

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

ARE WE ON THE EVE OF A RELIGIOUS WAR?

It is not far man can see into the future. So often have men who set up for prophets been disappointed in their predictions, that one of our wisest men has said, that "they are the safest prophets who prophesy after the event has happened." While therefore we are warned well, by the failures of others in the past, from prying with too much boldness into the future, we do not act wisely if we refuse altogether to look in that direction. There are facts in the future of the Christian Church hardly less vital to our hopes than those that lie in the past. That the church must pass through severe ordeals—that it will yet be triumphant over all opposition—that Christ will come again—that he will raise the dead—that he will advance his church to new heavens and a new earth, and consign his enemies to everlasting punishment,—these are all facts in the future, which it is the Christian's duty to ponder as much as any of the facts in the past. No mistakes made by dabblers in prophecy, no ridiculous blunders into which men have fallen, who pretend to give day and date for the great events of the future, should deter Christians from studying the signs of the times in a humble modest

way. By doing this, not one of the early Christians, we are told, perished in the destruction of Jerusalem. They studied the signs Christ gave of his coming in this awful visitation, and escaped with their lives beyond Jordan. It is a question therefore surely of importance, this one that is being freely talked of in the Parliaments, and in the press of Europe, and which stands at the head of this article, "Are we on the eve of a religious war?"

At first sight one would almost say, with angry emphasis, No! It is impossible, that in this nineteenth century such a thing should happen. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do such things?" Is the nineteenth century so low that it could sink to the brutal business of universal war? We attach no importance, however, to this pleasing and amiable estimate of our age. "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar." The nineteenth century puts on very fine airs, and decks itself in a mantle of pride, and talks fine sentiment, but it is to be feared, that if scratched, it would reveal, beneath a Christian exterior, a considerable deal of a pagan spirit. The science of Europe is largely atheistic, the political press has in it a large infusion of infidelity, and the prevailing religion of Europe is nothing but a mixture of paganism and

Christianity. The nineteenth century is not unlike that proud king, who for seven years under the form of a man, carried in his breast the heart of a beast. The spirit of this century is not sufficiently permeated with Christ to offer in itself, and apart from other controlling influences, any solid guarantee for the prevalence, in our day, of unbroken peace in Europe.

It is a startling fact that the very men that know best the heart of European politics are the men (we refer to Bismark, Disraeli, Manning, Gladstone) who have been the foremost to tell us recently that they see gathering on the great sea, signs of an impending storm of great magnitude. Their opinion is worthy of great weight; but the question for private Christians is to ask, "Whether their opinion is sustained by the Word of the Living God?" Does the Bible throw any light on our position and prospects at this stage of the world's history? It is not our intention to try to answer this question by reference to the Book of Revelation, where we find an epitome of the Church's history given us to the end of time, further than to say that it would seem from Rev. xvi. 17-21, that the final destruction of Papal Rome is to be attended with great civil and political commotions. Unwilling to enter further on the answer given by PROPHECY to the question as to whether it is peace or war that lies before us in the near future, we prefer to turn to the PRINCIPLES of God's moral Government, laid down in his Word, and exemplified in the history of nations.

He has read history with a careless eye who has not perceived that all the great eras of the world's progress have had their birth in conflict, anguish, and sorrow. "It is with the Church," (says one of our most judicious writers on Prophecy — Rev. Robert Fleming,) "as with particular

Christians who are often sorely buffeted by Satan, and sometimes brought even to extremities by temptations, but do ever carry the victory at last . . . But the darkest time of the night ushers in the dawning of the Church's day in the usual way of God's Providence over the same." It was amid voices and thunders, and lightnings, that the Church came out of the land of Egypt to the liberty of the promised land; amid scenes somewhat similar, it came out of the bondage of Judaism to the liberty of Christ; in a similar manner it escaped from the crushing tyranny of the Roman imperialism to its supremacy in Europe; while three hundred years ago it again passed through throes of great wars in regaining the light of Reformation doctrines, and liberty.

There can be no manner of doubt that the Church of Christ is on the eve of a great triumph. We are approaching one of the great eras, or epochs, of the world's history. In all likelihood we are on the threshold of a triumph greater than that from Egypt, or that from Judaism, or that from Imperialism, or that from Traditionalism. We are on the eve of the time foretold in Scripture, when from the rising of the sun to its going down, Christ's name should be known and revered; and the question that meets us is this one, "Is this era to be ushered in amid 'voices, and thunders, and lightnings?' as were the other great eras of the Church's history?" All the reply we dare give is, That there are many indications—chief of which stands the ambitious and reactionary policy of the Church of Rome—indications that are filling with deep anxiety the hearts of European statesmen—that the sword will once more leap from its scabbard,—that blood will flow like water in the final appeal, ere anti-Christian nations and false religions will give up their unequal contest with Him who is head

of the Church, and King of nations. God is patient, because he is eternal, and because he is merciful; and the conflict may not come in our day, but it would seem to be, at some not very distant date, as much a moral necessity as the thunder-storm is a natural necessity, ere the rich showers come to refresh the thirsty earth. It is not only that anti-Christian nations deserve at the hands of God punishment meet for their hostility to Christ, but the Churches of Christ need to be aroused from their ease and half-heartedness, to be brought closer together, and closer to the Lord, ere they enter on the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of millennial times.

There is no doubt, however, as to the issue of the conflict between light and darkness. When the smoke has cleared away, and the roar of battle ceased, there will arise from the elders, from the living creatures, and from the multitude whose voice is as the sound of many waters, the triumphant shout, "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Our

duty, in view of the solemn aspect of the times in which our lot is cast, is well expressed by Dr. Hall, of New York, in his "Questions of the Day." "Be not dismayed by opposition; be not alarmed at its long continuance. The scheme of Providence takes in all this: it has been contemplated. No strange thing happens to you or to the Church: Satan has not sprung an unexpected force against Christ. . . . Hold on, then, ye servants of the most high God. Fight your battle: defend the truth: resist the devil. You are no forlorn-hope, making a desperate stand, with no better prospect than to sell your lives as dearly as you can. You are a part of a victorious host, destined to world-wide victory and everlasting triumph. The future is all yours. Your King is mighty, and can wait, because the crown is His by right; and He has all time in which to do His will. 'Be ye therefore steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'"

Fifteen Prayers.

THAT DREAD DAY!

II.

THE CHANGES IN THE FRAME WORK OF NATURE.

"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." II Peter, iii, 10.

In pursuing our meditations on the DAY OF JUDGMENT, we come now to consider, fourth, the CHANGES THAT THEN TAKE PLACE IN THE FRAME WORK OF NATURE, as described in the above words. This old world is to be de-

stroyed, like a house on fire from cellar to garret.

There are three principal parts of every house, (1) the walls and roof; (2) the foundation; (3) the furniture.

I. WHAT HAPPENS TO THE WALLS AND ROOF?—"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise." The walls and roof of our dwelling are the lowest or cloudy heavens. There is a *spiritual* heaven, the third, that is beyond the ken of human eye or instrument. This does not belong to our system, and will not necessarily be involved in its destruction. Then there is the *starry heavens* further away than

thought can measure. This does not belong to our system. But nearer, and forming part of our dwelling place is the *cloudy heaven*, which form the beautiful walls and roof of our earthly dwelling-place, which presents to our eye such a variety of shades and colours, now black with clouds, then deep blue, now fiery in the morning sun, then golden and purple as the sun sinks to his rest. These lower heavens will pass away with a great noise. The atmosphere that surrounds our globe to a height of some fifty miles will undergo some great change, passing away with a hissing crashing noise, as is heard in a thunderstorm, when one feels as if the sky is falling on one's head; when our atmosphere undergoes this great change, the sun and moon will cease to shine for us, all living creatures must die, or in the twinkling of an eye be changed into immortal creatures of another world.

II. WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FOUNDATION?—"The elements will melt with fervent heat. Below the surface of the earth on which we walk, there is a crust of rocks and various kinds of earth; this crust constitutes the *elements*. Into this crust, men have gone down only a short distance, but it is found that the deeper they go the warmer the earth becomes, the heat increasing at the rate of one degree for every forty-five feet one goes down. Then, at a depth of twenty-five miles, it is said, that there is a degree of heat reached that melts iron or solid rock. When the great day of judgment comes, the central fires of this earth that make themselves felt in our earthquakes and volcanoes will push their way upward in their fiery mission until the crust of the earth melts with fervent heat, and the globe becomes, what it once was, a ball of liquid fire. As in the flood of water, the fluid that destroyed the old world came from above and beneath. "*The fountains of the great deep were broken up,*

and the *windows of heaven opened,*" so in the fiery flood,—the fountains of the great deep will be opened to pour forth a torrent of fiery matter that will melt the earth's crust with fervent heat. If we only knew what a thin crust lies between us and this central fire, we would say with Pliny, that the wonder is that there are not frequent conflagrations. As we carry the elements of our own death with ourselves, so does this earth of ours!

III. WHAT BECOMES OF EARTH'S FURNITURE?—Our text tells us: "*The earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up.*" The carpet of green grass adorned with flowers and fringed with forest and flood, fields of waving grain, orchards glowing with ripened fruit, playful streamlets, majestic mountains, these are what constitutes "*the earth*" as we see it, "*and the works that are therein.*" Much has man done to fill this earth with his works. It is only a little we see now of what will be accomplished in this way between the time in which we live, and the time of this final destruction. By that time the world will be full of great cities, and its surface will be covered with a net work of highways and railways, but "all will be burned up." On a vast scale will then happen what happened by way of rehearsal when God destroyed the cities of the plain.

IV. WHAT ARE THE PRACTICAL LESSONS HERE FOR US? Why does Peter tell us these things? He has an object in view! The Bible is a practical book. It is given, not to gratify curiosity, but to guide our feet. The finger board at the cross roads is put there not to show how well the painter can paint, but to show the traveller the way. Peter tells us in this chapter of the coming of Christ, of the day of judgment, of the destruction of the earth, of the new heavens and the new earth, of the perdition of ungodly men; all this he tells us not that we may gape,

gaze, wonder, and then sit down, asking for more of such exciting stories, but that we may rise up and run for our lives. At every stroke of his pencil, as he puts on canvas, the day of judgment, scene after scene, he turns to the spectators and tells them the practical meaning of each stage in the picture. "Seeing then," he says, after telling of the destruction of all things, "that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" Again, when he tells of the new heaven and the new earth, he adds the practical advice: "wherefore beloved, seeing ye look for such things, be diligent," etc. And then again, in the concluding words of his letter he says: "ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness, but . . . grow in grace."

"Grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." There are certain positions in which a man may be placed, in which he is lost if he ceases to advance. A man caught in a fierce storm of cold is lost if he stands or sits down. Let him press on, and keep his blood from freezing. A tree begins to die when it ceases to grow. Safety lies therefore in growth, in the pilgrim pushing on, refusing to listen to the wicked, putting his fingers in his ear as they cry after him, and never even so much as looking back. This is the general truth, a truth we find in various parts of the Word of God. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. "If the believer is to keep his ground he must be constantly gaining ground.

But what is the nature of this growth? It is two fold. It is (1)

growth in grace. Grace has various meanings in the word of God; it means at times, something in the heart of God towards sinners, Luke, i, 30; then something in the hand of God offered to sinners, 1 Cor., i, 4; again something in the heart of the believer. This is its meaning here, and the meaning it commonly bears in our theology, grow in such dispositions of mind and affections of the heart as becomes a child of God. Grow more humble, more spiritual, more meek, more gentle, more loving, more pitiful, more holy, in short more like Christ. The best safeguard for a man who is moving about among people dying of fevers and other infectious diseases, is to maintain his own health and strength in high vigor. If he can maintain in his own pulse by wholesome food, by exercise, by cheerfulness of mind, a strong stream of healthy blood, he will be able to throw off the poison in the air he breathes. So if the believer grows in grace, he can walk among wicked men bearing a charmed life. It was this that saved Lot in Sodom, Joseph in the house of Potiphar, Moses in the palace of Pharaoh, and Daniel in Babylon. Against such a man no weapon that is formed can prosper. "He that thus dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

But there must also be growth in (2) knowledge. In every art, knowledge underlies practice. "With what do you mix your colours?" some one asked a great painter; "with brains," was the reply. It was knowledge of his art, acquired by close application of many years that enabled him to paint such beautiful pictures. There is an intimate connection between growth in grace and growth in knowledge; knowledge is the root of the tree, grace is the fruit. You cannot have good fruit on a tree whose roots are sickly. Knowledge

is the clouds carrying their precious freight of water ; grace is the springs, and the brooks and rivers that are fed by the clouds. Christ shows us clearly the importance he attaches to knowledge, "this is life eternal to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "Sanctify them through thy truth." "Search the Scriptures." Paul wrote his letters generally on the principle that knowledge underlies grace. He first lays down doctrine broad and deep, and then with his emphatic "THEREFORE" he enters the field of grace or heart and life religion.

But what knowledge is that which lies at the root of true grace ? "*Knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*" It is not every knowledge, but "knowledge of Him."

Let us, my hearers lay these things to heart ; let us, as the foundation of a holy life grow in knowledge of Christ. Seek to know him as he lies concealed

and revealed in the prophecies and types of the Old Testament ; study his life, listen to his preaching, search into his doctrines, get acquainted with him in his offices of prophet, priest, and king ; walk abroad with him, watch him speaking to the proud and humble, to the aged and to children ; go up with him to the Mount of Transfiguration, and down unto Gethsemane ; stand by his cross, visit his empty grave, follow him in thought to heaven, look for his second coming. Do all this ; do it humbly, prayerfully, and you must and will grow in grace. Growing in grace you will be strong to resist all the attempts of wicked men to draw you into their fearful pit and miry clay ; and you will not be of them that draw back to perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul. "Be ye patient : stablish your heart : for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

Poetry.

"FOLLOW ME."

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

The Master's voice was sweet—

"I gave my life for thee:

Bear thou this cross, through pain and loss,

Arise and follow me!"

I grasped the cross in hand :

"O Thou that diedst for me,

The day is bright, my step is light,

'Tis sweet to follow Thee."

Through the long summer day

I followed lovingly,—

'Twas bliss to hear His voice so near,

His blessed face to see :

Down where the lilies pale

Fringed the bright river's brim,

His steps were seen in pastures green,—
 'Twas *sweet* to follow Him.

Oh! sweet to follow Him!—
 "Lord, let us here abide!"
 The flowers were fair, I lingered there:—
 I laid His cross aside:
 I heard His voice no more
 By that bright river's brim;
 Before me lay the desert grey—
 'Twas *hard* to follow Him.

Yes; hard to follow Him
 Into that dreary land;
 I was alone—His cross had grown
 Too heavy for my hand:
 I heard His voice afar
 Sound through the night air chill;
 My tired feet refused to meet
 His coming o'er the hill.

