

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

THE FOUNDATIONS.—HOW TO STRENGTHEN THEM.

To get a solid foundation for a city is often a long, toilsome and expensive business. Before a single stone could be laid on another to build up the beautiful city of Venice, and the wealthy cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, thousands upon thousands of piles must needs be driven into the oozy, sandy bottom. As one walks through the palaces and churches of these cities, and admires the stately mansions that line the streets, he is apt to forget the men who cut down the trees in the remote forest, and shaped them into piles, and drove them with heavy hammers into the mud to carry cities on their heads.

Society has its foundations as well as cities. Beneath the outward activities of life seen in our streets, and fields, and mines, and woods, there is an unseen foundation on which the ponderous social fabric rests. What is that foundation? Some might answer, *It is physical force.* There is no doubt that the fear of the policeman's baton, the jail and the gallows, is to a large degree the foundation of our social order, especially among the lower classes in the large cities; but as many a bloody revolution shows, such a foundation is a very unsafe basis for society to rest on.

The opinion of others might be that the foundation on which modern society rests are our excellent Constitution and *Laws.* In well ordered society there is always a due respect for law, but the weight is not great that even this foundation can carry. It has been well remarked, "That no matter how good laws are, there is still needed an Act of Parliament to this effect: That all Acts of Parliament be enforced." In Europe there is indeed a certain degree of awe inspired by law, but this feeling is largely wanting on this side of the Atlantic, so that among us it is no uncommon thing for our statute books to contain laws that are allowed, (although good laws), to lie there as dead letter.

The cry was wont to be heard on every side that *secular education* is the true foundation of social order. There is no doubt that education is a good thing when well-directed, but there are startling facts that warrant us to call in question the safety of a community that trusts to mere intellectual knowledge as the foundation of social order. Intellectual elevation and moral degeneracy are often found together. "It may seem strange, says Gladstone, in his *Inventus Mundi*, that the two processes of *speculative ascent* and a *practical decline*, a mental discipline of the few and a general dissoluteness of life should be simultaneous.

But, so it was, even to the day of the last dying throes of Paganism. Never was the heathen creed, on its *intellectual* side, in a condition so sublimated, as when it perished under the blows of the Christian apologists; but, also, never had its *practical* power, as a religious system, elevating or constraining action, fallen so low as in the days when its votaries were habitually content to deify even monsters in human shape if they wore the imperial purple." A similar state of matters can be seen in our own day. Many of England's aristocracy are now embracing Popery in spite of their high intellectual attainments; and the *Rings* of New York, its defaulters, and defrauders, are men of keen intellect and good education. Education, therefore, of the mere intellect is no solid basis for social order.

The true stability of a people lies in something nobler than force, or law, or knowledge, it lies in pure and undefiled religion, or the cultivation and order in the moral nature of man. If the foundation of society is laid anywhere else but here there is no security, but the social edifice may crumble into ruins under its own weight, or at the first shock of revolution.

There is a feeling abroad, and we meet it in secular as well as in the religious press, that the foundations of modern society are out of joint and becoming more and more unsteady and unsafe. This is what the *Calcutta Statesman* says about India:—

"If we were asked to state the great deficiency in rural Bengal at this moment, we should have to use the phrase of French Conservatives of the day, and to declare that it was the want of moral order. External order has prevailed for years: No thought of rebellion or political riots ever occur in Bengal. Life and property are here as safe as in the most settled countries of Europe. That order which is upheld by the lawyer and the

policeman is supreme and undisturbed; but outside this circle all is chaos and confusion. As an illustration of what we mean, we may refer to the correspondence as to the offences against the marriage law. Complaints under this head used to be made in hundreds; they now come in thousands, and are still on the increase; and not one in fifty leads to a conviction. They are withdrawn, and allowed to fall through, or the magistrate is not satisfied with the evidence. The most experienced officers report that the lower classes are getting so very lax in this respect that they marry and divorce with so little form or publicity that it is almost impossible to afford to husbands the protection aimed at by our law. This is but one instance of the social anarchy which prevails in Bengal. The hold of society over the individual is gone. We have still the rod, the jail, and the gallows, but we have lost that voluntary organization, that power of opinion, that wholesome discipline, which experience shows to be as necessary as the more rough and hard sanctions of Government."

And this is what the *New York Herald* says of our continent in a recent issue:—

"There never was a time when a higher sense of the value of moral and Christian obligations was so necessary as it is now. Our politics are sordid and corrupt, and even business principles are wanting in business men. The teachings of religion and the chidings of conscience seem to have lost their hold upon the hearts of the people. This downward tendency of public and private morality is not only to be deprecated, but, if possible, to be remedied."

It is, therefore, a question of deep interest, as the *Herald* suggests: How this is to be remedied and the foundations of society strengthened.

1. *Let personal holiness be cultivated.*

It is a remark of Mr. Spurgeon, in introducing to his readers, "How a Puritan lived," that in our days "piety is frequently superficial, and meditation and religious exercises are much neglected." There can never be a sound condition of public morality and a healthy condition of the public conscience without a high standard of holiness on the part of Christians. "They are the salt of the earth; the light of the world." The words of Dr. Bonar, at the Perth Conference, are suitable to our times and ways in Canada:—

"In Mark i, verse 35, we have our Lord showing us in His life what He enjoined in his teaching. Christ was as real a Man as any one now here, but the man without sin, and so, just as truly as He drank water out of our wells for His bodily thirst, He for His human soul drew water out of the wells of salvation, and that in our own way—by prayer, by meditation, looking up to the Father. So He went a great while before day out from the place where He was staying to be alone, and there continued in prayer.

"How interesting it would be in our thoughts to follow Him. I think that night He must have spoken to the keeper of the gate of the town to let Him out early in the morning; and then, sleeping on the housetop, He could rise without disturbing anyone. It was quiet work with Him. He walks down that stair, and then out at the gate, and He goes through the fields; the stars were still shining, for it was 'a great while before day.' And so, dear friends, we have this lesson: we must be alone, alone with God, meditating, pleading with Him."

2. *Let family religion be upheld.* The family is a miniature kingdom. Of this kingdom the father is, in a sense, prophet, priest, and king. If he rules with steady, and skilful hand, he is thereby helping to build up the State. If he neglects his functions he

thereby is preparing the way for anarchy in the State. As the family is, so is the kingdom. This truth has been expressed by great statesmen in various ways, as, for instance, when Napoleon said that "France needed mothers;" but, better than the voice of any man, this great truth was once thundered from Sinai in the reason annexed in the fifth commandment—"That thy days may be long on the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." This promise is not a Jewish business, nor is it of private and personal application, but it is of general and lasting character. Of every nation, it is true, that God has given it the land on which it dwells; and it is also true, always, that the stability and duration of the nation depends on the state of family order and discipline. If, as children, men are not taught to fear God and reverence their parents, they can never be depended on to fear God and honour the King when they come to the state and offices of manhood. The first symptoms of national degeneracy appears always in the family and round the family altar. If the fires of devotion, faith and obedience are allowed to go out there, where can they be kindled, and what can prevent their utter extinction in the whole land. No kingdom ever survived long the extinction of family religion. Therefore, do we not hear such injunctions as these from the lips of the great Hebrew law-giver:—"Thou shalt teach these words diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and risest up."

2. *Let the Catechetical instruction of the people be revived by the churches.* In looking closely into the modes of teaching prevalent among the Jews, we find that the preacher merges often into the catechist. Our Redeemer paused frequently in his ministry to

ask and answer questions. When Philip joined himself to the Eunuch, his first salutation was, "Understandest thou what thou readeſt?" With that ſame queſtion ſhould paſtors come among their flocks. Paſtoral viſits inſtead of being viſits of form and ceremony, with the goſſip of the day richly interlarding the diſcourſe, ſhould be viſits on the buſineſs of the King, conducted in faithfulness and thoroughneſs as well as with deſpatch. Such a way of dealing with the flock would go a great way to open the eyes of miniſters as to the ſtyle of preaching ſuited in their pulpits, and would, alſo, go far to bring down the inordinate conceit of ſome men who have an idea, as long as they are never queſtioned, of the meagreneſs, and miſtineſs of their theological knowledge.

4. *Let the preaching of the day be directed to the conſciences of men.* The beſt definition of man is, "A being built up around conſcience." The ſoul of man lifts his body up above the lower animals; but the conſcience lifts the ſoul to the image and fellowſhip of God. It is to their conſcience the Bible appeals. The preaching that has always been moſt effective in producing revivals of religion, and reformation of manners, was like that of Peter on the day of Pentecoſt, like the preaching of Luther, and of Edwards—a preaching to the conſcience—a reaſoning with men of "righteouſneſs, temperance, and judgment to come." But of late there has been coming in on the land a ſtyle of preaching ad-dreſſed to the lower faculties, to the intellect, feelings, or the imagination, or the manhood, whatever that means, to the neglect of the regal faculty—the conſcience. The tendency of ſome

kinds of preaching is to obſcure the juſtice of God, to excuſe, paint and palliate ſin, to pet and flatter the ſinner, until men, in ſome quarters and under ſuch preachers as Beecher, are beginning to feel and act as if conſcience was the lackey and not the lord, the ſervant and not the ſupreme maſter in manſoul. The pulpit muſt awaken the conſcience of the nation and keep it awake, or elſe our boated civilization will only haſten our deſcent into a general defection of morals and corruption of manners. It is a clear underſtanding of whither the maſſes are drifting, in ſpite of ſchools and newspapers, that makes the ſecular preſs of Britain and the United States ſo favourable to the effort being made by Moody and Sankey, to awaken the conſciences of men, and to call them to lives of faith and good works.

It is wrong for any of our readers to put theſe things away from himſelf, as if he had no call to the work of making ſtronger the defences of our national life. In the days of old, when the walls of Jeruſalem had to be raiſed in troublous times, every man put his hand to the work. We read that all the people builded: the prieſts and Levites were in the work, as juſtly they ought to be; and ſo were the nobles and the people; the merchants and the goldſmiths; the ſingers and the apothecries, every one was in the work, each one raiſing what of the wall was oppoſite his own houſe. "So the wall was finiſhed in fifty-two days." And what next? "And it came to paſs, that when all the enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were round about us ſaw theſe things, they were much caſt down in their own eyes; for they perceived that this work was wrought of our God."

Giving Preachers.

(Continued from last month.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF A GREAT QUESTION —“ TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.”

An Address to the People on the Settlement of a Pastor.

BY THE REV. ROBERT DEWAR, LAKE SHORE, ONTARIO.

3. SPIRITUAL MINDEDNESS.—Spiritual mindedness is the mind in harmony with God and with His will, the mind conformed to the dictates of the spirit, the mind full of the desire and intent on the pursuit of divine things, the mind making it the aim of all its actions to cultivate the graces of the spirit, and to submit to His influences. This quality of mind is necessary to understand and apply the truth. Let us think it out in this double aspect. First, spiritual mindedness is necessary to understand the truth. A man is often surrounded with scenes of interest and of beauty without even knowing anything about them; or, he may pass beyond what is familiar to him through scenes of exquisite beauty, and yet he is not charmed with them, or even moved by them, simply because he lacks the sense of beauty, and is, therefore, incapable of relishing anything of the kind. The same thing hold true as well in grace as in nature. Christ is the chief of ten thousand, and all together lovely; but to the man whose mind is not turned from earthly to heavenly things, Christ appears the very opposite of all this excellency. For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no

form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. Again, spiritual things are to the spiritual man things of beauty, and the constant objects of his desire. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. Men may explain the one and the other to us; but, being initiated into neither of them, we can not apprehend them with appreciation. The poet may expatiate with enraptured soul to us on the beauties of nature, but he does so in vain if we do not possess a taste for the beautiful. The philosopher may discourse with great pathos to us on the fine adaptations and exact fitnesses of things all around us in the economy of nature; but, if we have no previous insight into them, his labour, so far as we are concerned, is labour in vain. In like manner the servant of God may unfold, to those who sit under his ministry, the truth as it is in Jesus; but, inasmuch as many of them are not under the guidance and influence of the Spirit of God, they do not apprehend it in its spiritual significance, or they do not find a sweetness and excellency in divine things, so as to incline their mind towards them. He may, indeed, present the truth to them with so much clearness of thought, and fascination of style, as to excite their admiration of it in its outward sense; but they, notwithstanding, have no knowledge of its inward sense, or they are strangers to the sentiments, the thoughts, and the views which the Spirit produces within the soul of the believer. They understand the truth as a bare intellectual proposition, but

not the word of God. He may, therefore unfold to them the grand doctrines of the cross, but they do not understand them in their peculiar sense, because the rays of their intelligence do not lie in the high altitudes of the spiritual, but in the low plains of the carnal. Is not, then, spiritual mindedness needed that you may know the truth savingly and to profit? How revelant to you, as well as to the Colossians, is the prayer of Paul: "We do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.—Second. Spiritual mindedness is necessary to apply the truth. Considered as a bare intellectual proposition, the truth, whenever enunciated, always makes its own impression—is always seen, at first glance, to be true. Afterwards it may be confirmed or neglected, according to the state, the spiritual condition of him who hears the truth. We learn, from biographical sketches given us in Holy Writ and elsewhere, as well as from our own conscious experience, what state of mind is necessary to prepare us for giving serious attention to the Gospel. It was not till the conscience of the jailor was alarmed that he began to inquire what he should do to be saved. We know with what indifference we listen to a discourse which does not interest us. While it excites, perhaps, the liveliest emotions in others, it procures our attention with difficulty. Such is the nature of the Gospel, that without a peculiar train of sentiments and affections, it must be the most insipid of all subjects. What pleasure can a person, whose thoughts are engrossed by the pursuits of the present life, and who is careless of his immortal soul, what pleasure can he derive from hearing of the love of God in giving His only begotten Son, and of Jesus Christ in dying upon the cross for our salvation;

of the riches of divine grace in the justification of the ungodly, and of the sanctifying influences of the spirit? While the awakened sinner grasps at every word of consolation which the Gospel speaks, the secure sinner, who stands in as much need of salvation as he, yawns and sleeps, or regards it merely as a tale of other times and other men. It is the wounded heart which feels the virtue of the balsam of divine grace. They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick. It is, therefore, the first concern of all to acquire the knowledge of their own character, which is the foundation of spiritual wisdom."

