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NEWFOUNDLAND

Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 1.

JANUARY, 1878.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

With this number we begin a new volume. Profoundly thankful to our friends who have helped us in the past, we earnestly solicit the continuance of their valuable aid. Our sole aim is to benefit our fellow man. That a pure literature will do so admits of no dispute. The pages of this magazine will contain only such. Though a denominational organ, we have been studious to avoid all sectarianism, and will. To win souls to Christ, and advance in any measure the glory of God, is infinitely more important than to add numbers or influence to our party or creed. We are glad to know that among our readers and supporters we have some of the best men in all the churches. We claim no merit for this, as we are sure that in what they are doing they, too, do it as unto the Lord, and not to men.

We sincerely hope and pray that the results of our feeble efforts may be more manifest during the present year than they have been during any one of the four that are past. Our readers can help us much by recommending their friends to become subscribers, or by sending a few copies to those who may not be able to afford to pay for them, and especially by invoking the Divine blessing upon our humble efforts.

We have promise of help from some able pens during the year, and we will do our utmost to merit continued and increased support.

THE EVANGELISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Our esteemed brethren Hutchinson and Bromley have spent four weeks in Harbourgrace. Their work has been much blest. Great numbers have nightly crowded the British Hall, where their meetings have been conducted, and many have professed to turn from a life of sin and unbelief to a life of faith and holiness. The Christian men of the various Churches have given them all the assistance in their power. The Rev. Mr. Ross (Presbyterian) and the Rev. Mr. Dove (Methodist) have laboured very cordially and earnestly.

We hope in our next to give further details of their work.

RESULTS IN ST. JOHN'S.

The noon prayer-meeting in the Temperance Hall has been continued since the evangelists left. Though not quite so many in attendance, the spirit of the

meeting has been excellent, and from fifty to a hundred have been drawn together daily at this busy hour to supplicate the Throne of grace. Several union Gospel services have been held with encouraging results. The young men's nine o'clock meeting has been well sustained every evening, and much good has been done among the young men of the city. The young women have a weekly meeting, which is said to be well attended. There is a spirit of prayer in our churches, and a goodly number are coming forward to unite in Christian fellowship with the Lord's people. We have much reason to be thankful for spiritual blessings in connection with the late evangelistic services.

OBITUARY.

We have to record the decease of an aged member of our church—Mrs. Moses Nicholas, native of Porte de Grave. At the age of sixteen she was converted. Six years ago, when she came to reside in this city, she joined the Congregational Church.

She has been about five years the subject of severe affliction, during which time she experienced the supporting grace of God in a very remarkable degree. She could, and did, cheerfully say, "Thy will be done." Nothing but the comforts of true religion could enable her to endure the long-continued pain without repining.

As she realised the approach of death she expressed her implicit trust in the Lord Jesus, and said she had not one doubt respecting her eternal salvation. She often repeated as her experience, the words of the Christian poet—

"Jesus can make the dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She longed intensely for that hour of release, and often asked how long might it be—how many hours did we think before the end. The end came at last, and the patient sufferer, the long and sorely-tried pilgrim sank to rest—slept the sleep from which none ever wakes to weep, on Nov. 26, 1877, in the fifty-eighth year of her age.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance in Newfoundland has had an able lecturer at work for

the last three months. Mr. Thomas Hutchings, well known in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, has done good service to the cause of total abstinence in this colony. He is well adapted for the great work to which he has consecrated his life. He is the uncompromising foe of the drinking customs of society, and of the iniquitous liquor traffic; besides, he is just as strongly opposed to the dirty practice of using tobacco in any form. For our part, we have no faith in the temperance advocate whose breath is fouled, and whose person and surroundings are polluted by the filthy Indian weed. We are rejoiced to hear that Mr. Hutchings has been as faithful in denouncing intemperance or moderation in tobacco as in strong drink.

His labours have been confined to the northern portion of the island from Bets Cove. He has succeeded in instituting several new divisions, and in organising a number of Bands of Hope.

Next year it is expected that the success of our brother may be secured to visit the southern parts of the country.

We may add, respecting our esteemed brother, that he has given the Grand Division the utmost satisfaction, and our intercourse with him has led us to form a high opinion of him, not only as a temperance advocate, but as a *servant of our Heavenly Master*.

THE MANSE FUND.

We hope it will not be necessary to say any more to impress the members of the congregation with the importance of contributing according to their means towards liquidating the debt on the minister's residence. It is our earnest desire to leave for our successor and successors, a comfortable residence free of debt. It is not on our own behalf we undertake this good work; therefore we have no hesitation in pressing the subject on the attention of the friends of Congregationalism in St. John's and elsewhere. Contributions, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged. For about five hundred pounds sterling the congregation will be in possession of a residence which will be suitable and comfortable for the pastors of Queen's Road Chapel for the next century, should the present dispensation last so long. Let all have a share in this important work.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TOWARDS THE MANSE FUND.

Miss E. M. Good, per L. T. C.	£5	0	0
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SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

What means this gaping, laughing crowd of men, and girls, and boys,
 Attracted by some wondrous sight amid the city's noise?
 Draw near and see the dreadful sight, 'twill fill your eyes with tears,
 And cause your pulse and heart to throb with many anxious fears.

A fair young girl from country home, unable quite to stand;
 Oh, that our eyes should see such sights in this a Christian land!
 Her sister, full of shame and grief, throws her white arms around,
 And tries with all her little strength to keep her from the ground.

What is amiss? what ails the girl? has cab or drag o'errun?
 Surely it can't be accident that boys should deem such fun!
 Yet how she reels! then senseless falls upon the pavement's brink,
 Alas! alas! this fair young girl is overcome by drink.

Police-men bring a stretcher round, and bear the senseless heap
 To the cold cell of station-house, to have its drunken sleep;
 The broken hearted sister tries to hide her face for shame,
 As following in the crowd she goes to tell her sister's name.

Whose child is she? that poor young girl—somebody's child, 'tis true;
 Has she a mother living still?—a mother good and true?
 Her clothes are neat, and clean, and good, as we may plainly see;
 Oh! pity this young woman's fall, somebody's grief 'twill be.

Whose is the sin? who tempted her to take the fatal glass?
 Which, lacking strength of mind enough, alas! she could not pass;
 Oh! did her tempter ever think to what that glass might lead?
 How somebody might rue the day her child fell with such speed?

O parents, friends, don't tempt the young to sport on danger's brink;
 The risk's too great of soul and health—they do not need strong drink.
 Think of the lives thus sacrificed, of mothers made to weep,
 And as you near your children's cots, and watch their placid sleep,

Think of the agony you'd feel should some one tempt your child
 To the sad sin of drunkenness, and its mad folly wild;
 And standing there, ask help of God to work with might and main
 To free poor helpless, fettered souls from this great Satan's chain.

H. D. ISACK.

Times of great affliction are ordinarily times of great temptation; and it is usual with Satan to charge us then with more sins than we are guilty of, and also to make those things to be sins which upon impartial examination will not be found to be so.

THOUGHTS FROM THE FATHERS.

WILLIAM COLVILL.*

A WILFULL pride, exalting and preferring our own will to the will of God, was one of the main sins in that complication of sins in the fall of our first parents. They preferred their own will to the good will of God, and rested not content with His will concerning their primitive condition. This old corruption leaveneth also our affections. We grieve more for the want of comfort in the creature than for the want of the light of God's countenance. We fear more the anger of a mortal creature than the wrath of God, which burneth to the lowest hell.

In the renewed man there is a newness of moderation in his affections. His heavenly Father puts so many vertues into his soul, to be tutors and guardians to his unruly and childish affections. He sets patience to moderate our sorrow, faith to moderate our fears, and the fear of God in our hearts to moderate our desires, and delight in things worldly. The renewed man useth the world so, that he abuseth it not to pride, luxury, or spiritual idolatry of covetousness, to draw the heart away from God to mammon. Such was the moderation of Paul in all conditions of life. I know how to abound, and I know how to be in want. A renewed man, in his abundance, is humble, and in his wants is thankful to God.

Unrenewed men may have some sense of sinne, and sorrow for it, as it is a misery to themselves; yet none of them have any sense of it, or sorrow for it, as it is a dishonour to God; but the renewed man is more affected with the dishonour done to his heavenly Father by his offence than with the misery of any affliction, though never so grievous to himself.

Godly sorrow is sincere and universall for all known sins, and in a holy jealousy for sins unknown. The heart of flesh mourneth for the sins of others amongst whom they live. The more sins, the greater dishonour to God, and the greater is the sorrow in the heart of flesh. Sorrow for a man's own sins, without any sorrow for the sins of others, proceeds rather from self-love and fear of punishment than from love to God and zeal to His honour.

A child of God, though he hath a heart of flesh, will not alwaies have tears to pour forth for his sinnes, yet he hath alwaies the fountain of godly sorrow in his heart, a rooted desire to mourne for sinne; yea, sometime when there is most sorrow in the heart, there will be fewest tears, as in a time of great fear, though the vein be cut it bleeds not; full vessels, for want of vent, drop not. At such a time the Lord hears the voice of sighs and groans, as well as that of weeping at other times.

Oh how happy is that humble spirit where God dwelleth! In the riches of His bounty He provides for the house where he dwelleth; in the might of His power He protects; by His wisdom and deep counsell He governs; and by the light of His countenance He comforts and cherisheth it under the heavy burdens of outward calamities.