The Master's voice was sad—
 "O'er hills of Galilee
 I bore thy cross, through pain and loss:
 Thou hast not followed me."
 "So fair the lilled banks,
 So bleak the desert way;
 The night is dark; I could not mark
 Where Thy blest footsteps lay."

"Fairer the lilled banks,
 Softer the grassy lea,
 The endless rest of them: who best
 Have learned to follow me:
 Arise and follow me!
 These weary feet of mine
 Have stained red the pathway dread,
 In search for thee and thine."

O Lord! O love divine!
 Once more I follow Thee;
 Let me abide so near Thy side
 That I Thy face may see:
 I clasp Thy pierced hand,
 Thou that diedst for me;
 'Midst woe and loss I'll bear Thy cross,
 So I may cling to Thee."

—ISABELLA L. BIRD.

PUTTING ON CHRIST.

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."—Romans xiii. 14.

"Clothe you with Jesus Christ the Lord:"

Thus speaks He to us in His word:

But in what way

Can we obey

The seeming strange command we've here,

That as a robe we shall Him wear?

The clothes in which ourselves we dress,

Conceal from sight our nakedness:

'Tis only these

Which the eye sees:

Naught of the body which arrayed

Is in them, is to view displayed.

Now, 'tis the will of Christ that all,

Who Him their Lord and Master call,

Shall ever flee

Iniquity;

And holiness pursue; that so

They shall to all around Him show.

As Jesus and His own are one,

What's done to *them*, to *Him* is done:

Hence, justly said

The martyr-maid,*

Of her death-mate,—“My Lord I see,

In one of His, in agony.”

* “Hence, justly said the martyr-maid.”—A reference to Margaret Wilson, one of the Wigton martyrs. At the age of eighteen, she, with her aged companion, Margaret MacLachlan, suffered death for Christ by being drowned in the Bay of Blednoch, near Wigton, Scotland. The stakes to which they were fastened were set in the sands at low water. The one to which Margaret MacLachlan was fastened, was the farthest from the shore. Accordingly, she was the first who was drowned. While she was struggling in the agonies of death, the brutal Windram, pointing to her, encaringly asked the other what she saw there. She said, “I see Christ suffering in one of His members.” At the stake Margaret Wilson sung a considerable part of the Scottish version of the 25th Psalm, beginning at the 7th verse, repeated the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans with great cheerfulness, and then prayed. While she was praying, the rising tide covered her. When life was almost gone, she was taken out of the water, and, as soon as she recovered, asked to renounce the Covenant. She refused to do so, and said, “Let me go, I am one of Christ's. Lord! break this snare for me.” She was, therefore, put back into the water, and soon all was over. The bodies of these martyrs—“redeemed dust”—lie in the churchyard at Wigton, awaiting the day when they shall rise again, and be fashioned like Christ's own glorious body. Of course their graves are the most interesting objects there. Mrs. Monteth, author of “Days of the Kirk and Covenant,” once visited the spot. For a while she was unable to find them out. She was on the point of giving up the search, when “a tiny sun-burned urchin of a child,” who saw her, guessing what her wish was, led her through the long weeds to one of the least noticeable gravestones, “and bending down over it, with a child-like reverence in his features, as he pointed to the scarcely legible inscription,” said, as far as she remembers, “Look! she was but a lassie, yet she dee'd for the Covenant!”

But also in our lives must He
 To the world manifested be :
 As walked He,
 So walk must we,
 That in every deed and word,
 It may both see and hear the Lord.

Ne'er sinful word came from His tongue,
 Ne'er action did He that was wrong :
 In Him have we
 A model free
 From all defect ; which, ev'ry day,
 We copy must, in ev'ry way.

True—ne'er, e'en at the best, shall we,
 On earth, like Him completely be :
 Yet we for this
 Must never cease,
 But onward tow'rds perfection press,
 Unsatisfied with ought that's less.

But, Lord, we're helpless ; then bestow
 On us Thy grace, that daily grow
 In likeness to Thy Son we may :
 And at the last, that awful day,
 When all the dead Thy trump shall hear,
 And He in glory shall appear,
 And with Him all the heavenly band,
 And at his bar we all shall stand,
 O may we fully like Him be,
 For, as He is, we shall then Him see.

Metis, Quebec.

T. F.

“THE DYING WORDS OF JESUS.

“ See the Saviour yonder,
 All His sorrows ponder,
 Hear the words of wonder,
 From the atoning tree.

“ Naked, pale, and bleeding,
 Scorn nor anguish heeding,
 Hear the High Priest pleading,
 ‘ Father, forgive them.’

“ Now the King Immortal
 Opens wide heaven's portal—
 ‘ Thou, repentant mortal,
 To-day shalt be with Me.’

“ Hark ! Jehovah-Jireh
 Soothes the lone and weary,
 Speaks to mourning Mary,
 ‘ Woman, behold thy son.’

“ Soul and body panting,
 ‘ Spite their bitter taunting,
 Love's last labour granting—
 ‘ I thirst,’ He murmurs low.

“ Then sin's doom assailing,
 ‘ Neath Death's awful veiling,
 Hear the Victim wailing—
 ‘ Why hast Thou forsaken ?’

“ Thus hell's power is broken,
 Clear the victor token,
 God himself hath spoken,
 Hear the shout, ‘ 'Tis finished !’

“ Then the glorious meeting,
 Then the enraptured greeting,
 Breaks His heart repeating—
 ‘ Father, receive Me !’ ”

FOR ME HE CARETH.

He loveth me, He loveth me,
 He died that I might live ;
 And by His love He moveth me
 Myself to Him to give.

He calleth me, He calleth me
 To come to Him for rest ;
 I'll go, whate'er befalleth me,
 And thus be truly blest.

He owneth me, He owneth me,
 A sinner though I am ;
 He cleanseth me, and crowneth me
 A follower of the Lamb.

He guideth me, He guideth me
 Along the narrow way ;
 And tenderly he chideth me
 When I attempt to stray.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me
 To pastures green and fair ;
 He feedeth me, He feedeth me
 With ever-watchful care.

He waketh me, He waketh me,
 When sin hath sealed mine eyes ;
 He maketh me, He maketh me
 From slumber to arise.

He telleth me, He telleth me
 To work for Him to-day ;
 His love so free compelleth me
 To care for souls astray.

He teacheth me, He teacheth me
 The words of endless life ;
 And lovingly beseecheth me
 To shun all sin and strife.

He blesseth me, He blesseth me,
 In tones of love and cheer ;
 And while His love possesseth me,
 No evil will I fear.

O Jesus! Thou art more to me
 Than my weak speech can tell
 In heaven there's none compared with Thee,
 On earth none loved so well.

Christian Thought.

THE LEAVENING OF THE LUMP.

We find in the following remarks of the Paris Correspondent of the *True Catholic*, a striking confirmation of news in regard to the Jesuits, which was expressed in our Monthly recently:

One of the most noteworthy of

recent events is the publication in Germany, and the translation in France, of the new book on the Jesuits and Jesuitism. M. Hubert, Professor at Munich, has accomplished a grand work, which entitles him to the gratitude of all True Catholics; and the translator, M. Alfred Marchand, editor of *Le Temps*, deserves the thanks of all who love this land of France, and

long to see her free from the crushing hand of ecclesiastical despotism. The work has had a rapid sale, and has been widely read, though so recently published. The title of M. Hubert's book may suggest its character, and give an idea of its intense interest and importance: "The Jesuits—their History, their Doctrines, their Policy; their Actions, Political and Religious." He gives full information concerning their foundation and constitution, their missions and plans, their relations to the Romish Church, to the Jansenists, and to the powers that be. The paramount thought of the book is of incalculable importance, and deserves to be published and pondered in every land by the citizens of all nations, and by the members of all Churches. That thought, which is variously illustrated and established, is this: From the very commencement of the order of the Jesuits, one grand object has been contemplated, which has through all its course never been forgotten, shaken, or changed—viz., the spreading of their principles through the entire Church, and the government by those principles of the entire world. Difficulties inconceivable have impeded their course and delayed their success; the kings of the earth have banished the members of the Society of Jesus from their dominions, the chief of the Romish communion (Clement XIV.) had himself decreed the suppression of the order; but through storm or sunshine—through the frowning or fawning of the magnates, ecclesiastical or political,—this crafty, persistent, much-enduring, and indefatigable society has held on its way. The leaven of evil has silently but mightily spread by night and by day, and is working at the present time more powerfully perhaps than ever. The "Society of Jesus" is the legitimate out-come of the Papacy—the fitting expression and the true embodiment of Romish principles. So it has been true to its real origin in all its development and policy; all its methods of acting are in harmony with the history and character of the so-called Catholic Church. The child is but the image of its mother, and in it the mother seems to renew her life and energy. The offspring, like its parent, has often come forth with a voice that has made men tremble, and acted in the character of the roaring lion seeking whom it might devour; but mainly it has preferred the path more natural to it of the wily serpent, noiselessly creeping unseen, and suddenly darting on its prey. By united craft and courage, be it remembered, this marvellous creature has gone on, with ever-increasing power, to sway men and things according to its strong self-will. The very mother to whom it owes existence, although she has sometimes chidden its waywardness, has succumbed to its influence, and the spoilt child rejoices in the subserviency of its parent while it sways, somewhat tyrannically, all that are in the house. In other words, the Romish communion of the period is pervaded by the principles of the Jesuits. What is now called Catholicism is but another name for Jesuitism—the two words are indeed synonymous at the present time. *The leaven has leavened the whole lump.* The first of the grand objects of the principles of Ignatius Loyola is an accomplished fact, and the grand demonstration of their triumph was displayed to the world when the astounding declaration was published of the infallibility of the Pope. This was the grand consummation of Jesuit policy, as it regards the internal concerns of the Church. From that hour it was manifested to all Christendom that Jesuitism and Catholicism were interchangeable words. The first and most of the mighty aims of Loyola then, has been accomplished, and his principles are predominant in the

omish communion, ruling through length and breadth of the Catholic ecclesiastical system with imperial power.

There remains now to be accomplished that *second* portion of the programme of the astute founder of the Society of Jesus—that second object which his consistent adherents are readily and stealthily aiming. They are subdued the Church—they are subdued the world; and with steady perseverance they are pursuing their onward way. They believe with an unflinching faith that the whole shall be leavened. There is a magnitude in their aim which cannot but excite our wonder. According to them, all kingdoms of the earth are to yield homage to the King of kings, all dominions are to serve Him; but His chosen representative on earth is the Church, and the embodiment of the Church is the "Holy Father." He is the Supreme Head of the kingdom, and the principles of the kingdom are, they allege, embodied in those of the Society of Jesus. From such premises a magnificent and most logical conclusion is that those principles are to be predominant, first over the Church, and then over the world and all its kingdoms, which are to bring their glory and honor into it. Let your Lewisms and Mannings attempt to explain away the Ultramontane doctrines and designs as they may, the end still remains. The kingdom and communion, and the greatness of the kingdoms under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him; and then, we are told, they best serve and obey Him when they best serve and obey His "Vicegerent on earth." And so these men, who believe themselves to be saints of the Most High, with unwavering confidence and triumphant faith, with a

master idea that has an element of grandeur and sublimity in it, are expecting and working with untiring energy to realize the hour when the greatness of the kingdoms under the whole heaven shall be given to them.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Professor Goldwin Smith is very competent authority as to the progress the spirit of scepticism and irreligion is making in modern society. His words on this point in the following address, read before the Toronto Sunday School Association, must remind some of our readers of the words of Dr. Duff, nearly two years ago, which we quoted in these pages. They are largely true and sufficiently sad. As to the *remedy*, Professor Smith is right,—our youth must be taught to know their Bibles and Christ, if not in the common schools, at least in our families and Sabbath Schools.

"The system," Mr. Smith says, "which circumstances impose on us is that of the Secular Common Schools supplemented by the Sunday School. For my part I heartily wish that religion could be taught in all schools. A place of secular instruction is not to be called godless because religion is not taught there, any more than an office or a bank is to be called godless because it is confined to secular affairs. Though Christian doctrines may not be taught, the spirit of Christianity may be there, and it will be there if the community is Christian. Still the severance of the religious teaching from the rest is not the thing which in itself we should desire; it is a concession to the necessities of the case. It is a concession, however, which is inevitable; and, as things are, religious instruction must find its own organ in the Sunday School.

"And if the community has a vital

interest in the Common School, I think it has an interest not less vital in the Sunday School. Every visitor to Europe must be struck, I think, with the connection between the decay of religious belief and the decline of public spirit. The decay of religious belief cannot be questioned. Scepticism pervades every manifestation of human thought and feeling, from philosophy and science to poetry and art; it shows itself without disguise in the works of the most Conservative writers. Not only does it preside in the lecture room, but it frequently mounts the pulpit. Among the wealthier classes it is fast becoming dominant, though it often cloaks itself in public at least under the disguise of a political religion, assumed because it is thought that a clergy in state pay is a good supplement to the police, that belief in a God is a safeguard to property, and that a doctrine of a future life puts off inconvenient social claims to the next world. The decay of public spirit seems to me equally manifest. What is taken for Conservative reaction is, in many cases, not so much a change of principle as the cynical indifference of sybaritism, convinced that this life is all, and wishing only to be let alone to enjoy it, and not to be troubled with great questions, or with the future of humanity. The political energy of the fathers of British freedom appears to me to have found a last asylum in the same hearts with their religion. The framers of the great Charter, Stephen Langton, and William, found a last refuge among the stoics, a part of whose creed bore a marked resemblance to a part of Christianity.

