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# Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 3.

MARCH, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## ANNUAL ADDRESS

To the Church and Congregation in Queen's-road Chapel.

BY REV. T. HALL.

BELOVED BRETHREN,—I am profoundly thankful to our Heavenly Father that I meet with you this evening in the enjoyment of restored health. The fears expressed on this matter in my last annual address have proved to be groundless. I acknowledge the goodness of God, in answer to your prayers on my behalf. The feeling that should predominate in every heart present is gratitude. Through the varied scenes of another year the unerring hand of Providence has guided us. Our cup has been filled with good things. We have been preserved from many trials and calamities that have befallen others. God has borne with our unfaithfulness, and continued to us the means of grace—the teachings of His Holy Spirit and His blessed Word; we have had seasons of sweet communion with Him, and can now rejoice in hope of His glory. What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward us? We will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I thank God that I have not laboured in vain during the past year; a few have been called out of darkness into light, and are walking in the way that leads to life eternal.

During the year two of our members were called to prove the secrets of another world—both met the king of terrors with becoming Christian fortitude, and left an encouraging testimony behind—Mrs. James Tessier and Miss Julia Langmead, sisters in the flesh, as well as sisters in the Lord. They professed religion about the same time, and within a few months met in the same eternal state.

“They sleep in Jesus, and are blest.  
How sweet their slumbers are.”

Every year adds to the roll of the departed. They are not lost, but gone before.

Who will be the next? Who of us present here, before this revolving year has finished its round, shall be gathered to our fathers? God alone knows; our times are in His hands. But to our place; it is probable some of us shall have gone; how diligent, therefore, should we be in preparing for that certain

event, which may take place at any moment. The needful preparation should not be put off one hour; should not be left till sickness or death comes upon us:—

“Be wise, now, mortals, while you may,  
For swiftly time is flying;  
The thoughtless man, who laughs to-day,  
To-morrow may be dying.”

During no previous year of my ministry in St. John's have I been cheered by such regular attendance and large congregations. Both on the Lord's Day and on week evenings a marked improvement in the attendance is observed. I think we may regard this as a proof that the work of the Holy Spirit is deepening and progressing in the hearts of the hearers.

The Sabbath-school continues to engage the attention of a band of faithful teachers, and we have now a larger attendance than at any former period. Much fruit has already been reaped here, and much more is expected from the present earnest sowing.

No doubt we shall reap in due time, if we faint not.

The Mission work, we are thankful to say, continues to prosper. A third labourer has been sent forth. There is no diminution of zeal or devotion to this work in the congregation; and though, when we began the mission, and still we may say with the poet—

“Small and feeble was his day,”

we doubt not but success will crown the effort.

I have had much pleasure in the meetings of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, which has been organised during the year, and which promises to be a source of blessing to the congregation.

Now, permit me to address a few earnest words to you. There are before me two classes—the saved and the unsaved. To the first I desire to say—*Live to glorify God.* Live to do this. It is the only thing worth living for, and it is the only thing for which we are called, and for which we are left in this world. If we are not constantly doing so, there is something wrong in our hearts. The new nature prompts us to do all things, at all times, to the glory of our Heavenly Father. “Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”

*Love one another.* Be kind one to another. By

this shall others know that we are the followers of the Saviour; by this we may judge ourselves whether we have the love of God in us. This is an infallible test: "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." And let us not love in word, but in deed and in truth.

*Work for God.* There is something for each to do in the vineyard. Be up, and do it! The night is coming; the Master will soon return; He will require the one, or two, or five talents improved. Sad it would be if He found us unprofitable servants, or if, when He comes, seeking fruit, He should find "nothing but leaves."

"Not many lives, but one have we;  
One, only one;  
How sacred should that one life be."

To the unsaved I would address a word of warning and invitation. Every year you live in rebellion and unbelief you lessen the chances of your salvation. How long will you provoke the justice of God? The thread of your existence may be snapped any moment, and your unsaved soul plunged into endless despair. Turn at once from sin to Christ. Cast your guilt upon Him. Accept the gracious offers of pardon and eternal life made in the Gospel, and you will receive the gift of God. God, who knows my heart, knows that I long for the salvation of all in the congregation. Many an anxious, sorrowful hour I spend, thinking of some to whom the Gospel seems to be only a savour of death unto death; who come and go to the place of the holy, but who remain unsaved, I wish to be clear of the blood of all men, but I wish more to present everyone of you spotless before God, with exceeding joy. But a very few years at most, and the scene will close—the tale will be told. We shall be weighed in the balances. We shall be united or separated for ever. Oh, where shall we spend eternity? where? Unless we are holy here, we cannot spend it with an infinitely Holy God, in a holy heaven. Let us not be deceived—we are each getting ready now for our own places. The holy will be holy still, and the filthy will be filthy still.

We now enter upon the work, the responsibilities, and privileges of a New Year. It is my sincere purpose to live with but one object in view—the glory of God. I ask your sympathies, your prayers, your assistance in the work to which I have consecrated my life.

I need all the help you can give me: withhold it not, and do it as unto the Lord, and not unto men. Very pleasant has been our intercourse hitherto. May this tenth year be still more abundant in spiritual prosperity, and unto the Great Head of the Church, we will ascribe the undivided praise through all eternity.

Shall this life of mine be wasted?  
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?  
Shall true joy pass by untasted,  
And this soul remain unfilled?

Shall the God-given hours be scattered  
Like the leaves upon the plain?  
Shall the blossoms lie unwatered,  
By the drops of heavenly rain?

Shall this heart still spend its treasures  
On the things that fade and die?  
Shall it court the hollow pleasures  
Of bewildering vanity?

Shall these lips of mine be idle?  
Shall I open them in vain?  
Shall I not, with God's own bridle,  
Their frivolities restrain?

Shall these eyes of mine still wander?  
Or, no longer turned afar,  
Fix a firmer gaze and fonder  
On the bright and morning star?

Shall these feet of mine, delaying  
Still in ways of sin be found,  
Braving snares, and madly straying  
On the world's bewitching ground?

No, I was not born to trifle  
Life away in dreams of sin!  
No, I must not, dare not, stifle  
Longings such as these within!

Swiftly moving upward, onward,  
Let my soul in faith be borne,  
Calmy gazing sunward, skyward,  
Let my eye unshrinking turn;

Where the Cross, God's love revealing,  
Sets the fettered spirit free;  
Where it sheds its wondrous healing—  
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

Then, no longer idly dreaming,  
Shall I fling my years away;  
But, each precious hour redeeming,  
Wait for the eternal day!

THE BEST SERMON.—People are always listening to the "best sermon they ever heard." At an advanced age, still hearing the "best," we might conclude that they started on very poor ones, for this superlative did not, perhaps, express the opinion of some other person equally able to judge. But there are various kinds of sermons. There is the doctrinal one, the biographical, logical, illustrative, and various other styles; and those men speaking of the "best" will mean the best of those several kinds. Then men are in varying conditions for hearing. If they are full of joy, the best one will be glad and enthusiastic. If they are borne down with sorrow, their praises are only for the consoling and sympathetic. Just in so far as the sermon is suited to the hearer, and is blest to his edification by the Holy Spirit, will he find it such as he will greatly praise. The really good hearer will find something helpful in all, and now and then he will be flooded with happy emotion.

GOD'S PLAN FOR YOUR LIFE.—Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could do something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands your own plan, and He knows what you want better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike medicine, or any proof that they are poisonous. No! a truce to all such patience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or bring it up, to God's will, and do His work in your lot, your sphere, under your cloak of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.

## AN EVENING HYMN.

[From the German of Nicholas Herman, 1560.]

The sun has found his hiding-place,  
And sable night comes on apace;  
Be Thou, dear Jesus, our true Light,  
Amidst the darkness of the night.

To Thee be thanks, that through the day,  
From harm and danger, on our way,  
The angel band has us preserved,  
Through grace and mercy undeserved.

If Thee, this day, in aught we've wronged,  
Let not thine anger be prolonged;  
And charge it not our souls upon;  
But grant us peace through Thy dear Son.

Let angels guard around us keep,  
That fears disturb not whilst we sleep;  
From terror, dread, and the "fire-rod,"  
This night protect us, mighty God.

## A CLEAN HEART.

BY SALLY A. HUMES.

**G**OD requires a clean heart for His Holy Spirit to dwell in. The temple of God is holy, and must be kept holy so long as He abides in it. He will not compromise with sin. You cannot sweep out a small corner of your heart, and set it apart for His Spirit, and expect to use the rest in following worldly inclinations. God must have the whole heart, and it must be thoroughly cleansed before He can use it for His glory. Every day the sunshine of Heaven must flood its chambers and sweeten the air.

A thrifty housekeeper sometimes finds her house in disorder and is not willing to admit company into rooms that have not been swept and dusted. And the Christian is not always willing to let the Holy Spirit take full possession of the heart.

Somewhere he knows there is a little pride hid; a little unjust gain is stored in one corner; murmuring and fault-finding are not all cleared away, and in all these private nooks he would rather not have so much light thrown. But when a house is in perfect order it is thrown open with pleasure to the beholder, and a heart thoroughly cleansed has no part dark. A best room does not constitute a home, but every room well furnished makes it complete. A clean heart is a holy spot, and will sweeten and purify its surrounding, until the most forlorn home becomes bright by its presence. Filth and dirt are irreconcilable with a Christian home, and where the two exist there is a great obstacle in the way of growth in grace. But what to some minds is a matter of little importance is a wonderful hindrance to others. Some men care so little for anything beyond working, eating and sleeping, that they never notice the surroundings, and every thing is done in the most convenient place, and at the most suitable time, no matter if it is to cut wood on the back door step, or to smoke in the parlour. Such a man may be a Christian, but it is hard for his wife to be one if she loves order and cleanliness and must keep her temper while she cleans up after him.

A clean heart loves purity and will surmount almost any obstacle to prove how much it delights in decency and order; but if there are two or three to work in opposition, it sometimes makes but little impression on others, though the right motive may be there.