4. **EARNEST PRAYER** to know the truth as the word of God, for your spiritual good. Prayer is our speech unto God, the hearer and answerer of prayer; when we read His word, God speaks unto us in the truth concerning our salvation; when we pray unto God, we speak to Him in terms of the truth concerning what pertains to our salvation. There is thus a mutual correspondence between the God of truth and the recipient of truth, and that, too, through the truth as it is in Jesus. Well, as the truth is the medium of communication between God and man, the renewed soul rises up unto God in the prayer: "Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes." If you would, therefore, know the truth, pray unto God that He would enable you to understand the truth; and also for him who is placed over you in the Lord to teach you the truth. These two things are united together as means to obtain a knowledge of the truth. Do not neglect them, nor separate them, but practise them together, that you may abound in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. First. Pray unto God that He would enable you to understand the truth. This David often did, as in the language, "Teach me, O Lord, the way

of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I will keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." This, too, you will often do, if you are the children of God. You will often pray that God would give you an insight into the truth; that God would give you to understand the truth in its spiritual sense, and to apply it aright to the life; that God would give you gracious discoveries of Himself through the truth, in order to increase your faith; to brighten your hope, and to enliven in you all the fruits of the spirit. Now, if you thus pray unto God to supply all your spiritual wants, and to enrich you with all spiritual blessings, will He not come unto you in all its fullness to perfect you in the preparation and symmetry of the Christian character? Of this there can be no doubt, for you are thus assured: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not and it shall be given him." Besides, prayer is the best preparation the mind can make to receive and enjoy the truth, as the word of God. Hence, to the mind of him who has often been engaged with God in prayer to know the truth, comes the truth, with Heaven's light, with Heaven's blessing, and with Heaven's enjoyment. But if you do not pray unto God to know the truth, will God disclose Himself to you in the truth? or will you see God in the truth when proclaimed unto you by His servant? Just, as in the one case, you are fully assured that He will, so in the other, you are equally assured that He will not show Himself to you in the truth. Hence, "The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him; and if you seek him, He will be found of you; but if you forsake Him, He will forsake you." Second. Prayer for the servant of God that he may come forth full of God, and of the things of God unto

you in the proclamation of the Gospel. The people of God thus pray unto Him, as in the language: "Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength. Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let thy saints shout for joy." What response did God make to this prayer for His blessing upon them in the public ordinances of religion? He spoke to them in the gracious words, "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have desired it. I will abundantly bless her provision; I will satisfy her poor with bread. I will also clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy." God has in His goodness appointed the gospel ministry to supply all the deep religious wants of His people, and to bestow upon them the unspeakable riches of His grace; to correct the defects or blemishes in their religious character, and to beautify them in holiness; to counteract circumstances adverse to the divine life, or influences subversive of personal religion, or temptations seductive from the paths of righteousness, and to strengthen them in their religious sentiments, principles, and habits. Now, if you entreat God to bless His servant for your spiritual good, will not God lead His servant to speak to you in the fullness of the Gospel? If you entreat God to bless Zion's provisions for your spiritual good, will not God, through the ministrations of His servant, abound towards you in His grace, and make that grace sufficient for you? If you entreat God to bless His servant for your aid in conflict, will not God, through the ministrations of his servants, impart unto you light in darkness, strength in weakness, and help in the hour of temptation? And, as you thus entreat God to bless you with all things needful through the ministry of His word, you will find in your blessed experience that God speaks direct to you through His servant, and every-

thing spoken is united to your case, your wants, your cravings, your desires, and aspirations. But, if you do not, the public ordinances of religion will be to you as wells without water.

The Gospel ministry is one of the

greatest boons that God has conferred upon man—an institution designed by God to minister to the life, growth, power, and beauty of His Church on earth; wherefore value it high, and use it with all regularity and diligence for your spiritual and eternal good.

Poetry.

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

BY FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.

O, to be over yonder,
 In that bright land of wonder,
 Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harps do ring;
 To be free from care and sorrow,
 And the anxious dread to-morrow—
 To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King.

O, to be over yonder,
 My longing heart grows fonder
 Of looking to the far-off East, to see the day-star bring
 Some tidings of the awaking,
 Of the cloudless, pure day breaking—
 My heart is yearning, yearning for the coming of the King.

O, to be over yonder,
 Alas! I sigh and ponder;
 Why clings this poor weak heart of mine to any earthly thing?
 For each earthly tie must sever,
 And must pass away forever—
 There's no more separation in the presence of the King.

O, to be over yonder,
 The longing groweth stronger;
 When I see the nest-bound wild dove cleave the air on rapid wing,
 I long for her fleet pinions
 To reach the Lord's dominions,
 And satisfy my weary soul in presence of the King.

O, to be over yonder,
 In that blest land of wonder,
 Where life and light and sunshine beam most fair on everything;
 Where the day-beam is unshaded,
 And pure, pure as He who made it;—
 O, the land of cloudless sunshine, where Jesus is the King.

O, when shall I be dwelling
 Where angel voices, swelling
 In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring;
 Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
 And the morning star is beaming,—
 O, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

O, when shall I be yonder?
 My heart's desire grows stronger
 To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing;
 Up within those heavenly places,
 Where the angels veil their faces,
 In awe and adoration, in presence of the King.

O, soon, soon I'll be yonder,
 All lonely as I wander,
 Waiting for the welcome summons, longing for the bird's fleet wing;
 Though the midnight might be dreary,
 And the way be long and weary,
 There's no more shadow yonder in the presence of the King.

From volume of Poems published by Randolph & Co.

A WORD FOR THE MOTHERS.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
 Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while;
 And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
 The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed, with a gentle "good night!"
 The mantle of shadows is veiling the light;
 And may be—God knows—on this sweet little face,
 May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!"
 It may be the last you will say it for aye!
 The night may be long ere you see them again;
 And motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
 And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
 A guard of bright angels around them invite,
 The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night.—*Living Epistle.*

DR. TAYLER LEWIS'S RHYTHICAL VERSION OF THE BOOK
OF JOB.

FURTHER SELECTIONS BY REV. DR. BOOTH.

THE JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH.

JOB IX. 1-13, 32-35.

Then answered Job and said :

Most surely do I know that so it is.
For how shall mortal man be just with God ?
Be it His will to call him to account—
For one in thousand of his sins no answer can he make.
Most wise in heart, most strong in might,
Who braves Him with impunity ?

'Tis He that moves the mountains, and they know it not
Who overturneth them in His fierce wrath ;
Who makes the earth tremble from its place,
Its strong foundations rock.
'Tis He who bids the sun, and it withholdeth its rays
Who sealeth up the stars ;
Who bent the heavens all alone,
And walks upon the mountain waves ;
Who made the Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades,—
The hidden constellations of the South ;
Who doth mighty works—unsearchable,—
And wonders infinite.

Lo ! He goes by me, but I see Him not :
Sweeps past, but I perceive him not ;
See ! He assails ; then who shall turn him back ?
Or who shall say to Him, what doest thou ?
(Vain check !) Eloah turns not back His wrath
Until the boldest aids go down beneath His hand.

For He is not a man like me, that I should answer Him.
In judgment, then, together might we come.
But now there is no umpire who can chide,
And lay his tempering hand upon us both.
O, would He take His rod away ;
So that His terror might not awe my soul ;
Then fearless would I plead my cause ;
For now I'm not myself.

IS MORTAL MAN IMMORTAL ?

—
JOB XIV. 1-15.
—

——Man of woman born ;
Few are his days, and full of restlessness.
He comes forth like a flower, and is mown down ;
Flees like a passing shadow—makes no stay. -
On such a being openest thou thine eye,
To bring me into judgment with thyself?
O could there come one pure from the impure !

But there is no such one.

If now his days are all decreed,
And fixed the number of his months by thee ;
If thou hast set a bound he cannot pass ;
Then turn away from him and let him rest,
Till like a hireling he enjoy his day.

For a tree there still is hope.
Cut down, it springs again ;
Nor do its suckers fail.
Though in the earth its roots be old,
Its stump all dead and (buried) in the dust ;
From waters inhalation will it bud,
And send forth shoots like a new planted stem.
But man—he dies and fallen wastes away ;
Man draws his parting breath, and where is he ?
As fail the waters from the sea :
As wastes the flood and drieth up,—
So man lies down to rise no more ;
Until the heavens be gone, they ne'er awake,
Nor start them from their sleep.

(*A brief pause.*)

O that in Sheol thou would'st lay me up ;
That thou would'st hide me till thy wrath shall turn,—
Set me a time, and then remember me.

(*A musing silence.*)

Ah, is it so ? When man dies, does he live again ?
Then all the days appointed me I'll wait,
Till my reviving come.
Then thou wilt call, and I will answer thee ;
For thou wilt yearn towards thy handy work.

THE KINSMAN REDEEMER.

JOB XIX.

Then Job answered and said :

How long grieve ye my soul?
 And crush me with your words.
 Ten times it is that ye have stung me thus ;
 Devoid of shame, ye act as strangers to me.

Be it so, then, that I have erred ;
 My error lodges with myself.
 If still against me ye exalt yourselves,
 And plead against me my reproach,—
 Then be assured that God hath cast me down ;
 'Tis He that overspreads me with His net.
 Behold I cry of wrong, but am not heard ;
 I cry aloud, but there is no redress.
 For He hath fenced my road ; I cannot pass :
 And darkness doeth he set o'er all my ways.
 My glory from me hath He stripped,
 And from my head the crown removed.
 On all sides doth He crush me ; I am gone ;
 And like a tree uproots He all my hope.
 Against me doth He make His anger hot,
 And counts me as His foe.
 Together draw His troops ;
 At me cast up their way ;
 Around my tent they camp.
 My brethren far away has he removed,
 And mine acquaintance from me are estranged.
 My kinsmen all have failed,
 And my familiar friends forgotten me.
 Domestic,—maidens,—as a stranger hold me now ;
 I am become an alien in their eyes.
 Unto my servant do I call ; he answers not ;
 I have to supplicate him with my mouth.
 My temper to my wife is strange,—
 My yearning for the children that she bare.
 Yes—even the very boys despise me now ;
 They flout at me when I attempt to rise.
 Men of my counsel from me all recoil ;
 And those I loved are turned against the sight ;
 My bone fast cleaving to my skin and flesh,—
 All shrunk away the covering of my teeth!

Have pity; O have pity—ye my friends;
 For 'tis Eloah's hand that toucheth me.
 But why, like God, should ye pursue?
 And not be satiated from my flesh?

(Pause.)

O, that my words were written now;
 O, that they were upon the record graved,
 With pen of iron, and of lead,—
 Upon the rock cut deep—a witness evermore.

(A brief silence.)

*I know that my Redeemer lives;
 And o'er my dust, Survivor, shall He stand.
 My skin all gone, this remnant they may rend;
 Yet from my flesh shall I Eloah see;—
 Shall see Him mine;—
 Mine eyes shall see Him—stranger now no more.*
 (For this) with longing faints my inmost soul.

