

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

# The Monthly Advocate.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1882.

No. 11.

## THE RELATION AND DUTY OF THE PASTOR IN HIS STUDY TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY J. TEAZ.

(A paper read before the Alleghany, Pa., Inter-Seminary Missionary Association January, 1882.)

During the past century, when the Christian Church was awakened from her guilty slumbers by the movings of the missionary spirit within her, there were strange startling voices that fell upon her ears. It was not the din of battle, nor the sad wailing moanings of the forest, nor the fretful sobbings of the troubled waters on some distant lonely shore; it was something more real, more solemn, more overwhelmingly distressful than all of these; it was a cry that has come down to us, and to-day is heard reverberating from every land beneath the sun. It comes to us wafted upon every breeze, and over every ocean, more than ever tremulously, beseechingly, despairingly!

“Hark, what mean those lamentations  
Rolling sadly through the sky?  
’Tis the cry of heathen nations  
‘Come and help us ere we die.’”

The Church of a century ago responded to those pleading voices, and with that response a new era—the era of modern missionary enterprise dawned upon our world. From that time to the present the spirit of the Church, which is the spirit of the Saviour, has been having its true and normal development.

The Church is *essentially* a *missionary* organization. This is the fundamental principle on which she rests, the object for which she was organized and equipped by Him who is her Divine head and Lord. Instituted in Eden, called out from the nations in the person and family of Abraham, the seeds of truth written, and the promise of Truth Incarnate given to her she received a mission, and a commission adequate, and adapted to the ever developing needs of the world. When the fullness of time came, however, and the Saviour’s work was complete, this commission was renewed on a deeper and broader basis. The apostles were authorized and enjoined to “go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” Here you will notice, the command is not to *educate*, or train human souls for a better world. Christ himself came to seek and to save lost sinners, and the mission of the Church is primarily and fundamentally to *seek* and to *save* sinners. The work of building up the saints and fitting them for heaven, however important in itself, is the secondary and not the primary consideration. The gold must be searched for in the bowels of the earth before it can be refined and made serviceable in useful or decorative art; the precious jewel must be discovered,

and brought forth from its ignoble surroundings before it can be cut and polished so as to radiate heaven's sunlight from the hand of beauty or the queenly brow, and so, the Church must search for and discover these lost jewels—these immortal souls; yea, she must search for them, with an unwearying solicitude, unto earth's remotest ends, in order that she may beautify and prepare them to deck the royal diadem of Him who is Lord of all. Paganism may produce intelligence in a favored few, as well as lead to grand achievements in the realms of literature and art; an apostate Church, even, may content herself with evolving stupendous creations from the human brain, such as we see in the majestic cathedral, and the scholastic philosophy of the dark age, but the Christian Church, true to her fundamental principle, explores dark continents—Livingstone-like—in order that she may *save lost souls*.

Again, the Church is a *self-perpetuating* organization. Not by natural generation, like the plant or the animal, but by a generation of faith. The sons do not always take the place of the fathers, in the pulpit, the session-room, or the pew. To be a son of Abraham is not necessarily to be of the faith of Abraham; hence, the Church as a self-perpetuating organization must of necessity reach forth her branches and plant her seeds in distant lands. This is her highest wisdom, gathered from the history of the past.

Where are now the once famous churches of Jerusalem, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece, Rome, Carthage? And where would we find the "pillar and ground of truth" in our own time, had not those once fruitful vines sent forth their shoots to the islands of the sea, and "from the rivers to the ends of the earth" before they themselves had become decayed to putrefaction? When France strangled Protestantism and Philip the Second of Spain placed his heel on the neck of truth, England with her ocean bulwarks cherished the holy seed which to-day bears fragrant fruitage from the rising to the setting sun.

We have had, thus far, two thoughts, viz., that the *fundamental* and *self-perpetuating* principles of the Church are *essentially missionary*.

The next thought is, that the Pastor is the *living exponent* of both principles; more than this, he is the leader and representative—he is chosen and commissioned by God and the people to carry on the work of saving lost sinners. No man properly taketh this office to himself, and who is there that would dare to assume the responsibility without an irresistible necessity being first laid upon him? We suppose, therefore, an ideal pastor, educated in the truest sense of the term, qualified to think for the thoughtless, to feel for the unfortunate, to weep with the sorrowing, to lift up even the Magdalenes to a position like that occupied by her who bore the spices to embalm the entombed body of the Saviour. We have such a pastor, not on the platform, nor behind the sacred desk, but *in his study*. What is his duty there to foreign missions? *Duty always arises out of, is of the nature, and is measured by the relation.* The pastor's study is his stronghold, it is to him the very holy of holies. His time, talents, books, the very atmosphere of the room, all are or ought to be sacredly devoted to the principles of which we have seen him to be the exponent. Healthfulness and prosperity are the results on the mission field when his life throbs responsively to duty's call. This of

course demands regular hours for the study of mission fields, not merely an idle moment, or a sick day when the mind is jaded, but the best hours must be regularly devoted. The country itself first claim his attention ; its location, climate, natural productions, its sources of wealth, and the advantages these offer to Christian enterprise and civilization. Again, the people should be studied, their origin, history, natural disposition, manners, customs, laws—specially in their religious character, the origin and development of their religious systems, as in the case of such nations as India, and even among savage tribes, the movings of the human mind and conscience, their rites and ceremonies, their prejudices, predispositions, susceptibility to Christian influence, their hopes and fears, in short all the relations and surroundings and condition of immortal souls lost to righteousness and dead in sin. There is no part of the history of our race so interesting—so sadly interesting as the record of humanity searching for and striving to propitiate the favor of God. The human soul instinctively yearns after the Deity, this is its very life, whether it is found in the graven image, the heavenly body, or the devouring fire. How it does pain the heart and chill the very life blood to see a *man* bearing the image of his Maker cast himself on the ground before a stock or a stone, press a crucifix to his fevered lips, or, as in the case of the pantheist, cheat himself out of his own God-given personality by a mad delusion ! Yet, such are the scenes presented to the pastor in his study of the mission field.