As men subject to swooning discern from experience the beginnings of it, so when thou at any time perceivest benumbness creeping upon thy spirit, run to thy heavenly Physician by prayer. Peter, when he began to sink, cried out for help. Neglect of prayer at the beginning encreaseth the temptation. Jonah riseth not to prayer in the beginning of the storm, and the winde waxed louder and louder. Prayer is the stirring up of the heart, and keeps it from freezing and congealing into a heart of stone.

The strength of a believer, both for doing and suffering, is from the Lord Jesus. Without sap from the root the branch cannot bring forth fruit, so without influence of strength from Christ, we cannot bring forth the fruits of holinesse and righteousness. Our fruits and works of righteousness are wrought by us through the Spirit and strength of Christ, and are accepted of God through the merits of Christ. And as the strength of a believer for doing is from Christ, so also for suffering, and for bearing every burden God in His good providence lays on him.

Think not that thy God, who hath been thy guide through the wilderness, will leave thee, O believer, when thou comest to Jordan, and to the border. Thou art both unthankful and un-

believing to entertain such unkind thoughts of thy kinde God, upon whom thou hast been cast from the womb. Make better use of tried love than to distrust, in the end of the day, Him who hath been with thee since the morning of thy life.

The children of God, in their outward condition, are subject to many changes; at one time they are in prosperity, at another in adversity; at one time cried down and abased in the world, at another cried up and highly honoured. Job, a man fearing God and eschewing evil, was the richest man in the East to day, but on the morrow the poorest and most distressed of all men in the whole earth in his time;—in great honour and reputation at one time, but at another surpris'd and neglected; yea, derided by the baser sort of the people.

Faith keeps the heart in a solid and equal temper. In a time of worldly prosperity faith looks to things eternal, reserved in heaven for us. This makes us have humble thoughts of those flying shadows of worldly pleasure, in comparison of that substance of glory that endures for ever. Faith also, in adversity, quiets and settles our spirits, when we believe that our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Fear and faith are to the soul as ballast and sails are to the ships; the one keeps it from being over-carried in the top of the wave, and the other from being swallowed up in the gulph between the waves; so the fear of God keeps the heart of a believer from being overturned by strong temptations in the top of his prosperity; and assurance of faith, like a mainsail, carries the heart through the deeps of affliction, and keeps it from being overwhelmed.

God, in mercy and wisdom, prepares His own children, by the hammerings of the law, to be built by faith in Jesus Christ, upon the rock of salvation. These legal works are as the needle, to make way for the thread of comfort; as the hewing is before building, and as the earthquake was before the still voice came to Elijah.

All outward ordinances are but dead instruments in relation to the life of grace, until the Spirit of God breathe with them on a soul, and so make them lively and powerful. The word is the immortal seed of the new life, but it is the Spirit who prepares the ground of the heart for receiving the seed; who makes the heart to mix hearing with believing.

As in that temple of Jerusalem, made with hands, there was no coming to the most holy place but through the holy place, so there is no coming to the holy of holies, which is above, but to those who are here in an union with Christ, and in a communion with the Universall Church in the fundamentals of faith, and in the labour of love. Without Christ men are strangers to the covenant of promise; for in Christ only we have right and claim to the promises of mercy, grace, and glory.

As the portion which Jacob got out of the hand of the Amorite by his sword and his bow was a free gift bestowed on Joseph, so our justification, that cost our Lord very dear, is a free gift to us; yea, God's free love and pardoning mercy appeared more in justifying us, by the righteousness and satisfaction of Jesus Christ, than if He had manifested His absolute power in forgiving sinne without satisfaction.

In all thy difficulties thou must go with confidence to God, thy Father in Christ. What father is so careless and unnatural as to refuse counsell and instruction to his own child? Think not that thy heavenly Father, who commands earthly parents to instruct their children, will not instruct His children, and give them counsell in times of great difficulty. Many times He puts thoughts in our hearts, and words in our mouths at such a time, when a man would be made an offender for a word.

There must be an union and closing with Christ by faith before there can be any communication from him of the graces of the Spirit. There must be an ingrafting into the root before there can be a communication of sap from the root to the branches—the grace of faith enlargeth the heart to receive Christ, and after it hath received Him it retains Him. I found Him whom my soul loveth—I held Him, and would not let Him go. The grace of love entertains Him with the embracements of the will and affections; faith, like Martha, goeth out for Him, and brings Him along with the promise to the soul. Love, like Mary, sits down at His feet, to attend what is His will, and execute His commands. Faith is the only grace whereby a soul properly receives Christ; for to receive Him, and to believe in His name, are equipollents.

* Taken from "Refreshing Streams, flowing from the Fulness of Christ." By WILLIAM COLVILL, sometime Preacher at Edinburgh. London. 1655.)

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

BY REV. SAMUEL MINTON.

"Therefore let no man glory in men: for all things are yours: whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."—1 Cor. iii. 21—23.

THE apostle's argument suggests to his mind one of the inestimable privileges of our high calling is that all outward things and circumstances belonging to this present world are made to subserve our interests. All things are ours, not in the sense which man's pride and self-will regard as the essence of possession—that we can do what we like with them—but in the far higher sense that we can get from them all we really need, that they will be made to work together for our individual advantage, as much as if there was no one else in the world to be thought of. All things belong to each one of Christ's people, by supplying all that they require from without to promote their spiritual welfare, and enable them to do their appointed work. Whatever pleasure God sees good for them will be certainly provided; whatever pain is needful, something will be made to give. Men will smile or frown, doors will open or shut, exactly as they would desire, if they know all the results.

We can easily see why the apostle specifies "the world." Not only everything connected with the Christian Church, represented by Paul, Apollos, and Peter, but even things outside of it, the general course of events, are ours. In one sense these things belong to all men. The sun is made to shine on the evil and on the good, and the rain to fall on the just and on the unjust. St. Paul tells us that God left not Himself without witness even to the heathen, in that He gave them "rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness." But to those on whom the lessons are thrown away there is only a temporary benefit. The world is theirs for a passing moment, and no more; it is ours for ever. Its fashion or outward form will pass away, "the things which are seen are temporal," but the blessings we have received from them, and have been able to convey to others by means of them, are everlasting. The world, in every phase of it, is made to do its part in training us for the skies, and fitting us to bear the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed in us. Only let us use them aright, and all things are ours. Only let us have faith in God, and then we shall not wish anything that has happened to us to have been otherwise than it was. That which you most valued on earth has been taken away from you; but it is yours far more truly than if it had been left with you. You will get more from the temporary possession of it, followed by its loss, than you would have got from its continued possession. Or the desire of your heart has never been granted you; but it is yours in a far higher sense than if it had been. You might have derived from it nothing more than present gratification. You may derive from it that for which you will thank God for ever, if you can only learn to say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

The word "life" in itself would add nothing to what is included in "the world." Life and death are to be taken together. The idea is, that infinite wisdom appoints whether you shall remain longer on this scene of action, or be removed from it; that as long as you are kept here it must be good for you to remain, and that when you are removed, it must be better for you to depart. Life is yours while it lasts. As long as God sustains it, He has yet something to do for you and by you; in other words, He has something to do for you, and you have something to do for Him.

Whether it come to young or old, if it finds you in Christ, "death" is yours. When God's time comes it will be better to be absent from the body and present with the Lord, to be delivered from the burden of the flesh, and to rest from your labours. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." They do not enter into "glory"—that is a popular mistake; but they do enter into a happy anticipation of it, and in due time will put on immortality, and shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

Once more the apostle adds, as in Rom. viii., "Or things present, or things to come." The reference is not to this life and the next, but to that which is now actually taking place and to what may yet take place, in this life. He intends to meet the uneasiness often arising from what we call the uncertainties of the future. Uncertain it is as regards our ignorance of what will happen; but if we have faith in God and a single eye to His glory, we may feel as calm and confident about the future as if we had it all in our own hands. Nay, we ought to

be able to feel far more so. For if the future was entrusted to us, we might make fatal mistakes in our arrangement of it; while if we are willing to leave it in our Father's hands He will take care that nothing shall hurt us. Whatever other purposes it may subserve, it will certainly be made to conduce to our highest good. Come what may, it will assuredly be ours.

But is this all? Is our happiness and glory the ultimate end of this preparatory work? Certainly not. As it is meant to serve us, so are we meant to serve Christ, and Christ to serve God. "All are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." The words, "Ye are Christ's," are sometimes understood to mean, Ye are saved by Christ. But in that case it would have been, For ye are saved by Christ, as the apostle would be stating the ground of what he had said. Whereas, by the word "and" he indicates something following, or resulting from it. Besides, if he had referred to our being saved by Christ, there would be no analogy between the three assertions. By saying that all things are ours, he means that they are in some way or other for our benefit and service. When, therefore, he adds, "And ye are Christ's," he is surely thinking of the service which we render to Christ, and not of that which Christ has rendered to us. It is quite true that the fact of our being His in the sense of being redeemed by Him, is the ground of all that is done for us; all things would not be ours unless we were reconciled to God by Christ. But that is not the apostle's meaning here. He is reminding us that the blessings bestowed upon us are to redound to the glory of Christ; we are being formed and fashioned for His service, both present and future.

Again, "Ye are Christ's," having been given to Him of the Father, not only to be saved from sin, and to be preserved unto everlasting life, but also to be the reflectors of His glory, and the chief agents of His universal beneficence, to all eternity.

