we



find men of true gratitude; and yet, there is a great difference in this affection even among those that may be called grateful, rising up from the lower and the baser natures. With some the disposition is exquisite. The least drop of dew will make the grape-blossom sweet. The least moisture will make the mignonette sport itself throughout the garden. The honeysuckle does not ask much. The night-dews are enough for it. And there are some natures that take but the slightest favours to make them exhale thanks and gratitude. There are others that require much. Gratitude works also with different degrees of expression and fullness of action in different natures. In some, favours are very soon forgotten. They are very sensitive for the moment, but their sensibilities fade out. In others, never. With some, gratitude is like the new-fallen snow, exquisite; but, like it, it very soon dissolves and passes away. With others, gratitude is like the diamond, once formed, hard and enduring, brilliant, and from every facet sending radiance. In some, gratitude excites uneasiness and unrestfulness, till in some way it can discharge obligation. In others, there is no such thing as discharging the obligation for a favour. There are some men to whom if you do them a kindness the feeling is that they can repay it. There are others who feel that a kindness done to them binds them to the doer evermore. In some, a neglect, a disfavour, an injury, real or supposed, or even a justice that is severe, cancels all past kindness towards those who have done them good. But in others, a kindness received, full, rich, and heartfelt, can never be eclipsed by any after conduct. Even when circumstances may separate men, so that their subsequent lives run contrary or apart, yet in grateful and loving natures there can be no sinking, nor losing, nor effacing the memory of a past kindness or a past love. Among the Alps, when the day is done, and twilight and darkness are creeping over fold and hamlet in the valleys below, Mont Rosa and Mont Blanc rise up far above the darkness, catching from the retreating sun something of his light, flushed with rose-colour, exquisite beyond all words, or pencil, or paint, glowing like the gate of heaven. And so past favours and kindnesses lift themselves up in the memory of noble natures, and long after the lower parts of life are darkened by neglect, or selfishness, or anger, former loves, high up above all clouds, glow with Divine radiance, and seem to forbid the advance of night any further.

Men are accustomed to judge each other by these tests of gratitude. An ungrateful nature is under the sentence of condemnation of the whole world. Men everywhere, in all ages, have agreed that to feel thankful, to be grateful, is to be noble—and the reverse.

Ah! when Christ takes His own heart, broken, wounded, bleeding, His sacrifice and His love, and brings it to us, and makes it a present; when, out of His own misery, out of His own degradation, and out of His own suffering, He proposes to lift us up into everlasting bounty and benefit, is there no requital, are there no thanks, is there no gratitude due? When God requires the service of our life and the fullness of our heart, is it an exacting requisition? Does the mother expect too much when she demands that the child that she has reared shall love and serve her? Does the father expect too much when he looks for reverence and love at the hands and heart of his child? If you have given your time to nurse the sick, is it too much to expect that when they come to health they will kindly remember you? If a man is about to be destroyed, and you step between him and his peril, and rescue him, is it strange that you should expect at least kindness and love from him? If, when the raging flood is sweeping a man on to a watery grave, you should plunge into the sea and save him, is it strange that after you have brought him without harm to the shore you should expect from him at least kind remembrance and affectionate regard? If, in bringing him in, a black wave should strike you, and you should be swept out, and should perish, while you saved him, would it be strange that you should feel in the very expiring moments of your life the obligation on his part to celebrate this act of philanthropy by which his life was saved while yours was lost? It would not be. The untutored savage would never forget such a benefactor. It requires Christians, men educated in the knowledge of the death of Christ, who died that they might live, to refuse to requite service with gratitude.

Now, then, let our hearts begin to learn more and more to give thanks and love for benefits received, until at last we are permitted to stand before God, and to echo every thought of love by love, not according to the greatness of His nature, but according to the fulness and strength of our own. Amen.

## VIOLETS.

BY MARY BASKIN.

THE violet is an emblem of faithfulness. When we leave the busy haunts of men behind, and search the banks for our old favourite, we do not find arched flowers there, some species we have never before beheld, but the bright little one we love, speaking of the constant love of God, who, in a world of change, sends us season after season the same sweet, cheerful emblem of His immutability.

Have you ever noticed how, after heavy rain, the petals of the rose have strown the damp earth, and the cultivated, gorgeous plants ignominiously trailed their beautiful buds and blossoms as if mourning over departed glory? But the little violet has only bowed under the passing storm; then, when the sun has peered from the edge of a dark cloud, fringing it with light, and again gladdened the earth, it has looked from its leafy bower with richer beauty and additional fragrance, in its very lowliness failing to feel the fierceness of the tempest. So the humble Christian, amid direst storms, hiding in the hollow of the Saviour's hand, losing his own will in the will of his God, can, through the lowliness of his position, smile at the raging of the storm, and gain increased strength and nobleness of character, taking firmer hold upon the promises of One who cannot lie, and realising the fulness of the blessing bestowed upon the meek and lowly in heart.

