



GIDEON'S FLEECE.

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GIDEON'S FLEECE.

“And Gideon said unto God, let me prove, I pray Thee, but this once with the fleece.”—JUDGES vi. 39.

ALL night long, on hot Gilboa's mountain,
With unmoistened breath, the breezes blew ;
All night long the green corn in the valley
Thirsted—thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah ;
Sought the white fleece in the mountain pass,
As he heard the crimson morning rustle
In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,
Not a diamond in the lily's crown ;
Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,
Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,
Every dark leaf set in diamond drops,
Silver-frosted lay the lowland meadows,
Silver-frosted all the mountain tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chieftain ;
Sought his white fleece 'mid the dewy damps,
As the early sun looked through the woodlands,
Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom
Of that breaking sun a semblance rare ;
All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,
Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.

Type, strange type of Israel's early glory,
 Heaven-sprinkled when the earth was dry ;
 Mystic type, too, of her sad declining,
 Who doth desolate and dewless lie,

When all earth is glistening in the presence
 Of the Sun that sets not night or day,
 When the fulness of His spirit droppeth
 On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,
 Of her glory and her grievous fall ;
 Hath that sacrament of shame and splendour
 To thine own heart not a nearer call ?

There are homes whereon the grace of heaven
 Falleth ever softly from above—
 Homes, by simple faith and Christian duty,
 Steeped in peace and holiness and love ;
 Churches where the voice of praise and blessing
 Droppeth daily like the silver dew,
 Where the earnest lips of love distilleth
 Words like water running through and through.

There are children, trained in truth and goodness,
 Graceless, careless, in those holy homes ;
 There are hearts within those Christian temples
 Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there, sin-defiled and barren,
 Haunts of prayerless lips and ruined souls,
 Where some lonely heart in secret filleth
 Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls :

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and gentle,
 Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot,
 Feels a tender spirit, in the darkness,
 Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ be with us ! that these hearts within us
 Prove not graceless in the hour of grace ;
 Dew of heaven ! feed us with the sweetness
 Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.

As the winds of winter lash the ocean into turbulence, so angry words lash a man into passions, through which he oftentimes makes disastrous shipwreck of his hopes, his all.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA OF GALILEE.

THE marriage in Cana of Galilee was probably the first Christian wedding that was ever in the world. It was honoured with the presence of Jesus, His mother, and five of His disciples; and on the occasion Christ wrought His first miracle and manifested forth His glory. As we might expect, the occasion and the miracle are not uninteresting subjects of meditation.

John the Baptist had said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and the Father had said, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." But "this beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory; and His disciples believed on Him." This was the introduction of a series of miracles which were to be greater witnesses than John. It is not unreasonable to expect that this miracle would have a comprehensive bearing. And if we can see in it and the occasion far-reaching symbols of future facts in the gospel scheme, may we not infer that the Allwise One intended it to foreshadow these things? If this can be allowed, the marriage occasion and the miracle were not accidental, but were determined in the counsels of infinite wisdom.

We may consider first the occasion. Why did Christ begin His miracles at a wedding? If what is revealed does not directly inform us how to answer such a question, we inquire after what is highly probable. And although we cannot speak with certainty, we may nevertheless be near the truth.

The marriage relation is the fountain of domestic and social life; in fact, it may be called, in a modified sense, the fountain of human life. Through it God has made of one blood all nations. In this relation the first man and the first woman stood. In this relation, before any had been born of our first parents, they *sinned* and the fountain of human life was made corrupt. And at this early date in the history of the race the first promise of a Saviour was given. It is well known that this promise referred to the last Adam, who was made a "quickening spirit." In the fulness of time the promised One appears to bruise the head of the deceiver, and begins to manifest His power and His glory at a wedding. The serpent wrought death while the first pair stood "*as one flesh*;" and

on an occasion when two are being "made one flesh," Jesus, the giver of life, manifests forth His glory. Thus, as far as the circumstances would permit, Christ begins His work where Satan began to effect our fall in Eden.

But the conjugal relation has been a divinely chosen type of the union between Christ and His Church. Of this relation God has said, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." And Paul says, "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies." This very love Christ manifests towards the Church; and of this unity and love Paul further adds, "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." He is the bridegroom; the Church is the bride. He is the head; "we are the members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." Here is unity, and love in the unity in their most perfect form; in proof of which we may add, "He loved the Church, and gave himself for it."

At the time of the marriage in Cana of Galilee it can hardly be said the bride existed. Her day was yet in the future; but He who could look unerringly into the future knew of a relation to take place, and with what wisdom He begins to manifest His glory at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. And further, beyond the day of probation the many individuals saved out of every nation will be gathered, and they shall be one with Christ, as He and the Father are one, and they shall behold His glory. This great event in which we hope to participate is the marriage of the Lamb. Of it John says, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." It may be, therefore, that while Christ chose to begin His miracles at a wedding, He intended the occasion to refer in some way to the nuptial feast of the great future. Through Christ the bride is being made ready for the grand consummation of the redemptive scheme, and shall we be surprised if the beginning of His work points towards what is to follow?

We may now consider the miracle itself. Here the question is suggested, *why did Christ make wine?* In some there may be a secret regret that Christ did thus as He began to manifest His glory. But the fact is before us, and the narrative places it beyond

a doubt that He made wine of most excellent quality. Whatever wine had been drunk, the governor of the feast pronounced this the best. Although the sense of taste may have been somewhat blunted, the new made wine is so good that its excellency is easily detected.

Long before this it was revealed that "the life of the flesh is in the blood;" also that "it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." The blood of sprinkling was blood not yet dead—blood into which the life principle of the flesh entered. But the blood of sprinkling was a type of the blood of Christ, and His blood is the true "blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel." Christ has been made a sin offering for us; and in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper He appointed wine, used in the ordinance as a type of His death until His coming again. Why He chose the juice of the grape for this purpose we do not pretend to state with certainty. But knowing that it has a resemblance to blood, that the principle of life is in grape juice as well as in the vine, and that Christ represents Himself as "*the true vine*," we can discern a probable reason for this selection. The juice of the grape may therefore be a representation of blood as to its colour, and of life; and in its spiritual bearing it is a type of the blood of the everlasting covenant, in which there is life for the dead.

When Christ made wine He showed His power over nature, and that He could control the laws of life. In nature's laboratory the principle of life is too deep for man to reach. It escapes the searchings of chemical analysis, also the eye of the most skilled dissector. But Christ in this miracle mingles element with element in proper proportions; and there is truth in the remark, "Jesus in the miracle did *rapidly* what the God of nature does *slowly* every autumn." In this exhibition of His glory—of His being God manifest in the flesh, it may be that He purposely made wine, as a type of His own blood.

The quantity of wine also may have a typical signification. It is estimated that the six water-pots held about 126 gallons. Dr. Whedon remarks, "The wine, the very fresh blood, shed through the wine, from the rich heart of nature—the ruddy image of the saving blood of nature's Lord—is here poured forth with a profusion that richly symbolizes the freeness and intrinsic boundlessness of His salvation."