(Pause.)

Yes, ye shall say why persecute we him?
 And seek to find in me a root of blame?
 Beware—Beware—the sword.
 For there is wrath; yea sins (that call) the sword;
 That ye may surely know that judgment is.

HYMN OF JUDGMENT.

TUNE,—“Jesus I my cross have taken”

Righteous God, whose vengeful vials
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
 While thou visitest the nations,
 Thy selected people spare,
 Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

If thy dreadful controversy,
 With all flesh is now begun,
 In thy wrath remember mercy,
 Mercy first and last be shown;

Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.

By the signals of thy coming,
Soon, we know, thou wilt appear,
Evil with thy breath consuming,
Setting up thy kingdom here ;
Thy last heavenly revelation
These tremendous plagues forerun,
Judgment ushers in salvation,
Seats thee on thy glorious throne.

Earth unhinged, as from her basis,
Owns her great Restorer nigh,
Plunged in complicate distresses,
Poor distracted sinners cry :
Men, their instant doom deploring,
Faint beneath their fearful load ;
Ocean working, rising, roaring,
Claps his hands to meet his God.

Every fresh alarming token,
More confirms thy faithful word,
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken),
Must be suddenly restored :
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise !

Vanish from this world of shadows,
Pass the former things away ;
Lord appear, appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day :
O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside,
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend, and take thy bride.

Charles Wesley, 1756.

Christian Thought.

EMOTIONAL RELIGION.

There are two distinct types of religious thought and life, marked by opposite tendencies, and producing widely different effects on the communities and individuals under their influence. The one is calmly and clearly intellectual. Regarding religion with the deepest veneration, it seeks a temper of mind which shall be free from all disturbing elements of human feeling and excitement. It is chiefly concerned with the contemplation of the divine attributes, and thinks of God as abstract and absolute justice, power, truth. The other is fervent and emotional. It aims to call into play all the sentiments and affections of the heart, and to express them, fully and freely, in an impulsive and, using the word in its true meaning, excited worship. Filled with the absorbing sense of the divine personality and sympathy, it is naturally occupied with the idea of man's personal relations to God, as interpreted in the light of the emotions. These two types, each including a number of varied forms, ranging from moderation to extremism, have ruled at different times and in fluctuating proportion over the religion of men.

The latter is always characteristic of those great spiritual movements which we call revivals. Not that the other is necessarily excluded or ignored in such movements. But their predominant tendency is emotional; their marked feature is a wide-spread and unusual excitement. It is to this tendency, then, in fact, that so many Christians are just now looking forward, and for which they are so earnestly and hopefully praying. If it comes, it will not merely amount to

a change in the religious fashions of the day, affecting only the popular modes of worship and conversation. It must have a deep influence on the inner life of the people whom it touches. It must bring with it special perils and special blessings.

The history of the Church, as well as the natural probabilities of the case, teach us that times of great excitement on religious subjects have peculiar dangers. Chief among these is the danger of mistaking merely human, and even physical, feelings for something spiritual and divine. The line that separates the body and its sensations from the soul and its emotions is slender and vague. It is difficult to distinguish clearly between them. They act and react upon each other. A familiar illustration of this is found in the emotional effect of a great mass of human voices singing in measured cadence. Who has not felt and acknowledged this wondrous power? How sublime, how intense is that thrill of exaltation which penetrates the very depths of being, as the choral music of a vast throng, rising like a mighty tide, filled with throbs of passion, and crested with strange harmony, sweeps over the soul and bears it away on a resistless flood. The influence is grand and real. Time and again it has inspired men to deeds of glory, and fused the hearts of a populace into a single Titanic force. But remember that this influence is largely, if not altogether, physical. The same power to thrill the heart that dwells in the praise-song of a great congregation pervades the wild chorus of a Parisian "Marseillaise." It is a power as dangerous as it is all-conquering; and unless, before we surrender ourselves to the

tide, we know whither it will bear us, and are surely determined to commit our fortunes to its guidance, we are apt, when it subsides, and the calmer reason begins to look around, to find ourselves where we little expected, and have no right to be.

The same thing is true of the inexplicable magnetic atmosphere of crowds. The very pressure of a multitude seems to generate an emotional heat. The air of a congregation is often as densely charged with excitement as a thunder-cloud with electricity. It can be felt in an almost oppressive suspense. None but the strongest mind can resist the power of such an air; and even the strongest is touched and swayed more easily while he is breathing it. The words that move a vast audience to tears or laughter would seem tame and flat, if recited to a single listener. Spiritual excitement and fervor is often only a result of that unconscious sympathy which pervades a mass of people.

But granting that this peril has been safely passed; granting that, by whatever means, genuine religious emotion has been excited; there is

then another and more subtle danger; the mistake of accepting the emotion as "the be all and the end all;" of regarding religion as a matter of feeling, not of principle. Mysticism, and that weak, watery dilution of sentimentalism called the gospel of manhood, lie in that direction. The experience of practical life, if it teaches anything, teaches that the feelings of the moment are no safe guide to action, and that, even in the social world, the man who relies upon impulse and sentiment to regulate his conduct is worse than a broken reed. There must be an underlying basis of deep-settled conviction; an organized body of principles, through which the emotional nature may pour its vivifying and energizing force. A purely sentimental religion is as unnatural and flabby a thing as that infant phenomenon who recently made his *debut* into the world, destitute of a spinal column. And it is just this framework, this hard and uncomely skeleton of doctrine and discipline, that is apt to be forgotten in the religion of revival times.—*Selected.*

Christian Life.

THE COBBLER OF HAMBURG.

On a fine summer evening, in the city of Hamburg, a shoemaker sat at work beneath an awning in front of his shop-window. Crowds of artisans were passing in the street; and above his head was a starling, which seemed to keep up a busy talk with its kind owner; for while it sang and chattered, the happy cobbler would sing one of his fine old German psalm tunes.

While thus engaged, a young Jewish student stopped, and said: "Well, friend, you seem a merry fellow."

Hans looked up, and replied: "Merry! to be sure. I am right merry, my brother; and why should I not be so?"

"All are not so," replied the student, with a sigh; "and your poverty might afford a sufficient excuse for sadness. I confess, friend, I am surprised to see a poor man like you so cheerful."

"Poor!" exclaimed Hans; "how knowest thou, friend, how my account stands with the bank? Poor! I am richer than thou knowest."

"It may be so," said the student, with a smile. "I must have heard of

thy name in the Exchange, or of thy ships, but I have forgotten when."

"Enough," said Hans; "thou hast confessed thine ignorance of me;" and then stopping his work he said calmly and solemnly: "Stranger, I am not poor; I am a *King's son*."

The Jewish student, with an incredulous smile, made a low bow, and went on his way.

It was even so, though the world knew him not, no more than it knew its Elder Brother. That poor artisan was an adopted son of the Great King; his name was known in the palace of the Golden City; and his prayers and alms had come up as memorials to his honor. He had much wealth laid up where thieves could not break through and steal. He had his Father's will in his hand, which he read attentively from day to day, and thought often of his mansion, his crown, his titles, and his enduring possessions; and he was, in patient endurance as well as in lively anticipation, fulfilling the good pleasure of his Father till the time to receive his inheritance should come.

A week passed away, the student came again to the cobbler's door, and making a low bow, with his cap in his hand he said, "Good evening* to your royal highness."

"Ha, friend!" cried Hans. "I am glad to see you again. You left me abruptly the other evening. I suppose you thought me mad. I am not so. I tell you again I am a King's son. When you interrupted me I was singing a song about my kingdom. Would you like to hear it?"

"Surely, if it pleases your royal highness," replied the Jew, doubting the cobbler's sanity.

Hans sung a hymn about "Thy kingdom come," and then asked the Jew if he understood its meaning. His reply was a shake of the head. Upon which Hans began to pour out his soul in explanation of the king-

dom of his Messiah, about the promise in Eden, its fulfillment in the coming; death, resurrection, and reign of Christ, of whose kingdom every subject was a son and joint-heir to all its riches and honors.

The Jew stood gazing upon him with his full black eye, and so absorbed with all he heard, that he was only aroused as from a waking dream by Hans taking him by the arm, and saying:

"Now thou see'st I am a King's son, and why I am happy; for I know and love this Jesus, and all things are mine, whether life or death, things present or things to come; and, young man," he asked, with emphasis, "believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. For, unless I mistake thy countenance greatly, thy fathers did; and thou, my son, believing in them, ought also to believe in Him whom they foretold, and whom God hath sent to perform the mercy promised to thy fathers, and to remember His holy covenant, the oath which He swore to thy father Abraham."

The Jew was silent before the truth of God: Unutterable thoughts passed through his mind. From curiosity he was led to inquiry, and from inquiry to knowledge. Like Moses beholding the miracle of the burning bush, he felt that he must turn aside and examine. "Where," he asked, meekly, "can I learn more of this? for I see that thou believest and hast peace."

"From this book," said Hans, handing him a Bible. "Go home and read there about the kingdom, and return to me when thou hast studied the passages I shall point out to thee. I shall, like Moses, pray for thee, and ask *One* to plead for thee whom thou knowest not, but who knoweth thee, and who is greater than Moses."

The young Jew grasped the hand of the cobbler, made a respectful bow,

and departed. He had seen and heard something wonderful, and he resolved to know more about it. He had seen a man in humble life happier than any noble or king, and who appeared to have acquired the habits and manners of a new life. His religion seemed to have enobled him, so that it touched his worldly calling and made it honorable; touched his station in society, and rendered it not unworthy of one holding good rank in the household of God. It was evident that rank with God and wealth with him did not depend upon externals; for the honorables of heaven were often poor, and yet might convey the greatest riches to others. This cobbler enjoyed all the privileges of his Father's house. The shadow of the throne was over him, he communed with the King, and received constant supplies of grace from the fountain of all grace, communicated by the Holy Spirit. So the Jewish student read, and weighed the evidences of the New Testament in comparison with the Old. He came to Hans and conversed about his doubts and discoveries and expectations; and the poor disciple became the teacher

of the lettered student. The result was his conversion to the faith of Christ. He became the Rev. Mr. N——, for many years an eminent and successful missionary to his Jewish brethren in Siberia.

Let every Christian remember his rank; see that he does not dishonor it; but in every way recommend it to the attention of the world. It does not become a king's son to adopt the manners of a clown. The sons of God should be without reproach, and shine as lights in the world, putting always *first* the interests of their Father's house. He who belongs to heaven's nobility should be above the world's mendicacy. It was an old saying in the primitive times of the church: "I am a Christian, and such conduct is not permitted unto me;" and he who remembers God's words, "I will be a Father unto you," should so dignify his calling as to render it the greatest power on earth for the benefit of mankind. When God's children more fully prove by their whole lives that their names are enrolled in the heraldry of the New Jerusalem, converts will be everywhere multiplied.—*Cottage and Artizan.*

Christian Work.

We are indebted to the pages of *Evangelical Christendom* for much of the information given below.

LAY REPRESENTATION IN WESLEYAN CHURCH.

The rights of the Christian laity have been the theme of animated debate in the recent Conference of the Wesleyans. In no Protestant communion whatever can these rights

henceforth be overlooked. Steps have been taken by Convocation with a view to representation of the lay element in the English Church. A joint committee of both provinces has affirmed the principle that the laity should be represented, and has suggested a plan whereby that end may be attained. Events now indicate that the Wesleyan body may be expected soon to follow their example. In Ireland that denomination has re-

solved that in the administration of Church affairs the lay element shall henceforth, have a larger share than hitherto, and they have applied to the Central Conference to sanction this resolve. In the discussions that have ensued there has been manifested in some quarters an unwillingness to concede the contemplated change. It is perceived that if the constitution of the Wesleyans be thus altered in Ireland, a similar alteration must shortly be adopted in England as well; and it is contended by some authorities that as the original constitution of the Conference was clerical, such a change would revolutionize the body. As, however, this objection is more theoretical than practical, and none of a more substantial character seem to be alleged—since, moreover, many of the ministers in Conference strongly advocate the principle now sought to be applied,—it is more than probable that another twelve months will witness its adoption. Practically, even now the power of Wesleyan laymen is not small, but nevertheless they legitimately seek its extension and its formal recognition by the Conference. Committees have been appointed for the consideration of the whole subject, and so constituted as to obtain the fullest expression of the opinion both of the laity and the ministers. These committees will report to the next Conference, and the settlement of this question, so fraught with interest to the entire Methodist community, has been accordingly deferred until another year.

OLD CATHOLIC CONFERENCE.