You love Christ, and your love draws you after Him, away from sin, upwards and along the mountain track of purity and duty.—*Dr. Buddington.*

A renowned clergyman lately preached rather a long sermon from the text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said: "That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

## LADIES ON COOKING.

**W**E put on our silks and laces, and turn our backs upon our kitchens," says one of the sex, "as if they were not places for human beings to spend any time in, leaving the poor ignorant creatures who are obliged to stay there, to provide for the physical wants of our families.

"I hold that if ladies would study housekeeping and cooking in all their details, as thoroughly as their husbands study law, medicine, book-keeping, or any other occupation they expect to follow, we should soon see a different state of affairs in the domestic department. If any department must be neglected, do not let it be the kitchen. Care, study and labour there will repay one more than in any other place, and contribute more to the health and comfort of the family. Well-cooked, digestible food, will save one from all those pangs dyspeptics are heir to—will prevent even the incipient horrors of that disease. Better untidy rooms, than ill-cooked meals; better cobwebs in even the best parlour than in the brain. If the kitchen be sweet, clean and cheerful, the cooking utensils bright and pure, the task of compounding from the raw materials of the store and market those delicate and also solid articles of food that grace the table and minister to the necessity, comfort and refreshment of the family is, in my opinion, quite as refined and ladylike as sweeping, dusting, or sewing. These a servant can be easily taught to do, and mistakes, when they do occur, are not so serious; while very few domestics possess, or are willing to acquire, the power of exercising the care, judgment, and skill that cooking requires."

Another writes:—

"There is no loadstone so powerful to draw a man away from evil and evil associations as a comfortable home and a clean, well-cooked, well-served supper-table. The utter wretchedness of many a drunkard's home must be ascribed to the inability of the wife to properly fulfil her household duties, and her ignorance of the art of cooking. Many a home would be brighter and happier if the master of it could look forward to a well-cooked supper at the end of his day's work.

"Queen Victoria's daughters all underwent a course of kitchen instruction, and can, it is said, hold their own with professors of the culinary art. Wives cannot make their homes truly pleasant and happy, free from discord and jar, if they have not been taught the art of cooking and house-keeping. They thereby use the sweetest and purest blessings that belong to a wife—the perfect love and whole admiration of her husband. Husbands may love and pity a poor house-keeper, but who does not want love and admiration?"

Another writes:—

"I consider it one of the greatest favours one woman can confer upon another to teach her to cook, and if I had my choice of accomplishments, and could have but one, it should certainly be that of making good bread; and the greatest belle in the land (if she has any brains), will be proud if she possesses it. If I were a young man, I should not ask any lady to be my wife, though Pandora's box of good gifts were showered upon her, if this one were omitted. Duty to himself and future family demand it."

Then another writes:—

"The art of ornamental cooking is far better understood in America than the art of common cooking. There are more women who know how to make good cake than good bread; more who can furnish you with a good ice-cream than a well-cooked mutton-chop; a fair charlotte russe is easier to gain than a perfect cup of coffee; and you shall find a sparkling jelly to your dessert where you sighed in vain for so simple a luxury as a well-cooked potato."

**ONE OF CHRIST'S LAMBS.**—In a Christian family near Amoy, China, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply—"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and the three sons—became members of the mission church at Amoy.

LOST IN AN INDIAN PIT.

BY SERGEANT LAVERACK.

ALMOST immediately after the murder of two British officers, Lieut. Anderson and Van Agnew, by Mulraj, the Rajah of the province of Mooltan, in the Punjab, which led to the second war with the Sikhs, a powerful and warlike nation, on the North-west frontiers of India, my regiment, which was stationed at Meerut, received orders to march at a few hours' notice, towards the point of danger, and being in May, the very hottest part of the year, we were supplied with seven yards of thin narrow calico, to wrap round our pongos to protect our heads in some measure from the great heat of the sun; and, furthermore, we marched at a very early hour of the morning so as to reach the encamping ground about sunrise. We did not then pitch our tents in columns of companies as was usual, but wherever a few trees could be found, we erected our tents under them to shield us somewhat from the direct rays of the sun, and even with the side walls of the tents down or thrown loosely over the tent ropes to admit as much fresh air as possible we were almost suffocated. In this way the regiment covered a large space of ground. In the morning at the bugle-sound every man rose, leaped up his bed, etc., which were placed on the backs of camels, the tents were next struck, and safely deposited on the backs of the huge elephants, which the Government had supplied us with; and when all were armed and accoutred we converged at our leisure to a spot on the main road, indicated by the burning of a torch; sometimes our tents were a considerable distance from the road, and owing to the unevenness of the ground and the darkness of night, we frequently stumbled, and sometimes were sent sprawling on the ground, or into a thorn bush.

One morning a more serious accident happened. A poor fellow of my regiment, named Timothy Delaney, who enlisted a day or two after me in Liverpool, was wending his way in the dense darkness towards the road, when he stumbled and fell into an unprotected old unused well, and in his fall broke his jawbone. When he got to the bottom, which fortunately was not very deep, he found that he was up to his breast in water; realising at once his awful position, he began to cry aloud for help as well as his broken jaw would admit, but the gushing blood almost choked his utterances. He knew that unless someone heard his cries immediately there was but little hope of him being rescued at all, and so he redoubled his cries for help; after a few minutes, which seemed to him an age, he heard the bugle-sound for the "covering sergeants" to take up their position for their companies, and now his heart sank within him, military precision demanding that every man should be ready to fall into his place at once.

Away marched the regiment. The band struck up some well-known march, but there was no music in it to the doomed man in the well. Fainter, and fainter, and fainter, still grew the sound. Every tap of the big drum seemed to sound his funeral knell, and every note as his dirge, until at length the notes died away in the distance.

But there was a hope that being missed from the "Roll Call," a non-commissioned officer might be sent in search of him, and oh! how he wished such might be the case; but no footstep was heard. The cold perspiration rolled from his fevered brow, and thus the long, long hours of that dreadful night passed slowly away.

The morning at length dawned in the east, but no ray of hope dawned upon his wretched heart. The long hours of that summer's day passed wearily away, every hour seeming a lifetime. A second morning at length broke, but no welcome voice broke upon his ear, no friendly hand stretched forth to save.

On that morning the married soldiers, together with their wives and families, followed the regiment, and some of them pitched their tents at no great distance from the well where poor Delaney was engulfed. About noon-day a woman of the detachment wended her steps in that direction, and when she saw the well she happened to look down it. At that moment poor Delaney looked up again, and oh, such a look as brought tears to the good woman's eyes. She promised him help, and away she ran as fast as she could to the tents crying out at the top of her voice, "A man in the well! a man in the well!" If we are half or a quarter as anxious about souls, some people who have no sympathy with soul-saving, cry out we are mad, but let me ask such, if the life of a man is so much prized ought we not to value the souls of the perishing around us.

Before she reached the tents every man, woman, and child had rushed out to see what was the matter, and when they knew, more than fifty men with strong arms and willing hearts, ran off at once in the direction indicated to them, followed immediately by their wives and children who, if they could not help, could pity and sympathise. One of the men was let down into the well by a camel rope, and poor Delaney was drawn out, more dead than alive.

Ah, my dear fellow-sinner, you are in the well, whether you believe it or no, whether you feel it or no. Such is truly the state of every unconverted person. You will not ask, "What must I do to be saved?" until you feel you are lost. You will not ask the Great Physician to apply the balm of Gilead until you feel you are wounded and bruised by the fall. And I so much wish you to be impressed with the thought that you are lost, and then, and not till then, will there be some hope of Christ saving you. Poor Delaney had probably looked up a thousand times, and the first time a friendly eye glanced upon him he saw it. Jesus has come not by accident, but by design. Yes, to seek and to save the lost, and it seems as if men immersed in worldliness or sin, or bemoaning their sad plight that they cannot or will not look up to Him who bore their sins in His own body upon the tree. If you look beneath you there is nothing but mire, and clay, and sinking sand; if you look within there is nothing but sin, and pollution, and misery. Brother, dear suffering brother, there is always a way upward, and you cannot look upward long before you will see the benignant glance of the tender, loving Redeemer, who has come to the very spot where you are weltering in your sin and in your blood. To seek and save you, His arm is long enough to reach you—His arm is strong enough to save you. When He reaches His long, strong, arm down to you and with a grip of love lays hold on you, you just lay hold on Him by FAITH, and that hand will lift you up out of the horrible pit and put your feet upon a rock, and established your goings.

MORE LIGHT.

"MORE light! Oh, for more light!" It was the cry of an aged matron who had been, externally at least, a consistent follower of the Lamb of God. Overburdened by bodily disease which speedily brought her to the dust of death, and harassed by the remembrance of sins, both of omission and commission, her spirit was enveloped in a cloud of darkness. She had no need to utter the first prayer, which was once taught to a Highland kitchen-maid, "Lord, show me myself." Poor and wretched, and blind, and naked, she felt herself to be; and her urgent and often repeated supplication for more light was practically the same as the second prayer which the Highland girl learned, to her ultimate joy to offer, "Lord, show me Thyself."

A Christian friend was sent for, and speedily visited the disconsolate invalid. Discovering her need, he sought to turn her eyes away from self to Jesus, and the Father whom He reveals. As the visitor spoke of the love of Jehovah, manifested in the sending of His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him,—of the love of the Eternal Son, shown by assuming our nature, and therein giving Himself as a ransom for sinners,—of the blood shed on Calvary which cleanseth from all sin,—of the call of the Redeemer to come to Himself that we may find rest,—and of the assurance that whosoever cometh shall in no wise be cast out,—light from heaven shone again into the old matron's heart. "That's a great comfort," was ever and anon her utterance, as her friend stood beside her bed, and tried to exhibit the Highway of Salvation, free to her and all. She began anew to encourage herself in the God of all grace, and rejoiced to the end in the faithful saying, that the Son of Man came into the world to seek and to save the lost.

Do YOUR GODS LOVE YOU?—"Do your gods love you?" asked a missionary of some Indians. "The gods never think of loving," was the cheerless answer. The missionary repeated the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Read it again," asked the arrested pagan. "That is large light—read it again." A third time the blessed words were repeated, and with this emphatic response, "That is true; I feel it."

