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Editorial.

THE ANGLO-SAXON FUTURE.

The rise of the Anglo Saxon race is one of the most striking phenomena of modern times. A century ago,—just two years before the declaration of independence in the United States,—Britain was a great power. But it was no more than on an equality with several others. At that time its whole population, at home and abroad, did not exceed *eighteen millions*. In that respect it was about equal to Spain, and considerably less than either France or Austria. Its colonies were multiplying; but, with the exception of the American States, few were of any great importance. Its dominion in India was then circumscribed within very narrow limits. And at that time the commerce of Britain was not very greatly ahead of some of its rivals.

Now, when we contrast that time with the present day, the most startling results appear. From *eighteen millions*, the number of the people has increased to over *eighty millions*. Spain, France, and Austria combined, do not now equal the number of those who speak our own tongue. And with the increase in mere numbers, there has been a far greater proportionate increase in all the elements of national wealth, power, and greatness. Our tongue is heard in every land. Our ships visit every shore. The great bulk of the commerce of the whole earth is now in our hands. Colonies, which are fast

assuming the character of great, imperial communities, are posted in every position of advantage all the world over,—like the links of a great chain compassing the earth. And in India, we are now giving our language and laws to one of the greatest empires the world ever saw. There is not another instance of the rise and growth of any people so rapid, on so large a scale, and resting on foundations so firm and vast.

We have all heard of Macauley's famous New Zealander, who, in some future age, is to visit the banks of the Thames, and to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London bridge. All that is left of present greatness is a memory. Those streets which teemed with a nation's life, are still and silent. The marsh fowl makes its nest where the world's merchant princes used to congregate. The power and splendour of imperial Britain have passed away like the shadows of a dream. It is fascinating for men full of old historic lore to generalize from past experience. And so, like the old empires which have come and gone, Britain is to rise, reach its height, and then decay, and pass away. But these speculations are not to be fully trusted. They are misleading, and tend to blind the mind to elements in a nation's life which may greatly modify, or even entirely prevent such a result. The life of a nation is not like that of a plant, or a tree, the laws of whose

growth and existence we know, and can foretell with certainty. In the gospel of Christ we have an element of national vitality which is most stupidly ignored, in great measure, by our literary men. It is that evangelical element which is the basis of that national liberty which prevails in every Anglo-Saxon community. It is that same element which sustains respect for public justice, and thus lays the foundation of our social security. And it is that same element which gives that power and vitality to public morality, whereby it becomes a very perilous thing for any man, however great or powerful, to outrage openly the eternal laws of truth and righteousness. And these are all most potent factors in national life and greatness.

Now, co-incident with this wonderful growth in numbers, and the more wonderful growth in wealth and power, we are to note the rise of a more earnest and aggressive evangelical spirit. It is in the Anglo-Saxon communities that we see all those great associations springing up, which have for their end the spread of the gospel over all the earth. It is there we find such societies as the Bible and Tract Societies, designed to operate not within their own area alone, but to spread the word of God, and a pure, evangelical literature, among all the nations of the earth. It is there, also, we find all those great associations for the evangelization of the heathen. They are sustained by our wealth, and wrought by our own countrymen. Hundreds have gone forth from Britain and America as heralds of the Cross, and are now labouring in every heathen land. And can we suppose that there is no connection between our growth in national greatness, and this earnest evangelical spirit begotten among us? May it not be that God, who doeth according to His will among the inhabitants of the earth, has committed to us all this great power for the very purpose of spreading

over all the earth the knowledge of Himself?

That power is the measure of our responsibility. No other race is in that position of supreme advantage fitting them to be the divine instrumentality for this great end. And, with all our shortcomings, no race of men so fully recognize their responsibility in this matter. Now promotion cometh not from the East or the West, it is God who putteth down one, and setteth up another. Do we not read in that book which our statesmen would do well to ponder more? "The nation or kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." We do not wonder at the decay and fall of old heathen and worldly powers. Their purpose served, they passed away. But let us busy ourselves in God's work, and He shall care for our national fortunes. There can be no fear of national death, as long as we are true to our trust as custodians of God's Word, and as long as we fulfil our part as the great agency for winning the world to Christ. Nay, rather let us be true to our heritage and responsibility, and then, in the near future, we may see the Anglo-Saxon rise, until it holds the high position of the World's Imperial race.

A GLIMPSE OF JESUITISM.

While we acknowledge that our chief duty as Protestants is to make our children acquainted with their own faith, it cannot, however, be denied but there is a strong and sad necessity at present to make them acquainted with some of the enemies of that faith, foremost of which in Canada to-day stands Jesuitism.

ITS NAME.

There are two precious names by which our blessed Redeemer is best known among His disciples,—Jesus and Christ. From the latter of these, Christ, has come the name CHRISTIAN.

which from an early period in the history of our religion has been an honourable designation. A true *Christian* is one who is under law to Christ, and therefore is the highest style of man, and next to God and his wonders, the ornament and beauty of this lower world. But from the former of these two blessed names, Jesus, has come the name of *Jesuit*, which is a designation very contrary to Christ and Christianity.

The Society bearing this latter name has risen of late to such pride and power that to-day it aims at nothing less than the mastery of Europe, and the extinction of the Protestant faith throughout the world. It becomes us, therefore, in a temperate, reasonable spirit, to scrutinize the Society that threatens our religion and liberty.

ITS ORIGIN.

The true origin of Jesuitism lies further back than Ignatius Loyola. The germ of it was always contained in the bosom of the Romish religion, just as the oak is contained in the acorn, the roaring lion in the playful cub. Rome tried at one time to rule the world by *armies*; but its military glory departed—the empire declined and fell. From the ashes of Imperial Rome arose Papal Rome, which,—armies failing,—tried to rule the world by *religion* (the theory of Augustine's *City of God*). There can be nothing wrong, (on the contrary, what can be nobler) than the holy ambition to unite, by Christian means, the world into one great Christian empire, from which is banished unchristian vices, and in which is cultivated all Christian virtues! Such a purpose as this would be only a realization of the prophecy and promise of the Divine Master, that "*He would draw all men to him.*" But in an evil hour this best of wine was changed into the sourest vinegar. The ambition which, if it could only have forgotten self and known Christ alone, would have built up a true City of God, a Holy Catholic Church, has built up in the slow course of ages,

Popery and its ripest fruitage,—*Jesuitism*. The Church of Rome, at one time the best and the purest of churches, whose faith was in the days of Paul spoken of throughout the whole world, fell as our first parents fell, by the sin of ambition. Power, not for its beneficial use, but for its own sake, became the supreme object of the Papacy, and out of this has come Jesuitism as naturally and necessarily as comes evil fruit from a corrupt tree, as surely as out of the "serpent's root shall come forth a cockatrice, and out of that a fiery flying serpent." Here are the three stages of the sad development: To gratify the lust of power, all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them must be laid at the feet of the Romish Church; the church must be laid at the feet of the priesthood; the priesthood must be laid at the feet of the Pope. "All things are yours," Paul says, "for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "Nothing is yours," Jesuitism says, "for ye belong to the priesthood, and the priesthood belongs to the Papacy." We see first the *serpent*—all the world must be subdued to an infallible church. We next see the *cockatrice*,—all the church must be subject to an infallible priesthood. Then comes the *fiery flying serpent* (which is Jesuitism),—all the priesthood must be subject to an infallible Pope. It has taken twelve centuries to reach this last stage, but though the *evolution*, (degradation it should be called), has been slow it has advanced under the guidance of a law as fixed as that which gives us the butterfly from the caterpillar. Pope Pious the IX and his decree of infallibility is the natural and necessary issue of Pope Gregory VII and his decrees of supremacy. When *lust hath conceived*, it *bringeth forth sin*, and sin when it is *finished* bringeth forth *death*. James i. 15.

ITS FOUNDER.

It oftener happens that circumstances make men than that men make circumstances. Circumstances made Loyola.

He was born in 1491, a Spaniard, educated at court, and trained a soldier. From the first circumstance he got his bigotry, from the second his courtesy, and from the third his discipline. Then he was wounded in the legs, and through the fault of an unskilful surgeon crippled for life. Lying in his father's castle of Loyola, at Guiposca, nursing the broken limb, some friend put into his hand the "*Lives of the Saints.*" The book arrested his attention, fired his imagination, aroused his enthusiasm, and changed the current of his dreams, thoughts, and purposes. He will henceforth (1522) be a soldier of the church. To qualify himself for this mission he must undergo discipline, which he did after this fashion. He confessed his sins so minutely and with such outbursts of weeping that the business occupied three weeks; he scourged his flesh; he clothed himself in the loathsome rags of a beggar he met on the public road; he retired to a cave, where on one occasion he fasted from all food and drink for seven days; he made a vow to the Virgin Mary of perpetual poverty and perpetual chastity. But as a soldier of the church he must work, so he published a little book, *Spiritual Exercises*, a kind of guide to holiness, and then he went to Palestine to convert the infidels. From this expedition he returned a wiser man, for he concluded that a little learning would be useful in dealing with heretics, and he went to school in Barcelona for two years, where, a man of 34 years, he humbly sat on the same bench with little boys learning the rudiments of the Latin tongue. Hence he went to the University of Alcalá, where he was laughed at for his zeal and for his garments, where he was watched, persecuted and imprisoned, till weary of such treatment he fled, in 1528, to Paris. The nightingale of Wittenberg, as Luther has been called, was in the heart of Germany, singing in the coming spring, Calvin was studying at the University of Orleans, and they were burn-

ing Patrick Hamilton in St. Andrews, when Loyola, alone, in poverty and without a friend in the world, crossed the Pyrenees and entered Paris. Like a good student he continued at his Latin, and like a good soldier he aimed at rising in his profession. He is now but a soldier: he must become a general. He gathered a few young men around him,—Xavier, Le Fevre, Lainez, Rodriguez, and in 1534 he took of them a solemn vow to go to the Holy Land, (to which, however, they never went,) at the end of three years, telling them if any one asked, in the meantime, what religion they professed, they were to say that they belonged to the Society of Jesus, meaning by society, as Negroni explains, a military company.

It was only, however, in 1540, and in consideration of the fourth vow of implicit obedience to the Holy See, without remonstrance or expense, that Pope Paul (Farnese) issued his famous Bull constituting this a new order under the name of "*The Society of Jesus.*"

ITS CONSTITUTION.

It was in 1761 that the constitution of the Society of Jesus was given to the public, by order of the French Parliament. The Society, it appears from this constitution, is a kingdom divided into four classes, *Novices, Scholars, Coadjutors, Professed*, with a Head, absolute, and uncontrollable, from whose decisions there is no protection nor appeal. 1. Novices, who must be at least 14 years of age, must be in training two years before they can pass to the next highest class, and during that time they must devote a month to meditation and spiritual exercises, they must serve a month in some hospital, they must beg a month from door to door, (such is the rule at least in Italy), they must serve in the lowest offices of the House, and then, if approved of, take an oath that binds them to perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus, in which he promises to live for ever, under-

standing all things according to the constitution of the Society. 2. Scholars. It being one chief aim of the Jesuits to get the education of the young into their hands, they gave great preference to young men of soundness of body, acuteness of judgment, and superior mental endowment, who are trained with great pains in the Jesuit Universities, which were at one time the best regulated and the most efficient in Europe. 3. Coadjutors. After the scholar has finished his probation he cannot be a member of the body till he passes so many years in probation for being a coadjutor. At the termination of this term a new oath is administered, and the probationer at last is on the threshold of the Society. 4. Professed. Before being allowed to enter to the full privileges of a Jesuit, the coadjutor must pass some years in a probation more strict and of longer duration than those of the preceding classes. He must show considerable acquirements in literature, philosophy, and theology; he must be examined and approved by the General of the order, who but seldom delegates this power; and then being at least 25 years of age, a priest, eminent in learning and virtue, he takes the solemn vows of chastity, poverty, obedience, and the fourth one, which procured the Bull of incorporation, submission to the reigning Pope, and becomes, at last, a member in full standing of the Jesuit Society.

ITS OBJECTS.

The objects of the Society we cannot state better than it is done in the eloquent memorial, presented by the Jesuits to Pious V, praying him to relieve them of certain duties (choral hours) which were obligatory on all the other monastic orders:—

“Our Society has been established to repel the impious efforts of the heretics, to oppose the infernal tricks which are used to extinguish the light of Catholic truth, and to resist the barbarous enemies

of Christ who were besieging the holy edifice of the church.”

The same thing is expressed by a Romish writer in these words:—

“As from time to time new heresies have afflicted the Church of God, so He has raised up holy men to combat them; and as he had raised up St. Dominic against the Albigenses and Vaudois, so He sent Loyola and his disciples against the Lutherans and Calvinists.”

ITS MEANS.

In order to crush out the Reformation these are the means to which the Jesuits are committed. 1. The subordination of the State to the Church. This it is that brings the Jesuits everywhere into collision with Civil Governments. “No Catholic,” say English Catholic priests, petitioning the Pope (in 1581), “HAD EVER BEEN ACCUSED OF HIGH TREASON PREVIOUS TO THE JESUITS COMING TO ENGLAND.” This it is that forms the true cause of quarrel between them and Germany, and which has forced the Emperor (in pure defence of civil life) to expel the order. 2. The subordination of the church to the Pope. This the Jesuits have just accomplished by the decree of Papal infallibility. 3. The subordination of the Pope to the General of the Jesuits. It is true that the Jesuits take an oath of obedience to the Pope, promising to go where he bids them and to do his bidding without wages or reward, but all this is only as the General of the order gives his permission and instructions. They do the bidding of the Pope only as their General permits (*duce volente*) for their constitution ordains that each member of the order “must regard the Superior as Christ the Lord, and must strive to acquire perfect resignation and denial of his own will and judgment in all things to that which the Superior wills and judges, to be moved by his Superior as if he were a *corpse* (*perinde ac si cadaver esset*), which allows itself to be moved and led in any direction (Constitution, par. vi. cap. i. § i.)

CONCLUSION.

This is the Society with which the Protestant nations and churches have to do battle. This is the Society that is striving everywhere, with desperate energy, to get hold of the rising generation. This is the Society that is aiming at moulding the literature of every country where it holds power. This is the Society that seeks to crush out civil liberty and religious truth, the Society that instigated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish Armada, and the gunpowder plot, the Society that Popes have cursed and Kings have crushed, but which has recovered of its deadly wounds to do battle once more with the Saints of the Most High.

The lessons this revival of Jesuitism teaches us are: 1. To look up to God who reigneth and through

whose power, alone, the progress of error can be arrested. Our hands, holy and without *wrath* and doubting, must be raised constantly like those of Moses, towards heaven. 2. To inculcate and encourage a correct, intimate knowledge of the Bible on the part of our children. There is no sword like it for the conflict with Jesuitism and there is nothing in the world Jesuits fear more than the Bible. 3. To draw as Protestant denominations into a closer battle array, forgetting our minor differences in face of a foe that seeks to destroy the foundations. 4. To look well after political partyism, lest it sell us and our children to the Jesuits for a mess of pottage. The conflict may be keen, but it will not be long, and its issue is not uncertain.

Living Preachers.

GOSPEL PRECEPTS.

By REV. NEIL MCKINNON, Belmont, Ont.

"Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king."—1 Peter ii. 17.

Religion, in order to be real, must be practical. It must control the heart and regulate the conduct, or it is nothing. And it has respect unto all our relations to our fellow-creatures, and to Him who has made us, and to whom we must render an account of the deeds which we do in the body, whether good or evil.

My text contains a beautiful cluster of divine or gospel precepts. And as the spies, whom Moses sent out to explore the land of Canaan, brought back a splendid bunch of grapes as evidence of the fertility of the land, so may we take this text as a beautiful specimen of the morality of the Bible. Behold what a high-toned morality this blessed book teaches! Surely it is not without reason that the advocates of the

Bible and its religion take its high-toned morality as a link in the chain of evidence that proves its divine origin. What a sublime and heavenly morality do the Scriptures teach! It is a morality that is intertwined with piety—a morality that has piety for its root, and piety also for its beautiful flowers.

The Psalmist says that the heavens declare the glory of God, and that the firmament showeth forth his handiwork. The blue vault of heaven and the twinkling stars that bespangle it, all proclaim the greatness and the glory of the divine Architect, and assist in elevating rightly-developed and well-balanced minds to a devout contemplation of Him. But how much more calculated is the Bible to answer such ends, with its brilliant doctrines and its constellations of beautiful precepts.