Special interest attaches to the proceedings of the Old Catholic Conference at Bonn, its main object being to ascertain whether any satisfactory basis of union could be laid down, mainly in respect of Christian doc-

trine, between the Old Catholic and the Russo-Greek and Anglican communions. The chief result has been the adoption of a common formula on the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Ghost, concerning which for nearly a thousand years the Eastern Church has been divided from the Western. Those who have read this formula and the debates by which it was preceded, may not improbably consider that the points discussed belong rather to the domain of scholastic and metaphysical theology than to that of practical and living union between communities of earnest Christian men. No one, of course, pretends that the questions between the Churches have been finally disposed of. The work thus begun is admitted by its friends to be very far indeed from its completion; but it is regarded by them as something for the official representatives of these various churches to have met together, to have recognized each other as Christian men, and to have agreed upon a common basis of doctrine as the foundation of their faith. The effect as regards the promotion of Christian union, will not, so far as we can judge, be very great. We learn that next year the promoters of the Conference will further prosecute the work they have begun. That the ultimate issue of their efforts might be, not union alone, but the purification of all the churches represented in this Conference from the errors and superstitions which may still obscure their faith, corrupt their worship, or prevent their spiritual growth, must be the hearty desire of every Evangelical Protestant who has read the report of their proceedings. Meanwhile, we need hardly point out that this "Church union" and the Christian union, of which the Evangelical Alliance is the best exponent, are very different things. The founders of the Alliance distinctly re-

puated any attempt to amend the creeds of Christendom, or to seek for union upon any church basis whatever. They renounced the speculative for the practical, the ecclesiastical for the spiritual. And it will be seen that attempts upon any other basis must, sooner or later, prove utterly abortive.

SPAIN.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN PERIL.

From this sentinel-like station, opposite Spain, and in contact with thousands of Spaniards, I have been watching closely and anxiously the course of events in that long-distracted land, so far as they affect the interests of religious liberty; and it is with deepest concern I have now to report that the worst apprehensions appear likely to be transformed into deplorable realities.

In May last those who placed young Alfonso on the throne of Spain by a military "pronunciamento," succeeded in persuading the notabilities of the several political parties, such as ex-Ministers of State, ex-Senators, and the like, to assemble together, accepting the accomplished fact of the restored monarchy, in order to nominate a Commission, representing the various shades of politics, for the purpose of concocting a new Constitution. It need scarcely be stated that the "Ultras"—the Carlist, Republican, and Federal factions—were, of course, excluded from the assemblage which purported to combine all the wisdom in the land. Senor Castelar, whose glowingly eloquent oratory, depicting the thunders and lightning of Sinai and the marvellous scene of Calvary, turned the scale in favour of religious liberty in the Constituent Cortes of 1860, was not among them, nor many other alike enlightened Liberals. This Assembly elected a Commission

of thirty-nine of its members, who, in turn, named a Sub-Commission of nine to prepare the basis of the new Constitution, or, to put it in Spanish phraseology, "to prepare the basis of a common legality which might be acceptable to the 'Moderados,' the 'Unionistas,' and the Constitutionals." The Sub-Commission, after warm discussions, agreed, by a vote of eight against one, on the following formula on the religious question, which I translate verbatim:—

"The nation binds itself to support the worship and the ministers of the Catholic religion, which is that of the State. Nobody will be molested in the Spanish territory for his religious opinions, or for the exercise of their respective religions (*cultos*), saving the respect due to Christian morality. Nevertheless, no other ceremonies or public manifestations will be permitted than those of the religion of the State."

The basis containing this clause on the religious question was submitted to the Commission of thirty-nine, in which many stormy debates occurred on this most important matter, with the following practical result: Out of the thirty-nine, twenty-three voted for religious toleration, eight against it, and the rest were either absent or abstained from voting. The eight belong to the faction known as the "historical Moderados," who want to carry matters back to the condition they were in under the Constitution of 1845. In other words, they are the most reactionary, and as intolerant as the Carlists themselves. They have since, it is reported, met several times in consultation, and have decided to withdraw from the Commission, not to sign the basis, and to put forth a "manifesto" to the nation, stating their reasons of dissent on the religious question, and pleading the cause of religious unity. They are backed by all the influence and power

of an intriguing priesthood, now so preponderant, and by popular petitions against toleration, which the latter are getting up wherever they can.

Such is the actual state of this most important question, and this is the meagre result arrived at! The French papers understand by it simply the toleration of *private worship*; and they are, I think, quite right in their interpretation, for it is no longer a question of religious liberty, but of a very doubtful and wretchedly defined species of tolerance. No wonder, then, that Senor Calderon Collantes should be reported as saying, in discharge of his conscience for voting in favor of the basis, that the article or clause should be perfectly acceptable to the most fervid Catholic, since under it any two persons talking of religion in the Puerta del Sol might be carried to prison! It is true, the President of the Sub-Commission alleged that absolute inviolability to places of worship and to cemeteries is assured by it; but, as the *Imparcial*, a Liberal Madrid paper, asks, what would be the value of any such favourable interpretation once the Constitution is in force, and a reactionary or intolerant Ministry in power? The fact is, it is simply a deceitful attempt to conciliate all parties for the time being,—the bigots and fanatics, by pointing to the literal meaning and bearings of the clause; and the Liberals, by a construction which is wholly dependent on the will or whim of the Ministry in power. Given a Moderado or Unionist Ministry, and all that could be got out of the clause, judicially or legally interpreted, is, that no one will be persecuted for differing in thought on religious questions, or for closing the door of his private chamber and kneeling down in prayer!

The sooner this deceitful handling of a question so sacred in itself, and involving so many vital interests, is exposed to public opinion, the better

for Spain itself and for the cause of liberty of conscience. Is it not time for the Alliance and the friends of religious freedom throughout the Christian world to raise their voices against this miserable trifling with the sacred rights of conscience? It cannot be too soon to bring the subject before our excellent Foreign Secretary, Lord Derby, and the German champion of the liberties of the subject against the overbearing and intolerable yoke of Popery—Prince Bismarck.

The importance of this subject forbids me dwelling upon any other matter in these lines. I wish rather to rivet the reader's attention to it, and to enlist the prayers and earnest efforts of all in defence of the rights of conscience in Spain; for, after five years' residence and mission work in that land, I feel most deeply convinced that if Spain is to be saved from evil wars, constant disorders, financial ruin, and utter degradation and dissolution, it can only be through the spread of Evangelical Christianity among her people.

A. BENOLIEL.

GERMANY.

THE STRUGGLE WITH ROME.

There are some rumors going about of peace. Perhaps they are premature, but it is always a hopeful sign that they begin to exist. The report of negotiations between our Government and the Pope, through the German Ambassador and the Papal representative at Vienna, is contradicted; but it cannot be denied that the wish to bring the conflict to an end seems to be gaining ground on both sides. It cannot be otherwise. If the Government goes on in the same way, steadfastly and resolutely, the Church of Rome must lose a great deal by continuing the conflict; and the character of our great statesman

is a guarantee that the Government will not give way. On the other hand, if the Roman bishops are prepared to give up their opposition and to recognize the laws of the State, the Government will probably not be disinclined to modify some articles of the May Laws, which indeed are rather hard on the Roman Catholics, and which can hardly be maintained when peace is restored. If, however, the Church of Rome must inevitably lose much by a protracted continuation of the conflict, it is almost the same with the State. Even the most successful and victorious campaign inflicts many wounds and losses to the victors. Our Government, in fact, only wishes to repel the unjust pretensions of the Roman hierarchy; but a large portion of the people see in what is going on a warfare against all churches and all religion. The spirit of infidelity and open hostility is, alas! increasing throughout Germany, and it would be a great blessing if political interests could be once more viewed apart from ecclesiastical matters.

The bishops have not maintained their absolutely negative position as regards the law on the administration of Church property in the Catholic congregations. They have allowed the clergy to take a share in the new organization, and that is certainly a good sign.

Dr. Falk's journey to the Rhine has been a triumphal course. Almost everywhere he was spontaneously made the object of expressions of sympathy; and though many Catholic burgomasters gladly seized the opportunity to recognize his merits in art and science, there can be no doubt that all was intended as a demonstration in favour of the Government in its conflict against Ultramontaniam.

THE GENERAL SYNOD.

The University of Berlin has elected Professor Hinschins as its delegate to

the General Synod; and as the Government has caused this election to take place at the present time, it must be hoped that the General Synod will meet this autumn. The different parties are already making preparation, and the religious press is active on the subject. The "Liberals" wish the General Synod to reform the system of election; they desire that the General Synod should be directly elected by the church members—not, as at present, by the provincial synods. Then they wish a larger infusion of the lay element; and, finally, a representation of the congregations in proportion to the number of members in each. This latter proposal is intended to secure a greater number of delegates from the larger congregations in our populous cities. The object, of course, is only to give the better chance for a "Liberal" majority. Dr. Kogel, in one of the district synods, proposed to divide our large parishes in the cities into a number of small parishes. This would be very useful as a means of promoting the increase of religious life, and would at the same time secure the object of the "Liberals"—more delegates from the cities in the synods. Yet the "Liberals" voted against the proposition of Dr. Kogel. They do not want, it seems, to see their wish realized in such a way as this, inasmuch as the congregations would thus be obliged to make some sacrifice for their new rights.

MADAGASCAR.

A copy of the first Malagasy hymn and tune book printed at the London Missionary Society's press has just arrived in England. It contains 120 hymns, the tunes being printed on the same page. There are also chants. The Tonic Sol-fa notation is used, that being the system taught in the schools, and a course of exercises is

prefixed to the work. The editor, the Rev. J. Richardson, has included a number of Mr. Sankey's hymns and tunes, which look strange in a Malagasy dress. He says they took wonderfully among the natives. Efforts are being made by the missionaries to improve the service of song in the churches, which has in the past been slovenly.

NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

Mr. Hines, a young Church Missionary, who went out last year to the new diocese of Saskatchewan, on reaching Green Lake, where it was proposed he should settle, found but few Indians, and those entirely under Romanist influence. He therefore proceeded to White-fish Lake, and there has he commenced missionary operations with marked success. So diligent has he been in his efforts to master the Cree language that, after six months' residence, he was able (so writes the Bishop of Saskatchewan) to take the Sunday services and converse freely with the people. His letters give a touching account of the hardships of his life during the winter, and of his reception by the Indians. He writes: "We had some exceedingly severe weather in the month of September. On the 10th the snow was four inches deep. I assure you, dear Sir, I felt the cold very much indeed; the only shelter we had was three carts, forming three sides of a square, and an oil-cloth on the top; but the wind and snow came under the carts so furiously that I thought it colder than being exposed, and often took a run to warm myself. You will rejoice to hear the Lord is blessing my labours among the Indians. . . . There are a number of Indians living about three miles south and north of White-fish Lake—very stubborn indeed. They prevented us from building when we first came, and talked of

driving us back again. If I had no more courage than my servant, we should have gone back at their bidding. Certainly it was enough to make one careful in what they said and did, as there were only two of us, and there were a large number of them. But in the midst of their speeches I left them, and took my axe and commenced to cut down trees. As soon as they saw I would not listen to them they went home again, but returned the next day only to repeat their threats. I treated them as before, and the result was similar. They soon found out that I cared but little for their threats, and so they ceased to do so; but they still remain enemies to the Word of Life."

A MISSION IN PHILISTIA.

BY W. D. PRICHETT.

To carry on Christian work among the Mohammedan population is probably one of the most difficult and discouraging things in the world. The heathen are, generally speaking, at liberty to become Christians; but, through the gross bad faith of the Ottoman Government and its officials, who do not choose to detect the murderers, a Mohammedan is even up to the present hour almost certain to be killed if he dares to make an open profession of Christianity. Still there is a considerable and ever-increasing body of men among the Syrian Moslems who do not hesitate to tell us in confidence that they are anxious to become Christians openly as soon as the people of England and other *professedly* Christian countries will afford them the requisite protection, and I feel confident that many of the Syrian Mohammedans of Palestine will become Christians as soon as England ceases to maintain the Turkish invaders in their possession of that Holy

Land which they have "trodden down," wasted, and ruined for more than 1200 years. Meanwhile all that private Christians can do is to instruct the young, to distribute the Scriptures, to encourage and protect inquirers. Perhaps those who have always "dwelled safe" in Great Britain can hardly realize how much the few poor native Christians, and those who would become Christians, are comforted and strengthened by the presence of Europeans—of men zealous of the Christian cause, and without the least fear of the Moslem power. And nowhere is this the case more than in Philistia, where only 500 isolated native Christians are living together in the midst of 100,000 Mohammedans.