Again, heathen languages are to be studied, not exhaustively of course, but to an extent, inasmuch as these are often a true index to the people. Some heathen languages are so corrupt and corrupting—so *totally depraved* that missionaries do not permit their children to learn them, nor even to associate with those that use them. What a commentary is this on fallen humanity. Men everywhere have the *idea* of God ; but there are some tribes so low in the scale as to be without a word to express the idea. The history of the growth and adulteration of a language, together with the prostitution of some words, is a most interesting study in any country.

Again, the missionary himself claims the pastor's attention, his failures, difficulties, needs, the converts also in their material and spiritual interests, plans are to be formed and matured ready for presentation whenever occasion demands.

It may be asked here, why should the pastor study all of these one thousand and one things in regard to the foreign field ? Simply, that when the time comes to open his lips, whether in the cottage or the palace, in the infant class in the Sabbath-school, or the college hall, he may be equally qualified to interest and instruct childhood, mature years, old age, and inspire all with an intelligent enthusiasm in the great work of missions to which Jesus gave his life and death.

Finally, the pastor in his study should devote regular hours to the Throne of Grace in the interest of foreign missions. With the previous study, and with his own spirit imbued with a Christ-like solicitude, he is prepared to plead intelligently and effectively. This is not a minor duty, neither must it be relegated to a chance hour, but, like Daniel opening "his windows three times a day towards Jerusalem" and pray-

ing to the God of Heaven, like Abraham pleading for his son Ishmael, like Moses and like Paul, almost wishing their names stricken from the book and themselves accused for their kindred and people, so the pastor pleads for his brethren in heathenism, who dwell in the very shadow of eternal death. In such a state of mind he goes forth from the study to the platform, or pulpit, and there we leave him behind the sacred desk, his feet on holy ground, his hand upon a holy book whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, his shoulders pressed upon with an awful responsibility which necessity has laid upon him, his heart yearning with a love like that of the Saviour, his lips touched with a coal from off the Divine altars. What shall he speak? Rather, what shall he not speak in such an hour? Eternal destinies hang on the words that drop from his lips, they are the "savor of life unto life or of death unto death," directly to his own people, indirectly to all benighted nations.

---

### MEDICINE FOR THE DISTRACTED.

---

The comforts of God are those refreshing truths which surround the person and the offices of the blessed Three in One. First there is the Father. Oh! is there no comfort in the thought that he is our Father, and not a stranger? Not a task-master, as some like to call him, but our Father, and "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Can I be his child, and will he take delight in my misery? He may chasten me for my sin, but will he always chide, will he keep his anger for ever? If he be indeed a father and the best of fathers, my soul, why art thou cast down, why art thou disquieted in me? Hope in his eternal love, for he will yet comfort thee and be the light of thy countenance.

Then comes Jesus, Jesus the Son of God. What comforts there are in him! A man, of the substance of his mother, suffering just as we suffer, touched therefore with a feeling of our infirmity, with a heart that always beats true to us. Jesus, God as well as man, and therefore able to succor. Is not that case well cared for which is in his hands? Is not a soul safe when it suffers under his protection? Look up, thou troubled heart, into the eyes of Jesus, and see if they are not as stars to chase away the midnight of thy spirit. Look at the thorn-crown of Jesus, and see if it does not pluck the thorns out of thy spirit. Behold him suffering for thee as Son of Man and Son of God, and find thy richest consolation there. Does my sin trouble me? It was laid on Jesus, why should it trouble me? Does God's wrath distress me? It has spent itself on Jesus, how can it fall on me? Where are fears about the future? Is it not written, because I live, ye shall live also? Can we be burdened by fears of death? Jesus himself has died, perfumed the grave in which we shall sleep, and then removed its door, so that none shall be imprisoned therein. Shall we be dismayed concerning the judgment? "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea,

rather that hath risen again." What room is there for distress of mind, if we think upon the person and the work of Jesus Christ?

Nor let us forget the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit has already regenerated us, and, in some degree, sanctified, illuminated, and comforted us, and he at this time "helpeth our infirmities." Shall we not in all times of our distress think of him? What if I cannot pray? He "maketh intercession in the saints." What if I cannot feel? He can quicken me. What if I feel utterly dead to divine things in my own apprehension? Cannot he make me like the chariots of Amminadib, and that, too, in a single moment? Has he not coals of fire with which to kindle on the cold altar of my spirit another flame such as burned there in the day of my espousals? O blessed Spirit, thou canst do everything, deal graciously with me. Thus from the Father, Son, and Spirit we obtain fulness of comfort.

But these consolations also spring from the whole work and system of divine grace. Old Christians as a rule become more and more Calvinistic, because they want more comfort, and having had more experience, they have an appetite for the more solid and soul-satisfying doctrines of grace which they were strangers to in their youth. The idea that we are to preserve ourselves, and that our salvation hinges upon our own future endeavours may be very pleasant for a summer-weather sailor, but for navigating the wintry seas we need something more cheering. The idea that we have not an immutable God to deal with may be put up with when the birds are singing in the sun, but it will not be tolerated when the owls are hooting in the night: a tried believer must have an immutable God or he will feel his case to be hopeless.

At this moment my richest comforts are summed up in the verse,—  
"Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified." That whole system which begins in grace, which goes on in grace, which ends in grace; that system which makes the creature nothing and the Creator everything; that system which says to self-righteousness, "Begone, for if thou remainest here men will boast;" but which says to grace, "Come in and dwell with guilty, worthless, helpless sinners, and save them from first to last, that Christ may wear the crown"—that entire system is my consolation. In times of spiritual gloom I cling more tenaciously than ever to the old faith of my fathers, the faith which I have taught you from the beginning—that salvation is of the Lord, not of man, neither by man, but is the entire and sole work of God. I am a lost man if it be not so. If there be anything for me to do to complete the Saviour's work, I shall never accomplish it; and if the grace of God be not effectual to save the very worst of men, then where God's face is seen in splendour I shall never come. Salvation is all of grace, rich grace, triumphant grace, and therefore it delights my soul.

