

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

THE LONDON (ENG.) SCHOOL BOARD AND THE BIBLE.

 FEW years ago a London gentleman, Mr. Francis Peek, paid over to the general Fund of the Religious Tract Society the sum of £5,000 (\$25,000), on condition that the Society should give, year by year, Bibles and Testaments at subscribers' prices, to the amount of £500 (\$2,500) for prizes to scholars receiving instruction in the Holy Scriptures in the London School Board Schools* who should excel, at a voluntary examination, in Biblical knowledge. At the distribution of prizes in the Crystal Palace, in 1876, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., presided, and Mr. Peek addressed the children† before the prizes were distributed. The gathering of children this last summer (1877) was, as formerly in the Crystal Palace on a Saturday in June. Four thousand were found entitled to Bibles out of 82,000 who had competed, all of whom had made 249 attendances during the year.‡ The Biblical instruction given in the schools of the London Board is said to be thorough and systematic, and so arranged that during six years of school life

* During its existence, up to November, 1876, accommodation had been provided for 126,943 children in the 145 new schools erected by the Board; while the total number of children under the control of the Board in schools of all kinds is 200,149, which is about the number in average attendance on all the Protestant schools of the Province of Ontario. Additional accommodation is being provided for 55,368 children in seventy-six schools in course of erection, 5,000 outcast children have been picked up off the streets and sent to industrial schools or training-ships. Ten new schools will be required annually.

† Mr. Peek's address, admirable for its spirit and simplicity, we give under the head of "Practical papers." He is a member of the London Board.

‡ Of the 212,483 pupils in average attendance in the public schools of Ontario, only 20,921 gave 201 attendances during the year 1876.

the children in passing from standard to standard acquire an intelligent knowledge of the Bible especially the New Testament. The parents have shown a very great desire that their children should be present at the schools during the time given to religious instruction; and out of the parentage representing 200,000 children under the School Board of that vast city, it is a very significant fact that *only fifty* parents withdrew their children during the time religious instruction was being given. It is likewise a satisfactory and remarkable circumstance, that during the seven years in which the present rules as to Biblical instruction have been in force in London, not an instance has been known of a complaint from a parent against any attempt on the part of the teachers to introduce sectarian or denominational doctrines into their religious teaching.

We look on the gift of Mr. Peek to the London schools, as one of the most enlightened deeds of Christian benevolence on record in our day. Through the kindness of the Tract Society the donor's money yields ten per cent, each year in Bibles at subscribers' prices. The interest of Mr. Peek's five thousand pounds is four thousand Bibles each year for ever. It is not often money is laid out to such account; for it is not only that four thousand Bibles are sent out on their beneficent mission to be read and no doubt retained by many of the scholars through life, as a pleasant and honorable reminiscence of school days; but the struggle for obtaining these Bibles animated during the whole year the breasts of nearly 100,000 competitors in the great city, sending them to search the Holy Scriptures day after day, and introducing the Bible, and searchings of it, into thousands of homes where, otherwise, the blessed book might have for ever remained a stranger. Eternity alone can compute the interest in spiritual blessings, compounded a thousand fold, that springs from Mr. Francis Peek's fund for Bible prizes. But this is not all. The experience of the London Board in the matter of religious education has settled, and that without any trouble at all, a question which, looked at from a distance, seemed difficult, if not impossible, of settlement.

It is very clear that every nation that undertakes to educate its young in national schools must choose between a training that is Biblical and religious, or a training that is secular and non-religious. There seems to be no middle ground. Our schools must be either religious or non-religious, *i.e.* godly or ungodly, *i.e.* either *for* or *against* Christ. No neutral ground is logical or practical, possible or tenable for any length of time.

There are not a few good Christian people who, led away by the reaction setting in all over the world against the union between Church and State, demand an entire separation of religion from the sphere of civil government, beginning with Parliament, which must, they say, legislate by the light of nature and not according to Christianity, and ending with the national schools in which they say the Bible ought to have no place.* We do not believe that all the very good and intelligent people who advocate such views as these really understand the natural, necessary and logical consequences of their theory. The legitimate consequences are thus put very clearly and forcibly by an eminent American writer:—

“If we adopt the principle of the absolutely non-religious character of civil government, and its independence of Scripture and of the mediatorial authority of Christ, it is evident that a new literature must be created, purged of all religious thought or sentiment, dictionaries expurgated of all religious words, history rewritten with all traces of providence, grace, or faith eliminated, and philosophy, mental and moral, reduced to a department of molecular mechanics. That system already emerging in contemporaneous history, and almost everywhere foreshadowed, is a new thing upon the earth, and promises to be the consummate instrument of Satan for the propagation of atheism and practical irreligion, and ranks equal to the greatest of the many antichrists. If, in reconstructing or developing our national systems, they opposed the Papal subordination of the State to the infallible Church, with, on the other hand, the Erastian subjection of the Church to the civil authority, they must never accept the easy but fallacious solutions which implied that the State is any the less subordinate to Christ than the Church, or any the less subject to His personal supremacy, or to His law as revealed in His Word. If they were laying the foundations of the great system of national education which is to form the character of future generations, in opposing sectarian education in a Papal or pre-

*At Walsall, England, it has been decided to exclude the Ten Commandments from the religious teaching in the Board schools, on the ground that difficulties would arise in explaining the fourth and seventh commandments to children. The passage from the New Testament has been substituted, beginning “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,” etc. The next step will likely be to exclude even this passage on the ground of the difficulty of explaining to children what God is.

latical sense, they must never consent to compromise with the principles or to co-operate in the methods of those whose real purpose is to render all education absolutely secular, under the absurd pretence that religion can be ignored and yet not denied, and that education can be simply non-religious, and yet the whole mass of human knowledge not to be rendered positively anti-theistic."

Let this secular and godless theory of education, (by godless we mean nothing more than the word says, "without God") be pushed to its legitimate issue, and then our national anthem, which is but a sublime prayer to God for the Queen, must be forbidden our children, as must our present mode of dating events, "from the birth of Christ," for if our schools have nothing to do with religion they should have nothing to do with God nor with Christ, neither with his birth nor his death.

We have no doubt that many intelligent Christians have been driven to adopt this theory of secular education from the belief that their choice lay between it and the sectarian theory of religious education that demands that the tenets, catechisms, and peculiar doctrines of some denomination must be adopted, if any religious education is at all given. But the experience of the London School Board has shown, beyond doubt or cavil, that the education of children may be *religious* and not *denominational*, thoroughly *Biblical* and not *sectarian*. If the only alternatives possible were that the schools of a nation must be either *sectarian* or *secular* then there might be some grounds for taking up the secular position; but all these grounds are completely swept away when we find, in such a mixed community as London, that education may be thoroughly Christian and yet cause offence only to fifty families; carefully minute in the details of the Christian books, and yet enlist in the study 80,000 scholars; rigid in the examination and tabulation of results, and yet find 4,000 entitled to obtain the valued prize in the June gathering at Sydenham.

When such a result is possible in such a city as London where infidels, deists, secularists, positivists, and Jews abound, we need not despair of yet seeing a similar result in the different provinces of this Dominion (save Quebec, where national education will be intensely denominational for years to come) where, according to

the last census there are only twenty atheists and 409 deists, being in all 429 who could on any consistent ground oppose the introduction of the Bible into the national schools. If the excellent Minister who is now at the head of the educational department of Ontario, would take the pains to acquaint himself with the method of Bible study in force under the London School Board, adapt it to the schools of Ontario, and so order it, that Trustees throughout the country could adopt it if they choose; and let some tangible encouragement be given to Bible study such as has been done by Mr. Francis Peek, and then would we see the youth of our Province leap to their work as they have done in London. The result of close study of this blessed book would tell for good on the next generation.

“For in the mind are unknown powers
That recreate the seeds that seem to rot,
And many rays of soul and spirit showers
From heaven that feed our thought.”

It would tell for good at a time when the democracy of this continent, according as things now look, will be on its trial for continued freedom, or for military despotism. Who can doubt the truth of the closing words (let them be our closing words here) of the *London Methodist* on the religious element in education, a subject occupying largely the attention of the press of England at the present time?—

“The Bible alone has made the Protestantism of the mass of Englishmen what it is. The translation of the Scriptures which Wickliffe left behind him was a much stronger weapon against ecclesiastical tyranny than any he had wielded in his lifetime. In Elizabeth's days, when the people flocked to the marketplace to hear the Scriptures read, it was not to clerical exposition that they listened. The greatest moral influence England has ever known—the influence of Puritanism—drew its vitality from the Bible, but not from an ecclesiastical interpretation of it. The Bible is the keystone of the Protestant faith, and we submit, without fear of challenge, that the position which it holds in the system of national education is in keeping with the noblest tradition of our country.”

Living Preachers.

TALE-BEARERS AND TALE-BEARING.

A SERMON BY THE REV. W. HEVINGHAM ROOT.

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer."—Leviticus six. 16.



THE family of tale-bearers is very ancient, wide-spread, and tenacious of life, and though I may not be fortunate enough to kill any of the members, I shall try to wound and wound severely. We shall notice

I.—THE CHARACTER OF THE TALE-BEARER.

(a) *He is a Hypocrite.*—Under the guise of friendship he worms himself into your confidence, and after getting your story, hurries off to scatter it broadcast. "The words of his mouth are smoother than butter, but war is in his heart. His words are softer than oil, but they are drawn swords." Pretending to pity he hates, feigning friendship he stabs. It was a cowardly thing for Joab to stab Abner under the cloak of affection, but how much worse is it to murder another's character, under the guise of friendship, and Tale-bearers do this. "A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbors."

(b) *Tale-bearers are Liars.*—Having sometimes little to do they sit at home concocting tales, and then tell abroad as facts what are the imaginations of their own bad hearts. If something be told them, they are not content with telling it, but must add to it. And always what they add makes the thing worse. A very common practice is for these tale-bearers to take the very words you have uttered, and give them a bad meaning. For instance you go into a friend's house, are astonished to find everything nicer than you imagined. You give expression to that surprise and say, "I had no idea you had everything so very nice." This innocent remark is at once seized by Mr. Tale-bearer, and after you have left he says, "Did you hear what he said?" "Yes!" "Do you know what he meant," "No," "Why that you were not rich enough, or had not enough good taste to have such a nicely furnished house." Thus

your very words are wrested, and a meaning given them you never imagined.

(c) *Tale-bearers are Scandalizers.*—You may do a hundred good deeds and not one of them will they divulge; but make one slip only and they rejoice over it as a mother over her child, or a miser over gold. It is impossible to escape their malevolence, for your good they will call evil. When John the Baptist came with his stern call to repentance, mixing little with men, at home among the wilds of the wilderness, wearing not the common garb of men, he dressed in a raiment of camel's hair, eating not the common food, but the wild honey he found in the trees, the locust that hopped in his path, men said, "He hath a devil." But Jesus Christ came in a contrary fashion. He wore common clothes and did eat and drink with men. He went to their marriage festivals and joined in domestic feasts. He was to be found in the streets, in the markets, in the synagogue, everywhere where crowds assembled. But still these fault-finders were dissatisfied. They quarreled with John because he did not mingle with them; they quarrelled with Christ because he did. "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners."