Sulimann, the Catechist, continues his work in Gaza, and during my own residence there he has been able to go out much more to the surrounding towns and villages, sixty in number. Everywhere he will find Mohammedans will come among the Greek Christians to our service on the Sunday; but more frequently they will visit the Mission-house in the evening, or enter into quiet discussion, while more free from observation, out in the fields or by the road-side.

A high-class school was opened early in March, under a competent master, a native of Nazareth. His success at present has been very small, the attendance only being about ten, chiefly Christians; it is, however, only fair to state that the lads are very diligent and attentive. Some of the principal men in Gaza, which has about 18,000 inhabitants, assure me that as the school becomes better known the attendance will certainly increase, and that there would be fifty pupils at once if the master could teach English also. To obtain such a matter will no doubt be possible, though not without some increase of expense.

The girls' school continues to prosper on the whole, though not uninter-

ruptedly. A year ago, when the attendance had sometimes exceeded sixty, a determined effort was made by the most bigoted of the Christians and Moslems alike to deter the girls from attending. The chief man of Gaza took away his three girls, saying, "I am not much prejudiced against Christianity, yet I wish my girls to remain Mohammedan, and I see that if they attend your school they will soon love your religion better than mine, therefore they must leave; but I should have liked them to have gone on and have learned many things." About the same time a terrible outbreak of small-pox took place in Gaza. The school was deserted, the children being afraid to meet, and 400 died. When our school re-opened only two or three of the pupils returned, and the mistress had to begin with the alphabet again; but she has now 85 girls, and only one of whom is a Christian. It seems likely that the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East will open a school in another part of this great town, under the care of English ladies, who would no doubt confer great benefits upon our schools also by their superintendance.

It only remains for me to add the expression of my earnest hope that those who have begun this good work will continue to support it, and that others will join us; remembering that this is the only Mission among 100,000 people who (although inhabitants of the Holy Land) appear to have been forgotten for many centuries by the whole Christian world.

THE LAHORE DIVINITY STUDENTS AND MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

ONE of the outer circles of effects of the work now going on in England is indicated in a letter from the Rev. T.R. Wade (C.M.S.), of Lahore, India.

He says:—"We have all been much interested out here with the accounts of the revival work going on at home, especially that in connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey. During one of our evening prayer-meetings I was giving some little account of their work in Scotland and Ireland, and I especially dwelt upon the wonderful power of prayer, and the way in which blessings always succeed prayer, and Mr. Moody's rule never to go where much prayer has not been offered for a blessing on his work. The students appeared surprised to hear of such large gatherings and of the number of true conversions; I reminded them that our God out here was the same as their God in Ireland and Scotland, and He was just as ready to bless us if we would only ask Him. Afterwards they held a meeting amongst themselves, and arranged that there should be a prayer-meeting every day at noon in the little room which had been set apart for that purpose, and a general prayer-meeting every Saturday night at 7.30. At these meetings, which they manage entirely themselves, portions of Scripture are read, hymns sung, and prayers offered. They acknowledge that these little gatherings for prayer have helped to increase Christian fellowship and love amongst them, and I trust greater blessings will follow. I am now trying to get some of Sankey's hymns translated into Urdu, and I hope we shall be able to sing them at some of our meetings."

Mr. Fuchs, of Benares, tells the story of a converted Hindoo devotee, which seems to afford some hope God has raised up a Mr. Sankey for that stronghold of idolatry. He was a wandering musician, a proficient in his profession, and since his conversion a year ago has begun to sing Christian hymns and tunes to the accompaniment of his violin, instead of the im-

pure heathen songs which he wished entirely to forget.

The people were delighted to hear him, and the boys have christened him Daud or David, under which name, when he understood its origin, he was gladly baptized. He now accompanies the Catechist to the Bazaar, and not only sings but preaches in a simple sort of way, and is beloved by all who know him. Now if Mr. Sankey were to write this Hindu brother "David" a little note, addressed to the care of the Rev. J. Fuchs, Benares, and tell him how much good God has enabled *him* to do with his voice and his instrument, might he not be greatly cheered and encouraged to go and do likewise?

FROM Ahmedabad we hear of a *Hindu female evangelist*, a still greater innovation than a Hindu Mr. Sankey. A young and accomplished girl, daughter of a native judge, preached before a congregation of Hindu ladies, about forty in number, in the temple used by the Prathna Somaj for their prayers. The subject of her address was the Unity of the Godhead.

FIVE hundred and eighty-nine baptisms have lately taken place in connection with a series of special prayer-meetings, held at the C.M.S. Stations in Travancore, India. This revival is not directly connected with that in the Syrian Church, but quite distinct, and seems to have been accompanied by much contrition, consecration and earnest faith.

THERE are 290,000 inhabited towns and villages in Bengal and the North-west provinces of India alone. Calculate how long it would take to visit and preach even once in each of these; and how much it would cost to place one Bible in each; and how many

men of earnest piety are needed to give even one evangelist to each score of villages? And what are these two provinces to the whole of India? and what is India to China? And yet there are labourers who stand all the day idle! And yet there are little English towns full of Christians, not heathen, with dozens of churches and chapels!

There are countless spheres in Great Britain where Christian workers are treading on each others' toes; and countless spheres in India where no Christian worker is ever seen or heard. Oh should not our abundance be a supply for their need? Think of it, young man! Ask the Master what He would have *you* to do under these circumstances.

CHINA. — A remarkable religious awakening is reported in North China. Two years ago, Cheefoo, a Buddhist, happening to enter a Christian church, became a convert to Christianity, and immediately went to labour among the people of his native town to induce them to embrace the same religion. Thus far there have been 160 converts. The place of the revival is 200 miles distant from the residence of any Missionary, and outside of the ordinary lines of travel.

Mr. MORGAN, of Guadalajara, Mexico, referring to the recently enacted "laws of reform," in Mexico, passed by a "large majority," states that all church buildings are to belong to the State, and only a certain number are to be allowed to Roman Catholics in each city, town, &c. Sunday is a legal day of rest, or for religious culture; public feast days are abolished; the Sisters of Charity are banished from the country, and no man or woman may wear a religious habit in the street; the clergy may not receive gifts of property, in houses, land, or

anything, for services to the sick or dying; bishops, and other church dignitaries are not recognized as such, but all members of the church have alike the right of petition, &c., &c.

So not only in the Old World but in the New, not only in Germany and Italy, but in Mexico, the legislation of the day is repressing and curtailing the baneful influence of Rome. It is a leading sign of our times—a daily fulfilment of prophecies inspired 1800 years ago, which should reassure the timid hearts who tremble lest Rome should ever reassert her sway.

In the little bays along the river-bank a side eddy will sometimes make a counter current, which runs in an opposite direction to the main stream. Such is the Papal revival of our days in England—a trivial and passing victory, which cannot arrest the steady course of defeat and decay which everywhere else is the portion of this corrupted form of Christianity.

CONVENTS CLOSED. — Miss Strong wrote from Monterey, January 15: "The President of Mexico has closed all the convents, and the nuns are all to leave this country to-day, for Europe and the United States. This important movement brightens the prospect for Protestant schools."

THE REV. CHARLES NEW (United Methodist Free Church), already well known as a Missionary and Explorer, though only thirty-four years of age, the author of "Wanderings in East Africa," who returned about fifteen months ago to his sphere of labour, has fallen asleep in Jesus. He had undertaken a journey of great difficulty into the interior of a place called Chaga, where he was robbed and forced to return. But he was taken to his heavenly home before he

could reach his earthly one, dying, like Livingstone, alone and unattended.

THE REV. J. WILLIAMS, of the C.M. Society's new Mission in East Africa, has also completely broken down in health, and been obliged to return to England. Mr. Rebman, the old Missionary who has worked alone there for so many years, has accompanied him, to seek the aid of an oculist, as he is nearly blind.

REV. T. E. MANHOOD of Fuchu, China, who some time ago had a sun-stroke from which he seemed to re-

cover, was obliged to leave for England, owing to a second break-down in health, and has died on the return voyage.

MRS. TAYLOR, a young American Missionary, wife and mother, has also been taken to her rest just as she was preparing for a life of devoted labour at Apaiang, Micronesia. She had only been six weeks on the island when typhoid fever carried her off after two weeks' illness.

So the soldiers fall at their posts, one after another, and each vacancy in the ranks seems to cry aloud to others to step out and fill it.

Facts and Opinions.

[The following hymn, written by Dr. Bonar for Mr. Sankey, is sung with remarkable effect by the latter.]

"Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory; beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room!
Oh, enter, enter now!

Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the bridegroom's guest.

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee.

Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.

Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:

All heaven is there; all joy! Go in, go in:
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:

Lower and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall;

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry: "No room, no room!"

No room, no room!

Oh, woful cry, "No room!"

THE offender never pardons.

NATURE and wisdom always say the same,

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

THE *London Hour* is informed on very high authority that, among the instructions given by the Prince of Wales, with reference to the Indian tour, prominence has been given to the command that care should be taken so to arrange movements as to avoid journeying and secular work on the Sabbath.

As many as thirty-three of the Catholic bishops of Italy have been compelled by the state to leave their Episcopal residences for refusal to ask the royal *exequatur*.

Love not pleasure; love God. This is the everlasting yea wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whose walks and works, it is well with him.—*Carlyle*.

THE Revisers of the Authorized Version of the New Testament met on Tuesday, the 12th ult., in the Jerusalem Chamber, for their 53rd session, and sat for seven hours. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided, and Professor Moulton was among those present. The company carried on the revision of the middle of the 9th chapter of first Epistle to the Corinthians.

THE missionaries of the Eastern Church at Hakodadi, Japan, report having baptized 386 persons since

the founding of the mission in 1873. The mission school has an attendance of forty-six children.

THERE are twelve students in the Scandinavian department of the Chicago Baptist Theological Seminary. Prof. Edgren, who fills the chair, performs his service without compensation. It is now proposed to endow the department with the sum of \$20,000.

THE following resolution has been unanimously adopted by one of the Baptist Associations of Kansas: "That in our opinion the most befitting part which the Baptists of Kansas could take in the Centennial movement, would be one concentrated effort to pay their church debts."

THE Methodists of London, England, are to have a three days' convention during the first week in November, composed of all persons in the denomination who are engaged in some definite work in the city. The evenings are to be devoted to prayer, praise, and spiritual conversation; and the day sessions are to be largely devoted to Bible reading and singing.

THE smallest Bible in the world, just produced by the Oxford University Press, is printed on a tough India paper of extreme thinness and opacity, measures 4½ inches by 2¾ inches, is 1½ inches thick, and weighs, bound in limp morocco less than 8½ ounces. It can be sent through the British post for a penny.

THE Rev. J. Richardson, writing of the Normal School in the capital of Madagascar, says:—"The rush of pupils is very great indeed. I have 350 on the books, and could double that number if I wanted." In one district, he says, where six months before there were six schools with an average of fifteen in each, there are now fifty schools with an average of eighty in a third of them, sixty in another third, and forty in the other.

THE New York *Tribune* says:—"Some idea of the difficulty of reporting Mr. Moody verbatim may be gathered from the fact that one of the *Tribune's* swiftest stenographers yesterday took down from his lips 2,200 words in ten minutes, by the watch. This is at a rate four times as rapid as that of Mr. Evarts, and a third faster than that of Mr. Beecher, two of the most difficult of speakers to report. An hour of such rapid talking would fill five columns of the *Tribune*."

THE Boston *Congregationalist* directs attention to the fact that there is a growing demand for *preaching*, as distinguished from *sermon writing*. This seems to be the case everywhere, and fervor and practical point are carrying the day over fine writing. There is a call also for freer utterance, and preaching without notes is becoming the usage even in some of the most

prominent high-church pulpits of England. A manual of instruction on extempore preaching has lately been published there.

ACCORDING to the *London Tablet* there are in India alone nearly two thousand missionary priests of the Roman Catholic faith. So many missionaries could not possibly be maintained in a single field by the Protestant system, and yet the Catholic church expects its missionaries to do more work than their brethren of other denominations; would it not be well for Protestants to study the financial portion of the Catholic mission system?

MAJOR JAMES H. COLE, the Chicago man who succeeded to the labors of Moody and Sankey in England, experiences continuous success, his meetings being attended by thousands, and with many resulting conversions. "There is nothing which should excite our surprise in this," says Prof. Swing in his Alliance; "Major Cole has long been a prayerful student of the Bible,—has been for years a single-minded, tender-hearted, self-sacrificing laborer among the sick, the burdened and afflicted of every class. A monument himself of God's mighty power and willingness to save to the uttermost, he has devoted the residue of his life to telling 'the word of this salvation to others'."