Some people affect to despise the Bible for the simplicity with which it gives forth its utterances, while others

reject it on account of the deep and dark things that are here and there to be found in it. Both are wrong; and both fail to perceive the analogy that subsists between the Word of God as contained in the Bible, and the works of His hands as exhibited in creation around us. If the doctrines and precepts of the Bible are plain and simple, so much the better; they are the more easily comprehended and remembered. If, on the other hand, there are here and there some deep and incomprehensible things in the Bible, this is not to be wondered at, on the supposition of its being the Word of God; for there are analogous things in the works of His hands, in the material universe. What man, in a sane state of mind, will refuse to wash himself in water, or drink it to allay his thirst, on the ground that there are large bodies of water on the earth in which people have been drowned? or what man, that has the sober use of his reason, will refuse to kindle a fire for cooking and heating purposes on the ground that fire has burned many to death? No man, I presume, would pursue such a course of conduct, for it would be manifestly unreasonable. Nor is it less unreasonable to reject the Bible or the water of life which it offers, on the ground that many stumble at some of the depths and mysteries that are contained therein and miserably perish.

Again, some irreligious people base an excuse for their impiety on their limited education, and their inability to understand the contents of the Bible for themselves. It is a frivolous and invalid excuse; for it does not require any extensive learning or great mental development, such as may be acquired in the schools, to enable a man to understand the essentials of the faith, both in doctrines and in precepts. Under the spiritual enlightenment which cannot be got in the schools, but which may be obtained in answer to believing earnest prayer, any of you, my hearers, may understand the things that are necessary

to salvation. What is there so abstruse or difficult of comprehension in the gospel rule, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" or in the gospel precepts, "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." How plain and simple and easily understood are these precepts were men disposed, honestly, anxiously, and prayerfully, to endeavour to obey them.

In further meditating on these precepts, let us consider them separately, and in the order in which they lie before us in the text:

I. HONOUR ALL MEN.

There is a sense in which honour is due to some but not to all. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, exhorts Christians to give honour to whom honour is due, implying plainly that there is a sense in which honour is not due equally to all. We must have respect to the different orders and ranks of society, and render honour to men that occupy high and influential positions according to the ranks in which they move.

But we must not suppose that any man is to be entirely despised. We do not owe the same degree of esteem equally to all, yet every man is worthy of honour to some extent. In our intercourse with men we may mark their different qualities and their different measures and degrees of merit. But we must not suppose that we can readily read the whole of a man's character. There may be good qualities where we think there are none; therefore we must be cautious in forming our judgment and making our estimate, and be willing rather to err in forming too favourable an opinion than in forming an opinion too unfavourable. Even the grace of God may be at work where we do not think it; and, if it is not, still human nature itself is to be respected wherever any traces of it are still discernable, although it may have sunk very low in depravity and degradation. Human

nature is worthy of honour; for man was made in the image of God; and Christ has assumed human nature; and from the depths of great depravity, into which man has fallen, he may yet be extricated through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.

Alas, the very reverse of the duty on which we are expatiating is extensively practised among men, often, even, among those who profess to have accepted the Bible as the rule of their faith and manners. There is indeed a proneness in us all, a proneness which I may say is natural to us, to render as little honour as possible to our fellow-creatures, to seize upon every occasion to dishonour them and to magnify every apparent ground for doing so. To be satisfied of the truth of this assertion, one has only to reflect on the way in which it is common, in social circles, to deal with the names, characters, and reputations of men. With what unwarranted liberty, even glee and pleasure, do men often cut and carve and dissect the name and reputation, the conduct and motives of their neighbours.

Now, how may we account for this proneness to withhold honour from men? We account for it by pointing out the fact that there is a deep-seated and misleading depravity in our nature. We are fallen beings. The poison of sin has, to a great extent, turned the milk of human kindness into the gall of selfishness. And the great and governing selfishness of some makes them act as if the more they dishonour others the greater is the degree of honour which they secure for themselves. I do not say that men are always conscious of acting under the influence of such a principle; but whether consciously or unconsciously acted on, it is entirely a wrong calculation, and an instance of the deception which the deceitful hearts of men practise upon them. The reverse is the truth; that is to say, the more scrupulously we render to others

the honour that is due to them the more honourable do we become ourselves, and the more do we fulfil an important end of our being.

II. LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD.

The brotherhood signifies the society of believers. It is the brotherhood of the faithful that is meant. Believers are brethren by the regeneration; God is their Father, and they are all brethren. They owe, therefore, to each other, a sacred and deep affection. Love the brotherhood, is an injunction which the Holy Ghost lays upon all those that profess to believe in Christ and to be His devoted followers.

This love to the brotherhood is an important element of our holy religion. Jesus dwelt upon it with peculiar pathos in the discourses which He addressed to His disciples on the eve of His betrayal and crucifixion. In those valedictory addresses, He repeatedly told them to love one another, that they might be, and that they might show to the world that they were, His disciples. And Paul attaches so much importance to love, that he regards every other gift and talent as of little or no value in the absence of it. Who can read the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and not be deeply impressed with a sense of the vast importance of love in the Christian life; and not be convinced also that the piety of those professing Christians is very defective, whose love to the brotherhood does not rise above the common courtesies and kindnesses which are often exemplified in the lives and conduct of men of the world. Hear what Paul says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body

to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

All men are joined together by the natural bonds of a common humanity, but believers are still more closely united together by the additional bonds of the gospel. They have been delivered from the same state of sin and of exposure to the wrath that is to come. The same blood of sprinkling has washed away their guilt. The same Holy Spirit has been the agent of their regeneration. They are heirs together of the same inheritance. They have common foes to contend with; and they fight the same good fight of faith against the world, the devil and the flesh, with the same spiritual weapons, the word of God and all prayer. Surely, then, they have reason to be knit together in the bonds of a holy affection. It becomes them to love each other without dissimulation, and to be honest and earnest in their efforts to stir up one another to love and to good works.

How sad that it should often be otherwise,—that instead of exhibiting the love that proves discipleship, and that compels the world to glorify our heavenly Father, there should be disputes and quarrels and obstinate variance among the professed followers of Jesus. But can there be enmity among those that truly and really by faith are united to Jesus? If men are strangers to this love, can they be Christians? They may have a name to live, but are they not dead in trespasses and sins, notwithstanding any profession of faith and devotedness which they may make? If men bite and devour one another, how can they prove their interest in the meek and loving Saviour who has said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Therefore, my brethren, suffer the word of exhortation, "Love the brotherhood." Cherish a strong affection for the disciples of Jesus. Their rank in the world may not be high. Do not

neglect, do not despise them for that. Some of them may lack the outside polish which is highly esteemed in the societies of unconverted men; but for their faith in Jesus, for their devotion to Him, for their attachment to His cause, and for the injunction which God here lays upon you, love them.

III. FEAR GOD.

It is the fear of God that gives a character of religiousness to the duties of morality. Apart from the fear of God, morality is a flower plucked from its root, and which, therefore, may soon wither and decay. Men may discharge the duties of morality, after a fashion, towards one another, without being actuated by the fear of God, but the right and proper observance of those duties springs from this fear. "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man," is the conclusion at which Solomon has arrived after making trial of all things under the sun, and discovering that they are all vanity and vexation of spirit. Even the duties of morality themselves will be found in the end to be vanity and vexation of spirit, if, in discharging them, we are not actuated by the sacred and spiritual affection of God's fear.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Apart from the fear of the Lord, what may pass under the name of wisdom is not wisdom, but selfish and earth-born shrewdness. Leighton says, "Job, after a large inquest for wisdom, searching for its vein as men do for mines of silver and gold, hath the return of a *Non inventum est*, from all the creatures. The depth saith, It is not in me, and the sea saith, It is not in me: It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof, &c. But in the close he finds it in this, The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

God is to be feared and had in reverence by all that are about Him. Great

fear is due to Him in the assembly of His saints. . Who that understands anything of His nature and character, of His justice, truth, and holiness, of the fearful denunciations of His law, and of His determination to execute them on the impenitent and the ungodly, will not fear Him? It is because men do not know Him, because they do not take time to think of Him, that there is so little of His fear in their hearts. It is a sad thing that general society gives such plain indications of the absence of God's fear: from men's hearts. What but the absence of God's fear can account for the amount of profanity, uncleanness, drunkenness, covetousness, villainy, dishonesty and heartless cruelty that prevail throughout society? We ought to be grieved and ashamed at the amount of impiety that prevails throughout our land. That was the Psalmist's feeling for the ungodliness of his times, when he said, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law."

IV. HONOUR THE KING.

King may be taken as a general title for all civil rulers. We must not limit the requirements of this precept to the king in the sense of the chief magistrate of a nation, but extend them to all the officers of the administration, according to their ranks and stations.

This was very probably written in the reign of Nero, one of the most cruel and heartless of the Roman emperors. And his governors, in the provinces, also, were in many instances wicked and cruel men. Yet in such circumstances, and with such facts before his eyes, the Apostle Peter here exhorts Christians to honour the king. And Paul expounds this duty at considerable length, and sets forth the grounds on which it rests, in his Epistle to the Romans, which was written about the same time. He says, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.

Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same. For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore, ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake." (Romans xiii. 1-5).

Honour the king, for he is the minister of God to thee for good. Many privileges and advantages are secured to us by a settled and constitutional government. He must be indeed short sighted, who does not see that the peace and the protection, the civil and religious liberty, which we enjoy, are secured for us, under the blessing of God, in a great measure by our government, and not altogether by the hold that God's fear and moral principle have on the nature and consciences of men. And as we recognize the hand of God in the shelter thrown around us from the fury of the tempest, the lightning and the elements generally, so we ought to recognize His hand in the protection afforded to us from the cruelty and ferocity of men, by the arm of civil government, "For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God."

Here let me quote the words of an eminent divine, "The truth is, there is much in the whole guise of modern society that is fitted to hide from human eyes the real deformity of the human character. We think that, apart from Christianity, the falsehood and the ferocity of our species are essentially the same with what they were in the most unsettled periods of its history—that however moulded into a different form, they

retain all the strength and substance that they ever had—and that if certain restraints were lifted away, certain regulations which have their hold, not upon the principle, but upon the selfishness of our nature; then would the latent propensities of man again break forth into open exhibition, and betray him to be the guileful, and rapacious, and vindictive creature he has ever shown himself to be, in those places of the earth where government had not yet introduced its restraints, and civilization had not yet introduced its guises."

This is a humiliating estimate of our species, but it is a true one. And in

view of it, the preacher proclaims the necessity of a change of heart in every one who would wish to become meet for the inheritance which God has prepared for His people; and in view of it also, the administrators of civil law proclaim the necessity of prisons and constables and tribunals for the protection of life and property, and for the punishment of offenders.

Therefore, to conclude, my brethren, let me say to you in the words of another text of Scripture, "Honour the king, and meddle not with those that are given to change."

Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too,
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And for the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted men foretold,
When man shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union,
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,

For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. L. BANKS.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

By HORATIUS BONAR.

The day of the Lord, it cometh!
It comes like a thief in the night.
It comes when the world is dreaming
Of safety, and peace, and light.
It cometh, the day of sackcloth,
With darkness, and storm, and fire,
The day of the great avenging,
The day of the burning ire.

Not slowly, slowly, like twilight,
Nor like the cold creeping tide;
Nor barque from the distant offing,
Moving on o'er the waters wide.
But instant—like sudden lightning,
In the depths of a tranquil sky;
From the west to the east in a moment,
The havoc descends from on high!

The day of the Lord, it cometh,
When the virgins are all asleep;
And the drunken world is lying
In a slumber yet more deep.
Like the sudden lurch of the vessel,
By night on a sunken rock,
All earth in a moment recoileth,
And goeth down with the shock.

The voice of the awful trumpet
Arresteth the march of time;

With terror, and woe, and judgment,
It soundeth through every clime.
It speaketh aloud to the living,
It speaks to the slumbering dead;
Earth heareth the final summons,
And boweth the trembling head.

The flash of the sword of havoc
Foretelleth the day of blood,
Revealing the Judge's progress,
The downward march of God.
The fire which no mortal kindles
Quick seizes the quaking earth,
And labours the groaning creation
In the pangs of its second birth.

Then the day of the evil endeth,
And the righteous reign comes in;
Like a cloud of sorrow, vanish
The ages of human sin.
The light of the morning gleameth,
A dawn without cloud or gloom;
In chains lies the ruler of darkness,
And the Prince of light has come!

"THOU SHALT CALL ME ISHI" (HUSBAND).

HOSBA II. 16, 19, 20.

Oh, my heart is full of laughter,
I am very, very glad,
For I have a precious treasure,
Such as princes never had:
ISHI, ISHI is the jewel!
Mine he is while ages roll.
Angels taste not of such glory—
Holy ISHI of the soul!

Love's full meaning none can utter
All its wondrous depth and power,
Growing deeper, growing stronger,
Day by day, and hour by hour.
ISHI, ISHI! night and morning
From my lips that holy name,
All the while my soul exulting,
Pouresth forth the self-same strain,

Many beautiful names thou bearest:
Brother, Shepherd, Friend, and King:
But they none unto my spirit
Such divine support can bring.
Other joys are short and fleeting,
Thou and I can never part;
Thou art altogether lovely,
ISHI, ISHI of my heart!

Earthly loves are very lovely,
Passing, passing fair they seem;
But they come and go before us
Like some bright and happy dream.
Thou art a reality,
Mine the more when I shall wake;
These I cast aside as nothing,
ISHI, ISHI, for thy sake.

In thine own fair realms of glory,
In the holiest above,
Choirs of angels chant the story
Of thy wondrous, matchless love.

All my longings are contented,
All my wanderings turn to thee,
Pole-star of my restless spirit,
ISHI, all in all to me.

When the sun of life is setting,
When the shades of evening fall,
And upon earth's fairest vision
Cometh darkness like a pall;
When the sun of life is setting,
I shall see thy glorious face,
Finding in thy loving bosom
My eternal resting-place!

—American Messenger.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the model Church, I worshipped there to-day,
It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray;
The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago;
But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The Sexton didn't seat me away back at the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me holily through
The long aisle of the crowded Church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin', it had the old time ring,
The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore,
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port for ever from the storm.

The preachin'? well I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning of his eye
Went passing long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by,

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth,
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences down on the finest pews,
And, though I can't see very well, I saw the falling tear,
That told me Hell was some ways off and Heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
How brightly beamed the light of Heaven from every happy face!

Again I hoped for that sweet time when friend
shall meet with friend
When congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths
have no end.

I hope to meet that minister—the congregation
too—
In the dear home beyond the stars that shine
from Heaven's blue.
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening
gray,
The happy hour of worship in the model Church
to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the
victory be won;
The shining goal is just ahead, the race is nearly
run.
O'er the river we are nearin' they are thronging
to the shore—
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep
no more.

Christian Thought.

RECENT RESEARCHES IN MOAB.

We are indebted to the *People's Magazine* for the following interesting article on Moab, the country lying to the east of the Dead Sea, and whose lofty mountain range is seen from the summit of Olivet, the country of Ruth, and of a once powerful people, of whom not one representative remains now in the land.

The researches in Syria connected with the Palestine Exploration Fund have met with great and well-merited approbation, but it is only just that a meed of praise should be bestowed upon other explorers, who have independently prosecuted inquiries in the same region. Foremost amongst these has been Dr. Tristram, who having penetrated successfully into a hitherto almost unknown country, the ancient land of Moab, has published the result of his tour in a most interesting volume,* of which we propose to give our readers some account.

The tract which the learned doctor, with his companions, traversed, lies chiefly upon the eastern shores of the Dead Sea; although explorations were

also made upon the western side, it is to the former region that the great interest attaches, as it may be said to have been shut to European travellers for more than a thousand years. This fact is accounted for in the eleventh chapter of the work; after speaking in connection with one of the most striking discoveries, to be mentioned presently, of the short-lived triumph in the seventh century of the Persians under Chosroes, of their expulsion by Heraclius the Roman emperor, and of the final subversion of the imperial power by the Saracens, A.D. 632, Dr. Tristram goes on to say,—

"From that hour the whole of this region disappears altogether from the page of history. Retired from the route of armies, it has been without fortress, town, or inhabitants, to invite a conqueror: inaccessible to ordinary troops from the west, it has remained without the record of one single event on its soil; and its eastern plains untrodden by European foot till yesterday."

It was reserved for the author of this book and his associates,—one of whom, Mr. Haynes, has lately been removed by death—to reveal to the world the

* "The Land of Moab." By H. B. Tristram, M.A., L.L.D., F.R.S., Hon. Canon of Durham. London: John Murray.

natural and artificial treasures of this desolate land.

Negotiations were on foot with the sheikhs of the Transjordanic tribes, but owing to a spirit of jealousy among these wild rulers, some delay arose before the party could procure an escort of any kind.