It is not uninteresting to notice the character of the wine Christ made. The question that meets us here is, *was it intoxicating?* On this point several facts and probabilities are the data from which we must judge the case. It is well known that alcohol is produced in the descending scale of change, namely, only when and where decay or corruption exist. It has never been found in the upward course of natural development. Take, for example, an apple while it is growing, and when it is sound and ripe, it is free from alcohol; but it is not thus free when the whole or part of it has become rotten. It follows that alcohol is not a type of life, and that intoxicating wine is a fit symbol of death. Now, if the wine Christ made had any typical connection with the spiritual life through His own blood, is it not morally certain that He made simply wine corresponding in all its parts and properties to the pure blood of the grape? In this view of the case there is a beautiful appropriateness in what Christ did. While to assume the opposite as the more probable is to destroy the typical importance of the wine made, and to lead us to conclusions at variance with Christ's sinless life.

Passing from the typical character of this wine, there are moral considerations worthy of notice. Christ was not a wine-bibber, though he was a friend of publicans and sinners. He speaks in the strongest terms against drunkenness. At this we feel no surprise, for it has been, and is, one of the most fruitful sources of evil among men. In the narrative by St. John, it seems that some wine had been drunk. If the guests had exhausted the supply of wine, either pure or intoxicating, is it at all likely that Christ would make a great quantity of first class intoxicating wine? And further, if the wine provided was sweet and unintoxicating, as much wine now used in southern France, Italy and Sicily is at this day, who can suppose that Christ would attempt to manifest His glory by tempting the guests to drunkenness? It may be also that the quantity of wine Christ made was not only typical, as stated, but it may have been a supply equal to the festivities which were yet to continue for several days. Let this be granted, also, that the wine was intoxicating; and the conclusion is, as the Son of God began to manifest His glory, He provided for a drunken revelry of several days. This cannot be granted. It contrasts so much with His sinlessness, that we almost hesitate to write such a supposition for the sake of argument. Viewing the miracle as the beginning of Christ's great works, and as

typical of His great salvation also in its moral considerations, the only fair conclusion is, Christ made wine like the fresh blood of the grape, "shed from the rich heart of nature."

Thus the marriage in Cana of Galilee was not only adorned and beautified by the presence of Christ and His first miracle, but His presence and miracle comprehended deep mysteries. He seems to have made the occasion and the miracle a forecast of all that was to follow in His great scheme of redemption. In meditating upon the narrative of this wedding, we see His power manifested; we cannot conclude that He favoured the use of strong drink; and we are carried forward to His passion—to His future glory, and our exceeding great reward.

E. S. RUPERT.

REV. THOMAS VASEY.

THE Life of the Rev. Thomas Vasey, by his widow, is a neat 12mo volume of 378 pages, embellished with a steel engraving, which is an admirable likeness of the sainted man whose career the book portrays. The writer knew Mr. Vasey before he entered the ministry, and remembers the impression he made when he came to the good old city of Durham, where, though he was but a young man, he was characterized by the stateliness of a father rather than the vivacity of a youth. "The Life" is a fine evidence of womanly affection, the reading of which has revived many reminiscences in our mind, and prompted us to write this sketch of one for whom we always had the deepest reverence.

Mr. Vasey's father died when he was only four years of age; hence his training devolved upon his godly mother, and right well did she discharge the important duties of her trust. She must have been a woman of more than ordinary ability as well as genuine piety, as she brought up her family respectably, and had the pleasure of seeing them all do well; and what is especially deserving of note, they all maintained a life-long attachment to the Church of their fathers, though Thomas was the only one who, like his father, became a minister.

Woodhouse Grove School, where so many Methodist preachers' sons have been educated, was the place where he laid the foundation of that noble character which he afterwards maintained, and by which he still speaks to the youth of Methodism especially,

throughout the world. In reading "The Life," we have not been surprised at the attachment which he always felt for "the Grove," and the deep interest he invariably took in everything pertaining to its welfare. After entering the ministry, he was for many years Secretary of the Committee of that school, and was always ready to write or speak on its behalf.

On leaving school he entered the office of a gentleman at Sunderland, from which he was promoted to the responsible position of cashier in a bank at Darlington. Here he won the favour of all with whom he had to do; and had he chosen to continue in this lucrative situation, there is no doubt but that he would have become wealthy, and not a few expressed themselves as being astonished that he should throw away such opportunities of preferment to become a Methodist preacher. But prior to this time he had become possessed of "the pearl of great price," and had devoted all his spare hours to the cultivation of his mind. He did not, like too many, leave off his habits of study when he left school, but was ever desirous to add to his stock of information. In company with other young persons like minded with himself, he still pursued a course of reading which was beneficial to them all.

On becoming a new creature in Christ Jesus, however, he gave himself up to the study of the Bible and works of a theological character. He was soon selected to join that noble class of men peculiar to Methodism, in England especially so, viz., Local Preachers. And so soon as his duties at the bank were finished, he would repair to his room, and desired no other company than his books, until sometimes long past midnight, when he would retire to rest.

He was now emphatically a hard student, and composed many sermons, some of which were allowed to do good service until his dying day. Some are of opinion that a few of his best discourses were composed at this time. He took great pains in their preparation, and as he was no smatterer, and never built upon another man's foundation, there was always a freshness and originality about his sermons such as cannot be said of all discourses. As might be expected, he was very popular as a local preacher. We well remember how, when Thomas Vascy was planned at the villages around Darlington, there was sure to be a full house, as he was never known to disappoint a congregation, and the people esteemed him very highly in love for his work's sake.

It must have cost him a great struggle to obey the call of the Church and enter the ministry, as his widowed mother and the younger members of the family needed the aid which he always most cheerfully rendered them; but that sainted lady, on being acquainted with the case, soon most cheerfully consented for him to embark on the honourable course which she had hoped and prayed might be his lot. And that he did not mistake his calling is manifest from the results that everywhere followed his labours.

From the commencement of his itinerant career, he seems to have been resolved to make full proof of his ministry. He was a voluminous reader, and was especially careful about being well read in all the peculiarities of Methodist theology. As a preacher's son, and having always mingled with Methodist people, it need excite no wonder that his knowledge of the usages and history of Methodism was extensive and correct. He was always ready to act the defender of Methodism, no matter who might be the assailant. He was sometimes in trouble, but was never afraid to stand up for right.

We well remember the sensation created in the city of Durham by Daniel French, Esq., barrister, who was then lecturing on behalf of Popery, and whose discussion with Rev. Dr. Cumming had given such *eclat* to his name. The wily barrister made some outrageous attacks upon Protestantism, and challenged the clergy to become his combatants. For a time it seemed as though no one would take up the gauntlet which had been so haughtily thrown down; but, to the surprise of almost everybody, Mr. Vasey became the champion of Protestantism, and though at times his life was in peril by reason of the excited Hibernians Mr. French had gathered around him, the junior Methodist preacher nobly stood his ground, and announced a course of lectures in reply to those given by the papal champion. Mr. Vasey thus made himself a name among the lovers of free speech in the city of Durham, which remains to this day.