'Tis impossible to satisfy the scandalizers, they will not be pleased, no virtue is too strong for them to assail, no life too pure to tarnish.

And, as I said, they delight in the bad, they have no good word for any. If you should say, "Mr.— is very amiable." "Yes," they reply, sorry to admit to it, and then in a sprightly tone, "but he drinks very heavy," or if you hazard the remark "Mr. X. is very energetic and business-like"—"Perhaps" doubtfully, and then in a cheerful voice, "But he is frightfully mean." Thus they blast every reputation, and cast reproach on all. "They search out iniquities, they make diligent search." "They whet their tongues like a sword, and aim their arrows even bitter words."

(d) *Tale-bearers are Cowards.*—After blasting a reputation, after defaming a friend, after slandering the innocent, after heaping reproach against his neighbour, the tale-bearer turns round and says, "Don't mention my name, I have no wish to be mixed up with it." The mean cowardly hounds, after hunting a neighbor to death, they wish to slink off unseen. If Darwin's theory be true, vultures that feed on carrion and garbage must be the ancestors of tale-bearers. But I am inclined to think, they are relations of the false witnesses who accused Christ, and

the descendants of Judas Iscariot who betrayed his Lord with a kiss. We notice in the next place.

II.—THE CONSEQUENCES OF TALE-BEARING.

These are many and manifold. Families divided, friendships broken, neighbours set at variance, and a whole community upset. In a small place, one tale-bearer is sufficient to set everyone by the ears, and sow suspicion in every heart. Friends grow cool, characters are ruined, and mutual distrust takes the place of confidence. It often takes years of patient and holy living to live down a foul scandal. And even then the echo of it will not only follow an innocent man to his grave, but be heard after his death. In fact, a tale-bearer is *worse than a thief*, for the latter steals what can be replaced, but who can replace a destroyed reputation?

Good name in man and woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls,
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

There is one consolation, however, *the tale-bearer is punished*. Sooner or later he is bound to be discovered, and then woe to him; he is avoided like the plague as soon as he appears; conversation ceases—the cry, “Mr. Telltale is coming,” is enough to seal every lip. Everyone feels as David: “I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me.” Just as when thieves are about, we lock our doors and make our windows fast, so when these thieves of reputation are near, we protect ourselves by the precaution of silence, as they have sown distrust, so now they gather the same, they have sown the whirlwind, and they reap the storm, “so shall they make their own tongue fall upon themselves, all that see them shall flee away.”—We notice next

III.—THE CAUSES OF TALE-BEARING.

On the part of the tale-bearer they are:—

(a) *Ignorance*.—A scandal-monger is seldom an educated person, and having no store of information laid upon his memory, he is compelled to make gossip the staple of his talk, and if an excuse be possible for him we can say, “poor fellow, he knows no better.”

(b) *Envy* is another cause. The tale-bearer is jealous, he cannot bear to see others above him, it is gall and wormwood to hear others praised, so he slanders where he cannot equal. We are told of a savage

tribe which believes the virtues of an enemy become the property of his destroyer, so that if a coward kills a brave man or a fool a wise one, the coward becomes brave, the fool full of wisdom. The tale-bearer imagines that in destroying another's reputation he raises his own; to show one is false proves him to be true, that in proportion to the character he destroys he is raised in public esteem.

But *we* are not blameless in this matter; tale-bearers would not be so flourishing but for *our readiness to receive scandal*. This is a strange and painful feature in human nature, shewing itself in many ways. If in a large company you say, "have you heard about Mr. Q?" instantly all is attention. "What is it?" is eagerly asked. "One wet day as Mr. Q was walking up the street he saw a poor fellow shivering in the rain, so he took off his overcoat and gave it to him." Instantly all interest dies from the faces of the listeners, a look of disappointment succeeds, blank silence follows, broken by the remark, "Oh! is that all!" Now if instead of this you had said Mr. Q was drunk, or beat his wife, or was bankrupt, the result would have been very different; eyes would have brightened, and tongues been loosened. And it is this propensity in human nature, which too often encourages the abominable tale-bearers.— And now in the last place we notice.

IV.—THE CURE OF TALE-BEARERS.

To the tale-bearer I would say: *try to gain more self-knowledge*. Look at your own feelings as keenly as your neighbours'. Examine your actions as closely as theirs, and you will soon cease to slander. The time you employ in discussing the mote in your neighbour's eye, will be better spent in detecting the beam in your own. Be as diligent to correct your own faults, as you are to discover others, and you will soon cease to go up and down as a tale-bearer, "and he that is without sin let him first cast a stone." Try to think of others as you wish them to think of you; speak of them as you desire them to speak of you; think the *best* of them. Jesus Christ acted in the belief that in the very worst and abandoned there was a spark of goodness. His constant aim was to get at this, so that by love and sympathy, he might cherish and make it grow. To this end He became a friend to publicans and sinners; He pitied those whom society cast out, and in His vast arms of love all the penitent outcasts found refuge. Will you try and imitate Him whom you profess to follow; seek after the good in them as diligently as you have sought after the evil; you will find the occupation pleasanter, and the reward

sweeter ; the world will be a nicer world, and you will be astonished at the amount of good in it ; you will be happier, and your neighbours will love you as they have never done ; and let us everyone discourage scandal. "As the north wind driveth away rain, so doth an angry countenance a back-biting tongue." If there were no tale-hearers there would be few tale-bearers. The receiver of stolen goods is as guilty as the thief, and he who *listens* to scandal is encouraging it ; shew your dislike of it, and the defamer of his neighbours will not trouble you. Before publishing a report or believing it, go straight to the person concerned, and tell him what you have heard ; let us be like him, "who *spoke* no slander ; no, nor listened to it," and we shall do much to abate the evil ; let us remember the love and patience of Christ, how he has borne with, and forgiven us ; and then we shall have no disposition to blame, no satisfaction in another's fall. Let us pray "Set a watch O Lord before my mouth, keep the door of my lips," and if any of you have suffered by malicious tongues, prove falsity by your life.

Should envious tongues some malice frame,
To soil and tarnish your good name :

Live it down.

Grow not disheartened ; 'tis the lot,
Of all men whether good or not,

Live it down.

Rail not in answer, but be calm ;
For silence yields a rapid balm,

Live it down.

Go not among your friends and say,
Evil hath fallen on my way ;
Far better thus yourself alone,
To suffer, than with friends, bemoan,
The trouble that is all your own.

Live it down.

What tho' men, evil call your good,
So Christ Himself, misunderstood,
Was nailed unto a Cross of wood ;
And now shall you for lesser pain,
Your inmost soul forever stain,
For rendering evil back again !

Live it down.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noonday." AMEN.

Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

"At a religious meeting, an infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of the truth, bowed upon his knees and cried in agony, 'God of my mother! have mercy upon me!'"

A young child knelt all meekly
Beside a mother's knee,
With air devout and holy
Most beautiful to see!
And praye!—the voice of childhood
Rose softly on the air,
And the snowy wings of angels
Were softly hovering there!

* * * *

I saw a man whose forehead
Was lifted up in scorn
Against the noblest, holiest things;
The true, the heaven-born,
An Infidel! and weak ones
Shrank back where'er he trod—
He scanned the universe unawed,
And said, "There is no God!"

Sad sight, alas! and angels
In sorrow turned away,
While dark above the skeptic's mind
An ominous shadow lay.
And while the hearts of thousands
Bowed 'neath conviction's rod,
He still unmoved, in scornful tones
Denied his mother's God

* * * *

A scene most strange and thrilling—
Sore-burdened hearts were there;
Christian and sinner met to prove
Th' omnipotence of prayer!
Why comes *he* here—the godless?
Is it to scoff, or pray?
An unseen power has brought him;
He may not stay away.

Like strong oaks of the forest,
Riven by the tempest's breath,
They bowed around him—voices plead
As though 'twere life or death—

The air was thick with pleading—
 He bowed—he did not dare
 To scoff or sneer : for in his soul
 He felt that *God was there!*

Strong fear took hold upon him,
 And an exceeding dread.
 Perchance he felt as those who see
 The grave give up its dead!
 Confronted by the Master—
 The God he had denied,
 Whose promises he'd scorned—and now
 He'd not a hope beside!

He bowed—above the tempest,
 Above the surging roll
 Of the mighty waves of anguish
 That 'whelmed his sinking soul,
 A cry went up, and never wretch
 Cast on the ocean broad
 Sent up a sharper wail than he
 Who cried—"My mother's God!"

O! what a tide of memories
 Came rushing o'er him then!
 The present time was nothing,
 He lived the past again;
 And a pale sweet face that weary years
 Had lain beneath the sod,
 Rose up, and then in anguish
 He cried, "My mother's God!"

"God of my mother!" Lowly
 The strong man bowed him then;
 His wondrous stores of knowledge
 To help or save were vain.
 God of my mother! Wonder not
 If blinding tears gushed forth,
 To him that mother's love had been
 The truest thing of earth.

—*St Louis Presbyterian.*

THE SCARECROW.

There he stood 'mong the graceful corn,
 With his tattered arms stretch'd out,
 While the fresh sweet air played softly round,
 Waving the rags about.

There he stood in the dowy morn,
A spectre gaunt and grim,
And the naughty birds who had robbed the corn
Now fled at the sight of him

Fast they fled on their pinions swift,
For they thought that close behind
They could hear the scarecrow's rustle and creak,
Borne on the whispering wind.
And they never once looked back—poor fools!—
Or they might have seen him stand
Quite still, except for the fluttering rags
On the arms that had no hand,

The time went on, and the birds forgot
The pang of their first great terror,
And back they came in a hungry troop
To see if they'd been in error.
But no—for the tattered ghost was still
Watching among the corn,
With his warning arms spread stiffly out,
So grim, yet so forlorn.

Then one wise bird, as the rest drew back,
Tittered and chirped with a laugh,
"Look here, my friends, I'm older than you,
And I'm not to be caught with chaff.
See how this dreadful ghost of ours
Bends to each breath of air,
Yet never seems to be heeding us
As we flutter here and there.

"Come!" and with one swift flight he perched
Full on the scarecrow's head.
While his comrades stood with half-spread wings
In a hush of awe and dread.
Then in a moment the scene was changed
To the clamour of hungry strife,
For the birds had learned that their corn-field ghost
Was a thing devoid of life.