The route was taken by way of Hebron and Engedi, and the frontier of Moab reached; here there was a sudden alarm from an attack on the party made by the Beni Atiyeh, a wandering tribe of evil repute, but as it turned out that they made their onslaught under a false impression as to the identity of the Arab convoy, matters were smoothed over, and Kerak at length reached. To resume the narrative in the author's own words,—

"No chain of evidence happily can be less open to cavil than that which identifies Kerak with Kir-Moab (Isa. xv. 1), or Kir Hareh or Hareseth (Isa. xvi. 7. 11), Kir Heres (Jer. xlviii. 31), or Kir Harseth (2 Kings iii. 25). It was the castle 'Kir,' as distinguished from the metropolis 'Ar,' of the country, i. e. Rabbath Moab, the modern Rabba. The Targum translates all these names 'Kerakah' identical with the modern name. The Crusaders mistook it for Petra, and gave to its bishop that title, which the Greek Church has still retained, but the name in the vernacular has continued unchanged. No wonder, as we look down from the neighbouring heights upon it, that the combined armies of Israel, Judah, and Edom could not take it, and that 'in Kir Haraseth left they the stones thereof; howbeit the slingers went about it and smote it' (2 Kings iii. 25), but to little purpose.

. . . . The position is so strong by nature that it would be seized upon as a fortress from the very earliest times. A lofty brow pushes forwards to the west with a flattened space on its crest, a sort of head, behind which the neck at the south-east contracts, and gives it the form of a peninsula, at the same

time that the isthmus, if I may so call it, rapidly slopes down, before rising to reunite to its shoulder the yet loftier hill to the east. The platform of Kerak stands 3720 feet above the sea level, yet on all sides it is commanded, some of the neighbouring heights being over 4050 feet high (barometric). It is, however, severed everywhere, excepting at the neck, and also in a less degree at the N.W. angle, from the encircling range. Two deep wadies, from 1000 to 1350 feet deep, with steeply scarped or else rugged sides, flanked it north and south, the Wady Hammad to the south, and Wady Kerak to the north, which unite about a mile to the west of the city, and form the ravine which we ascended. The escarpment of the third side of the triangle is formed by the Wady Kobeisheh, which, starting from the depression of what I have called the neck, rapidly descends to the Wady Kerak. The platform of the city, thus surrounded, is tolerably level by art or nature, measuring from 800 to 1000 yards on each face of the triangle, the N.E. side being the longest. The whole place has formerly been surrounded by a strong wall, of which a considerable portion remains everywhere. In no place did I observe it to be entirely demolished, while in some parts it is still perfect. The wall, with its smoothly-sloped facing, fills up any irregularities in the native rock, which is scarped a considerable way down, especially at the angles, with a very well-executed revêtement wherever requisite. This lower portion of the work appears to be older than the Crusading or Saracenic times, and the wide shallow bevel suggests the Herodian or a yet earlier epoch. The upper part of the fortress is claimed by the Mohammedans in several inscriptions, which are palpably of later date than the structures themselves. There have been originally only two entrances to Kerak, one to the north-west, the other on the farther side, and both through tunnels in the side of

the cliff, emerging on the platform of the town. Of late years' paths have been made over the ruinous falls in two places, but these can only be scrambled over by foot-passengers. They are both on the N.E. face. To an enemy Kerak is utterly inaccessible, except by the winding paths at the western and N.E. sides."

It is needless to point out the value of so minute a description as elucidating the Scriptural mention of the siege of Kir Harseth.

The travellers' stay in Kerak was destined to be rather a disagreeable episode. They had hardly arrived before the young Mudjelli, or ruler of the town, took umbrage at their refusing to comply with his exorbitant demands, and placed an armed guard around their tents. In this predicament, Mr. Klien had recourse to some friends amongst the Greek clergy, and by a clever stratagem managed to send off a secret messenger to the English Consul at Jerusalem, soliciting aid. Hardly had this been done, when they received the welcome intelligence that their long-expected guide and guardian, Zadam, son of Fendi y Faiz, the great Sheikh of the Beni Sakk'r, was only seven hours off; at noon he arrived, accompanied by his younger brother, and the rulers of Kerak soon began to moderate their tone, although they were furious at discovering that their captives had managed to communicate with the authorities. Partly by diplomacy, and partly by intimidation, Zadam brought off his friends in triumph, and the whole party started off for Rabba. At that place Mr. Klein was obliged to separate from his companions, being recalled to Jerusalem by the sudden and dangerous illness of his son. The route now lay by Aroer and the Arnon, to Dhiban, the scene of the discovery of the Moabite Stone.

Soon after leaving Dhiban, the party fell in with the Turkish troops, under the Pasha of Nablous, by whom they were most courteously entertained, and hav-

ing laid their formal complaint against the Kerak robbers, and rested for a short time in the camp, they once more set forth to explore the country. Many interesting remains, both Roman and more ancient, were passed, and especially remarkable were the enormous tanks and other appliances for conveying water, which showed how admirable and elaborately contrived was the system of irrigation before the country became deserted. The cisterns at Ziza are fine illustrations of these stupendous works. It was on leaving the last named place that the explorers drew near to the crowning discovery, no less than an enormous ruined palace, hitherto unsuspected to exist, but known to the Arabs as "Mashitâ," which title is explained to mean "winter quarters." It would be impossible within our limits to quote the whole description of this building, of which Dr. Tristram says, "We were astonished at the unexpected magnificence of the ruins, unknown to history, and unnamed in the maps. It has evidently been a palace of some ancient prince. There is no trace of any town or buildings round it. The only remains, outside the walls, are those of a deep well near the S.W. corner. It must have stood out on the waste, in solitary grandeur, a marvellous example of the sumptuousness and selfishness of ancient princes." Farther on the learned author resolves the secret of its origin, thus:—

"The palace is no relic of Saladin or the Khalifs, else it would be recognized as such by the Bedouin, who are eager enough to ascribe everything they can to their early heroes. Besides, the existence of the human and animal figures proves its ante-Moslem origin. But there is no trace of Christian work; and, in the Roman times, we cannot conceive of so sumptuous and truly oriental a palace being erected in a lonely wilderness, away from cities, and from any military road. The character also of the work, and the sculpture,

point to a late date. Many of the details are decidedly Byzantine in type; and in the exuberant decoration we have the model of that employed in the Saracenic palaces, as in the Alhambra. We found no other ruin in the whole country which bore the slightest resemblance to Mashitâ, either in situation, design, or execution. The whole question continued to be an insoluble mystery to us while we remained in the country, and it was only on our return that Mr. Fergusson promptly and kindly solved the problem for us, and gave the key to it; referring it to the Sassanian dynasty of Persian kings, and to the history of Chosroes II., and fixing the date to be A.D. 614." The gentleman named has contributed to the volume a most interesting chapter on the ruin, and a restoration of the façade, which shows what a magnificent structure it must once have been.

The route now lay from the highlands of Moab towards the former land of the tribe of Ruben, of the richness of which a description is given in enthusiastic terms. Passing through mountain gorges, and by uplands, and streams shaded by oleanders, the travellers at length reached the historical hot springs of Callirhoe, upon the very border of the Dead Sea. It was to this place that Herod the Great resorted in his last illness, in the vain endeavour to find relief from its medicinal baths; it is now known in the vernacular of the country as the Zerka, Ma'in. Some description of the place, and the curious Arab tradition respecting it, may not be amiss: it should be premised that there are ten principal springs, of which the seventh and eighth are the most remarkable.

"The two springs bubble forth at the foot of a cliff with amazing force, each forming at once a basin a few feet in diameter, from which they flow down but a few yards, when they suddenly disappear under the black incrustation, which looks much like a cinder-heap

consolidated, and which is by far the largest and most elevated shelf of sulphur deposit in the whole valley. Under a thin crust one can hear the gurgling waters working their way pretty close to the surface, till they reach the edge of the cliff, where they form cascades, or, as the Arabs would say, 'water hills' (*jebel moia*) into the main stream. . . . Over these hidden channels the Arabs had in three places very ingeniously constructed their primitive medicinal baths. A basin had been hollowed out large enough for a man to sit in, and, at the bottom, a hole perforated down to the stream, about six inches in diameter, through which the sulphurous stream rushed up. The patient strips, squats in the basin, throws his burnous over the bath, and is steamed as long as he can endure the heat. Our Arabs contrived a still hotter bath, immediately over the first exit of the springs, by an ingenious construction of branches laid across a pile of stones on each side, over which they placed brushwood crosswise, and then, stripping, placed their cloaks over their heads, and enjoyed a parboiling. Some of our party essayed the experiment with their clothes on, with the uncomfortable result of a hot ducking, which they were not inclined to repeat."

The most striking of the several traditions as to the origin of the baths of the Zerka Ma'in runs as follows:—

"The springs were opened by a servant of King Solomon, who had discovered these sources of healing to be very near the crust of the earth, and who therefore despatched this man to tap them; selecting him because of his deafness, lest he should be deterred by the threats of the evil one. In connection with this superstition, we saw the only instance of the practice of sacrifice I ever met with among the Bedouin. On Sunday our muleteers begged for a lamb for dinner, which we gave them. This they carried up to the source of the bath springs; and then chanted

long invocations to the deaf servant of King Solomon, who had made their fountains, to hear them, and to preserve to the waters their healing virtues. They then performed a number of strange incantations, stretched the lamb on its back, cut its throat over the spring, kindled a fire, and roasted it whole. As soon as it was cooked, they ate the inwards, and then the rest of the flesh on the spot, quoting verses of the Koran, and singing deprecatory verses against the powers of evil during the whole of their feast. When they had finished, the bones of the sacrifice were carefully collected, and, with the ashes of the fire, were calcined by fresh fuel, and finally were all cast into the springs, to avert, as they told us, the ill consequences of the evil eye, which had been upon us for our presumptuous camping in the home of the spirits."

Of course Dr. Tristram tried to stop such a heathen business, but quite in vain. The next great point of interest in the journey was the ruined town and fortress of Machærus; the latter derives its chief importance from the fact, that it is historically recorded as having been the place of imprisonment of St. John the Baptist; and there can be little doubt that it was within the walls of the very building visited by the explorers that he suffered martyrdom. From this place the tour was resumed by way of the beautiful scenery at the mouth of the Callirhoe, Neboch (Nebo), and the ruins of Zi'ara, which the author identifies with the Zoar of Scripture; this, as he truly remarks, "is one of the most important results of our expedition." Finally, through varying, but ever-beautiful scenery, by way of the Dead Sea shore, with its rocks, boulders, and adjacent ravines clothed with palm-trees, the little band reached the ferry of the Jordan, crossing which they passed by way of Jericho and Bethany, and once more entered Jerusalem, having accomplished a feat never before attempted by modern travellers,

and given to the world such new and important discoveries in relation to biblical history, that we may hope their researches will soon be followed up on a more extended scale. The book concludes with a touching reference to Mr. Hayne's untimely death, and in an appendix are contained that gentleman's valuable comments on the botany of Moab, as well as Mr. Fergusson's account of Mashitâ, and Mr. Johnson's remarks on two curious atmospheric phenomena witnessed during the journey.

Before closing these remarks, we may furnish our readers with a little more information respecting the Moabite Stone of Dhiban. The history of its original discovery in 1868 by Mr. Klein, of the attempts at securing it made by the respective government officials of Britain, France and Prussia, and of its disastrous destruction by the Arabs, is perhaps sufficiently well known; but many may like to read a translation of the inscription, according to the best authorities. This we accordingly subjoin, premising that it differs in no material point from any of the other eleven versions, which have been made in English, French, and German; we are indebted for this to Dr. Ginsburg's valuable monograph on the subject.*

"I Mesha am son of Chemoshgad, king of Moab, the Dibbonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father. And I erected this stone to Chemosh at Kohara, a stone of salvation, for he saved me from all despoilers and let me see my desire upon all my enemies. Now Omri, king of Israel, he oppressed Moab many days, for Chemosh was angry with his land. His son succeeded him, and he also said, I will oppress Moab. In my days he said, let us go and I will see my desire on him and his house, and Israel

* "The Moabite Stone; a Fac-simile of the Original Inscription, with an English Translation, and an Historical and Critical Commentary." By Christian D. Ginsburg, L.L.D. London: Reeves and Turner.

said, I shall destroy it forever. Now Ormi took the land, Medeba and the enemy occupied it in his days and in the days of his son, forty years. And Chemosh had mercy on it in my days; and I built Baal Meon, and made therein the ditch, and I built Kirjathaim. For the men of Gad dwelled in the land Ataroth from of old, and the King of Israel fortified Ataroth, and I assaulted the wall and captured it, and killed all the warriors of the wall, for the well-pleasing of Chemosh and Moab; and I removed from it all the spoil, and offered it before Chemosh in Kirjath; and I placed therein the men of Siran and the men of Mochrath. And Chemosh said to me, Go take Nebo against Israel. And I went in the night, and I fought against it from the break of dawn till noon, and I took it, and slew in all seven thousand men, but I did not kill the women and maidens, for I devoted them to Ashtar-Chemosh; and I took from it the vessels of Jehovah and offered them before Chemosh. And the king of Israel fortified Jahaz, and occupied it, when he made war against me; and Chemosh drove him out before me, and

I took from Moab two hundred men, all its poor, and placed them in Jahaz, and took it to annex it to Dibon. I built Korcha, the wall of the forest, and the wall of the city, and I built the gates thereof, and I built the towers thereof, and I built the palace, and I made the prisons for the criminals within the wall. And there was no cistern in the wall in Korcha, and I said to all the people, Make for yourselves every man a cistern in his house. And I dug the ditch for Korcha with the chosen men of Israel. I built Aroer and I made the road across the Arnon, I built Beth Bamoth, for it was destroyed; I built Bezer, for it was cut down by the armed men of Dibon, for all Dibon was now loyal; and I reigned from Bikran, which I added to my land, and I built Beth Gamul, and Both Diblathaim, and Beth Baal Meon, and I placed there the poor people of the land. And as to Horonaim the men of Edom dwelt therein on the descent from of old. And Chemosh said to me, Go down, make war against Horonaim, and take it. And I assaulted it and I took it, for Chemosh restored it in my days. Wherefore I made.....year.... and I...."

Christian Life.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

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

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CHAP. V.

(Continued).

In which there is a further account of the progress of conviction in my soul, with the fear and doubts that assailed me from the spring of 1742 to the spring of 1743, a season in which the Lord, in some measure, untied my bands and set me free.

I was now like the man whose eyes were half opened, and who saw men, as trees, walking; but blessed be God the dim light was the dawning of the day

and not the darkening of the night, and so the day star arose, the morning broke and the shadows began to flee away. "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark: but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." Zech. xiv. 6, 7.

Fears came again through the entrance into my mind of this temptation:—"If you are not elected Christ will not save you, though you wept tears of blood." Besides, I had such lofty views of the work of Redemption, that my soul was filled with misgivings

at the thought of it, lest I might not be thought worthy to attain to it. These thoughts troubled me so much that when engaged in prayer the question came incessantly, "What if you are not elected?" But I got thus far in finding an answer to the troublesome suggestion: "Have you not as good evidence that you are as you have that you are not elected?" But this reply could not by any means fully silence the temptation.*

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper falling to be dispensed in Moulin on the 2nd Sabbath of July, 1742, and wishing to become a partaker, in order to prepare myself, and set apart a whole day for fasting and humiliation: but being ignorant of the true nature of fasting, I went about the duty in my own strength. But God, who never ceased to carry forward his gracious purposes in me, taught me, by my faults and failure in the duty, the utter worthlessness of my performances. According to the rules I laid down, I rose very early in the morning and retired to a cave in the rocks and there began the work of the day by spreading before God the black book of my sins (which I had written some time before): but, sad sight indeed, I had not proceeded far with my duties when sleep annoyed me, to such a degree, at length, that I was helpless. I prayed against it, but with no effect. I then grasped the Bible, hoping by it to prevail, but the Book dropped out of my hand. Towards evening I returned to my home downcast, sad, and dissatisfied with the duties of the day, because I knew well such fasting could not be acceptable in the sight of God. "*Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down the*

head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him: wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord?" Isa. lviii. 5.

The next day I went to Moulin, where I met with intelligent Christians, who were pleasant company to me (at my own homo none understood my case) and from whose conversation and answers I derived some spiritual benefit, but I could not venture to partake of the Sacrament because I found *unbelief* strong in me, because I could find *no one mark of true love in me*, nor any other grace, and because my *old temptations* still threatened me. On the Sabbath forenoon the Rev. Mr. Halley preached the Communion Sermon from this text: "*That we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us.*" Heb. vi. 18. While he was preaching I was in great distress, shedding tears, for the depths of my heart were laid bare to me. Mr. H. was greatly assisted to speak with power to the hearts and consciences of his audience, and further he took out of the way many stumbling stones that block the faith of those who are fleeing to the city of refuge. Among other things he spoke as follows:—

"If you are a man who is trying to flee to the city of refuge, Satan will try to hinder you by telling you that you are not chosen to eternal life, and that, therefore, it is vain for you to run. But tell you that Accuser that he does not know who is chosen and who is not, for he has never seen the Lamb's Book of Life. But this attack does not suffice him, for he will go on next to tell you that you have continued too long in sin, that your day of grace is past, and that, therefore, it is vain for you to run. But tell him again that the doors of the city of refuge are open day and night, so that, at whatever hour the poor refugee came, there was a welcome for him. Then he will tell you that even after you get in to the city you are not safe, for the Avenger of blood may meet you some day and destroy you. But tell him that all this is false, for you are, once within the walls, under the protection of the high priest, and secured in immunity from any punishment by nothing less than the word of that God who changeth not and cannot lie. so that once inside the walls you are safe."