Again, in times when many thoughts assail us, the attributes of God are each one of them the delight of our soul, if we are enabled to see them aright; though, alas, Satan too often makes us see them in a wrong light, and tempts us to extract sorrow instead of joy from them. Is

God omniscient? Then my heavenly Father knows what things I have need of before I ask him. Is God omnipotent? Then he is able to save to the uttermost them that come to him. Is God immutable? Then from his purpose he will never turn, but will certainly perform the work of grace. There is light in every divine attribute for the believer. God is love! Oh, what a Kohinoor that sentence is! What a mountain of light! God is love! Child of sorrow, sing of that God and let thy sorrows flee. God is love, unbounded, infinite, immutable, omnipotent, eternal love; love even to thee,—rejoice thou in it. It is also most comforting to remember that God is just, for he is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, he is not unrighteous to forget his promises or break the bonds of the covenant, frustrate his oath and discard the many solemn engagements under which he has laid himself to his only Son.

Furthermore, dear friends, at such times the promises of God are still before us, and what a field of comforts to delight the soul one has opening up before him. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord." "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck thee out of my hand." "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." "Who shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." "He will keep the feet of his saints." "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." But, oh, if I had a thousand mouths, I could not repeat and dwell upon a thousandth part of the promises as they should be dwelt upon. This Bible is a great honeycomb, and it drips with honey. Come and taste its virgin sweetness, O ye whose mouths are full of bitterness, and the next time the multitude of your thoughts shall make your mouth taste of gall and wormwood, come ye to these comforts of the Lord, for they shall delight your soul. It is worth while to taste the bitters that the sweets may be the sweeter. Thank God for winters, we should not value summers half so much without them. Blessed be God there are nights as well as days, or we might grow weary of the sun himself. Blessed be God for trouble, for depression of spirit, for adversity, for waves and billows to go over us one after another, for here in the midst of all these his comforts delight our soul.

The gist of the whole matter is this, the way to comfort is the way where God is to be found. Christian, the way for sustenance, strength, hope, and consolation is the way which leads thee to thy God. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength.

And oh, poor sinner, the same way is open to you. Do not look within for comfort, for you will find none. As well go to the Arctic regions and pierce icebergs to discover warmth, as look to yourselves for consolation. Away, away, away, away from your own thoughts to God's thoughts; away from your own judgments and weighings, and computations, and speculations, and expectations to the firm promises of a God that cannot lie, who has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and "Whosoever believeth in Christ Jesus is not condemned." Come and throw thyself at the cross foot, though thou be the blackest sinner out of hell. Thou who art half-damned already in thine own apprehension, come where the bleeding hands are streaming priceless blood, and put thy confidence in the propitiation God himself has provided for such as thou art. Thou canst never perish if thou wilt come there, but in the multitude of thy thoughts within thee the comforts of Jesus shall delight thy soul.

God bless you, dear friends, for Christ's sake.—*Spurgeon.*

---

## RIGHT VERSUS EXPEDIENCY.

---

Gideon will dare anything, hope anything, attempt anything, pursuing a course approved of God and his own conscience. He contemplates the deliverance of Israel from a powerful, defiant, and oppressive enemy; and in the beginning of the work he sets at nought the resentment of the very people by whose co-operation he might hope to succeed. He knew he would rouse bitter indignation by the steps he takes, but nevertheless he throws down the altar of Baal and destroys the grove that is by it; and all Abiezer is in a flame. Nothing less than his life will satisfy them. He knew he did right, for God had told him to do it, and he boldly braces himself to meet the consequences. Singularly, the Lord Jesus makes His first advances among the Samaritans by telling them that "They worshipped they knew not what!" In fact all the Apostles and Reformers were but fools to our modern Reformers. These are very careful not to place themselves rudely in the teeth of existing prejudices and customs; and they adopt a course dictated, not by right, but by expediency. Romanists are to be conciliated and converted; not by throwing down altars and images, but by richly endowing colleges for the education of priests, by appointing and paying these priests to be chaplains in the army and navy, in the poorhouse and the prison, and by allowing the dignitaries of the Church to trample upon existing laws. In Nova Scotia we must permit and support separate schools, to instruct the rising race, in all the superstition and idolatry which we would correct; because to excite resentment by rude opposition would deprive us of an opportunity of doing them any good. Preachers are growing as

wise as politicians, and will do nothing *now* to reform errors, for fear they would not be able to reach them *hereafter*. Wesley himself, anticipating the wisdom of the 19th century, would denounce him as a madman who would preach against the perseverance of the saints *in Scotland*. When we are among a Methodist population, we must avoid any approving reference to the doctrine of election and reprobation. In a Baptist community it would be very unwise to say anything in favour of infant baptism and against baptismal immersion. So you observe preachers of all denominations are equally wise, and the question of right must yield to that of expediency. Perhaps the spirit of Gideon may be revived among us, as there seems to be some indications that men begin to apprehend that expediency is about to prove a failure, and we may so far dismiss our contempt for the "old paths" as to try the experiment of doing right and leaving the issue with the Most High.

Will Gideon venture to meet the host of Midian with three hundred? Is he wise to make what the world would call the mad venture? He will, for he knows that every step is right. He is regulated by Divine counsels. He will fight and conquer, too. There is less dependence to be placed on numbers than is commonly supposed. More depends upon intelligence, earnestness, union, and courage than on numbers. One man may chase a thousand, and ten men put ten thousand to flight. When the despots of the world lead their thousands into the field of battle, we may almost with certainty estimate the result by a calculation of the relative numbers, and the discipline of the contending forces. In such cases, they are instruments in Providence to inflict judgments on one another. It is different when right and might are brought into collision. The issue in that case will sometimes stultify the wisest calculations. In seeking to secure a desirable object by legitimate means, the few will almost ultimately prevail against the many, and the weak against the strong. We must learn to ascribe success to Him whose will is the law of historical development.