## RANDOM READINGS.

BY ARTHUR MURSELL.

**A**N Englishman who has been pretty rigidly accustomed to respect and keep the Sabbath will never find out what a heathen he has been till he has spent a Sunday or two in an orthodox Christian home in Scotland. He will generally consider that abstinence from secular business, the substitution of a little quiet rest in place of more active recreation, together with a tolerably punctual attendance on public worship, sufficiently mark out the day in its surface features from the other six days in the week. He will, probably be also more select and particular in his private reading and meditation, endeavouring to make these to harmonise with the associations of the day. Should he be a minister or a worker in the Sabbath-school, his public duties will, of course, claim his attention, and absorb a good deal of his thoughts at home. But the due discharge of these engagements will not only not deter him from merry social intercourse, but will even make such intercourse the more enjoyable, natural, and congenial. But let him go to Scotland for a Sunday or two, and he will be taught due respect for the decalogue, and will be almost inclined to ask himself how many of the ten commandments he has violated.

Our neighbours in the North are proverbially hospitable; and I am sure it is not intended as an abuse of their hospitality if I describe my experience of, and express my thoughts about a Scottish Sabbath.

My own engagements did not admit of a very punctilious conformity with the national rule of retiring early on Saturday night; but by no means short of actual discourtesy was it possible to avoid the fleshly mortification of rising at seven o'clock on a November morning. At that hour to a second, as indicated by its first shrill stroke upon an eight-day clock, commenced a most uncerthly and relentless danging on a dreadful gong, which filled the spacious house with dismal echoes, and banished all the visions of my morning dreams. Tom Hood has said, with a punning pungency which comes very much home to me and to my sympathies—

“The man that’s fond precociously of stirring  
Must be a spoon.”

If this be the test I certainly am far from being a spoon, for if there is one time more than another at which I appreciate the tenacity of blankets it is at about seven o'clock on a November morning. In Glasgow it is not daylight till ten in the month of November, even admitting that there is any daylight visible during the whole twenty-four hours. The temptation is to cram the bedclothes into your ears, and cry with the dramatist, “Silence that dreadful bell,” but you know that in another half-hour it will sound again, and you will be expected to be ready for the morning worship. The anguish plunge must e’en be taken, and as you stand shivering in the middle of the floor, your teeth chattering in your jaws as you look for a match to strike a light to dress by, you will probably hear the jovial voice of your host pausing between two verses of the 23rd Psalm, Scotch version, to ask you if you will have a shower-bath; you try to say “No, thank you,” as sweetly as possible, with a grim scowl at the bare suggestion, and proceed to make your yawning toilet. While you are kneeling at the bedside, engaged in those orisons by which the morning should be ever ushered in, the crashing of the gong once more intercepts devotion, a shuffling of feet outside, and in a minute more the sound of singing voices. You enter the drawing-room covered with confusion, and file between two rows of servants, each holding a psalm-book, and pretending to sing. The host, with all traces of his natural expression banished from his face, and no sign of his ordinary manner in his tones of voice, is “lining out” a psalm, and slowly singing it to a dragging, tuneless wail, which is in close keeping with the November fog and drizzle outside, and when the singing is done a chapter is read, and oftentimes some comments are also read from the manual of devotion from which the reading is taken. This done, a prayer, seldom extending over less than a quarter of an hour, is offered, and then you are greeted with a formal air, and your apologies are received for having been late. A glorious breakfast soon appears, and you are beginning to congratulate yourself on having got up so early, as you see the “Napier’s patent” coffee-pot bubbling and boiling on the table with its spirit-lamp like a flame of real devotion licking it to its heat. Tempting jams and ellies, and the marmalade of the incomparable “Keiller of

Dundee” flank the “Finnan haddies,” and the “baps,” the “cookies,” and the “scones.” O, you miserable Southerners don’t understand these things, but they are “a caution,” I can tell you. You rub your hands together, and begin to pick up your spirits; but a glance at your host, the jolliest fellow under the sun generally, brings a wet blanket over you again, and you mutter a few commonplaces as you sit down to table, and subside. You are just about to hand the jolly to the young lady by your side, and try to revive the merry little flirtation of the previous evening, but her bright face has caught the prevalent depression, and you are once more repulsed. You pass the toast with a solemn visage, when the host shrivels you up with a stony glare, and then repeats a grace of fully five minutes length, winding up with a confession of sin and a plea for pardon. Breakfast is then discussed, but with little appetite, and thanks are returned again at full length. In my case a public service claimed my attention at eleven o'clock, at a church fully four miles away. It was cold and wet, and I proposed a cab. I was reminded it was the Sabbath, and that if I had needed a cab, arrangements should have been made at a livery stable the day before; in default of this precaution I must walk; and walk I did accordingly, with a sprained ankle and a bad cold. Service is supposed to close in the morning about a quarter before one, and begin again in the afternoon at three, and as my second service was three miles away, another walk through rain and mud awaited me. The beadle, however, befriended me to the extent of a biscuit and a cup of tea. And here let me say a word about Scotch beadles and precursors. The old-fashioned Scottish beadle (or beddlo as it is oftentimes pronounced) is a character in his way. An old beadle was once asked if he could recommend any suitable person for a similar position at a neighbouring church. He shook his head, and said gravely, “Weel, nae, I canna mind the uoo o’ ony body wha could tak it; if it had been a precursor or a minister that ye were wantin’, I could hae telled ye o’ a dozen.” The beadle is the minister’s manager, and keep him up to the mark. It is as good as a play to see the beadle come into the vestry, and take the Bible and books up into the pulpit, and then come back to fetch the minister, as though he were a slight appendage he had forgotten. The first time I ever preached in a Scotch pulpit, it took me ten minutes to prevail upon the beadle to let me go into the pulpit without a gown, and I really think it was the means of breaking up the old man’s constitution, that a man had actually preached in his kirk without the canonical white “bibbs.” The precursor upon this occasion was introduced to me by this said beadle, and in very broad Scotch he asked me if I would allow them to commence the morning service with a particular hymn, as they wanted to sing a special tune to it. “O certainly,” I said, “I dare say it will do.” And I was going to leave him to put it down upon the list without looking at it; but happening to glance at the selected hymn, I found that it began, “Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.” It occupied several minutes to convince him that this was hardly suitable to commence a morning service with, and I sent him to his desk in anything but a good temper.

Well, I had to walk to my afternoon service, and by the time it was over, the seven miles and the double service, began to tell its tale. But I had another service for the evening, and I began to feel that I must have a cab, or breakdown. I went to a stable near at hand, and spoke to a man who was tending some horses, and preferred my request. “We dinna send out cabs upon the Sawbath,” was his answer. The proprietor was not to be found, and it was not till I got the aid of a ministerial friend, who came in his M.B. waistcoat, and white tie, to state the case, and to prove that it was “a work of necessity and mercy,” that “cabby,” who smelt very strongly of Glenlivet, was prevailed upon, for double fare, to drive me to my evening engagement.

Before this, however, a repast had to be taken which was to do duty for dinner, and I was ravenously ready for it. It consisted, however, simply of beef-tea, with no solid meat, and was prefaced and succeeded by the customary protracted graces. On returning after evening service, thoroughly knocked up, singing, reading, and prayer, had once more to be repeated, supper following, flanked by the two inevitable long graces.

Such is a Scottish Sabbath orthodoxly spent. If, in detailing its main features, I have seemed to deprecate devotion, I have not meant to do so; but I certainly have meant to deprecate form. It is impossible not to admire the tenacity with which our Scottish neighbours cling to these customs by which

Sunday is distinguished from all other days. We love the courage with which they hold on by their convictions of duty and of right, and feel reproached by the contrast which their system of family and household devotion presents to the irregular and perfunctory engagements of many of our English homes. Say what you will of a Scotchman, he is not ashamed of his religion, nor is he morbidly shy of its obtrusion, lest it should offend some squeamish visitor. But surely there is a medium. Why may we not be ourselves on Sunday as well as on other days?

## GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

**MARCH 4. Morning. CARE AND TRUST.** (Matt. vi. 19-34.) Peculiar treasures consist chiefly of garments, or precious robes, and these the moth destroys; food and corn, and these the worm consumes or corrupts; and gold and silver and these are often stolen. Genuine treasures, then, must be laid up in heaven, where all are safe. We lay up treasures in heaven by giving to the poor and by fellowship with God (Luke xvi. 9). Our treasure is that which we love best; hence, wherever it is, our heart is. The light of the body, that is, the organ through which we receive light, is the eye; if it is single, that is, in a healthy state, it will see well; if it is double, that is, diseased, its sight will be impaired. So, too, with the eye of the mind. Singleness of eye means purity of motive. It knows only one object of love—namely, God. A man may have so little light in him that it may amount to nothing, and then how great is his darkness!—for he deceives himself. Mammon (verse 24) means money, which is here viewed as a god in opposition to the true God. These two masters no man can serve, for they are in direct opposition one to another. But when we give way to anxious care we do serve Mammon, for we distrust God, and place dependence on worldly possessions. Against this Christ warns us here. We are to take no anxious thought about anything whatever. 1. Not about our food, for God provides for the fowls of heaven, and much more for us. 2. Not about our station, or the duration of our life, as some understand it; for it is determined by God's will. 3. Not about our raiment, for as God clothes the grass of the field, or the stalks of the lily with its beautiful flower—the splendid white or scarlet lily, whose stem is three feet high—much more will he clothe us. The stalks of the lily were used in Palestine for heating ovens. The Gentiles, or the heathen, seek after these things; but we are to seek first, in point of time, in point of importance, and in point of earnestness, the kingdom of God and the righteousness which prepares for it and forms part of it, trusting Him to give us all things else. And all needful things He will give. The texture of the lily was far more beautiful than the robes of Solomon. Learn Phil. iv. 6. A precious text.