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Vasey through all the circuits which he occupied during the *thirty-one* years of his ministry; but the following will show the esteem in which he was held, and the position which he attained among his brethren: Exeter, Bishop Auckland, London (City Road), London (Islington), Hull, Bradford 1st, Leeds 1st, London (Hackney), Harrogate, Newcastle-on-

Tyne, and Sunderland. At Leeds he was made superintendent, and at Newcastle he became Chairman of the district, and had his health not failed, he would have been elected President of the Conference ; but instead of this he was obliged to ask for a super-numerary relation, and soon afterwards died.

From his first appointment to London, he took an active part in connexional matters, and was Secretary of the Committee of Privileges and of Education some six years, which gave him a great amount of extra work. He often sat up past midnight writing business letters, and more than once was obliged to wrap a wet cloth around his head. Many were accustomed to speak disparagingly of the leading ministers of those days, but they were little aware of the toil they performed in serving the Church which some were doing their utmost to destroy. From the extracts which are given from his diary, we are astonished that the strain upon his nervous system did not make him succumb sooner than he did. More than once he was obliged to take rest, when a few generous friends would provide him means to go abroad for a few weeks, and thus recuperate. His furloughs afforded him rest, and also provided subjects for useful lectures, which he delivered in his own circuits for the benefit of some benevolent cause. He never would take the least remuneration for himself on such occasions, and through life he never accepted of gratuities for such services.

Mr. Vasey's ministry was in the truest sense of the word a useful ministry. He did not covet popularity, nor seek to become great in the ordinary acceptation of that word ; usefulness was the great thing he always kept in view. He had a passion for soul saving, and was never content, no matter what tokens of prosperity there might be, if he did not see souls converted. He as much looked for conversions on Sabbath evenings especially, as he expected to take his appointments. He would also use extra means to accomplish the great end of the ministry. Sometimes for weeks together he would conduct special services, and on such occasions would seek to enlist all the talent of the Church. He was not very partial to the modern method of calling in foreign revivalists, but was anxious to have the Church in such a state that local preachers and leaders, as well as the members, would co-operate with the minister in labouring to convert sinners from the error of their ways.

Few men in the Methodist ministry in modern times conducted more open air services than Mr. Vasey. On Sabbath afternoons, when not planned, he would get a few friends together, and would go into some neglected part of the city or town and commence singing, and soon gather a crowd around him, to whom he would preach Christ and Him crucified. Very often before preaching on Sabbath evenings, he would head a company, and sing along the streets in real old Methodist fashion, causing crowds to follow him to the house of prayer who, but for such exertions, in all probability would have spent the evening of Sabbath elsewhere.

Through life Mr. Vasey was a great lover of children, and like a true son of John Wesley, he regularly met them in select weekly meetings, and often visited both the day and Sunday schools of his circuit. He did not wait until he was invited or until he was planned to such work, but was always ready as opportunity served to speak a word to the little folks, who gave evidence of their attachment to him by the attention they paid to his counsels and addresses.

Nor must it be forgotten that he was revered as a pastor. Here was another means of usefulness which he did not fail to use. When freed from business matters, nothing delighted him more than to go from house to house instructing his people in things which pertain to the kingdom. In some instances he took families by surprise, as he would not announce that he would visit in certain districts. Nor did he go merely in the evenings for social purposes, but would often drop in when the family were engaged in their ordinary routine of domestic engagements, when he would just give a few words of counsel, offer prayer, and go on his way. He was especially attentive to the sick, and such as he believed were about to die. With these he would be unremitting in his attendance, and would sometimes sit up the whole night watching over them, and pointing them to the sinners' Friend. In this way he endeared himself to the poor of his flock, among whom he was always useful.

To young men he was especially kind. When in London, where so many youths from the country are lost to Methodism, he was ever and anon finding out some who felt themselves secluded in that great city. He would visit them at their shops, or call upon them at their homes, and invite them to his house. In this

way not a few wanderers have been restored, while others were saved from the path of the destroyer. When he found young men whom he had reason to believe ought to preach, he would encourage them to exercise their gifts, and would lend them books, and recommend them as to their course of reading. In this way he would bring forward young men, some of whom have since attained no mean position in the ministry of the Methodist Church.

The last six or eight years of Mr. Vasey's life were doubtless the most successful. At Harrogate, which has long been a celebrated watering place, he was the means of spiritual good to many who came there from all parts of the kingdom, seeking to recuperate their wasted energies, and found what they did not anticipate, the water of life. At Newcastle and Sunderland he threw himself so much into evangelistic work, not only in his own circuit but also in every part of his district, that the whole country seemed to feel the revival wave. For years previous revivals had been rare occurrences; other subjects of far less moment had occupied public attention; but now it seemed as though "showers of blessing" were falling on all around. Hundreds, nay thousands, were made the happy partakers of saving grace. As Chairman of the district, Mr. Vasey was often called from home, and wherever he went a halo of glory seemed to accompany him. Some of the most abandoned outcasts of society were brought under the influence of religion, and were made useful members of the Church. The testimonies given by various ministers and others, respecting the displays of power at Newcastle, remind one of what took place under Peter's preaching at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, when thousands were pricked in the heart.

It is no matter of surprise that such Herculean labours as Mr. Vasey performed at this time should affect his fragile constitution. Had he been a man of robust strength it would have been difficult for him to endure the wear and tear to which he subjected himself; hence we are not astonished that he should sometimes have to stop in the street and lean against a lamp post; at other times he would fall down and writhe in agony for a considerable time, as though his last moments had come; and yet, in the midst of all this suffering, he would insist upon going into the pulpit when he could scarcely ascend the steps.

The great secret of Mr. Vasey's usefulness was his piety. He believed, and preached, and enjoyed *entire sanctification*. At his public reception when being ordained, he gave such a noble confession on the higher life, that Dr. Bunting, the president, thanked him publicly, and through life he was always careful to mind the same thing. He regularly met in band, kept a journal of his spiritual state, and went about spreading scriptural holiness through the land. He believed that holiness is power, and such he proved it to be. He was emphatically a man of God, lived much alone, and even spent whole nights in prayer. Remarkable answers were given to some of the petitions which he addressed to the mercy seat. He regularly prayed for his friends, and his wife and children, by name. When Chairman of Newcastle district, he prayed every Sabbath morning for all the preachers in the district by name, and for several years he had special subjects for prayer every day of the week. Thus he lived in the beulah land, and was ripening for heaven a good while before he went there.