And I said to myself, as I passed that way ;
"Here is a lesson for me.
Our faults are the birds which steal the corn
That should fill life's granary.
Our good resolves, like the scarecrows, stand
To frighten the faults away ;
But alas! for the winged things return,
And often they win the day."

And why is this? the answer comes
With a deep, sad pathos rife.
Our resolutions lose their power
Because they have *no real life*.

We trust too much to our own poor might,
 Forgetting the Gentle Hand
 Which is ever ready to give the strength
 By which alone we can stand.

O ye who would have your garners full
 Of a life-long precious store,
 Who fear the faults that, like evil birds,
 Would mar it for evermore.
 Trust not to the scarecrows of your will.
 For these can never avail,
 But lean on the sure defence of Him
 Who hath promised, and cannot fail.—M. E. R.

MR. P. P. BLISS'S LAST HYMN.

[The following singularly appropriate hymn is said to have been the last one penned by Mr. Bliss, who, with his wife, recently met with such a terrible death on an American Railway. Mr. Bliss was the author of "Hold the Fort," and many of the most popular hymns sung by Mr. Sankey.]

"I know not what awaits me,
 God kindly veils mine eyes,
 And o'er each step on my onward way
 He makes new scenes arise;
 And every joy He sends me comes
 A sweet and glad surprise.

CHORUS:

"Where he may lead I'll follow,
 My trust in Him repose,
 And every hour in perfect peace
 I'll sing 'He knows, He knows.'

One step I see before me,
 'Tis all I need to see,
 The light of heaven more brightly shines
 When earth's illusions flee;
 And sweetly through the silence came
 His loving 'Follow Me.'

"O blissful lack of wisdom,
 'Tis blessed not to know!
 He holds me with His own right hand,
 And will not let me go,
 And lulls my troubled soul to rest
 In Him who loves me so.

"So on I go, not knowing,
 I would not if I might;
 I'd rather walk in the dark with God
 Than go alone in the light;
 I'd rather walk by faith with Him
 Than go alone by sight."

Christian Thought.

SCIENCE CONFIRMING THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. H. W. WARREN, D.D.



EARS of discussion have established these two principles :

(I.) The Bible nowhere opposes demonstrated science.

(II.) The Bible always has been, and is yet, far in advance of the attainments of Science, even in advance of man's ability to understand its plain declarations.

These are remarkable propositions. If they are maintained there is no more ground for contention. There must be wisdom from God from its pages.

The Bible was written in ages of ignorance of the sciences of to day, by unlearned men, in a great part, and it would be simply impossible for them as men, to avoid statements in opposition to the knowledge and discoveries of to-day. Even wise men could not do it. Pythagoras, and the wise men of his day taught that the earth was flat. And the wise men of our day have taught within the memory of many of us, that marine shells, found in the high mountains, were proof of the Noachian deluge. Voltaire showed his fitness to lead a scientific assault on the Bible, by declaring that these shells were brought to their places in the mountains, by the crowds of pilgrims from the Holy Land ! Indeed there is hardly an established truth in science to-day, concerning which men have not uttered many erroneous opinions. I do not affirm that the Bible does not speak of some things according to visual appearance, as the sunrise and sunset. But our nautical almanacs and other scientific treatises do the same thing to-day. I do not deny that some interpretations, and even translations of the Scripture, have been contradictory to demonstrated science. For how can we truly translate from a foreign language, things we could not understand, if written plainly in our own ? It needs knowledge to read scientific statements. But, uniformly, that translation which has harmonized with science has been found to be the truer one. Indeed, the translations of many scriptural texts have been very difficult, because we lacked the knowledge to make their real signification seem possible to our thought. Discovering the scientific truth, we returned to the Scripture, and its meaning was as clear as sunlight.

Several pages which seemed, when fairly translated, to teach error, or to be poetical flights, have since been proved to be statements of literal facts. The Bible has been routed from many a position it never held, discovered to be impregnably intrenched, after its rout had been heralded. This will repeatedly appear in illustrating the second proposition. That the Bible could avoid error proclaims that God was in all its writing. How much more that it could always be in advance of science and discovery. Let us see if this second proposition is capable of proof. The Bible has asserted from the first, that creation of matter preceded arrangement. It was chaos, void, without form, darkness. Arrangement was a subsequent matter. The world was not created in the form it was to have. It was to be moulded, shaped, stratified, mountained, and valleyed, subsequently. All of which science utters ages afterwards. The Bible has been sneered at a thousand years, for saying that light existed before the sun was outlined and limited. But now, men are praised for asserting the same thing. Pæans are sung to La Place, that belong to God, and which are sung to God by angels, and all others who know that the Bible is older science than the *Mechanique Celeste*. It is a recently elucidated idea of science that the strata of the earth were formed by the action of water, and that the mountains were once under the ocean. It is an idea long familiar to Bible readers. "Thou coverest the earth with the deep as with a garment. The waters stood above the mountains. At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away. The mountains ascended, the valleys descended unto the place Thou has founded for them." The whole volume of geology in one paragraph! Volumes of demonstrations of the impossibility of the Deluge might have been saved if men had been willing to read the explanations of God, by Peter: "For of this they are willingly ignorant that by the work of God there were heavens of old, and land framed out of water and by means of water, whereby the world that then was, being overflowed by water perished;"—a geological subsistence—"but the heavens that now are and the land"—the present geological upheaval—"by his word are kept for fire, etc.," every difficulty vanishes. It is a single sentence of geologic history, foretold and arranged by God for a specific time and purpose, and no more difficult than upheavals and subsidences that have occurred in our day. Ages on ages man's wisdom held the earth to be flat. Meanwhile God was saying, century after century, of Himself, "He sitteth upon the sphere of the earth." [Gesenius.] Men racked their feeble wits for expedients to uphold the earth, and the best way they could devise

were serpents, elephants, and turtles. Meanwhile God was perpetually telling men that he had "hung the earth upon nothing."

Men were ever trying to number the stars. Hipparchus counted 1022, Ptolemy 1026. And it easy to number those visible to the naked eye. But the Bible said that they were, as the sands of the sea, "innumerable." Science has appliances for enumeration unknown to the other ages, but the space-penetrating telescopes reveal more worlds: eighteen millions in a single system, and systems beyond count, till men acknowledge that the stars are innumerable to man. It is God's prerogative "to number all the stars. He also calleth them all by their names."

Toricelli's discovery, that the air had weight, was received with incredulity. For ages the air had propelled ships, thrust itself against men, and overturned their works. But no man ever dreamed that weight was necessary to give momentum. During all the centuries it had stood in the Bible, waiting for man's comprehension; "He gave to the air its weight." [Job xxviii. 25.]

The pet science of to-day is meteorology. The fluctuations and variations of the weather have hitherto baffled all attempts at unravelling. It has seemed that there was no law in the fickle changes. But at length perseverance and skill have triumphed, and a single man in one place predicts the weather and winds for a continent. But the Bible has always insisted that the whole department was under law. Nay, it laid down that law so clearly, that if men had been willing to learn from it, they might have reached this wisdom ages ago. The whole moral law is not more clearly crystallized in, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," than all the fundamentals of the science of meteorology are crystallized in this word: "The wind goeth toward the south (equator), and turneth about (up) into the north; it whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again according to his circuits (established routes.) All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Unto the place whence the rivers come thither return they again." [Eccles. i. 6, 7.]

That the central part of the earth was molten fire was received with great hesitation; and even now, after numerous proofs, is by some minds hotly contested. But God knows what he says, "Out of the earth cometh bread, but at the same time underneath, it turns itself as fire." [Job xxviii. 5.] Long before it was supposed that rock could be melted, the Bible declared that "the hills melted like wax." "Poetic figure," says the rhetorician. "Literal truth," says the laborious chemist.

That light makes music in its passage is asserted by God to Job, by science more than three thousand years afterwards. Poets—Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Addison, Mrs. Browning, Willis, and others, have uttered the conception as a fancy; the Bible and science as fact. The Word is a Golconda of gems. Beautiful the thought and words of him who mines it.

“There’s not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
But in his motion sings.”—A.D. 1596 (?)

“The morning stars sang together.”—3000 years earlier.

God’s statement that the sun’s “going is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit on the ends of it,” has given edge to many a sneer at its supposed assertion, that the sun went round the earth. It teaches a higher truth. Let pigmies learn the truth of Alpine proportions, that the sun itself is but a superior planet, and flies in a path of eighteen million years, from one end of the heavens to the other, around the Pleiades as its sun. Confounded Job, a puny sick man, could answer nothing when asked if he could bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades. He did not know that they swung millions of suns and their attendant worlds.

When I hear so eminent an astronomer, so true a Christian, as Mitchell, who understood the voices, in which the heavens declare the glory of God, as his own vernacular tongue, who read the significance of God’s embodied word with delight, and who fed upon God’s written word, as his daily bread; when I hear him declare, we find an aptness and propriety in all these astronomical illustrations, which are not weakened but amazingly strengthened, when viewed in the full light of our present knowledge;” when I hear Herschel declare, “all human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths that come from on high, and are contained in the sacred writings,” I ask, who is he that declares that the Bible and science are at variance? I shall probably find that he is ignorant of both. God has scattered brief notes of His works in the Bible. Man’s discoveries are but illustration and comment.

“The city was pure gold like unto clear glass.” [Rev. xxi. 18.] How many sneers the Bible has endured for such a statement! It could bide its time. Truths always can. Faraday has demonstrated that fine gold may become perfectly transparent like clear glass. And some of the most beautiful productions in ruby glass are produced by solutions of gold.

Whatever point we touch sheds confirmation on the Book that gives a light to every age. "It gives but borrows none." It must be the wisdom of Omniscience behind it; the mind that knows the end from the beginning.

ALBERT IS DYING.

In the Summer of 1863, on a Sabbath morning, when residing in the country near the Nanticoke river, I attended a small church located in the same neighborhood. The inclemency of the day prevented the minister from filling the appointment, and only a few persons were present. We were discussing the propriety of quietly dispersing, when we discovered about a dozen persons, mostly young men, passing by the church. They carried a jug of liquor, and were on their way to a place where they were accustomed to meet together to drink and to gamble, in open violation of the Lord's day.

Among them was Albert Evans, an agreeable young man, about twenty years of age. He was considered moral in comparison with those whom he met every day when retailing spirituous liquors in his father's grocery, but evil associates were leading him farther and yet farther astray. Nothing but an Omnipotent arm could now check him in his downward career of wickedness.

It was proposed by one of the party at the church that we should hold a prayer-meeting and implore God to convert this band of Sabbath-breakers in the midst of their wickedness. We did so, and then returned to our respective homes.

On that evening I fell asleep thinking of these godless men, who had doubtless spent that sacred day of rest engaging in a bacchanalian revel, and about midnight I was aroused by some one knocking at the door.

"Albert is dying!" were the first words that fell on my ear. "Albert is dying," repeated the messenger; "he has sent for you. Make haste."