**Afternoon. THE STORY OF NABOTH.** (1 Kings xxi. 1-10.) Ahab wanted to obtain Naboth's vineyard, but Naboth refused, because the sale of his paternal inheritance was forbidden (Lev. xxv. 23-28; Num. xxxvi. 7.) Ahab went home in all ill-humour, and told his wife Jezebel. What said she? Was he not king in Israel, and would he not take the vineyard by force? She would give it him. And the wicked woman charged Naboth with blasphemy, and, to give a legal appearance to her conduct, brought him before a court of justice, where two men gave witness against him. He was then stoned to death, and she then told Ahab to go and take possession of the vineyard. Naboth's sons were also put to death (2 Kings ix. 26). She thought the property confiscated to the crown (Deut. xiii. 16). Ahab went; but there Elijah met him, and uttered the terrible words of verse 19. The threat was not fulfilled in him (verses 27-29), but in his son Joram it was literally fulfilled (2 Kings ix. 25, 26). Learn verse 20. The wicked, when in trouble, are always afraid to meet the righteous.

**Mar. 11. Morning. THE FIRST MISSIONARIES.** (Matt. x. 1-15.) They were the twelve apostles—the word apostle signifying one who is sent. These were sent forth. (1) *Whither?* Not to the Gentiles; not to the Samaritans; but only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Christ's immediate mission was to the latter only; but the time would come when the former also would hear the truth. (Matt. viii. 11, 12; xxviii. 19. John iv. 35, 36.) (2) *With*

*what mission?* A mission to preach the Gospel and to heal the sick, etc. The first instance of the dead being raised by an apostle is mentioned in Acts ix. 36. (3) *In what spirit?* Freely. They had received freely, and they were to give freely. Nor were they to provide for their temporal wants, for God would take care of them. The word *scrip* means a bag; the word *purses* means girdles, in which people carried their money; and the word *staves* means travelling staffs. Those who were prepared to receive the Gospel would provide for them; not so its enemies (Luke xxii. 35). (4) *How* were they to treat the families they met with? To salute the house with a blessing (ver. 12); to inquire for its worthy members; to abide in it if it was worthy, and to leave it if otherwise. In the latter case they were to shake off the dust of their feet against it, as an announcement of coming judgment. Mark vi. 12 informs us what they did.

**Afternoon. ELIJAH TRANSLATED.** 2 Kings ii. 1, 2. Elijah was about to be taken up in a tempest, or whirlwind, to heaven. Elisha went with him from Gilgal (Jiljil.), on the mountains (Joshua viii. 35) to Bethel (Buhri), 1 King xi. 29) which were seats of the schools of the prophets. Elijah did not know that Elisha was aware of what was to take place, and from a feeling of humility wished him to go no further; but Elisha was resolved to proceed (ver. 3). In Bethel the sons of the prophets asked him if he knew that Jehovah would take away his master that day. He answered "Yes, but be silent," as he knew what Elijah felt. From Bethel they went to Jericho, which was not far from the Jordan. Here the request of Elijah was repeated, but with the same result (ver. 8). They reached the Jordan, and here Elijah rolled up his prophet's cloak, and smote the waters with it so that they divided, and the two went over (Exodus xiv. 16. Here Elijah allowed his servant to make one more request (ver. 9, 10), and he asked for "a double portion of his spirit," a request based on Deut. xxi. 17, and meaning the double portion which the firstborn received of his father's inheritance. It was a hard thing, for God only would grant it; but it would be given if he saw him ascend (ver. 2). Suddenly a fiery chariot and horses separated the two, and Elijah was carried up in the tempest to heaven (comp. Gen. v. 24, Deut. xxxii. 49, 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52.) Elisha was "changed" but did not die. "As he was an unparalleled champion for the honour of the Lord, a fiery war-chariot was the symbol of his triumphal procession into heaven." two heavenly visitants of Christ on the Mount (Matt. xvii. 3, 4)

**Mar. 13. Morning. CHRIST'S FORERUNNER.** Matt. xi. 1-15. John the Baptist had been cast into prison, a dark fortress called Machærus, on the east of the Dead Sea (Matt. xiv. 3). Perhaps depressed in mind, he sent two of his disciples to Jesus with this question (verse 3), and Jesus sent them back with this answer (verse 4-6). These were evidences of His Messiahship, and when John heard of them his doubts and fears would be removed. Jesus then uttered His testimony respecting John to the multitudes around Him (verse 7, 9). In large numbers they had gone into the wilderness to see John (Matt. iii. 5). What did they see? Not a fickle man, or one who was like a reed shaken with the wind, such as grew on the banks of the Jordan, for John was no waverer in his faith; not a man clothed in soft raiment, effeminate and luxurious, for John was no coward, like his enemies in the court of Herod, who did wear soft clothing. They went out to see a prophet, and John was more than a prophet. What was he? The precursor of the Messiah, the herald of the Son of man (compare John i. 6-8). Of him the prophet Malachi had written (iii. 1) as the messenger who was to prepare the way before the Lord (Isa. xl. 3-5. Hence John was the greatest ever born of woman (Job xiv. 1). No greater prophet had hitherto arisen than he. Yet he that is less (not least as in our version) in the kingdom of heaven, or occupies in it a lower place, is greater than he, for he has greater peace, clearer light, and richer hopes (verse 11). The meaning of verse 12 is doubtful, but the best interpreters explain it thus: The kingdom of heaven is like a closed fortress, and from the days of John until now, violent persons eager to enter it, press in, and take it, as by storm. "It does and suffers violence, both in its twofold influence; it exerts a mighty power itself, and a mighty power must be put forth towards it, whether it be of faith or unbelief, for its testimony produces an instant separation between the two." That is, some take it by violent prayer and faith, and thus enter into it and realize its blessings; others try to take it by violent opposition, and they are crushed in the attempt. On verses 13-15 see Matt. iv. 5, and Matt. xvii. 12. John was Elijah,

of he came in the spirit and power of that great prophet. Learn John v. 35.

**Afternoon.** THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH. (2 Kings ii. 12—25.) The mantle of Elijah fell on his servant, and now Elisha took it, and with it smote the waters and they were divided as before. By this, the sons of the prophets who saw him, knew that the spirit of Elijah rested upon him, that is, that he was endued with Elijah's prophetic power, and was to take Elijah's place. And they came and did him reverence. But they wanted him to send fifty men to seek the body of Elijah, and they went, but contrary to his will, and could not find it. He knew that it had ascended up to heaven; they thought it had been cast on some mountain. Two miracles followed (ver. 19—22.) Elisha healed the waters of Jericho, by pouring salt into a spring, the present *Ain es Sultan*. Salt was a symbol of incorruptibility, and of the power of life which destroys death, and, as such, formed the substratum for the spiritual power of the Divine word. (Ver. 23—25.) Elisha, mocked by some boys at Bethel, who called him a bald-head in scorn and derision, turned round and cursed them, and two bears came out of the wood and tore forty-two boys to pieces. This may seem harsh, but the spirit of the boys was that of the inhabitants of Bethel, and the judgment was (comp. Luke xxiv. 51, Acts i. 9). Elijah and Moses were the intended to inspire the whole city with a salutary dread of the majesty of God, whose servant the prophet was. Never mock at the infirmities of others. Elisha was not an old man (ch. xiii. 4) so that his baldness must have been a natural defect.

Mar. 25. **Morning.** THE FORERUNNER SLAIN. (Matt. xiv. 1—14.) Herod Antipas was the son of Herod the Great and Malchace. He was tetrarch, or governor of Galilee and Perea, and had secretly married Herodias, the daughter of Aristobulus, his half-brother, and the wife of Herod Philippus another half-brother. He heard of the fame of Jesus, and though he was a Sadducee, and did not believe in the resurrection, his conscience being alarmed, he said, "This is John the Baptist. He is risen from the dead." How did John die? Herod had put him in prison because he had reproved him for his sin, and, awhile after, at a feast held in his palace, not far from Machcerus, Salome, the daughter of Herodias, having pleased him with her voluptuous dance, he promised to give her whatever she should ask. Instigated by her mother, she asked for the head of John. Herod was sorry perhaps, because he feared the consequences of such an act, yet for his oath's sake, and them that sat with him, he sent an executioner to the prison, which was not far distant, and the head of the Baptist was brought while the feast yet lasted. It was a fearful crime. The oath itself was wrong, and ought not to have been kept, but what he thought his honour was of greater importance than his justice. The morning text is Rev. ii. 10, which teaches us not to fear imprisonment or death, but to anticipate the crown of life.

**Afternoon.** To be spent in a review of the lessons of the quarter. Our space being limited, we cannot dwell on them,

but able teachers will easily find questions on each of these subjects.

## THE VALUE OF PRAYER.

BY REV. W. HUDSON.

TRUE prayer occasions new relations to God. It is obvious that the man who prays does not stand towards God as he stood before he began to pray; and one for whom prayer is made is also in a new relation. When, therefore, a man truly prays, he brings into operation what would otherwise be inactive. To pray is to strike a chord, and produce fresh pulsations; and no finite mind can tell the distance in time or space at which those pulsations will be felt. Every prayer makes a contribution towards an ultimate condition of things out of which one or more destinies will arise; and it may be found at last that the "much prayer" of those who could not otherwise work for their Lord and Master, will have contributed more largely to human good than the noisy "works" of those who would not pray.

Prayer brings profit to man as a thinker. If he gains wisdom who has fellowship with wise men, what must be the operation and the effects of daily communion with God? Prayer will not, without the use of other means, bring learning or great intellectual attainments; but there is a grand truth in the saying of the great reformer, that he has studied well who has prayed well. All godly people, however, are thoughtful; and it is beyond doubt that religion, of which prayer is one part, has been the chief means of developing the powers of some of the most able-minded men. And no wonder, for in prayer there are before the mind the most glorious subjects of thought. Such subjects must supply to those who are in full sympathy with them the most nourishing and stimulating intellectual food; and it is a mournful fact that many keep themselves in such a state

that they are unable to appropriate that food, though they are generally too proud of heart to confess a fact so much to their dishonour.