Have you ever gathered them, and wounded your way back through the tall grass, and over the green sward to the sick-room, and watched their effect upon the languid one lying there? The diseased form has seemed to gather fresh strength? and the eyes have glistened with joy, when the wasted hand grasped the simple tokens of God's goodness; they have carried a joy and light with them, and created a thrill of happiness, which the rose, in all her queenliness, would have failed to awaken. Again, they often—like the manifold mercies of our God—appear unexpectedly, and in some most unlikely nook or spot they peep out like an oasis in the desert, touching a chord in the weary heart, and causing it to respond to its loveliness; they seem to whisper to the wayworn traveller, "we are lowly and small, yet we are loved and sought after; and you, though poor and apparently uncared for, may also be loved and sought after: you can nestle in some heart and gladden another toil-stained pilgrim, and by the sweet fragrance of your life, win an abiding place for yourself in their affections when your soul has passed through the dim portals of the spirit-world to the God who gave it." It stirs our hearts to seek—not for fame—as, could we exultingly reach its highest pinnacle, it would win for us the admiration (not the love) of some, and expose our sensitive, over-wrought spirits to the cutting shafts and sarcasm of its less favoured votaries;—not to pursue wealth—which allures with its gilded vanities and splendours, only to prove how wearisome and futile are the efforts of its power to satisfy the cravings and aspirations of our immortal spirits;—but to seek, pursue, and hold with tenacious grasp "the things that are lovely and of good report," that, like the humble, modest loveliness of the violet, our lives may win their way in meekness and fragrance to the hearts of our fellow-creatures by their unassuming works of love, showing forth the praise of the Godhead, whose power we own.—From "Wild Violets."

FRUITS OF FAITH—THE MAGIC RING.—Lessing, the German rationalist, in his dramatic work on "Nathan the Wise," describes a man in Eastern lands who had received a ring of priceless worth from a beloved ancestor. Its stone, an opal, flashed a hundred colours: and the ring had the secret power of bestowing on him who wore it with a believing heart favour in the sight of God and man. This ring, descending from father to son, came to one the sire of three, all of whom were equally obedient and equally beloved. At length the father must die, and is sorely perplexed to which of the three to leave the ring. He devises this expedient. Two other rings are made, the perfect paterans of the original. Each son thus receives a ring with the paternal blessing. The father is scarcely dead, when each son claims, by virtue of his ring, the headship. Appeal is made to law. The judge reasons, that since the true ring is said to possess the magic power of making its wearer loved of God and man, this test must decide the case. If neither of the three rings had this power, the genuine ring is lost—all are counterfeit. If one is genuine, then it will be shown in its possessor receiving the love of his two brothers.



## "BEACON LIGHTS."

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

## RICHMODIS' CURSE.

"It is never too late to amend."

THE boy's whole soul was in his music, and the presence of his grandfather by his side but added to his inspiration. The whole family of them had been musicians for years past, and they were musicians still; but the proud old grandfather, as he stood listening and following the boy's notes with his fine, keen ear, thought that little Johann would excel all who had come before him, both in brilliancy of style and in the sweetness of the tones he called forth. Presently the boy paused, and laying down his instrument, said,

The old man paused, threw open the casement so that the perfume of the myrtle might have free access into the tiny room, and then taking some thickly scrawled papers from a drawer, began to read:—

"On the left bank of the Rhine is now situated the church of St. Clement, with its burying ground close by; while on a gentle slope above is all which is left to tell of the wild, troublous days wherein Castle Reichenstein was a terror to all who passed that way. Truly it was a bloody spot in those days; and a terror to all who passed that way. Amongst the earliest of those who were pleased to style themselves the defenders of the castle was one Kurt von Waldecks, and either to him, or to his successor of the same name, may be traced the origin of the tale I am now about to relate. They were all plunderers, those ancient inhabitants of the Castle



"The boy's whole soul was in his music."

"Grandfather, won't you please read me the old tale of the little boy who lived in the good convent and learnt music of the nuns? You said that we were descended from him, that we all had derived our talents from him too, and that some day you would tell me the history of his parents, and how he came to have so strange a home."

"I can tell thee but little of him, my Johann, but remembering my promise to thee, I have searched the old records of the family, and by the help of such notes as I have found, I think I can read thee a tale which may, perhaps, be useful to thee some day—that whatever our sins may be, no matter how deep their stain, there is still a God of love who can forgive; who can, too, bestow upon His creatures signal gifts, to speak of His forgiveness, and so build up the faith, which but for them, would perhaps grow weak, faint, and mayhap utterly fade away."

Reichenstein, and many and marvellous were the plans which they laid in order to get their poor victims into their power. The Jews were easily enough disposed of, but some of their own country people, these Vogts (prefects) found more difficult to deal with. In particular, there was one Graf von Westerburg, who, in the time of the thirteenth century, passed and repassed in perfect safety, simply because of his great power and the strength of his trusty servants who attended him. Then, too, he had a haughty manner of address, so that the very words of his mouth may be said to have almost subdued these lawless rebels into helplessness—the 'folk' say that he bore an enchanted life, and could not therefore be touched by any hurt till the proper time had come. Now it was said of this Kurt von Waldecks, who with his wife Richmodis had long lain in their dishonoured graves, that they did more deeds by cunning than by daring,