And is not holiness the great desideratum of these times? Holiness used to be one of the peculiarities of the people called Methodists. Shall the glory depart? God forbid. We rejoice that so many outside of Methodism are studying this subject; but there is still need that Methodist preachers cry aloud and spare not. Our people are increasing in wealth. The young people of Methodism are being well educated. Certain influences are being exerted to draw them from the Church of their fathers, and it becomes a grave question—Shall Methodism maintain its evangelistic position, or shall our people become more fashionable, and be drawn away by those amusements which cannot be practised in the name of Jesus, and do not minister to godliness? We know of nothing that can save the Church from the tide of formalism which is setting in around us, but maintaining the spirit of godliness as our fathers did. Let our seats of learning be maintained in all their vigour—let our young men be ambitious to excel in all useful learning—but, oh! let us not lose sight of this, that the secret of our power and success is HOLINESS.

Thomas Vasey died as he had lived. God was with him in the valley, and he went to heaven in the calm tranquillity of eventide, September 30, 1871; and now he rests from his labours and his works follow him.

E. B.

TEMPERANCE.

IT is pleasing to find that, among all the great meetings held in London during the lovely month of May, temperance is not forgotten. The National Temperance Society held its anniversary on May 3d. The secretary reported 11,000 teetotallers in the army. Military meetings are regularly held in all the garrisons. During the past year 137 had been held in that of London alone, and 580 "Guards" and 200 recruits had signed the pledge.

The Royal Naval Branch of the League has 98 branches on board Her Majesty's ships, and 14 at the Royal Marine garrisons, hospitals, and training ships, and 5,000 "blue jackets" had signed the pledge during the year. The missionary to seamen had paid 4,186 visits to vessels in the port of London, another had given addresses to children in 650 elementary schools; 2,350 lectures and addresses had been delivered by agents and honorary deputations. A fete was held during the year at the Crystal Palace attended by 37,780 persons, during which no liquors were sold at any of the bars. The receipts of the League were \$22,910. Two periodicals are published, *The Temperance Record*, and *Medical Temperance Journal*.

Church of England Temperance Society.—The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are its presidents, and the list of vice-presidents include no fewer than 19 bishops, while the council consists of some of the most influential gentlemen in the United Kingdom. In connection with the annual meeting, a conference was held, at which some valuable papers were read respecting the various phases of the temperance cause. At the public meeting there was a choir of 250 voices, which sung some delightful temperance melodies, and earnest addresses were delivered by several clergymen and other gentlemen.

From the report we gather that during the year 178 sermons had been preached. There are now 95 branches formed in different parts of the country. The society petitions Parliament for Sunday closing, and also restricting the traffic as far as possible. There is a ladies' committee which had obtained 14,000 signatures to a ladies' memorial addressed to the Queen, protesting against an extension of the hours for the sale of intoxicating liquor. The income of the society is \$22,000. The Duke of Westminster gives \$500 yearly for five years for a guarantee fund.

Congregational Total Abstinence Association.—The anniversary was held in the City Temple, and was presided over by E. Baines, Esq. Several gentlemen, some of whom are M.P's., and others, leading ministers of the Congregational body, took part in the meeting. Rev. Newman Hall delivered a most eloquent speech.

Baptist Total Abstinence Society.—This association also bids fair to become a useful auxiliary against the drink traffic. The annual meeting was held at an inopportune time, but some valuable papers were read, one of which said, "Intemperance is the deadliest foe, not only to our progress abroad but our usefulness at home. The ship that carries our devoted missionary to the heathen, and takes our Bibles and hymn books, carries out too frequently liquors of the vilest and most poisonous nature, that our Government would at once confiscate in England, but which English subjects are allowed to sell to our black fellow-subjects. What can rum be that is sold for two shillings a gallon, and returns an enormous profit? What success can a missionary expect when in the early morning march half of the British soldiers of an Indian regiment will be staggering with drink, while the Mohammedans will be sober to a man. It is time that English Christians bestirred themselves in this matter."

An open air mission has been formed in London, by which meetings are held every night in different parts of the metropolis. The summer campaign bids fair to be a vigorous one, inasmuch as on a recent Sabbath 30 large public meetings were held in the streets, and special sermons were preached on the same day in 90 churches and chapels. In this connection the doings of Mr. Fred. N. Charrington deserve special notice. He is a member of a well-known family of brewers, who own hundreds of public houses in London and its vicinity. He has given up his connection with the traffic, and begun in good earnest to labour as an Evangelist, in which capacity he has laboured in the east end of London for two years, and is about to erect a central hall and public house without intoxicants. He is sustained by such gentlemen as Hon. A. Kinnaid and others. He has paid \$14,000 for a site, and wants to raise \$50,000, and two gentlemen have subscribed \$5,000 each, and others \$500, so that they do not doubt his sanity as some pretend to do. The same gentleman has organized shoeblack and wood chopping brigades, and he has a boys' home for 140 destitute lads in active operation. He abounds in good works.

While there is all this stir in the Old World, we are pleased to note the fact that on this side the Atlantic the temperance men are striving nobly to stay the progress of the foe. The R. W. G. L. of I.O.G.T. has just held its yearly session at Bloomfield, Ill., the proceedings of which have been characterised with great enthusiasm. The Good Templars have become a powerful organization, inasmuch as there are 60 grand lodges, comprising a membership of 735,000, being an increase of 70,000 for the past year. These grand lodges are situated in various states, Canada, Great Britain, Australian colonies, besides subordinate lodges in France, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, East Indies, Japan, China, and West Indies.

Several places have lately carried the "Dunkin Bill." We hope our friends will see to it that the bill is worked as efficiently as possible. No doubt there are difficulties in the way of carrying out all its provisions, but let all work with a will, and success will crown the effort.

The conferences and synods are being held while we prepare this article for the press, and we are pleased to find that so far they are all speaking out on this question. Some have special committees, and have arranged for temperance sermons and public meetings for the advocacy of the cause.

We behold with pleasure how some are endeavouring to draw men from intemperance by means of social gatherings. In Greenock and Glasgow, a free breakfast is given every Sabbath morning to the poor, which is numerously attended by men, women and children who are often very poorly clad, but give evidence of their appreciation of such kindness. A choir of singers is in attendance to make the breakfast more pleasant; one or more clergymen also attend to conduct religious worship. In this way poor drunkards see that they are cared for.

A Friendly Inn has been established at Buffalo, U.S., where meals can be obtained at all hours at reasonable prices. There are accommodations for lodging, and papers and periodicals are kept on hand. Great good has already resulted from the establishment, though it has only been in existence twelve months. It is conducted under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

In Montreal, the St. George's Temperance Home bids fair to be a means of greatly aiding the cause of temperance in that city. A

suitable building has been secured and managers appointed. It is designed to be a kind of retreat for those who desire to reform from the habit of intoxication. We trust that it will accomplish all that its benevolent founders contemplate.

In the same city we find that the "Waverley Hotel Company" has been formed, the object of which is to start a hotel which shall be equal to first class hotels, without drink. Stock is being subscribed, and we are sure that it deserves to succeed.