Christian Miscellany.

MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING.

My voice shalt thou hear this morning,
For the shades have passed away,
And out from the dark like a joyous lark
My heart soars up with the day;

And its burden all is blessing,
 And its accents all are song;
 For Thou hast refreshed its slumbers,
 And Thy strength hath made it strong.

My voice shalt thou hear this morning,
 For the day is all unknown;
 And I am afraid without Thine aid
 To travel its hours alone.
 Give me Thy light to lead me,
 Give me Thy hand to guide,
 Give me Thy living presence,
 To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,
 Sun that can ne'er decline.
 Day that is bright with unfading light,
 Ever above me shine.
 For the night shall all be noontide,
 And the clouds shall vanish far,
 When my path of life is gilded
 By the bright and morning star.

George Matheson in Sunday Magazines.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

How little we know of each other,
 As we pass through the journey of life,
 With its struggles, its fears, and temptations—
 Its heart-breaking cares and its strife.
 We can only see things on the surface,
 For few people glory in sin;
 And an unruffled face is no index
 To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other!
 The man who to-day passes by,
 Blessed with fortune, and honour, and titles,
 And holding his proud head on high,
 May carry a dread secret with him
 Which makes of his bosom a hell,
 And he, sooner or later, a felon,
 May writhe in the prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!
 That woman of fashion, who sneers.

At the poor girl betray'd and abandon'd,
 And left to her sighs and her tears,
 May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
 Have the mask rudely torn from her face,
 And sink from the height of her glory
 To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other !
 Of ourselves too little we know !
 We are all weak when under temptation,
 All subject to error and woe.
 Then let blessed charity rule us,
 Let us put away envy and spite—
 Or the skeleton grim in our closet
 May some day be brought to the light.

Selected.

DUTY.

The path of duty is the way to glory ;
 He that walks it, only thriving
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden roses.
 The path of duty is the way to glory :
 He that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevailed,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
 Are close upon the shining table lands,
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Tennyson.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

[The following exquisite little gem is a fragment from Will Carleton's latest poem, "Three Links of a Life," published in Harper's Weekly. It is a mother's soliloquy over her infant child, and anything more tender, and fuller of beauty and love, is not easily found in our language.—*Ithacan, Cornell University, N. Y.*]

Why didst thou come so straight to me,
 Thou queer one ?
 Thou might have gone where riches be,
 Thou dear one !

For when 'twas talked about in heaven,
 To whom the sweet soul should be given,
 If thou had raised thy pretty voice,
 God sure had given to thee a choice,
 My dear one, my queer one!

"Babe in the wood" thou surely art,
 My lone one!
 But thou shalt never play the part,
 My own one!

Thou, ne'er shalt wander up and down,
 With none to claim thee as their own;
 Nor shall the redbreast, as she grieves,
 Make up for thee a bed of leaves,
 My own one, my lone one!

Although thou be not riches' flower,
 Thou neat one!
 Thy every smile's as warm and bright
 As if a diamond mocked its light;
 Thy every tear's as pure as pearl
 As if thy father was an earl,
 Thou neat one, thou sweet one

And thou shalt have a queenly name,
 Thou grand one!
 A lassie's christening's half her fame,
 Thou bland one!
 And may thou live so good and true,
 The honour will but be thy due;
 And friends shall never be ashamed,
 Or when or where they hear thee named,
 Thou bland one, thou grand one!

E'en like the air—our rule and sport—
 Thou meek one!
 Thou art my burden and support,
 Thou weak one!
 Like manna in the wilderness,
 A joy hath come to soothe and bless;
 But 'tis a sorrow unto me,
 To love as I am loving thee,
 Thou weak one, thou meek one

The scarlet-coated child-thief waits,
 Thou bright one,
 To bear thee through the sky-blue gales,
 Thou light one!

His feverish touch thy brow may pain,
 And while I to my sad lips strain
 'The sheath of these bright beaming eyes,
 The blade may flash back to the skies,
 Thou light one, thou bright one!

And if thou breast the morning storm,
 Thou fair one,
 And gird a woman's thrilling form,
 Thou rare one ;
 Sly hounds of sin thy path will trace,
 And on thy unsuspecting face
 Hot lust will rest its tarnished eyes,
 And thou wilt need be worldly-wise,
 Thou rare one, thou fair one!

O that the heaven that smiles to-day,
 My blest one,
 May give thee light to see thy way,
 My best one !
 That when around thee creeps the gloom,
 The gracious God will call thee home,
 And then, increased a hundred fold,
 Thou proudly hand Him back His gold,
 My best one, my blest one !

SEEDS AND FRUIT.

"The mayor of Philadelphia, it is said, asserts that he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the juvenile criminals in the next year, if he could banish certain plays from the boards of the variety theatres, and put certain books out of print."

And yet parents go on suffering the poisonous literature to corrupt the minds of the children; and society but feebly protests against the corruption of the fountain which embitters all the streams. The teacher of a successful school in this vicinity assures us that in guarding his boys against certain forms of sensational literature, he has their parents to contend against. The boy writes to his father to subscribe for the—; we will

not name the magazine, because we do not care to advertise it. The father is a busy man; the title has in it nothing objectionable; he possibly buys a copy, glances over its pictures, laughs at his boy's childish fancies, and subscribes for weekly poison-potion for the year.

Every father watches his table carefully. He will not, knowingly, put adulterated articles of diet before his children. But there are scores of fathers who never scan the children's literature. Pray, sir, do you know what magazines they read, what books they get out of the circulating library, or what "private circulars" come to them through the post office?

The nation's reading makes the nation's life. The reading of the boy or girl, for the first fifteen years, gives

tone to all their future. It is one of the most potent of the influences which go to make up his character. But there are scores of men who take more pains in the selection of the jockey to train their horse than in the selection of books for the training of their children.

To the statement of the mayor of Philadelphia, we are inclined to add a supplement. We believe we could rid our courts of two-thirds of the divorce suits, if we could banish certain novels from English and American literature. The "love" represented in this class of novels is a miserable mock sentimentalism. It bears the same relation to the genuine article that mock jewelry does to gold and diamonds, or that the heroines of the stage do to the actualities of life. Young ladies and gentleman are taught to "fall in love" by a stumble. All sense and judgment in the selection of a life partner are rigorously excluded. The better knowledge and cautious counsels of father and mother are all put down to the account of the selfishness of a cruel father or a match-making mother; the hero and heroines are without fault, flaw, or blemish; and all the obstacles which the course of true love, that never runs smooth, encounters, are due to outsiders. That love wins its real victories in loving on in spite of foibles and faults, in spite of controversies and sometimes contentions, in spite of hidden rocks in the very stream itself—this the scholars in this school of fiction never learn. So when the demi-god of the young girl turns out to be a very common sort of a man (as most of us are), and the angel of the young man's dreams proves to be a flesh and blood young woman, with a spice of obstinacy, or a bit of a temper, or an underlying streak of selfishness, there is first bitter disappointment, then sometimes a quarrel, a separation, and a divorce. When we see how

many there are who are not even restrained by pride from spreading their quarrels before the public, we wonder how many there are whom a mistaken conception of love, and the bitterest disappointment life can afford, have divorced in their secret hearts.

Know your children's literature; especially know your children's novels and story-books.—*Christian Weekly.*

HOUSEKEEPING MONEY.

If every man would pay his wife a weekly sum for housekeeping, clothing, etc., he would find that in nine cases out of ten her management of the funds would increase not only his comfort, but that of the whole house. If she is equal to the task of being a wife and a mother, she is also equal to the task of supplying and paying for the daily necessities of the home. If she is head manager she will take pride in making a hundred cents go a great way—much farther than a man could make a hundred and fifty go. She will also make calculations about the expenditure of the weekly sum, will lay by a certain amount towards buying such and such supplies in quantities; will learn that there is no economy in buying soap by the bar, and starch or sugar by the pound. She will systematize her affairs, keep books—a day book and a ledger—and exhibit her well-kept accounts with pride and delight. The very fact that the expenditure of the money belongs to her, will sweeten her life, give zest to her occupations, and make her a happier and more contented wife. To most women, the idea of asking for money is abhorrent. They put it off from day to day, the dread of it, it is so great. They will wear expensive clothes in the kitchen rather than ask for the money needful for the purchase of a plain calico dress. Shrug your shoulders if you choose, you un-

lieving husband, and say, "I never knew such a woman." I beg your pardon, but I must contradict you. The woman you call wife, I do believe, would rather suffer with the toothache than ask you for money. This is no false statement; most women do shrink from asking the head of the family for money needful for boots, clothing, and the commonest necessities of life; it is neither agreeable nor pleasant to them, and they should not be forced to do it; if they do their appointed work, the money to carry it on should be freely offered, monthly or weekly, as may be desired. Some husbands have seen how much their mothers suffered for the want of money, even when their fathers were rich; and they profit by the fact, and give to their wives a generous supply, never forcing them to become applicants for it, and by so doing they greatly increase their domestic happiness. Place confidence in women's ability to act, and she will fully repay it; doubt her executive powers—refuse her responsibility—and you may rue it. The subject of money supplies in the home opens a wide field of thought to the husband. Will he cultivate it? Many wives of the middle classes have been accustomed to earn their own support; to purchase their own wardrobes before they were married. But after marriage and is changed; they must ask for what they require rather than have it paid to them quarterly. At first their wants are few, or all supplied; but one or two years alter their out-look, and it becomes very dreary. Can the husband understand this? I trow not. He will tell you, "My wife has all she asks for," never dreaming how many days it requires to summon her courage to ask for necessities. "An utterly false statement," exclaims some one. "There is no woman afraid to ask for what she needs!" May I ask you to enquire of your own

wife how she feels on such occasions? Unless she is afraid to speak the truth, your eyes may be opened somewhat.—*Country Gentleman.*

A TERRIBLE APPREHENSION.

An infidel said, "There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life."

"Indeed!" replied his friend, "what is that?"

He answered, "I am afraid the Bible is true. If I could know for certain that death is an eternal sleep I should be happy! My joy would be complete! But here is the thorn that stings me; this is the sword that pierces my soul: if the Bible is true, I am lost forever."

That is indeed a well grounded apprehension. The Bible is true—tremendously true. And, however boastful infidelity may be, however brazen its countenance, there is an inward trembling which disturbs the mind's quiet, and mars all the pleasures of life. Into whatever excess of riot the devotee of black infidelity may run, the tormenting thought will follow him. But what is torment to the unbeliever, is bliss to the believer. The thought that the Bible is true in all its grand unfoldings, from first to last is enrapturing! And it is true the revealings of past ages attest, and the present furnishes the grandest demonstrations.—*Selected.*

GENTLE MOTHERS.

BY MRS. L. R. JANES.

"My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus; but the blue eyes

opened, and a quiet voice said "Mamma, you aint always gentle."

In self-justification I replied, "But, you know, dearling, mamma *has* to scold you when you're naughty."

"Yes' 'm."

The argument dropped; so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking in the little truth-teller, I reproached myself for deserving his remark, and greatly questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever *have* to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in the family government? How is the word defined? "Railing with clamor; uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language." Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authority? Why do Christian parents sometimes scold? For two reasons, as it seems to us. First, for lack of self-control; second from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublous sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness, even severity, are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not incompatible with gentleness. It is not a synonyme for weakness. The gentleness that makes one great comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the Spirit proves an element of power. The "soft answer" often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self discipline and prayerful struggle.

THE SEED AND THE TREE.

It is a favourite theory with many that the egg was before the animal, and the seed before the plant; but

this is not a true scientific view of the matter. We plant an acorn, and it is true there grows up from this seed the branching oak with its mighty limbs and rich foliage. But whence came those limbs and that foliage? From the seed? Certainly not. The oak was never in the acorn. There was a vital principle in the acorn, by whose action, under certain requisite conditions, the material from surrounding nature were drawn to it, united and assimilated so as to make the oak. The oak, we know, was never in the acorn. Could the great bulk have been in the little seed? When the acorn was planted, the future oak was lying all around in the other vegetable matter of the earth. Now then, if the analogy of growth, as we see it, requires not only the seed, but a surrounding field of material for that seed to use, how could an original seed have affected anything when there was no surrounding vegetation! The oak must have been before the seed, the animal before the egg. If we are going back to originals, it is in this way we must solve the problem. And now what does the first chapter of Genesis say? "And the earth brought forth the herb yielding seed (not the seed yielding herb) and the tree whose seed is in itself (not the seed whose tree is in itself)." What mere human mind would ever have thought of putting it in this way? And yet this is the only way in which a true science can settle the question between the seed and the tree.—*Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D.*

RUM AND CHEESE.