Thus the wicked are often overtaken in their wickedness. Sooner or later every one must endure the penalty. "How hard is the way of the transgressor."

I hastened to the residence of this young man, and the moment I entered the room he raised himself on his elbow and exclaimed in the deepest agony, "Oh! I am dying; pray for me: I am a lost sinner!"

The unbelieving father was pacing to and fro across the room wringing his hands in speechless grief; the mother sat at the bedside unable to

speak a single consoling word ; two sisters stood by weeping convulsively, and a hardened sea-captain looked on the touching scene with the utmost indifference.

We all knelt in prayer except the captain, who sat upright in his chair, careless and unmoved, wearing a scornful smile upon his lips. He could not bow to the God he had so long defied. Even dying Albert's subsequent appeals were disregarded. He lived a few years longer in sin and finally perished miserably.

Albert lingered about ten days, gradually approaching the closing scene of life. God spoke peace to his lost soul, and he rejoiced in the hope of salvation. He urged his wicked associates to "flee from the wrath to come;" he begged his father to close his grocery, which he solemnly promised to do ; and even in his last moments he exhorted all present to meet him in heaven.

On the following Sabbath after his death a solemn scene was witnessed at the church where we had first prayed for this band of wicked men. A large congregation had assembled to hear the funeral sermon. It was the beginning of a revival sermon. Albert's father and mother and a number of his former companions in wickedness were heard crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and thirty souls were added to the church.

Christians may be encouraged by this incident to increased activity. "The prayer of the righteous availeth much." The promise is, "I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

Let the unconverted pause and consider their lost condition. It will soon be too late for repentance. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know ;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.
Turn, mortal, turn ; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven."

R. L. D.

Christian Life.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS:



NO adequate account can be given of the most popular and important of the voluntary religious institutions of Germany without some notice of the great man whose name it bears. Identified as that name must ever be with the heroic defence of Protestantism against apparently overwhelming antagonistic forces, the man also challenges our attention by his own remarkable character and achievements. If, in the perusal of our narrative, there are borne in mind three dates, which span the entire period from the Reformation to the present century, the relation of Gustavus Adolphus to his own times, and of both the man and his age to his beneficent memorial, will become the more readily apparent and significant. On Midsummer Day, 1530, the Confession of Augsburg, drawn up by Melancthon, and signed by the Elector of Saxony and several other princes of the empire, was delivered in that city to Charles V., and thenceforth became recognized as the doctrinal standard of Protestantism in Germany, the celebrated protest itself having been signed only a few weeks before. Exactly one hundred years afterwards, to a day (1630), Gustavus Adolphus landed and began his campaign in Germany, in order to preserve Protestantism from the extermination with which it was threatened in that country. Two centuries and two years later (1832), the obligation was recognized in connection with a commemoration of the second century of the hero's death, by proceedings which led to the formation of the Gustavus Adolphus Society.

Gustavus Adolphus was grandson of a man whose memory is cherished in Sweden with much the same feelings as is that of Alfred the Great in our own country. Gustavus Vasa, the first of the Vasa dynasty, on reaching manhood, found his native land groaning beneath a tyrannical foreign yoke. He went from house to house, roused the peasants to a sense of their wrongs, and at length induced them to make a successful stand for freedom and national independence. Elected king by the nation, he refused to be crowned, contenting himself with the title of Governor, until, to quote the words of an old English chronicler of Swedish history, "He summons a parliament, where he propounds the reformation of religion, in which, finding much opposition and little hope,

he surrenders the kingdom unto the States again. The land, thus brought into a strait, humbly beseeches Gustavus once again to accept the kingdom. Thus he was crowned, anno 1527, becoming the first Protestant king that ever was in the world." Charles, the father of Gustavus Adolphus, abolished the rites of the Roman Catholic religion in his kingdom, and shut up the last monastery which yet remained in it.

Gustavus Adolphus was born Dec. 9, 1594, and early in life gave promise of his future greatness. Strong in body, quick and vigorous in mind, and courageous in disposition, the child was father of the man. Gustavus was kept, as a boy, under strict discipline, and there was instilled into him an ardent love of the Reformation. He mastered languages with ease, and at twelve years of age he spoke Latin, German, Dutch, French, and Italian fluently; understood English and Spanish, and knew something of Russian and Polish. His father soon came to regard him as the destined heir to his most cherished projects; and often, referring to some favorite scheme still unaccomplished, and looking to him for its fulfilment, he would pat the boy's head, and say to the bystanders, "*He will do it.*"

Gustavus was but seventeen years old when his father died. The laws of Sweden required that the prince should have attained his eighteenth year before he was of age, yet his great qualities were so strikingly apparent that he was allowed by the States to assume the administration nearly twelve months earlier. It was a mark of wisdom that he knew how to select wise counsellors, and his choice of the profoundly sagacious and patriotic Oxenstiern as his chancellor is said to have impressed all Europe with the highest opinion of the young monarch's penetration.

But Sweden had unfriendly neighbors; and this, with other causes, had reduced the kingdom to a perilous condition. Her finances were entirely drained by a series of wars and revolutions; she was in actual conflict with Denmark, which had taken possession of many of her strongholds; and Poland and Russia were preparing against her powerful armies. Gustavus took the field against each of these powers in succession; and for the most part with advantageous results. Thus, at the close of the last of these campaigns, a part of Livonia, with the important town of Riga, was added to his dominions. Some fifteen years were thus occupied; and at their close Gustavus Adolphus was a master in the art of war.

The enfeebled condition of the Protestant cause in Germany now awakened his profoundest sympathies. The long and bitter conflict

known as the Thirty Years' War had commenced in 1618, and for the first twelve years had proceeded with the most adverse results to the interests of the Reformation. A contemporary writer, describing the distressed state of the Protestants of Germany at this time, intimates that, bad as things were, they threatened, as the result of Jesuit intrigue, to become much worse, and to involve the "total ruin of the true religion," and the entire subjugation of Germany to Romish superstition.

When, under these circumstances, the "Lion of the North," as Gustavus was called, resolved to make war upon the Emperor, in defence of the rights of the injured Protestants, his forces seemed utterly inadequate for the purpose. He had but fifteen thousand men besides his artillery; while ready to encounter him in Pomerania alone were forty thousand troops, forming only the advanced guard of the imperial army. The Swedish monarch and his brave companions in arms made for the mouth of the Oder, where they took possession of the island of Usedom. Gustavus was the first to land, and at once fell upon his knees and breathed forth earnest prayer; and then was the first to seize the spade. The troops as fast as they landed, were engaged one-half in raising intrenchments, and the other half in battle array, ready to repel assault.

Gustavus soon mastered and expelled the imperial garrisons from Usedom, Wollin and Wolgast with a rapidity unknown in those days; he invested and reduced Stettin; in the course of only eight months he took eighty fortified places, and by his successive victories obtained the adhesion of all Pomerania. He had landed in Germany without any ally in that country; but the electors of Brandenburg and Saxony, and other princes, as his successes and their necessities became apparent, threw in their lot with him.

These rapid conquests of Gustavus struck the empire with consternation; and the veteran general Count Tilly was created a field-marshal, and ordered to take command of a large army and repel the advances of the Swedish monarch. The opposing forces met on the plains of Leipsic; and here Tilly was utterly defeated, losing in a few hours twelve thousand men in killed and wounded, and having, in fact, his army completely shattered. Gustavus once more encountered Tilly on the banks of the Lech, where his passage was disputed by that commander. Again, the Protestant monarch was the victor, and Tilly, who in the course of his career had gained thirty-six battles was not only defeated, but slain.

The mightiest military chief in Europe, Wallenstein, was next called to the aid of his sovereign; and he having stipulated for, and been invest-

ed with, the independent command of all the forces of the empire, marched against Gustavus with an immense army, raised by himself. After a slight and indecisive encounter at Nuremberg, they met again at Lutzen, in Saxony, and here the most important battle in the Thirty Years' War was fought on November 6th, 1662. The army of Wallenstein was considerably larger than that of Gustavus, and occupied a superior position. An old yet severe wound prevented the king from putting on his armour on this memorable day; but, said he, "God is my armour." In presence of the foe, while the morning mist yet hung over the field, he commanded Luther's well-known psalm, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" ("A Strong Tower is our God"), to be sung, and then the hymn of his own, which we give below, accompanied by the guns and trumpets of the whole army. Immediately afterwards the mist broke, and the sunshine burst upon the two armies. Kneeling beside his horse, he repeated his usual battle-prayer, "O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our arms, and this day's battle, for the glory of Thy holy name!" A few words of encouragement given to his soldiers—his battle-cry, "God with us!" uttered—he placed himself at the head of a regiment and dashed at the enemy. In the thickest of the fight his left arm was shattered by a pistol-shot; he was then shot through the back, and fell from his horse. In reply to the question who he was, asked by the enemy's horsemen, by whom he was surrounded, he replied, "I am the King of Sweden." He was quickly despatched, and his body was afterwards found by the Swedes, having on it seven freshly-inflicted wounds and the scars of thirteen more. Among his last words, according to one account, were these: "I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation." The hero-king fell early in the fight; but ere the day closed his troops achieved a victory. The tide which threatened to overwhelm the adherents of the Reformation was rolled back; and Protestantism in Germany had thenceforth an assured existence. The war had yet sixteen years to run; but it ended in the peace of Westphalia, which secured by treaty—to this day the public law of Germany—equal civil rights to Romanists and Protestants.

Napoleon Bonaparte has given to Gustavus Adolphus a place among the eight greatest generals whom the world has even seen; the others being Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and Julius Cæsar in the ancient world; with Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great, and himself in the modern. Gustavus Adolphus was not only a brave soldier and a skilful general; he was the originator of new modes of warfare, and did more perhaps than any other man to effect the complete change

which has taken place from mediæval to modern military tactics. Colonel Chesney states that he was the first who fully appreciated the importance of causing the artillery to act in concentrated masses. He first brought into the field light artillery, which was manœuvred and shifted with ease, while the heavy guns of the enemy were comparatively immovable. M. Michelet describes him as a "true hero and great heart, the sweetness and unalterable clemency of which, not even in the hour of defeat, his formen could fail to bless. The most astonishing part of him was, above all else, his astounding serenity—that smile of his in the heat of battle." "Gustavus Adolphus," says Schiller, "was, without exception, the greatest captain of the seventeenth century, and by far the bravest soldier in one of the bravest of armies . . . Gustavus watched with the same vigilant solicitude over the manners and morals of his soldiers as over their martial skill and courage. A chaplain was specially appointed to each regiment, and every day the several regiments were ordered to stand in circles around their spiritual guides, that the whole host might swell in grand and reverent harmony the matin song and the vesper prayer to heaven. In all this the law-giver was himself a pattern to his troops. The courage which was a natural attribute of his great soul was sanctified by a living, unaffected fear of God. While, on the one hand, he remained, amid the intoxicating joys of a triumphant military career, a man and a Christian, on the other, he comported himself in his devotions in a manner befitting the hero and the king." "He was a king," says his friend Oxenstiern, "God-fearing in all his works and actions, even unto death."