And what will that result in? Why is He to be so exalted, and all things made to serve Him? Because "Christ is God's." The previous words being rightly understood, this forms the natural climax. It refers, not to what Christ receives from God, but to what God receives, and will receive, from Christ. He is Himself very God; but He is also very man. And it is in this Divine-human nature, as the incarnate Son, that He is, and ever will be, the image of the invisible God, the shining forth of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person. He is "God's" to reveal, as far as they ever can be revealed to created minds, the power and qualities, the attributes and perfections, of the self-existent "I Am." He created all things, and will reconcile all things. He was humbled and exalted, He became man and died for man, He ascended up on high, and will return again to earth, all with the self-same end in view, "the glory of God the Father." And in that manifestation of Jehovah's glory will be found the richest blessing and the highest elevation of all intelligent creatures. He alone can live at once for Himself and for others. The interests of the Creator and the creature can never be separated, the crowning proof of which is seen in their actual personal union, and in the marvellous relationship into which Christ's mystical body the Church is to be brought with the Father and the Son. "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us." We can rise no higher, and I am glad to end at the loftiest point of elevation.

Aim at this; keep your eye fixed on the prize of your high calling; make all things yours by being wholly Christ's, as Christ is wholly God's.

SUNSHINE.

There's plenty of sunshine to spare for us all,

Then into our lives let us take it;

The world, though brimful of the glorious light,

Can be dark if we choose so to make it.

We must open our hearts, let the sunlight pour in,

And light up the dark dreary places;

With sunshine without, and sunshine within,

Nevermore need we see gloomy faces.

Let us seek out the lives that are clouded and sad,

Where sunshine perchance hath ne'er entered,

And give to them freely from our brimming cup,

Where sunshine and peace long have centred.

Oh! all the world over there's light for us all—

Then into our lives let us take it;

The world, though brimful of the glorious light,

Can be dark if we choose so to make it.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY REV. W. B. RINGWAY, D.D.



DELAWIN AT FOUNTAIN.

ON the morning of March 6, 1874, at a little after nine o'clock, I took the railway train at Cairo (Egypt) for Suez, by way of Benha. The railway from Benha runs nearly due east, following the line of the old canal, to Ismailia. From Ismailia it runs south-east, within sight of the Suez Canal and of the Bitter Lakes on the east. These lakes are fringed, here and there, by low, wet, reedy patches of land; and beyond them, to the west, stretches the desert between Cairo and the Red Sea, a vast, desolate waste as far as the eye can see.

It was seven p.m. when the train arrived at Suez, so that the darkness shut out our view of the immediate approaches to the town. The servants of our company met us at the station, and, aided by any number of willing helpers, conducted us to the little camp pitched only a short distance away.

Upon inquiring for those of the company who had preceded me from Cairo, the previous day, I was told they had gone off to try their camels. Our company consisted of Dr. Strong, of Madison, N.J.; Rev. Dr. Harvey, of Hamilton, N.Y.; Rev. Dr. Chambers, of N.Y.; Rev. Dr. Vail, of Rhenish Bavaria; Rev. Mr. Dobbs, of Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Mr. Townsend, of N.Y.; Mr. Jackson, of Leipsic, and Mr. Allbright, of Halle, Germany; Mr. Dotterer, of Philadelphia; Mr. Ward, of Jersey City; Mr. Bankart, of London, England; and myself. They concluded they would ride a short distance below Suez and around Jebel Atraka, with a view of determining, if possible, the point of the "passage of the Israelites," or at least of making some observations which would aid in solving that difficult problem. Those of us who were in camp waited till ten o'clock, when, the adventurers failing to arrive, we sat down to dinner. They did not return till midnight, all thoroughly tired out, and already disgusted with camel-riding. If they did not discover the "passage," they found out that nothing can be more deceptive than distances in an Egyptian or Syrian atmosphere.

The full novelty of our situation did not appear to me till the next morning, when, on awaking, my eyes opened on the snug little tent which sheltered three others besides myself. On going out into the open air to make my toilet I saw all the tents grouped in a circle, the servants busy getting breakfast, and the camels and their drivers lying and lounging around. At breakfast all our company—twelve persons in

all—put in appearances, and discussed with a relish the savoury meal prepared for us. This was probably the largest single party of tourists which had moved through the Desert from Suez to Sinai, Akabah, Petra, and out to Hebron for many years.

Breakfast over, the camp was quickly broken, and all the furniture, baggage, and provisions readily packed for camel back. First the *horcaim*—gentlemen—selected their camels or dromedaries. I got about the twelfth choice, a medium-sized camel, blind of one eye, with a little, shrivelled up Bedawy for a driver: A'T'er, my driver's name; A'T'ek, my camel's name—not very promising, to be sure, but never mind; neither men, horses, nor camels can always be judged by first appearances.

I was quite willing to defer mounting the camel as long as possible after the experience of my companions the previous day, and so, with a few others, I accompanied 'Ahmet, the dragoman, through the town, while most of the party went around by the bridge across the canal. The cool inclosure of the English hotel afforded a pleasant retreat while we were waiting for 'Ahmet to gather some additional stores for the larder. On his arrival, we took a sail-boat, which was poled down the harbour along the flats until we reached the deep water at the mouth of the canal. Outside of the narrow and shoal harbour, a mile or two to the south and west, the large ships lie at anchor. A little below the mouth of the canal are from six to eight painted poles sticking above the water, to indicate the direction of the channel. Turning up the canal, in a few moments we were landed on the other side, and for the first time touched the soil of the great and terrible Desert.

The first effort of seating myself on my animal was a problem. A grunt and a growl, and he rose on his fore legs; another lurch, and up came his hinder parts, pitching me forward with such violence that I could retain my position only by holding on to the pommel of the saddle with both hands; then settling to a level at his full height, I was firmly and safely seated. He moved off with his long, slow, steady stride, his neck depressed, his head slightly elevated, his one eye peering toward the wilderness, his nostrils scenting the breath of home.

Ah! it was not so bad, but easy and agreeable: I really liked it. One mile, two miles, ten miles—very good. I could have gone on farther. The first halting-place was reached. My driver, with a low, continuous "*Sheeh, sheeh, she-e-e-h*," calls A'T'ek to his knees. He groans and grunts awhile, and down he comes headforemost, like a ship pitching into the trough of the sea, nearly throwing me over his head. He then settles backward on his haunches as solid as a rock, and I spring off, not a muscle tired. No stiffness that night, nor next morning. Immediately all was confusion, but soon, as if by magic, our servants brought order out of chaos. Our camp was pitched and arranged, and we were at home, the tents as bright and cheerful as could be desired.

We had reached 'Ayun Musa—the Wells of Moses—a little oasis in the midst of the sand; supposed to be the first camping ground of Israel after crossing the Red Sea. This was an agreeable spot to spend our first Sabbath. Our camp remained intact, but much speculation and some research were indulged relative to the precise point where the "passage" of Israel took place. The twelve could not agree. Like many who have preceded us, we could not decide where there were not enough data upon which to base a decision.

We had now entered the confines of the land upon which the ancient people of God first trod in their independent existence as a nation. Whatever of importance it possesses in history is due to the fact that it was the scene of their wanderings and of the giving of the law, which they received preparatory to the possession of the Land of Promise.

But as it is, this barren country of triangular shape, lying between the two arms of the Red Sea (the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah), "with the escarpment of the Tih plateau projecting wedgewise into its northern base," and covering an area of 11,500 square miles, gathers about it an interest which the lapse of time rather increases than diminishes.

'Ayun Musa is located about two miles from the sea. There is a principal fountain of ancient masonry, near which is a rude hotel, surrounded by a grove of palms and tamarisks. Two or three other springs are in the immediate neighbourhood. The waters are all brackish. Some was given to me in the morning for washing; it was offensive to smell, taste, and touch, producing an acrid taste and a slimy foiling.

These springs are occasionally resorted to by invalids for the sanitary effect of the dry atmosphere of the Desert. Before leaving the vicinity some of us sailed across the gulf to the opposite shore, in the hope of getting below and to the west of Jebel Ataka, but were baffled for the want of sufficient wind. On the return the wind blew so violently as to remind us of the caution we had received against venturing on the gulf in a small boat.

On the morning of March 9 we breakfasted at seven o'clock, and by eight o'clock were on our way, some on camels, and some on foot. At noon the lunch tent was pitched in a dry wady called *Lassa*, and we had a good lunch of sardines, cold chicken, cold mutton, eggs, nuts, dates, and oranges. While we were resting our pack-train passed. We expected that evening to have reached Wady Wardan, but fell short, and encamped at Wady Taieb, a dry and utterly barren region.

The next day we broke camp at forty minutes after seven a.m., and stopped at noon near a spur of the Rahah range, which abounds in mica. At four p.m. we reached 'Ayun Hawwarah, the supposed Marah or Bitter Waters. The distance we had come would well answer to the three days' journey of the children of Israel after leaving their camp at the Wells of Moses. See Exod. xv. 22, 23. We rode our dromedaries up to the mouth of one of the wells, but found the well dry and nearly filled with sand. The ground is slightly elevated and crowned with a few stunted palm-trees. At this point the plain becomes much narrower. We soon entered Wady Gharandel, and were quite shut in by hills between us and the sea, with Jebel Wutah rising boldly in our front. East of Jebel Wutah, and running down south-east and falling into Gharandel, is Wady Wutah, which skirts the southern borders of the et Tih Desert.

We overtook our pack camels, browsing along leisurely, and reached the usual camping site at a quarter past six p.m. This is the Elim of Scripture, one of the encampments of the Israelites; "where," says the sacred historian, "were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees." Exod. xv. 27. The exactness with which it corresponds to the circumstantial account of Moses at once struck me. There are two or three streams of water running through the valley, though nothing in the shape of wells, and I counted forty-six palm-trees, and did not go down far below our camp. The precision with which this spot is identified is a helpful key to the journeyings of Israel as marking an important step, and so indicating unquestionably the direction they took after leaving the Red Sea.