* This chapter of the story onwards is very interesting, as giving us a glimpse of ministers and sermons upwards of a century ago in Scotland; and giving us also a glimpse of the great revival of Cambuslang, of which Christians are reminded by the season of refreshing now in Scotland.—*Translator.*

Although all my doubts were thus answered, still I had no courage to go to the table of the Lord, for though I had the *outward* (negative) call, yet I could not find an *inward* (positive) warrant; and, therefore, went not, but retired to the out-door congregation, where, from the tent, I heard a sermon by Mr. McKay, who spoke words to this effect:—"Whosoever is willing to take Christ in all his offices is welcome to his table." When I heard this it seemed as if my heart was drawn to Christ in all His offices, and I felt that I was willing to take Him to *rule over* me as a *King*, as well as to be *my atoning sacrifice* as a *priest*. Then I said, in the language of the prodigal son, "I will arise and go to my father." But no sooner had I risen to go towards the church than again the Tempter attacked me, saying, "Will you add to your sins which are already great?" Then I replied, "I'll not go, I'll not go," and sat down right where I was. Then I began to gather courage, and rose, to go to the church, encouraged by this passage: "*I am in a great strait: let me fall now into the hands of the Lord, for very great are his mercies.*" 1 Chronicles xxi. 13. I went to the Sacrament, but came away in great darkness. Taking occasion to complain to some Christian friends of the sad confusion in my soul, I got no sympathy, but was told to be thankful as I was getting on so well, which made me conclude that they knew very little of me.

On Monday I heard Mr. Drummond preaching from the words:—"A man shall be, . . . as rivers of water in a dry place." Isa. xxxii. 2. He called attention to the properties of this water as distinguished from natural water.

"When the ground is thirsty," he said, "the fields whiten and the corn dies, and in like manner the seed of grace sown in men's hearts, sickens and dies when the refreshing shower of God's Spirit is withheld from it: but observe the distinction. When the natural rain descends, weeds as well as wheat revive under its influence, but under the influence of

the Spirit of God it is only the true seed that revives, all else withers and dies. And, again, the thunder of the law may break the stony heart into pieces, but each of these pieces is a stone still; but when the softening influence of the Spirit comes it melts the stone and changes it into another substance, even into flesh."

These remarks were useful to me. On Monday night I got deliverance while engaged in private prayer, and learned, at the same time, many things from this Scripture:—"Wherefore the rather brethren give diligence to make your calling and election sure." 2 Peter i. 10. From this I learned that it was my duty to be concerned much about my *being called*, and to trouble myself less about my *being elected*,—"Whom He did predestinate then He also called." I got fresh light on justification, sanctification, effectual calling, and some measure of good hope.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be at K—, and going there on Saturday, I heard a comforting sermon from the words: "*A bruised reed shall He not break.*" Matt. xii. 20. The preacher said that in the exercise of grace, a believer might at any time be as weak as the fire in the candle after the flame was blown out. But will the Lord extinguish totally that spark, though it have much smoke? No! but He will blow upon it with His Spirit till it again burns brightly. I was revived by this sermon. Another sermon I heard from this text: "*Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you.*" Josh. iii. 5. I heard words from this text that drew my affections in love to my Saviour. Among other things the minister remarked, "Satan once said skin for skin, all that a man has will he give for his life." Job. ii. 4. "But," he continued, "see how willingly and freely Jesus laid down His dear life for us." Again he remarked, that as Zipporah said to Moses, "*a bloody husband to me,*" so Christ might say, "*a bloody church to me!*" On hearing this, me-

thought my heart burned with love to the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved me with such love, and I rose quickly to go to His table, while the congregation were singing the fifth verse of the 24th Psalm. These were the sweetest words I ever heard, and I said: "Oh my soul, come and take shelter under this atoning blood, and take from the hands of God the blessings bought at so dear a price." Oh! the wonderful sight I got of the sufferings of my Saviour.* But a little after this darkness fell on me, and conscience began to accuse me of going to the Supper without the garment. And I was not a little cast down by hearing a sermon from 1 John i. 3, "Our fellowship is with the Father," in which certain marks were given of those who have communion with God that I could by no means find in myself.†

* This subject forms one of his poems, in form and manner and spirit very like the poem so well known, "The old, old story."
—Translator.

† "The distinction between the regenerate and unregenerate, which was constantly kept before men's minds, not only from the pulpit, but by the private and public conferences for self-examination, had undoubtedly the tendency of deterring not only manifest unbelievers from professing themselves to be the people of God, but some true believers too. . . . If in some other places Christian fellowship unduly confines itself to the subject of believer's privileges and works, and eschews everything that might lead to self-jealousy and self-examination: so in the Highlands it seems to us that the latter subject injuriously encroached upon the former. . . . Thus there was undoubtedly generated a too introspective habit of mind. . . . How some of the ablest and best laymen viewed the matter may appear in the following anecdote:—At a fellowship meeting in the Isle of Skye, a number of speakers to 'the question' had dwelt on the distinguishing marks of *saving faith*. The most experienced Christian present, a catechist named Alister McLeod, was called up last to give his opinion. 'We have been hearing a great deal to-day,' said the venerable man, 'about saving faith, its actings and its fruits: and it will be well for us to give good heed to what has been said, and to seek more of the faith we have been hearing of. But is there not a risk lest, in thinking so much about precious faith we

At this time, as I had heard a great deal about God's work at Cambuslang, I went thither, and found much comfort from the Christian fellowship I met there. On Sabbath there was such a gathering of people as I had never seen before.† Mr. Whitefield preached from the fourteenth chap. of Matt., and there was a great stir among the people. But though I heard the threatenings of God against all kinds of sin, it had not the least impression on me: and I saw clearly that unless the Holy Ghost wrought on me, no fellow-mortal could do it. These words came with power to me, "*Behold I go forward, but he is not there: and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.*" (Job xxiii. 8, 9). I came away from the place, however, rejoicing that God was showing Himself in the land, and making a people willing in the day of His power.

While on my way home and meditating on what I had heard, these words came to my mind:—"Ye are complete in Him," (Col. ii. 10), in

lose sight of its great Object? This only would I say to you, Was faith crucified for you? or, Were ye baptized in the name of faith?"—*Introduction to Life and Ministry of C. McIntosh, D.D., by Rev. Wm. Taylor, Stirling.*

† We quote here a few words about this memorable communion Sabbath from a letter by the minister of the parish, Mr. McCulloch, written at the time:—"The number present at the three tents on the Lord's day was so great that, so far as I can hear, none ever saw the like since the Revolution in Scotland or even anywhere else, at any Sacrament occasion. Some have called the number 40,000, some 50,000. The lowest estimate I hear of, with which Mr. Whitefield agrees, who has been much used to great multitudes, and forming a judgment of their number, makes them to have been 30,000. The number of communicants appear to have been 3000. . . . The tables (25 in number) were served in the open air, beside the tent, below the brae; the day was temperate: no wind or rain in the least to disturb."

which I saw that it must be in Christ and in Him alone, not in anything of my own that I am made complete, perfect; and that, therefore, in Christ, God sees in His people no iniquity, no perverseness. God then revealed to me something of the fulness of Christ and my own emptiness, even in all my duties; but I doubted God's readiness to give me this blessing. After this, I went to Comrie, where I heard Mr. Halley, minister of Monlin, preaching from the fifth chapter of Matthew, when I found the 3rd, the 6th, and the 7th verses greatly helpful to my soul; but many days had not elapsed before my hopes were again overturned from their very foundation.

Some time after this I found a book about the doctrine of Justification by faith, and the various views people had of Christ in closing with Him for salvation. The author made this observation among others:—

"The first actings of faith on Christ are shadowed forth under diverse figures in the word of God, such as, *looking to Jesus, coming to Jesus, fleeing to the City of Refuge, running to Him as to a high tower, giving the soul to Him, putting one's trust in Him*, so that in different persons this one living faith may assume different forms according to circumstances. Some have clear views of Christ; others have dim views of Him; but as the man-slaver was told to run to that city of refuge that was nearest him, so ought the sinner to run at once to Christ, and to that attribute or property in Him which he sees best, and which seems to lie nearest to his needs. But though the actings of faith are thus diverse, yet the essence of it is the same in every case, consisting in resting upon Christ for pardon and life. All flee to Christ, and in Him are safe."

These words brought me light to such a degree, that I saw my error and was enabled to close with Christ as a Saviour in every way suitable to my case.

I next went to Kilsyth,* and on the

* There was a wonderful revival of religion in Kilsyth about this time, of which Mr. Robb, the pastor, thus speaks in his Narrative—"May 16, 1742, I preached as I had done for some time past, from Gal. iv. 19.

way, I was filled with hope that the Lord would give me deliverance from my fears, but unbelief came and with it darkness: but on Monday night, while engaged in prayer, my soul was drawn to Christ to rest on Him fully for salvation, and I came home rejoicing in the Lord and in His grace, which made me fear that I was beginning to be vain and proud of my religious duties. God, however, would not suffer my pride to lift up its head, for shortly after this, He gave me a fresh view of the depth of depravity that was in my natural heart, which was the means of humbling me in the dust. He took away my gifts so that I could hardly ask a blessing on my food, and in a measure He withdrew His grace and left me in my own strength to contend with my spiritual enemies. Darkness fell on me, and deadness, so that I could not wish, nor will, nor do one good thing. In this state I remained for two months and a half, wrestling with my corrupt nature and fearing I was given to evil desires and a reprobate mind. I then set apart some of my time to examine my state to see if there was in me any sign of a new life. Then again this Scripture came, "He looked up and said, I see men, as trees, walking." (Mark viii. 24). I thought surely that the dim light I had was such a light as nature could never give me; and could not He who had made me see so far, although darkly, so order things that, in His own time, and in His own way, I would be made to see clearly what I now saw dimly? I was also strengthened in reading this Scripture, "*Being confi-*

In the forenoon I insisted upon a use of consolation, and in the afternoon pressed all the unregenerate to seek to have Christ formed in them. An extraordinary power of the Spirit from on high accompanied the word preached. There was a great mourning in the congregation as for an only son. . . . When I essayed to speak, I could not be heard, such were their bitter cries, groans, and weepings."

dent of this very thing, that He which began a good work in you, will perform it un'til the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. 1. 6). When I went out into the fields to meditate after reading the second chapter of Matthew, my soul rejoiced

that a Saviour was born into the world, and I found more than usual enlargement in prayer. I had sweet thoughts all the day about God's love who sent His Son to save sinners.

Christian Work.

NEW HEBRIDES.—*Missionary Trials on Espiritu Santo.*—The Rev. John Goodwill, the solitary Presbyterian Missionary on this island in the north of the New Hebrides group, in a letter received by Fiji, writes to the Rev. Dr. Steel in Sydney:—"The 'Paragon' came to an anchor on the evening of the 24th June, 1873. I need not tell you how happy I was to see Mrs. G. and the baby back again. . . . We had very trying times on Santo during the last season, with storms, hurricanes, and dysentery. All the houses except our dwelling-house (and that was nearly gone) were torn to pieces; the thatch was blown off our house twice. We lost most of our stores, and but for the kindness of Captain Macdonald of the 'Success,' and John, his brother, of the 'Daphne,' and Captain McKay of the 'Satellite,' I should have been in a bad state before our supplies came to hand. They very kindly gave of their stores to supply my need. I have been severely tried with attacks of dysentery, and have been in the very jaws of death. I was reduced to a mere skeleton, I had none to help me, and had to cook my own food, look after the premises, &c. Two of my ribs were broken in the hurricane. My little daughter, too, was attacked by dysentery. The bushmen made an attack on us on the 6th May, about midnight. They broke our windows, furniture, crockery, &c. I had a narrow escape from being shot with an arrow. I had been very unwell from dysentery, and had gone outside when I was fired at. They showered arrows, sticks,

and stones upon us, and made a desperate effort to break into the cellar. I opened fire upon them and put them to flight. There were thirty-two of them, directed and guided by a wretch who is a notorious man-stealer, and who stole away nineteen last year. He had to flee to the bush in the hot season, as the shore people were going to kill him. Two villages were massacred—all the natives killed—two days after the attack on us. The people of three other villages took refuge with our people (at Capo Lisburne) from fear of the bushmen. A few days ago a chief about two miles north of our station killed five of the bushmen, and divided them among the villages friendly to us, in order to grace their feasts! I did all in my power to prevent them from doing so, and pointed out to them how revolting cannibalism is, but their constant answer was,—'They were your enemies, and tried to kill you and plunder all your stores, they stole your turkeys, broke your windows, furniture, crockery, &c., and this is cause enough for killing and eating 'them up!'' Our people take more interest in us now than they did for some time past. Food is very scarce here this season."—Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Steel, Sydney.

THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The extraordinary rising of the Christian Women of the West, against strong drink, is a welcome agitation, not only from the good it has already done in closing thousands of Whiskey shops, but also from the good

it does in calling the attention of the community to the frightful evil that can rouse peaceable women to demonstrations that are so foreign to Christian Women's gentle ways. It is a welcome agitation also, because it foretells in plain terms what is coming in the near future: it is the rumbling that foretells the approaching earthquake that is to overthrow one of the strongholds of Satan's kingdom. These are the words in which the *American Messenger* speaks of the work:—

The movement was originated in the town of Washington, Ohio, on Christmas eve, at a lecture delivered by Dr. Dio Lewis, widely known for many years as teacher and health reformer. Called in early life to suffer from the effects of intemperance in his own family, he has been an earnest and determined opponent to the traffic that has carried wretchedness into so many other homes. Remembering a successful experiment of his mother and eighty other women at their village-home in Massachusetts, where five liquor saloons were broken up by prayer, he proposed to the ladies of Washington to adopt a similar plan. The suggestion met a hearty approval. On Christmas day meetings were held in one of the churches, a touching appeal to the liquor-sellers to abandon their ruinous business was prepared, and earnest prayers offered for success upon the novel undertaking. On the next day about sixty of the prominent ladies of the place, after meeting at the church for prayer, visited each of the thirteen drinking-places in the town, presenting their appeal, and then kneeling in prayer that God might influence the proprietors to desist from their destructive traffic. This work they continued through the day. The next day they started on a similar round, their husbands and brothers in the mean time spending the day in the church in prayer for a blessing on their efforts. Day after day they continued their pleading, praying, and singing in the

various saloons, encouraged meanwhile as one after another closed his premises and destroyed his liquor, until, after eleven days, the last stronghold surrendered, and the town was freed from the blighting curse.

The experiment, tried so successfully here, was undertaken in several other towns in that part of the state, and everywhere there have been new proofs of the power of prayer in meeting and overthrowing this most deadly device of the arch enemy of souls. We cannot attempt to catalogue the places in Ohio and the neighboring states where praying women have thus battled with the most fearful foe of their firesides and families; but so evident has been the Divine interposition, that their faith has been greatly quickened, while the liquor-dealers and their friends have found a power opposed to them against which their ordinary weapons of resistance were powerless.

What the result of these efforts, which are now spreading over the country, will be, it is useless to predict. That they are awakening general attention and thought, not only among Christians, but throughout the community, is evident. The secular press daily give columns of the results of the efforts of the praying women. One of the most influential of the daily journals of New York requested its correspondents not to send any articles ridiculing the movement, which was so evidently good in its intentions and its results. So far as we have seen there has been no evidence of fanaticism or unhallowed zeal in the promoters of the movement. A serious, determined, self-sacrificing, unsectarian spirit seems to inspire the noble women, so that in behalf of suffering humanity they are enabled to face ridicule and persecution and trials, from which otherwise their sensitive natures would shrink.

The evil that these praying women are opposing is indeed of the greatest magnitude. All human efforts to restrain

it have confessedly proved ineffectual. Nothing but Divine power can avail. Christians have within the last few years learned many lessons of the efficacy of that interposition that have greatly strengthened their faith and have awakened their profoundest gratitude. This movement, feeble and contemptible as it seems to many, may yet, in its widespread and beneficent results, prove the most signal illustration the world has yet known of the Power of Prayer.