And prayer yields direct spiritual profit. God is infinitely good, and longs to bestow on His children the greatest blessing they can receive; but He has declared that it must be sought and even implored. He will be "inquired of"; and we have already seen that pardon, peace, and the new life are sure to him who rightly approaches God. Thenceforward the habit of prayer will check the tendency to worldly-mindedness. It will hallow his whole life, direct his thoughts into ways of truth and purity, and make religion the leading force in his existence. With him, therefore, thought about secular things will not be "worldly" thought. He will have in active daily operation a means by which the great influence of such things can be effectually dealt with, and thoroughly counteracted. Therefore he will be able, by Divine aid, to use the world without abusing it, and to steady and calm himself amidst all its excitements.—From "The Everlasting Sign."



## CRUCIFYING THE FLESH.

A SERMON

BY THE LATE REV. LUKE H. WISEMAN, M.A.

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh." GAL. V. 24

THE soul of man is like a garden, in which weeds and briars, thorns and brambles, grow in wild and tangled confusion;—unprofitable plants which the Lord hath not planted, and which are to be rejected and burned. Here and there amidst this useless growth appears a fairer form—a rich fruit, or a beautiful plant, which seems to tell of a better state of things in days gone by, of a higher culture lost, and of the possibility that the whole garden might still be retrieved, and might be made fruitful and pleasant.

The culture of this garden—the work of Divine grace in the soul—is of a twofold nature, which we may not improperly distinguish as negative and positive. Negatively, there is the removal of what is evil; positively, there is the implantation of what is good. There is, on the one hand, the rooting up of what is noxious or unprofitable; on the other hand the planting of what is useful and beautiful. There is the rooting up—the stubbing up, as we might more correctly say—of the thorn and the brier, and there is the planting of the fir-tree and the myrtle-tree, and all the other trees of righteousness; so that the tangled wilderness, first cleared of its foul growth, may afterwards become fragrant as Sharon and fruitful as Carmel.

This is the twofold manifestation of the Divine life in the soul of man. These are the two forms which the work of sanctification assumes—the removal of the evil, and the implantation of the good—the decay and destruction of the old nature, and the uprising and growth of the new.

The text refers to the first branch or division of this Divine life, and of this only. The present discourse, therefore, will not present a complete view of this work of grace in the soul, but of one side of it only, and that the negative side. Let us then occupy our thoughts together concerning the removal of evil, the decay and destruction of the old man, the withering of the plants of bitterness, the crucifixion of the carnal mind.

Perhaps the expression made use of by St. Paul in our text will be found better adapted than most others to help us to clear views upon this vitally important matter. We are to be crucified together with Christ, or as the apostle elsewhere expresses it, "planted together in the likeness of His death." That which is to be crucified is the old self, the carnal mind; "our old man," says the same apostle, "is crucified with Him, that the body might be destroyed. This cruci-

fixion Paul elsewhere represents as having taken place actually in his own person, "I am crucified with Christ"; and believers are commanded to "mortify," that is—for the original etymological sense of the word mortify has now grown obsolete—to "put to death their members which are upon the earth." In like manner St. Peter declares that whosoever "hath suffered in the flesh," after the pattern of the crucified Lord, "hath ceased from sin," where the crucifying of the flesh and the ceasing from sin are represented as identical. Nor is this to be considered as an optional matter, or as a singular height of sanctity. On the contrary, it is described in Holy Writ as being the usual estate of those who are in Christ; for we can no more escape the cross, if we would win the crown, than our Master could. It is thus St. Paul represents it, summing up the whole in two or three words—"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh."

But you may ask, "What is it that is to be crucified? It certainly cannot mean our bodies, after the literal pattern of our Lord Christ. What are we precisely to understand by 'the flesh,' which, it is here stated, those who are Christ's must crucify?"

The reply, my brethren, is at hand. As the tree is known by its fruits, so the flesh may be known by its works. In a previous paragraph St. Paul states that "the works of the flesh" are plain to all, not needing, like the more hidden fruits of the Spirit, to be educated and specified: "the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in times past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." These are the outward works or manifestations, known and obvious to all, known by the common conscience of mankind more or less to be sinful, condemned by moralists, and inexcusable by ourselves,

if our conscience be in unperverted and healthy action. But we want to go deeper than this. For it is not the works, but the worker, which is to be crucified. Where then are we to find the doer of these things—what is the source whence these evils proceed? From the depravity of the heart, from our innate tendency to evil, says a theologian. To whom we reply, Your answer is correct as far as it goes, but it does not adequately meet this case; for we cannot, except in a very shadowy and metaphorical sense, crucify a principle or a tendency. Still less does the Scripture authorise us to attribute these evils exclusively to the devil. Satan and his angels undoubtedly foster and promote these evil works by means of their subtle arts; but they are not the real actors, the true workers of them.



THE LATE REV. LUKE H. WISEMAN, M.A.

From a Photograph published by F. E. Longley.

To understand this point, we refer to the words of our Blessed Lord Himself; and the words I am about to cite, it may be remarked in passing, were not among the deeper mysteries which Jesus reserved for His more private intercourse with the Twelve; for before uttering these words He "called all the people to Him, and said, Hearken unto Me every one of you, and understand." "From within," says our Saviour, "out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within, and defile the man." Here then we learn from the words of the Incarnate Lord Himself, that the agent to whom all those evil works, all those works of the flesh, are to be attributed, is no other than ourselves. They come from within—they proceed "out of the heart of men"—their true, inmost self.

An objection here arises. "This can scarcely be," argues some one, "at least to the full extent. For in the catalogue of sins given by St. Paul, and in the similar catalogue given by our Lord, there are several evils of which I not only have never been actually guilty, but which I have always utterly detested. How then can it be just to brand me as the doer of what I have always avoided?"

To this we reply that the law of God is to be viewed not as so many isolated fragmentary precepts, but as a whole. In order to constitute us sinners, it is not necessary that we should break every commandment in the decalogue. The Divine law is a perfect whole, and in whatever particular part we transgress it, we transgress against it as a whole. It is not necessary, in order to constitute an Englishman a felon, that he should break every one of his country's laws. It is enough if he is proved guilty of the breach of one of them. There may be laws which he has never broken, nay, of which he highly approves, but this does not alter or extenuate the fact of his being a law-breaker. And this principle applies with infinitely greater force to the authoritative harmonious law of the Eternal God than it can possibly do to the fallible and disjointed enactments of the State. What saith the Scripture? "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law." If therefore we have performed any of the works of the flesh as above enumerated, it is enough. It evinces the presence and agency of the evil heart. The heart which can originate any one of these evil works is a depraved heart, and without being cleansed cannot enter into the spotless kingdom of those who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

It follows then that the flesh, which we are commanded to crucify, whatever the particular form may be in which sin may manifest itself, is no other than ourself—our own self. Perfectly confirmatory of this is that expression of St. Paul where he speaks of his "flesh," his carnal nature, and "himself," as being one and the same substance. "For I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Here is the true doctrine of our depravity—a depravity which neither education, nor politeness, nor legislation, nor force of will can eradicate; for "they that are in the flesh cannot please God." But this evil self, this carnal heart, this old Adam, may be crucified and expire.

The inquiry here naturally follows, as a second part of our subject, What is to be understood by crucifying the flesh?

First of all, O soul, if thou art in Christ, thou art both crucifier and crucified. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is nevertheless true. For who is it that is to be crucified? It is thyself, thy old self, the body of sin. And who is it that is to execute the sentence, to put this old self on the cross? Certainly, by God's grace and help, thyself again—thyself in thy capacity as a new creature in Christ Jesus. How inexplicable this struggle and conflict, this duality, this co-existence of two natures within a child of God, as he exclaimeth with the Scripture, "With the mind I serve the law of God, but with the flesh"—that is, in so far as the flesh hath any remaining power—"the law of sin!"

It is thus that our Lord speaks concerning his servants. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." In these words we may observe the same duality of which I have just spoken. For who is it that is to be denied? "Himself." And who is it that is to exercise the coercive, denying power? "Himself" again. The servant of Christ is to be both denier and denied;—denied, in so far as he is yet in the flesh, serving the law of

sin;—denier, in so far as he is in the Spirit, made free from the law of sin and death, and imbued with power from on high. And how far is this denial to be carried? Even as far as the Lord Himself carried it, namely, to the point of crucifixion and death. "Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

And whither, O Jesu, must we follow Thee? When Thou didst take up Thy cross, didst Thou not carry it towards the place of suffering? When Thou becamest too weak, through Thine accumulated agonies, any longer to sustain its weight, didst Thou not still, fainting and bleeding, insulted and spit upon, accompany the strong-shouldered countryman of Cyrene and the rabble of Thine implacable enemies, to Golgotha and to the place called Calvary? Wast Thou not nailed to the wood and suspended on the cross? And didst Thou not thereon bow Thy stricken head and dismiss Thy spirit, saying "It is finished"? O teach us thus to die with Thee! Thus may the body of our sin be destroyed! Thus may we be crucified with our Lord, that with Him also we may revive again according to the power of His resurrection.

This subject to some of you, my brethren, may appear difficult, requiring time and thought in order to its comprehension. It may be well, therefore, to dwell upon it yet a little longer, and to examine more minutely and more deeply the import of St. Paul's words: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him." In these words, as in our text, the outward sign or symbol is the punishment of death by crucifixion: the thing spiritually signified is the decay and destruction of the carnal mind. A nearer contemplation of the outward sign may assist us to comprehend that which is inwardly and spiritually signified.

Viewing, then, the process of punishment and death by crucifixion, we may observe it in three progressive degrees or stages. In the first stage the culprit is arrested, arraigned, condemned, and treated with such contumely and scorn as is due to a convicted malefactor. Before they actually "crucified the Lord of glory," they caused Him to undergo at least the mock formality of a trial and a sentence; and sentence having been given, what insults they heaped upon Him! As if the scourging which he had already undergone were not torture and ignominy enough, they now bowed the knee before Him in derision, they blindfolded and struck Him, they spit in His face, they crowned Him with thorns, they compelled Him to carry the instrument of His own torture. The second stage of crucifixion is when the sufferer has been placed upon the cross. The feet are fastened to the upright post by a bolt driven through them; the outstretched hands are fastened to the transverse beam by a nail driven through each; and the man is left to perish through exhaustion and pain. Still it is to be noted that he is alive;—suffering, yet alive;—crucified, yet alive; dying, yet alive—so that if that bolt were drawn which now confines the feet, and if those nails were drawn which now fasten the hands, the crucified man, though temporarily weakened by pain and loss of blood, would presently recover strength, and might after a few days be seen hearty and vigorous as ever. The third stage of crucifixion is when the punishment has taken its full effect, and the sufferer has expired. Now he is dead indeed, nor can any human skill restore him.