A gentleman was dining at the table of a lady who refused to tolerate a drop of wine or spirits on her table, and who, when asked to entertain one of the British nobility, replied, "I can; but it must be understood that

neither wine, ale, nor spirits are offered in my house." This gentleman, referred to as at her dinner table, said: "I enjoy a glass of wine, and I have got in the habit of using it. By and by you will take from us all our luxuries. I think wine promotes digestion. Did you ever hear of a man who could not eat cheese without hurting him? Then I suppose you would deny me cheese." She replied: "Did you ever hear of a man standing under a gallows, and saying to the witnesses of an execution, 'Now, my friends, take warning by me, and never eat cheese!' Or did you ever read in the newspapers when a man is murdered in our streets that 'those men had been eating cheese!' Show to me that cheese produces nine-tenths of the crime, seven-eighths of the pauperism, one-half of the lunacy; show to me that cheese produces the result that drink does, and by the grace of God I will battle the cheese just as hard as the wine."

Grotius having taken part in the political disputes which agitated his native country, Holland, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was condemned to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Louvestein. The malice of his persecutors was, however, fortunately disappointed by the ingenuity of his wife. Having obtained permission to remove some books from the prison, she sent a large chest for the purpose; but instead of books, she deposited a more valuable treasure, the illustrious Grotius himself; and the jailer having no suspicion, he was by this means enabled to make his escape. Nothing more strongly marks the genius and fortitude of Grotius, than the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science. While in the prison of Louvestein he resumed his law studies,

which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which induced him to translate the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to reading the Scriptures, and to writing his "Commentaries on the New Testament." In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health he composed his treatise in Dutch verse on the "Truth of the Christian Religion." His only mode of refreshing his mind was to pass from one work to another; and although his talents produced so abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim, in a trite expression, "that his soul was not imprisoned."

BISHOP BOURGET, of Montreal, has now decided to let Guibord's body be buried in peace, but to curse the ground wherein it is to lie. A paper to this effect has been read from the pulpits of the Roman Catholic churches in Montreal. Exactly how much ground this curse is to cover we do not know; but the body of Mrs. Guibord is interred in the lot paid for years ago by her husband, and it will be interesting to know whether the bishop means to curse the whole lot or only part of it. If his cursing will be of any advantage to the bishop and his adherents, they are welcome to all the good it will do them. The analogy is apparent between the case of the bishop and that of the school-boy whose failure to thrash a somewhat larger school-mate has become traditional. It is recorded that the boy said: "Well, if I can't lick you, I'll make mouths at your sister," and he went off happy and victorious. The bishop may curse as heavily as he pleases, and the world will still move on as before, and let him curse.—*Christian at Work.*

The *Pall Mall Gazette* (London) points to the demise of the Papal political power in Europe: "The day of the papacy as a direct political force is closed, and that not, as some of its partizans seem to think, because of the events of 1870, or the iniquities of the 'Subalpine King.' A silent revolution, more potent than that consummated at the Porta Pia, has long since undermined the foundation of Papal rule, and even if the Pope were to be replaced in possession of his temporal sovereignty, and more, the Church would be no more qualified to play a great part in European politics than any of the petty and ill-governed kingdoms which fell in 1860. The great secular Powers from which it borrowed and to which it lent strength are now irrevocably divorced from it; the abler and more sagacious of the rulers of such Powers see that the alliance with Ultramontanism is an incumbrance rather than a help, and for the future they will have none of it; while those who still court that alliance are precisely the men who can neither serve nor be served by it. It may almost be said indeed that the capacity and the prospects of any European ruler or aspirant to rule may be measured by the willingness or unwillingness which he displays to lend himself to the obscurantism and theological intolerance which distinguish the present policy of the Roman Church. Such a decree as that which the *Times* published the other day under the hand of Don Carlos may no doubt touch the heart of Pius IX., as showing him that there is at least one faithful son of the Church remaining; but all who have even a moderate skill in reading the signs around them know that while the adoption of such a policy as that enunciated by the Pretender may be a mere insincere bid for priestly support, it is in any event a proof of the hopelessness of Don Carlos as a ruling Sovereign.

When a Pope wielded spiritual terrors which might awe a rebellious people into subjection, a Prince might find his account in espousing uncompromisingly the cause of the Church. Now, however, the contract has become purely unilateral; and few Sovereigns not hopelessly bigoted—and there are few such now in existence—care to irritate and alienate their subjects for the glory and profit of a spiritual power which can lend no assistance in controlling them.

The precious and unperishable ransom paid by Christ for the human race, deserves entire consecration of body and soul to His holy service.

: How often are we disposed to quarrel with God for answering our own prayers, because he does it in a way we did not expect. "Surely I thought—" but God knows best what means are most efficient to bring about results. We cry for deeper views of our corruptions; but when we discover the plague of our hearts, we think he has forgotten to be gracious. We entreat for more sanctity of character; but when he afflicts for this end we say, "All these things are against me." We are ready enough to pray for mercies, but who will pay the price of them?

THERE is danger in permitting young men to decide to study for the ministry before their minds are matured. It is well when they can put off decisions of this sort until they have had a broader outlook on the world. When a young man has felt the stirrings of power and ambition in his soul and then comes with a whole hearted consecration and lays all on the altar of God, he is likely to be a man of power with God and men. Not every man who can make exhortations is fit to preach. There must be power to control men.—*Dr. Anderson.*

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

THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.

The minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the world he can, and not meet the worldling's doom. The Christian who aims to have as little religion as he may without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning; and in the afternoon also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has a headache from eating too much dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very judiciously, sometimes to himself, oftener to his neighbors.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath-school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient however for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week that he needs the Sabbath as a day of rest; nor does he think himself qualified to act as a

teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty that he must beg to be excused. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions and colportage, and gives his mite. He thinks there are "too many appeals;" but he gives if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it; at all events he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, the theatre and card playing, and large fashionable parties give him much trouble. He cannot see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian, and dance or go to the opera. He knows several excellent persons who do. Why should not he? He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he is actually to be found.

Ah, my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware, lest you find at last that in trying to get to heaven with a little religion, you miss it altogether; lest, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul.

CANADIAN HOMES FOR RAGGED AND RESCUED CHILDREN.

[We very much desire to get our readers interested in the noble work of seeking out poor orphan children in the cities of Britain, then training them up in the fear of the Lord under the eye of refined Christian Ladies, and afterwards getting them into homes in Canada, where their Christian training would be a matter of prime importance. In a matter of this kind there is nothing like acts (which are not only often strange, but always sweeter than fiction) such as the following, contained in a letter to Dr. Blaike of Edinburgh, by Miss Bilbrough, and which she has kindly sent us for publication.]—En. C. C. M.

MARCHMONT HOUSE,
BELLEVILLE, ONT., Oct., 1875.

DEAR MR. BLAIKIE.—It seems to me that we have every year more and more of the Lord's goodness to record.—especially in following His own appointed plan in placing little ones within the reach of all the kindly influences of home life.

Edinburgh's children have indeed a different future opening to them in this new land from what it would have been, had they been permitted to remain at home, either totally uncared for, or with drunken parents, and, often, often I wish that some of those who are bearing the burden and the heat of the day, could share with us the joy of seeing the blossoms expand and the fruit gathered in. (1. Sam xxx. 24). And this reminds me that the first little lamb from your flock, was safely carried home by the Good Shepherd, Sept. 9th. I told you recently of a visit I had paid to her. Her parents were plain people, living comfortably in a cottage, with market garden around, "All to be for Jessie" as they often said. She came running to meet me, so bonnie and bright; such a change from the delicate cross baby I had brought out with me the year before from Edinburgh. It was easy to see how the child was idolized. The pretty perambulator, the little cot and playthings, and above all the clinging of the little one to her adopted parents showed the love they bore her. It may have been too great, or our Father in mercy graciously took the child from the evil to come.

Whilst sitting writing lately the poor mother came in, her eyes swollen with weeping. "Oh, Miss did you not know? Did you not get the message?" "No, I received none; was it about Jessie?" And with tears and sobs, she told me of the scarlet fever and diphtheria, of the weary night's of

watching—of the doctor's "hopes," and then "no hope," and of her little darling's last conscious moments when throwing both arms round her neck she whispered, "Mama, Dada, I'se very poorly;" and passed away to her eternal rest.

"Would I go and see the child, and know that all was done for her that could be done?" And so it was—beautiful she looked in the little coffin—her long dark eyelashes resting peacefully on her fair cheek—her little hands clasped half hidden in flowers, and the silver plate on the coffin showing even in death her foster parents claimed her as their own.

"Jessie Ann Huroid, aged three years and eight months." They had given her her father's birthday. No expense was spared. A lot was bought in the cemetery, and there on the shores of Quinte's Bay lies Edinburgh's little orphan. Only yesterday came the mother to see me. "She and John felt it more deeply than at first; she was a winsome little thing, and we are so lonely without her."

Some of your lady helpers will remember this year's baby, Mary Bell. I know not what her history had been, but she would stand for hours, sadly watching the other children at play, and it required much ingenuity to get even half a smile.

There came an application for a baby girl. "God had taken home the girl, and only two brothers were left. Had we one young enough?"

Some days afterwards I went to see Mary in her new home. She lay asleep in the cradle, carefully covered over to protect her from musquitos.

Her "mother" said she knew no difference between her and her own children, and it was pleasant ere long to see the little one sitting on her "mother's" arm and playing round with her new brothers, who thought nothing too good for baby sister. But the father was the one Mary preferred

—never so satisfied as when he took her on his knee; she reserved for him her sweetest smiles.

Another little girl you sent me this summer is taken by a lady who has long had a warm interest in our Home, and holds a weekly gathering of friends to work for it.

Katie has indeed an excellent home; occasionally she comes to see me, and this she calls "going to Canada." I was shown this evening the beautifully made dress for winter, dark grey trimmed with cardinal red, the cradle enlarged, and heard of the many little treats in store. On Saturday she and her "cousin" are invited to a children's working party and tea in the evening. Oh what a contrast between one taken into a family and hundreds herded in a workhouse!

The two finest of this summer's children were Billy and Boyd Steward, four and two years old. Tho' in the Home so short a time, Billy found his way into all hearts, so intelligent and boyish, and yet so loving and easily managed.

He attached himself greatly to me, and for hours would play beside me, with his whip and top, in our temporary wooden "shanty," occasionally bringing his little brother to share his pleasures. One day a letter came from the Georgian Bay, telling me of homes for little ones on its shores. I started with several, among them my pets, at 5 a.m. one morning, and reached our destination the evening of the day following.

How good the children were—Billy winning golden opinions on the route, and getting very deep down into my own heart. And when Mr. and Mrs. E. appeared doubtful "as to whether they could do their duty to the child," I confess I rather encouraged their hesitancy, so that I might bring Billy back again to the Home, and have him as my own special pet thro' the winter. But Scotch caution is "slow and sure." In the evening Mrs. E.

came saying "she and her husband thought with God's blessing they would take the boy as their own," and I reluctantly resigned him to their care.

Visiting him after two days had passed, I found a great difference in the childless home, the dog and cat were at a discount, and Willie "monarch of all he surveyed." I brought him a little toy, and was amused to hear Mr. E. say, "Here Willie, bring it to your *ma*, and he will fix it for you. Go and ask *ma* for a piece of string." The night turning out wet they pressed me to stay with them, which I did, and asked for Willie to be with me. I overheard the wife ask her husband "what he would do without his little boy in his arms that night." It being an entirely Scotch settlement, the broad Scotch of the children was thoroughly appreciated. Little Boyd found a home within half a mile of his brother. A widow and two daughters took him to fill the void left by a sister's death the year before. So the little oak chair was brought down from the attic, and the cradle would have come too, had he been rather smaller. "Might they change his name to Robert, they would like to call him after their lost father?"

I left him quite at home, singing sweetly,

"Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own."

These five living photographs of Christ's jewels, one already a gathered gem, the others I trust yet "to shine in their beauty," will give some faint idea of the joyous work Christ has entrusted us to do for Him.

May you and your fellow helpers have grace and constancy given "to hold the plough," knowing "in due time we shall reap if we faint not."—
Yours in the Master's Service

ELLEN AGNES BILBROUGH.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

Thirteen years ago, in one of the villages of Cambridgeshire, lived a young man, working as a blacksmith. Clever at his trade, and a favourite among his companions, he was yet a stranger to the grace of God. Fond of the social glass, and the necessary accompanying pleasures, he might soon have been as thousands of others on the highroad to ruin, had not God in much mercy answered special continued prayer for him, and William Rudlands passed from death unto life. Then came the decided stand for Christ, and the consequent ridicule from young companions. A fortnight after, standing on a heap of stones by the roadside, he preached that faith he had by his life denied, and was soon employed in active home mission work. Then being invited by his faithful friend, Miss Annie Macpherson (whose name is now so well known in this country), he joined her in London in 1866, having resolved to dedicate himself to the foreign field.