LEGISLATIVE CRUSADE IN CANADA.—

The mode of warfare adopted at present in Canada, against strong drink, is, first an earnest appeal ringing from almost every pulpit in the land to Christian people to give up all drinking customs for their own sake and for the sake of others; and, second, a loud appeal to Parliament to pass at once a law forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. The two things go very well together—the law of love compelling men from within, and the law of might compelling men from without. Now that the Christian Churches of the land are slowly but solidly taking up their position, there is good reason to hope for victory. The present attitude of things is thus put by one of our daily newspapers:—

The cause of Prohibition is undoubtedly making great headway all over the Dominion. Day after day meetings to agitate in favor of it are reported, and it is probable that not more than a tithe of such meetings find their way into print. Petitions in favor of the cause are being numerously signed all over the country, and the present Parliament is said to be more favourably disposed towards it than any previous one. So strongly is the current of public opinion setting in favor of Prohibition that a morning journal in this city which, two years ago, warned those taking action in the matter that their influence would decline as they strove to further their views by legal instead of moral suasion,

now confesses that the movement is stronger than it ever was before, and calls upon those at the head of it to put forward some statesmanlike scheme for carrying it into effect. It seems to us that the programme of the Prohibition party is remarkably simple, as it is merely to prohibit the manufacture or sale of all intoxicating liquors. The question of compensation to those who have money invested in permanent works in connection with the traffic will, of course, come up, but the prohibitionists cannot provide for that, as any bill necessitating the expenditure of money has to originate with the Government. The minor question of organizing the means of carrying the provisions of any Act into effect will have to be attended to, but there will be plenty of time for devising these after resolutions in favor of the principle have met with the concurrence of Parliament. The first step taken will, it is believed, be the moving for a committee to consider the answer to circulars which were sent out by a similar committee of the last Parliament. These circulars asked a number of questions in regard to the various evils of the liquor trade, and were addressed to judges, magistrates, keepers of prisons and asylums, employers of labor, and others, all over the country. When the report of this committee is received, resolutions founded on it or on the information contained in the answers will be introduced into the House, and, if these are successful, a bill will be brought forward. A conference of all the leading men who are actively interested in the movement was called some little time ago to meet in Ottawa, about the 24th of this month, and a bill has already been prepared, which will be fully discussed at that time, and all difficulties provided for as far as possible. As judges, members of Parliament, and others accustomed to take an active part in public affairs will probably attend the conference, it may be anticipated

that the action which it will take will be eminently adapted to the end which is sought to be attained. It is one of the most encouraging symptoms when signs of alarm are beginning to be shown by those opposed to the movement. Already we hear of steps being taken in some places to try and form an Association like that of the Licensed Victuallers in England. So far there has not been a marked success in this line, and the movement is not likely to amount to anything. The duty of all convinced of the evils of the liquor traffic is to do what they can to increase and strengthen the feeling against it, and thereby facilitate the obtaining and enforcing of a prohibitory law.

DR. BARNARDO AND THE EDINBURGH CASTLE.—We continue, from Mr. Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel*, the story of the London Juvenile Mission. It is a great and good work to catch these London Arabs young, and to teach them, and to set them into the world with a trade; but alas! the gin-palaces are manufacturing fresh cases, while Christians are gathering and curing the old. Here is the story slightly abridged:— Though "The Edinburgh Castle" may be a noted site in the annals of "the trade," it would ill serve our purpose to give full particulars of its history. There was a showy gin-palace kind of bar, while in the rear there were suites of rooms suitable for any company likely to be attracted. A conspicuous side-entrance opened into pleasure-gardens, where, during summer evenings, hundreds might congregate to drink and "enjoy" themselves. Besides all other conveniences, there was a theatre, sufficiently large to accommodate an imposing assembly. The founder of the Boys' Home long kept his eye on this citadel of immorality, and vainly, as it seemed, deplored the existence of such a fortress of evil. The place was indeed a castle, as impregnable in one sense as its celebrated northern name-

sake, for the powers of evil strongly entrenched themselves within its walls to counteract the efforts made by the evangelists to improve the youth of the neighbourhood and to lead them to God. In the theatre, one of the lowest of the low, sights were seen and language was heard calculated to contaminate all who entered. The establishment was, in a word, a school of vice and drunkenness.

The Edinburgh Castle for sale? The very announcement must have caused our Doctor's ears to tingle! Then a certain ambitious design engaged his thoughts—why not make a bold move, buy the entire concern, and transform a plague-spot into a green oasis to bless the wide moral desert of Limehouse and Stepney? Why not? Simply because there were no funds in hand, and the price of the house was four thousand two hundred pounds! No money? But others had money, which would be forthcoming to further such an undertaking as this. Should an endeavour be made in this grand enterprise? Ay, that it should. Dr. Barnardo tried, and, surprising to relate, collected the amount required in three weeks, arranged to purchase the premises, and signed the deed of transfer only a few minutes before a music-hall proprietor entered the room prepared to offer five hundred pounds over and above the sum for which the premises were already sold! In what kind of terms the beer-kings and gin-princes denounced this singular piece of diplomacy we were not sufficiently fortunate to hear explained. They obtained their money, and if that did not satisfy them they were powerless to interfere with the arrangements. Henceforth the Edinburgh Castle was to retain its original name, and was under that designation to be exalted into a mission station.

The characteristics of a tavern bar are preserved intact, the brewer's sign-board is left standing, but instead of notices concerning beer and gin, and sensational

announcements over the theatre entrance to the effect that Monsieur Sherin, Herr Zinker, and Mademoiselle Bosanquet are engaged "For three nights only," the advertisements are of a different kind. Over the side gateway are flaming gas characters, shedding a cheerful refulgence across the street, and telling passers by that "God is Love." Looked at by daylight the brewer's sign-board is found to be inscribed with a similar motto; and while window-blind notices tell that "Hot Coffee," and "To-day's Papers," may be had or seen within, the handsomely-gilded and plate-glass fitted bar is surmounted with the text, "WINE IS A MOORER, STRONG DRINK IS RAGING, AND WHOEVER IS DECEIVED THEREBY IS NOT WISE." Passing into the interior, apartments are there provided into which all comers may retire to partake of refreshment, and to be entertained with an abundance of literary fare furnished by a multitude of periodicals and newspapers.

The time of our visit to this unique establishment happened to be Monday, the appointed evening of the week when Dr. Barnardo may be consulted on any matter or grievance by people living hereabout; for a Christian church assembles in the quondam theatre, a company of more than four hundred members. The smaller apartments behind what was once the stage now serve as a convenient suite of vestries; and while some welcome refreshment is served us from the bar, the Doctor, as the recognized pastor, occupies a separate room, where first one and then another enter to ask for advice, or to profit by religious conversation. One of the most remarkable visitors of the evening was a blind boy whom we previously noticed at the Home. The poor fellow's features appeared as if illumined with joy while he made application for permission to join himself with the company of God's people. Many pointed questions were put to him as to the reasons prompting

his wishes, and the ready answers given showed that he had arrived at clear views of gospel truth since the date of his being taken from the streets.

The large hall of the Edinburgh Castle is now thrown open nightly seven nights a week, the attractions being prayer-meetings, sermons, and lectures. As large a proportion as ninety per cent., or even more, of the congregation meeting in the hall are voluntary abstainers from intoxicating drinks, no pledge being required of them, and no pressure used. The greatness of the spiritual and moral influence centring in the Edinburgh Castle since its singular "change of management," may be inferred from the fact that no less than half a dozen taverns in the neighborhood have recently closed their doors, their customers having gone. Thanks, then, to the action of the beer-kings and gin-princes; but who, after hearing this testimony, will say that public houses do not encourage and foster one another?

From early life Dr. Barnardo's bent of mind has been towards the most effective kind of philanthropy which seeks to rescue the youth of great cities. If certain geniuses of past days have been poets and historians by birth, here was one who was formed from infancy for a ragged-school teacher. While taking careful observations of life, our friend thought he discovered reason to be dissatisfied with the procedure of the majority of teachers. Those teachers appeared to think their task accomplished when woe-begone juveniles, brought in from the street, were changed into cleanly and orderly boys and girls. The Doctor thought that the conversion of their classes should be the principal aim of all teachers, and that all should work brightened with the hope enjoyed by those who expect great results to spring from their labours. He accustomed himself never to regard any individual child as irreclaimable, however ignorant and unruly he might be, although he had observed teachers swayed by other

feelings as they separated from themselves one black sheep, and then another, as ronegades, incorrigible, and hopeless. It did not seem to the Doctor to be becoming in a mere human agent to limit divine might.

Holding these views, our friend made a beginning in Stepney during the year 1867. A hired room was opened nightly, the only assistant, as yet, being a man who was a recent convert. There were serious difficulties in the way of progress. All who know what wild natures East End urchins are when first brought in from their native territory, the gutter and the cellar, will not be surprised to learn that notice to vacate one room after another successively was handed in, the nightly display of juvenile ruffianism being unendurable by the tenants of the cottages; nor can the poor people be heavily censured if they retained any desire for peace and domestic enjoyment. The boys were so rough and unruly that the most skilful disciplinarian might have despaired of bringing them into subjection. They even appeared to be ungrateful for the attention paid them, for their teacher became a target wherewith they aimed filthy missiles, and he was greeted by defiant shouts and yells, the disturbance at times culminating in a fight among the assembled youths. This, however, being but the beginning, did not continue. Seeing how their benefactor stood erect among them, with a courage greater than their ingratitude, the lads capitulated to the conquering power of love. The work grew until seven hundred scholars would come together of an evening, and until constables on duty around the school bore witness to the visible improvement in the order of the streets. The Mission extended its borders. Sewing classes, clothing-clubs, and other agencies were added to the original school, and half a dozen paid assistants were engaged, besides forty voluntary helpers. The work showed a disposition to grow rapidly, one industry after another, brush making,

boot and shoe manufacturing, and wood-chopping being added to the general programme. At this conjuncture the necessity was first felt of exercising some sort of parental vigilance over reclaimed boys who had attained to positions in which they could earn their own livelihood; a Home for *working* boys, as well as a Refuge for the destitute, was required, and must be provided. Boys who had never realised any domestic joys must be made to know their meaning by tasting their sweetness, and so learn that there were social enjoyments to be found elsewhere than at penny gaffs, or at tap-room fires. The proposed Home was provided, and at present about one hundred and sixty lads are in possession, the weekly cost of each inmate, inclusive of board, lodging, education, and learning a trade, not exceeding six shillings. It will not be supposed that an institution like this, uniting under one roof so many branches of industry and learning, was reared without a great exercise of patience and perseverance. The founder refused to contract any kind of debt, even for the sake of poor boys, and hence the workmen employed in making the necessary alterations were discharged more than once when funds were exhausted; but, completed and opened in September, 1870, the buildings now form a social oasis amid the squalor of Stepney-causeway. After this measure of success, the hands which reared the Boys' Home are about establishing a similar institution for girls, the honorary superintendence of which will be handed over to Mrs. Barnado. We saw a couple of beautifully formed little creatures who are to be among the first inmates of the new house. Rescue the girls during childhood from the streets, and introduce them into those respectable life courses now opening up for women everywhere, and the master social curse of our day will be checked at the fountain-head.

In connection with this Juvenile

Mission undertaken by Dr. Barnardo, many striking histories, alike instructive to working evangelists and sympathising on-lookers, rise to the surface. Many of these narratives, picked up in the street, have been issued in separate tracts and leaflets, to effect a good purpose by attracting public attention to the woes of London waifs and strays. It is proper that the public should learn something about these children. That knowing little Jem Jervis, who lingered in the ragged-school-room one cold windy night, and then after a sumptuous meal of coffee and bread and butter, conducted his entertainer to the roof of the Rag Exchange, had a novel story to relate, a narrative quite becoming a little adventurer who indirectly had a share in establishing the Home. Jem little suspected the influence he was exercising, as when warmed with unlooked-for refreshment he told his tale, enlivened with strokes of native wit such as popular speakers might covet. The manner of his "sleeping out," his differences with the police, and his running away with a gleeful "hooray," from that rascally lighterman who ill-used him, were each and all remembered, and under the exciting influence of hot coffee, were related with becoming gusto.

Little Jem Jervis was simply a friendless waif; but from his experience let it not be thought that every subject coming under the influence of the Stepney philanthropists has a similar tale of neglect to narrate. Not a few lads in London who require a helping hand are the offspring of virtuous parents, who have been reduced by unavoidable misfortune. Two well-favoured little fellows, one of whom is lame, come under this description. The father was a steady, industrious, working bootmaker, the proceeds from whose unceasing toil barely sufficed to support a wife and seven children, to all of whom the man was affectionately attached. Troublous days dawned upon this humble house-

hold when the mother fell sick—the life struggle being hard and beyond her strength to bear—and died. The heart-broken husband, who had nothing to fall back upon in the savings-bank, bore up with what strength he himself retained, though terribly shaken. Feeling that he must not relax his efforts to provide for the family, he attended the shop where he obtained work, but was quite overcome by weakness and emotion in the presence of his employers. He felt he could work no more, that he must go home to die! Entering his own poor room, with a bitter cry of anguish bespeaking a broken heart, he clasped the corpse of her who had been his best earthly friend, and within a few hours the husband lay dead beside the form of the wife he had dearly loved! Such is the episode which explains how little Tommy and his lame brother came to want a helping hand to start them in the world.

There was another Tommie who had the mettle of genuine heroism in his nature. Tommie and the Doctor first became acquainted on a wintry morning as the boy was awakened in a cart, then serving him for a sleeping chamber. On satisfying himself that the intruder so suddenly appearing was no agent of the police nor of the School Board, Tommie became obligingly communicative, and with great willingness accompanied his unknown friend to Stepney-causeway, there to partake of a warm breakfast and to tell a life-history. Some time previously Tommie lost his mother by death, and when his father contracted another alliance, Tommie decamped from home, because wholly disapproving of the new domestic arrangements. He now earned a precarious livelihood by selling newspapers, but meeting with an accident, he was compelled to lie by in an hospital, and during his absence from duty another boy stepped into the newspaper trading vacancy. Many hard and bitter days now passed over the child's head. Sit-

ting there by the Home fire in the early morning, he spoke of what he had endured as well as of the temptations he had escaped. If poor and ragged, he was at least honest. He had been locked up in a police-cell for sleeping on door-steps, but never for any greater offence. He had persistently refused to join a thieves' company when invited to do so, though starvation, sore feet, and the pain of wandering hopelessly over London might have been pleaded as excuses for his heeding the tempter. Nor was this all. Tommie once endured a master temptation, and in God's mercy came off completely victorious. One day, after having tasted no food during some forty-eight hours, he was sauntering along Whitechapel, when, in a fit of desperation, he stretched forth his hand to seize a "faggot" from a stall. Why did he not steal and eat? Certain Bible words, learned in a ragged-school class, rushed into his mind, and proved stronger than the pangs of hunger. Tommie actually ran away, lest nature's cravings should overcome his principles. At length a sickly faintness stole over him, and perhaps he would have sat down to die had not a passing stranger ministered to his relief. Tommie was indeed a conqueror. There was real heroism in what he did, and already he began to taste the reward. In spite of his rags, wan face, and shrunken, hunger-pinched limbs, he could stand erect, look his friend in the face, and speak a truth of which a true English boy is justly proud—I am not a thief, sir!

A lad of the roving, independent caste, was once encountered by Dr. Barnardo and his Arab guide while the two were abroad exploring the environs of Whitechapel. The time was midnight; and "luck" was so far smiling upon the newly found youngster that he had appropriated a barrel for a bedroom. He accosted his late "pal," the Doctor's companion, with looks and tones betokening both commiseration

and condescension. The occupant of the barrel was free, though he might not know whence the morrow's food would come, while the other had no better rendezvous than a home or a refuge. Highly did the hero of the cask appear to prize his advantages. Would he not turn over a new leaf, reform, and be industrious? Well, to tell the truth, he preferred retaining his personal freedom; but if in the coming winter time he should experience a harder run for life than usual, he would at least think about the matter, turn it over in his mind, and he might possibly entertain the gentleman's offer! Yet even in the face of such facts we may not hastily accuse these boys of ingratitude. Educated persons do not always judge correctly of one another's motives; how much less may we expect infallibility in this respect from untaught, wandering, London Arabs. It is not according to their nature to dissociate the solicitude strangers appear to entertain for them from sinister, or interested motives. The policeman is their dreaded foe, and to their sore dismay School Board agents have lately appeared on the scene. Life is a hard struggle when accepted on these terms, so that when a better friend than either policeman or School Board gentleman comes to light, it is not surprising that street youngsters harbour suspicion until the truth is fully ascertained. In a great measure the truth about Dr. Barnardo's motives has long ago been learned by the poor of London; for, as a recognized boys' friend, the Doctor is, perhaps, better known among the denizens of metropolitan slums than any other philanthropist in his walk of life. Into the repulsive recesses of the vilest lodging-houses he has penetrated at dead of night, and from rooms, or rather dens, reeking with filth, and swarming with vermin, has selected youthful woe-begone subjects, eager to forsake their way of life for courses of industry, and for the home comforts which industry

ensures. Even the nooks and crannies of the river side have furnished the Home with human material. In those damp, gloomy streets the night police recognize the rays of the explorer's lamp and the sound of his well-known step as he approaches with a kindly salutation. The Thames police acknowledge that he is a greater adept than the magistrate in the art of transforming wrong-doers into good and thrifty citizens.