No picture of the outward form and fashion of the man impresses us more vividly than that by Archbishop Trench, who after remarking that he was "framed in the prodigality of nature," says: "His look proclaimed the hero, and, at the same time, the genuine child of the North. A head taller than men of ordinary stature, yet all his limbs were perfectly proportioned. Majesty and courage shone out from his clear grey eyes; while at the same time an air of mildness and bonhomie tempered the earnestness of his glance. He had the curved eagle nose of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Napier—the conqueror's nose, as we may call it. His skin was fair; his hair blonde, almost gold colour; so that the Italians were wont to call him *Re d'oro*, or the Golden King. In later years he was somewhat inclined to corpulence, though not so much as to detract from the majesty of his appearance. This made it, however, not so easy to find a horse which was equal to his weight."

Something of the inner life of the great Gustavus we may learn from the poetical piece known as his battle-song, which was sung by his army immediately before the battle of Lutzen. The thoughts were the king's, but their poetical expression and metrical form were due to Dr. Jacob Fabricius, his chaplain, to whom he confided the thoughts that had animated his spirit on the march and in the field, in face of the foe. There are two versions—one in Swedish, the other in German. The following translation, which we borrow from "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," is translated from the Swedish :

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Be not dismayed, thou little flock,
Although the foe's fierce battle shock
Loud on all sides assail thee ;
Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure.
Their triumph cannot long endure ;
Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's ; go at His call ;
And to His hand commit thy all ;
Fear thou no ill impending :
His Gideon shall arise for thee,
God's Word and people manfully,
In God's own time defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesu's might ;
Against themselves the godless fight,
Themselves, not us, distressing ;
Shame and contempt their lot shall be ;
God is with us, with Him are we ;
To us belongs His blessing.

Christian Work.

DESTRUCTION OF WICKED BOOKS.

[It seems, at first sight, strange to introduce the following report by Anthony Comstock as a report of Christian work. The report, delivered before the Chatauqua Assembly, deals with an agency that is purely destructive; but this destructive work is as noble and needed a work as is done to-day in America. Let parents, pastors, and teachers ponder well the facts here stated, and let them be impressed also with the facts that cannot be stated, as showing the dangers that surround our young.—Ed. C. C. M.]

IT is a difficult subject (said Mr. Comstock) to deal with, especially in an audience of this kind. There are many parts of this work and many points that I cannot even touch upon,—scarcely refer to, or even hint at. Yet there are other features of it that to me, and to those who have looked into it, have made it seem a subject of national importance, and a national work. The object of our society is, in fine, to preserve the purity of the minds of the youth. It is to prevent the mind of the children from being poisoned and debauched. There are evils existing in this community, aye, there are evils which have been traced into the best schools, the best seminaries, the best homes of this country, that you would shudder at were you to know the facts,—evils that are carried there stealthily. The United States Mail is to-day one of the greatest and most powerful agencies in carrying into those homes, and scattering among the children of this country these vile publications that cannot fail to injure, debase, and destroy. There have been arrested 287 persons down to the present time. There have been in round numbers of obscene publications, books, pictures, etc., over twenty tons weight of matter seized and destroyed through the agency of this society. Of the bound books alone, ready to be circulated, there have been 21,141 pounds seized. Of the pictures alone there have been over 202,000 destroyed. Then of another kind of pictures, placed in watch charms and knife-handles, there have been over 7,500 seized, and of negatives there have been over 1,700 seized. There have been over seven tons of stereotyped plates for printing books destroyed that no gentleman here would pass even to another gentleman except for a matter of information, or to draw forth some word of condemnation upon the men who sell them. There have been seized 285,000 circulars, and then besides thousands of letters have been seized in the possession of

these men, letters coming from boys and girls, letters coming from women and men, from every State. I have letters coming from ministers' daughters and sons, from the children of lawyers, merchants, and from the children of all classes and all grades, not of the poorest, but of the wealthiest and most refined. These letters have been found personally, and there are thousands of children in this country to-day, and young men and young women, who can thank the forbearance of the society that their names have not been published in the local papers. I have thought, harsh as it may seem, that the only way to stamp out this system is to publish the names wherever we find them, and I do not know but we shall have to do it, and I certainly shall if I find the names of any of this audience. There are other facts and statistics that it is hardly necessary to go into the details of. I desire more particularly to show to you how these things are scattered abroad. In the first place, there is a regular systematized business in articles, and books, and pictures, to a depth far deeper down than the vilest of vile trash that you find to-day on the news-stand, the boys' and girls' weekly papers that are published, and which should be stamped out as you would stamp out a hydra-headed monster. The names of these children and the addresses are obtained in this way: I found a man in Brooklyn who had a large pile of catalogues of female seminaries, and he was taking the names of the purest and best in this country, and addressing envelopes to them, and selling them to these men who sent out these vile circulars and publications, and these men pay him from ten to twenty-five dollars a thousand for the envelopes with the names upon them,—and I seized them, and wrote to the principals of these seminaries, and what has been the result? Within a very few weeks I received back from the principals, both ladies and gentlemen, of these seminaries, matter so vile that I would scarcely show it to any gentleman in this audience, and yet that matter is thrust before the eye and the mind of the child that you send to the seminary. After you have carefully sought over this land for a secure place to send your children, these fellows follow up with this poison that shall at once destroy the mind and pervert the imagination, sear the conscience, pique the curiosity, harden the heart, pollute the body, and damn the soul.

Then, again, it is a common thing for me when I make an arrest to find names and post-office addresses. On the 9th of March last I seized over 100,000 names and addresses in the hands of men whom I arrested in New York city. I have to-day in our office a case nearly as large as

this which has just been brought upon the platform, filled with envelopes with addresses on them, which I seized in the hands of these men. They were ready to be deposited in the mail, and contained these advertisements of the Evil One.

Then, again, there are various devices which it would be proper, and highly proper, for me to disclose to parents, but which would not be proper for me to tell you when there are children present, lest I might harm them by advertising the very methods which these men use. I speak of these things where they are voluntarily thrust on the children, because then the child is the victim; but I cannot speak of those things,—the scheme after scheme that are used, and publicly used, by these men. If I should speak of them they are but too readily brought under the notice and attention of the child, and the child, with its curiosity aroused, shall work its own ruin.

Then, again, there are circulars sent out. One I seized out here in Indianapolis a short time ago, a circular containing a printed blank with the name, the post-office address, State and County. The man had sent them out to be filled up by post office clerks with the names of people in their particular locality. Another scheme, and a very common one, and indeed one of the most popular formerly, was to send out a circular in which the senders represent they are getting up a United States directory of all the young men and women in the United States, offering five cents a name to every one who will send them the names of the youth in their particular locality. Then when they get these names I never knew of but one instance in which there was a return made, and that was of a watch with a pewter case, which was returned for a list of names sent to them. And when they get the names, as they do by thousands and tens of thousands, they sit down and send out again, gratuitously, to the children of your own neighbourhood, perchance, these corrupting and debasing articles.

I have one thought more. It seems to me if there could be a meeting where the parents of this Assembly could be brought into closer contact with this work, if the fathers of this audience would meet some afternoon in private conference—that greater good could be done than simply from speaking here. I would drive closer home to you the dangers that your sons and your daughters are in. I know whereof I speak. I know that you are not aware of it. If I should go to parents in this audience, and say to them: "Your child is in danger." "No, sir," the response would be. Let me illustrate: Last summer I found a small boy who had

gone to his mother and said,—“Mamma, they have such a bad book in school,” and it was a school on Washington Avenue in Brooklyn. His father came and told me what his boy had said. I went to that school which we consider one of the best in the city of Brooklyn, and I found there matter of the vilest character. [The speaker here gave some further instances of the extent to which these publications were diffused among the children of the land, and closed his remarks as follows]:

I hope I have not wearied you, nor trenched upon the time of others. I thank you for your kindness in listening to me, my friends. I have felt very much embarrassed in what I have had to say from the circumstances that have surrounded me; but what I have presented to you is worthy of your consideration, and I trust that it will accomplish at least this, to arouse in your hearts a deeper interest in this work, and make you more watchful and more prayerful over the children that God has given to you, remembering that “the pure in heart shall see God,” and you can not have a pure heart if you have a debauched and impure mind.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE JEWS.

BY DR. MOODY STUART.

It is not desirable that the same amount of prayer, of labor, of money, and of men, should be bestowed on the Jews as on the heathen, because for every million of Jews in the world there are perhaps a hundred millions of the heathen; yet the place of the Jew in the world and in the eye of Christ is not as one to a hundred. Rather in the Word of God are Jew and Gentile regarded as the two halves of one whole, very unequal indeed, yet still halves in some respect. Christ was promised as “a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of His people Israel.” The first half of the promise has been signally, though far from completely fulfilled; the second remains, with no national fulfilment to Israel, but the reverse, for hitherto the light of the Gentiles has been a shame and a reproach in Israel, and not his glory. President Edwards has said that no declaration of Scripture can be regarded as more certain than the national conversion of Israel, as promised in the eleventh of Romans; and it is equally certain that their national conversion will be “life from the dead” to the world. Neither men nor nations are influential for good according to mere numbers; one Luther, one Calvin, one Knox is more to the Church than millions of ordinary men: and the little nation of

Israel has had more influence in the history of the world than all the ancient empires of east and west. Nor can we say that the nation of Israel, having flowered and borne its fruit in the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, is now only a withered tree, dead, and of no further use. That one fruit had been glory enough for this nation forever, if it had pleased the Lord thereafter to cast it away. But His providence has been as marked as His promise. For these eighteen hundred years he has kept Israel through a hundred deaths; the nation is at this day as numerous as it ever was, except in the days of Solomon; the Jews believe that no nation has ever risen so rapidly out of oppression, weakness and obscurity, as they have done during the present century; and with every sign of vitality they are increasing every year in numbers, in wealth, and in influence. Throughout their history they have, as a nation, been intensely religious; even in their deepest darkness they have rested both on the divine history of the past, and in the hope of a glorious future. And if once converted to Christ there is every reason to believe that Judah's burning zeal will make him like "a torch of fire in a sheaf, or an hearth of fire in a wood" in the midst of the other nations. There are many tokens that the time of their conversion is now drawing nigh. During the last fifty years the desires of Christians have been drawn out toward Israel as never before since their dispersion, and the pity in our hearts is only a drop from the swelling of the great ocean of the divine love rising again toward the lost sheep of the house of Israel. As yet the heart of the nation has not been reached, yet many have been converted; prejudice has been removed; and among large numbers of the Jews the name of Jesus is no longer uttered with a curse. The providence of God in raising the nation has most remarkably coincided with Christian effort in their behalf. It is as if the Lord was beginning to deal with them again as a nation. It will be a terrible humbling for that proud people to be brought down to worship Him whom they have pierced; and it seems as if nothing but national trials would issue in their national conversion, as if only the weight of an Almighty arm could "bend or break the iron sinew of their neck." Meanwhile they are uniting themselves together even when they are scattered throughout the world. The Church may have presented the remarkable spectacle of a people scattered everywhere and bound together as a nation by a book, by the Bible. But now they are adding other associations, and in the great Jewish Conference in Paris in the end of last year, the nation seems to have reached in some respects a greater unity than it has done since

their dispersion. It seems as if the Lord were preparing them for some national destiny in His mysterious providence, which the great Eastern question may tend somewhat rapidly to develop; for I can never bring myself to believe that in the latter day all nations are to sit every man under his own vine and his own fig tree, and that Israel has been so marvellously preserved only for the sorrow of sitting for ever under a stranger's vine and beneath a foreign fig-tree.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE GENTILES.