and that Richmodis herself was an adept at helping her husband in his lawless crimes. It is also said that they pretended friendship towards those whom they could not overcome, inviting them to their castle, and there making them to drink of goodly wines till they were uproarious, when by some mishap, the goblet they used would break even as their hands held them, and that they shortly after fell dead upon the floor, with their riches at the mercy of Kurt and his wicked spouse. Some say that the wine was drugged, others that the stem of the goblet was filled with a deadly poison, as it always was known to snap asunder ere the one who held it fell to the ground—the glass it was supposed generally cut the hand, however slightly, and so the poison entered. It is more than probable, though, that the first cause mentioned was the right, and that it was death itself creeping over the victims which caused the hand to grasp the crystal with more than ordinary strength, and thus snap its fragile stem in twain. Be that as it may, one of these goblets was found still in the castle in the time whereof my story tells, even in the days wherein Graf von Westerbürg went unmolested on his way, and the Voght then in power ground his teeth in his extreme rage. The way in which the goblet came to light was in this wise. The castle, by reason of different ownerships, had undergone many and numerous changes in its time, so that the present occupant often came unexpectedly, as it were, upon traces and relics of the far off past, and one day, as he and his young daughter (another Richmodis, though in no wise related to the former one, the prefect being, dear Johann, of the same name as ourselves) were searching for some old documents and records amongst a heap of useless lumber, the glass suddenly made its appearance. It was of a beautiful shape, with a long twisted stem, and the crystal was clear as can well be imagined, but traced upon its foot were these words—**BAD LUCK TO THE UNLUCKY.**

“‘What a pretty thing,’ and Richmodis took it in her hand and held it up to the light.

“‘Aye, but give it me,’ responded the Voght, ‘it is an ill-omened thing, and I almost wish that I had never seen it.’

“‘Ill omened, why?’ and again the girl held it high, so as for the sunlight to flash upon it.

“‘‘Tis a long story,’ replied the Voght; ‘but they say that one of the von Waldeckes, on her death-bed, cursed the thing, and caused those words to be marked upon it. If I mistake me not, she was a namesake of thine, and more clever by far than thou art at the work we of Castle Reichenstein have in hand.’

“The young Richmodis laughed. ‘Tell me more about her, father, and why she should have cursed the goblet—it at least could not have merited her displeasure or thwarted her designs.’

“‘No, no! on the contrary, it and others like to it but helped her on. ‘Tis said that she cast a spell upon these same drinking vessels to further her work, and that at the last they failed her, so that she died of grief.’

“‘But the curse?’

“‘Ah, well, I am coming to it in time. While in her death throes she asked for drink, and the story goes that one offered it her in the fated goblet which alone had failed in her service, and that she then shrieked aloud in the spirit of prophecy, that evil luck should attend whoever drank from it, inasmuch as it should shiver into a thousand atoms, and work a deadly revenge for her in the place of—But who is that?’ and the Voght glanced out through a loophole in the castle wall to see Graf von Westerbürg strolling carelessly by with his men, round the edge of the promontory, on which now stands the Church of St. Clements.

“It angered him sorely, and Richmodis, who had lived many years at the castle and was used to scenes of war and bloodshed, felt her own bosom throb with indignation as she gazed. Her father left her to go out and meet the Graf in false friendliness. In good sooth he could do no other; for the whole of his own lawless band were away in the mountains, to waylay whom they could as they passed through a distant valley; for folks who were not so sure of themselves as the good Graf, took care to avoid, if possible, the way by Castle Reichenstein. Well, Richmodis gazed adown from her turret chamber, and she was not softened by the tender green of the earth, the blue of the heavens, or the bright flashing beauty of the river below; no, she only wished in her heart that she were a man, that she might go out and remove this blot from before her father’s eyes. It seems hard to believe, yet it is even so—if a woman wills not to be tender and true to her

nature, her cruelty and hardness far surpasses that of man and thus it was with Richmodis.

“Evening came, and arrayed in all her most dazzling apparel, the girl stood at the castle gate awaiting the return of her father’s men. The sun’s rays glistened past her as she stood, showing to the full the fairness of her cheek, and the soft roundness of her beautiful throat; altogether, as she stood, there seemed a subtle charm in the whole of her general outline. She was a fine picture to look at, and yet those same trees close by her: and over which the sunlight so lovingly lingered, had been but a few days before loaded with a horrible fruitage, even the corpses of men whom the prefect and his men had hung thereon to die. And Richmodis could smile, aye smile, even as the fearful remembrance seemed to cross her vision. They came, those for whom she waited; one sprang lightly from his saddle, and taking her hand, pressed it passionately to his lips; then the colour upon her cheek deepened, even as that of any other maiden would have done. The whole of the men paused in save he, the lover; and then the pair, Richmodis and he, paced up and down the green award, beneath the boughs of the trees which told so fearfully a tale. It was, however, a fitting place for them, and for the plans they then so eagerly marked out. They soon parted, and then the lover went his way after he had refreshed himself with food, and Richmodis sat in her turret chamber and waited longingly for his return.

“She did not quail at all when a step was heard upon the stair—no, she only went out in the charm of her great beauty, and met him, smiling gaily as another might have smiled had her own dearest and best drew near.

“‘It is done,’ he said lightly yet proudly, and in her hand he put one or two costly baubles.

“‘Had he naught else of value?’ she asked.

“‘No; it was only to dare us that his talk was so big.’

“‘Well, never mind, so he is gone,’ responded Richmodis; ‘but I felt whilst he kept crossing our path, as though we were only second here, for one there was who feared us not.’