In like manner, brethren, we may trace successive grades or stages of crucifying the body of sin. Nor ought we to turn away from the contemplation of such a subject; remembering that our elder Brother did not shrink from the actual endurance of these outward tortures, and that an eyewitness of His sufferings has said: "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind." In this view, the man to be crucified is the old Adam—our own sinful self—the body of sin.

First, then, by the grace of God, the old Adam is arraigned, adjudged to be worthy of death, sentenced, and visited with all the marks of hatred and contempt. Thousands have arrived thus far, who nevertheless have failed as yet to enter fully into the kingdom of God. "What I hate, that do I," is the correct though brief description of countless numbers who possess enough of illuminating and awakening grace to render them constant revilers of themselves. "Fool that I am! wretch that I am! holy vows condemn me, and aspirations after liberty only reveal to me more piercingly the degradation and slavery of my sin! I abhor myself, and repent as in dust and ashes!" Thus it is that we buffet the old Adam, strike him, and spit upon him; though as yet he has not been placed upon the cross, and perhaps in his turn laughs us to scorn, derides the inefficacy of our efforts to

destroy him, and haul mouces the persuasion that to get him fairly pinnod and fastened helpless upon the cross is a victory we shall never achieve. But, O soul, listen not to that plausible deadly suggestion of unbelief! It is miserable enough to be ever blaming and abhorring ourselves, to have the brightness of life's daytime bedimmed by the mists of the pit; but surely even this misery of a soul that pines for ennobling liberty is preferable to the mirth of slaves who are content to wear their chains! Therefore be not weary, be not unthankful, for the anguish of a true penitent is a sure token that the Lord is at hand, and that deliverance is nigh.

We may contemplate next a further degree of crucifying the flesh, namely, that in which the old Adam is actually nailed to the cross and dying. The soul having "tasted of the good word of God, and of the powers of the world to come"—and having become one with the Lord by faith—has now entered into a new state. Instead of sin reigning over us, we reign over sin, and have become new creatures. The old man is nailed to the cross. He is *being crucified*. Yet still he lives. Subdued, humbled, crippled, and suffering the agonies of death, still he lives. And what tenacity of life he exhibits! What a hard and lingering death he dies! How he begs and prays for a little respite! "Take me down from this cross. Show me only a little quarter. Have we not been friends together? Shall we never more taste together the sweet enjoyments of former days? Give me a little liberty—a month, a week, only a day, and I being so grievously weakened you will find no difficulty in binding me again." Thus he pleads for release; and O, what a strange bewitching power do his words at times possess! But regard him not. Show him no quarter. Compassion is a virtue, but compassion is misplaced here. What! shall I spare my direst, subtlest, deadliest foe, the murderer of the Lord, the murderer of my own soul? Shall the assassin be spared because with pleasant tones of deceit he endeavours to compass his ends, even after justice hath seized him? However hard it may be to us, we must show no relenings here, for the daily mortification (that is, putting to death) of sinful self, is the condition of our own life. And we are encouraged to look daily for his death; to have faith in Jesus, that we may witness his utter destruction. But can this ever be on this side the grave?

## A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

A LOVELY picture, a perfect scene unfolds itself, as upon the hill where stands the ruins of the Castle Sternberg we glance around. Opposite, on a sister height, is the Burgen Liebenstein; below, the Cloister of Bornhofen; outside the walls of its enclosure, a varied group of happy idlers; and beyond, through the branches of the luxuriant trees is seen the Rhine—the mighty, glorious, soul-inspiring Rhine. The sun flashes golden, then red; the twilight deepens, the stars peep out, and the moon becomes mistress of the scene. Yet still we linger, finding it hard to believe that the beauty will still be there when we are gone; that it has been there throughout the dim ages of the past. Years and years ago it was the same, and love cast its glamour over youthful hearts, while men and maidens lived, loved, and died even as we do now.

Back to those same far-off days, back to the time of the Crusades, back to the priod when Castle Sternberg stood entire and strong as a sentinel at his post; I will take you—that so, perchance a lesson may be learnt of those whose dust is now mingled with that of the earth. It was a lovely autumn evening, and 'neath the sweet light of the stars three young people sat on the castle balcony. They were singing, and as their voices floated out on the mystic air, one could, as it were, judge in a measure of their different characters. One, a maiden's treble, soft as a zephyr, yet stealing away away as though its very softness lent power to its music, told of a heart pure and free from guile; a soul, too, which even on earth could yet in thought ascend to the highest heaven. Then came a tenor, sweet and flowing, but impulsive and passionate; and lastly, a low, earnest bass, which spoke of a nature strong to do and bear—a nature tender and true as a little child's.

The hymn, "Grosser Gott, dich loben wir," ceased; yet each sat on, for the moon was rising, and her soft beams were making lovely streaks here and there upon the waters. Ah,

that moon! it had many a time looked down upon a young ardent love, and now it was to be the old scene over again. A man's voice broke the silence.

"My children, is it not time to come in?"

It was a fond, true voice, even that of the father and patriarch (he was old, very old, albeit his sons were young) and so the elder, the owner of the bass voice, Heinrich by name, arose instantly and went away, leaving the maiden and Friedrich his brother to watch the lights and shadows as they pleased. But love was there, lending a pensiveness to the blue eyes of Minna, and causing the darker orbs of Friedrich to flash and sparkle as with hidden fire. She was their orphan cousin; she was as good as an angel in the household, taking the place of the loving mother who had gone away to heaven; and as both lads grew up, seeing her change from the pet and playfellow to the comforter and adviser of all, what wonder that they seemed to lose even their very being in the soft halo of her presence! Each knew of the passion of the other, but because they were brothers, and because the fair dream could in reality belong to but one of them, neither spoke. But to-night, when all things were fair, when sky, earth, and the grand old river whispered of love, love, love, when Minna was looking her sweetest and best, Friedrich told her his heart. Alas for Heinrich, and the deep, bass pathos of his nature! the younger brother conquered, or rather love conquered for him, and so both their fates were sealed. It was hard for the other, as the days passed, to witness the fond devotion of Friedrich, to note his happy, jubilant bearing, to watch the rose tints flutter upon Minna's cheek, and the lovelight sparkle in her eye. Oh, it was hard, very hard! And in the midst of his misery a loop-hole of escape seemed placed before him. He would respond to the holy call of the Christian world. He would join the crusade under the banner of Conrad. He told Friedrich and Minna of his intention out in the deep evening twilight, when neither saw the pain of his handsome face; and while Minna promised to break the news to the aged father, Friedrich grew enthusiastic, and resolved to share his brother's glory. Minna said not nay, for she deemed the cause good and just; but the lovelight ceased to sparkle, and the blue eyes were often dim in the days which followed. At last they wore the cross, the badge of their noble enterprise; and the old man knew of a truth that he was to be bereft of both, for could he hope to live till their return? So he reasoned, weeping the while, and Minna spake never a word. It was a trying time for all. Heinrich waited, hoping that Friedrich would consent to stay; for Minna's dear eyes, in their mute appeal, might have overcome a host, much more this man who loved her. But the younger stood firm, and while the old man wept, the maiden fainted; then Heinrich's resolve was made—he would stay and cherish his father, he would cheer Minna, and, by God's help, whose soldier he had meant to have been, he would be true to his brother.

And the days went on, and winter passed, then spring; and Minna grew calm and hopeful, for Heinrich was as a dear brother, only sometimes the idea would come to her that if Heinrich had but loved her, Heinrich who was so good, noble, and unselfish, she should have been happier than now. But again—Friedrich was noble; for was he not fighting for the Lord's people? So she smiled upon Heinrich, knowing naught of the stabs she inflicted; but the old father knew, for time was passing and eternity was close upon him, so that the veil was thin and easily pierced by the eyes which should so soon look upon the glory of the great beyond. He guessed, too, that when he was gone and the younger son returned, all would not be peaceable in the old Burgen, so he built the Liebenstein on the opposite hill for Friedrich and his bride, leaving the old castle with its belongings to Heinrich, the elder.

All was complete at last, and the will signed, so as to cause no dispute; and then the brother and sister, as they called each other wept alone, for the good father was gone, gone from earth and its petty strifes and tumults.

Friedrich was coming home! News had reached them at last; but Heinrich grew fierce and Minna pale and silent, for rumour said that he came not alone, and alas, it was but too true. A sorry reception awaited the young bride, for Minna could not meet her, and Heinrich's brow was heavy as a thunder-cloud before a storm. Words ran high between the brothers, and at length they went out into the valley, for their wrath was too great to be confined to the castle-walls. So they fought a cruel fight, while from above a sweet face gazed downward, pale from past grief and present horror.

Down she came, that timid, pure maiden, like unto some dove bringing peace to a troubled world—she, who for the anguish he had given her, had meant never to behold her lover more. She knew the cause of the quarrel, knew now of a surety that Heinrich loved her even as his honour (which was to him more than life itself); knew too, that the pretty toy bride up yonder was weeping for jealousy at the tale of her husband's inconstancy, and because that in his abated passion for herself she fancied long days of neglect were near at hand.

Poor Minna! She could not turn with her broken heart to Heinrich, so she argued—he was a brother, a dear link between her and heaven; but her love, ah! her love, was murdered. She could not make Heinrich happy either as herebefore; she could not dwell on at the Sternberg, and see Friedrich and his bride; no, there was but one thing left for her to do, one thing which should perhaps bring a blessing on the house, and, at the same time, give peace to her troubled soul.

On, on she came, that blessed maiden, and the words she spoke were these: "Is the cup of sorrow not full yet? Shall God's wrath be called down, and a brother murdered for my poor sake? In a cloister I will sue for peace with heaven, and thenceforward I will be as though I were not to you both."