BY DR. MURRAY MITCHELL, BEFORE THE GENERAL PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

At present, three-fourths of the globe were still in darkness, and the habitations of cruelty. There were more heathen alive in the present day than in the days of the Apostle; for the Roman Empire in his day hardly contained 120,000,000 of people, and the Indian Empire contained more than double that number now, while China contained more than 400 millions. That was the state of things eighteen hundred years after the great commission was given to the church to preach the gospel to every creature. If the Apostle Paul were only to rise up in that House there would be a feeling in his heart of holy indignation, and he would sound the alarm loud as a thunder peal to rouse the church to consciousness of neglect of duty, of guilt, and of danger. (Applause.) Every motive that impelled the early church to preach the gospel to heathen nations remained now, and ought to be now in their hearts in undiminished strength. Take that one consideration—the condition of the heathen nations. There were men who told them that heathen religions gradually improved, as muddy streams gradually ran themselves clear. If that was true, he had utterly misread history. (Hear, hear.) Compare the heathen religions existing now with those existing in the days of Paul. The great systems of Hindooism, of Zoroasterism, and of Buddhism in India, of Confucianism in China, of Fetichism, so largely developed in Africa, of spirit-worship, which was almost universally the religion of the Tartar, were all showing no signs of improvement; and in addition to these great systems another had arisen since the days of Paul, which was spreading still, and spreading rapidly—a system that admitting the unity of God, denied the divinity, the death and atonement of Christ, which tied down its devotees at best to the European civilization of the seventh century, which degraded women even more than Hindooism, which recognized the unutterable evil of slavery, and which

proclaimed as a duty; war for the conversion, and, if necessary, the enslavement of believing nations. The condition of the heathen nations was not better now than it was in the days of Paul. He thought they might demonstrate that it was decidedly worse. Certainly the systems of Hindooism and Buddhism with which he was best acquainted, were worse now than they were in the days of Paul. (Applause.) They also knew better about the actual condition of the heathen world than Paul could have known. He did not know of that horrible cannibalism, of that continuous monotonous slaughter of human beings going on in heathen countries. "Blood! blood! blood! everywhere blood!" exclaimed Livingstone, when his heart was sickened with what he saw. The results which God had given them in prosecuting their missionary work ought to be a new stimulus to action. There were two millions of men at the present day, Christians, who, but for their feeble modern missions, would have been sunk in the darkness of heathenism. Then there were openings now for the gospel that had never been experienced till of late. There were, for example, the openings in America and in India. Light could now be poured into the darkest recesses of the Zenanas, and surely it was the duty of the Christian Church to take advantage of all these openings. There were also other advantages which they had as compared with the early church for carrying on missionary work. Those were a handful of men, but the modern Church consisted of a mighty nation. They had the Scriptures translated into two hundred different languages, and had all the advantages of steam carrying their messages to the ends of the earth. They had also the same glorious promise to sustain them in their high enterprise which the early Church possessed, "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." They had all which the early Church had, and also advantages and opportunities and powers that the early Church did not possess, and in accordance with those things was the responsibility increased. The great question was, "How shall the heart of the Christian Church be moved to increased zeal in missionary work." As a council they should make a solemn confession that they had been very neglectful in regard to this great work. It was also necessary that the obligation to prosecute and assist in missionary work should be enforced from the pulpit with a zeal and devotedness that had never been attempted as yet. The mind, and heart, and conscience of the Church required to be educated on this subject, and none could do this so well as the pastors of the churches. Prayer on behalf of missions ought to abound in all their churches. Means should also be

taken to extend information as to missionary enterprises among the people; for he could testify to the exceeding ignorance prevailing over Scotland with regard to missionary work, and to the exceeding gladness with which the people of Scotland received all missionary intelligence. Parents and guardians should also take up the duty of creating and fostering an interest in mission work among the young; and the press should be looked at, and a missionary literature provided for the old and young. He had listened during the sitting of that council to admirable expositions of Presbyterian doctrine, but as he did so he felt inclined to say—"Show me thy faith by thy works, O Presbyterian Church; if thou believest all thou dost profess to believe, then arise in the strength of thy God, and perform in the strength of God the work that God gives you to do." (Applause).

Practical Papers.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

BY THE REV. D. D. M'LEOD, PARIS, ONT.

HERE is such a condition of the body that even Physicians can scarcely tell whether it is dead or alive, but it is a condition in which no one desires to be found, for there is great danger of being buried in it, as one who has not only the appearance, but is in reality dead. To be sure, this is a state in which one cannot be disturbed by the pressing calls of duty, in which the responsibilities of life are not felt, and in which one possesses undisturbed repose. Still it is not considered a desirable or healthy state of the body. Men would be out of it as quickly as possible. All available medical skill is concentrated on such a body to wake it up. We do not, however, find the same dislike to such a condition of things spiritually. Many seem to think that such a state of suspended animation is a natural and proper condition for Christians to be in; that there is in spiritual experience a third condition, which is neither life nor death; and they shrink from any such shock as would break up this calm and peaceful inanity. They dislike any ministry, spoken or written, that would plant a thorn in their pillow,

and rouse them to a consciousness of life or death. That this is the condition of very many professing Christians, and of many congregations, is painfully manifest. It is not bringing any unwarrantable charge to say, that the professing Church of Christ in many localities does not seem conscious of life or power, but lies like a vessel becalmed, while thousands around are sinking in the sea of unbelief and ungodliness. And yet these portions of the church seem satisfied with this state of things; as though the Church of Christ justified her existence by an outward existence, by an outward respectability, by dignified indifference to the claims of men perishing at her feet, by presenting the faith and love of the Gospel in an aspect of cold, listless inactivity. Such a condition, whether of an individual or of a church, carries with it consequences it would be well to ponder,—suggests questions that should enlist the serious attention of the churches of Christ. Does a church or a professing Christian in such a condition represent on earth any Divine work—anything supernatural? Has she anything to tell the world of power Divine that renews and controls the hearts of men. Has she anything to show of the product or the results of redemption, in the unworldly beauty of her life, or in the power of her faith. Rather does she not seem to say in such a case, that the love and faith which are born of the spirit of God, are motive powers of extremely little value—that man can do sufficiently well without them; and that the church redeemed by the Cross, and in which it is said the spirit of Christ dwells, finds nothing to do for God or man in the world outside of her own narrow walls.

When we see churches wealthy and intelligent, enjoying a regular ministry, with all accompanying helps to a life of faith, expend almost the whole of that wealth and intelligence in energetic service of the world, and of self, without a thought of Christ, except such thought as will not interfere with the utter neglect of his claims. When we see these churches drop, with utter indifference, and almost reluctance, to mite into God's treasury, and we see them leave God's work to be done feebly and unwisely for lack of their help, what have we to say to the unbeliever, who points to such churches as giving the lie to all the fervid professions, made in prayers, and hymns, and preaching. We may say such churches are in a condition of backsliding. But where could we point such a question to churches that are living up to their faith as far as they can—are they not few? Thank God some are honestly trying to do so. But are they not too few?—so few, as to tell little on the great mass of unbelief surrounding them, and yet some good and orthodox

people find it necessary to warn the Church against being too loud or enthusiastic in her testimony. They seem to think this state of suspended animation most decent and dignified. The noise and motion of active life seem disturbing and irreverent. But surely life is to be preferred to the appearance and inactivity of death. True, enthusiasm may mislead, vigorous life may give a rude stroke, but if anywhere enthusiasm is justifiable, it is in the service of Christ,—if anywhere there is need and scope for vigorous exertion it is in the work of the Church of Christ. Was not He clad with zeal as a cloak? And though we all know that judgment, and not feeling, should rule in all our actions, yet when men deeply interested in the work of God, burning to save souls and promote the glory of their master, give vent to these feelings in vigorous effort, in ways untried and odd, to men, good indeed, but having no enthusiasm, while we may think them unwise, we ought carefully to avoid discouraging men from manifesting earnest feeling, and putting forth their utmost energies in so noble, so divine a work as that in which the Church is engaged. It was quite exceptional for David to attack Goliath with his sling. It was odd to see him dancing through excited but reverent feeling, yet he did not think it wrong, nor unwise, and neither was it. And while we have no sympathy with proceedings that spring from unintelligent zeal, and mere excited feeling, yet we have with those that spring from intelligent zeal, and thoroughly roused feeling. And it is questionable whether even occasional outbursts of irregular action are so dangerous to the faith as the monstrous treadmill methods of seeking the conversion of the world, into which churches chiefly anxious to be orderly in their ministrations are so apt to fall. Earnest feeling will lead to work in some direction, while this dead condition referred to, will not only allow of no work being done, but leads the Church to frown on genuine work done out of the monotony of routine, and sanctioned by the manifest blessing of God.

How beautiful the Church of Christ as seen in her purity; hearts glowing with love to Christ; lives laid out in Christ-like service; prayers, an expression of faith and consecration; preaching, the utterance of hearts yearning over lost souls, and caring only for the praise of God. Such a church may have no costly temples, no lofty spires, no painted walls, no cushioned seats, no expensive choir, no learned Doctor in the pulpit, no wealth in her pews, and yet having God in the midst of her, the spirit of Christ resting on her, she witnesses with a power for God that will tell on an unconverted world like the discharge of artillery on

serried hosts, while the church with all outward pomp, but spiritually asleep, will be void of influence and power,—a regiment beautiful on parade, but in the battle not seen or felt. One would almost think that Christian men, and even ministers in many cases, had lost faith in the Gospel as a real and aggressive power. Surely it has as much power to-day to reach and reclaim the godless masses, as they fell before the reapers on the Day of Pentecost. And if those outside of her pale to whom she is sent cannot be reached by dignified addresses from a pulpit, His servants must take up the role of their Master, and go among the people with the message of salvation. If men will not, and in large numbers they will not, come into the church to hear the Gospel, let the Gospel be carried to their homes; accost them on the street, meet them wherever found, and by its very pertinacity demonstrate how unsatisfied the soul of His disciples when baptized with His spirit, until the mission of His church be more fully accomplished. It is thus we expect our missionaries to assail heathenism abroad. It is thus we must assail the more guilty heathenism that flourishes under the shadows of our churches. We look to missionaries for lists of converts,—we should look as earnestly for the same at home. And when we learn to use more frequently, and in stronger faith, the prayer—"Come from the four winds O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live," then we shall see as the prophet did, "these dry bones shall live, and stand up upon their feet, an exceeding great army, to do battle for the Lord of Hosts.