“It is in the midst of a world to a large extent positively materialist, that we are met here this evening to devise measures for strengthening and extending institutions, the object of which is to train up children in the service of God. And if not in the service of

God, in what service are children to be trained up, unless it be that of their own interests and appetites. In the service of Humanity? So Materialism of the most generous kind, and that which has least severed itself from the previous state of thought and feeling declares. But what is Humanity Christianity can tell. Christianity believes that all men are made of one blood, and that all are made in the image of their Creator. Christianity believes that all men are brethren and members one of another. Christianity in short teaches the unity of Mankind in God? But to Materialism surely Humanity is a word without meaning; at least without any meaning that can command our reverence or kindle our self-devotion. In the philosophy of Materialism, man is no essential respect distinguished from the brutes. Morality, public or private, is mere gregariousness; it is nothing but the individual instinct of self-preservation extended to the herd. Tribal feeling subtilized into a sort of etiquette may be said to be Darwin's account of morals. Is there anything in such a humanity which can demand reasonable self-devotion, reasonable self-sacrifice, or keep individual appetites and passions in subjection to the common good? Even the unity of the human race is denied; and it is difficult to see what sacred bond of duty or affection can be said to exist between the offspring of an African and the offspring of an Asiatic ape. In what does the tie of fraternity between me and any other human animal in whom I do not happen to have a personal interest consist? What binds me to be just or kind to him, or to put myself to trouble, and forego the enjoyment of my short span of life for the sake of improving his condition? Nay, if he comes in my way, what forbids me to get rid of him? I would get rid of any other noxious animal? The Materialists will say

because you will be hanged. But suppose I have cunning enough to escape the halter, or suppose I am a despot like the late Emperor of the French, and able to shoot down my opponent with impunity, why should I feel remorse. Darwin, in fact, denies the existence of remorse, or at least he denies to it any real significance. At the time of the Jamaica massacre, that most hideous outbreak of the cruel panic of a dominant race, a leading man of science of the Materialist school, who espoused the cause of Governor Eyre, published a letter, in which he said in broad terms, that, in shedding innocent blood, it made all the difference whether the person whose blood was shed was an Englishman or a negro. An English member of Parliament, of Materialist proclivities, said, with regard to the native tribes of New Zealand, that the first business of the settler was to clear the country of the wild animals, the most noxious of which was the wild man. And there are people whose definition of wild men is pretty elastic, but who, if they were seriously alarmed about their property or privileges, would comprehend a good many of their fellow creatures. Less startling, but still deeply significant, are the utterances of Mr. Greg, the author of *The Creed of Christendom*, who is always exhorting the rich to conspire against the poor, and of M. Renan, the author of *The Life of Jesus*, who when he touches on social subjects, writes in the same strain of class selfishness. I don't think you will find at present any basis for human brotherhood, or for anything that depends on it outside religion. Humanity in the mouth of a Materialist, seems to be merely a metaphysical expression, used by the very people who are always sneering at metaphysics: or rather it is a relic of Christian sentiment unconsciously retained in their minds, the twilight of a son of

charity and fraternity which for them has set. And therefore, I cannot believe that the service of humanity is a very definite or effective principle in which to train up your child. The day may come when science will grow as a motive for morality, public and private, and as a rule for the formation of character, equivalent to those now given us by religion. But it has not come yet. The day may come when science will furnish a spring of national and human progress equivalent to that which, up to this time, has been furnished by the Christian desire of realizing the ideal of society set forth in the gospel. But it has not come yet. Devotion to mankind and care for the future of humanity are still Christian, and without the public spirit must die. We imply, by promoting Sunday Schools, our conviction that children ought still to be trained up in the knowledge of the Lord. We also imply our adherence to that organic law, as it may be called, of Christian civilization which sets apart one day in seven as the Lord's day. This law, like the rest of the Christian organization, is naturally threatened by the advance of materialism. At New York, it seems, they are trying to open the theatres on Sunday. The Jewish Sabbath is no more. It was part of a religious system which, spiritual life not having fully come into the world, was necessarily ceremonial. Its strictness, probably too had some reference to the existence of slavery, and was intended to secure, by firm religious barriers from the casuistry of avarice, the day of rest for the slave. A spiritual religion has superseded Jewish Sabbaths and new moons, with all the rest of the minute and punctilious observances which constituted the religion of obedience under the law. But Christianity has ratified and incorporated with itself the special dedication of one day in

seven to the purposes of spiritual life. Sabbath will of course become a foolish interference with business and spiritual life is a dream, the Christian pleasure, but not till then.

Christian Life.

WILLIAM TINDAL: THE SCHOLAR OF MAGDALEN HALL.

At a time when the best scholars of our day are engaged in revising the English Bible to bring it into accord with the modern English and modern learning, let us, good reader, have a little talk about the man to whom under God we owe the English version of the Scripture familiar to us from childhood. Toward the close of the fifteenth century (we quote one of our monthlies), when Popish darkness lay broadly over England, a young student might be seen at Oxford, engrossed in his literary studies, a pattern of diligence and eager pursuit of learning to all his fellows of Magdalen Hall. It was William Tindal,—afterwards the translator of the Bible.

Born on Welsh ground, he very early removed to Oxford, where his studious habits and skill in the acquisition of languages, gave him a high name and place in the University. Versed in Hebrew and Greek, he studied the Scriptures in the original tongues, and drew round him a body of students, to whom he lectured and expounded. His gravity of deportment and blamelessness of life, added to his high scholarship, made him to be listened to. After a time, he removed to Cambridge, where he carried on his studies with like distinction, and soon after became tutor in the family of a knight, by name Welsh, to whose well-loaded table and hospitable house, the clergy around resorted for feasting and revelling. Tindal was thus brought into contact with abbots, deans, and other dignitaries

of the Popish Church; and greatly offended, as well as amazed them, by his constant reference to the Scripture in conversation and discussion.

The enraged clergy now began to lay their snares for him. Always defeated in argument by the tutor, when debating religion with him at the knight's table, they invited the knight and his lady to a feast at one of their own mansions; where, in the absence of the tutor, they had the talk and the argument to themselves. Pouring their own malice into the knight's mind, they stirred him up against the heretical tutor, so that, as soon as he returned from the revel, he attacked Tindal. The tutor meekly replied to all by reference to Scripture; to which the knight's conclusive answer was, asking him whether they were to believe a poor tutor rather than the abbots and doctors. Tindal having nothing to say, to such an argument, was silent, and retired to his chamber, to prosecute the translation of a work of Erasmus, on which he was engaged. Having finished this, he presented it to the knight and his lady, on which it had such an effect that they began to look askance upon their friends, the abbots and deans, and to look with favour on the poor tutor. This stung the priests into rage; and, ascribing this change to Tindal, they not only railed and stormed at him wherever they went, but, gathering together all manner of lying accusations, they laid information against him before the Bishop's Chancellor, who summoned the accused, with his accusers, to appear before him on a certain day.

They thought that the poor tutor

was now in their grasp, and on his way to the stake; it seemed that they only had to multiply their lies and swear to them, and they must get the heretic condemned before further mischief was done by him in commending the Bible, or opening people's eyes.

Tindal, though aware of the danger, did not flee. Unhelped and alone, he appeared in court, crying mightily to God, who could alone deliver. And He did deliver. The day of martyrdom had not yet come. There was more work for the scholar of Magdalen to do.

His adversaries had overshot the mark. They had lied so recklessly that their lies recoiled against themselves. They could not prove what they affirmed; and the Chancellor, much against his will, and, after bitterly reviling Tindal, was compelled to set him free. So, for the present, the bird escaped the fowler.

He had, it seems, a friend, who had once been diocesan chancellor, to whom he opened his mind, having found sympathy of sentiment between this man and himself. The old doctor is said, on one occasion, to have thus spoken to him, "Do ye not know that the Pope is very anti-Christian? But beware what you say; for if it be known that you are of that opinion it will cost you your life." And then the old man added with a quiet smile, "I was once an officer of his; but I have thrown up my commission, and now defy him and all his works."

Not long after, Tindal being in company with another learned divine, so pressed him with Scripture that he burst out into these blasphemous words: "We were better to be without God's laws than the Pope's." Whereat Tindal, full of godly zeal, retorted, "I defy the Pope and all his laws;" and added this declaration, "If God spares me life, ere many years are gone, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough, to know more of the

Scriptures than you do." A promise which by God's grace, he fulfilled.

The priests, as may be supposed, waxed hotter than ever against him after this, denouncing him as "a heretic in sophistry, a heretic in logic, and a heretic in divinity;" complaining also of his bold bearing among the gentlemen of the country. To which Tindal, in the spirit of godly independence, replied, that he was contented they should bring him into any county in all England, giving him ten pounds a year to live on, and binding him to no more but to teach children, and to preach. However, perceiving that the odium in which he was held of the priests might work some peril against his kind entertainers, who would have lacked power, though not the will, to protect him from their vengeance, he took an affectionate leave of them, and repaired to London, where he preached, as also at Bristol and its environs. Being then, providentially no doubt, disappointed in expectation of obtaining some situation in the household of Tonstal, he abode in London for a year, attentively marking the course of events, and the conduct of the ecclesiastics, until he was convinced that all England would not afford him a secure spot for the commencement of the great work which lay so near his heart—the translation of the Holy Scriptures. Being bountifully aided by Sir Humfrey Monmouth and other good men, with means to travel, he departed into Germany, resolving to devote himself to his glorious task; having no rest in his spirit until his countrymen should enjoy that taste and understanding of God's blessed truth which ministered such infinite light and comfort to himself. Consulting with John Frith, he had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to establish the laity in the truth, unless the book of God were so plainly laid before them in their mother tongue, that they might see

the process, order, and meaning of the whole text: for otherwise, whatsoever portion should be taught them, the enemies of the truth would quench again with plausible reasons, subtle sophistry, and traditions of their own invention, unauthorised by scripture: or else they would so juggle and confound the text, by their artful handling, as to pervert Scripture, in a way that it were impossible to do, if the whole word was seen in such its right process, order and meaning. From this we may gather what would have been Tindal's estimation of the modern plan of giving a mutilated Bible to the simple ones of the flock.

When Tindal published his English version of the New Testament, he subjoined an invitation to the learned to search and point out whatever might be found amiss therein. Instead of so examining, the Popish clergy, of course, cried out against it *in toto*, as a mass of heresies, not to be corrected, but utterly suppressed. Some declared that Holy Scripture could not possibly be rendered into English: others denounced as unlawful the reading of it by the laity in their own tongue—it would make them all heretics, and stir up the whole realm in rebellion against the king. These things Tindal has recited in his prologue to the books of Moses; and added, that it would have cost them less labour to have translated most part of the Bible themselves than they bestowed in criticising his work; so narrowly, he said, did they scan it, that if there was an *i* therein lacking a dot over his head, it was noted, and exhibited to the ignorant people as a heresy.

It has already been related how Cuthbert Tonstal, by buying up, for the flames, the first and rather imperfect edition, furnished Tindal with the means to print a corrected and enlarged one. All this having been done, it was the Lord's good pleasure to add to this faithful servant the

bright crown of martyrdom. The manner in which, by wicked hands, this was accomplished, exhibits in hateful colours the artful and cowardly treachery of those whom the great enemy stirred up to the work.

Tindal was dwelling quietly at Antwerp, in the house of an Englishman named Poyntz; and it was the custom of Sir Thomas More and the bishops, whenever they had any poor man under examination who had been there, to put close questions respecting Tindal, his personal appearance, usual habit, place of abode, chief companions, customary resorts, and all the minutiae by knowledge of which they might spread a net in his daily path. Thus furnished, they prepared the snare, and despatched an emissary, named Henry Philips, in the character of an independent gentleman. Poyntz kept a house much resorted to by English merchants, among whom Tindal was greatly respected, and very often invited to dine or sup with them. By this means Philips ingratiated himself, first into the acquaintance, then the confidence of the unsuspecting Christian, who frequently brought him to his abode, and even induced Poyntz, who was a worthy man, to receive him also as a lodger. So far was he from thinking evil of this traitor, that he showed him his books, and made many communications to him.

After sounding Poyntz, as to whether he might be bribed to conspire against Tindal, but so cautiously that the honest man at the time did not suspect his purpose, Philips proceeded to Brussels, appearing there as a partizan of Queen Kathrine, the Emperor's aunt, and a rebel against his own king; and so wrought on the authorities that he brought a principal attorney of the emperor's with other officers, back to Antwerp; where having watched until Poyntz should go on some business of his own, to a place eighteen miles distant, intending

to stay there some weeks, Philips came to the house, and pretended to make arrangements with the wife of Poyntz for giving a dinner, to provide for which, as it appeared, he went forth again: but in reality so to station the officers about the house, that his prey should not escape. Returning once more, he crowned his villany by borrowing of Tindal a sum of money, under pretence of having just lost his purse: and having thus plundered him, he engaged Tindal to accompany him forth, in order to be his guest at dinner.

A long passage, so narrow that two could not walk abreast, formed the entry of the house: and there Philips, under a show of respectful courtesy, obliged Tindal to take the lead. Philips was a tall, portly man, Tindal of low stature; and when they approached the door, where on either side was seated one of the officers, watching for their prey, Philips silently lifted his hand, and pointed downwards to the head of his innocent companion, as a signal that it was he whom they should seize. This was instantly done; and these very men, in relating the circumstance afterwards to Poyntz, said, that *they pitied to see his simplicity when they took him.* So well had this Judas played his part, and so totally unsuspecting was the martyr, that it would appear he did not even comprehend the very act of his own capture. He was taken to the Emperor's official, while the house of Poyntz was searched, and all his books and other effects seized. After this he was conducted to the castle of Filford, eight miles from Antwerp, and there imprisoned.

The English merchants, roused by this cruel outrage on the person of their countryman, immediately wrote to Brussels, and also to England, on his behalf. Poyntz undertook to be the active messenger of mercy, and travelled with indefatigable perseverance, with letters and replies, from

city to city, and even to London and back: obtaining, after painful delays, such despatches from the court of England to that of Brussels, that Tindal must needs have been delivered up to him, had not the artifice of Philips circumvented him, by implicating him also in the charges against Tindal; so that the zealous intercessor, when on the very point of delivering his friend, was himself arrested and cast into prison; where by vexatious and harassing processes, he was kept constantly employed in defending himself against the accusations of Philips, until he managed to escape, and fled from their hands.

But no escape was in reserve for Tindal; no flight save to the bosom of the Saviour, whom he had so glorified on earth, and who now prepared to receive him unto Himself. When the causeless persecution drew to a close, the enemies offered him the services of an advocate and proctor, but Tindal declined them, saying that he would answer for himself. He did so; but as there was no tenable ground for any charge against him, so was all reason and justice disregarded in his case. By virtue of the Emperor's decree, fulfilling the bloody will of revengeful Rome, he was condemned to suffer death. At the town of Filford, he was tied to the stake, and there strangled by the hangman, fervently and loudly exclaiming, with his last gasp, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" He was then consumed with fire.

BOB, THE 'BUS-DRIVER.

It is now three years since I happened to be in London, during the season when the huge busy town is at its busiest. I was going from the extreme West-end to the City, on the last day of my stay, and I climbed to the box-

seat of an omnibus, and gazed at the human tide which flowed along the streets, thinking it perhaps the most wonderful of all London sights.

The thoroughfare along which we were threading our way was very crowded at that hour, and I watched with the curiosity of a stranger the dextrous way in which the omnibus-driver guided his horses through the throng. But, expert as long habit had made him, he was guilty of one mistake, and his wheel came in contact with a small hand-barrow which an old woman was pushing: the barrow itself was not overturned, but the shock threw off a basket which stood upon it. In spite of the woman's effort to save it, the basket fell to the ground, and out of it rolled handfuls of pence and half-pence over the pavement, and amongst the horses' hoofs.

The next instant a swarm of boys, spying the booty, came flocking up—came flocking from nowhere it appeared to me, for I had not seen one previously! The driver passed on, with a shrug of his shoulders; but not before I heard part of the torrent of oaths which poured from the unfortunate woman's lips, as she tried in vain to protect her barrow and regain her coppers.