Going with her one Sunday afternoon to a Bible reading for young men, he laid his hand on the shoulder of a passing youth and invited him to join

them. He did so with some reluctance, and then merely for the fun of upsetting the class with his ready wit. But God had other intentions for the careless one. The seed was sown it seemed on the wayside, and William Rudlands sailed for China accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Jaylon, in the *Lammermuir*, June 1866.

The record of his nine years' labour may be told in a future number—but broken down in health he landed on our shores for rest last autumn, there to find the good seed had taken root, and George Clarke having become an earnest Christian and worker, had also resolved to dedicate himself for the Lord's work among "China's millions." He sailed last July for Szechuen, a province containing twenty-seven millions, with no Protestant missionary!

Some of your readers may know him personally, as for two years he attended Woodstock College, and otherwise helped in our mission work. Will you plead for him and for his early friend, that great grace may be upon them, and many believe and turn unto the Lord through their word.

E. A. B.

Children's Treasury.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE."

There's a funny tale of a stingy man
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
 So like unto pennies in shape and size.
 "I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
 "The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
 And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
 "The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
 "I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sare,
 To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
 Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
 Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
 That guinea of gold is set down to me.
 They lend to Him who give to the poor;
 It will not so bad an investment be.

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;
 "The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
 He knew it was only by accident
 That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the pair;
 But in that account He'll set down to thee
 Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
 Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
 A serious side as well as a joke;
 A comfort for all the generous poor,
 In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
 How generous we really desire to be,
 And will give us credit in His account
 For all the pennies we long to "gi'e."

H. H., in St. Nicholas.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

—
 BY MRS. R. N. TURNER.
 —

"I'm four years old to-day, papa!
 I guess you didn't know
 How very old and big and strong
 In one night I should grow.

For last night when I went to sleep,
 Your boy was only three!
 Just see how tall I am to-day—
 Papa, do you know me?
 I'm four years old!

“And now I am almost a man,
 And want a candy store—
 To sell ice-cream and nuts and figs,
 And lots of good things more!
 And—oh—I want a big black dog
 To keep bad boys away—
 A penny, just as white as snow,
 To ride on every day—
 I'm four years old!”

I'm sorry for poor little Ned,
 Just think, *he's only two!*
 But if he lives, he'll grow a man,
 And all these nice things do.
 I'll give him all my tops and balls,
 My dresses and my toys,
 For things like these are very nice
 To please such *little boys!*
 I'm four years old!”

“What! four years old! My little son,
 You fill me with surprise.
 My boy become a man so soon!
 Can I believe my eyes?—
 Ah! golden time, so full of hope,
 So fresh and sweet and fair!
 I well remember now the day
 When I, all free from care,
 Was four years old.

Congregationalist.

CHINESE PROVERBS ON CONTENTMENT.

“The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall.—It is the small wheels of a carriage that come in first.—The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.—Better be the cat in a good man's family than a mutton pie at a king's

banquet.—The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day.—True merit like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.—The top strawberries are eaten first.—Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton night-cap!”

Returning to plain English (the Nutcrackers may relax their wise

looks), we will have a contrast to the wisdom of the Chinese in the story of two foolish, discontented little American boys, and into what they fell in the end:

“HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

“Two little boys were talking together, when one of them said:

“I wish I had all the pasture land in the world.’

“The other said, ‘And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.’

“‘What would you do then?’ said his friend.

“‘Why, I would turn them into your pasture land.’

“‘No, you wouldn’t!’ was the reply.

“‘Yes, I would!’

“‘But I wouldn’t let you!’

“‘I wouldn’t ask you!’

“‘You shouldn’t do it!’

“‘I should!’

“‘You sha’n’t!’

“‘I will!’ and with that they fell to and pommelled each other.”

Oh, naughty, naughty little boys!

Mr. Singer, can you give us a moral to this tale? A rhyme will prevent its being prosy.

“Yes, sir; yes, sir,” answers Mr. Singer promptly. “Here is just what you wish:”

Attention, young people.

“BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

“You never need fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;
Red Ridinghood’s story is only a fable,
I’ll give its moral as well as I’m able;
Bad Temper’s the wolf which we meet everywhere—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

“I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—
Ah! Passion’s the wolf with the *very large eyes*;
’Tis ready to snap and to trample and tear—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

“I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no concern;
Such mean curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the *very large ears*,
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

“And Greediness—that’s like the wolf in the wood
With the *very large mouth*, ever prowling for food;
That eats so much more than for health can be good,
That would clear a whole pastrycook’s shop if it could;
That never a dainty to others will spare—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!”

THE LOST SPECTACLES.

“Where are my spectacles?” said grandmother Hilligrew. She looked for them in the Bible, on the mantel, in all her drawers and boxes, but they

were not to be found. Then little Emily came peeping in at the door, disguised in her grandpapa’s hat and coat and boots. Besides, she had a beard on her chin, made out of a

piece of an old muff, and a big tow-bag stuffed with newspapers on her back.

"Ole tlo' to sell?" she said in a disguised voice.

"No, no," answered grandmother Hilligrew, mistaking her for a dwarf who lived down in the hollow, and whom she had met on the road with a bag on his back. "No, no; we don't sell our old clothes. We give them away."

"Will 'oo dive some to me?" asked Emily, still trying to talk like a man. But this time her grandmother knew her voice.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "its Emily? I couldn't see you without my glasses."

"But they are on 'oo nose!" laughed Emily. Then grandmother Hilligrew put up her hand astonished, and found that she had been looking for her spectacles through her spectacles.

"And I had them without knowing it!" she said, and she added softly, "and that is often the way in this world with happiness; we keep searching for it all the while it is ours! How happy I was when I was a little girl like Emily, but I didn't know it then."

"And ain't 'oo happy now?" asked Emily, who was listening.

"Yes, yes," said grandmother Hilligrew, "as happy as an old woman can be."

"Oh! I'd be happy if I were an old woman," said Emily. "I tood wear

taps, and make take. I wis I was an old woman!" Then she made a courtesy, saying, "No old, tlo'? Yendood day."

And her grandmother, looking after her, said: "Ah! little Emily you are right; the old woman is happy, or happiness is near to her hand, like the lost spectacles."—*Hearth and Home*.

RESTING IN LOVE.

Mary was a dear little two-year-old, the pet and solace of an invalid father. Her mother was once obliged to leave her a short time alone in the kitchen. As the door closed on the timid child in the gathering shadows of nightfall, at first she cried; then she trustfully and philosophically fell to comforting herself in her own sweet way. "Never mind," said she, "MAMIE knows she is her papa's own peshous darlin." Repeating this to herself, she patiently waited her mother's return.

Why may not we, when shut in the darkness of sorrow's night, thus find our fears quelled, and our hearts sweetly resting in the conscious, abiding sense of our Father's love, while we patiently wait for the opening door of His Providence? Assurance of God's love should prove a quietus to every Christian heart. F. L. J.

The Christian Monthly

FOR 1876.

In the editorial postscript in the October number of this magazine, subscribers were asked in remitting their subscriptions to pay only to the end of 1875, in case it might be found necessary, in face of heavy arrears of subscriptions, to cease publication at that period. It will rejoice many readers (we have good reason to believe) to be informed that instead of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY ceasing, it is to be carried on with we trust renewed vigor, increased

help, and also we hope with increased editorial efficiency. The Christian friends to whom we made reference in the October number, as feeling an interest in our effort to circulate religious literature among the people, have decided on taking hold of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, and devoting to it a portion of their time, and of the means God has given them. They have decided on this course of their own calm and deliberate sense of duty, and from no outward pressure, certainly not from the editor, who though on one hand sorry at the thought of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY ceasing, yet on the other hand welcomed the prospect of finding relief from a large amount of anxiety and no small burden of literary toil. In fact the decision came to by these men at this time, and in this manner, looks like the finger of God who as a Sovereign power above us "shapes our ends rough-hew them how we will." Failing to find sympathy and help where he expected them, and finding them where he had no right to look for them, has been a striking feature in the Editor's experience. At the beginning of the enterprise when matters were discouraging enough and when nothing was left but faith in God's promises to bless the feeblest efforts to advance His Gospel, then sympathy and encouragement came from unexpected quarters. The editor will never forget the friends and helpers of these days. It was at this period that a gentleman from the city of Quebec, personally a stranger to the editor, ordered at his expense a copy of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY to be sent to every reading room in the Dominion connected with the Young Men's Christian Associations, as also to the public institutions such as Jails, Penitentiaries, and Asylums, which benefaction still continues in force. Then kind encouraging letters came at intervals until now, when announcement made in last number which spoke of the possibility of publication ceasing at the end of the year. This announcement has brought us many and very kind letters, one especially which we esteem highly as coming from the pen of a minister of the gospel in his 87th year, who has been himself long engaged in the diffusion of Christian literature. He writes as follows:—

"Sir,—It would be matter of deep regret were the CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY to cease. It has abundantly shown itself worthy of continuance, and to be well deserving of a greatly enlarged circulation; for it is just a printed visitor from month to month—would it were weekly, every Saturday—that our general Christian population require. An ecclesiastical monthly Record is so far good for giving diversified information, and for stirring up to more and more of Home and Foreign Mission work. But it is of much greater importance and necessity to supply the people, every now and then, with practical matter of enlightening and stimulating character, bearing on personal and social religion, embracing themselves and families, their neighbours around them, their Christian brotherhood and sisterhood, and mankind at large.

"Your CHRISTIAN MONTHLY is well fitted to be subservient to these momentous purposes, and instead of its discontinuance, there is a clamant necessity for multiplying the wide diffusion of really good, plain instructive and cheap periodicals, to help in counteracting, as far as possible, the deplorable abounding of that trivial, nay, much pernicious reading which is going forth broadcast wherever it can be made to reach, by unprincipled selfish emissaries.

"It is devoutly to be wished, then, that your unpretending, modest, but really valuable CHRISTIAN MONTHLY may be sustained and sent forth, and that its

subscribers may be doubled for 1876, as might well be the case, if the churches, ministers, elders, and Christian workers generally, male and female, in their respective localities, would give it a share of their activity in getting new subscribers, receiving at the same time their money, and transmitting the names and cash to headquarters.

“ If my health permits, which was so much shattered, but is now considerably improved, but not free of ailment, which I can scarcely expect in my 87th year, I will be happy to send you some contributory papers for the Magazine in 1876. And I will do what I can to get some more subscribers in and around my neighbourhood.”

Several letters like the above have come to hand, but they have never passed out of the editor's desk, so that it is not because of these the decision has been to continue the MONTHLY, nor is it because the arrears have come in so well, for they have not, but because the men who take the work in hand see the necessity of such a work, and are prepared to give to it a portion of their time and money, without thought of any return save the pleasure of doing good. It was in a way somewhat like this, Mr. Drummond, of Stirling, Scotland, began his Tracts and British Messenger, an enterprise which has rendered to Evangelical religion an important service. It would be a noble aim for some Canadian layman to follow in his footsteps, and to do on a small scale for the Dominion what Mr. Drummond has done and is still doing for Britain.

In connection with this announcement, we would ask our readers everywhere to be generous and unselfish fellow-workers with the men who, in faith, and without the remotest idea of making money out of this enterprise, have volunteered their time and means towards making the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY a useful and a permanent magazine in the Dominion. Let each reader regard himself as bound to lend a cheerful hand after the same fashion, without fee or earthly reward, in this work of spreading abroad by the printed page, the doctrines of the everlasting Gospel, and the savour of our Redeemer's name. The friends, on whose shoulders the business and finance of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY are henceforth to rest, ask, as they have surely a right to do in view of the object and motives, for the assistance of all true Christians to whom these words may come, and also for the prayers that our little magazine may be blessed and directed to do good work on the side of truth and holiness.

As it is desirable that those parties who are responsible for the publishing of the MONTHLY up to the end of Dec., 1875, should retire without loss, and that something should, over and above, be on hand for the family of the late Mr. Kennedy, request is again made to send forward arrears as soon as possible.

All communications in regard to the MONTHLY up to the end of 1875 should be made as directed on the cover of the magazine; but for 1876 all business communications must be addressed to

MR. DAVID ROSS, Annan P. O., Ont.