“So the Graf von Westerbürg was no more, and Richmodis’ lover it was who had rid the whole party of this drop of bitterness in the fearful cup of their prosperity. I know not if this deed of daring won him additional favour in the girl’s eyes, but certain it is, that they were soon wed; and so fond and proud was the prefect of his one daughter and her spouse, that all the choicest things of the castle were arranged for their use in the one apartment they were pleased to call their own, to sit and rest in as they pleased, away from the rest of the lawless community. And Richmodis was very gentle with her husband; indeed, her playful tricks were pretty to behold, as she alternately teased or caressed him; albeit she reminded you at the same time of a young panther, for you might know the while you watched that cruelty lay in the background, veil it over as she might. Still it almost seemed as though her better nature, her woman’s sympathies, were being aroused within her; and by and by other claims, other duties fell to her share, and what love for her husband could not utterly effect, the love for her child, her first-born, brought about.

“It was so helpless, and as she cared for it, the thought crossed her mind of other babies and of their wants, which could not in some instances be supplied. She did not seem to know that she was not like other women, and that probably many a mother had died of sheer grief when deprived, as her people had deprived so many, of her husband and the father of her babes; but she did wonder, perchance, whether when her child should grow up, he may not be waylaid and killed by someone, even as the Graf von Westerbürg. *Killed*—that was indeed a dreadful word, and she shivered even as she sat and fondled her darling babe—it was strange that such thoughts should have come to her.

“In the evening of the same day she and Franz were alone in their room, costly paintings adorned the walls; for Richmodis loved to have things of beauty around her; but the table was a strange medley of wine, fruit, and weapons, all mixed together. Richmodis possessed but little feminine tact, and so long as Franz was satisfied she cared for naught else. She had meant to have told him of her doubts and fears with regard to baby’s future; but she would not now, for he was uproarious in his merriment, and she, as she tripped about and waited upon him, flashed back smile for smile. The old goblet was on the table, she had placed it there unthinkingly during the day, and now when Franz filled it with rich wine she noted it not, till in holding it up he by accident let it fall

to the floor. Even then she smiled as she remembered the curse, for what could happen to Franz!

"Alas! and yet why alas? It was but the fruitage of their seedtime—the terrible ending was near for them all. Even then the Emperor Adolphus was collecting his forces to put a stop to the barbarous cruelties of Reichenstein, and before many days had elapsed the castle was razed to the ground. Richmodis escaped, but her guilty husband and all the rest of the fearful band were hung upon the selfsame trees, on which they had formerly hung their innocent victims.

"The young mother clung to her babe in the days which succeeded this fearful event; but her cup of misery was not yet full. A distant relative, one who was of high standing in the religious world, interfered with the young widow's plans, and argued so much of the curse which would descend upon the child's head if his life were not dedicated to God, that Richmodis at length gave him up—but only in the bitterness of her heart—to the abbess of a convent near to where she herself had settled to live. The boy was very young, and the good nuns strove faithfully to teach him their creed; and in time he also learnt, as the records say, to despise his mother for the cruel life she and hers had led. Then Richmodis closed her heart entirely to earthly love, and sought that of heaven alone; she entered another holy house, saying in all humility, 'Thus I atone for the past,' and by and by, it is said, that peace came to her. She craved one look at her boy in his dying moments, but when a shorn priest with a stern, hard face stood before her, she only shivered, and closing her eyes, put all thoughts away save those of heaven."

"Is that all?" inquired Johann.

"Yes, all—only this boy, hard as he seemed in the eyes of Richmodis, was the sweet musician. He had his ear tutored at an early age, you see; but Johann, my boy, I would he had tutored his heart to a little softness as well; still I have heard, although the old parchments say naught to that effect, that on his death-bed he sang a glorious song of praise to God—the God who, as he believed, had given him the great gift of music and song, both as a token of the forgiveness of the sins of his forefathers, and also as a pledge of His fatherly love towards himself."

"And was it so, grandfather?"

"Johann, my boy, every good gift, and every perfect gift, comes from above, and if we use them aright, they are, we may be sure, pledges of our God's love, and so long as the world lasts, so long will His gifts be showered upon us; therefore, so long as time and love endure, 'It is never too late to amend.'"

## HOME PIETY.

IT is in the family life that a man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and surly, giving a slap here and a cuff there, and see how out of sorts everything gets! The wife grows cold and unamiable too. Both are turned on one key. They vibrate in unison, giving tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard—a kind of two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. Is that what God meant the family to be—He who made it a place for Love to build her nest in, and where kindness and sweet courtesy might come to their finest manifestations? The divine can be realized. There is sunshine enough in the world to warm all. Why will not men come out of their caves to enjoy it? Some men make it a point to treat every other man's family well but their own—have snakes for all but their kindred. Strange, pitiable picture of human weakness, when those we love best are treated worst; when courtesy is shown to all save our friends! If one must be rude to any, let it be some one he does not love—not to wife, sister, brother, or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollections painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green ground are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *Waymarks: Placed by Authority on the King's Highway.* By Rev. B. Smith. 3s. 6d.
- (2) *Robert Dawson; or, The Brave Spirit.* 1s.
- (3) *The Tarnished Ewer.* By M. A. H. 1s.
- (4) *Columbus; or, The Discovery of America.* By George Cubitt. 1s. 6d.
- (5) *Cortes; or, The Conquest of Mexico.* By George Cubitt. 1s. 6d.
- (6) *Pizarro; or, The Discovery of Peru.* By George Cubitt. 1s. 6d.
- (7) *Rest for the Weary in Jesus.* By Rev. P. M'OWAN. 9d.  
[London: Wesleyan Conference Office.]
- (8) *The Other House.* By Mary R. Higham. [London: Ditto.]
- (9) *Little Folks.* Vol. VII. New Series. 3s. 6d. [London: Cassell.]
- (10) *Queen Pomare and Her Country.* By Rev. G. Pritchard. [London: Stock.]
- (11) *Violet Stuart.* By H. E. P. [London: Charing Cross Publishing Company.]
- (12) *Cyprus: Its Place in Bible History.* By Rev. J. Thain Davidson. 1s.  
[London: Hodder and Stoughton.]
- (13) *Three People.* By "Pansy." 1s. 6d. [London: Partidge.]
- (14) *The Band of Hope Chronicle.* 1d. quarterly.  
[London: United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.]