On quitting Wady Gharandel we began an ascent over very rough ground, passing through Wady Uscit and Wady Goweisah, with occasional glimpses of the sea on our right, and Jebel Serbal slightly in front; and then leaving Wadies el Hamr and Shebeikeh, the northerly route to Sinai, on the left, we wound southward and westward through Wadies Thal and Taiyebah, till between bold cliffs on either hand, we descended suddenly upon the sea shore.

The flat sandy strip we had now reached, Ras Abu Zenimeh, was probably the next camping ground of Israel after Elim. Num. xxxiii. 10. The Red Sea is not given in Exodus as a station, but its distance from Elim, sixteen miles, indicates it as a fair day's march from that point.

March 12, we commenced our journey at half-past seven a.m. I let A'Tier lead A'Tiek along with the train, and I walked for two hours along the shore, picking up shells and sea-grass, and dodging between the shelving shore and the waves. The action of the water has produced, here and there, deep caverns in the limestone rocks, particularly where the bold headland Zenimeh projects abruptly into the sea. Crossing the bluffs here we soon entered the open plain of El Markha, of triangular shape, about six miles across. This is thought to be the commencement of the Wilderness of Sin, which, beginning here, trends south-east along the sea-coast, and merges into the modern plain, El Gaah, a broad, sandy level, which occupies much of the southern extremity of the Peninsula of Sinai.

From the plain of El Markha we struck into Wady Lackham, and thence passed through Wadies Shellal and Bureira.

In the morning we walked through the mouth of Wady Magharah to the great cave. The climb to the mouth of the cave is steep and difficult, and the cave is so filled with rubbish as to render its exploration laborious. Inside we were obliged to stoop all the way. Nothing was seen to compensate for our toil. On returning from the cave we mounted our camels, and soon entered Wady Mukatbeh, the "Valley the Writing." As we rode south-eastward through this

bold smooth valley, the prominent object which arrested all eyes was the noble form of Jebel Serbal, towering above all the surrounding mountains.

At noon we made Wady Feiran, getting again on the track of Israel—if, indeed, we had not for some time been following in the track they had taken—and crossing it obliquely, we were glad, on account of the sun's rays, to avail ourselves of the shadow of a great rock. Our lunch was spread, and beneath the deep cool shade we refreshed ourselves, prizing most of all the luscious orange, the juice of which was very grateful to our parched throats. The ride this afternoon was impressive for the vividness with which the thirst of Israel at this very point came home to us. The clamour of our whole company, howadji and Bedawin, was "Miah!" *water! water!* Such was the heat and dryness of the atmosphere that it literally drew all the moisture out of the body.

Near sunset we passed, on our left, a huge boulder, which some convulsion had evidently thrown from the mountain side. This the Arabs affirm to be the rock which Moses smote in Rephidim. The valley from this point begins to show signs of verdure. At nightfall we arrived at a little village and grove by a stream of water, and camped within full view of Jebel Serbal.

Arriving at the head of Wady Feiran, which is a sort of natural gateway through the solid rock, we found ourselves at the junction of Wadies es Shiek and Solaf, the former bearing almost due east, and then sweeping south nearly to the base of Mount Sinai, and the latter bearing southward, and turning to the east until it terminates at the Sinaic group. The route by es Sheik is the easier and the more direct, and is, in all probability, that which the Israelites followed. It is broad until it reaches the point where it cuts through the outer walls of the Sinai range; there it becomes very narrow, with high precipitous sides on either hand, though it still retains a comparatively smooth bed, and is easily trodden by beasts of burden. We took the route by Wady Solaf, in order to enter the mountains by the wild and difficult gorge called Nagb Hawa, "The Windy Pass," that thus approaching Mount Sinai from the north through the whole length of the plain er Rahah, we might see the mount to the best advantage. The nearness of this pass to Mount Sinai seems to fulfil the condition that Moses and the elders went in advance of the tribes to the "rock that is Horeb." The water falls from Sinai in this direction through Wadies es Sheik, and the production of an extraordinary flow by the smiting of Moses' rod answers to the description of the psalmist, as well as our suppositions as to the quantity required by such a host of people and their herds: "He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out; they ran in the dry places like a river." Psal. cv. 41. We had hoped to camp at the foot of Mount Sinai on Saturday evening, but fell short. The rest of Sunday was never more welcome.

Sunday morning our camp, grouped in a circle, with a little American flag floating in the centre, wore a cheerful aspect. At ten we had Divine service, Dr. Vail preaching from Psal. xix. 7; Heb. xii. 18, etc., "The Law and the Gospel." The barometer showed we were now 3300 feet above the level of the sea.

HITS AT HAP-HAZARD, FROM A BOW DRAWN AT A VENTURE.

BY QUINTUS QUARLES,
Author of "Nestleton Magna," etc.

"EVERY bullet has its billet," and as the latter is often most effective when the aim is most defective, so a chance shot from a moral blunderbuss may do more execution than a modern cartridge from a Martini rifle in the hands of a sharpshooter. That is the drift of the old rhyme:—

"Skill the most—the hare is lost;
Fairly aimed—the hare is lamed;
Random shot—the hare is got."

Saul's javelin, trained soldier as he was, could work no damage to David, mailed round with providential care; but the hap-hazard flight of an arrow from a bow drawn at a venture found the niche through which ungodly Ahab's life-blood flowed in streams. I am not without hope that from my rude bow the arrows of honest truth, glancing off harmlessly from the innocent and true, may pierce the failings of the faulty, so that only the fault may bite the dust. Random shooting, doubtless, is a dangerous business, when solid bars

and bullets are in question; but when the arrows are ideas, and the shot consists of words, they only who deserve are shootable, the rest are as bullet-proof as a knight in chain armour, or giant-slaying Jack in his coat of invincible green. In these "hap-hazard hits" I do not intend to indulge in reckless archery; but now and then, here and there, on this and that, as occasion serves, to pull the string with the view of lodging arrows of truth in heart and conscience, winging cheery messages to the drooping and perplexed, and dealing death-wounds to whatever hampers and hinders in the struggle after goodness and truth. I readily promise to choose my targets cautiously; and then, why, if I can, I will hit the bull's-eye with whatever force I may, ay, even to the blinding of that optic into the very "noon of night." Virtue shall not even hear the whizz of the arrow, much less feel the sting of the barb; but vice and vanity shall have it as "hot" as my muscle and means can give it, so let them have a care. My bow is cut from the wood that Moses cast into the brackish waters of Marah, and has mainly a "sweetening" mission; my string is twisted of the scarlet thread that Rahab suspended from her window, which means to spare even in the heat of battle; my arrows, every one of them, shall be feathered with good humour and dipped in love; and though I propose to make the point as sharp and the barb as keen as in my power lies, they are all twigs from the *arbor vite*, and only "wound to heal."

"FINE FEATHERS."

"Bette, be out of the world than out of the fashion." Well, that's a very venerable old proverb; it is wonderfully popular, and rolls very readily from the lips that utter it. But, for my part, I don't believe a word of it. I am quite of opinion that there are folks about who had better have left the world long since than be what they are and what fashion has made them. To my thinking, it is a good deal better to be out of fashion than out of credit; to be out of the world than out of character, and sure I am that a stupid anxiety to be in the fashion has robbed many a poor simpleton both of the one and the other.

It may do for the Goldfinches, who have a big balance at the bankers, to be "first fashion," though it won't save them a single headache; but when it comes to the Struggletons, who owe a good balance to their butcher, which they can't pay, they have no more to do with first fashion than they have with a trip to the Zambesi's first rapids, or a balloon voyage to Saturn's first ring. *Show* in the one case becomes *sham* in the other; the first is no virtue, the last is all vice. Some people are bound to ride who can barely pay for shoe-leather, because it is not "the thing" to walk, and so they themselves get ridden in turn by Black Care, that cruel horseman whose weight is heavy, whose whip is knotted, and whose spurs are keen. Others must dress in velvet and broadcloth, to vie with their fashionable neighbours, whose cash and credit call for comely calico and corduroy; so beneath their "treble-piled" and "double-milled," they carry hearts that ache with worry, hearts that might throb right blithely if they could but be content with hodden grey. To be in the fashion is a poor compensation for being in debt and difficulty, and never a negro in Cuban canebreaks or Carolina cotton-fields ever grovelled in so sad a slavery as they do who are "living for appearances." A shilling in the purse with all debts paid is a long way better than a diamond on the finger and a sheriff's officer at the door. Fashion is sadly familiar with I. O. U.'s, so familiar, indeed, as its hapless creditors are with the chronic U. O. I.'s which they ungrammatically represent. "The latest fashion" is usually the latest folly, contrived in the interests of those whose chief dependence is on "fools and their money," and the proverbially quick divorce between the two.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," is another sadly too well-worn proverb containing a questionable moral, and an unquestionable untruth:—

"What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?"

Still, the proverb may be true enough when the feathers grow naturally, but peacocks' feathers on a jackdaw, for instance, are anything but handsome. You may thatch a goose with all the plumes of an ostrich; still she will be nothing more than a gander's wife. No artist ever decks his angels with borrowed plumes or glittering trinkets; that is an honour kept chiefly for Indian squaws and negro princesses. There is no comparison between a peony and a pansy, and the humblest violet in the valley far surpasses the gayest sunflower in the garden. I am sorry to think that in the hollow

times we live in the canker of ostentation and the hankering after finery is eating into society downwards as well as upwards. The family of the small tradesman and the salaried clerk, the swart artisan and the servant-maid are all smitten with a passion for making a *show*, and dressing "with the best"; as though "the best" was determined by the tailor, and the milliner was the standard referee on female excellence!