Nothing could appear more wild than the proposal, to bring the nations, their antiquated idolatries, their despotisms, their social corruption into subjection to Christ. Twelve men, belonging to a conquered and despised people, themselves despised by their own countrymen, sent out to contend with principalities, with powers, with the rulers of darkness of this world, and with spiritual wickedness in high places. But they dared the deadly struggle. They fought, they fell, they conquered. Many of them lived to see Jesus marching a conqueror through every section of the Roman empire. The rulers, and priests, and people are amazed. Looking out from their seven hills, they see no enemy, yet hear the crash of one wing after another of their gorgeous establishment tumbling to the earth making the ground to shake beneath their feet. The invader is not seen but felt, having neither sword nor shield—offering no challenge to the legions of Rome, leading captive the soldier, and yet he has not deserted his standard, the citizen, and yet his allegiance is not violated. In wild desperation the sword is drawn, the blood of thousands of an unresisting populace flows in every department of the empire, still the Galilean advances till He takes possession of the throne of the Cæsars.

The curse of Christendom, of nations, and of Churches, has ever been, and is now, that the leaders have been so anxious to secure majorities, that the character of supporters has been madly disregarded. "The voice of the people, the voice of God," is an old and convenient maxim. I do not know that many would directly endorse it, yet that the majority should rule is pretty generally recognized in the state, and there are few Churches who do not point as often to their numbers as to their spirituality; while they do not hesitate to laugh to scorn small bodies as complacently as ever the Pharisees laughed to scorn the carpenter's son and his fishermen followers. Take the three hundreds in any land, who are selected by Divine discrimination, and act under Divine direction, they will gain the victory; and when the pursuit begins, the masses will come out and shout, "Why did you not call us to the war?" with as much simplicity as if they had not basely neglected them in the day of trial.

But will Gideon lead forth his three hundred without arms, and still hope for the victory? He will; for God has bidden him. Under Divine direction he will go any where, attempt anything, hope to accomplish impossibilities. They take victuals, each man a trumpet and a pitcher inclosing a lamp. At a given signal they break their pitchers, show their lights, and blow their trumpets. I do not think the twenty thousand, or the nine thousand seven hundred, would have blown a very strong blast. The doctors will tell you that palpitation of the heart is very unfavourable to a full inflation of the lungs.

All this may appear a very ridiculous mode of making war. Still there may be as much wisdom in it as to show us that the foolishness of God is wiser than men. Imagine the hosts of Midian, the majority sleeping in very profound security, a party hasting from the watchman's posts to their beds. as many more rubbing their eyes open while they take the place of their fellows; the whole enveloped in darkness; and the effect of three hundred trumpets uttering a roar on the stillness of the night and of slumber, and three hundred lights flashing on their startled vision from every part of the compass. I do think such a sudden irruption on the quiet of repose and security would frighten a large army.

But this mode of attack is not more ridiculous and unpromising than the proposal to conquer and new-model the nations, by the preaching of the Cross and the dissemination of that word which is a lamp to the feet. Every true Christian has his trumpet and light. It is the weakness of man, and man laughs at it. It is the wisdom and the power of God, and man fears it, rages, and shrinks from collision with it. Affected contempt is a convenient excuse from coming into an aggressive struggle. Meanwhile the enemies of the Cross, seeking what it promises—reform, and prosperity, and peace—are destroying one another, while opposing parties are contending for the superiority of their respective plans of reform. Having placed themselves under their respective leaders, even the ministers of Christ hold in abeyance the claims of their Master, and seem to forget to assert His claim, as Prince of the Kings of the Earth and Governor among the Nations. We may learn by painful experience that the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God stronger than men.—*Rev. Wm. Somerville.*

## PRIDE.

BY BISHOP J. WEAVER.

And now abideth pride, fashion, extravagance—these three: but the greatest of these is pride, simply because it is the root of the whole matter. Destroy the root and the tree will die. It is hardly worth while to waste ammunition in shooting at fashion and extravagance as long as the root is alive. Most persons say that it does not matter how people dress, pride is in the heart. Very true, but straws show which way the wind blows. Plain exterior may cover up a plain heart. Some rules work two ways, but some will not. A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud? He replied, "When you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole you may be sure the fox is within." Jewellery and costly and fashionable clothing may all be innocent things in their places, but when hung on a human form they give most conclusive evidence of a proud heart.

But is it possible that a man can be found at this advanced age of refinement that dares to write or speak a word against pride and its consequences? The large majority of that class of men died and were buried some time ago. The pulpits have nearly all shut down on that style of preaching. The fact is we have passed that age and are living in better times. Our fathers and mothers were far behind the times. They were good enough in their way, but, dear me, they would not do now. They wore plain clothes, worshipped in plain churches, and sang old-fashioned hymns. They talked and acted like some old pilgrims that were looking for a better country; and when they left the country they stuck to it to the very last, that they were going to a city where there is no ntght. And it is my opinion that the vast majority of them went just where they said they were going.

But they are nearly all out of the way now, and the people have a mind to try a different route. We can be Christians now and do as we like. Yes, indeed. We can have fine churches, cushioned seats, costly carpets, a fashionable preacher, and have all our fiddling and singing done to order. Why, in some of our modern churches the majority of the choir are not even members of the church; and they do sing so sweetly—perfectly delightful. The music rolls over the heads of the congregation like the sound of many waters. Not a word can be heard, but the sound is glorious. Sometimes one sings all alone for a little while, and then two, and pretty soon the whole choir will chime in, until the whole house is filled with most transporting sound. Now, if this is not singing with the spirit and with the understanding, what is it?—that's the question. I know that it is a little risky to speak out against pride at this day, because the church is full of it. And hundreds who occupy the pulpits—whose duty it is to point out these evils plainly, are like dumb dogs—they don't even bark at it. They just let it go, and go it does with a vengeance. And in proportion as pride gains in a church, spiritual life dies out. They will not, cannot dwell together, for they are eternal opposites.