In almost every part of the civilised world the war against the liquor traffic is raging. For instance, in New Brunswick a novel expedient has been adopted by the temperance people. They have to the number of 192, signed an appeal to Duncan McKarher & Brothers, John McKay, Alex. Holmes, Daniel Cameron and any others engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, imploring them to cease its sale in view of the terrible evils it is creating, and on behalf of the happiness of the young of the town, their earthly prosperity, their personal accountability, the preservation of domestic peace, the good of the town, and the glory of God. The petition with the signatures is published in the *New Glasgow Chronicle*.

We are especially pleased at what the women are doing in the temperance cause. They have conducted a noble crusade in Ohio and elsewhere; and here, in Ontario, what they have done at Owen Sound in reducing the number of taverns, and also at Picton in arousing the county of Prince Edward in favour of the Dunkin Bill, is ample proof of what they can do when they resolve upon a certain course of action.

In one of the towns of Scotland, the Ladies' Association issued circulars to all the publicans and hotel-keepers, asking them to give up their interest in the liquor traffic. Some of them replied and said they would, provided the ladies would give them a better and more profitable occupation.

By the influence of women, 700 saloons were closed in Brooklyn, 200 licenses were withdrawn, and 800 tavern-keepers promised to give up the Sunday traffic. No wonder women succeed, for they have days of fasting on which they offer special prayer for the success of their movement.

Aurora, June 1, 1875.

E. B.

EGYPT AND THE PENTATEUCH.

(Continued from page 395.)

WE now come to an interesting event, showing the thorough acquaintance of the writer of the Pentateuch with Egyptian habits and customs. Pharaoh has a dream, and his wise men being unable to interpret the same, he is troubled. The chief butler now remembers Joseph, and mentions his case to Pharaoh. Joseph is sent for in haste, and it is said "he shaved himself, and changed his raiment." This circumstance, though apparently trifling, is nevertheless significant. It was a universal Egyptian custom to shave off the beard, and by this, in the paintings and sculptures on the monuments, they are distinguished from other nations. In shaving himself, therefore, Joseph simply transformed himself, in appearance, into an ordinary Egyptian. So particular were the Egyptians in this matter of shaving, that to have neglected it was a subject of ridicule and reproach ; and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition, or a slovenly person, the artists represented him with a beard.

Let us now enter, with Joseph, the hall of audience as he goes to interpret Pharaoh's dream. From the entrance to the throne there is a space of one thousand feet, the roof being supported by rows of columns ninety feet high, covered with elaborate sculpturing. A guard of soldiers (perhaps with Potiphar at their head) in silver cuirasses, and helmets covered with silken scarfs, inclose the space. Down the centre an avenue of statues of the gods extends toward the throne a distance of eight hundred feet. At the termination of this avenue stand two statues of Osiris and Isis, and in the centre of the open space beyond stands the throne of the Pharaohs, elevated upon a platform of variegated marble twelve feet from the floor. The platform is square, and at the four corners crouch four lions, one having the head of an eagle, another of a sea-dragon, another of a bull, and another of a man, representing the kingdoms of the air, the sea, the earth, and the intellect, or soul. The platform is ascended by four flights of steps of Syenite granite, inlaid with precious stones. In each flight are seven steps, representing the seven mouths of the Nile. In the midst of the platform, "rising island-like in this hall of the Pharaohs, stands the throne itself,

separated from every other object, in solitary splendour, and reflected in the brilliantly polished marble floor." The material of the throne is the purest ivory, carved with wondrous skill. High above the throne is a canopy of blue silk, extending over the whole dais, and on the throne sits APHOPHIS, the Pharaoh who ruled in Egypt at the time of which we write. Around his throne are his men of power, while in the next circle may be seen the wise men of Egypt—the magicians and astrologers—vainly endeavouring to interpret Pharaoh's dream. Thronging the body of the hall is a vast array of officers and courtiers. All are in a state of eager expectancy, when suddenly the massive doors fly open, and down the central avenue of statues the young Hebrew captive is seen advancing, till he stands in the open space before the throne.

"I have dreamed a dream," says the haughty ruler of Egypt, "and behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favoured; and they fed in a meadow; and behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favoured and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness." The first thing that strikes us here is the naturalness of the record, and the perfect way in which it accords with Egyptian modes of thought. The objects beheld by Pharaoh are kine. The Egyptians regarded the cow as the symbol of Isis and the earth—that is, of fruitfulness; so that to represent kine in different conditions, as the types of different kinds of seasons, was perfectly natural. Here observe, the kine "came up out of the river." This becomes perfectly intelligible when we remember that upon the Nile Egypt depended for its fertility—the variation of a few feet in the height of the annual inundation making all the difference between a fruitful and a barren year—in other words, between plenty and famine.

Pharaoh then proceeds to relate his second dream; "Behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good: and behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them." It has been said by objectors that there is no scorching east wind in Egypt; that the phenomenon belongs to Palestine, from which region the writer of the Pentateuch had incautiously transferred it to the valley of the Nile. It is indeed true that in Egypt there is rarely a wind *directly* from the east, but there is oftentimes a south-east wind which is precisely the one to produce the effects here stated. Besides, it blows commonly at the time when the

events of Pharaoh's dream are supposed to have occurred—before the corn harvest, which, in Egypt, is in March and April. That the Hebrew word should be east instead of south-east is not surprising, when we remember that the Hebrews had terms only for the four principal winds, and that any wind from an easterly direction would be called by them an east wind. This south-east wind is called *Chamsin*, and when it arises the heat becomes almost insupportable. "As long as it continues doors and windows are closed, but the fine dust penetrates everywhere ; everything dries up ; wooden vessels warp and crack ; and the grass withers and perishes if this wind blows long."

Joseph having interpreted Pharaoh's dream, declaring that there should be seven years of great plenty, followed by seven years of famine, counsels him to choose out a wise man and set him over the affairs of Egypt, that he might gather in the surplus productions of the plenteous years against the years of famine. The counsel pleased Pharaoh, and, impressed with the wisdom of Joseph, he appointed him the second ruler in Egypt. In this investiture of Joseph with the king's delegated power, it is said that Pharaoh took off his ring and put it upon Joseph's hand. Upon this point we need not dwell, inasmuch as the gift of the signet-ring, as the symbol of delegated power, is common all over the East to this day. But it is added, he arrayed Joseph "in vesture of fine linen, and put a gold chain [literally, *the* gold chain, the chain of office] about his neck." The fine linen of Egypt was a fabric celebrated for the beauty of its texture. A piece obtained by Mr. Wilkinson at Thebes shows, when put under the microscope, one hundred and fifty-two threads in the warp, and seventy-one in the woof, to the square inch—much finer than the finest productions of the present day. Garments of cotton or linen were considered by the Egyptians as pure and holy, and the priests wore no other kind. The investiture of Joseph in linen garments was a part of the process by which he became a naturalized Egyptian. Then, as to the necklace of gold : in the tombs of Beni-Hassan many slaves are represented, each of whom has in his hand something which belongs to the dress or ornaments of his master. The first carries a necklace, and over it is the inscription, "Necklace of gold." Some beautiful specimens of these necklaces, taken from Egyptian tombs, are now in the British Museum.