THE proverbs of Solomon have furnished a theme for many books, but the author of the work before us (1) has utilised them in a method quite his own. We are not greatly pleased with the title, but the book itself is all that can be desired. A hundred proverbs have been selected, and with these as texts, Mr. Smith gives us as many plain, short, yet telling sermons, addressed more especially to those just beginning their battle with the world. Catholic and straightforward in the extreme, and literally crammed with anecdotes, this volume is well worthy of attention, and we hope, in future numbers, to give our readers some specimens of its quality.

The story of Robert Dawson (2) who, by perseverance and steady industry rose from a farmer's boy to be a well-known publisher, should be thoroughly appreciated by the younger ones. A companion book (3) telling lovingly what a little country maiden did for her Saviour, and how patiently and self-sacrificingly she laboured for the temporal and eternal welfare of those around her, is a perfect little gem. These two books are the latest of the "Conference Shilling Series," well printed, plentifully illustrated, and attractively bound, and we can unhesitatingly commend them.

Next we have three volumes of history (4—6) condensed and popularised. The youngsters will be delighted with these books; interesting in their style, full of pictures, and pleasantly instructive, they are just the thing to put in the hands of our children, who will learn more from them than from a whole roomful of dry and unwieldy historical works.

Mr. M'OWAN's little book (7) is just what was wanted. Concise, yet overflowing with promises, it will bring sweet comfort to many sorrowing ones "bowed down with weight of grief."

We have just finished Mary Higham's new book (8), and hardly know how to express ourselves concerning it. There is a delicious atmosphere of simplicity about the whole story; it bears about the same relation to the ordinary every-day novels that a quaint old farmhouse, with its trailing ivy and its peacefully sweet surroundings, does to a luxuriously furnished house in the high-toned quarter of our metropolis. It is a book to think over and to live; simply an account of the doings of a few people in a quiet country village, yet full of heart-workings, self-abnegation, and love that seems almost glorified in its intensity. The feelings with which we read this book seem almost akin to those with which we first looked at Doré's great masterpiece, admiring the genius of the painter, feeling that his conceptions were too ethereal for our every-day money-grabbing world, and yet recognising in many details the one touch of human nature that made it a real living thing. Such is this book, and we are glad to have read it.

*Little Folks* (9) is as bright and sparkling as ever. Everything that can be said of this inimitable magazine for the young has been said long ago, and all we can do is to express our unqualified admiration, and heartily recommend to all our young friends this prince of magazines. The chromo frontispiece is a masterpiece.

"Mr. Pritchard has told the story of 'Pomare' as no one else could have told it." So runs Dr. Allon's preface to this little book (10). He is undoubtedly right, and many will be glad to have this trustworthy memorial of the Christian Queen of a savage land.

OUR ETERNAL HOME.

1. Be-yond the scenes of toil and pain, A-mid the bright an-gel-ic train Where peace and joy for e-ver  
 2. Be-yond the re-ign of strife and sin, Where naught of ill can in-ter-fer-ence be, Where all is ho-li-ly, pure and  
 3. Be-yond the flight of pass-ing years, Their lights and shades, their hopes and fears, Where re-ver-change or end ap-

CHORUS

reign, Our home, e-ter-nal home is there, Our hea-ven-ly home, . . . our hea-ven-ly home, . . . Our  
 clean, Our home, e-ter-nal home is there.  
 - pears, Our home, e-ter-nal home is there. Heaven-ly home, Heaven-ly home, Our

beau-ti-ful, heavenly home, . . . Which Je-sus pro-mised to pre-pare, Our home, e-ter-nal home is there.  
 beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, heavenly, hea-ven-ly home, Which Je-sus pro-mised to pre-pare, Our e-ter-nal home is there.

"H. E. P." gives us two love stories (11) of ordinary merit, each ending as usual with "marriage and happiness ever after."

Mr. Davidson writes clearly and, we are glad to say, briefly, of England's recent acquisition and its place in Bible history.

"Three People" (13) ought to take a foremost place in the temperance literature of the day. It is easily yet forcibly written, and one cannot help liking it. It is characterised by an earnest, robust Christianity, and a righteous abhorrence of strong drink in any form, and withal there is a quaint, unobtrusive dash of humour running through the whole. For ourselves, we read it right through with sustained interest, and took leave of "Tode Mall" with regret.

We are asked to say a good word for the new organ of the Band of Hope Union (14), and most heartily can we do so. It is a credit to everyone concerned. Thirty-two large pages with a good portrait, and biographical sketch, music, addresses, full reports of meetings, and many other items, make in all a wonderful pennyworth.