"Poor soul!" I said.

"Ay, sir, I'm very sorry," the driver responded, in a contrite tone, "but it was not exactly my fault; she should not have tried to cross just then."

"I pitied her more for using such words," I remarked, "than for the mere loss of her pennies."

The driver looked sharply at me for a moment. "She didn't like to be robbed of her money," he said, "and small wonder."

"But swearing only made matters worse."

"Right you are sir; but she couldn't help it, you see: 'tis another proof of the truth of the old saying, 'Money is the root of all evil.'"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but that saying is *not* true."

The driver stared at me more keenly than ever.

"Certainly it is a goodish while ago that I heard it first, but when I was a boy I learned it from very good authority," he said, rather grimly.

"From what authority?"

"Something out of my line now, sir," he replied; "but it is my certain belief that I have the best authority. Those words are in the Bible!" There was a quiet triumph in his tone; he evidently expected that he had settled the question.

"I beg your pardon again," I answered, "the Bible says no such thing!"

"Well, sir, if I was in the way of laying a bet with a gentleman I'd risk heavy odds on it," returned the omnibus-driver, pulling up his horses with a jerk to set down a passenger.

"You would lose your bet then," I said. "The Bible says, 'The love of money is the root of all evil;' which you will perceive is a very different thing."

I saw in a moment that my friend the driver was a man who sometimes troubled himself to think. His face lit up with a half smile as he replied,

"You have me there, sir, and I'll allow you have me most fairly. The thing is different! The fact is we are always willing to lay the blame of our doings on anything but ourselves—the devil, other people, or the poor money, 'tis all one, so long as we can manage to spare our own selves."

"Yes," I said, "the money is innocent enough, but it is the undue love for it which does the mischief. God gave cattle, and lands and worldly wealth to Jacob, and Joseph, and Job, and Solomon; and gave the riches and rewards as tokens of His favour—which he would scarcely have done if wealth was in itself an evil."

"Dear! dear!" muttered he; "it's years and years since I thought about

those old Bible names—years and years!"

It is not my habit to thrust religion down people's throats—perhaps I am wrongly backward in properly speaking out—but here was a clear opening for saying a word in my Master's cause; so I remarked:

"It is a wonderful thing that if we forget to think about the Bible, or of Him by whose Divine will that Bible was written, yet God never forgets us, but waits close to us, ready to answer us if we choose to turn to Him with a word of feeble prayer for His aid."

"It would be wonderful if it were true."

The words were so low I could scarcely catch them above the deafening noise and turmoil of the streets.

"You *know* it is true, as well as I know it!" I said. Neither of us spoke for a while. Presently my friend asked,

"Sir, are you a clergyman?"

"No, indeed."

He looked at me with the same keen look which I had noticed before.

"Excuse me, sir, but are you an Englishman?"

"Well, a kind of an Englishman,"

I answered, smiling; "an Irishman, that is."

He struck his hand upon his knee.

"God bless you, sir!" he cried—but more as an exclamation than a blessing, however—"God bless you! and I'm an Irishman too! but I've never stood in Ireland."

"How's that?" I asked, more and more interested.

"Sir, I'll just tell you how it is. I was born in Sicily, my parents were Irish. My father was a gentleman, my mother a lady. He was consul at Palermo, and there I was reared. Then—then—in short, sir, I took to bad ways. I fled from my home; I wandered far and wide; I got desperately wounded in a drunken fray in France; I sank and sank until I almost came to beg my bread. Now I drive this 'bus.'"

Abruptly as he spoke, his manner could not wholly hide the deep feeling which lay beneath. He turned his face aside, but I fancied I could see the water glistening in his eyes.

"I don't know why I talk like this to you," he said, "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Nay," I replied, "you have interested me greatly. In all your wanderings have you not been to Ireland?"

"No, but I long to go there. Sir, it is a strange instinct, that love of a man for his country! It's a queer thing that I, who never stood upon its sod, should yet have no dearer wish than to go to Ireland."

"It strikes me as being more beautiful than strange," I said. "I have never seen the face of my Father which is in Heaven, nor ever got a glimpse of His glorious kingdom, yet I love Him, and I love His land, and long beyond all things to see Him, and to know what may be the beauty of the things which He has prepared for me. Wander as you may, your heart turns to Ireland still; and I, however held in bondage here, yet look and hope and sigh for the land which is mine by the free gift of the Saviour."

Had I said too much? He understood me, I could see, and I did not think he could be vexed at my speech. I took courage.

"And Heaven is *yours* by equal right with *mine*," I said, "and God Himself will not dispute our claim if we plead our heirship in His Son."

He did not reply. We had reached the City now, and were crossing the Holborn Viaduct; presently my journey would be at an end, and my new friend and I would part, most likely for ever.

"Will you tell me your name?" I said.

"My real name is forgotten now, sir; it would be useless to repeat it. I call myself Bob Dillon now."

"And have you been at your present work long?"

"More than five years. I have married a wife in my own sphere of life, and she and I try to keep an honest home for our little ones; but we began low, and we have found it something of a pull up-hill as yet. It will be long before I can squeeze the money for a trip to the old country," he added, with a smile.

"Will that be your first holiday?"

"Ay, sir, surely; I nearly went this year. My master is a right good-hearted man; he knew how I wished to cross the Irish Sea, and when it came my turn for a holiday, he handed me three pounds over and above my wages, and bid me go to Ireland, and spend it there. It was *very* generous, wasn't it, sir?"

"Yes, but you did not go."

"I told him I could not leave the wife and the children just then, but he bade me keep the three pounds all the same. *Very* kind, he was!"

"Well, Dillon, if you ever do reach our country, come and see me." I drew my card-case out as I spoke. "Here is my address, and you shall have a hearty welcome. I should be proud to do the honours of our land to such a true son of Old Ireland."

His swarthy face had flushed as he noticed me putting my hand in my pocket, but when he saw that I offered him not silver, but a slip of card-board, he took it eagerly. I could not have offered him money after what he had told me.

"Bank!" shouted the conductor, and I prepared to descend from my perch. "Good-bye, Dillon," I said, shaking hands with my new friend heartily.

"Good-bye, sir, and God bless you."

Somehow, those words sounded very differently from what they had done half-an-hour ago. They had been only a form then, they were uttered like a prayer now.

* * * * *

That omnibus drive took place three years ago. A little while since I received a letter, written in an ill-formed hand by one evidently unaccustomed to the task of wielding a pen. It was signed, "Ellen Dillon."

The writer told me she was the wife of the man to whom I had talked during a journey from the "Royal Oak" to the Bank; she said she wrote according to a promise made to her dead husband.

"He bid me say, sir, that he never forgot your words. He will never be able to meet you in Ireland, but he has claimed to enter the other country you spoke about; and he found your words were true about God being at hand to listen to us if we turn to Him in prayer. That was his message, sir; he made me learn it by heart, so that I might write it out to you. He was killed by an accident, sir, quite sudden—but he bids me say he leaves me and the children comfortably off."

That was the letter. There were splashes, as of tears, upon the last page. There was no address, so that I could not reply to it, and I was sorry that it was out of my power to see if my friend's meaning as to the words "comfortably off" was the same as mine. It would have been a pleasure to me to give aid to those Bob Dillon had loved.

But though all links are broken between us here, I shall look to meet him, washed and purified from the stain of his once wild life, in the "other country"—the land that is very far off, and yet so near.

Christian Work.

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN WORK?—

WHENCE COME THE WORKERS?

In the April issue of one of the *American Quarterlies* we find an article on *Christian Work*. The writer answers these two questions which plainly lie at the root of the whole subject. (1) What is Christian work? (2) How shall young Christians be educated therein?

I. The answer given to the first question in this: "Christian Work is all work that advances Christ's Kingdom, being put forth with the aim and intention of advancing it." "In war," the writer says, "all the nation cannot fly to the field and fight. The greater number must remain at home to grow bread, and make the clothing, and prepare the materials for such as do the fighting . . . He who works on (in the sphere God has assigned him) with a sincere love to the Saviour, is doing a Christian work . . . Duty and daily duty, at that, by a sincere Christian meets the requirement. The wife of a farmer, and the mother of six sturdy boys, plethoric of life and impulses, who on the Sabbath morning catches, scrubs, and dresses them for Church, sees that they have their catechism or Sunday school lessons, and who keeps them in order for the day, I take it to be doing a Christian work of a most useful kind. Christ does not call that woman to go to Japan. She is wanted just where she is—God bless her—to live and die there, a noble Christian wife and mother: some of her boys let us hope will go to Japan." From the sphere of home and its humble duties, the writer advances to the work of the Sabbath-school, the mission

field — "that great eastern world where the gospel has never been preached . . . that world which lay eastward beyond the Roman Empire, where the name of Christ has never been heard till our modern days, and now only heard as distant pin-points on the great map — China, India, Japan, and the Islands where four-fifths of the world's people dwell—there is Christ's Kingdom to be proclaimed and established."

II. The answer given to the second question is "make men strong Christians, and the vigorous life will find ways for expending its surplus energies." The writer complains that the drift of much of modern religion is towards a form of Christianity, which it requires some effort to feel that it is Christianity at all. "The speech of it is not infrequently more than half that of Ashdod. You see it professing to feel very pious over the works of Dickens. It reads the ledger half the Sunday, and teaches in a mission Sunday-school the other half." In answer to the question, "How shall we reach a vigorous Christian life?" the writer says: we shall not reach it by any short-cut process, by machine or patent right contrivance. A godly life is not a mere discovery and invention; it is the old crucifying of the flesh aimed at in all Bible history, and taught in the words of Jesus and his Apostles. How is this secured—is it asked? Begin at the beginning. The mothers of Isaac, and Samuel, and John, and Jesus tell us how. Young Timothy's grandmother Lois, and mother Eunice understood it . . . Out of the ranks of such is the ministry recruited. Such become local missionaries in lone neighbourhoods, away in the forests, starting and

keeping up Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings. Such in proportion will be missionaries at home and on the other side of the globe.

IN THE GREAT LONE LAND.

In the *Methodist Missionary Notices* for April, we find an interesting report of a mission journey by the Rev. G. Young, in the north-west country far beyond the bounds of civilization. The report shews Mr. Young to be not only an energetic missionary but a graphic writer of very superior powers.

THE JOURNEY

extended to a distance of well nigh one thousand two hundred miles, occupied twenty-eight travelling days, and was performed by some walking, and a good deal of riding in dog sleds. The sixteen dogs, four sleds, four Indians, and two missionaries made up such a procession, as we left in the early morn of December 9th, as would have brought to the front a crowd of spectators had it appeared on King Street, Toronto, instead of the Red River of the North. Let me describe. Foremost of all was "the runner," Jake Savanas, o Southwind, a fat, young Indian, a good runner, a still better feeder. Then came the Rev. E. F. Young with his valuable train of dogs; and a sled heavily laden with supplies needed at home. Next in order, my cariole, with its one hundred and eighty pounds, more or less, of humanity; and how much of bedding, clothing, pemmican, etc., etc., I know not; and then two other trains, loaded with flour, pork, and fish, either for use on the trip or to meet the wants of the people at Beren's River. Two of the four teams of dogs and sleds were required for my use, other two were independent, though "attached," for reasons sufficiently apparent. The dog sled, used as a

cariole, is made of thin oak, about an inch thick; fourteen or eighteen inches wide, and about ten or twelve feet long; with the front end turned up like a skate, while the sides and back are made of parchment drawn tightly around a framework, and so hinged to the bottom of the sled as to yield a little when it runs against blocks of ice or trees, and thereby escape being wrecked, even though the passenger experiences an unpleasant squeeze from the collision. The whole thing is very light, and runs easily and rides smoothly on smooth ice, or a well-beaten road; otherwise, not. My experience in dog sledding was of the following order.—First period,—quite amusing; the thinness of the oak bottom and the pliability of the sides render it a springy sort of thing; and as it runs over an uneven surface, the bottom changing quickly from the straight to the convex, and then to the concave, and back to the straight again—the sides meanwhile working like the leather sides of a bellows, it seems almost like a thing of life, and might easily suggest to a half-awake passenger the idea of its being a sort of second Jonah, who by some hook or crook had got inside some monster, who, though on the ice, was making desperate strides toward an opening, through which to plunge with his victim into his native element, the "vasty deep." Two months before this, to a day, I was enjoying a ride on one of the beautiful and comfortable Pulman cars, between Chicago and St. Paul. Between that ride and this there was but little resemblance save that in each, one is conscious of being strangely jerked, feet foremost, toward some place, he scarcely knows where. The second period,—barely enjoyable, with interruptions; sitting for hours, not as in a chair, but after the fashion of a Jack-knife half open, with an occasional let down, when the sled drops from a cake of ice or log, while the

dogs are at a trot, and to be capsized and find oneself as helpless as an Indian babe in a "moss bag," to say nothing of the cool attentions of Jack Frost, when thermometers indicate forty or fifty degrees below zero. These things act as interruptions to the barely enjoyable in a dog s'edder's experience. The third period is one of desire to have done with dog sledging for ever. This I reached while yet far away from the homeside end of my journey. The dog train is managed by a driver running behind without any reins, but with many words of which "Yee," "chaugh," and "march" are among the most important, and in some instances, the least objectionable; to these words are added certain *persuasive measures* in which a whip, often loaded with shot, is brought into painful requisition. Unlike the horse or ox, the dog speaks out his feelings in relation to these passing matters.

The *Camp* for the night is quickly made by all hands setting to work; some scraping back snow, some cutting spruce boughs, and carpeting the place, building up a back wall with them about three feet high, and others getting fuel for the fire. Thawing fish for the dogs, getting supper, getting frost and ice from clothes, preparing flat cakes and cooking pork for the next day, constituted the work of the evening around the camp fire. Then after our evening hymn and prayer, the weary ones retired for rest in the open wild, sometimes with snow falling thickly, and wind blowing sharply, with "spruce feathers" under them and a blanket or two over them, to sleep comfortably *sometimes*. I found that as long as I could avoid turning in bed, I could keep warm, but to turn or to strike a match to see my watch, for I kept time for the men, was to give the cold an entrance, and then to sleep or to shiver became the question. Among the last things to be

done before sleep, and the first on waking by most of the men, was to drink strong tea and smoke tobacco, large quantities of which have to be supplied them. Nor can such exertions be sustained, and such intense cold endured without frequent replenishings with nourishing food. Four meals a day are requisite; a strong tea, pemmican, or pork, or venison, or fish, with flat cakes often baked in fat, are necessary. In these almost arctic regions such a head of steam as is requisite can be kept up only by a heavy supply of fuel. This will account for the fact that the supplies for one of these trips, in the land of "magnificent distances" and high prices, run up to an amount that cannot but astonish the uninitiated.