One night, when the streets and wharfs bordering around a certain spot on the Middlesex side of the Thames were found to be unusually free from "water-babies," "mudlarks," and other minor divisions of the London boy genus, our friend, who was out "on tramp," might have dismissed his attendant, extinguished his light, and have retired home to bed without laying hands on one candidate to fill six vacancies, occurring at the Home, but for a happy idea. Looking down towards the river bank, he descried an unladen barge, and he thought it might be just possible that the interior was metamorphosed into a lodging-house by the missing boys. Away they went to board the vessel, and on holding a lamp over the dark, damp hold, there were the persons they sought, heaped one above another to secure all the warmth that was to be had. There they were surely enough, a pile of rags and misery. Probably there was not one "green" boy among them; for had they gone beyond the City bounds they could not have been more securely shielded from the scrutiny of Z 99. On arousing the sleepers, six of the number were selected and led forth willing captives to Stepney-causeway. A ray of hope indeed broke in upon them when the bull's-eye lantern suddenly revealed their secret retreat. It may have been the first ray of hope they ever knew, while the words of the friend who found them may have been the first expressions of encouragement to which they had listened.

To perambulate London streets during the hours between midnight and six A.M. is a sure and speedy method, though a sufficiently novel one, as some will think, of becoming correctly acquainted with the wants and woes about which all know too little, and none too much. Whithersoever one may turn, the same tale of poverty, and of poverty's attendant pains, is heard, while the phases so differ that something new is ever occurring. The lad who is discovered covering and shivering behind a board placed against a wall may be, as one such has turned out to be, the son of a drinking father, who has driven his son into the street by way of diversion. Go further, and it may be that other lads, huddling closely together beneath a barrow, are real subjects of indigence, some of whom eagerly catch at that magical word "Home," while others, as lovers of "liberty," prefer present suffering to any comforts the helping hand can offer. This temper may be a strange infatuation, but then it is the infatuation of juvenile prejudices and ignorance.

While the majority of the poor street boys are only too glad to be admitted into the Home, some refuse to leave their native walks, and others, from various causes, require some amount of coaxing before they consent to enter on new courses. In the brushmaker's room we particularly noticed a handsome, intelligent-looking lad, very busy and very cheerful. The Doctor and this boy recognized each other in a genial manner, just as the rescued and the rescuer might be expected to do. Motherless, and the son of an inveterate drunkard, this lad, until quite a recent date, was accustomed to nothing better than a life of street wandering, and had no higher aim in life than that of drawing sundry coppers from the pockets of casual passengers. A photograph of "Jem," as he appeared in those days, is shown—those dark, despairing days; but one might defy an expert to recognize in the picture the "Jem" of to-day.

Appearing in his native rags, unwashed, and with eyes inflamed from exposure to the weather, the boy of the one portrait would be taken for any ordinary Arab; he certainly would not be identified with the pleasant-featured industrious artisan we watched making brushes at the Home. Once despair was seen in his gait, and in the ominous shake of the head, when he was asked if he would lead a different course, and was heard in the tones of his thick, quavering voice as he faltered, "Dunno." Here, then, is a moral transformation, as wonderful a change as that of a leopard changing his spots, and the Ethiopian his skin. Life has attractions now, the future has hope, and "Jem" promises to do credit to his friends.

Such is, in brief, a description of the work undertaken by Dr. Barnardo, from whom, as being still a young man, the church may expect yet greater things. Grace was given to our young friend to perceive the real nature and danger of the situation. He sees that if London is to be saved, special attention must be given to her waifs and strays. He has acted according to this faith. He undertook the task of correctly informing himself upon the daily life-trials of poor children, and now few are so competent to speak of those children's needs as he is. He has done nothing by halves; he has thoroughly carried out his idea. From out-of-the-way corners, from pestiferous lodging-houses, and from places even more unlikely, lads have been rescued from ruin, to be introduced for the first time to the manners and customs of civilization. If such agents of Christ sometimes stand aside to regard with tears and dismay the work they are engaged in, who can refuse to sympathise with them? Yet they do not faint. Do you ask them if they expect to succeed in their endeavours, they will tell you that they are succeeding. Do you ask them if they expect to defeat ignorance and crime, they reply that they have no faith in their own power:

God alone, when he shall see fit to put forth his might, can conquer the appalling evils which, nevertheless, his servants do their utmost to remove. Believing Christianity to be the sovereign cure for all earthly evils, they expect the power of Christ to be seen in an awakening of the people to a sense of his power and love. Still working on, they are never without encouragement. Every day startling events stimulate them to increased efforts—to-day it may be the poor shoemaker's lying down to die with a wail of despair by the side of her he loved; to-morrow it may be news that a little fellow has been "found dead" in the street! There must be something more than subscription lists to sustain an agency like this. There must be faith, unwavering faith in God, and to this Dr. Barnardo believes he is attaining, or has already attained. There must also be a cheerful, grateful acceptance of the aid which the God of the children sends, whether the help come in money offerings or in the personal assistance of those who are willing to sacrifice themselves in this high service.

A MISSIONARY AMONG THE BEDAWEEEN ARABS.—It is not often we are privileged to read of the gospel among the rovers and robbers of the desert. From this letter of W. Mackintosh we get a glimpse of this strange people and their reception of the gospel. We extract from the *London Christian*:—

The journey was undertaken at the request and expense of a dear brother in England, who is and has long been intensely interested in the well-being of the poor Bedaween. The tribe, "Beni Sakhr," whom we had specially in view to visit, usually spend two-thirds of the year in the desert, often penetrating into it a distance of thirty days' journey eastwards from Palestine, and the remaining four months they spend in districts east of the Jordan, adjoining Salt and Hesban, as well as Bahoob, towards the north. To these districts they come

when the corn-harvest is cleared from the ground, by the peasantry who cultivate it, which is usually about the middle of June, and they remain there till about the middle of October, when the first rain falls, which make the desert again habitable by reviving its herbage, and providing them with water. So, in order not to be obliged to go after them into the desert, we were forced to travel in August and September, two of the hottest months of the year, when in former years we were accustomed, like other Europeans, to seek the highest and coolest mountain villages of Lebanon, in order to escape the great heat of the lower regions. So with a continuous journey before us northward of about ten days, on horseback, under an unclouded Syrian sun, before we could reach the Beni Sakhr, it was not, as you may suppose, without considerable anxiety that we set out. However, looking to the Lord, under whose command is the sun as well as all other created things, to preserve and protect us, we started, joined at Hasbeiya by a good friend, who bravely cast in her lot with us.

Being prevented by circumstances from making beforehand such preparations as we ought, we were obliged to extemporize a little tent of our own making, and be content to make our resting place at night on the ground. By the way, in passing, I may remark, as an interesting and unexpected incident of the journey, that we spent one of those nights on the ground, but without the shade of any tent over us, and with stones at our heads, probably in the same spot, in the deep valley of the Jabook, where Jacob was met by "the man" who wrestled with him till the breaking of the day, and which place he called "Peniel," because he had seen God's face, and his life was preserved. That interesting incident was occasioned by another untoward one, namely, the falling of the load from the back of one of the mules, in attempting to go up the

steep ascent after sunset, by which we were detained until daylight. But except that our animals, after a long day's journey, had to stand all night without any provender, and travel till nearly noon next day before we could reach the village we were making for, it was to us a pleasure rather than a disappointment.

But I must pass over the mere incidents of the journey, and inform you that after travelling past Baniyas, and through Jaulan, Ajloon (Gilcad), we reached Salt in safety, and from thence, after a long day's ride of ten or eleven hours, partly in the dark, we arrived, an hour before midnight, at the ruins of Hesban (Hesbon), near which we were informed the Beni Sakhr were encamped.

There we spent the second Sunday of the journey, and had Bedaween visiting us most part of the day, the case of one of whom I must ever remember with the deepest interest. He was an old man of the Belka Bedaween (or Arabs), versed, to some extent, in the Koran and Mohammedan lore; but judging from the great interest he showed in listening to the gospel of Christ, his soul did not obtain, through the teaching of Mohammedan sheikhs, what it thirsted for. During the three days we were encamped in that spot, the old man came to us again and again, and indeed his heart seemed thoroughly melted hearing of the cross, and the love of Christ in dying for sinners, and several times with tears, said he never before heard such words. Oh that God's mighty and Holy Spirit would work an effectual and abiding work of grace in the hearts of those simple shepherds of the desert, as I have seen Him do in shepherds and peasants in Scottish mountains, much more learned than they. In parting with the old man, he bade us an affectionate farewell with a thousand blessings. On another occasion, while surrounded by a group close to a large encampment of Beni Sakhr, I could

evidently see in the faces of those before me, manifest signs of God's word in the narrative of what befell Sodom and Gomorrah taking effect in their hearts and consciences. Their attention seemed for the time all arrested, and to them it was a peculiarly appropriate and impressive subject, from the fact that the sight of Jordan and the "Sea of Lot," as they call it, was a familiar object to their eyes, and situated but a short distance from where we sat.

And to show that even the wanderers of the desert may sometimes have a consciousness of a great future, and a world to come, I may relate that, while sitting one day in a tent of Beni Sakhr, in the presence of about thirty stalwart men, I was asked, among other questions, what I should do if one of my nearest relatives were murdered? I explained to them that, contrary to their custom of taking an equivalent revenge at the earliest opportunity, we are not allowed in our land to take the law in our own hands, but must set our case before the officers of law, for them to prosecute and execute justice. They then inquired what should become of the murderer, supposing he succeeded in escaping from the law of the land, and from human justice; and on my replying that, however a criminal might escape from the fruit of his doings in this life, and from the hand of human justice, yet I had no doubt they believed God's arm was almighty, and could overtake him even were he to flee to the uttermost ends of the earth; and that if he were not brought to justice in this life, he most certainly would be in the great day of judgment; they all with a unanimous shout signified their approval.

I read to the same set of men the 19th chapter of Matthew, which led to conversations on various subjects, showing how the practices of the world are contrary to the holy will of God; and the subjects being familiar to them, they seemed to have no difficulty in understanding them. In short, when, on

several different occasions, I succeeded in convincing various individuals of the error and sinfulness of their ways, they answered me differently, but all with a woebegone spirit. One, for instance, when I asked him why he, as a Bedawee, now that he saw his ways to be evil, still continued to follow them, he replied, "*So is our nature*" (see Gen. xvi. 12). Another said, "We cannot live without robbing each other;" and a third, "What can we do when our chiefs order us out to attack a neighbouring tribe?" I met such confessions of their impotence to forsake evil, by the promise of God's Word that "the inhabitants of the desert" will yet worship Christ (Psa. lxxii.), and that ultimately those who now delight in war will beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and will learn the art of war no more. They seemed to see that Christ's law of love, unselfishness, and self-sacrifice, is the right one, but they did not seem to see how they could follow it, and abandon the practices for which they have been notorious since the days of Ishmael.

Sheikh Fendi, the chief of the Beni Sakhr sheikhs, paid us a long visit in our tent one day, and heard several chapters from the beginning of Genesis, along with the fifth of Romans, with patience and attention. One of his wives was a thoughtful and sad-looking woman, and heard the word gladly, and also joined us in prayer. One day she visited us, and, indeed, seemed to have a clinging to us.

At the northern camp of Sheikh A'aly (two hundred tents), at a place called Rahoob, four hours south-west of Muzareeb, we were also received with much kindness, and a degree of politeness and good feeling one would hardly expect to meet with among the Arabs; and there we found that Sheikh A'aly himself, and several young men, could read; so we had the pleasure of giving them a whole copy of the Bible, and several copies of single Gospels. We

remained pitched in the midst of their encampment several days, and were treated with the greatest consideration; so that we really feel we have a place in their hearts, and they in ours. Will this brief and simple account not stir up many of God's people to care for them, and plead for the time when the desert shall blossom like the rose?

At the place lastly mentioned we met a Bedawee from the very centre of Arabia, who could read, and begged most eagerly that I would give him a book, which I did. However, those who can read are very rare.

Entreating the prayerful interests of the many in the West so peculiarly blessed and privileged of God, on behalf of this land, and specially of the desert, I am ever yours faithfully,

W. MACKINTOSH.

Damascus, Syria, Jan. 23.

THE AWAKENING IN SCOTLAND.—The following is from the pen of the Venerable Andrew Bonar, the friend of Mr. McCheyne, and his companion in his tour through the Holy Land. The work going on under Moody and Sankey, is well described in this letter, which our readers will not consider too long. Some of the remarks of Mr. Moody are striking from their boldness and contrariety to the literary refined style of preaching that was becoming too common of late in the pulpits of Scotland.

"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force" (Matt. xi. 12), was said of John the Baptist's days. In answer to such prayers as he sent up during his thirty years in the deserts of Judea, the Holy Ghost was at work, and everywhere men were found in right and real earnest about salvation. You might have seen them thronging the road to Jericho and the wilderness, leaving home, comforts, business, friends, intent on the one great matter that filled their minds day and night. "The

kingdom of heaven suffereth violence;" men pressed into it with all the eager determination with which soldiers press into an assailed city (like 'oomassie)—"and the violent took it by force." Those who were thus intensely earnest snatched, as the word means, the kingdom at once, as the robber does the purse he covets, seizing his opportunity. All this we see before our eyes in the present time of revival; men are truly in earnest, and they catch the gift of God at once, while the cold formalists wonder and dispute against sudden conversions, "not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God."

When I closed last week's letter, I mentioned various places in Scotland where God was working. There are many other districts equally interesting. At Aberuthven, near Auchterarder, almost every house in the village has some one under its roof awakened by the Spirit. In Dumfriesshire, at Lockerbie and at Moffat, not less than seventy in each place have been awakened. Near Glasgow, not Chryston only, but other places, such as Kirkintilloch, are shaken. At the daily prayer-meeting last Monday, it was stated that there had been not less than 300 inquirers and converts in the inquiry meeting in Free St. David's on Sabbath evening. A friend mentioned that at Dalmellington, in Ayrshire, a work had begun; seven had been lately converted. Dr. Black, of United Presbyterian Wellington Church, gave extracts from a letter from England, showing a work begun in a district where there had been no special means. Mr. Moody read from letters just received, accounts of friends brought to Christ. Mr. Wells, of Free Barony Church, stated that he had a list of seventy persons in his congregation who had received blessing during the meetings. Mr. Barlas, of United Presbyterian Church, Belgrave-street, stated cases occurring in his district. Mr. Taylor, of Free Church, Kelvinside, spoke of this last week as the happiest

in his ministry since he came to Glasgow. He had seen abundant proof that the Spirit of God was at work in the midst of the city. His visits as a pastor brought to light most interesting cases, in all grades of society. All sorts of instrumentality also seemed to be employed. He had been told of one awakened by the singing of the hymn where these words occur—

"Let some droppings fall on me—even me."

One day thanks were given for a person who had been blessed, while the hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," was being sung; and several other cases were reported in which the same hymn had been blessed. Last night I met a Christian working-man, who joyfully informed me that "in the building-yard where he worked, this week there had been two boys and three men brought to Christ." "I give thanks for six," was on a paper handed in at the prayer-meeting; while a disciple, who had for many years been pleading for the conversion of near and dear relatives, asked the meeting to join him in thanksgiving for a daughter saved, a nephew, and several nieces. A letter said: "We cannot leave Glasgow without telling you that the brother whom we told you of as having come here to attend the meetings, left for London this evening, we firmly believe, resting in Jesus."

A lady asked prayer for her own conversion, stating, "I have come from Switzerland on purpose to be present at the meetings. I have every reason to believe in the power of prayer, having been cured through prayer, at a small village in Switzerland, after having been dangerously ill for thirteen years. I should be extremely sorry to leave Glasgow without receiving what I came for. I have been well brought up, but am not a Christian." A case like this reminds us of Acts v. 16: "Then came a multitude out of the cities round about, bringing their sick

folks, and them that were vexed with unclean spirits."

And yet more, this other, from a person about twenty miles out of town: "Dear sir, would you kindly forward four tickets to admit to the morning meeting on Sabbath first to the City Hall. I have never had the pleasure of being present at any of these precious meetings that have been held in Glasgow, though a constant reader of the reports given in the various newspapers; but I will be in Glasgow on Sabbath first along with three friends. Going in the spirit of anxious inquirers, we pray God that it may be our blessed privilege to come home having found that Christ is indeed precious to each of us."

Another day, at noon, four young men, from a mining district in Ayrshire, were found waiting at the close of the meeting to speak to Mr. Moody, if possible. He had gone out; but they sat down in the inquiry-room with one of the ministers who was still there. "Are you all of one mind? are you all in Christ?" was the question put to them. "Three of us are Christ's, but our friend here (pointing to the fourth) is not." The minister entered into conversation with the unsaved but anxious one, and found out his state of mind. He showed him that Christ was offering to be his substitute, and to appear in the presence of God for him, and asked, "Will you believe in Him as He so offers Himself to you?" In a moment the lad's countenance changed, and, half springing from his seat, he struck the Bible with his hand, exclaiming, "I see it all!" The scales had fallen from his eyes, and he, with his three friends, who had been to him like the friends of the palsied man, left the room to return home by the train, rejoicing.