It is a sin and a shame for men and women professing Christianity to spend money the way that they do to gratify a proud heart, when ten out of every twelve are yet unsaved, and eight out of every twelve have not so much as heard the Gospel of Christ. There are many evils in the land, and in the church, but I doubt if any one evil is doing more harm than pride. It has stolen into the church by degrees, and now rules with a rod of iron. Churches that were once noted for their plainness, and whose law still stands against pride and fashion, are practically powerless on the subject. It seems that nearly all creation is kept busy in furnishing fashions enough to satisfy the cravings of the depraved heart. An old Scotch preacher is reported to have said in a sermon at Aberdeen, "Ye people of Aberdeen get your fashions from Glasgow and Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh from London, and London from Paris, and Paris from the Devil." Now, I cannot say that we get our fashions by that route, but I am tolerably certain that they originate at the same headquarters.

The religion of Christ is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy. All Christians are baptized with one spirit into one body. They mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Their highest ambition is to honor God with all they have and are. They are not puffed up, not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds. There is no such thing in heaven or earth as a proud Christian; there never was nor never can be.

Pride is of the devil—it originated with him—and he is managing it most successfully in destroying souls. But who is to blame for this state of things in the church? First, and mostly the pulpit is to blame. Men who profess to be called of God to lead the people to heaven, have ceased to rebuke this soul-destroying, heaven-provoking spirit. But why? First for a living, then for popularity. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. That was a costly morsel for him. But now men sell out "cheap for cash or produce." Churches that were once powerful for good, are now well nigh lost in form and fashions. We may shut our eyes and wink and whine, and cry old fogy and grandfather and Moses and Aaron, and all that, but the fact is before us—pride, fashion and extravagance, are eating the life out of many of the heretofore best congregations in the land. The world is running crazy. The rich lead the way because they can, while the poor strain every nerve to keep in sight—and the devil laughs to see them rush on. "Pride thrust Nebuchadnezzar out of men's society, Saul of his kingdom, Adam out of Paradise and Lucifer out of Heaven." And it will shut many more out of heaven who are now prominent in the church. Neither death nor the grave will change the character of any one. The same spirit that controlled in life will cling to the soul in death, and enter with it into eternity. The ANGELS OF GOD would shrink from the society of many a fashionable Christian of this day. A few such souls in heaven would ruin everything. Among the first things they would propose would be a change of fashion. Those pure white robes that the saints wear would not suit their taste at all. In life they care but little about Christ and spiritual things, and they would care no more for them in heaven than they do on earth. If there were two heavens, one where Jesus is all and in all,

and the other with a Paris in it, I presume the road to the Paris heaven would be crowded with fashionable Christians.

"Ma," said a little girl, "If I should die and go to heaven, should I wear my *moire antique* dress?" "No, my love, we can scarcely suppose we can wear the same attire of this world in the next." "Then tell me, ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society?" In the views of that little girl we have illustrated the spirit of many a would-be Christian of to-day. "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God."

---

### OUR ANCESTRY.

---

Dr. Chalmers has said that there are three small countries that have moulded the character of Christendom—Palestine, Greece, and Scotland. The thought is a weighty one and true, and makes us, as Edward Irving, the doctor's colleague used to say, "grateful for our ancestry." But are we worthy of that ancestry? What would Knox and Melville, and Henderson and other "Scots worthies" have done in the present crisis? They would have cut down Ritualism with an unsparing stroke, and made it fall like Dagon before the Ark of God. They would have declared, as the noble Earl of Shaftesbury lately did, "Perish all Churches and systems so be that Christ be preserved!" They would have said, "No peace with Rome!"—"Christ's Crown and Covenant!"—Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you, let him be accursed!" When John Knox was working at the galleys an image of the Virgin was presented to him for worship. With strong Presbyterian grasp he caught the doll and pitched it overboard. "Let your Ladye sweem there," he exclaimed, in broad Scotch, "*she's light enouch!*" Very unmannerly! Yes, but John never thought of good manners when faith and duty were concerned and when the cause of Christ seemed to be imperilled.

Now, then, walk worthy of your forefathers. Gird on your old covenanting armour for the coming conflict, and let the country know—let all the world know—that a heritage like yours is not going to be surrendered without a struggle. Stand fast in the liberty with which Christ has made you free, and, grateful for the past, active in the present, and hopeful for the future, let your motto be that of our own Presbyterian William—"The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England!" Amen. May God make us worthy of our Church's noble history, and help us to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."  
*Rev. John Dodd.*

---

The God of the Christian is the God of metamorphoses. You throw grief into His hand, and He will give you back peace; you give Him despair, He will send back hope; it is a sinner He has touched, a saint returns Him thanks.

PEDEN AT THE GRAVE OF CAMERON.

“To this spot did Peden, one of Cameron’s dearest friends, repair. Harrassed and vexed with personal sufferings, he sat down by the grave, and, meekly raising his eyes to heaven, prayed—  
‘O to be wi’ Richie!’”

A sound of conflict in the moss ! but that hath passed away,  
And through a stormy noon and eve the dead unburied lay ;  
But when the sun a second time his fitful splendours gave,  
One slant lay rested, like a hope, on Cameron’s new-made grave.

There had been watchers in the night ! strange watchers, gaunt and grim,  
And wearily, with faint, lean hands, they toiled a grave for him ;  
But ere they laid the headless limbs unto their mangled rest,  
As orphan’d children sat they down, and wept upon his breast !

Oh ! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland’s true ones then—  
A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of men ;  
They burrowed few and lonely ’mid the chill, dank mountain caves,  
For those who once had sheltered them were in their martyr-graves.

A sword had RESTED on the land !—it did not pass away ;  
Long had they watched and waited, but there dawned no brighter day !  
And many had gone back from them who owned the truth of old ;  
Because of much iniquity their love was waxen cold !