THE COUNTRY

through which I passed is one in whose praise I cannot say much. From Winnipeg to the last house in the lower settlement, about thirty-five miles, the land resembles the other portions of Manitoba, rather flat, some timber, but generally prairie; the soil, however, of the richest description. From that point to Lake Winnipeg, about fifteen miles, we passed over a marshy, murky region. The beech at the lake is high, made up of sand and flat stones. Once on the ice of this great lake, which is nearly three hundred miles long, and of peculiar shape, we struck for the western shore, along which we found for a long distance large quantities of timber, mostly poplar, which may yet serve us in Manitoba for building purposes and for fuel. The soil here is no doubt very good. Our day's run brought us to the region of evergreen trees—spruce, Norway pines, all too small to be of much value except for fuel or fences. Here I had my first night in a winter camp. From that point until I came back to it, excepting barely portions of country near

Beren's River, I saw very little affording any encouragement to the agriculturist. In fact there are two things which would discourage any farmer, and which must be met all through this northern region,—want of soil and want of season; of the soil in *depth* and of the season in *length*. A general thing the soil barely covers the rocks to a depth sufficient to grow shrubs or small trees, whose roots often strike down into the clefts of the rocks. In the lake there are two large islands, on which timber large enough for saw logs, or for small frames, can be obtained. On one of these, a steam saw mill has been recently erected, and from the other Mr. E. R. Young obtained the timber used in the buildings he has erected on his mission premises, drawing it with dogs across the ice, a distance of ten or twelve miles. From Norway House to Oxford House the country seemed to have no higher destiny than to be what it now is, the roaming, feeding, and hiding ground of game and fur-bearing animals, and the home of those who hunt, trap, fish, or "trip" for a living. The soil is thin and poor, and the timber fit only for fuel, or to supply poles for the Indian's cabin, or for his use in making the traps or dead-falls wherewith he kills his game. Small lakes, rivers, marshy grounds, tamarac swamps and rocky hills,—those make up the variety between those two points. Unless valuable minerals should be discovered, I should think that fifty years hence a thousand acres of this land might be worth a thousand cents. On the east shore of lake Winnipeg there are large quantities of iron sand, which the magnet takes up readily; what this may betoken I know not. The tracks of game and fur-bearing animals, however, all through the northern region, abound; while in the lakes and rivers, the finest fish in the world are to be found. Fish is the

main dependence of the people as food for themselves and dogs. During the trapping season the Indians are obliged to scatter in every direction. We saw the wood traps all along the shores of the lakes and rivers as we passed, and the number of skins of beaver, otter, mink, fox, lynx, bear, etc., which these hunters bring into the Hudson's Bay Company stores, at the different trading posts, all tell of their success.

THE MISSIONS

I visited belong to the Methodist Church; no other denomination has ever occupied this ground.

The *Rossville Mission* is very pleasantly situated on the shore of a beautiful little lake, within two miles of Norway House Post, and is the oldest and by far the strongest of our Indian missions in the North-west. It was established in 1840 by the Rev. Mr. Rundle, Wesleyan Missionary from London. In looking over the register of baptisms and marriages, which has been carefully kept from the first, I found the first baptism recorded on the 28th of May, 1840, by Mr. Rundle, and the last on the 3rd of January, 1875 by myself; between these dates one thousand five hundred and sixty baptisms were registered.

At the lovefeast there were present about three hundred people, while nearly two hundred came to the Lord's table, among whom one was over one hundred years of age, and one came one hundred miles to attend the services. New Year's day was "a high day" with the Indians at Rossville. Over five hundred feasted on "fat things," all of which were "gratis" to the feasters. From morn till even the eating went briskly on amid indications of good appetites, and great enjoyment, and but little weariness. I reached the mission on my return trip from Oxford, about ten a.m., just in time for the feast. In the

evening they had their pul'ic meeting, with "Big Tom" for a chairman, who, by the way, is a good man and true, but oh, so slow in getting up to speak, and in speaking exceedingly slow. Just imagine a great tall man getting up an inch at a time, and waiting between the inches. But he got all the way up at last, and spoke, I presume, very sensibly, which is more than many a white man does who gets up with less hesitancy.

We cannot make room for the account given of the rest of the missions, but conclude with an extract showing the hardships endured:—"The night was the coldest I had ever experienced, and when we set off next morning before sunrise to cross the lake, a distance of about forty miles, it is said, with wind sharp ahead, neither present experience nor future prospects for that day were very pleasing. The Indians with me froze cheeks and ears in a general way, but said very little about it, while I felt the cold very much with all my mummy-like wrappings, till finally I had to get out and run to keep my feet from freezing. The thermometer at the fort was useless in such intense cold. I have no doubt it *should* have gone down to fifty degrees below zero. I mention this to show under what circumstances of discomfort and peril our devoted missionaries are *often placed*.

AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

The thirty-sixth annual report of the French Canadian Missionary Society is now before us. It is full of interesting facts.

The report says that "The missionaries have not met with that bitter persecution from the people that they have sometimes encountered, and notwithstanding the firm and continued opposition of the priesthood, they have

generally been civilly treated, even at times gladly welcomed and invited to converse on religious subjects, or to read a portion of Scripture to eager listeners. Many of the people express their surprise that they are forbidden by their church to read a book which commends itself to them.

One marked feature among the French Canadians during the past year has been their strong desire to have their children educated, and educated at Protestant schools. A much larger number than usual have applied for admission at Pointe-aux-Trembles, and the Principal of that institution in his last monthly report, remarks that if the Society could furnish accomodation and supply teachers, five or six hundred French Canadian children would attend during the coming year.

COLPORTAGE.

It is a work of great trial to the Colporteurs, owing not only to physical difficulties from extremes of cold in winter and heat in summer, from indifferent fare and lodging, from roads sometimes almost impassible, but from the power of the priests, greater perhaps than in any other country, in preventing the reception of the Word of God. To secure this end, they poison the minds of the people by representing it as only fitted to deceive them and lose their souls—a book to be torn up with contempt and burnt. If such treatment is not enough to prevent its purchase, then follow virulent persecution and threats of spiritual penalties, which the Romish clergy know so well to employ in crushing out the light of the Gospel. Add to all this the illiterate state and poverty of the people, and it will be realized that Colportage in this Province is a work of difficulty. Still it must be carried on if the French Canadians are to be made intelligent believers of the Gospel, for while the Word of God teaches, and every one engaged in

missionary work knows by experience, that without the omnipotent and Sovereign power of the Holy Spirit no soul will be converted to Christ, yet God has appointed His Word as the means by which the Holy Spirit works savingly.

How then can the French Canadian people be reached in their parishes and distant settlements, where scarcely a Protestant is to be found, and the power of the priest is almost supreme, unless the Colporteur seeks them out in their homes or in the harvest field, carrying with him the Word of God, and the religious tract or illustrated papers. To obtain an entrance to the truth he must offer his books and speak to the people in the market place, at the railroad depot, and on the steamboat, but especially does he aim, as he goes from house to house, to assemble in the evening the neighbours of some friendly farmer, and expound the Scriptures with prayer and singing, if allowed, until perhaps midnight.

JOURNALS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Dying testimony to the Gospel.—

During two weeks I visited one of our oldest converts, who latterly lived with a Roman Catholic family where I visited her. She was very ill and wished to go to the General Hospital, and on my application she was admitted and died there. As it was plain she would not live long, the people with whom she had stayed asked if she wished to have the priest. "No," was her answer, "I wish to see a minister, I believe in the Gospel and not in the priest." From that moment they would not keep her and told her to leave. She then sent word to Madam G——, who sent for me. In the Hospital she was visited by two nuns, but was faithful in confessing Christ, and they left off visiting her. She was pretty deaf, so I was obliged to read rather loud. Next to her was another French Canadian woman, who

listened with great attention to what I was reading, and when I explained the love of God towards us in Christ Jesus, she said, "That is the truth." After I had prayed with Josette, I asked this woman, if she had understood what I said? "O yes sir! but there are many things I want to know." She then asked me about prayers to the Virgin and the Saints; about purgatory, good works, etc., and it took me more than half an hour to answer all her questions. She seemed delighted with what she heard, and expressed her astonishment at the difference between the two religions, and begged me to come again. Next morning on returning I was surprised to find she had been taken to the Hotel Dieu, so I was prevented from conversing any more with her.—L. V. B.

A Faithful Disciple.—I have much cause of rejoicing in Mr. D——, a member of our Church, through his Christian conduct, and the conversations he has with his fellow workmen. He has induced one to take the loan of a Bible, and another to buy a copy, and a book in which the doctrines of Rome are shown to be condemned by the Scriptures. He speaks of the Saviour not only in the shop, but to those he may be walking with. May God grant that many of His children, not only French, but English, speaking that language, be stirred up to do likewise, and very soon we would see a new life in our churches, and it would not be so hard to obtain money to carry on the work, as every one would be interested in it.—L. V. B.

A clear Testimony.—A woman said to me "if we were to listen more to the voice of our conscience and meditate more on the sufferings of our Lord who died for our sins, we would not live in wickedness as many of us do." This is the best sermon I ever heard from a Roman Catholic. I thank God for it.—I. M.

IMMIGRANTS FROM FRANCE.

Through the pecuniary encouragement of the Quebec Government, without doubt influenced by the Romish Hierarchy, a considerable number of immigrants from France and Belgium have been induced to come to this Province. The Church of Rome has done its utmost to prevent Protestant immigration, and in this way expected to increase still more her followers, these French speaking immigrants being almost all Roman Catholics nominally. God has foiled her plans in a great measure however, and instead of being submissive votaries they are generally bitterly opposed to the blind obedience demanded of them by the priests. The result has been they have met with ill-treatment and discouragement from the French Canadians, under priestly instigation, which has led them to receive with more readiness our missionaries, (most of whom are natives of France,) in trying to lead them to the truth. On their arrival at Quebec they are visited, many receiving gladly the Word of God, and when they settle down in the cities, these kindly efforts are continued in inducing them to frequent Protestant places of worship and send their children to our schools. The most encouraging results have followed, and there is no doubt with the Divine blessing, many will be won over to the truth as it is in Jesus from a nominal belief in their church, and from what is much worse, infidelity and indifference, so common among them. These interesting strangers are commended to the prayers and warm sympathy of the Christian community. The following extracts show how they receive our missionaries.

"I am encouraged in my work amongst the French immigrants, who nearly all are prejudiced against the Romish clergy, but at the same time they are indifferent to the claims of

evangelical religion. With this indifference however, they have very little of the bigotry found among the French Canadians. They receive me politely, although there are few who occupy themselves seriously about their souls; some however, especially young people, give me pleasure who come to my meetings, and to the Craig street Church. One young man especially, who has bought a Bible, reads it with seriousness. Another young Frenchman who had been in the Hotel Dieu, had a Testament burnt by a nun, much to his annoyance, and since his recovery he has left Romanism, and attends to the instruction of the Bible.

"A Frenchman who had been a very decided Romanist, and to whom I sold a Bible, has been studying it with great earnestness, and begins to see that the Church of Rome is a false system. My impression is that he will, through the operation of God's Spirit, soon become a true Christian. He comes occasionally to the Craig street Church."—Am. S.

MR. MOODY IN LONDON.

It is utterly impossible to give in the limited space at our disposal detailed accounts of the work going on in London, in connection with the visit of Mr. Moody. The following poem, from the *Christian*, gives a general idea of the large gatherings, and what they mean, with this correction,—that 14,000 is about the number the Agricultural Hall contains.

THE TWENTY THOUSAND.

Not Gothic arch allures the eye,
 No fair Italian dome:
 And yet must this a temple be,
 To which the people come.
 No consecrated ground is here,
 Where priests may play their part.
 But purest consecration may
 Rest on the human heart;

And angels bright, from realms of light,
To earth may wing their way,
To gaze upon that wondrous sight,
Where twenty thousand pray.

Let Balaam come to curse the host;
The spirit dark shall flee;
Unwonted lips shall now declare
Him blest that blesseth thee.
And cursed he that dares to mock
Where God resolves to bless;
And weak the arm that would defy
The might of holiness.
The angel-pow'rs that watch the Church
Bend o'er the silent string,
And hush their own sweet melody,
While twenty thousand sing.

There comes a flood to sweep away
The refuges of lies,
And on that great spring-tide of grace
The Church of God shall rise.
Above the hills of unbelief
The ark of God shall sail,
While living waters o'er the earth
Exceedingly prevail.
O mighty London, bow thine head
In this thy gracious day!
Go, worldling, scoffer, gay one, go
Where twenty thousand pray.

O ye despisers, now beware
Lest that should come on you—
"Lo! in your day, before your eyes
A wondrous work I do—
A work which ye shall not believe,
Whate'er a man may say!"
Beware lest, wond'ring, ye shall fade,
And die, and pass away,
While souls redeemed by love divine
Salute their sovereign King,
And under yonder iron roof
The twenty thousand sing.

"The King shall have His own again."
The world is twice His own;
He made it, and redeem'd it too,
The country and the town.
And o'er the broad and swelling sea
Dominion He shall have;
The blood-red banner of the cross
O'er every land shall wave.
Like morning on the mountains spread,
There comes the gospel-day:

"Thy kingdom come," Thy servants cry,
And twenty thousand pray.

It is not new, it seems not wise,
It is not bought with gold;
'Tis free to all, it nothing costs,
It is a story old.
But never yet could man conceive
Aught richer or more rare,
So fraught with joy to broken hearts,
So strong against despair.
And as the preacher trumpet-tongued,
The mighty host controls,
The power of that transcendent love
Thrills twenty thousand souls.

Anon, the voice of minstrelsy
Enchants the list'ning throng;
The heart's deep feeling welling forth
In consecrated song.
That song shall sound on many tongues
For many days to come,
In many a street, in many a lane,
And many a humble home.
The city's stones shall echo forth
That song so sweet and clear,
Which floats along the vast arcade,
Where twenty thousand hear.

A season brief there's silence deep,
And drooping ev'ry eye,
They bow the head in silent prayer,
Most eloquent on high.
Then bursts aloud the glory-hymn,
With thunder in its tone.
Like songs that burning seraphs sing
Around the great white throne.
No organ-peal, no trumpet-blast,
No artificial thing;
But such a song as angels love,
The twenty thousand sing.

Pure light has enter'd this dark world,
So says the written Word;
And all the earth shall surely see
The glory of the Lord.
O Lord of Hosts! divinely near,
Now at the throne of grace,
Thy people plead for friend and foe,
And all the human race.
If "two or three" may win Thee down,
With them on earth to stay,
What depth of blessing shall there be
Where twenty thousand pray!

Spiritual Signs.

THE SCARLET LINE IN THE WINDOW.

—
C. H. SPURGEON, IN THE "SWORD AND TROWEL."
—

"She bound the scarlet line in the window."
Joshua ii. 21.