Depend upon it that ribbons and rectitude have no necessary connection with each other; that a good conscience within a fustian vest, or a bodice of blue baft, is a treasure that fashion cannot furnish, and with which finery cannot vie. You may cover a sack with crimson velvet, embroider it with lace, blazon it with heraldry, and hang as many golden tassels to it as there are on a laburnum tree in June; but, after all, nothing will come out of it but what was in it, whether it be coals, potatoes, or guano. On the other hand, a leathern purse, a calico pouch, or a canvas bag may hold a royal dowry of diamonds or a gleaming galaxy of gems:—

"Worth makes the man, tho' want of it the fellow,
Tho' rest is nought but leather and pruella."

A plain setting sets off a precious jewel to advantage, and hides the want of value of the less costly gem; so human beauty in face and form is always loveliest when framed in neat and modest garb, and frills, furbelows and flounces proclaim defective form and feature as loudly as the bell of a town crier. Pouchbeak is always gaudy either in men or metal; sterling value is apparent, not by glitter, but by weight. Modesty has matchless merit both in mistress and in maid. Millinery indulged in to excess, may lose them both, the merit and leave the latter "matchless" into the bargain. Character is of all others the jewel of existence, and is independent either of robes or riches. Herein the cootermonger may be kingly and the prince a pauper. This peerless gem shines with equal lustre by cottage hearths and in lordly halls, and is admired and honoured everywhere. Goodness, kindness, integrity, and truth, with all their kindred virtues, like the various facets of a well-cut diamond, will catch the light and flash amid any surroundings, and are not one whit the brighter for any amount of garniture and gilding.

Quintus Quaries would fain persuade his readers to give "fashion" the go-by. It is a pickpocket that you can't prosecute, a harlequin whose profession it is to play the fool and to induce others to follow its example. It begins with singularity which all well-bred people avoid. It ends with vulgarity which all good taste condemns; and in the middle it is a kaleidoscope mixture of the two which all people of good sense despise. It is a greenhouse where greenhorns are forced into fops and flighty maidens into firts, and where pride, vanity, and extravagance are the most thriving plants. Fashionable society, as it is called, lives chiefly on trifles and syllabubs productive of a minimum of mental tissue and moral backbone. Its favourite pursuits are a merry-go-round which begins by making people giddy, and then silly, and then sick. Usually the sickness supervenes when healthy tonics are too late.

Fashion and finery are robbers of God as well as man; not only in prostituted time and thought and energies, but in altar-gifts and charity. They who worship at the shrine of fashion lay small oblations on the shrine more sacred. The proportion is usually "pounds for pride and pence for pardon"; guineas for grandeur and nods for the needy.

In conclusion, let me urge on one and all the prime wisdom and importance of obtaining the "white raiment" which the Saviour "counsels" us to buy. He who is clad in His "robe of righteousness," whose heaven-spun garment is the "beauty of holiness," is the possessor of the fairest fashion, and even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The brightest pearl for everybody's wear is the Pearl of Great Price. The chiefest ornament for all, from prince to peasant, is the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Let us seek by grace divine to wear on earth the "lincu ephod" of a spotless and consecrated life—so shall we win the esteem and love of all whose approval is worth the winning; and then, one day, the bridal robe, the wedding garment, shall be donned, the one prevailing and perennial fashion in the world where goodness will be for ever wedded to glory, and beauty will be kept unfading in the bowers of immortal bliss!

He who would be angry and not sin, must be angry at nothing ut sin.

"BEACON LIGHTS."

BY EMILIE SPANGLER.

A GOLDEN NEW YEAR.

"The fall of the leaf is a whisper to the living."

IT was springtime, and the sun was setting. Marjorie stood on the common, which rose to the west into quite a hill, all covered over with gorse and heather. The former was in bloom, the latter was not; but over all came the

glorious rays of the setting sun. The bees were humming joyously, as though glad that their day's work was well-nigh over, and above every other sound came the murmur of thesea, with the dull plashing of the waves upon the shore. Marjorie knew how it was looking, though to catch a glimpse of the restless waters would have been to climb to the top of the hill and look down on the other side. She loved the sea—the wild, happy sea—and was only waiting now for somebody to bear her company up the height and down to the rocky shore below. Marjorie's home was just on the borders of the common, the village lay off some distance to the right and nearer to the sea; Ralph Belcher lived in the village, and the common had been their trysting-place ever since the drawing together of their glad young hearts had begun.

There was a slight stirring of the heather, and turning Marjorie stood face to face with the one who all unconsciously occupied her thoughts.

"I am come, Marjorie."

"Yes, I see," and her hand met his shyly, while the rich colour mantled her young cheek.

"Marjorie, dear, I am come to say good-by."

"Good-by!" It seemed that she could do no other than re-echo his own words.

"Yes," and he held her to him in his strong embrace; "but, Marjorie, you will trust me, darling, and you will wait for me."

"Wait? Oh, Ralph, I will wait all my life!"

"Not so long as that, dearest"; and he smiled in spite of his dejected gravity of a moment before. "Not so long as that, Marjorie; but if you hear wrong of me, dear, you must turn a deaf ear, and believe and wait. I shall come back for

you, and dear, I will always think of you, even though I may not return for long years."

"You will write, Ralph?"

"I may by-and-by, dear—not till after I have cleared my name and can offer you a home—then dear, I will come, and never fear, Marjorie, but that it will be as soon as I can arrange matters comfortably for you." He kissed her again and again, and put her from him once, twice, aye, and even the third time, yet still he waited as though for some other words from her.

"Ralph, I love you, and will wait." Marjorie's voice was very low, and her cheek very, very pale; yet, woman-like, she restrained her grief for the sake of him who was going away, and whom, unless God willed it otherwise, she might never see again.

But the last adieu had to be spoken, and with a fervent "God bless

you, darling, now and always," Ralph Belcher tore himself away; then the evening glory died out for Marjorie, and slowly, sadly she turned towards her cottage home.

Even the sweet, shifting rays of morning brought no hope, and Marjorie, sick as from a fear of coming woe, stole out to the garden gate—a sight of the dear old common would perhaps whisper of old times and bring her strength.

"My child, you know it all, don't you?" and the girl's mother stood close by her side.



"Greater love hath no man than this—it is Marjorie who reads the words."

Marjorie looked up—she could not understand the love and pity in the dear voice. "I only know that Ralph is gone." She tried to be brave, but somehow the tears would come.

"My child, there is something more!" Footsteps were now heard coming down the lane from the village. Other tips might tell the tale less kindly, therefore the mother hastened. "Marjorie, my dear, Will Flemming is dead—murdered—and all his money gone! Folks say that Ralph did it, so you must be prepared to hear unkind things spoken about him." The footsteps were quite close now. "There, go in," and she fairly pushed the girl towards the door, so that the now comer might not catch a glimpse of her pale face.

Ralph kill Will Flemming! The uncle who had been as a father to him (albeit a bad one)! But then Ralph loved him in spite of all the bitter things which the old man was wont to say, and Ralph did not want his money—the money which, it report said truly, had been gained through the nefarious practice of smuggling. Then Marjorie remembered the words he had used about "clearing his name"; but, oh! if people would but believe her, she felt sure that she could set their doubts of him at rest, for surely, surely he would not, could not have come to her with blood, his uncle's blood, still clinging to him.

It was a week later, and there had been a coroner's inquest, together with a grave inquiry into the matter. A verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was the result of the first, and strong circumstantial evidence against Ralph Belcher that of the second. A large reward, too, had been offered for his apprehension, and Marjorie, who had been the last to see him before he went away, had been examined and cross-examined, till she hardly knew what was truth and what was not.

Well, a week had passed and again it was evening. Marjorie was sitting alone by the sea, on a piece of rock which in former times had served for a seat for herself and one other. Marjorie wondered where he was, wondered if he were thinking of her, and above all she wondered if there was another happy time awaiting her by-and-by, or whether life would always be dark as at present. If so—and as she gazed out over the sea a passing cloud hid the sun's rays for the time being—she would be glad when she had lived her life; glad to lie down and rest beneath the churchyard sod. A fisherman's boat came bounding along towards the shore; but Marjorie did not observe it, did not hear the grating sound of its landing, did not indeed look up till its owner stood before her. The colour which had by this time returned in some measure to her cheeks deepened when her eyes met his: then she again looked down, and one hand sought the pebbles and sands by her side, playing nervously with them, the while the man stood and looked upon her with a look of unutterable fondness. The cloud had passed and the whole scene was as a perfect picture. The rugged slope, the sea, the blue heavens dappled with clouds here and there, the slanting rays of the sun, the pyramid of golden beauties in the western horizon, which would by-and-by glow as crimson and gold together, the glittering white rocks and sands shooting out colours as though diamonds had been strewn about them by no niggard hand; then last of all, came the girl with her sweetly bashful air, and the tall, erect figure before her.

"Marjorie, I'm so glad to see you," and from his voice could be gathered the reason of his gladness. "I was a thinkin' of you out yonder afore I caught even a glimpse of you, and when I came nigh enough to see a little speck just here I made sure 'twas you, though I was terribly afraid I should be disappointed. I wonder if 'twas my thinkin' so much about you as made you come."

"I don't know," and Marjorie glanced up for a moment, then her eyes once more drooped, and she played with the pebbles and sands as before.

"Marjorie, I want to tell you somethin' and I want you to be true and honest by me. I've waited a long time, Marjorie; but somehow I could never come upon you by yourself." His voice was soft and even tremulous in its earnestness, while all the little roughnesses of his speech seemed to melt away in the tender pathos of his words.