In addition to this investiture with the insignia of office, Pharaoh gave to Joseph a new name, and "gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On." This record has been assailed by Rationalists, on the ground that an alliance of intolerant priests with a foreign shepherd is entirely opposed to the character of the Egyptians. But we must remember that this marriage took place by command of the king (who stood at the head of the priestly caste), and after Joseph had become a fully naturalized Egyptian, had assumed the Egyptian dress, received an Egyptian name, and been established as the second ruler in the kingdom. Such a change in Joseph's circumstances might well cause a change in the feelings with which the priestly caste regarded him.

Some may be inclined to wonder that one who, under very trying circumstances, had remained faithful to the true God, should unite himself to a worshipper of Osiris. Viewed from a *Christian* stand-point, it is strange; but to judge the conduct of a man living in Egypt three thousand seven hundred years ago by the light we now enjoy, would be utterly unreasonable. Besides, it may be doubted whether the religion of Egypt at that period was as grossly idolatrous as many suppose. The tradition which gives the history of the Egyptian mythology is as follows: "Osiris was in the beginning the lord of all worlds. He came upon earth for the benefit of mankind. Before his coming the ox and all other animals were wild, and of no service to man. The Nile was a terror to Egypt. Vegetation had perished. He entered into all things, and infused his life, and good, and uses, into all. He bound the Nile to its banks by breasting its flood and subduing it. His spirit passed into the bull and all cattle. He tempered the heat of the sun, and drew the poison from the moon. The earth became his bride, under the name of Isis, and thus was man benefited and the earth made habitable. Upon this his brother Sethis, who represented 'evil' as Osiris did 'good,' sought his destruction, and caused him to be put to death. *He was buried, and rose again, and became the judge of the dead.*" Such was the foundation of Egyptian mythology; and hence the sun, the moon, the Nile, animals, and even vegetables, were regarded as sacred, because the spirit or soul of Osiris had been infused into them to change them from evil to good. Thus our God was worshipped through invisible objects which he had consecrated. In the course of ages these objects multiplied;

the people no longer distinguished between the symbol and the thing symbolized, and thus the worship of Egypt, which at first was a simple monotheism, degenerated in after times into a wide-spread and debasing idolatry.

According to Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, Egypt was to be blessed with seven years of great plenty, to be followed by seven years of famine. This prediction was, according to the Bible narrative, fulfilled to the very letter. In this remarkable concurrence of events there was, doubtless, a supernatural or miraculous element ; but there was also a substratum of natural law. Egypt in ordinary seasons is one of the most fruitful countries on the face of the earth ; but its fertility depends on the annual overflow of the Nile. The river, as we have seen, takes its rise in the Victoria and Albert Lakes, in Equatorial Africa, where the almost incessant rains keep these natural reservoirs always full. But about midway between the equator and the Mediterranean two powerful tributaries form a junction with the Nile. These rivers are not fed by lakes, as is the case with the main stream, but are dependent for their supply upon the periodical rains which fall in the mountain ranges of Abyssinia. The first of these rivers is the Blue Nile ; but the principal one, so far as the fertility of Egypt is concerned, is the Atbara, so called by Sir William Baker, although known in the geographies as the Tacazze. But how do we account for the periodical overflow of these rivers ? In this way. During a portion of the year the vapours which rise from the Mediterranean are very abundant. These, carried along by light winds from the north, pass over the heated soil of Egypt and the deserts ; but, on reaching the mountain ranges of Abyssinia, rapidly condense in the cooler atmosphere, and descend in rains of remarkable violence. These rains begin in April, and for a time descend at intervals ; but as the season advances they become more copious, and fall almost without intermission, and rushing from every direction into the channel of the Atbara, suddenly swell the almost exhausted current into a mighty, irresistible flood. Sir William Baker, who spent months in exploring the country traversed by the Atbara, describes the bed of the river as a channel from four hundred to five hundred yards wide, with clay banks of thirty feet perpendicular descent. "So completely," he remarks, "were the waters exhausted by the dry season that the current had almost ceased to flow." The same

writer gives the following graphic description of the sudden rise of the stream :—

The cool night arrived, and at about half past eight I was lying half asleep upon my bed by the margin of the river, when I fancied that I heard a rumbling like distant thunder. I had not heard such a sound for months. Hardly had I raised my head to listen more attentively when a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, with a sound of many feet, and in a few minutes they rushed into my camp, shouting to my men in the darkness, "El Bahr! El Bahr!"—The river! The river! We were up in an instant, and my interpreter, in a state of intense confusion, explained that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant thunder was the roar of approaching water.

All was darkness and confusion, . . . but the great event had occurred; the river had arrived "like a thief in the night." On the morning of the 24th of June I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara at the break of day. The wonder of the desert! Yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of the desert. In one night there was a mysterious change—wonders of the mighty Nile!—an army of waters was hastening to the wasted river! All had been dry and sultry—dust and desolation yesterday; to-day a magnificent stream, some five hundred yards wide and from fifteen to twenty feet deep, flowed through the dreary desert. . . . Here was the giant labourer that had shovelled the rich loam upon the Delta of Lower Egypt. The Arab name "Bahr-el-aswat" (Black River), was well bestowed. It was the black-mother of Egypt still carrying to her offspring the nourishment that had first formed the Delta. Wherever the sources of the Nile may be, the Atbara is the parent of Egypt.

But what has all this to do with the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine in Egypt in the time of Joseph? Much every way. It shows how entirely Egypt was dependent on the annual overflow of her majestic river. A succession of heavier rains than usual among the mountains of Abyssinia insured a more than ordinarily fruitful season; on the other hand, if these rains were withheld a wasting famine was the result. At various points along the Nile are instruments designed to measure the height of the annual overflow; and it is worthy of remark that the records indicate years in which the waters rose from ten to twenty feet above the average level, while they point out other years in which the waters failed by many feet to reach their wonted height. Even in

modern times Egypt has frequently been visited by famines owing to this cause.

The labours of Joseph in building store-houses are placed vividly before us in the paintings on the monuments. In a tomb at Elethya a man is represented whose business it is to take account of the quantity of grain which another man is measuring. The inscription reads, "The writer or registrar of bushels." In a tomb at Beni-Hassan there is a painting of a great store-house, before the door of which lies a heap of grain already winnowed. On the walls there are characters which indicate the quantity deposited in the magazine, thus affording an illustration of Gen. xli. 49: "and Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering."

A. SUTHERLAND.

(To be concluded next month.)

LIVE PRAYER - MEETINGS.