She kept her word. Peace did not, however, return to the brothers. The younger retired to the new, the elder to the old castle; but the revelries of the former reached even to Burgan Sternberg, so that Heinrich caused a high wall to be built, so as to separate completely the two homes. Rumour says that the young bride deserted her husband—at any rate she drops out of the story; and the revelries still went on, for, to the ears of Friedrich, the echo which the hills took up, on the day of the fight, still sounded through the air—"Is not the cup of sorrow full, full, full, full?" and to drown the cry, he feasted himself and others, sang and shouted with them in uproarious merriment; but, in the dead of night, when, perchance, Minna knelt and pleaded for him at the throne of grace, the words still came—"Is not the cup of sorrow full?"

One night in the dead of winter, Heinrich could not sleep. A dreadful something haunted him, the air of the room seemed to suffocate him as well, so wrapped in furs, he stepped out on to the balcony—the balcony where they had all sung together years ago. The wind swept by in wild gusts, making fearful moans as it passed the wall of separation; but all this was as nothing to the dread feeling of the man as he leaned against the castle wall, and looked around on the weird beauty of the scene. A voice, a whisper, "Heinrich! Heinrich!" Was it the wind? He leant forward. From below the voice came, and there in the pale, ghostly moonlight stood Friedrich. "Heinrich, brother, forgive. It was not my fault that Minna preferred my love to yours. It was not my fault that Teresa nursed me when sick of wounds, and then wooed me for her lover; not my fault, but my fate—a fate which I would give all, even life, to undo."

The wind swept past, and he was gone—gone with his poor, pleading, miserable face; and the next morning news came that the master of Liebenstein was dead. Then Heinrich left the home of his youth (for naught remained to bind him to earth, since his erring, but dearly-loved brother, was gone away), and took the cowl in Cloister Bornhofen. A passing bell at length proclaimed to the outsiders that one of the brotherhood had breathed his last; and while the monks mourned for Heinrich, another bell broke out upon the stillness, for in Cloister Marienberg, Minna's life too had sweetly closed.

But the red glow has faded from the western sky till even the river looks gray and sombre; the night-breeze is coming up, and ere long, ghostly phantoms of the past will seem around us, and the ruins, so dead and crumbling in appearance, will appear weird and terrible 'neath the uncertain rays of the moon. Let us then away, and leave it all, only pausing to remember, as we pass the cloister, that somewhere there Heinrich the good, the noble, sleeps till the last day. Let us strive, too, in our daily life, to remember the lesson taught us here in the flashing beauty and evening gloom. Those two of the past did but live as we all should—for church and home. Now, in these days, both would have found a niche in the great world—both would have mingled with their fellows, and, perchance, have smiled and been happy; but theirs was a life of sacrifice, nevertheless—a life leading on to the one great glory beyond. Let us who find—as all do, sooner or later—that life is not a bed of roses, strive so to live that some home may be lighted with our presence; for we now know of a truth that the home and church of the

great Father is with men. Where He is we can make our home, and so link our service to Him and the world together, that church and home will ever be as one, both here and hereafter. There was but one way open to Minna then, in those days of turbulent passions, and nobly she chose it. What good her prayers wrought we know not; but the pure desire of her heart, we hope, was accepted, through Him who loved her. There are, however, many ways for us now. Like Heinrich, we may build a wall between us and the wicked world—even a wall of pure thoughts and actions. Like him, we will watch and love the erring; but not like him will we shut ourselves up when the erring brother is removed. There are others needing love and care—look around you, look around! God's light will shine on your path, and by-and-by you will see the glorious sunshine above your heads; for no hearts can be broken in reality, and live. To-day, with the laughing river before us, the blue sky above, the sweet, lambent air around, and, above all, the smile of God and the memory of the past, we have learnt that God's church is everywhere, and our home with Him for ever and ever.

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell;  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky."

## "HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.

TO hallow means to consecrate, to sanctify, to set apart as sacred, and when we repeat these words we mean that we will consider it a sacred duty, which must not be put aside for other matters, to worship God, and serve and reverence Him, that His name may be sanctified to our own hearts.

I. *God's name must first be hallowed in ourselves by the thoughts of our hearts.* For this purpose we must prayerfully watch ourselves that no wicked desires get the better of us. Do not think you will never have any bad thoughts; none of us can say that. What we have to do is to believe that Jesus is able and willing, not only to forgive us our sins, but to deliver us from bad thoughts; so that when we are tempted we must simply go to Him, tell Him our troubles, and ask His protection and guidance in our difficulty, believing that He will help us.

II. *God's name must be hallowed by the words of our lips.* If our own hearts are "right with God," it is our duty and privilege to tell others of the blessing and peace we enjoy, that His name may also be hallowed by and in them. What a glorious work it is to point others to the way of truth, and how thankful we ought to be that even children may have some part in the salvation of the world. I remember hearing of a little girl, who was the means of leading her father and mother to God, and only by a few simple words. Her parents were good people, in the ordinary sense of the word, but they trusted more in themselves than in God. One day their little baby boy died, and they were in great sorrow, complaining bitterly of the trial that our Father had sent them, when Lottie, for that was the little girl's name, said, "Willie's only gone to heaven, father." "Yes," answered the father, "but why couldn't God have let him stay here when He knew how much we loved him?" Lottie, who was only six years old, did not reply for a few minutes; her little heart had full faith in God, but the thoughts did not come very quickly. At last she said, "Father, I fancy God must have thought you didn't quite know the way to heaven, and so He just sent for Willie to show him what a beautiful place it was, that he might come back and fetch you and mother and me." I do not say that Lottie's thought was quite correct, as our friends do not come back to this world as they did in the days of old, but her perfect trust made such an impression on the minds of her parents, that they began to think more seriously about their souls, and soon after publicly consecrated themselves to God. And all this came about, by God's blessing, through the simple faith of a little child.

III. *God's name must be hallowed by the works of our hands.* I have just shown you what a little child may say for God, but there is also work for you to do. You will, perhaps, think you are not big enough to do anything for God, but He gives all of us, young or old, the strength to do something. You are not expected to do anything extraordinary, but simply to perform what may be in your power, thoroughly and cheerfully. If your parents want any assistance that you can

## I WILL SEEK MY FATHER.

Reverentially.

From Blumenthal, by F. W. R.

1 When the morn is bright and fair, When sweet songsters charm the air, I will lift my heart in prayr,  
I will seek my Fa - ther; Lest my feet should go a - stray From His pure and  
per - fect way, Lest I grieve Him as I may, I will seek my Fa - ther.

2 In the solitude apart,  
In the wilderness or mart,  
Oh! my sorely tempted heart,  
I will seek my Father;  
In the darkness as the day,  
He shall be my Guide and Stay;  
I will lean on Him always—  
I will seek my Father.

3 When the ev'ning sun is red,  
When each blossom droops its head,  
Kneeling low beside my bed,  
I will seek my Father;  
That I slumber in His care,  
Shielded from each harmful snare,  
And for life or death prepare,  
I will seek my Father.

render, render it at once and lovingly; if your brother or sister wants any help, let them have it; if a schoolmate has a difficult task, and you can explain it, do so; and whenever an opportunity offers for doing good, don't wait to think whether it is pleasant, or whether you are expected to do it, or whether the person wanting your help can repay or even appreciate your trouble—simply do it, for Christ's sake, and so show that you are working for Him. You may be able to help God's cause by doing what you can to obtain money for carrying on His work. I know a little boy who got up at five every morning to gather blackberries, which he sold for the benefit of the missionary fund of the Sunday School where he attended. That was working for God. When you grow up you will find many ways of working for Him, but while you are young, remember that whatever you may have the opportunity of doing for Him must be done with heartiness, however humble it may seem to be. A boy once saved a whole city from being drowned; we can never know what a little thing may lead to. Whatever we do—the smallest duty in life—if done with a desire to please Jesus, is recognised by Him as a hallowed service.

On word in conclusion. We have been talking about our duty to God in this world, and the pleasure of doing His will here; but far greater is the blessedness we shall enjoy when we go to "Our Father, which art in heaven." Live, then, in preparation for that time when in our heavenly home we shall join with our departed friends, and those we loved on earth, and the bright angels around the throne, in one triumphant chorus of love and joy, to Him who bought and saved us by His blood, "Hallowed be Thy name."—*F. E. Longley.*

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IN the present critical times, it is well that we have so many valiant and learned defenders of Protestant truth. Dr. Mellor's *Congregational Union Lecture on Priesthood* (a) has, we are glad to see, reached a third edition; and the publishers have done wisely in issuing it in a cheaper form. Clear in its deductions, catholic in its doctrine, and unsparing in its denunciations, this work should be read thoroughly, and especially by young men.

(a) *Priesthood in the Light of the New Testament.* By E. Mellor, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

*My King!* (b).—The title in itself is full of tender pathos and never-failing trustfulness, and Miss Havergal has made good her use of it. A little book containing meditations for every day in the month seems but a light task for the compiler, but here we have the most painstaking research, and a thorough and discriminating knowledge of Holy Writ, resulting in a complete exposition of the actual present reign of our Saviour and King. This has been truly a labour of love, and we trust many of our readers will have this dainty volume for themselves.

*The Pilgrim's Progress* (c) is well adapted for use as a reading-book for schools, and its issue in English and French will doubtless be appreciated. We do not think, however, that the illustrations amongst the text are any assistance to the reader, and the book, as a whole, would certainly have been improved by their omission.

An old friend is the *Methodist Family* (d), but we cannot say it is improved by age. There is very little in the new volume worth noticing except the Rev. W. H. Johnston's readable and instructive articles, and Mary Baskin's story, well conceived notwithstanding its ponderous title. The printing and general get-up are execrable.

One of the cheapest of the many advocates of total abstinence is the *Methodist Temperance Magazine* (e), the ninth volume of which is before us. Well edited, and thoroughly interesting, it deserves hearty support.

Miss Paull is one of the brightest, cheeriest writers we have the pleasure of knowing. Her last book (f), though very small and unpretending, has far more real life in it than many volumes ten times as big, but not half so true. It is exceedingly cheap.