The *British Workman* for October contains a splendid full-page portrait of John B. Gough, with an appropriate accompanying article. We should recommend our readers to buy a few copies and send them to their friends.

IDLE WORDS.

SOME Christians do a great deal of harm without being aware of the injury they are working. An unwitting sinner is less culpable himself, perhaps, than a deliberate offender; but the evil effects of an unperceived sin may be as immediate and as far-reaching as though the sinful act had been predetermined. That part of society which is called "the world" looks upon the Church with watchful eyes, and it has a right to. Sometimes this watchfulness degenerates into mean espionage, which has for its sole purpose a malicious desire to catch a professedly religious man in some act of wrong-doing, in order that he may be exposed before his friends and enemies. But for this unkindly persecution even the confessor of Christ should be prepared. His preparation should not only be against calumination; injustice will in the end punish itself. A constant watchfulness should also be extended to the little things of life, many of which, though seemingly innocent to the doer, have in themselves springs of mischief which may give lasting offence, and retard the progress of Christ's kingdom as effectually as more gross and evident faults.

Take, for example, the one matter of language. Out of the

fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Since the hearts of the irreligious—which may mean the not-religious as well as the bitterly anti-Christian—are filled with anything and everything save Gospel impulses, their mouths naturally utter the first words that come to the tongue. In too many ways the Christian is tempted to follow the verbal fashions of his fellows. Absolute profanity or impropriety he may indeed shun; but there is a vocabulary of words that stand on the border-land, and therefore belong to the enemy. This vocabulary includes slang expressions; the whole list of "devil's saws," as they have been aptly called; and above all, those semi-blasphemous words which are nothing save sugar-coated oaths. All these should be watched with scrupulous care. They may be heard everywhere on the streets; they are made the baits for applause in public addresses; and they infest literature. Plainly they are none of the Christian's property, but they are not always remanded to their proper place. The reading public would be surprised to learn how many articles, submitted by religious persons to the religious press for publication, especially for the children's column, are disfigured by blotches of this sort. The editor must have a keen eye who discovers them all before they distil little drops of poison into his young readers' minds.

It is not necessary to prepare a list of objectional words; conscience and second thought will soon furnish one. If a man, woman, or child tries for one whole day to keep a watch over the tongue, the second day will surely be purer, and the third the purest of the three. There is a possible danger, it is true, of prudishness and cant; but, after all, the happiest and most spontaneous Christians, those around whom is a whole atmosphere of good cheer, are those whose talk is the purest. They do not say, "Good heavens"; "Oh my soul"; "I hope to be hanged if I don't." Nor do they exclaim: "I've had a splendid streak of luck to day!" A Christian never need stand in fear of being called atrait-laced, because he carefully avoids such expressions as these.—*S. S. Times.*

WHAT MINISTERS KNOW.—There are a great many people who now say of ministers, "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment to others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behaviour that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction.—*Talmage.*

## JOHN B. GOUGH.



**J**OHAN B. GOUGH, after an absence from England of nearly twenty years, now visits us for the third time, for the purpose of delivering a few lectures. He now looks the picture of perfect health. He is rather stouter than when last in this country, and although his hair is well silvered, he still looks young and hearty. Our portrait is an engraving from one taken in his fiftieth year. Mr. Gough's reception in London took place in Dean Stanley's Garden at Westminster, and was attended by the leading men of the temperance world, and many of the most prominent of the clergy and ministers. Nothing could show more clearly the great advance that has been made in temperance principles amongst the clergy and educated classes, than the great array of earnest workers who assembled to welcome the American philanthropist.

The greeting was of the most cordial nature, and earnest hopes were expressed for long life and happiness to the guest of the occasion; while many hearts were doubtless asking the blessing of God upon the forthcoming meetings. Wherever he goes Mr. Gough will be listened to by delighted thousands. We sincerely pray that his life may long be spared to labour for the redemption of mankind from the thralldom of drink, and that, while with us, his labours may do much to stay the progress of the giant evil which is threatening the very life of the nation.

The following extract from one of his lectures gives some idea of his style of speaking. Referring to the pioneers of total abstinence, he said: "They were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. . . . They worked hard; they lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone; they laid it amid persecution and storm; they worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with 'love, truth, sympathy, and goodwill to men.' Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strow the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descend-

ing, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have laboured shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery; through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind;—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase;—when they shall come up to the last distillery, and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters, and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains,—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it. the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world! The last poor drunkard shall go into it and find a refuge there. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard; and there shall be joy in heaven when the triumph of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumph of the Cross of Christ."

Mr. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane London, has just issued a very interesting biography of this celebrated orator, under the title of "The Life and Times of John B. Gough." It is published at 1s. and 2s. 6d., and we should recommend all our readers to get it.