There came a worn and weary man to Cameron’s place of rest ;  
He cast him down upon the sod—he smote upon his breast—  
He wept, as only strong men weep, when weep they must or die,  
And “O to be wi’ thee, Richie !” was still his bitter cry !

“My brother ! O my brother ! thou hast passed before thy time,  
And thy blood it cries for vengeance, from this purple land of crime.  
Who now shall break the bread of life unto the faithful band ?—  
Who now upraise the standard that is shattered in thine hand ?

“Alas ! alas for Scotland ! the once beloved of Heaven !  
The crown is fallen from her head, her holy garment riven ;  
The ashes of her Covenant are scattered far and near,  
And the voice speaks loud in judgment which in love she would not hear !

“Alas ! alas for Scotland ! for her mighty ones are gone ;  
Thou, brother, thou art taken—I am left almost alone ;  
And my heart is faint within me, and my strength is dried and lost—  
A feeble and an aged man alone against a host !

“Oh, pleasant was it, Richie, when we two could counsel take,  
And strengthen one another to be valiant for His sake ;  
Now seems it as the sap were dried from the old blasted tree,  
And the homeless and the friendless would fain lie down with thee !”

It was an hour of weakness, as the old man bowed his head,  
And a bitter anguish rent him as he communed with the dead !  
It was an hour of conflict, and he groaned beneath the rod,  
But the burthen rolled from off him as he communed with his God.

“My Father ! O my Father ! shall I pray the Tishbite’s prayer,  
And weary in the wilderness whilst THOU wouldst keep me there ?  
And shall I fear the coward fear, of standing all alone,  
To testify for Zion’s King, and the glory of His throne !

"O Jesus ! blessed Jesus ! I am poor, and frail, and weak ;  
Let me not utter of my own, for idle words I speak !  
But give me grace to wrestle now, and prompt my faltering tongue,  
And breathe Thy name into my soul, and so I shall be strong !

"I bless Thee for the quiet rest Thy servant taketh now ;  
I bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow ;  
For every weary step he trod in faithful following Thee,  
And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right valiantly !

"I bless Thee for the hidden ones who yet uphold Thy name,  
Who yet for Zion's King and Crown shall dare the death of shame ;  
I bless Thee for the light that dawns even now upon my soul,\*  
And brightens all the narrow way with glory from the goal !

"The hour and power of darkness, it is fleeting fast away—  
Light shall arise on Scotland—a glorious gospel day !  
Woe, woe to the opposers !—they shall shrivel in His hand ;  
Thy King shall yet return to thee, thou covenanted land !

"I see a time of respite—but the people will not bow ;  
I see a time of Judgment—even a darker time than now !  
Then, Lord, uphold Thy faithful ones, as now Thou dost uphold,  
And feed them, as Thou still hast fed Thy chosen flock of old.

"The glory ! O the glory ! it is bursting on my sight ;  
Lord ! Thy poor vessel is too frail for all this blinding light !  
Now let Thy good word be fulfilled, and let Thy kingdom come,  
And, Lord, even in Thine own best time, take Thy poor servant home !"

Upon the wild and lone Airmoss down sank the twilight grey—  
In storm and cloud the evening closed upon the cheerless day ;  
But Peden went his way refreshed, for peace and joy were given,  
And Cameron's grave had proved to him the very gate of heaven !

\*Peden was believed to possess the spirit of prophecy.

---

Unconverted men under affecting sermons or affecting and afflicting Providences, sitting so cold and hard, remind us of a mountain crag cut by nature's fantastic hand into the features of a human face, which looks out with strong eyes upon the gathering tempest prepared, as it has already weathered a thousand storms, to weather a thousand more.

---

There is an infection of sin, and also an infection of grace—the one defiling, the other healthful—an ill leaven and a good leaven. Infection of sin—"Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, made Israel to sin." Infection of grace—"They glorified God in me."

---

Conversion is the creation of a sun that is to shine for eternity ; it is the spring of the soul that shall know no winter ; it is the planting of a tree that shall bloom with eternal beauty in the Paradise of God.

---

An erroneous opinion is touchy and efferates the minds of men against those who oppose it.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY M.

### No. 9.—PUNCTUALITY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Punctuality is a virtue which should be cultivated in youth by those who hope to succeed in any calling. Nothing inspires confidence in a man sooner than punctuality in word and action. Blessed is he among men of whom it can be justly be said, "His word is as good as his bond." The Psalmist had evidently such a character in view when he said, "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." He, and he alone is immovable. On the other hand there is no habit which sooner saps the reputation of a man than want of punctuality. Thousands have utterly failed in life from this cause alone. Want of punctuality is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the parent of a large progeny of other vices, so that he who becomes its victim becomes involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. He who needlessly breaks his appointments shows that he is as reckless of the waste of others' time as of his own. His acquaintances readily conclude that the man who is not conscientious about his appointments will be equally careless about his other engagements, and they will refuse to trust him with matters of importance. No matter how many virtues a man may apparently possess, if he has no regard to his word or promise, he is adjudged as counterfeit all through; "Tekel" being evidently his true character—"Weighed in the balance and found wanting." Hence, being left to his own resources, forsaken by friends, spurned by foes, and regarded by no man, he soon becomes of all men the most miserable, and eventually sinks into the grave "unhonoured and unsung."

Not only this, but often the failure of one man to meet his engagements promptly causes the ruin of many others. Many an honest merchant has been driven to bankruptcy by the delay of his customers to settle their accounts. Punctuality should therefore be made a point of conscience. It is a duty incumbent upon all men. The young man going out into the world should make it his chief study. If he has not been taught to form the principle of punctuality in word and action in infancy, let him not delude himself with the idea that it is easily attained or that he can practice it at pleasure when necessity demands. It is no easy matter to be punctual even in youth, under the training of faithful parents; but when the mental and moral faculties have become seared, and the character fixed in after life, it is almost impossible to unlearn the habit of tardiness and unpunctuality. Though reason be fully convinced of its inconvenience and criminality, it sticks to the man as an innate principle of our depraved nature, and can only be overcome by the most strenuous persevering efforts and continuous watchfulness.