A Recent Run Through Bible Lands.

BY THE REV. JAS. FRASER, KENNET SQUARE, PA. U.S.A.

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM.

FTER a stormy sail of about twelve hours from Port Said—the terminus of the Suez Canal, on the Mediterranean—we were in sight of Joppa. Our landing was not accomplished without difficulty, as the sea was rough at the time, the harbour treacherous, and the entrance narrow; and lined on either side by jagged rocks, and so dangerous that one unskilful stroke of the oarsman would impale the boat and send all to the bottom. Such thoughts remind us, that this perilous port is the true sea-monster which devoured many an Andro-

meda, and no Perseus at hand to save. We escaped all danger, however, and soon our feet were planted on the sacred soil of Palestine. O land of Promise! We have heard of thee, with the hearing of the ear; now we see thee; nay thy hallowed soil is beneath our feet, for we are walking the streets of Joppa. What associations crowd into the mind as we wander through the bazaars of this old city. Without agreeing with Pliny, that it existed before the flood, we are safe in saying that it is one of the oldest towns in the world. When Joshua divided this land among the tribes of Israel, Joppa was given to the tribe of Dan—Josh. xix. 46—and ever since that time, it has continued to be the Port of Jerusalem.

Here Solomon landed the cedars which he brought from Lebanon for the Temple. Here Jonah took ship for Tarshish in his vain attempt to flee from the face of the Lord. Here Peter had his wonderful vision, typifying the admission of the Gentiles into the Church, and here finally the western pilgrim first sets his foot on the land of promise. Joppa, though prettily situated, has but few places of interest, and having paid a visit to the house of "Simon the tanner" "by the sea side," we were ready to start for Jerusalem. We set out about 3 p.m. on horseback. It was a beautiful afternoon, and seemed in every way to harmonize with our feelings in view of the scenes before us. Our way at first was through the far-famed gardens of Joppa. On either hand we had trees loaded with golden fruit, exhibiting these gardens in all the richness of their autumnal glory, presenting to our admiring eyes oranges, lemons, and dates in abundance, and making the air fragrant with more than "Sabean Odours." Once through these orchards, we were soon at Ramleh. Here we spent the night. On the morrow we were again on our Arab steeds and our faces set toward Jerusalem. On the way we passed many places of interest, as Ashdod, Ascalon, Gaza, Gath, Lydda, Bethhoron, and Mizpath of Benjamin. At present, however, we have no time to describe these, and we hasten on. We are now crossing the great plain of Sharon, and as we gaze around, how our souls were filled with delight at the panoramic beauty of this plain! O! the glories of this first day for us in Palestine! The sky was clear and cloudless, the air was balmy and exhilarating. Then everything was new and tinged with a sacredness which will entrance the memories of these scenes forever. Here for the first time we saw the eastern plough with but one handle, giving such force and point to the words of Jesus, "He that putteth his hand (not hands) to the plough." No sooner are we across the plain, than we find ourselves in the "hill country of Judah." And before we had gone far into the hills, we had the

pleasure of meeting with a shepherd and his sheep, which delighted us so much, as he went before them, calling the sheep, and they followed him. What a living exposition of the words of Jesus, "A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of a stranger:" John x. 5. We beguiled the way with these scenes, till after scaling many a craggy ledge and mountain side, we reached a beautiful valley, and as we enter it we pass Kirjath-Jearim, on the right hand. Here the "Ark of the Covenant" of old was kept after it was recovered from the Philistines, until it was taken to Jerusalem: 1 Sam. vii. 1. And as we move along, we now follow the very path taken by the old Shepherd King of Israel on that memorable occasion when he brought the ark into Jerusalem: 2 Sam. vi. 15. Who then can imagine our feelings as we picture to ourselves the solemn procession with David at its head "shouting" and "dancing" (2 Sam. vi. 14), and when he turns the last mountain side, and has the Holy City in view, you think of him, taking the sublime words of the 24th Psalm, and exclaiming, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in," these words being doubtless composed for the occasion. The truth is, we never can describe our feelings when we thought of these events. But enough, Jerusalem is in sight. A few moments more and we shall enter its renowned gates. O! for some power to record our feelings at this moment—a moment never to be forgotten. But the wish is vain. We have passed through the Jaffa gate. Our horses' hoofs ring on the stones of the streets of the city. Oh! how strange. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." And yet for a moment we can hardly realize that it is true.

WITHIN THE HOLY CITY.

A night's rest, however, in the Mediterranean Hotel and a calm survey of the novel scenes around us on the morrow reveals the fact that we are actually in Jerusalem. And now that we are here, in this old city; in Jerusalem, "the joy of the whole earth," what can we say worthy of the time and the place? Indeed we feel ourselves altogether unfit for the task which is before; but as retreat is now impossible, we will humbly address ourselves to the work. And in doing this, let us first try to form some idea of the situation of the city, and this in some respects is singular, for it is built on a mountain table-land. Of its elevation, Dean Stanley says, Page 169:—"To the traveller approaching Jerusalem from the West or East, it must have presented the appearance, beyond any other capital in the known world—we may add, beyond any important city that has ever

existed on the earth—of a mountain city." If then, your readers will imagine themselves high up on a mountain ridge, meeting with a flat space, somewhat in the form of a forked tongue projecting to the south, they can form some idea of the ground on which Jerusalem is built. This tongue of land is bounded on the west by the valley of Hinnom, on the east by the valley of The Kedron. These valleys are both shallow at the north, where the tongue joins the mountain ridge and becomes deeper and deeper as they proceed south, till they meet at the point of the tongue. Here, at the union of the valleys, the depression is very deep; or in other words the ascent up the little hollow made, by what we call a fork in the point of the tongue, is quite steep, about 500 feet high. To complete this view of the location of Jerusalem we have next to add, that although situated on a mountain table-land, of the shape described, still we have to remember that the mountain ridge forming the valley of Hinnom on the west, and especially the Mount of Olives forming that of the Kedron on the east, are both considerably higher than the city. So that we have Jerusalem built on a flat mountain top, and yet surrounded with mountains. Hence the words of the Psalmist, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people:" Ps. cxxv. 2.

ITS WALLS.

We will now turn to the city itself, and in so doing we have before us its walls. These are high and imposing and perfect in every part, not a battlement or loophole wanting. To get a proper view of these we shall suppose ourselves standing somewhere near the top of Olivet. This would make us *about* one mile distant from the city, and we have it stretched out before us, almost as if we laid a checker-board on the floor at our feet. Right in front of us we have the valley of the Kedron running almost north and south. Immediately on the west of this is the city of Jerusalem. It lies on the tongue-table-land already described, in the form of an irregular square facing the cardinal points of the compass. The east wall, or that just at our feet, is perfectly straight and runs nearly due north and south. The north and south walls, as we look down upon them from Olivet, we find both slope away to the south as they run west. And the farthest wall on the west, though a little crooked, runs, like the first wall on the east, nearly north and south. The circuit of the four walls is about two miles and a half; and the height varies from twenty-five to fifty feet high, and so broad at the top as to admit of walking on it without danger. The present wall was built about 1542 A.D. ("Barclay's City of the Great King,") though the lions carved in relief on St. Stephen's Gate savors more of the Crusaders than any period of Turkish reign.;

ITS GATES.

We now come to the gates. There are at present five open; these are St. Stephen on the east, Damascus on the north, Jaffa on the west, and Zion and Dung gates on the south. We shall now proceed to examine the city, and as we pass within the walls, the first object that attracts our attention is the

MOSQUE OF OMAR.

It stands on Mount Moriah, and on the site of Solomon's Temple. This is, next to Mecca, the most sacred place of Mohammedan worship, and next to Cordova, the most beautiful. And truly it is a noble structure. In form it is an octagon, each side measuring sixty-seven feet; and its wall rising in successive storeys to a height of more than a hundred feet, finished above with an exquisite dome, surmounted by a Crescent. Then there is a gracefulness of proportion about every part of this mosque that stamps it as a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." It is surrounded by the "Haram inclosure," a sort of park, containing about thirty-five acres, adorned with trees and fountains. But let us pass on farther into the city, directly west; and, having crossed the Haram inclosure, as we enter the business part of the city we cross the little valley which divides the tongue-shaped platform on which the city is built into a sort of fork, at its southern extremity. This valley is called the Tyropaeon, and separates Mount Zion on the west from Moriah on the east, which we have just crossed. Proceeding a little farther, and about the centre of the city, we come to the

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

A description of this structure would require much more time than we can give to it, and must therefore content ourselves by briefly stating that this building, or group of buildings, was erected by the Order of Constantine, about 930 A.D., over the traditional site of the grave of Jesus. There can be no doubt but the present building is of much more recent origin. We may state in passing that the monks who have charge of the building point out not only the grave, but Calvary, the Pillar of Flagellation, and many other strange novelties, about which Dr. Barclay says:—"The identification of so many sites within so small a compass is an absurdity." But we continue our west-ward course through the city, and we next come to the

TOWER OF DAVID.

This is admitted by all to be the tower Hippicus of Herod. A close

inspection of the structure shows that the lower portion of the wall is much older than the rest, is probably the oldest in Jerusalem, may date back to the beginning of the Hebrew monarchy, and was one of the strongholds built by David on Zion. We have now passed through the city from east to west, for this tower stands by the Jaffa gate, where we first landed. The streets traversed in this excursion are, first the "Via Dolorosa," commencing at St. Stephen gate at the east, where we entered. We followed this street till in the neighborhood of the Holy Sepulchre. At this point we turned to the left, going south for a short distance on Christian street and the Street of the Patriarch, till we strike David street, where we again turn west, and continue a straight course to the Jaffa gate on the opposite side of the city from our starting point.

THE QUARTERS OF THE CITY.