The worst part of Miss Glazebrook's recently-published book (g) is its title. The verses themselves, from a comparatively untried author, are of no mean calibre; and if they are not always exact in their metre or their rhythm, no one can doubt that a true heart conceived them.

(b) *My King; or, Daily Thoughts for the King's Children.* By Frances R. Havergal. (Nisbet.)

(c) *The Illustrated Polyglot Pilgrim's Progress.* (Elliot Stock.)

(d) *The Methodist Family.* Vol. VI. (Elliot Stock.)

(e) *The Methodist Temperance Magazine.* Vol. IX. (Stock.)

(f) *The Romance of a Rag.* By M. A. Paull. (Kempster. 6d.)

(g) *Readings in Rhyme from the Drama of Drink.* By H. A. Glazebrook. (Kempster. 1s. 6d.)

## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

"THE BAPTIST HANDBOOK" states that there are now in Great Britain and Ireland 2671 Baptist churches, with 265,797 members, and 2524 pastors, and 373,752 Sunday scholars. These figures show an increase on last year's returns of 8371 members and 20,318 scholars.

The *American Year-Book* states that the baptisms in the United States in 1876, as far as ascertained at present, are 109,684, and the total membership of the Baptist churches is 1,932,385—an increase for the year of 117,085.

A conference has been held in the Molesworth Hall, Dublin, in connection with the Association for the Organisation of Lay Help in the Irish Episcopal Church. The object of the association is to organise and distribute voluntary lay help in pious and charitable work in the city and suburbs. The Archbishop of Dublin was present, and in his address adverted to the importance of preserving the right balance between the outward activities of life and the watchful keeping of the heart, giving to each its proper place. There was a numerous attendance, and several distinguished members, lay and clerical, of the Irish Church spoke at the conference.

Mr. Spurgeon has gone to Mentone, in the south of France, to recruit his health, which has suffered severely of late. His stay will extend over six weeks. Previous to his departure he made provision for the services at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by securing the aid of the Revs. A. G. Brown, J. P. Chown, Dr. MacEwan, J. Aldis, and Mr. J. P. Lockhart, by whom the services have been, or will be, conducted until Mr. Spurgeon's return.

A meeting was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Tuesday evening, January 30, to bid farewell to the Rev. Josiah Henson, the "Uncle Tom" of Mrs. Stowe's novel, the Earl of Shaftesbury presiding. The old man, who is in his eighty-eighth year, traced in graphic terms, and with mingled humour and pathos, the history of his slave life. Lord Shaftesbury, replying to a vote of thanks, observed that Mr. Henson was a living example of what could be done with the down-trodden race—the negro—who had now been raised to a position that falsified all the prophecies that had been uttered as to his unfitness for freedom.

Between fourteen and fifteen hundred members have been received on trial in the various London circuits of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and the report given shows that the spiritual feeling of the societies generally is in a prosperous state. In various circuits revival missions continue to be prosecuted with much visible success.

Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, has accepted the invitation of the Theological Faculty of Yale University, U.S., as lecturer on preaching for the season of 1877-78. He will proceed to the United States in the autumn, and will remain for a few months, as the number of lectures ranges from eight to twelve during the session.

The opening of the present Session of Parliament by Her Majesty the Queen was looked forward to with much interest, and attracted an immense multitude of people, who lined each side of the route from Buckingham Palace gates, *via* the Mall, the Horse Guards, Whitehall, and every nook—distant or near—from which the Royal procession could be witnessed. The weather, notwithstanding the dismal forebodings of the previous night, was all that could have been desired, and great enthusiasm prevailed. With politics we have nothing to do here, and therefore leave to other journals whose vocation it is to detail the various points of the Queen's Speech. The ceremony was brief, and the procession returned, amid the cheers and loyal demonstrations of the vast assemblage.

The appointment of Sir Bartle Frere as Governor-in-Chief of Cape Colony appears to have given general satisfaction. Sir Bartle, in reply to a deputation from the Aborigines Protection Society, at the India Office, expressed the hope that he might be allowed, during what remained to him of official life, to carry into effect the principle of entire justice to every class, race, creed, and colour.

The Evangelical Alliance has accepted an invitation from Oxford to hold their next annual conference of the members and others friendly to Christian union, in that city.

The American Methodist Episcopal Churches (North and South) have 3,043,704 members, 19,438 itinerant ministers, and 25,656 local preachers. In the non-episcopal churches there are 154,243 members, 1947 ministers, and 1079 local preachers. In the Methodist churches throughout the world

there are 4,172,579 members, 27,812 ministers, and 69,180 local preachers. The total number of hearers is estimated at about 14,000,000.

The lamentable death of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss at the shocking railway disaster in Ohio demands a passing note. The details have been published since we went to press with our last issue. The crash of the bridge, the sudden engulfment of the whole of the cars, some lodging beneath the surface of the ice, through which they plunged with their living freight; others swiftly consumed by fire—all these details are too familiar to our readers. Thus the sweet singing voice was hushed, and its owner, with his wife, was permitted to enter life through death, as has been remarked, in "a chariot of fire." The appeal made by Mr. Moody for their orphaned children was promptly and liberally responded to, and they are secured from want.

A Wesleyan Sunday-school Union has been formed at Leeds for the Circuits comprised in the district, in which there are 33,000 school-children, 6,200 young persons over fifteen years of age, and 6,200 teachers. Commodious premises have been secured in a central position. A large room will be used as a reading-room and for public meetings and several other rooms will be occupied as book depot, class-rooms, kitchens, etc. The opening of the premises was celebrated by a tea in the town hall, and followed by a large public meeting in Oxford-place Chapel, which was presided over by the Rev. John Farrar. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. S. Workman, J. A. Macdonald, W. H. Holland, S. Coley, and Messrs. Binns, Vanner, Day, Learoyd, Mitchell, etc.

The Rev. Canon Wilberforce, speaking recently at a conference in Liverpool, said that there was an inconsistency, which, as a clergyman, he could not help feeling very painfully. He licensed the publican, and it licensed the clergyman. It licensed him (Canon Wilberforce), to go about praying and teaching the people to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and at the same time it licensed the publican to go about leading the people into temptation. That was an inconsistency, it was a paradox, it was an incongruity, and there was not room for them if they were both to go about in that manner. In concluding his address, the Canon stated that with his own hands he had administered the pledge to upwards of a thousand working men, many of whom were now spread over the whole civilised world.

Mr. Jani Ali, formerly a Mohammedan of Masulipatam, and a convert of the late Robert Noble's, has just taken his degree at Cambridge, and has been accepted by the Church Missionary Society as a missionary to his countrymen.

Steps are being taken to erect a permanent memorial—in Kidderminster, where he was born, on December 3, 1795—of Sir Rowland Hill, to whom the nation is indebted for the uniform penny postage system, and the adhesive postage-stamp. An influential committee has been appointed, of which James Morton, Esq. (town clerk), and A. W. Beale, Esq., are the hon. secretaries. The committee have issued an appeal for a national penny subscription; collecting cards have been prepared, to enable postmasters and other friends in every locality to assist in the movement.

## DO NOT CRITICISE.

WHATEVER you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and will do you harm. If you don't like any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not made to suit one taste; recollect that.

Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, can't be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, the dress of the other, and the opinions of t'other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

Youth needs strong reins, because it is hard to be ruled, easy to be drawn aside, and apt to be deceived.

The winds of adversity sweep over our souls, and scatter their fairest blossoms of hope. But the blossoms fall that may bring forth much fruit—patience, faith, and love.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS, GRAND PRESENTATION.

The Managing Directors of the NATIONAL ART SOCIETY (under Royal and distinguished patronage), 30 and 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., have made arrangements to give to every reader and subscriber, who cuts out and forwards (together with the necessary remittance) the coupon or coupons appended below, to the Offices of the Society, on or before March 14, 1877, one of the following splendid copyright pictures, viz.:-

- The "STAG AT BAY," after LANDSEER.
The "GOOD SHEPHERD," after DOBSON.
The "SHEPHERD OF JERUSALEM," after MORRIS.

The selected pictures are well known as some of the most successful productions of the modern school of art, and appeal to every eye and taste. The copies are executed in the best manner, and no expense will be spared by this Society so long as they can be obtained in their publications and give contained satisfaction, as they have hitherto succeeded in doing. A brief description of each picture will suffice.

The STAG AT BAY by Landseer is one of that immortal artist's most beautiful conceptions. After a hard chase, the noble animal finds himself last at bay—his life at stake. As he feels his race, he is about to end his days in a wild and lonely loneliness. He has succeeded in outstripping him, one of whom he has ventured too far, and he paid the penalty with life. The other two wait this opportunity, while the noble stag stands boldly in the water, determined to confront them to the end of his career. The stag is full of life and beautifully delineated, and will be sent to every one who forwards the coupon found below, together with 2s. P.O.O., or 25 stamps, or to any one applying without coupon for 2s. 6d. P.O.O. post-free.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE. Since the public issue of "The Shepherd of Jerusalem," the managing directors find it necessary to stipulate that the publications which have been recently issued by several new associations and art unions do not emanate in any way from this society.

NOTE THESE INSTRUCTIONS.—All coupons must be sent in on or before March 14, 1877. The Certificate or coupons must in all cases be sent, otherwise persons might reap the benefits intended for the holders of this journal. Each copy will be sent securely packed. Only one copy can be sent for each Coupon, and the Certificate will not again be printed in this journal; hence the advisability of at once cutting it out and sending it for redemption, as each will be attended to in relation as received.

In order that subscribers and those who are resident abroad or in the Colonies may not be deprived of the benefit of this notice, the Coupons will in their case, if sent direct to the Society, be made specially available until three months after the ordinary date of its expiry, if accompanied by P.O.O. for 2s. 6d. each.

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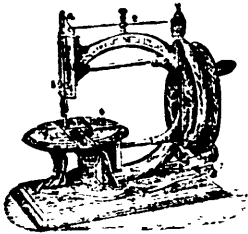
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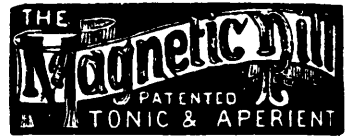
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