Here was a DEDICATED HOUSE—a house with a scarlet line in its window. Coming here the other afternoon, walking down one of the back streets, I amused myself by observing how many houses were insured. I noticed the marks of the companies. There was the *Sun* on one, with his bright face looking down upon us, as much as to say, "There shall be no loss here." The *Globe*, the *Star*, the *Phoenix*, all were there as seals of safety. Now, there was only one house in Jericho that was insured, and that had for its symbol and mark of insurance a scarlet line tied in the window. What a mercy when houses are insured by the grace of God, and dedicated to the Lord—the very houses, and much more the inhabitants of those houses. How can you dedicate a house? I was reading the other day that in Cromwell's time you could go down Cheapside at a certain hour in the morning, and you would see the blinds down at every house, and hear the families singing, all the way along, "for," says an old divine, "in those days a drawn blind was the scarlet line in the window." People knew, as they passed along, that there was an altar to God in that house. I am afraid that there are a great many streets in our towns and cities which you might traverse at any hour of the day, and not discover a solitary sign

of family prayer going on. The practice has gone out of fashion even among many who profess to be the people of God; and farewell to any progress in godliness till we bring it back again. I believe that when the house and the church pull together, things are right; but when religion is made to be a thing of the church and not of the house; when the priest is looked to, instead of the father; when men cease to be priests in their own houses, then the very sinews of vital godliness have been cut. If I had to give up all week-day services, and shut up every place of worship in Christendom from Sunday to Sunday, I would prefer it rather than lose the morning and evening gatherings of devout households worshipping God. How much Scotland owes to her family devotions. You need not that I remind you of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It is the very glory of that country that they do there worship God in their houses. "There is much formality about it," cries one. Well, was there ever anything good which did not degenerate here and there? But I can bear witness full many a time to the hearty devotion of morning and evening prayer in the North. I wonder how many houses represented by you come up to Matthew Henry's third standard. He says, "Those who pray do well." You get up to that, I hope. "Those that read the Scriptures and pray, do better. Those that read the Scriptures, and pray and sing, do best of all." I think so. This is the scarlet line with the three-fold cord to it; and I would that every house hung out that scarlet line as the sign—"This house belongs to King Jesus. The devil need not trouble

himself to come here. The strong man armed keeps his goods in peace."

The beauty of it was that inside Rahab's house all were saved. "Come in, dear mother," said she. Who among us could bear the thought of our mother being lost? It breaks our hearts to think of such a thing. My mother lost? Oh, no, that must not be! And your father lost? Oh, have you an unconverted father? I beseech you give no slumber to your eyelids till you have done all you can to set before him the way of peace, and have pleaded for him before God with sighs and tears. And then she said, "come in, dear brothers and sisters." I delight in Rahab for loving her household. You have brothers and sisters who are not under the scarlet line yet; pray to God to bring them in, that all your house may be dedicated to the Most High, and, without exception, all may dwell beneath the blessed blood-red token which infallibly preserves.

I leave this to notice that there are other things besides family prayer which should be like the scarlet line in the house. For instance, there should be in every Christian house a scarlet line, put up in the selecting of the *company* that is kept. The Christian should carefully select his friends and associates. "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." As for the drunkard, and the swearer, and those who use unchaste language, let them be what they may, they cannot visit within our doors: we will not tolerate them. If we are masters of our household, we try to find our children friends, whom we should like to be their companions in eternity. Some parents introduce their children to young men and young woman, who happen to be "very respectable," as they say, who are wordly and ungodly, and thus they do much to ruin them. It should not be so. Hang the scarlet line over the door, and if they do

not love that scarlet line, religious conversation will make the place too hot for them before long. If you talk much of Jesus, the frivolous will consider that they have notice to quit.

A Christian man's house should have a scarlet line over its *reading*. I confess to great sorrow whenever I see a Christian man's house, commonly laid about for the use of the girls, that dreadful rubbishing yellow stuff which pollutes every railway bookstall—much of it downright ungodliness, and the best of it abominable nonsense, the reading of which is a sheer waste of time. When there are thousands of good and interesting books to be read, it seems a pity that Christian people should give their time to reading which cannot profit them. Let the asses have their thistles, I never grudge them; and so I will not say that worldlings should not read such books; they suit them, let them have them. I have never murmured at a farmer, when I have seen him going along with his great mash of all manner of garbage to give to his hogs; so long as he did not give me a basin of it for dinner, I was satisfied to let the swine have their food; and there are a great many romances, and a vast mass of literature, which it is vain to deny to ungodly people, for it is after their nature; but as for us, let us have none of it. I should as soon expect to see the archangel Gabriel feeding out of a hog's trough, as to see one who is a joint-heir with Christ, finding his pleasure in books that are half lewd and the other half absurd. Hang a scarlet line over your library door as well as everywhere else.

So with all *amusements*. There are some amusements that we cannot say are absolutely bad in themselves; but they lead to evil. They go up to the edge of the precipice; and there are many who only need to get so far, and they are sure to plunge over. Besides,

they make the Christian so like the worldling, that nobody could tell which is which. Now, tie the scarlet line up. I would do so even as to what pictures I would hang up in my house. I am often sad to see, especially in the houses of the poor, Roman Catholic pictures exhibited on the walls, because they happen to be rather pretty and very cheap. Popish publishers have very cleverly managed to get up pictures of the Virgin, and the lying fable of her assumption to heaven, and all sorts of legends of saints and saintesses; and being brightly coloured and sold very much under price, these vile things have been introduced into thousands of houses. I have seen, to my horror, a picture of God the Father represented as an old man—a conception almost too hideous to mention; yet the picture is hung up in the cottages of England; whereas the Lord has declared that we should make no image of him, or represent him in any way; and the attempt is blasphemous. If you have a bad picture, no matter how good a work of art it is, burn it! And if you have a bad book, no matter how much it may be worth, do not sell it for somebody else to read; tear it in pieces.*

Let the Christian hang up the scarlet line, and make certain that nobody shall be debauched in mind or body by anything that he tolerates in his house. I may seem to be too severe; but if my Master were to speak out of heaven, he would not rebuke that as a sin on my part; far rather would he say that we need to be much more

precise and decided in regard to evil things.

Well, you shall do what you please, you have your own liberty; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, and the blood-red line shall be in my window. My father's father—do I not remember how, when I was a child, I used to hear his prayers for my father and for me. Well do I remember my father's conversion in answer to my grandfather's prayers. And my father, can I ever forget how he wrestled for us at the mercy-seat; and God forbid it should happen, that in my son's house in years to come there should be no altar to my God. I would sooner be without a tent for myself than an altar for the Lord. Wherever we are we must hang up the scarlet line. We cannot expect a blessing if it be not so. Of course, I am not speaking to those who are not fathers or heads of households. If they are servants they cannot help what is done in the house. If they are underlings who have not the power, they cannot arrange as they would; but I am speaking to those who fear the Lord, and can do it. Do, beloved, dedicate your house to God from the garret to the cellar. Let there be nothing even in the cellar which you would be ashamed for Jesus Christ to see. Let there be nothing about the house but what shall be so ordered that if your Lord should come, you could open your door and say, "Come and welcome, Master, there is nothing here that thy servant desires to conceal."

Believe in Jesus, O ye who know him not; and ye who know him, practise what you know; and God bless you. Amen and amen.

* Our readers may recollect that in the "Christian Monthly" we called attention to these Popish pictures, and showed the danger of them to the young.—Ed.

Facts and Opinions.

CARLYLE'S PORTRAIT OF KNOX.—“Knox was no despiser of women, but the reverse. In fact, his behaviour to good and pious women is full of respect, and his tenderness, his patient helpfulness in their sufferings and infirmities—(see the letters to his mother-in-law and others)—are beautifully conspicuous. For the rest his poor-book testifies to many high intellectual qualities in Knox, and especially to far more of learning than has ever been ascribed to him or is anywhere traceable in his other writings. He proves his doctrine by extensive and various references to Aristotle, Justin, Pandect's Digest, Tertullian, Ambrose, Augustin, Chrysostom, Basil. There and nowhere else in his books have we direct proof how studiously and profitably his early years up to the age of forty must have been spent. A man of much varied, diligent, and solid reading and inquiry, as we find him here—a man of serious and continual meditation we might already have known him to be. By his sterling veracity, not of word only, but of mind and character, by his sharpness of intellectual discernment, his power of expression, and, above all, by his depth of conviction and honest burning zeal, one first clearly judges what a preacher to these earnest populations in Scotland and England, thirsting for right knowledge, this Knox must have been. It may surprise many a reader if we designate John Knox as ‘a man of genius,’ and truly it was not with what we call ‘literature’ and its harmonies and symmetries addressed to man's imagination that Knox was ever for an hour concerned, but with practical truths alone addressed to man's inmost belief, with immutable facts accepted by him, if he is of loyal heart, as the daily voices of the eternal ever such in all degrees of them. It is therefore a still higher title than ‘man of genius’ that will belong to Knox—that of a heaven-inspired seer and heroic leader of men. But by whatever name we call it, Knox's spiritual endowment is of the most distinguished class, intrinsically capable of whatever is noblest in literature and in far higher things. His books especially, if well read, (which unfortunately is not possible for every one, and his grave preliminary difficulties for even a Scottish reader, still more for an English one), testify in parts of them to the finest qualities that belong to a human intellect, still more evidently to those of the moral, emotional, or sympathetic sort, or that concern the religious side of man's soul. It is really a loss to English and even to universal literature, that Knox's hasty and strangely interesting, impressive, and peculiar book called ‘The History of the Reformation in Scotland’ has not been rendered far more extensively legible to serious mankind at large than is hitherto the case. Besides perfect clearness, naive and almost unintentional picturesqueness, there are to be found in Knox's swift flowing history many other kinds of geniality, and indeed of far higher excellencies, than are wont to be included under that designation. The grand Italian Dante is not more in earnest about this inscrutable immensity than Knox is. There is in Knox throughout, the spirit of an old Hebrew prophet, such as may have been in Moses in the desert at sight of the burning bush—a spirit almost altogether unique among modern men; and along with all this, in singular

neighbourhood to it, a sympathy, a veiled tenderness of heart, veiled but deep, and of piercing vehemence, and an inward gaiety of soul alive to the ridicule that dwells in whatever is ridiculous in fact; a fine vein of humour which is wanting in Dante."

SCOTTISH PURITANISM.—"Scottish Puritanism well considered seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand sixteenth century Reformation anywhere assumed. We may say also that it has been by far the most widely fruitful form, for in the next century it had produced English Cromwellian Puritanism, with open Bible in one hand, drawn sword in the other, and victorious foot trampling on the Romish Babylon—that is, irrevocably refusing to believe what is not a fact in God's universe, but a mingled mass of self-delusions and mendacities in the region of chimera—so that now we look for the effects of it not in Scotland only, or in our small British islands, but over wide seas, over American continents and growing British nations in every zone of the earth, and in brief, should have to admit that John Knox, the authentic Prometheus of all that, has been a most distinguished son of Adam, and had probably a physiognomy worth looking at."

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY have appropriated £2,500 for the erection and fitting of a college building in Madagascar; in which the present theological institution shall be developed into a general college. The last mail from Madagascar brings copies of a proclamation by the queen setting free the slaves clandestinely imported into the island since 1865, and affixing a penalty of ten years' imprisonment for concealing or still holding as slaves any negroes. Thus everywhere Christianity brings "liberty to the captive."

DEATH OF DR. R. BUCHANAN.—Dr. Buchanan was born about the begin-

ning of the century, in the suburb of Stirling known as St. Ninians. His father was a manufacturer there. At the parish school the lad displayed uncommon talent, such as suggested the propriety of devoting him to a learned profession. He chose the ministry; and from the day he entered on his University career all his studies were directed to that end. He took both his Arts and his Theological courses at Glasgow. In those days the leading professors were Jardine and Milne, and the prelections of the latter in the Moral Philosophy class were, we have understood, very efficacious in giving a keen edge to his logical and controversial powers. This charm of manner was characteristic. It was a great attraction to those who came within its spell. No doubt there was about the man a certain air of frigidity which repelled strangers and timid folk; but though he could repress impertinence—no one better—he was incapable of slighting, not to say wounding, any one who approached him on a legitimate errand. The number of men whom he has helped on their way in the world, not merely by a good-natured or an off-hand recommendation, but by patient and painstaking vigilance, including the introduction of a "good word" at a seasonable time, is, we believe, incalculable. Many of those who admired him as a politician—a man of devices and expedients—knew little either of the warm-hearted disinterestedness that characterised the man, or of the true simplicity that belonged to the leader. The estimate of him that has very generally been sent abroad is that he was cold and crafty. We venture to think that no more egregious mistake could be indulged. His coldness was merely on the outside, and arose from a diffidence which was innate and unconquerable. His craft came from the quick and clear perception of a man endowed with a comprehensive and sagacious mind—

who saw sooner, wider, and further than most of his fellows. It was a great thing to hear Dr. Candlish discourse upon this subject. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the long friendship which subsisted between the two, without break or diminution. The one was very much the complement of the other. The one, all fire and velocity, was fitly mated with the other who, though always ready, was yet always deliberate and cautious.

ACTIVITY OF JESUITS.—It is stated that the Jesuits are making great efforts to widen the sphere of action in Asia Minor by founding new establishments, schools, and churches. At Beyrout alone the order has acquired no less than twenty sites which are about to be built upon.

THE GREEK CHURCH AND THE POLES.—A *Times* telegram says the 250,000 Poles who have embraced the Greek Church, in a memorandum presented by the Russian Government, account for their intentions to the moral impossibility of accepting the dogma of infallibility.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND and the Church of Scotland are both going to begin not only Missions, but what are called industrial settlements or colonies in Eastern Africa. Mr. Price is going to Mombas, and the Scotch party are going right on to Lake Nyassa. If you look for this lake in your map, you will perhaps say, "Why that is not very far in—it is near the sea!" "But you think so, only because Africa is so immense, that a long way looks like a little way in the map. Lake Nyassa is 400 miles from the sea! What a journey for the Missionaries! The English Mission station will not be so far from the shore. Mr. Price, who is gone to manage it, has been for twenty-seven years a missionary in India. There he had charge of an industrial village too—that is, a village where the converts

from heathenism might come and live and work under their teachers, apart from the heathen. A great many liberated slaves from Africa, who were brought up by Mr. Price in the schools at Nasik near this village, have since gone back to Africa, and are at Mombas.