One other case. A young man attracted Mr. Moody's attention at an inquiry-meeting, an intelligent young man who had long been anxious. Mr.

Moody discovered that one thing had hindered his full decision, viz., want of courage to tell his wife all that was passing through his mind. But last Sabbath afternoon he was enabled to go home and frankly tell all he felt. It turned out that she too was in deep anxiety, only waiting to have the ice broken. The result has been complete deliverance of soul to that young man, who is able now to help others in the way. Of a piece with this case is the one brought out in the following letter from one in Edinburgh, which Mr. Sankey read yesterday:—"I have such good news to tell you. When you were here you wanted me to write to my sister about Jesus and coming to Him; but my old sinful heart went dead against it. Dr. S., however, began to tell me that my health was very precarious, and all your advice came back to me. I *did* write to my sister, a girl about sixteen. My want of faith has been reproved; for I had such a letter from her, telling me she had felt sure all this winter that there had been a change in me, and why had I not written to her before; and she ended by confessing that she could resist no longer, but had taken Christ, and, God helping her, would live for Him. Please pray for her, and encourage all young converts to write to their friends. Another thing you wanted me to do went fearfully against the grain, and that was, to hold meetings. Had anybody told me last year that I'd ever come to do such a thing, I'd have scoffed at them. So you see it's nothing of myself but something that makes me, in spite of myself, long to work for Jesus. Will you pray for my Canongate meeting? I've got such bad characters; oh, if I could only reach them! drunkards, and profane people who don't believe in hell—my heart just yearns over them. It was a fearful effort at first to speak for Christ, but now 'I love to tell the story,' for 'All to Christ I owe.' As I came home last night I

heard such beautiful singing at the head of one of the lowest streets here. Coming up I found some young men were singing 'Depths of mercy' in parts, and whenever they had gathered a crowd, invited them to accompany them to the meeting. A great many followed them. I know it will cheer Mr. Moody to hear of the hint he threw out being thus taken up by these young Christians. The work here goes on wonderfully; it is too great to be spoken of.—Your loving friend in Christ."

I am scarcely leaving myself space to speak of other parts of the work. The evangelistic meetings have been held this week again in the Free College Church. The subjects have been, "Where art thou?" "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and "Sir, remember." The last of these addresses was awfully solemn. Mr. Moody related, as an illustration of memory, being ready to yield back all the past at God's touch, how he himself in early days was nearly drowned, sinking twice, and caught the third time he came to the surface. During the time he was under water, all that was buried in his memory came up before him. And so the memory of Abel's blood flowing from the deadly wound is ever before Cain, and so with all the sins of sinners. This makes hell terrible beyond measure, and there is no sleep there. "It I did not believe in hell for ever, would I (said he) come here to preach night after night? If I did not believe in that hell, I would be off to my home by the first boat that sails from the Clyde."

The Bible-readings have been in the Park Church (Established), and the subjects this week have been, "The Holy Ghost," "Jacob," "Daniel." All the meetings are crowded to the door more than ever, and there is daily fruit.

On Sabbath morning, the members of the Glasgow Young Men's Society for Religious Improvement filled the City Hall at nine o'clock a.m. There were

young present who had walked in that morning from Englesham, Kilbride, and other places. We do thank God that Mr. Moody's "hands are made strong by the mighty God of Jacob," so that he is able to work night and day, and certainly he never wearies in spirit. He read Luke xix. 1—13, and spoke briefly to the saved on "Occupy till I come," urging them this week to resolve by God's grace, every one of them, to speak to and seek the conversion of at least one soul each. A large number, when opportunity was given, rose in response to this appeal, and during the week it was evident that the resolution was not forgotten. One petition came in to the noon-day prayer-meeting "from a young man who promised to seek to bring a soul to Jesus; pray that he may have grace to be faithful in dealing with two young men in his warehouse who are anxious to find peace in Jesus." The main part of the address was to the unsaved, and when, in his closing prayer, Mr. Moody stopped for half a minute, there was profound silence over that assembly of three thousand young men, broken in upon by the yearning, urgent pleading, "O Lord, speak to them! speak to them Thyself!"

At the Young Men's meeting in Ewing-place Chapel on Tuesday evening, Mr. John Burns, of Castle Wemyss, presided, and gave a most hearty address. He read from and held up the character of Nehemiah. "We business men in this great city are exposed to many temptations, and are often in great perplexity. Let us, like Nehemiah, 'pray to the God of heaven.' Speaking from experience, I can testify to the value of prayer in the case of business men. I have great faith in prayer, silent and instant prayer. We have not time during the day, in the midst of business, to go to our knees; but let our hearts go up." He then spoke of the work now going on, as a work of God, from which the best

fruits might be expected. He was followed, in a few words, by Archdeacon McLean, who accompanied him. As usual, a large number of the young men waited for inquiry. One of themselves, on Wednesday evening, spoke as follows; and his words were felt by all present: "I would like to say a word as to the power of prayer. Seven years ago, about a stone-throw from where we now stand, a young, sneering infidel retired to his bed on a Sabbath evening. About three hours after, that same youth rose and cried to God to have mercy on his soul. Some of you may say, 'Oh, that's a story made up, and far-fetched.' No, it is not. I was that youth. When I retired to bed, three of my young friends were assembled in another room, wrestling with God for my conversion. I could not sleep. I arose, and went in to them, and asked them to pray for my soul. I found the Saviour; and, blessed be His name, I have followed Him ever since. My companions scoffed, and said that it would soon pass away; but I have been kept. I have tasted all the pleasures of life in other days, but I am here to testify that the love of Jesus is sweeter than all. Young men, don't be deceived; the pleasures and the philosophies of this world pass away. Take Christ, and He will satisfy the longing soul." Night after night, there are not only such addresses, and many inquirers, but also many conversions.

I had intended to tell you a little about the ministers' meeting, for prayer and conference, on Wednesday, at which about 200 were present, of all denominations; and many from the country. But this must be reserved; and meanwhile let me entreat every reader of *The Christian* to pray for a baptism of fire, a gift of "Power" (Acts i. 8), to every minister of Christ who carries Christ's message to the churches.

ANDREW A. BONAR.

Glasgow, March 13, 1874.

Memories of Palestine.

By THE EDITOR.

CHAP. VI.

EXCURSIONS FROM JERUSALEM.

After seeing the little that is to be seen in Jerusalem,—after making a few calls on friends and fellow-travellers,—after resting and reading for a day or two, one is again inclined to take to the saddle and see the country some distance away from the city. There are four excursions of interest—two near and two more remote—which no traveller will omit during his stay in Jerusalem. In these rambles one need carry no umbrella, save for protection from the sun, for during a stay of some months in Palestine and Syria we never saw a drop of rain, and seldom saw a cloud in the sky, day or night. “The winter was then past and the rain over and gone.” He need not lack for the best of company, as the travellers that meet in the hotels of the Holy City are, for the most part, men and women of culture, and often of scholarship and piety. And for a guide there is nothing needed more than your dragoman (that is an interpreter), a good map, and a Bible.

TO BETHANY.

Though Bethany is hardly two miles from the city, the journey (being so much up-hill and down-hill) is fatiguing, which shows clearly that a man who could undertake it morning and evening, as our Saviour did, along with a daily service of preaching, teaching, controversy, healing, must have possessed a vigorous constitution in the best of health. His day's work is over, and Jesus, let us imagine, leaves the courts of the Temple as evening is approaching. He descends the steep path that leads to the Kidron, running in the bottom of the deep glen to the east of the city; that stream he crosses by a bridge; he then ascends the shoulder of Olivet; having reached a height

considerably above the city, he again descends on the other side of that shoulder; then he turns to his left, and is nestled in the home of Lazarus, out of sight and hearing, but not out of thought, of the rebellious city. The Passover lamb must be a male of the first year, and without blemish. In seeing the two miles of road, over which, twice a day, our Saviour walked to his work, we see, as it were incidentally, how perfectly in physical vigour he fulfilled the type, and how consistent with itself in the minutest particular is the story of his life, which in accord with this, never hints that he was ever sick.

There is little of any importance to be seen in the miserable village, called now after Lazarus, save the traditional house and the traditional grave of the friend of Jesus. On the way back, however, we stand on what may fairly be called the most memorable spot in Palestine, where, closing other books and shutting our ears to all other voices, we will ask Luke to tell us the story of the road, which he does in the 19th chapter—“And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen. . . . And when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it.” Luke xix., 37-41.

Luke, the writer of these words “having had a perfect understanding of all things from the very first,” was without doubt a spectator of the scene he so well describes. He can connect each spot with its incident. I have mentioned that a traveller going east from Jerusalem, first *ascends* the steep side of Olivet, and then *descends* on the other side on the road down to Jericho, the descent being steeper and longer

than the ascent. This latter is the descent of the Mount of Olives, to which Luke refers, a *descent* it would be to one writing his history in Jerusalem, though; to a person coming from the east to Jerusalem it would be an *ascent*. At the bottom of this ascent or descent (the former to Jesus and His retinue, the latter to Luke writing his history) the whole multitude began to rejoice and praise God. We can see the company slowly climbing the ascent, with Olivet between that and Jerusalem, till all of a sudden Jesus attains that summit famous in history, whence Pompey's army approaching from the east got its first view of the city. There the city lies over against the traveller, spread out like a chart beneath his eye, which if familiar with the sight, can take in every gate, every chief street and principal building from the ravine of Kidron to the ravine of Hinnom. Jesus had often stood there, for it was his usual road from Nazareth to the capital, but this is His last visit, and it is to be a sad visit—sad to Him, sad to His disciples, but mutterably and unmeasurably sad to the city that looks so beautiful and brilliant in the evening sun, but whose bloody siege and centuries of desolation rise now on His prophetic sight. "When he was come near He beheld the city and wept over it." We know not the exact spot where Christ was born, nor the precise spot where He lived as a child and youth, nor the spot where He died, nor the spot where He was buried, but we know to within a few yards two spots (and two only), the spot where He wept over Jerusalem, and the spot where He talked to the woman of Samaria. We would fain have lingered there for hours, until at least we had seen the sun set behind that mountain ridge that hides the Mediterranean from our view, but unless we are in Jerusalem before the evening gun is fired, which happens exactly at sunset, we shall be shut out for the night. Leading our animals we walk down the slope of Olivet, passing

on our left an immense Jewish cemetery and the building called the Pillar of Absalom, broken and battered with stones cast at him by passers-by as a disobedient and rebellious son. As we are crossing the Kidron we overtake a shepherd, in his striped cloak, slowly walking with bent head towards the city, while his flock of sheep and goats follow him, some close at his heels and others loitering far behind. He looks back now and again, but holds on stealthily, for the evening shadows are already in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and keeps his face towards St. Stephen's gate, within which he is now leading his flock for the night.

TO THE POOL OF SILOAM.

The situation of this Pool or tank is very peculiar. There are several pools in and around Jerusalem, all built with the evident intention of collecting and keeping water for the supply of the city. The other tanks are either above the level of the city, or on a level with it; but the Pool of Siloam is down far below the level of Jerusalem, in the bottom of the valley, at the fork where Kidron and Hinnom meet to run eastward as one valley towards the Dead Sea, *ad radices montis Moriah* (at the foot of Mount Moriah) as Jerome describes it. The day was intensely hot, and as we sat by the edge of the tank, insignificant in size compared to the other pools, we understood that it was no small trial of the faith and patience of the blind man to be sent out of the temple, past the other pools down into the bottom of this valley, to wash the clay from his eyes at this out-of-the-way spot. Remarkable, ruined, insignificant though that pool be, there are few places in the Holy Land fuller of Christ, more brimful of hidden teaching as to his character and mission than it. Sitting by the pool looking on one side to the frowning heights above us, on which the city stands, and on the other side to the long glen or valley, stretching to the south-east, full of gardens and orchards, we

saw very clearly three things we never before understood so well, in regard to the pool and its connection with Him.

1. *Whence does this pool receive its supply of water?* At the head of the pool, the reader sees—in the views of Siloam, with which every one is familiar,—an arch. Enter that little chamber, descend these broken steps, and you will see a stream of water passing through into the pool. But where does this stream come from? Enter that channel cut in the rock, as Dr. Robinson once did, and it will bring you out, after a tortuous journey of 1750 feet, at the fountain of the Virgin. Here again you see water silently oozing in; but again the question is asked whence comes the water into this fountain? It comes, no doubt, from the tanks or springs under the temple-area. The surplus water of the city and temple, sometimes more and sometimes less, finds its way under ground eastward to the Fountain of the Virgin, and thence southward to the Pool of Siloam. We see, therefore, how well this pool is named Siloam, "*The Sent Water*," water sent out from the temple; we see also how well it typifies Him, the "*Sent One*," the water "*Sent*" to heal the broken-hearted (Luke iv. 18), and further we see how well the water of this pool, coming from the temple, was suited to the glorious imagery of Ezekiel (xlvi.) beginning thus:—"Afterwards he brought me again unto the door of the house, and behold waters issued from under the threshold of the house eastward . . . and the waters came down from under the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar." There is no water in or near Jerusalem to which this description is applicable but the water of Siloam.

2. *Is there any thing peculiar about its manner of running?* Viewed in contrast with the other pools of Jerusalem there is nothing peculiar about the current of Siloam, save that it is intermittent, (rising and falling in quantity, during the day, at irregular intervals) in

its flow. But viewed in connection with the brook Kidron, that runs close by, there is a striking and an instructive contrast. Kidron is a mountain torrent, dry in the heat of summer, but in the rainy season fast, furious, foaming, overflowing its banks, and on some occasions carrying ruin in its course; while Siloam is, summer and winter, the same, always sweet, always cool, always clear, always gentle, carrying life and beauty always, and never hurting a living thing. This, no doubt, was the contrast present to the mind of Isaiah when, by reference to Siloam, he showed how much better it would be for Israel to be under the government of the House of David than in the power of the King of Assyria.

"Forasmuch as this people refuseth the waters of Shiloah, that go softly, and rejoice in Rezin and Remaliah's son, now therefore, behold the Lord bringeth upon them the waters of the river strong and many, even the King of Assyria and all his glory; and he shall come up over all his channels and go over all his banks; and he shall pass through Judah, he shall overflow and go over, he shall reach even to the neck, and the stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel." Isa. viii. 6, 7, 8.

But the House of David reaches its highest glory in the Lord Jesus Christ, the son of David, whose rule, a calm stream of grace, is in contrast to the raging, roaring ambition, and tyranny of ungodly kings, as the softly flowing Siloam to the furious mountain torrent or devastating inundations of such rivers as the Nile and Euphrates.

3. *Of what use are its waters?* The other pools in and around Jerusalem were built to water the city, Siloam, one can see at a glance, to water the country. Its waters descend to refresh the gardens which are planted below in terraces. There is every reason to believe that the gardens of the king, whose palace was just overhead, lay in this valley, and that Siloam was built to collect water for irrigating these

gardens. Josephus, writing of Adonijah's attempt to seize the kingdom, says that "Adonijah had prepared a supper, out of the city; near the fountain that was in the king's *paradise*, (or *garden*.)" Nehemiah, (chap. iii., 15), brings into one sentence the three things one would expect to find were it really the case, as no doubt it was, that the king's garden lay here. In one sentence he mentions the *stair* leading from the palace down the steep face of Zion into the gardens in the valley below; the *pool* to water the gardens; and the *gardens*. These are the words:—"Shallun . . . built the wall of the pool of Shiloah, by the king's gardens, and unto the stairs that go down from the city of David." Down the face of that hill of Zion, up which we returned to the city, and from which I plucked an ear of barley in passing, David came and went to his gardens; chanting his psalms he walked by this pool, and sought the refreshing shade of the trees planted by its waters. But he is gathered to his fathers, and Solomon, with all his father's genius, but without his father's conflicts, takes up the work of enlarging these gardens and adding to the pools, (one of which, below Siloam, is nearly filled with earth), of which work he says in Eccles. ii. 4-6; "*I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.*" These, no doubt, are the gardens that occupy such a place in the imagery of his "Song of Songs," and which from their low sheltered situation were adapted to tender plants, "*pomegranates with pears of fruit; camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.*" Song iv. 13, 14.

It is true that Solomon had very extensive vineyards at a place called Baal-

hamon, some distance from Jerusalem, which he "let out to keepers," and the site of which may be identified with Urtas near Bethlehem (of which more in another place), but it seems beyond doubt that the gardens of the palace, the gardens to which he and his beloved came and went, were there by Siloam, right under the palace walls.