THERE has been a very general discussion within the past few months among ministers of the Gospel in their associations and consociations in regard to the best way to make an interesting prayer-meeting. It is a most vital and practical subject, in which we are all involved. We are cognizant of the fact that there have been great revolutions in devotional meetings. In our boyhood days in the country we were compelled, week by week, to attend prayer-meeting. We only went because we were compelled to go. In that region, and in those days, it was considered evidence of the fact that a man was ripe for heaven if, week by week, he could endure the hardships of the prayer-meeting. The men and women who lived near to God, and were almost ready for heaven, enjoyed the meeting from the first word to the last, and it was through those beneficent influences that they passed into the glories of the better land. And yet, for the people of the world, there was no possible charm. On the contrary, there was a repulsion. Our unwillingness to go to those meetings was set down as a prophecy of something very bad in the future. But in our modern prayer-meetings one-half of the audience is made up of those who are not professors of religion. They have,

however, a high regard for Christian things, and expect some day to find themselves in the kingdom of God; and if they should speak out their minds, would confess the fact that they find the weekly evening meetings very interesting. They have come to understand that Christians have no monopoly of a religious service. If those who are Christians need to meet amid such heavenly influence, then how much more do those need it who have not espoused the cause of the Saviour.

There are three or four things necessary in order to make a prayer-meeting interesting. In the first place, there ought to be hearty, cheerful, and inspiring salutation at the very beginning. A Friday evening meeting differs from formal Sabbath service. We are always glad when we see people come in on Friday night and sit down and begin to talk to those next to them. We are not shocked at the smile or at the hand-shaking. We are very glad to see people whispering together, asking how their families are, whether the sick are recovering; and indeed if there be financial trouble hovering over a man, it is well for those who sit next to him to ask him how he gets on now, and whether his prospects are improving. Very often the best influences the people get out of a Christian meeting are during the first five minutes, and before the leader of the meeting has taken his place. There is something in sitting down amid warm-hearted Christian people, feeling that all around about are interested in you personally.

A few years ago, in Philadelphia, there was called together a meeting of the veterans of the war of 1812. They came in large numbers, delegations from the different States; but after the meeting was organized, it was found that there were no delegates from New York state and from several other states. After the meeting had been begun some time the doorkeeper cried: "The New York delegation of veterans has arrived!" The whole audience rose up and greeted them with cheer after cheer; and no sooner had they been seated than the announcement was made that the Baltimore delegates had arrived, and as the veterans tottered in on their staves, the congregation rose up again and cheered. If we could realize what a prayer-meeting is, if we really appreciated what it is to be associated with the men and women of God, it would seem when some Christian man

entered the door at such a meeting, as though the announcement were made: "Here comes a son of the Lord Almighty!" And as a Christian woman came in, as though some voice announced through the building: "Here is a queen unto God forever!" And as a cluster of Christian people appeared, it would seem as though a delegation from the very skies had descended, and there would be exhilarations and inspirations, and although there might be no audible cheering, there would be a profound thrill that would go through the whole assembly. For there are veterans in our devotional meetings—men who have been in many a fight for Christ—and not only so, but they have gained many a stout victory, and they are on the way to the glorious hour when the Lord will disband His troops and they will go home amid the shouting of angels. O, let there be at the beginning of every such devotional service a cheerful salutation, a high and glorious appreciation of the fact that we belong to a Christian brotherhood.

In order to make a weekly meeting interesting, we need spirited music. How often it is the case that a dull tune will go droning through an assembly. It needs to be pushed at the start, and drags all the way through; here a man humming a little and there a woman dipping into the song, but no great hearty outburst of Christian sympathy; and when we get through with the tune, we sit down exhausted. There is no lifting up of the soul towards God, no rising into heavenly aspirations, no laying hold of the power of Christian song to lift ourselves into sympathy with God and the angels who stand around about His throne singing through all eternity. O, let our music be spirited. Let us join in it not only with all our heart, but with all our voices. We have never heard one song in the Christian Church that comes up to a model we have formed in our mind of what a Christian song in a sanctuary ought to be. We had some intimation of it once in a little assemblage of Germans. We had some intimation of it in a negro church in Charleston; but in educated Christian assemblages we have never yet heard such an outburst of sacred melody as we think ought to come from a devout assemblage.

Still farther: in order to have a devotional meeting thoroughly interesting, we want the right kind of prayers. Let the first

characteristic be brevity. We never hear a man pray over three minutes but we get tired. We may be peculiar in this, but we find ourselves, after three minutes have passed, looking through our fingers to see if he is not going to stop, and when we do that, we find others looking through their fingers for the same purpose. There may be occasions where before God in a public assemblage, as on Sabbath day, when the wants and the sorrows of a great congregation are to be presented as well as their joys, a man may pray seven or eight minutes ; but it is a rare thing that any man is called upon to occupy the attention of the people so long. The reason people make long prayers is that they are under the delusion they must go over the whole ground. But you cannot go over the whole ground in five hundred years. We have received so much at the hands of God in the way of mercy, we owe Him so many thanksgivings, we have committed so many sins, we have so many confessions to make, that it is absurd for a man to expect to go over the whole ground.

Let us pray out of our own wants, out of our own experiences, out of our own exigencies. If we have been especially favoured of God, do not let us be afraid to thank Him all the way through. If we have been cast down in sorrow, and tempted and tried, let us pour out our griefs before Him in earnest importunity for relief. If there are those in our households who know not God and are tramping on towards a lost world, let us beseech God most earnestly for their redemption. When a man prays out of his own experience, and is inspired by the spirit of God, he will get through in three minutes. It is the cold-hearted man, and the man with whom religion has got to be a dull formality, who prays on, and prays on, supposing that when the apostle charges us to pray without ceasing, he refers to a public exercise instead of referring to a heartfelt experience which keeps a man always in a praying mood. Pray short ! Pray short !

Let there be faith in our prayers. Do not let there be any "maybe" about it. Do not let us come before God thinking perhaps we will get the blessing. Let us come, remembering that as certainly as we are in the room, and God is on His throne, so certainly He will answer. We may be tempted to lie, but God never. He is the God of all truth ; yea, He hath sworn, and He will not commit perjury.

Do not let us be selfish in our supplication. As we sit down at the full table of God's mercy, let us remember the thousands around us who are famishing with an eternal hunger, and let us pray God for their deliverance, that now, while it is the accepted time, they may come and sit at the banquet of a Saviour's love.