Mr. SPURGEON after illness commenced by offering up a prayer, in which he thanked God for his recovery, invoked a blessing upon the labours of Messrs Moody and Sankey, and all engaged in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ, and concluded by requesting the Divine grace for the conversion of such present as needed it. A hymn was then sung, after which Mr. Spurgeon read and expounded some portions of the 42d Psalm and the 13th chapter of Jeremiah. Other hymns were then sung, at the conclusion of which Mr. Spurgeon stated that a meeting of welcome would be held in the Tabernacle on the following Tuesday. He had been invited to speak thereat, but he feared he would have to listen to the other speakers. He was happy to be amongst them once again. He prayed God that it might, if such were the Divine will, be long again ere he would have to undergo so great a sickness, or so long ere he should be denied the happiness of executing the duties of the ministry. After a pause, during which he wiped away his flowing tears, he proceeded to preach from the words, "I shall yet praise Him, for he is the health of my countenance, and my God." He pointed out at considerable length that man, being composed of body and soul, required a twofold species of health—physical and spiritual. God was the author of both, and it was impossible that one could, strictly speaking, exist without the other. It was impossible, if the soul were in sin, that the bodily countenance could wear a peaceful expression, and *vice versa*. After pointing out that the text was realized in the con-

dition of the virtuous, both in this world and the next, speaking of the Divine mercy, he had but to glance once at the cross and Christ crucified to be assured of salvation and ample pardon. If there were ten thousand worlds filled with diabolical sinners, their malice could not outweigh the merits of Christ's saving blood. The greatest spiritual leper, the most devil possessed sinner, would be the most welcome to the forgiving embrace of the crucified Saviour.

CONVENTS IN GERMANY.—From statistics in possession of the German Government it has been found that there are in Germany 1008 conventual establishments for females, with about 8000 members, and about 140 for men, with 1000 members. Not more than half of these pursue specifically humane objects, such as nursing the sick. It is proposed the majority should be abolished by Act of Parliament.

REV. C. CHINIQUY.—The Kanakee (Ill.) *Times* of the 21st inst., says:—"Rev. Mr. Chiniquy will in a few days remove to Canada, where he anticipates remaining about two years, for the purpose of performing missionary work. He will not relinquish his pastorate in St. Anne, where he has for so many years expounded the Protestant doctrine of faith and works, to a large and appreciative body of hearers. During his absence that congregation will be carefully guided by the ministrations of Rev. Jaquemet, of Baltimore, a recently converted priest. Rev. Mr. Chiniquy and family will bear with them the love and good wishes of our people, with prayerful hopes of continued good health and prosperity.

THE *Rock* (London) says: "It will be a great satisfaction to the country to hear that the Prince and Princess of Wales have ceased to attend the services at that ultra-Ritualistic

Church, All Saints', Margaret street, where this time last year they were frequently seen." A correspondent of the same journal informs it that five members of the Oxford University have entered the Roman Catholic Church within the past twelve months, all of them from St. Barnabas's (Ritualistic) Church. The Roman Catholics are building in Oxford a large and handsome new church.

FRUITS.—"Passing up the main street of Palamcottah," says an East India missionary, "we noticed the neat houses of the native Christians. Over the door of one were the words 'Welcome; peace be with you all.' We accepted the general invitation, entered the house, and saw a respectable, happy family. On the table was the family Bible, in which we noticed several slips of paper as markers. We were told one marked the portion for family prayer, another was the husband's mark for private reading, another the wife's, and another the children's. It was a family Bible indeed."

FREE PRESBYTERY OF ITALY.—In connection with the sudden death of Dr. Buchanan, this notice is interesting. The Presbytery of Italy in connection with the Free Church of Scotland met in Rome on the 17th March. The Rev. Dr. Monro, of Campsie, was introduced by Rev. Dr. Buchanan, and associated with the Presbytery. The Presbytery were much gratified to find that the joint labours of these two distinguished preachers had been not only characterised by the warmest feelings of mutual esteem, and by the most cordial harmony, but greatly appreciated by the residents and visitors who, in large numbers, have attended the services in the Presbyterian Church. It was agreed to transmit an overture to the General Assembly anent the "Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund,"

from the benefits of which ministers holding charges on the Continent have hitherto been excluded.

A HIGHER ART.—Every one is struck with the decline of art in Italy. I am not sure it is a matter to be grieved over. The golden age of statuary and paintings may have passed away. But another and better age is upon us—an age of raising men and women into forms of imperishable beauty. We may have lost the finest power of rendering the human face and form into marble or upon canvas, but we have gained the immeasurably greater power of developing and adorning spirit. The old masters carved gods and painted altar-pieces and frescoes; we help to make men kings and priests unto God. They crowned the Acropolis and crowded the Pantheon with dumb deities; we work to raise fallen man to righteousness and true holiness, and fill the great temple of God and the Lamb with ransomed and royal worshippers.—*Rev. Dr. Dennen.*

DEAN STANLEY ON TRUE GREATNESS.—In his recent address at St. Andrew, the Dean said: "It has been well said by an eminent French writer, that the true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings, and which elevates all little things. Whatever is affected, whatever is ostentatious, whatever is taken up from mere fashion, or party cry, that is small, vulgar, contemptible. Whatever springs from our own independent thought, whatever is modest, genuine, and transparent, whatever is deliberately pursued because it tends towards a grand result—that is noble, commanding, great. When one of your most illustrious scholars, George Buchanan, in his latter days, was visited by that

"motherless, fatherless boy" whom I just now named, he was found teaching his serving-lad the alphabet. And when Melville wondered that he was engaged in so humble a work—"Better this," said the old Preceptor of Princes, "better this than stealing sheep, or sitting idle, which is as ill." When they asked him to alter some detail in his history about the burial of David Rizzio that might offend the King, he asked, "Tell me, man, if I have told the truth." "Yes, sir, I think so." "Then I will bide his fend (anger) and all his kins. Pray, pray God for me, and He will direct me." These were very homely matters, but the spirit in which they were touched was no less than imperial.

OPENING OF A BAPTIST CHAPEL IN ROME.—The correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphs that a new Baptist chapel was opened in Rome on Sunday last. Eleven Italian communicants were present, and 150 Baptists from England and elsewhere. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Wall, Deputy Mazzarella, Rev. Mr. Edwards of Torquay, Signor Rossetti, Signor Grassi, etc. The premises were bought by the Baptists for £12,000, and were converted into a place of worship, and seated for 300. Rev. Jas. Wall will be pastor, with two assistants. Dr. Underhill of London, preached in the evening to a large congregation of English and Americans.

THE PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS IN MEXICO.—Washington, April 16.—The Navy Department has received a communication from Capt. Queen commanding the U. S. steamer "Saranac," dated Acapulco, March 27th, he having been ordered thither to enquire into the circumstances attending the death by violence of American citizens. Capt. Queen reports that Procopio C. Diaz and other residents of Acapulco, all natives and citizens of Mexico, organized a congregation

for religious worship according to the Protestant creed. The meetings were held on Sundays and other days in the house of Diaz, and were strictly of a private character. Diaz and some members of his flock were occasionally stoned by the populace and otherwise annoyed, but sustained no serious damage to their persons. In December last, Rev. H. H. Hutchinson, head of the Presbyterian Mission in Mexico, was selected by the congregation to become their pastor and to organize the congregation in a more formal manner. Converts were added to the church, and in all the society numbered 68 persons, mostly natives of the country. Preaching took place and meetings were held at Diaz's residence. They looked for a suitable building for church purposes, and soon rented one which had served as a Roman Catholic Church, and was subsequently used by French invaders and occupied as a mercantile warehouse. The chapel was formally opened in January last, Mr. Hutchinson officiating as pastor. On the 25th of that month, after the services, the

congregation retired without any fears of injury from their enemies. Mr. Hutchinson did not at that time attend the chapel, the services being conducted by Mr. Diaz. There were present 90 or 40 members. A few minutes after 8 p.m., as the congregation were singing the last hymn, a disturbance was occasioned by a party of Mexicans, armed with machettes and muskets. From the testimony adduced on the examination into the disturbances, only six or eight of these armed men entered the building, the others remaining outside for the purpose, it is said, of finishing the Protestants who should attempt to escape. The struggle in the chapel did not continue more than eight minutes. Shots were fired, but the principal damage was done by the machettes. The Protestants, after the assassins retired, barricaded their chapel as a means of protection from the force outside. Among the number killed was a coloured man named Henry Morris, a barber and a native of Boston. His body was fearfully mangled; his head was almost severed from the body.

Christian Miscellany.

A RABBIT CHASE.

More than sixty years ago, in a retired New England parish, three youths met by agreement every Sunday morning, and walked together to church. One, who was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, was an earnest Christian; another was a sceptic; and between these two, during the walk, the subject of religion was warmly discussed. Each, however, remained firm in his own convictions.

It chanced one day that the apprentice was in the hay-field, looking at the men as they were mowing.

Suddenly a rabbit started up among the mowers, who threw down their scythes and gave chase. The lad too joined in the pursuit, and carried away by the excitement, he unwarily set his bare heel on one of the sharp scythes. Help was immediately called for, but such was the loss of blood from the severed arteries, that the surgeon gave no hope of recovery.

The young sceptic called on his companion. In the apparently dying lad he saw the power of that religion he had so often attacked. Where argument had failed, the calm confidence, the lively hope, and the dying joy of

of his companion, reached success. He went from that presence a converted soul.

The lad, however, recovered, but was a cripple for life. Giving up the thought of learning a trade, he pursued a course of study, entered the ministry, and became the well-known, and much loved missionary to the Choctaws, the Rev. C. Kingsbury, D.D. The converted companion became the no less distinguished Dr. Joel Hawes, for so many years a preacher in Hartford, Conn. Two glorious lives dating from the chance running of a rabbit!

The truth of this story is vouched for by a son of one of the three friends, Rev. H. D. Walker, of Bridgewater, Mass.—*Selected.*

INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS.

Rev. S. Herring related many interesting cases, one of which was remarkable. A young man went to the hall with a companion, intending to write the bitterest and cruellest articles against Messrs. Moody and Sankey. In a short time Mr. Sankey's song touched his heart, and the preaching moved him still further, so that when going out he said, "Do you think this right hand dare write anything against these two holy men? No! If it writes anything it will be to bless them and their work."

Mr. A. O. Charles recited quite a string of cases of conversion, told at a prayer-meeting lately held by the stewards of the hall, many of them resulting through Mr. Sankey's songs. In one case, a gentleman of fashion and leader of society in his country home, was induced to go to the meetings, and the result of several conversations was that he went to the country for his Easter holidays, as he said, "to be the leader of a very different society to that in which he had hitherto moved."

An old man in the body of the hall said he had been in London about fifty years, and had seen all kinds of crowds, but none so patient and orderly as those that nightly attended the Agricultural Hall. On Sunday morning he was in the crowd waiting for the doors to be opened, and though they got wet outside with the rain, they did not mind it, as they knew they would get a better kind of shower inside the hall. He had got so warmed up at the meetings yesterday, he was hardly cooled down yet.

Another speaker in the hall, told how some of his friends, when standing outside waiting for admission conversed with an old gentleman who said, "I am going inside, but I do not believe in any God or devil, in heaven or hell, or the soul. How old do you think I am?" They thought he might be seventy. "I am eighty-one." He had not been long listening to the gospel before he began to weep like a child. He said to these friends at the close, "Are you going home?" "Yes, we must go, as we live at Kingston." He said, "I am not: I never heard anything like this, or felt like this. I must go into the inquiry-room." Further than that, added the speaker, I know not, but surely that was a great thing to praise God for.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Mr. Newman Hall gives the following instances of answers to prayer from his own experience: The writer's brother, when superintendent of a Sunday school, felt a strong impulse, one Saturday evening, to call on a member of his Bible class whom he had never visited before, and to inquire if he was in any need. He found him very ill. Though the mother and sister seemed in comfortable circumstances, he felt constrained to inquire if he could aid them in any way. They burst into

tears, and said that the young man had been asking for food which they had no power to supply, and that on Monday some of their goods were to be taken in default of the payment of rates. When he knocked at the door they were on their knees in prayer for help to be sent them. By the aid of a few friends the difficulty was at once met—but the timely succour was felt to be the Divine response to prayer.

With that brother the writer was once climbing the Cima di Jazzi, one of the mountains in the chain of Monte Rosa. When nearly at the top, they entered a dense fog. Presently the guides faced right about, and ground their axes on the frozen snow-slope. The brother—seeing the slope still beyond, and not knowing it was merely

the cornice, overhanging a precipice of several thousand feet—rushed onward. The writer will never forget their cry of agonized warning. His brother stood a moment on the very summit, and then, the snow yielding, began to fall through. One of the guides, at great risk, rushed after him and seized him by the coat. This tore away, leaving only three inches of cloth, by which he was dragged back. It seemed impossible to be nearer death and yet escape. On his return home, an invalid member of his congregation told him that she had been much in prayer for his safety, and mentioned a special time when she particularly was earnest, as if imploring deliverance from some great peril. The times corresponded. Was not that prayer instrumental in preserving that life?

HERE AND THERE.*

Oh, send me down a draught of love,
Or take me hence to drink above;
Here Marah's water fill my cup,
But *there* all griefs are swallowed up.

Love *here* is scarce a faint desire,
But *there* the spark's a glowing fire;
Joys *here* are drops that passing be,
But *there* an overflowing sea!

My faith, that sees so darkly *here*,
Will *there* resign to vision clear;
My hope, that's *here* a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing,
But *there* the captive is a king!
Here grace is like a buried seed,
But sinners *there* are saints indeed!

My portion *here*'s a crumb at best,
But *there* the Lamb's eternal feast;
My praise is now a smothered fire,
But *there* I'll sing and never tire.

* From *Sacred Poems of the 18th Century*.

Now dusky shadows cloud my way,
But there the shades will flee away;
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And show the glory of His face!

My numerous foes now beat me down,
But there I'll wear the victor's crown;
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King!—RALPH ERSKINE.

Children's Treasury.

THE SON OF A PRAYING MOTHER.

Richard Knill had a pious mother, but not a pious father.

At the time of his birth, even the mother was not a Christian; and her son was old enough, at the time of her conversion to remember this change. He had no remembrance of ever hearing his father speaking unkindly to his mother, except about this. The mother sought comfort in prayer, and would often take her boy with her into her chamber, and say: "kneel down with me, my dear, and I will pray with you; your father and your brothers will not join me."

In his seventeenth year young Knill had finished his apprenticeship, and went abroad into the wide world to try his fortune. But "evil communications" soon corrupted "good manners." In the midst of wicked old men, and wicked young men, he forgot the prayers of his pious mother, and became fond of singing foolish songs, and breaking the Sabbath, thus stifling the voice of conscience, and fighting against God; and all this before he was twenty. His fondness for music was a great snare to him. Satan often took advantage of it to lead him into company. At last he began to fancy that if he enlisted

into the militia he should soon get into the band, and then it would be music and songs all the year round. Accordingly he enlisted. This really broke his mother's heart. "Now," said she, "body and soul are lost; oh! what can be done?"

The friend who had been the means of leading the mother to Christ, called on young Knill's parents to sympathize with them, and offered to try and procure his discharge. During the proceedings which followed, the young soldier remained in his friend's house, and attended night and morning at family prayer. This was a new and strange scene to him. He had never been present at a family prayer in his life.