This was the use, therefore, of the pool of Siloam; it was "*a fountain of gardens.*" It was a well of living waters, cold and clear as water from Lebanon to quicken, revive, strengthen, beautify the king's garden. Here, therefore, in Siloam we have Christ, the king's gardens, being *the church*. "*A garden enclosed is my sister.*" The pool of Siloam, "*a fountain sealed, a spring shut up*" means the Lord Jesus in the quickening, reviving, strengthening, beautifying influences of His Spirit on the souls of His people. What Siloam is to these gardens Christ is to the church. At present the waters of Siloam are scant, and the fertility it creates confined to the valley right under Zion; but when these waters from the present tiny rill shall rise to the ankles, from the ankles to the knees, from the knees to the loins, and from the loins to become waters to swim in, then will the fertility and beauty and fragrance spread onwards and down the valley of the Kidron, till each side of the river shall be full of trees whose leaves shall not fade, and whose fruit shall be for meat, and the leaves thereof for medicine, until at last the river, reaching the Dead Sea (striking emblem of the world lying in wickedness) shall heal its bitter waters, so that for the multitude of its fish fishermen shall occupy its coast from Engedi to Eueglaim.

To understand Siloam as to its *source*, its *course*, and its *effect*, is to understand the scheme of redemption, as to its *origin*, *progress*, and *triumph*. It would therefore be worth all a traveller's trouble to visit Jerusalem just to see Siloam alone, if in standing by its side he sees

in its waters the face of the "Sent One." The Rev. Mr. McCheyne thus expresses in simple words the theology (theoretical and practical) of the pool:—

"Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

"The thirsty Arab stops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave;
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

"Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means one sent from God,
And thus the holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad.

"O grant that I, like that sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear;
And spend my life, my all to tell
How full his mercies are."

We have lingered so long by Bethany and Siloam that our visit to the Dead Sea and Bethlehem must be postponed till, in God's good providence, we and the reader meet again in these pages.

Children's Treasury.

THE IRISH BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

In a school in the West of Ireland, a few years ago, were two boys about the same age—fifteen or sixteen. Their names were Pat F. and Philip O'F. There were many intelligent young people in the school, but Pat and Philip took the lead in most things; and, indeed, visitors were often astonished at the remarkable readiness and appropriateness of their replies to the miscellaneous questions put to them. Philip has become a Missionary of the Cross in Turkey. We do not know what has become of Pat, at that time by far the most promising boy in the school. But "the day will declare it."

On one occasion, Mr. B., well known in that neighbourhood, paid a visit to the school. He was desirous of trying at once the knowledge of the Scriptures possessed by the scholars, and their power to apply it to the solution of controverted points. Mr. B. assumed the language of an opponent of the general reading of the Word of God.

"Boys," said he, "what right have you to read the Bible?"

"Every right, sir," said the boys; "for Christ said (John v. 49), 'Search the Scriptures.'"

"All very well," said Mr. B., "to

prove that big people may read—men and women who have come to years of maturity—but what has that to say to little fellows like you?"

"The Word of God is fit for little people, too," said Pat, "for we read (2 Tim. iii. 15) that Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child."

"But," said Mr. B., "Timothy afterward, you know, became a priest. Your text only proves that young boys who are going forward to the priesthood should be taught the Holy Scriptures."

"Oh, but, sir," said Pat, with a bright twinkle of his intelligent eye, that proclaimed he had the best of the argument even before the answer came, "wasn't Timothy (2nd Epistle, i. 5), taught by his grandmother? and sure, sir, she wasn't a priest!"

Mr. B. acknowledged himself beaten.

SAMMY'S PART.

Sammy's intellectual faculties had not advanced in harmony with his physical growth; and for this reason his infantile name had been perpetuated in his manhood. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.

In a period of religious awakening, Sammy thought himself a subject of the work, and with others presented him-

self for admission to the Church. The office-bearers hesitated, on the ground that he might not have sufficient capacity to comprehend the doctrines of the Gospel and the evidences of conversion. They concluded, however, to examine him, and began with the subject of regeneration.

"Do you think, Sammy," said the pastor, "that you have been born again?"

"I think I have," was the answer.

"Well, if so, whose work is that?"

"Oh, God did a part, and I did a part."

"Ah! what part did you do, Sammy?"

"Why, I opposed God all I could, and He did the rest."

The result of the examination was, that, so far as they could judge, the Holy Spirit had been Sammy's theological teacher, and had also created him anew in Christ. "Not of works, lest any man should boast."—*Observer*.

"WILLIE HAS NO SOUL."

A few years ago, among the high hills of Scotland, lived a family of rosy cheeked boys and girls, and one of the number was known by all the neighbours round as "Daft Willie." They called him so because, though he was now a tall, large boy, he could not learn to read and write and spell, as his brothers and sisters did. Even little Jessie, who was only four years old, knew a great deal more than poor Willie. He was almost an idiot.

All day long, while the other children were at school, he would be among the purple heath, and talk and sing to himself in his own wild way. But as he was always kind and gentle, everybody loved "Daft Willie."

One day the white-haired old minister came to Willie's home, and, gathering all the little flaxen heads and bright eyes about his knee, he talked to them about the good Saviour who loved little children when he was on earth, and

who still loves them, now he has gone home to heaven. Willie stood by, with his large, vacant, dreamy eyes, not seeming to mind what the minister was saying. But as the good old man was going away, he laid his hand on Willie's head and said, "And Willie has a soul too."

"No; Willie has no soul," said the boy.

"Yes; Willie has a soul: this" (laying his hand on his shoulder) "is Willie's *body*; but it is Willie's *soul* that loves his mother and little Jessie."

"No; Willie has no soul," was still the answer; and to all the good man could say, the reply was still the same, "Willie has no soul."

Poor boy, he cannot understand, thought the minister; and he was turning away, when the child said, "Willie had a soul once."

"Ah! well, what did Willie do with it?"

"Yes, Willie had a soul once; but Willie gave it to the Lord Jesus to keep for him. And now Willie has no soul."

Little children! have you given your souls to the Lord Jesus to keep for you? He will keep them safely, and he will love to do it; for he says now, as he did once on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

"I am a Missionary in my nursery," once remarked a Christian mother. "Six pair of little eyes are daily watching my looks, as well as listening to my words, and I wish my children never to see in me that which they may not imitate."

A Rationalistic clergyman was asserting that Hindooism is good enough for the Hindoos. The late Norman McLeod, at once replied, "Why man, Hindooism is so bad, that the Hindoos would be the better of even your Christianity."

Christian Miscellany.

"ALMOST A CHRISTIAN."

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts
xvii. 28.

Oh, what a countless host there are that stand
Among the "almost Christian," halting band!
Whose knowledge of the way of life seems clear,
And yet no fruits of righteousness appear.
That cold, dead faith that rests but in the head
No living influence can ever shed;

'Tis WITH THE HEART the child of God believes,
The gospel tidings gladly he receives,
His faith its heavenly origin can prove,
It triumphs o'er the world, and works by love.
Profession's empty lamp will not avail
When the great Bridegroom comes His suits to hail;

Those foolish souls that have not loved Him
here

Will not among that favoured band appear
Who grace the triumph of their Lord's return;
They have no oil. Ah! whither shall they turn?
In vain will they entreat the wise in heart,
No portion of their oil can they impart;
Their lamps were kindled first by power divine,
And, fed by grace, will never cease to shine.
Alas! eternal darkness and disgrace
Await those souls that lack the oil of grace!

M. A. H. N.

FAINT NOT.

Weights thy cross heavily,
Dear child of God?
Treadest thou wearily
Under its load?

Think of that heavier cross
Once borne for thee!
Forget thy pain and loss
In Calvary.

Let not thy heart despond;
Strength will be given.
Think of the rest beyond:
Sweet rest of heaven.

God will His child sustain.
His Word is sure;
He'll make all loss thy gain;
Through Him endure. C. I. C.

THE WIDOW'S CANDLE.

A poor widow in her penury allowed herself the one luxury of a half-hour's candle-light after her toilsome day was done; and this was that she might read her precious Bible. Experience had taught her how far it would burn in a half-hour. So it was her custom to

light it for a few moments, and read such a portion as she thought she could remember; then to blow out her light and think over what she had read. So she continued to do until the mark on her candle was reached.

Such meditations, joined with humble prayer, could not fail to extract the pure honey from the precious honeycomb. The joy of the evening feast more than made amends for all the day's ills. She lived the truths she had thus made her own; and was truly "mighty in the Scriptures."

We can never gain the Gospel gold except we delve for it. Careless reading over a chapter or two will never secure it. Better one verse with meditation, than the whole book read thoughtlessly.

THE COST OF MISSIONS.

Prof. Max Müller, in a lecture some time since delivered in England, on Missionary and Non-missionary Religions, showed conclusively the error of those who claim that missionary efforts are too expensive. He said:

"What, it may be asked, is the use of missionaries? Why should we spend millions on foreign missions, when there are children in our cities who are allowed to grow up in ignorance? Why should we deprive ourselves of some of the noblest, boldest, most ardent, and devoted spirits, and send them into the wilderness, while so many laborers are wanted in the vineyard at home?"

"It is right to ask these questions; and we ought not to blame those political economists who tell us that every convert costs us \$1,000, and that at the present rate of progress it would take more than two hundred thousand years to evangelize the world. There is nothing at all startling in these figures. Every child born in Europe is as much

a heathen as the child of a Molanesian cannibal; and it costs us more than one thousand dollars to turn a child into a Christian man. The other calculation is totally erroneous; for an intellectual harvest must not be calculated by adding simply grain to grain, but by counting each grain as a living seed that will bring forth fruit a hundred and a thousand fold."

WANTED.

Fifty thousand missionaries for ten years, and fifteen millions a year for their support, and, according to Rev. Dr. Angus, the Gospel would thus be repeatedly preached to every man and woman and child upon the earth. Can this be done? Is it too much to expect this from all the evangelical churches in Christendom? Is the demand unreasonable? Considering the facts we think not. According to the same authority, it would not be one per cent. of the members of evangelical churches. Every hundredth man a missionary, and the want is met, and the whole world has a preached Gospel. Dr. Angus tells us that England sent as many men to the Crimea to take a single fortress; and that ten times that number of men were sacrificed on each side during the American war, and ten hundred millions of money were expended. The cost for these missionaries for ten years would be one hundred and fifty millions sterling. This sum appears enormous, but that single fortress, in the Crimean war, cost one hundred millions, and according to able statisticians, the drink traffic annually costs Great Britain, directly and indirectly, over two hundred and fifty millions; and shall the cause of Christ lack, and souls perish for want of these means? Do you ask how this sum is to be raised, we answer, by every Christian giving a little. Many give to missions, and give nobly; but there are thousands who give little or nothing. Regular subscribers gener-

ally give far too little. We want the one dollar men to become five dollar men; we want the twenty-five cent men to become one dollar men; and those who hitherto have given nothing, we want to give "according as the Lord hath prospered them." The motto should be: Every Christian a missionary. The appeal comes across the ocean to our young men: "Come over and help us!" Shall they ask in vain? If so many were willing to devote their services and their lives to their country, cannot we find fifty thousand among all the host of the redeemed on earth willing to go forth and preach the glad tidings to every creature, and win the heathen world to Christ? And cannot we find, amongst the generous hearts of Christian men and women, funds to support these labourers? Hear the noble words of the poet on this subject:—

"If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight."

H. O. S.

SOWING BY ALL WATERS.

During Dr. Charles H. Stitt's recent visit to the Southern Assembly, at a Sunday School meeting, the missionary, Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, sought to urge upon the church a love for the missionary work, and spoke of his labours during the many years that he was a missionary among the heathen. When he had finished, Dr. Stitt followed and said:—

"When I heard your live, veteran missionary's appeal to the children, I thought, 'How blessed are they who sow beside all waters!' I knew of a minister who spent many years on the western coast of Africa, and stood up for his Master amid privations and deadly malaria, scattering light for many leagues around on that beautiful region.

But it shone not alone in Africa. There was stationed there at that time an American Commodore, whose business it was to suppress the slave traffic. He was as brave and noble an officer as ever trod the deck, but he was an unconverted man. By his intercourse with the Christian missionary, the seeds of saving truth were sown; and after he returned home, God stirred up the soil by sharp and trying afflictions. One after another of his children died, until at last, he was written childless. Then the power of truth shone out in his humble, penitential confession of Christ, and his bold, consistent walk with God.

"I knew him well; he was my very dear friend. I saw him but a few months ago, and that manly form was bowed, the hair was whitened, and the step trembling. I was passing his door. He stopped me. 'Come in—come in; I want to talk with you.' I went in. The old man sailed his voyages over again, and expressed a desire for some change in his own department of the government. 'But,' said he, 'it matters not. I am on another voyage, and shall soon make my port.' I asked him how he felt. He said, 'I am afraid I'm too sure. But I know in

whom I have believed. He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him. My foundation is sure. My timbers are all staunch. I am sure of my port. The end of my voyage is glory. Won't you have prayer with me?'

"I did so, and on rising, he threw his arms around my neck and kissed me, and pointing upwards, he said with choked utterance, 'Yes, I know in whom I have believed. Oh! what good times we shall have up there!'

"That naval officer was Admiral Charles H. Bell, and that missionary was the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson. He does not know, until this moment, that he has been the instrument, in far-off Africa, in helping to lead that soul to Christ. Dear Children, stand by the missionaries, for the harvest is sure."

The effect was electric. Dr. Wilson's head was bowed down upon his hands, but his manly form was shaking like an aspen leaf, showing that the good tidings so suddenly and unexpectedly revealed to him were as much as his full heart could bear. The children wept, and the old men were in tears, and if there was a single dry eye in the large congregation, our own eyes were too full to see it.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to welcome the *Protestant*, a Monthly published by J. E. GRAFTON, Montreal, "to resist the political aggressions of Romanism in Canada, and to instruct in Protestant principles and doctrines." No one can deny but that work has to be done, and the "*Protestant*" seems, judging from the numbers that have reached us, both willing and able to do its share of the work very effectively. We wish it God speed in its mission.

The following remarks on Soirees, by a layman of education and social position, are given here because they may be useful to us, ministers and preachers, in letting us get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us.

"In the March number of THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, you make some severe strictures on Soirees. With the general tone of the article I cordially agree, and with yourself regret that congregations have to resort to

"such means for raising money for church purposes. However, the congregational Soiree has become an established institution in our midst, and if it is not turned to good account, if it is only made a means of raising money, and not a means of instructing the people, who is to blame? Manifestly those who address the people from the Soiree platform."

We interrupt the thread of our esteemed correspondent's remarks here, to say that it is the taste of the audience that gives the key-note to the entertainment, when men meet not to *preach* the truth, but to *please* the people. "They who live to please, must please to live." Whenever a man comes down from the platform of telling men the truth, whether they like it or not, to the platform of telling men what will please them, he is no longer a free-man, but the bond-slave of his audience, as Paul knew:—"If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ."

"While pulpit and pastoral duties have a first claim upon the time of our ministers, still other means of doing good, such as the press and the platform, cannot be neglected in our day, as many in the most remote districts of the backwoods, as well as in the most crowded centres of population, can only be reached by these means. The question then arises, what is the duty of the hour in the circumstances in which we are placed? Do our clerical teachers make the Soiree platform a means of educating the people? What is the character of the intellectual feast served up for the audience? One pleads Mondayishness as an excuse for not saying anything worth the hearing, another pleads unpreparedness, a third talks twaddle, a fourth retails stale anecdotes without point or humour, and generally they address themselves to please the lower instincts of our nature, instead of seeking to cultivate the tastes and elevate

"the intellectual and moral standard of their hearers."

Again we interrupt our brother to say that he is very hard on us: but "open rebuke is better than secret love: faithful are the wounds of a friend." Let him consider, however, what the fate is sometimes of those brethren who venture on a *solid* speech when the audience wants a *funny* one, and he will temper his "hearty counsel" with leniency.

"This does not, of course, hold good of all Soirees speaking, but it does of too much of it. There are many subjects outside, altogether, of those peculiar to the pulpit which are very suitable as texts for Soiree discourses, and which might be made the means of instructing as well as amusing. Not to seek far, we have, for instance, the subject of the Home and Foreign Missions of the Church, about which a very large proportion of even Church members know little or nothing. And it may be safely said that if the claims of these and kindred subjects were properly brought home to the hearts and consciences of the people, the collecting of money for the support of the Church at home and abroad would not be such up-hill work as it too often is in many places.

"However, I am no advocate for the Soiree. At least I regard it, as at present conducted, as a necessary evil, and I hope the time will soon come when the necessity for Soirees, socials, *et omnes hoc genus*, shall have passed away, when Christian liberality will be reduced to a system, and the people 'freely give' for the sake of the blessed Gospel which they have 'freely received;' but until that time does come it is the duty of the Church to turn those opportunities to the best account for advancing the intellectual, moral, and spiritual good of the people."