"Marjorie!"—he still stood before her, he could not sit by her side in the very place in which Ralph had sat evening after evening. "Marjorie, I've often thought that we've that within us, which can tell us as plain as tongue can speak, when anybody loves us, and somehow, I think we generally find out who 'tis." He paused, as though not quite satisfied with his own eloquence. "When you was a little lass, Marjorie, I loved you, and I've loved you ever since, and

what I want to know is, if anythin' have ever told you, dear, how precious you have been to me all these years.

There was no reply, only the ceaseless roaring of the sea, and the dull boating of the waves upon the shore.

"I don't want you to say Yes, Marjorie, leastways not if you hav'n't found out for yourself about my love, I only want you to be honest, and if you don't know, you don't love; for love don't need no tulin' when 'tis the real thing, you can't help not carin', Marjorie"—his voice shook and his eyes were actually full of tears—"only speak out."

Again she raised her eyes; it was enough, he had read his answer, and yet he pleaded on in the intensity of his great love; but then he was so simple and his love for her so strong, "I've loved you so long, dear, and hoped and prayed so often that the time would come when I should hear you say, 'Jim, I know'd it all along'; but then if you don't love me, why, as I said before, you can't help it," and he stretched out one brown hand and touched her shining hair tenderly, softly, as a mother touches her new-born baby.

He suffered greatly, and Marjorie knew it—that was why her lips refused to speak. Awhile the young man gazed out over the sea, then once more he turned, "Marjorie, do you love the other?"

Her face, which was pale before, now flushed to a deep crimson.

"And, Marjorie, you don't believe what people say?"

"No." She seemed pained by the question, and he hastened to add, "Neither do I." Then he stooped suddenly and kissed her forehead, after which he went away and left her still sitting upon the rock in the sad, sweet evening lights.

Summer came, and with it the dear old purple heather-blossoms. Marjorie smiled sadly to herself the while she strayed over the common. She did not go down to the shore; she had shunned it entirely since the memorable day already recorded; for she deemed that the less Jim saw of her the better it would be for him. But one day, her little sister Lucy pleaded so hard to go and gather shells upon the beach, that Marjorie had not the heart to refuse—be it known the children were not allowed to go there alone, there being treacherous places along the coast where many a little one had been surprised by the tide, and carried out to its death by the pitiless waters. The sea murmured sweetly as Marjorie sat down upon her old seat, and something like pleasure was creeping over her when, footfall on the sand caused her to start, and lo! Jim Weston stood before her. He noted how pale she grew at his approach, and something very like a sigh escaped him; then he plunged suddenly into the task he had set himself to perform, by asking abruptly if she knew aught of Ralph Belcher.

"No, nothing." Marjorie was glad to be able to say it, for she knew not what would come next.

"I wish you did, then; to tell the plain truth I'm uneasy about him, Marjorie. I've dream'd a lot of him of late."

"You don't believe in dreams?" and Marjorie's face lighted up into a smile, very like to the old ones she had worn for Ralph.

"No, of course not, for I used to dream of you, Marjorie; no, I don't believe in dreams," and he spoke lightly to dispel her fears as well as to set her quite at her ease.

Marjorie coloured slightly, and for awhile there was a silence between them. "I wish, though, as I said before, that I knew of his whereabouts," he broke forth at last, "for then I could warn him of what was goin' on. They are sayin' down there," and he pointed away in the direction of the fishermen's dwellings, "that they'll have the law of him themselves, if ever he comes back, and I know 'em to be desperate."

"Tell the police," quoth Marjorie,

"No use in that. They'd only set on me for tellin'. They'd know 'twas me, safe enough."

"Did he say aught to you of coming back?" he continued musingly.

"Yes, he said"—she stopped short, for once more came the remembrance of "clearing his name"—"that, that he'd come when he'd made things comfortable for me; but that won't be for years and years, I know," and her face glowed and kindled as she spoke.

"Then he'll come, never you fear, Marjorie; only let me know if you hear about it, for Will Flemming was them chap's mate in more ways than one; but what was that?"

A shriek had burst out upon the stillness, and Marjorie sprang to her feet. "Lucy! Lucy!" was her agonised cry; but Jim Weston was already making way towards his boat.

His quick eye saw the child at some distance from them in a tiny bay, which was a favourite resort with the young ones. The tide was rising, but she stood as yet upon firm sand and rock; still the waves already washed her feet, and the white breakers frothed and foamed as though to terrify the child by telling of the fearful death which was coming on. Jim was in his boat already breasting the tide; but Lacey, who at the first had clung wildly to the rock, could now cling no longer. At first she was tossed up and down upon the waves, then she sank and rose again, and at the last, to poor Marjorie, who was almost frantic with terror, she appeared but as a mere speck, drifting out upon the restless ocean.

Jim reached her though. Marjorie saw him draw her in and lay her down in the bottom of the boat, and her heart grew very warm towards him in her intense joy. The child had been entrusted to her care, and if she had died out there, a life-long misery would have been hers. Jim, however, thought nothing of what he had done, and, indeed, it was no great feat; he even laughed softly, and rallied Marjorie at her frightened looks as he climbed the hill with his little burden in his arms. I think that if Jim had liked to plead his suit just then Marjorie would have listened, perhaps some such thought dawned upon him, for he suddenly ceased his kindly speeches, and left off gazing down into the dewy eyes which met his so lovingly. He gave the little one into her mother's arms, and then, with a quiet "Good night," went away, and Marjorie saw him no more till—fill—ah, when!

September came, and the gorse and the heather still smiled on, while the sea seemed daily to grow more and more beautiful 'neath the autumnal sun. Marjorie never saw it though; for something told her to avoid going down to the beach, lest, in so doing, she should again meet poor faithful Jim. She was standing on the common when the messenger (a boy of the village) came panting up. "You must come at once—he's dyin'!" were the words he spoke, and asking no question she sped away with him as fast as she could. As they neared the village the boy flagged a little, and she, following his example, found time to inquire "who was dying?"

"Jim Weston. There have bin a fight, and if 't' adn't bin for he Ralph Belcher 'ud a bin killed."

Ralph Belcher! Oh! her strength failed her then, and she would have fallen if the boy had not caught her by the arm.

"It haint he that's hurt." The words showed her how weak and selfish she had been, and with a heart full of noble, pitying love for the other she hastened on. He lay in one of the cottages, upon a bed hastily prepared to receive him, and Ralph sat by reading aloud in the evening light. The doctor had come and gone, and as there was no hope and nothing to be done, Jim had pleaded for this, to be left alone—alone with Ralph.

His face was grey with death, and blood tinged his lips and lay in drops upon his clothing. Marjorie bent over and kissed his forehead, at the which he smiled, and she in her grief forgot Ralph—Ralph, whom she had feared never to see again. Jim could not talk, but when Marjorie grew more used to the scene he signed to Ralph to go on reading. Through the stillness the words came, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Then Ralph broke down and fairly sobbed aloud, and poor Marjorie, quivering all over with anguish, went to his side to comfort him.

"Don't!"—it was the voice of the dying man; then came a gurgling sound, and the other two looked up. A moment later, and the crimson stream once more flowed from his lips, and then the soul which had loved and dared on earth, went up to join its fellows in heaven.

Strange truths he had told though, to the doctor and Ralph before Marjorie came—namely, that he, Jim Weston, had known all along who the real murderers were, but that as his own brother, a bad, lawless fellow, had been one of the two engaged in it, he had held his tongue. He had known, too, of a quarrel which had taken place upon the day of the murder between Will and Ralph, in consequence of which and Ralph's going away, the attack had been planned; he spoke as well of the cruel taunts used by Will to his nephew, even accusing him of wishing him dead, in order to possess his money, from which vile suspicion the young man had, as he had said, gone away to "clear his name."

People wondered much, after Jim Weston was dead and buried, that they had never known his worth before, and they talked kindly of his pure, gentle life; but oh! in two hearts his memory was ever cherished as a something too precious to be forgotten! It was Jim's wish that Ralph and

Marjorie should wed as quickly as possible, for he did not want Marjorie to pine any more; so upon New Year's Day the two were made one, and as the wintry sun shone down upon them, it seemed to them both like Jim's smile upon their simple joy.

Fifty years have now come and gone, and they sit alone upon their "Golden New Year." Children and grandchildren have made the old walls ring with laughter, but they are gone now, and Ralph and Marjorie are alone to think and commune of the past. "Greater love hath no man than this, etc." It is Marjorie who reads, and Ralph says, by way of reply, "Ah, dearie, it won't be long now before we see them both—Jim and the Great Example—and I'm thinking that that'll be the GOLDEN NEW YEAR after all."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

(1) *Brighter than the Sun.* By Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D. Illustrated by A. Rowan. 7s. 6d.

[London: Nisbet and Co.]

(2) *A Knight of the Nineteenth Century.* By Rev. E. P. Roe. 10s. 6d.

(3) *The Children's Picture Annual.* By Mercie Sunshine. 1s.

[London: Ward, Lock, and Co.]

(4) *Christian Sunsets.* By Dr. James Fleming. 5s.

(5) *Jovinian.* By Rev. W. H. G. Kingston. 3s. 6d.

(6) *The Story Lizzie told.* 1s.

(7) *The Dying Saviour and the Gipsy Girl.* By Marie Hall. 1s.

(8) *Origin and History of the New Testament.* By Rev. J. Martin, B.A. 3s. 6d.

(9) *Heart Life and Heart Thoughts.* By Dr. Cuyler. 1s. 6d. each.