The first night he was in this good man's house, about nine o'clock a bell was rung, and shopman and servants all came into the parlour and sat down. Knill looked with surprise, and wondered what was to come next. When all were seated, the master opened the Bible, and read a portion. They then rose and fell on their knees. The sight overpowered young Knill. He trembled and almost fainted. At last he kneeled down too. He thought of his past life. He thought of his present position. He thought, "can such a guilty creature be saved?" He heard but little of

his kind friend's prayer. All his thoughts were about himself. His conscience said: "This is how true Christians live; but how have I lived? God has not been in all my thoughts; but now I will begin to seek mercy."

He went to bed that night feeling as he had never done before. On entering his room he looked around for a Bible, but found none. There was a copy of Doddridge's Hymns on the table, however; and taking it up, he read some verses on his knees, and then poured out his heart in broken prayers, and went to bed.

From this time there was a great change in his outward conduct, and he could not commit sin without stings of conscience. But he was for a time a stranger to that godly sorrow which worketh repentance which needeth not to be repented of. The great change took place some months after, under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Rooker at Bideford; and soon after, the "body and soul," which the afflicted mother had wept over as lost, when her son became a soldier, were consecrated to the service of a new master; who saved them, and henceforward employed them for the accomplishment of the highest purposes. "Blessed be God," Richard Knill, the missionary, used to say in after years,— "Blessed be God for a praying mother."

THE FARMER'S PARROT.

One beautiful spring, a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of his largest fields in corn; but the neighboring crows committed sad havoc with it.

The farmer, however, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them, upon their next visit, a warm reception.

Now, the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and being very tame, it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged in the farmer-like occupation of raising corn.

The farmer with his gun sallied forth. Reaching his cornfield he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

On looking among the murdered crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed:

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer, "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

A CHILD'S RELIGION.

In a poor home, a little time ago, a father died of fever. He left as desolate a home as I had ever seen. On the burial night, his widow and children were seated by the fire; the only daughter, a child of ten years, looking with a wearied look into her mother's face, said, "Mother, how very sore my head is!" Next day fever in her was also developed, and for the safety of the rest, she was ordered to the hospital. She

was one of our Sabbath-school scholars. Just before the twilight hour, the hospital van came to take her. In times of trouble, you often see among the poor a quiet strength, which rises to heroism. When the wheels of the van were heard at the door, the mother simply said, "Maggie, they have come for you now." To prepare to go, the child at once raised her aching head from the pillow, with her artless, "Mother, you know I may not come back to you again. Will the man wait till I sing my hymn?" And with a quivering voice she began with—

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high."

After a moment's pause, she took up the chorus of another favourite hymn with our scholars :

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

And so they carried the ailing child that night, with these joyous thoughts filling her young heart, to pitch her tent in the place where the journey from this to the eternal world is so short, and so often made.

Oh, blessed religion 'tis of Jesus!
Blessed to the child of ten, as well as
to the sage of seventy years.

"This is but a child's religion," you say. Yes; and is it not the glory of the gospel that it does give strength and gladness to the young heart? The most childlike are most blessed by it. Jesus will yet, as when on earth, deal gently with the little ones; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—*Weekly Welcome.*

A Fortnight in Galilee.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

CARMEL—THE RIVER KISHON—A BOLD ROBBERY—THE MONKS AND THEIR CONVENT.

Bidding farewell to the monks of Nazareth, we set our faces towards the Western Sea. It was a long day's ride to Carmel; but the country and scenery were delightful, and some of the places of historic interest.

CARMEL.

From early morning to noon we had on our left the long ridge of Carmel, stretching from the Mediterranean inward for about eighteen miles, and rising at its highest point to a height of 1,782 feet. In the days of Israel's glory, this mountain was a vast hang-

ing garden, covered as a fruitful field (Carmel) with vineyards, olive-yards, and orchards of figs, from its base to the wide table-land on its summit. It was then a fitting emblem of the bride's head adorned with ornaments and flowers. "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel," Song vii. 5; "But the top of Carmel has withered," Amos i. 2. There is not now a single habitation, nor a single fruit tree to be seen on Carmel, till one reaches the Convent on its Western shoulder. It is covered with wild mountain shrubs of stunted growth, and briery bushes of great density. During all the forenoon, as we were slowly descending the hills, among which Nazareth lies hidden, towards the plain of Jezreel, we had, towering

in front of us, the summit that Dean Stanley has identified as the scene of the great contest between the one prophet of God and the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. This summit is on the extreme Eastern point of the ridge, "commanding," as Dean Stanley says, "the last view of the sea behind, and the first view of the great plain in front. On this summit, commanding a view of the great plain and its cities, of the Kishon and its branches, there stood no doubt at one time an altar to God, beside the perennial spring from which travellers now drink. This altar fell into ruins, as Jezebel raised, in opposition to it, the altar of Baal, who was sure to covet this noble summit for one of his temples. Down that steep face of a thousand feet the wretched idol priests were hurried to the bank of the Kishon, which takes a turn there to meet the mountain, hugging its very base. Till this day the river is called by the Arabs the "River of Slaughter," from the bloody business of that day.

THE RIVER KISHON.

In our journey, we came at last to the banks of "that ancient river, the river Kishon," which we found a paltry streamlet, scarcely reaching to the horses' knees, as they drank its muddy waters. This river is the drain by which the waters of the great plain, and of the mountains that slope down towards the plain, are carried to the Mediterranean Sea. Though in summer it is well nigh dry, yet we can see that between its high and confined banks it must, as a winter torrent, rush on in its course with a volume and a velocity that would "sweep away" all the armies in the world, riders and footmen, if they madly attempted to cross it at such a season. A few days after this we crossed the Kishon at its very mouth, and found that to ford it (after receiving some heavy springs from Carmel) was just

as much as our small horses could do. But we got safely across.

Early in the afternoon we came in sight of the Bay of Acre, the only bay belonging to Palestine, and in sight also of the nose of Carmel, (pushing itself into the sea,) the only promontory in the land. The bay has a fine sweep, (where it might be represented by the wood of the warrior's bow,) but it lies too open in its mouth (its string is too slack) to be of much use as a harbour for shelter from westerly winds. Turning to the left, before reaching Kaifa, (a small town that occupies the site of Ecbatana, where Cambyes died, on his way back from Egypt,) we began the ascent to the Convent that stands some six hundred feet on Carmel's western brow, looking out over the great sea.

A BOLD ROBBERY.

We were not the only party in the Convent that night. There came there, shortly before we came, a party of missionaries from Damascus, who were spending a few weeks in making a tour through Southern Palestine. They came from Joppa, up by the sea-shore, through the maritime plain, towards Carmel. As the country was reported unsafe, they hired two mounted soldiers to escort them to Acre. When they came to the ruins of Cesarea, on the coast, a party of about forty half-naked Arabs sprung on them, from among the ruins. The soldiers, to whom they looked for protection, seeing the position of things, turned tail, put spurs to their horses, and disappeared in the distance. The robbers offered no violence. They wanted simply to get the money and the goods of the travellers; but being ignorant of the European mystery of pockets, they failed to get the money, but took all the goods they could lay hands on, short of stripping the persons of the travellers, which fortunately, as there were ladies in the

party, they did not attempt. Information was given at Kaifa to the British Consul of the robbery; and the company of horsemen we saw leaving the town in the evening, in the direction of the great plain southwards, at the time our party was climbing the steep path to the Convent, was a company of horsemen sent out in search of the goods and the delinquents. Of course, neither the goods nor the robbers were found. One of the gentlemen robbed, Dr. H——, now of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who travelled with us a few days afterwards from Beyroot to Damascus, told us, that up to that date nothing had been recovered or discovered, nor at a subsequent period, when we left Damascus. It is this insecurity of life and property, under the miserable government of the Turks, and the impossibility of bringing criminals to justice, that causes the land to mourn.

THE MONKS AND THEIR CONVENT.

Carmel is the natural home of the bareheaded, barefooted order of friars, that are known as the Carmelites. They fixed their home here, in the time of the Crusades, in these caves in the face of the rock, that command such a magnificent view of the Mediterranean Sea. A crusading king built a convent for them. It fell into disrepair. One of the monks collected a large sum of money in Europe, for the erection of the present house, which was six years in building, and is now one of the finest buildings of the kind in the Holy Land, two stories high, with large, airy rooms, well furnished, well kept, not unlike a large American hotel, and commanding views of the great plains, of the great bay, and of the great sea, which one can never forget. So delightful was the situation, so kind were the brethren, so comfortable were the lodgings, that we lingered there a day and two nights. The stay was a time of rest and enjoyment. We saw

through and through the convent, visiting the church and the cells of the monks; we explored the caves in the face of the hill; walked over the great coast-road, (for which there is barely room between Carmel and the sea,) over which the mighty kings of Egypt and Assyria passed their armies, "with thundering tread," as they came and went on their warlike expeditions for and against each other; and over which passed several times a greater conqueror than these—Paul, who once travelled this road from Ptolemais to Cesarea, and more than once on his way to Antioch from Jerusalem, bearing to us Gentiles the message of salvation.

We had a good chance, during this brief sojourn, of talking to the brethren of the convent. As a general rule, the superiors of these eastern convents are men of education and polished manners, and the Superior of the Carmelites was pre-eminently a gentleman, and well informed. But the rule is just as general that the rest of the monks in these convents are a very ignorant and uninteresting class of beings, who are very kind to travellers, and very attentive to their prayers, but who seem not to live, but to vegetate in these aimless retreats.

It was very instructive and amusing to sit down for an hour to examine the Convent Register for travellers. In this book every traveller is expected to enter his name, and to make remarks on things in general, and on the monks in particular, if he chooses. The names of many distinguished men of Europe and America were there; and their remarks, made in varied mood and in various tongues, would form an interesting chapter of varieties. But we must conclude our "Fortnight in Galilee" with this chapter. When we leave Carmel, we leave Palestine. Henceforward our travels will be through the territory of Syria and the coast of Asia Minor.

Notices of Books.

ZION CHURCH PULPIT, a monthly publication of Sermons, by Rev. WM. COCHRANE, M.A., Brantford.

The best evidence we could give of our appreciation of Mr. Cochrane's sermons is the fact that we transferred to our columns one of them not long ago, from his published book—"Heavenly Visions." We are glad to see this monthly publication, and wish for it long life and many readers. We make room for this extract for the reason that it is pointed and practical.

"It is not good for a man too frequently to anticipate death, if it unfits him for the active duties of life. But to ignore all thought of death from day to day, and strive to banish the very idea of eternity from the mind is the extreme of madness. To follow the remains of companions and friends day after day to the grave and yet never put the question 'am I ready for the change?' is surely inconceivable folly. And yet my hearers, how many of you seriously and habitually anticipate the hour of your departure? When you closed your stores last evening and balanced up the business transactions of the week, did it strike you, that possibly you would never again enter them; never again stand at your desk, or behind your counter, and that ere the beginning of another week, you might be called to render the account of life and balance affairs with your Maker? That time will come. To you it will be the last message from heaven and to me the last sermon. Supposing then, that the marching orders came thus suddenly and unexpectedly, what are your feelings in prospect of death and judgment? Are you willing to depart? Are you waiting for the call? Have

you a well grounded assurance, that whatever be the character of your closing moments, all shall be well with you in the eternal state? Can you joyfully say:

"This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come,
Onwards to it I am hastening,
On to my eternal home.
Soon we pass the desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never, sin again."

RELIGION AND SCIENCE. Wm. Mullan, Belfast; James Campbell and Son, Toronto.

The assaults of infidels against the Bible have always resulted in strengthening the authority of that book. Many a man passes through the world, and out of it, without knowing his own strength, because he was never questioned, tried, tested by opposition and assaults of shrewd and relentless enemies. The true heroes of the world were not born heroes, nor did they make themselves such, but circumstances striking against the hidden heroic elements in them, shaped them into heroic characters. So, in a sense, it is with the Bible. We would never know the hidden power of the Bible but for the assaults made on it. It is like a torch, the more you shake it, the more it shines.

Historians and literary men have attacked the Bible, but the progress of discovery and of criticism is step by step forcing them to quit the field. It is now the turn of Science. With a shout, it raised its big hammer lately in Belfast, and Tyndall thought he had broken the anvil; but, to his

astonishment, he is beginning to find out that it is the hammer that is broken, and not the anvil. All honour to the men, from Punch downward (or, shall we say upward?), who have given in their rejoinders, as the French say, a "cat for his rat."

It was fitting that Belfast should be foremost in the reply, as it was the spot where Christianity was openly assaulted and insulted, in the name of science. We welcome, therefore, these nine lectures on the subject above, from the pens of the leading clergymen of the Presbyterian Church of the North of Ireland.

The names of the lecturers, and the subjects of their lectures, are as follows:—

SCIENCE AND REVELATION: their distinctive Provinces; with a review of the theories of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer; by Rev. Professor Porter, author of "Giant Cities of Bashan," "Murray's Handbooks to Syria," etc.

DESIGN IN THE STRUCTURE AND FERTILISATION OF PLANTS, a proof of the existence of God; with 15 illustrations; by Dr. Moore, Glasnevin, Dublin.

HERBERT SPENCER'S PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY; by Rev. Professor Watts, author of "Atomism," etc.

THE DOCTRINE OF AN IMPERSONAL GOD, in its effects on Morality and Religion; by Rev. W. Todd Martin, M.A., Newtownards.

MIRACLES AND PROPHECY, direct proofs that the Bible is a Revelation from God; by Rev. A. C. Murphy, Londonderry.

PRAYER IN RELATION TO NATURAL LAW; by Rev. Professor Wallace, author of "Representative Responsibility," etc.

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS BELIEF; by Rev. John Macnaughtan, Belfast.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CHRIST, an Evidence of the Truth of Christianity; by Rev. John Nolan, Belmont.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BIBLE, a proof of its Divine Origin; by Rev. Mr. Magill, Cork, Moderator of General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

The lectures, which are sold at fourpence sterling a piece, will no doubt be bound in one volume.

POPEERY DISSECTED; being a Series of Unanswered Letters addressed to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Arichat, N.S.; by the Rev. A. C. GILLIES, Sherbrook, N.S.

These letters, and the appended matter, arose out of the assault made on Mr. Chiniquy, in 1873, at Antigonish, N.S. The letters, which are "*fortiter in modo*," as well as "*in re*," (strong in language as well as in argument,) are designated above as "*unanswered*." They might as well be called "*unanswerable*;" for what answer can be given to the doctrines and practices of Rome, except the old answer (which Mr. Gillies would have received quickly, were Nova Scotia, Spain and 1873, 1573) given by Liguori: "Those who, after a second admonition, remain obstinate in their errors, must not only be excommunicated, but they must be delivered to the secular powers, to be exterminated."