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

**W**HEN I was a little girl I often stayed for weeks together with my Aunt May (uncle Philip's wife,) and one of my greatest pleasures was to go with her to the homes of those whom God seemed to have called Aunt May to comfort and assist. There was one place in particular to which I loved to go, and from which, perhaps, I gathered more beautiful thoughts than anywhere else in the whole world. It was a poor place, yet clean and tidy, and that not so much because the widow who lived there was so inclined, as that her eldest boy strove with all his power to make life comfortable, and smooth for her. I well remember one day when the autumn wind was high, and winter seemed ready to snatch hold of every leaf in his way, just to show, as it were, that he was a great king hurrying to the throne of his power, that we went out prepared to call upon the widow Pritchard, and her dear, noble boy. She opened the door for us in her usual lifeless way, while the shawl which she seemed to wear to add to the untidiness of her looks, hung off her shoulders down to the floor, which good, patient Jim, had either swept or scrubbed. Joe, the youngest child, was no doubt very tiresome, and yet I pitied him, when he struggled to get out of the cheerless place, to play and frolic with the other young ones in the court. It was only natural for so young a child—he could not, you see, understand the beauty which Jim's unselfish love cast around him.

"You shan't go, Joey," his mother began; and then she went on, as was her wont, to tell Aunt May of the many cares and troubles of her life. Jim, who mended boots and shoes for the neighbours, or did anything whereby he could earn an honest penny, raised his dear, anxious, loving face. "Mother," he said kindly, "don't fret, and don't vex the lady. There's a good time coming, only God doesn't think fit to send it yet." Poor Jim, the light in his eyes was beautiful, and I seem to see him now.

"Aye, aye," and his mother rocked herself in her chair; "but 'tis a long time first."

Then Aunt May told her of the good time in heaven, and that often our trials here were sent to prepare us for the full enjoyment of the glory awaiting us, when the good time we are told to hope for shall at length come.

We went away, leaving her, I believe, all the happier for our visit; but when next day we again called, a sad tale met our ear. Jim had been carrying home his work, and how it happened no one could say, but he was knocked down by a carriage of some sort, and then the wheels of the said carriage passed over his poor body, and he was no more. His face had not been crushed, and he looked just as before, only his eyes were closed, but his mouth was peaceful and sweet, and Aunt

May said as she looked upon him, "The good time is come to Jim."

I knew that he was happy in heaven, but oh! I wondered if the poor widow would have long to wait for her good time. I wondered whether it would not be a very bad time for her too, now that Jim was gone, but Aunt May said that I might pray for Widow Pritchard and wait and see. I went home soon after that and never knew for a long time how Jim's mother fared, but one glad, bright day in spring-time, Aunt May came, and I who loved her so very, very much, ran out to meet her. "May," and she smoothed back the tumbled hair from my forehead, "you look as though you were having a good time." Then, childlike, I remembered the widow, and asked if anything good were come to her.

"Yes, my darling, for after Jim was taken from her she felt that she must rouse herself and not lean so entirely upon others—in fact she had none to lean on save baby Joe. So she struggled with her grief and kept the house, and then as friends grew tired of helping her she worked bravely for her living, and now she calls life a good time, because she is busy and content. As for Jim, she says it is best as it is, for the boy had borne a heavy load for her and now he is happy, and she, while working and waiting, looks forward hopefully to the good time of heaven."

I was glad! I had prayed for this. Children, will you not pray for good times both for yourselves and others? To walk bravely in duty's path is our good time on earth, and brings with it a joy, even the joy of a clear conscience. Pray that others may tread that path as well as yourselves, and in the end enjoy the never-ending good time of eternity.

### OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTER

TO HIS SON, RICHARD CROMWELL.

"DICK CROMWELL,

"I take your letters kindly. I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected. I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are. I wish you may own it, and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the Glory of God. Seeke the Lord and his face continually; lett this bee the business of your life and strength, and lett all things be subservient and in order to this. You cannot finde nor behold the face of God, but in Christ, therefore labor to knowe Christ, w<sup>ch</sup> the Scripture makes to bee the sum of all, even life eternall. Because the true knowledge is nott litterall or speculative, but inward, transforminge the minde to itt, its untinge to, and participating of the Divine nature. Its such a knowledge as Paul speaks of, Philip the 3.1. S. 9. 10. How little of this knowledge of Christ is there amongst vs. My weake prayers shalbe for you. Take heede of

an inactive spirit, Recreate youre selfe w<sup>th</sup> Sr Walter Rauhleyes historie, it's a bodye of historie, and will add

of storie

much more to your vnderstandinge than fragments. I intend to vnderstand the estate I have settled, it's your concernment to knowe itt all, and how itt stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trustinge others. I knowe my Brother Major wilbe helpfull to you in all this. You will thinke (perhaps) I need not advise you to love your wife; the Lord teach you how to doe itt, or else itt wilbee done illfavorably. Trough marriage bee noe instituted sacrament, yett where the vndefined bedd is, and love, this union aptly c

resembles Christ and his Church. If you truly love your Wife, what doth Christ beare to his Church, and every poore soule therein, whoe gave himselfe for itt, and to itt. Com' ad mee to your Wife, tell her I enterly love her, and reioyce in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her every way fruitfull. I thanke her for her lovinge letter. I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousen Ann in my letter to my Brother Major. I would not have him alter his affaires because of my debt. My purse is as his, my present thoughtes are but to ledge such a sum for my two little gyrls, it's in his hand as well as any where. I shall not be wantinge to accomodate him to his minde. I would not have him sollicitous. Dick, the Lord blesse you every way, I rest

"Your lovinge Father

"Aprl. 2d. 1650.  
"Carricke."

"O. CROMWELL."