(10) *The Minister's Duty and Pocket Book.* 1s. 6d.

(11) *The Mother's Friend.* Vol. IX. 1s. 6d.

[London: Hodder and Stoughton.]

(12) *Short Stories.* By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. 2s. 6d.

(13) *Old Daniel.* By Rev. Thos. Hodson. 2s. 6d.

(14) *Goodwill.* By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. 2s. 6d.

(15) *Chronicles of Capstan Cabin.* By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. 2s. 6d.

(16) *I'll Try.* By E. Savage. 1s.

(17) *Early Days.* Third Series. Vol. I. 2s. 6d.

(18) *Our Boys and Girls.* Vol. I. 1s. 6d.

[London: Wesleyan Conference Office.]

(19) *History of Protestantism.* By Rev. J. A. Wylie. 3 Vols. 7s.

(20) *The Quiver.* 1577 Vol. 7s. 6d.

(21) *Short Stories of Girlhood.* By Sarah Donnelly. 5s.

(22) *Little Folks.* Vol. VI. 3s. 6d.

(23) *Pet's Posy of Pictures and Stories.* 2s. 6d.

(24) *Little Talks with Little People.* 2s. 6d.

[London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.]

(25) *A Golden Christmas.* Being Lonsley's Annual for 1877. 1s.

(26) *Straight Street; or, the Church and the World.* By Sergeant Laverack. 5s.

(27) *The Lay Preacher.* Third Series. Vol. II. 3s. 6d.

(28) *Pennock.* Vol. II. 2s. 6d.

(29) *Ingle No. 1.* By Rev. J. V. James. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

[London: F. E. L. Ashley.]

(30) *The Boy Friends.* By Rose St. Omar. 1s. 6d.

(31) *Jewel Stories.* By Minnie Young. 1s.

(32) *The Legend of St. Christopher.* By Mary E. Shipley. 1s. 6d.

[London: W. Poole.]

(33) *Tried and Approved Recipes.*

(34) *Mother's New Stories about Old Friends.* 1s. 6d.

[London: Charing-cross Publishing Company.]

(35) *Baptist Almanack.* 1878. 2d.

[London: R. Banks.]

(36) *Life Lost and Saved.* By Selina Ditcher.

[London: Book Society.]

DR. MACDUFF is one of the most prolific writers of the day, so that when he tells us his new book (1) has been in hand for many years, something above the average may be expected. Nor are we disappointed; the volume before us is a life of our Saviour, written in an intermediate style between "Peep of Day," that beloved companion of our childhood, and Dr. Farrar's recent masterly volume. There is a happy combination of simplicity and instructiveness in all Dr. Macduff's writings, and in no volume is this shown more than in the present, where the greatest truths are taught in language that none can misunderstand. The author impels his readers to share in the reverence and awe he himself feels, and which the subject inspires, and the artist has caught the same inspiration, the result being a volume worthy of a place in every Christian home throughout the land.

The Rev. E. P. Roe can hold his own with any writer of fiction of the present day. His new book (2) is most powerfully written, and shows a deep insight into human character; the mistaken fondness of a fashionable mother, the corresponding wilfulness of her only son, the harsh self-righteousness of the modern man of business, the self-abnegation of a godly woman, the love of a true-hearted girl surmounting all considerations of position and fashion, the rough but honest advice of a true son of toil, the noble character of the "knight," surmounting much degradation and wickedness,

NEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

Words by W. B. COOPER.

Music by J. R. SWENNY

1 When earth's host o' thine storms a - ris - ing, Would en - gulf my fes - sible bark, And my feet are worn and
wea - ry, And my soul is sad and dark; When a - round my heart per - di - tion All its
fe - ry darts doth fling, Then, dear Sa - vour, hide me, hide me 'Neath the sha - dow of Thy wing.

With a friend like Thee, dear Saviour,
I should never feel alarm,
For no matter what the danger,
Thou canst keep me from all harm.
But oft doubts and fears surround me -
Life to all some cares will bring:
To the end, O Saviour, keep me,
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing.

And when here my days are ended,
When life's cares and fears are o'er,
To that land where dwell the angels,
Take my spirit evermore.
Where, with heavenly joys enraptured,
All my soul shall sweetly sing
Praises unto Thee, while resting
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing.

and at last triumphantly, by God's help, winning back the esteem of those who had formerly despised him; all this, and much more, has its place in the volume before us: notwithstanding, however, the great merit which it possesses as a whole, it has one glaring defect which should prevent its being placed in the hands of young readers, namely, the introduction on several occasions of blasphemous language into the conversation of one of its characters. This feature, especially in the work of a minister, cannot be too severely condemned, and Mr. Roe could have illustrated his case fully as well without it.

"The Children's Picture Annual" (3) is a cheap little volume, instructively and very pleasantly written.

Dr. Fleming has excelled himself in the book before us (4); Reminiscences of "the last hours of believers" cannot but afford much encouragement to those who are striving to follow in their footsteps, and to entitle them "Christian Sunsets" is a happy conception indeed. We commend this thoughtful, earnest, and godly book to all our readers.

A powerfully-written story is that which W. H. G. Kingston has just issued (5). Thrilling in interest, earnest in purpose, and searching in its argument, this volume, if widely circulated, should strike a deadly blow at the upas tree of Papacy.

Lizzie tells her story remarkably well in the little volume before us (6), and many are the lessons of self-denial, and Christian patience and trustfulness that may be learnt from it.

Next comes a simple, but very pathetic story (7), relating how a gypsy princess was unconsciously the means of bringing an artist to the truth, he in his turn enlightening the gypsy, who fell asleep in Jesus.

The new edition of Mr. Martin's book on the origin of the New Testament (8) is very welcome just now. The author gracefully disavows any originality of research, but he has nevertheless accomplished far more in this tersely-written volume than many more pretentious writers would have done.

Dr. Cuyler's little books (9) are not new, but are well worthy the attention of those who have not seen them.

The "Minister's Diary" (10) is a very handy and inexpensive little book for the pocket.

A book for mothers (11), cheap, interesting, and practical; it thoroughly answers its purpose.

Anything by Mark Guy Pearse is sure to be worth reading, and we are therefore glad to see some of his shorter papers gathered together in a volume (12). Terse, practical, and incisive are they all, and we should like to see them widely circulated. Every village library should have at least one copy.

Mr. Hodson's memoir of a converted Hindoo (13) will be warmly welcomed by those interested in foreign missions, and would form a very appropriate reward book for juvenile collectors.

Another book by Mr. Pearse (14), and a right good one it is. Four hearty, genial, humorous Christmas stories, all having a moral, though well-nigh hidden in the author's own inimitable way; the book itself is bright and cheery, and not a little enhanced in value by the clever and characteristic illustrations of Charles Tresidder.

Quintus Quarles, the author of the well-known "Nestleton Magna," is again to the fore, though this time (15) he caters for the younger folk. A happy little family is supposed to gather round a sailor uncle, and he and they take their turns in telling short and interesting stories, which are all full of good sense and robust Christianity.

The next book (16) is a capital sea story for boys, well got up, effectively illustrated, and very cheap.

The Wesleyan children's volumes are very good this year. "Early Days" (17) is specially attractive, with its bright cover and coloured frontispiece, whilst the reading matter is all that could be desired. "Our Boys and Girls" (18) is not quite so pretentious, but appeals very successfully to a younger class of readers, and is exceedingly cheap.

Dr. Wylie has now accomplished the herculean labour of love which he initiated some three years since. The "History of Protestantism," the last volume of which is just ready (19), is one of the greatest achievements in modern historical authorship. Exhaustive, searching, impartial, and devout, this series of volumes is well worthy of the honoured writer, whilst the enterprise of the publishers has left nothing lacking that could add to its usefulness or attractiveness.

Foremost amongst religious family magazines stands that old favourite, "The Quiver." The twelfth volume (20) lies on our table, and a goodly one it is. Serial stories, imbued with a healthy and robust morality; shorter stories, for the younger ones, each teaching its own lesson; Scripture

addresses, catholic and easily understood; essays, logical, erudite, and exhaustive, by some of the best writers of our time; brief, pithy articles on matters of everyday life; original music and poetry; all these, with an abundant supply of good illustrations, combine to make a volume, the *tout ensemble* of which is all that can be desired.

Miss Doudney is apparently a favourite amongst the publishers just now. New serials and volumes from her pen are continually appearing, but the multiplicity of her engagements has certainly not spoilt her as yet. Her last volume (21) is a perfect gem, and the publishers have spared no expense in its production.

Children's magazines we have in plenty, but none can outshine "Little Folks." It is undoubtedly the first of its kind, and bids fair to remain so. The new volume (22) is brimful of good things, interesting, instructive, and amusing, while the illustrations, as with all Messrs. Cassell's publications, are all that could be desired, either as to quality or quantity.

Two very attractive children's books, by the same publishers, "Pet's Posy" (23) and "Little Talks" (24), are neither more nor less than two volumes of illustrations with descriptive letterpress. The covers are very tastefully decorated, while the cuts are greatly varied both as to character and quality.

To issue, in these days of frivolous and sensational literature, a Christmas Annual (25) which, though absolutely free from maudlin sentimentality, is avowedly religious in its tone, is a bold venture, but apparently a successful one, judging from the highly commendatory notices which have appeared in nearly three hundred secular papers, without reckoning a large number of reviews from the religious press.

Sergeant Laverack has written a strange book (26) which he calls a history and an allegory. The revelations he makes are indeed startling, though rather discursive, while the diction is not of the best; nevertheless, he has succeeded in giving us a volume which will, we believe, excite a good deal of attention.