In view of all this, it is astonishing how many parents there are who neglect to teach their children the duty of punctuality. Such neglect is criminal in the extreme, having a tendency to ruin the child's prospects

not only for time, but also for eternity. All parents should therefore see to it that their children are taught early, by precept and example, the true principles of punctuality. By doing so they would reap a rich reward in family comfort. Lack of punctuality in the household is a serious drawback to home happiness, and cannot be too soon remedied wherever it exists. Parents should endeavour to be strictly punctual in presence of their children. A time should be appointed for every observance, and everything should, if possible, be performed at the exact time. No threatening, or promise should ever be made to a child that is not intended to be promptly fulfilled. A faithful discharge of this duty alone would go far to establish the principles of punctuality in our children. We admonish every parent therefore to be *punctual* in this duty especially, if they desire their children to be prompt in their dealings in after life.

---

### HEALTH.

---

The Health Congress was opened lately at Brighton with an address by the President—Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson—who took for his subject “The Seed-time of Health.” Dr. Richardson pointed out the nature of the perils which beset the spring-tide of human life and the period bounded by maturity. In pointing out how the perils might be removed he said:—Let every man and wife be their own sanitarians and make their house a centre of sanitation. Let in the sun; keep out the damp; separate the house from the earth beneath; connect the house with the air above; once, nay twice, a year hold the Jewish Passover, and allow no leaven of disease to remain in any corner or crevice; let the house cleanse itself of all impurities as they are produced; eat no unclean thing; drink no impure drink; wear no impure clothing; do no impure act; and all the good that science can render you is at your absolute command. I say nothing but what is good of physical exercise; I would that every school were a gymnasium; I would that every man and woman could ride well, walk well, and skilfully exercise every sense and every limb. I urge only that this example be set, that all exercises, whether of body or mind, be carried out in purest habitude and in accordance with the enlightening progress of the age.

---

“Be quite sure of one thing, and remember it, God helping you all your life long, that no person who has ever fallen into definite sin can be quite the same ever again; that his sin will most certainly *find him out*; find him out in weakness; or find him out in suffering, or find him out in shame; so that he will regret it to the very end of his days, even if by God’s great grace, he does not perish in it for ever.”—*Vaughan*.

---

Real worth is humble. The laden boughs hang their heads. The nettle mounteth on high, while the violet lieth shrouded under its own leaves, and is only found out by its own scent.”

## THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

### SHORT TALK WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT THE BIBLE.

BY ALPHEUS.

Of course the children who read the *Advocate* know that the first books of the Bible were written by Moses. Can you name the books Moses wrote? Try. How old was the world when he was writing its early history? It was older than people generally suppose. Would you believe that the first six chapters of Genesis carry us over a period of fifteen hundred years and it was a thousand years old when Moses wrote? Do you sometimes wonder how Moses got acquainted with all the facts about which he wrote? No doubt there were written accounts of some kind to which he had access. But what kind of writing would they have in those days when paper and pens as we have them were unknown?

You can read about both of these by turning to Job 19-23, and Jeremiah 17-1. It was an engraver's tool they used for an iron pen, and the writing was done on the face of smooth stones or on the soft clay of bricks which were afterwards burned, and the writings they had were just pictures of passing events or peculiar characters known well to the people who lived when the world and its language were in their infancy. The oldest books that we know of are the inscriptions of the Assyrians on bricks brought from Nineveh and Babylon, and no doubt some of the first records of our Scriptures were thus written. Wood was also used as tablets, covered with wax and the writing on that was done with a style or sharp pointed instrument.

But the most common material was the dressed skin of animals. We know that the dressing of skins was practised by the Israelites, Ex. 25-5, Lev. 13-48. Books were made of these skins or sheets of parchment by rolling them on sticks, to which they were fastened by a thread, and after being rolled up were sealed with wax.

These sheets of parchment were generally written on one side, but in Exodus and Revelation we read of their being written on both sides.

The use of papyrus was learned from the Egyptians, who early used this material with reeds for pens to make their characters; it is from this we get our name for paper.

There must also have been monuments in those days to commemorate many particular events. The Tower of Babel must have been a witnessing monument of the fall of its builders. And the flood must have left many landmarks as evidence of the destruction wrought. In addition to all this the accounts handed down from father to son. From Adam through Seth, Enoch, Noah, Abraham and the other patriarchs to Moses, so that from all the above sources combined, the Bible that Moses had, though very small compared to ours, must have been a correct account of every thing that he gathered into an historical account to connect with the events happening in his own day.

But Moses was divinely inspired to write what he did, and to gather

together all the information necessary for us. People living in Moses' day did not have a very large Bible like what we have, but then God in many ways made himself known to His people in those days, and they got all the knowledge they needed for their time.

In this number I have only given you something to think about and study for yourselves and ask your parents about, and I may in another number tell you something more about our wonderful Bible.

---

### OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

---

"I fell from heaven, my first dwelling-place, the happy home of the holy. I fell fast and far. In the fall, my senses were so stupified that I did not afterwards rightly know the good that I had lost, or the evil to which I had come. I alighted in a sea; it was a sea, for I sank into it, but it was not water. Serpents, and all kinds of filthy, slimy living things made up its mass. The movements of those reptiles were the waves of that sea. Darkness, too, was over the deep. In it, and of it, I grew one of those serpents; and twisted and writhed like the rest. Worst of all, instead of loathing my nature and my associates, I liked both. It became my nature and my delight to be there. I had neither the power to rise out of that abyss, nor the will to try. Right over me, at length, the heaven opened, and an angel of light came down. He laid a bond around me, a bond which I felt, but could not see. It was very soft, but very strong. It was called the Love of God. He laid that bond round me, and drew. The power that drew was divine; I could not resist; it drew me out. When I was drawn out of the filth, I began to loathe the filth in which I had lain. When I was drawn out by the angel, I grew an angel too. The angel who raised me, was the Messenger of the Covenant, the Eternal Son. When I was brought near him, I grew like him, and loved him for loving me. Then I wondered at myself for having ever loved the unclean place and the unclean company."