As we crossed the city, entering on the east by St. Stephen's gate, we found ourselves in what is called the Mohammedan quarter. This may be said generally to occupy the east of the city. Then in the middle of the city, south of the course we took, we have the Jewish quarter, around by the brow of Zion. Opposite to the Jewish quarter, on the north, is the Christian quarter, and continues on to the west side of the city, and is divided between the Latins and Greeks. Another wing of the Christian quarter runs along the south-west of Zion. This is chiefly Armenian, and it may be worth stating that the Armenian convent is the largest and by far the best building in Jerusalem. The other principal buildings are the Latin Convent, the Greek Hospice, and the Jewish Synagogues. In the extreme south, and without the walls of the city, we have the tomb of David, surmounted by a minaret. The general appearance of the interior of Jerusalem is not at all prepossessing. The streets, as a rule, are narrow, filthy and miserably paved. Then the houses of the once magnificent city of palaces are plain and of the simplest construction. They are all constructed of limestone, with the exception of a few public edifices, with flat roofs. The windows are few, small, and grated with iron. There being no wood in the country, the ceilings all end in an arch or vault. This, then, will give some idea of the general appearance of the city.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

It now remains for us to notice some of the places of interest in and about Jerusalem, and prominent among these is the Jewish "place of jailing." Capt. Warren has shown conclusively, I think, that the im-

mense stones, seen in this old wall, were placed in situation by the masons of Solomon, and to the same age we must, no doubt, refer Robinson's Arch; and, I would add, the mason work of the stables of Solomon, beneath the Mosque El Aksa. These, with the public buildings already noticed, together with the pools of Bethesda and Hezekiah, are the chief places within the city. It only remains now to notice a few places outside the walls and we close; and in doing so, our thoughts naturally go to what is called Solomon's quarry. This is an immense underground excavation directly below the city. The entrance is near the Damascus gate, and was discovered by Dr. Barclay. When he first entered it, the Dr. says: "For some time we were overcome with feelings of awe and admiration." "There is," he adds, "a constant, and in many places a rapid descent from the entrance of seven hundred and fifty feet, and the cave is upwards of three thousand feet in circumference." From the chisel marks left, on many stones partly dressed, it is manifest that this was the grand quarry of Jerusalem. We were amazed and delighted with this place as much so as with the catacombs at Rome. We would like to turn attention now to Gethsemane, but we pass by saying that the garden is in the valley of the Kedron, not far from St. Stephen's gate. The last place, to which we would at present direct attention is the "Pool of Siloam." This is at the extreme south of the city, deep down, where the two valleys Hinnom and Kedron meet. These are a few of the interesting points in and about Jerusalem. There are many others, but we cannot dwell on them in this short article. And for the present we close by giving an extract from the work of Lieut. Lynch. Speaking of Jerusalem as he gazes across the Kedron from the slopes of Olivet, he says:—"There it is mapped out at our feet; 'mellowed by time, and yet farther softened by the intervening distance, the massive wall with their towers and bastion, looked beautiful, yet imposing in the golden sun-light; and above them, rose the glittering dome of the Mosque of Omar crowning Mount Moriah on the site of the Holy Temple' "Many writers have undertaken to describe the first sight of Jerusalem; but all I have read convey but a faint idea of the reality. There is a gloomy grandeur in the scene which language cannot paint. My feeble pen is wholly unworthy of the effort. With fervent emotions, I have made the attempt, but congealed in the process of transmission, the most glowing thoughts are turned to icicles." This I presume, is largely the feeling of every writer, and to see Jerusalem as it is, you must visit the scene. "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following."

Christian Miscellany.**CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.**

CTOR HUGO gives the following impressive description of a death in the quicksand of certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland. He say :

"It sometimes happens that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch ; his soles stick in it ; it is sand no longer ; it is glue.

"The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change ; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil ; all the sand has the same appearance ; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so ; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavours to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what ? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

"He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road, he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand ; he will retrace his steps ; he turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles ; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left ; the sand half leg deep. He throws himself to the right ; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim, he trows off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress ; it is already too late ; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief ; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

"He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implac-

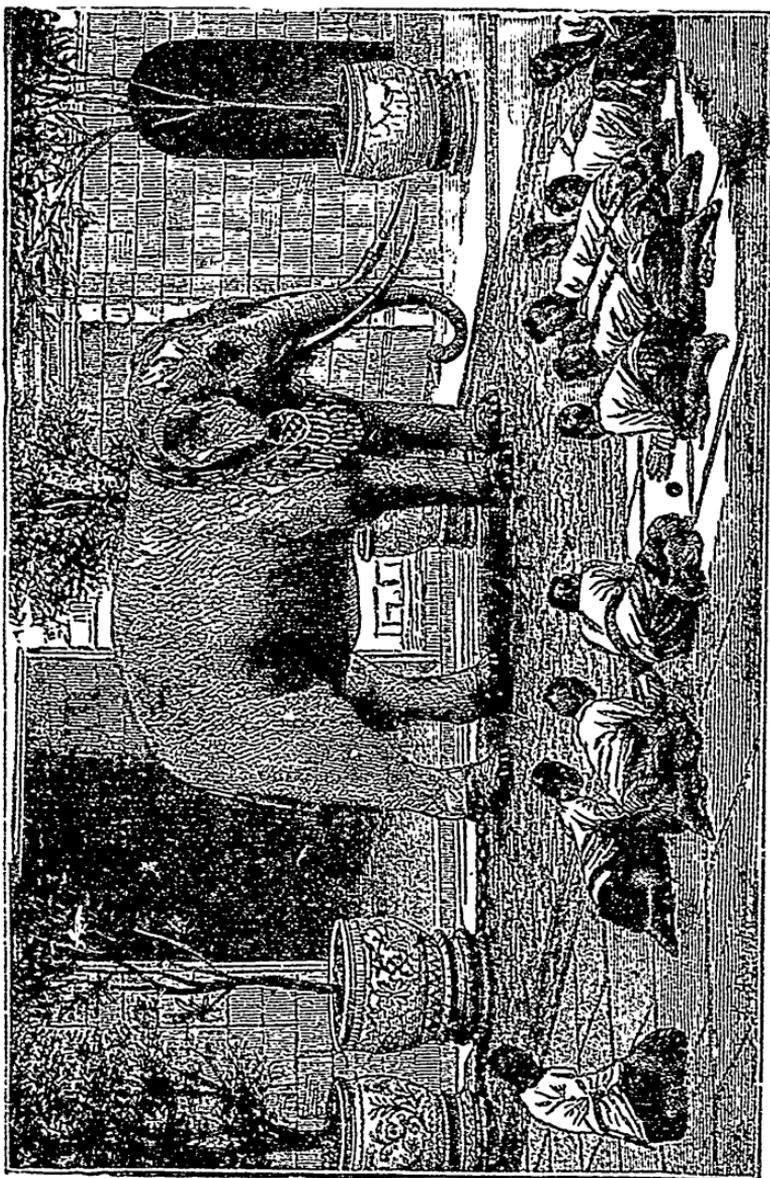
able and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes interers him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

“Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze—the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.”

Could anything more graphically describe the progress of a young man from the first cup of wine to the last?

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

Do not think that because there comes to you no great opportunity of performing a wonderful work, you will let the thousand little ones pass you unimproved. It is no small thing to be the joy of the domestic circle, the one whose soft touch and whose gentle, fitly spoken word averts disturbance and disagreement, conciliates the offended, and makes alien natures understand each other. It is no small thing to possess the happy tact which makes people pleased with themselves and which insensibly urges people to appear at their best. The young woman who is gifted with this grace of touch, this swiftness of sympathy, and this beautiful unselfishness may not have a fair face, nor a trim figure, but she will be endowed with a dignity more winning than either.—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*



REVERENCE PAID TO A WHITE ELEPHANT.

REVERENCE PAID TO A WHITE ELEPHANT.

Among the animals which in various countries have been the objects of superstitious veneration, few have ever received the attention accorded in the kingdoms of Siam and Burmah to a white elephant. Such an animal, when he makes his appearance in the forest, is regarded as sacred; no effort is spared to capture him, and when caught he is housed in regal state, a long train of attendance being allotted to his service. "King of the White Elephants" is considered one of the proudest titles of which the monarchs of these countries can boast; and fierce wars have been waged for the possession of one or more of the beasts. They are looked upon as the symbol of all kingly authority, and to be without one would be taken as an indication of the displeasure of heaven, and a certain omen of disaster.

TWICE A DAY.

On the rocks by the seashore I have seen marine creatures living when the tide was out; not in the briny pools it leaves, but on the dry and naked rock—in the withering air—in the burning, broiling sun. They lived, because, when twice each day the foaming tide came in, and rising, covered the rocky shelf they clung to, they opened their shut and shelly mouths to drink in water enough to last them when the tide went out, and till the next tide came. Even so, twice a day also at the least, we are to replenish our thirsty souls—fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows free and full in Christ, to the least of saints and chief of sinners. In Him dwelleth all the Godhead bodily.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Children's Treasury.

THE YELLOW RUST.

 "ICK it, pick it!" said the tempter to a little boy coveting a golden pippin on a neighbor's tree. He climbed up to reach the forbidden fruit. He thought he would feel of it and dent it to see if it were mellow. He turned it round to see the red cheek. All at once the apple came off in his hand. "There, it was an accident," said Freddy, "but I must eat it now sure." He went away very quietly, cut the pippin open with a bright, new knife. The apple was fresh and juicy, but somehow he did not enjoy it half as well as he had thought. He threw a large part away, hastily shut up his knife, (without wiping.)

and put it in his pocket. The next morning he changed his pants, forgetting his knife, and when he wanted it could not think where it was. Weeks passed. Fred had an occasion to wear the pants that were hung away. The missing knife was found, but the blade was covered with an ugly coat of rust. The stolen pippin was remembered. "You are a thief," said conscience. He scoured the knife blade, but he could not make it bright; the rust had eaten in. The theft in his soul began to eat. One night he could not sleep. His mother, hearing him toss restlessly, went to him, and he told her all. "Mother, what shall I do to get out the stains?" The mother went to the little Testament and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth from all sin." Repent, confess, forsake, and the Saviour will take away the stains, was the comfort which Freddy heard from his mother.

JESUS ONLY.

O, how thankful I should be!
 Jesus loves and cares for me;
 That he hears me when I pray,
 Every little word I say.

If my heart is ever sad,
 Jesus somehow makes it glad.
 If my lessons seem a task,
 Jesus helps me if I ask.

If my playmates are unkind,
 Jesus whispers, "Never mind."
 If a naughty word I speak,
 His dear face I quickly seek.

For I would not grieve the One
 Who so much for me has done.
 How can I but happy be?
 Jesus loves and cares for me.

WHAT TO GIVE.

"I haven't *any thing* to give to Jesus," said a dear little girl, "and I do love him so!"

"O, yes, you can give him your heart, and that is just what he wants," said her mamma.

"But, mamma, what is it to give him my heart?"

"To love him, dear child. If you truly love him you will want to serve him, and he will give you work to do."

Lina had the same spirit that Paul had. She loved Jesus, and she wanted to show it in her life. Have you that spirit?