Lay preachers, students, and even ministers would do well to get the new volume of the "Lay Preacher" (27). This magazine increases in value every year, and its varied contents are just what is required.

Scriptural holiness has a literature of its own, and nowhere is it more thoroughly and impartially represented than in "Pennel," the new volume of which (28) is before us.

Mr. Yeames is as good a story-teller as any we know. His last effort (29) is bright as ever, sparkling with humour and overflowing with geniality, whilst the inevitable moral is almost entirely hidden.

Miss Shipley contributes a very sweet little volume (30) of little poems. Unpretentious, and breathing a spirit of devoutness and love, this book is well worthy a place among the more ambitious gift-books of the season.

A series of stories (31), each having a jewel for its text, is a strange conceit; nevertheless, the little book is well worth reading.

Another boys' story (32), very simple, but none the worse for that.

A very handy little recipe book (33) is that before us, and the ladies say it is thoroughly practical.

Here we have four nursery tales re-dished up in a new, but not very elevating or attractive form (34).

Mr. Banks' almanack (35) has stood the test of twenty-seven years, and ought to be well known; it is useful and very cheap.

Personal religion forms the subject of the earnest, practical volume, the third edition of which (36) lies on our table. The author writes with a purpose, clear and defined, and her words carry immediate conviction to the mind of the thoughtful reader. Young men and young women would gain much spiritual and moral strength by a careful perusal of this volume, and to them we cordially commend it, in the hope that they will read and prayerfully examine it.

"There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Flying their daily part with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

W. Gluyas Pascoe.

CHARLIE'S REWARD.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted"



"I'M so glad, mother—I'm to sell cakes for old Foster, and he'll give me fourpence every night. Fourpence will buy a lot of things, won't it?"

The widow would not damp his pleasure, so she smiled and kissed him fondly. He was the eldest of six, and her husband was dead; so no wonder that she loved him. It was very cold the next morning, but he did not care, that brave, earnest boy; it was nothing to him when his fingers grew cold and numb, nothing to him that it was December, with its bitter frosts and snows.

He had taken a few coppers during the morning, and about noon was bethinking himself of buying a cake for his own dinner with the penny his mother had given him, when Johnny Crooks and Billy West, boys from the court in which Charlie lived, came sauntering up.

"I say," and Johnny eyed the tempting wares, "give us one; yer can say as how somebody priggid it whilst yer were lookin' at another chap."

"Aye, do," and Billy opened his eyes very wide indeed, for food was not over abundant in Clincher's Court.

"No, I can't—they're not mine!" You see, Charlie had been taught to be honest.

"Yer won't? Then I tells yer what, I'll knock yer apple cart over into the mud and snow." It was Billy who spoke, and Billy was renowned as a bully amongst all the little boys in the neighbourhood.

"Look here," and Johnny made a step forward, "he shan't hurt yer; but give us one between the two. Mayhap yer may be hungry yerself some day. I'm hungry, Charlie—I ain't 'ad no breakfast, or I wouldn't ax yer."

Now Charlie was a kind-hearted boy, and one moreover who feared Billy West and his naughty threats. He wished to give them a cake, for was he not hungry himself? Had he not longed for dinner-time to come, in order that he might spend his penny? And, oh, did he not know that as the hours passed the buns had seemed to grow smaller and

smaller, till now at last he coveted not one, but two or three, to appease his ever-increasing hunger? Yet he boldly dropped his penny into the bag belonging to the master, and gave the cake, his own dinner, into Johnny's hand. "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted," he could remember no more of last Sunday's text, but the few words which clung to him prompted the kindly deed, and ere long it brought its reward.

A stout, rosy woman, in a shop close by, saw it all; and loving all boys for the sake of one who was dead and gone to heaven, she came out to learn the "whys" and "wherefores" of the case. Then God put it into her mind by the sending of a warm glow into her heart, to employ Charlie as her own errand boy, paying him a weekly wage, besides giving him enough to eat. Was not the boy glad and thankful? Many a savoury morsel, too, he carried home of a night to the little ones at home, while his mistress kept the widow's needle going briskly all day long, so that real want soon fled away from their humble dwelling.

Dear children, study God's Word, and keep close to its teaching—the blessing *always* comes, sooner or later, and if you give Him your early love and obedience, life will be for you ONE LONG, LONG GLADNESS.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

Merrily, merrily bells are ringing,
Cheerily, cheerily hearts are singing;
Around the hearth there are faces bright,
As the firelight flashes its rosy light,
And they gaily speak without shadow or fear
Of the gladsome birth of "A Happy New Year."

Drearily, drearily bells are tolling,
Wearily, wearily hands are folding;
The light has fled from the dear one's eyes,
And the air seems rent by mourners' cries,
And the New Year seems old, tho' scarce a day
Has gone since the Old one passed away.

Silently, silently tears are falling,
Tenderly, tenderly Christ is calling;
For the New Year speaks of His childhood's pain,
The first sad link of a long, long chain;
Yet, tho' we are called in His steps to tread,
The path leads to Jesus, *Who raised the dead.*

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE official inspectors of the London School Board state that there are among the London Board Schools twenty-three girls' schools, twenty-two infants' schools, and one boy's school, which are carried on successfully, absolutely without corporal punishment.

At a recent meeting at the Society of Arts, Professor Bell gave a description of his invention, the telephone. Conversation was carried on by the Professor, Lord Caithness, Mr. Le Neve Foster (President of the Society), and other gentlemen, with correspondents at an hotel in the neighbourhood, and with a gentleman in Gough-square—nearly a mile distant—by means of the underground postal telegraphic wires.

Dr. Stoughton, predecessor of Dr. Raleigh in the pastorate of the Congregational church at Kensington, and now principal of a Nonconformist College, by the invitation of Dean Stanley, recently delivered a lecture in the nave of Westminster Abbey. His subject was "Foreign Missions," and his audience was very large. The service was simple. Special hymns were sung, and the Dean pronounced the benediction.

In the American House of Representatives a resolution proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, has been introduced.

Mr. Benjamin Gough, well known as a contributor to the poetical columns of several religious papers and magazines, has expired, after a short illness, at his residence, Woburn Sands, Newport Pagnel. He was in his seventy-second year, and had been for a number of years a lay preacher of considerable power.

Dean Stanley, in his sermon in Westminster Abbey, on the afternoon of St. Andrew's Day, said that statistics proved that the Church of England had contributed the largest amount towards the propagation of foreign missions, the Nonconformists contributing the next largest, while the subscriptions of the Roman Catholic Church amounted to only one-

fourth of what was collected by various Protestant societies in the United Kingdom alone.

Distributing the prizes gained by the pupils at the Royal Institute, Liverpool, during the past year, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen pointed out the dangers of a too utilitarian education, and urged that the value of instruction should be estimated by other considerations in addition to its direct bearing on the immediate prospects of life.

University College (or North London) Hospital has received £2,000, under the will of the late Mr. George Moore, of Whitehall, Cumberland, and Bow Churchyard, London, to be applied in some way that will yield a permanent benefit to the institution.

Liverpool has contributed over £30,000 in aid of the sufferers by the recent Indian Famine.

Dr. Ziemann has returned from Bulgaria for a brief period of rest. He has been addressing large audiences in Manchester on behalf of the Bosnian refugees.

Mr. Henry Varley has laboured very acceptably in Australia during his preaching tour. It is stated by a colonial paper that the churches are being awakened, and that the movement is unprecedented in Victoria.

Special services were held in most of the metropolitan churches on St. Andrew's Day, which had been appointed as a day of intercession for the foreign missions of the Church of England.

Union Chapel, Islington (the Rev. Dr. Allon's), has been rebuilt, and its internal arrangements being complete, it has been opened. It is a handsome edifice, and will rank with the largest Nonconformist churches in London. The opening sermons were preached by Drs. R. W. Dale, A. Maclaren, J. Edmond, J. Parker, A. Ralcigh, W. M. Punshon, Messrs. C. H. Spurgeon and Newman Hall, and Dr. Allon himself. After the first sermon (by R. W. Dale, D.D.), the collection realised £5,000. A tower remains yet to be added to the building.

A movement is in progress in Norfolk for the purpose of confederating the strong with the weak Congregational churches. Addressing a meeting in furtherance of this object at Norwich, Mr. Colman, M.P., expressed a wish that there should be a disappearance of the insignificant differences which divided some Nonconformist churches, so that instead of two or three chapels in a village, there might be one strong enough to counteract Ritualistic and Rationalistic teachings.

An order was recently issued by the Sultan, says *Church Bells*, for removing the old walls and fortifications of Jaffa (Joppa). In cutting a gate through a water battery at an angle of the sea wall, built by Vespasian, and directly in front of the reputed house of Simon the tanner, the men came on three oval-shaped tanners' vats, hewn out of the natural rock, and lined with Roman cement, down very near the sea, and similar in every respect to those in use eighteen centuries ago. This proves that the house, from which steps lead down to the vats, must have belonged to some tanner, and some probability is given to the tradition that this is the spot where the house of Simon stood.

The Presbyterian Bible and Colportage Society (Ireland) now employs fifty colporteurs, eight of whom can speak the Irish language. Since its commencement, in 1859, this society has sold 10,536,869 books, periodicals, and tracts, which realised a sum of £33,311. There has been also an extensive gratuitous distribution.

BUSY HANDS.

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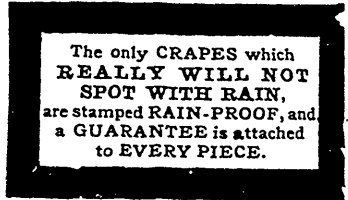
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