### OUR NOTE BOOK.

IT has never fallen to our lot to chronicle a calamity of so shocking a character as that which, during the earlier portion of last month, formed the principal topic of every journal and almost every pulpit of the kingdom. Following closely the awful railway catastrophe at Sittingbourne, with its frightful details of suffering and death, the collision near Woolwich of the Rywell Castle and the Princess Alice, and the sinking, in mid channel, of the latter vessel, by which some 700 lives were hurried into the gulf of eternity, might well make men—even the most worldly—pause and ponder on the uncertainty of human life. Without daring to characterise these events, which arise from preventable causes, as Divine "visitations" or "judgments," they are not inappropriately employed as admonitions to such as are too much given up, if not wholly absorbed, in the pleasures and pursuits of a transitory state.

The eighth Triennial Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations has been held at Geneva, representatives and delegates attending from many countries, European, American, Australasian, etc. The business and subjects of discussion were sovarious, relating to aggressive work, collective and individual, as well as to the cultivation of the spiritual life in the hearts of the members, that we cannot give even an outline in our limited space. Agreeable excursions were taken on the lake, and the personal intercourse thus afforded established friendships and left pleasant memories not easily effaceable. The conference was the largest of its kind ever held.

Mr. George Muller and Mrs. Muller have returned from America, and have arrived at the Orphanage at Ashley Down. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Mr. Muller has laboured hard in evangelistic work, with visible success, during his transatlantic tour, itinerating over some thousands of miles and visiting most of the principal cities of the United States.

A conference of Scottish Young Men's Christian Associations was held on September 3, 4, and 5, at Aberdeen. Important and interesting papers were read, and discussions followed on the work of Young Men's Christian Associations, etc. Evangelistic meetings and united prayer meetings were held, together with meetings of a purely business character, for the presentation of reports, election of executive committees, etc.

Elbow Church, with which the name of John Bunyan is associated, is to be restored. The "immortal dreamer" was wont to attend this church in his youth, and was distinguished by being appointed to the post of bell-ringer. Apart from these associations, the church is considered worthy of restoration from its architectural beauty.

The following are amongst the most recent statistics of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland:—There are 36 presbyteries, with 626 ministers, who have the charge of 559 congregations; there are 106,110 communicants, and 2,155 elders; there are 1,099 Sabbath schools, with 72,909 children in attendance, and the latter are taught by 8,510 teachers.

Since the opening of the Paris Exhibition in May over 600,000 portions of Holy Scripture have been issued from the kiosk of the Crystal Palace Bible stand. These were in twenty-two languages, European and Asiatic. The authorities have countenanced the movement, and have granted special permission for the employment of colporteurs at the various entrances outside the Exhibition.

The death of Mrs. Favell Lee Mortimer is announced. Mrs. Mortimer was the authoress of the deservedly popular work, "The Peep of Day," which has passed through many editions, and is still held in high favour with young people.

The Church Congress will hold its annual sittings this month (October), in Sheffield, commencing on the first Tuesday and terminating on the following Friday night.

Dr. Pakenham Walsh, Dean of Cashel, a well-known preacher and lecturer to young men in the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church, has been elected to the bishopric of the vacant see of Ossory.

The Rev. Archibald G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, has spent a month in the prosecution of evangelistic work in the counties of Bedford and Hertford. He has thus practically carried out the plan suggested by himself at the meeting of the Baptist Union in May last, which was that of sending forth several of the most gifted and well-reputed ministers of the body for work of an aggressive character, for the revival of the churches, and the calling of sinners to repentance. For such work Mr. Brown has already proved himself to be eminently fitted.



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The adjustment of Cleopatra's Needle into its position on the Thames Embankment was accomplished on Thursday afternoon, September 12. The site is opposite the garden, about midway between Waterloo Bridge and Charing Cross Railway Viaduct. A large concourse of spectators gathered to witness the ceremony, at the conclusion of which flags were run up, and the whistles of the river steamers rather unmusically announced the completion of the task.

It is stated that a peasant woman of the province of Galicia has found, near Michalkov, on the river Dniester, several golden goblets, a crown, a dragon's head in gold, and other treasure trove, and it is concluded that these articles belong to the regalia of the elder Cyrus, who was slain in battle in this neighbourhood more than 2000 years ago.

The Act for the foundation of four new bishoprics received the Royal Assent on the day of the prorogation of Parliament. The four new prelates will be severally entitled the Bishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Newcastle, the Bishop of Southwell, and the Bishop of Watfield.

There are at present more than five thousand Italians in London. Their headquarters are in Soho and the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden. To these a mission has been organised. A congregation has been gathered in the schoolroom of St. Thomas's Church, Chancery-lane, and in spite of Romish opposition, not a little good has been effected. A day-school has been opened by Dr. Passalanti in temporary premises, in Mount Pleasant, Clerkenwell, and as soon as funds can be raised, it is intended to establish a home, coffee-room, schools, etc.

A conference on foreign missions is to be held at the Conference Hall, Midway Park, commencing on Monday, October 21, and closing on the following Saturday. Papers on subjects relating to mission work in foreign countries will be read by well-known missionaries and others connected with the various missionary societies, and will be followed by addresses, and intermingled with devotional services.

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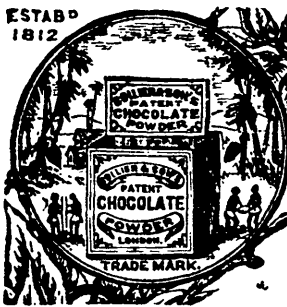
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