—*Arnot.*

---

### A HIVE OF B'S.

---

Be amiable, affable, courteous and kind,  
 Be active, benevolent, lowly in mind;  
 Be cheerful, consistent, be constant and true,  
 Be dutiful, dauntless, good conduct pursue;  
 Be engaging, be earnest, be faithful to all,  
 Be God-like, be generous to great and to small;  
 Be humble, industrious, be jealous of sin,  
 Be knowing, kind-hearted, endeavour to win;  
 Be modest, be neat, be open, be free,  
 Be prayerful, be prudent, that others may see;  
 Be peaceful, be pious, be patient in pain,  
 Be quick, and be quiet, be sound, and be plain;  
 Be righteous, be simple, be firm in the faith,  
 Be sure of God's blessing, and walk in his path;  
 Be truthful, be trusty, be valian, be wise,  
 Be tender, be teachable, folly despise;  
 Be yielding, be zealous, thy God strive to please,  
 And thou shalt have honey from each of these B's.

## JESUS PIERCED.

Perhaps you have heard of that little boy who, when he read of the man who struck Christ with the palm of his hand, said, "Did not that hand wither?" He thought very naturally that surely the hand that so wickedly struck Christ must be at once blasted.

In the days of the French Revolution, there was an atheist in Paris, who said that he would prove whether there were a God or not. Taking out his watch, he said that he would give God five minutes to prove his existence; for if there were a God, surely he would strike him dead. When nothing happened to him, the foolish man said that there was no God! Poor, blinded man! If God had struck him down, it would not have been God-like; for our God is long-suffering, and though he treasures up judgment for another day, he waits to be gracious now.

Even so here: it was not fire that flashed out from the Saviour's side to consume the man; it was blood and water.

*Blood* flowed along the spear. Suddenly the soldier sees its point glitter less brightly, and then, lo! his hand is bathed in blood that has flowed along the spear! Now, every Jew knew, as written in Levit. xvii. 11, that "*it is the blood which maketh atonement for the soul.*" Hence this event had a remarkable signification. Jesus is offering his blood to take away the soldier's guilt! for see! the blood that makes atonement for the soul is flowing towards this wicked man! But again, chasing the blood there was a stream of *water*, and the soldier, with amazement, perceives this too! Now, water is an emblem of the Holy Spirit, who makes us new creatures, and takes away our enmity; for Isaiah xlv. 3 speaks of "*pouring water*" as the same thing with "*pouring the Spirit.*"

Thus you see the free love of God! What a gracious return he made to the malignant cruelty of his foes! Instead of revenging their sins upon them, he hastens to forgive! Dear children, think on all this. Do you ever strike back, because some one struck you? Or revile because some one reviled you? Or resolve to take revenge for a wrong done you? or try to make one feel sore who has slighted you? This is not God's way. When the soldier pierced Christ, God's return was to give *blood and water*. Learn to return good for evil, like God.

You may have read an instructive incident regarding a soldier, who had frequently been imprisoned and punished on account of his conduct. One day, on account of a recent misdemeanour, he was about to be called up for further punishment, when it was asked, "Have we tried every means of curing him?" One present remarked, "We have never tried the effect of a pardon." The suggestion was taken, and the sergeant-major was sent to tell the soldier that he was pardoned. The man was amazed! He had been doggedly preparing himself for severe punishment; but, melted by this kindness, he from that day set himself to guard his conduct, and no one had further trouble with him. This is somewhat like God's way with sinners. He gives *pardon* that there may follow thereon a *change of character*, as in the case of this soldier. Was there not here first pardon, then reformation? So, when you have got the *blood* you will also get the *water*.

## TENDER TIES.

We all have tender ties to earth and time. Children it may be, or brothers, both in the flesh and in the spirit, are twined closely round our hearts. We are needful to them. This is felt on both sides now, and will be felt more tenderly when the hour of separation is drawing near. How shall that pang be softened to both parties,—to him who is departing, and to those who remain? In one way only: the desire to depart and to be with Christ will do it, and nothing else will. How good it is,—how necessary to have that hope and trust now! How dreary to be drifting down toward those dark and tempestuous narrows before the anchor of the soul has been thrown within the veil, and fastened there on Jesus!

Paul's "strait" is the only easy position on the earth; oh, to be in it! If you are held by both of these bonds you will not fear a fall on either side, although your life, instead of being in your Father's hands, were at the disposal of your worst enemy, in his utmost effort to do you harm, he would be shut up between these two,—either to keep you a while longer in Christ's work, or send you sooner to Christ's presence. That were indeed a charmed life that should tremble evenly in the blessed balance;—this way, we shall do good to men; that way we shall be with the Lord.—*Arnot.*

## A CHILD'S FAITH.

"How sweet it is my child,  
To live by simple faith;  
Just to believe that God will do  
Exactly as He saith."

"Does faith mean to believe  
That God will surely do  
Exactly what He says mamma?  
Just as I know that you

"Will give me what I ask,  
Because you love me well,  
And listen patiently to hear  
Whatever I may tell?"

"Yes, you may trust in God  
Just as you trust to me;  
Believe, dear child, He loves you well,  
And will your Father be.

"For when you sought His love,  
Your Father up in Heaven  
Looked kindly down for Jesus' sake,  
And has your sins forgiven.

"To pray in faith, my child,  
Is humbly to believe  
That what you ask in Jesus name  
You surely shall receive."

Answers to Bible Questions for January will be given next month.

Communications for the Children's Portion to be addressed: Ed. Junior, P. O. Box 295, St. John, N. B., and should be received not later than the 15th day of the month.