In order to make a devotional meeting interesting, let there be the right kind of exhortation. No elaborate disquisition, no eloquent harangues; but a heartfelt talk about God, and the soul, and the dead, and the judgment. A Christian minister said: "I was never of any use until I found out that God did not make me for a great man. As soon as I found out I wasn't intended for a great man, I found souls coming into the kingdom." It is not great men we want in the Church of God to-day—it is warm-hearted men. Though in every minute of his remarks he may break the laws of the English language, though everything he says may be defiant of rhetorical rules, a man who stands close by the cross of Christ and feels the throb of a Saviour's heart against his own heart will always be effective. If, during the day, you have found some passage of Scripture especially appropriate to your case, talk it out in the meeting. If some friend has failed in business, and you have been thereby impressed with the folly of laying up treasures in this world as though they were going to last us, tell it in the meeting. If some one with whom you walk day by day in Christian associations fall down suddenly under the shafts of death, and you have an impression of the uncertainty of mortal life, tell it in the meeting. If the Lord Jesus Christ has been precious to your soul, and you have felt your sins falling off your back, and have heard the voice of divine mercy saying, "Go and sin no more," tell it in the meeting. Please to remember that you are as certainly called to preach the Gospel as Moses was called up into the Mount, as John was sent to declare it in the wilderness, as the archangel before the throne is called to do a particular duty. Woe unto you if you do not do it somewhere, somehow, and do it with all the concentrated energies of your immortal nature. Do not wait till Presbyteries lay their hands upon you, or Conferences shall recognize you. When the Lord calls, that is enough. And the moment you are called by the grace of God into the kingdom of His mercies, you are ordained for some important work. But we need go no further. What a pity it is that a minister, and at least eight or ten Christian people around him, cannot make a live prayer-meeting.—*Christian at Work.*

WHO WROTE PSALM CXIX.?

“**H**OLY men of God,” says the Apostle Peter, “spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” None the less were the “God-breathed” words an accurate expression of personal human experience; none the less did they come, fresh, quick, living, from living minds and hearts. The men did not cease to be themselves when God used them; their individuality was not destroyed or suppressed; God took them as they were, and made them the organs through which his “thoughts” were conveyed.

Hence it is that one of the most useful methods of studying Scripture is to take the several writings, and read them in order, from beginning to end, in the light of the life-experience out of which they originally sprang. There is a way of opening the Book at random, and reading a few verses out of their connection, before going to bed; or using a “Golden Treasury,” every page headed by a detached text, followed by devout “reflections,” with a few lines of poetry at the bottom. This is good as far as it goes, but there is something still better. The twenty-third Psalm, for example, would be sweet and faith-sustaining—like a note or two, falling through the air, of the song sung in the holy fields above, by those who have come out of great tribulation—even though we knew nothing of its author; but how much more so when we read it in the light of King David’s experience. The ninetieth Psalm, again, would be felt as a strain of pathetic and solemn grandeur, full of great thoughts, whoever composed it; but how much more when we take it as a prayer of Moses, the man of God, at the close of his wondrous career, when committing the nation of which he had been leader into the hands of God. That saying, “I know whom I have believed,” would have been memorable and precious by whomsoever uttered; but how much more so when we think that it belongs to the last letter ever written by the Apostle Paul, all his friends fallen from his side, and in prospect of martyrdom.

The 119th Psalm is, in some respects, unique and peerless among the songs of Zion. It is by far the longest in the collection. It has as marked unity of subject as any—the Law of God; meaning thereby the written Word, and mainly, if not exclusively, the Five Books of Moses. The writer’s regard for this Word comes out with great fulness of expression, as admiration, desire, longing, de-

light, trust, obedience, love. The verses are not connected together logically, as in a chain of reasoning; nor is the psalm a mere gathering of disjointed sayings, a mere array of devout ejaculations, somewhat monotonous; but a full exhibition of what God's Word actually was to a godly man thousands of years ago. It has been likened to a chest of gold rings, rather than a chain of gold links; only the rings are all placed and arranged in order. The psalm is divided into twenty-two parts, agreeing with the number of letters in Hebrew, each part and its several verses beginning with the corresponding letter of the alphabet. In character it is a monologue, thought or spoken in the presence of God, and opening up to us the inner experiences of a whole lifetime. Is there anything within the psalm to indicate whose experience it is?

It is without a title, and its writer is unnamed. Various internal indications may assist us in arriving at a probable conclusion respecting the author. He is a member of the chosen people. He is a stranger, dwelling in a house of pilgrimage. He is not a mere sojourner, away from home for a time, on business or pleasure, but a dweller in a foreign land. There is the very faintest trace of Chaldaism in the psalm. If he is a "captive," he is at least subjected to no civil disabilities, nor held in bondage, as Israel was in the land of Egypt. There is no mention of Jerusalem or Zion in the psalm, or of the scenery of the Holy Land. In place of going up to tabernacle or temple, along with rejoicing multitudes who keep holy day, his portion is to meditate upon the written Word, and walk according to its light. He is distinguished, while yet a young man, for his acquirements. He has more knowledge than his teachers, more understanding than the ancients, because he is taught in the Law of the Lord. He is a man of grave, capacious mind. He is no monk or recluse in a cell, or hermit in a wilderness, dealing with his own solitary experience, but a man of affairs, who has not allowed the present to push the eternal out of sight or into the background. He is no "weary-o'-the-world," brought to bay by sickness and disappointment, sighing out his "vanity of vanities," but one to whom life has been a great thing, and who, through Divine teaching, has learned the sweet uses of adversity. He is not a private person, but one who has been concerned with the business that belongs to states, and who has executed "judgment" and "justice." He is not one of the lowly and obscure. He has moved

among wise men, sages, ancients, whose wisdom did not make them humble, but left them proud. He has mingled among "princes," and spoken before "kings." He has had enemies among his peers, who have laid snares, forged lies, digged pits for him, intending his ruin. They have also poured derision, reproach, and contempt upon him. And all this in connection with the law of his God—to which nevertheless he has steadfastly adhered, conscious of godly sincerity. He is singularly free from false modesty—a man who can fearlessly say both these things, "Before the Lord innocency was found in me," and, "By the grace of God I am what I am"—a man of the order of Nathanael, who felt that Jesus described him truly in saying, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Does not all this point to Daniel? There is no objection to be drawn from the date; for while the great burst of sacred song belongs to the age of David, yet in reality the earliest psalm in the Book is that of Moses (Ps. xc.), and they range downwards till after the return from the captivity. Nor is any objection to be drawn from the absence of Chaldaism. For Hebrew was the native tongue of Daniel; he had to be taught the Chaldean. Every sweet recollection of boyhood and the early home would tend to freshen his knowledge of the language used by his father and mother and companions. Nor can we suppose that he was a slothful student of the oracles of God—^{all} written in Hebrew. No doubt they were stored in his memory, as well as loved in his heart. Moreover he was a man of rare intellectual powers and acquirements, who would find it easy to preserve the forms of his own native tongue in his land of exile. Does it not seem likely—regarding the matter from the purely human point—that in telling forth in a psalm what he had found the oracles of God to be, he would very carefully avoid the use of the heathenish Chaldee, and lay his knowledge of the sacred tongue under the fullest contribution?

The opening of the psalm agrees with the opening information respecting Daniel's career. The psalm opens by pronouncing a blessing on the undefiled in the way, and by telling how a young man may cleanse his way: and the history records how Daniel, in his youth, refused to defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, and with the wine which he drank, because he would be guided in his "way" by the law of his God. The contents of the psalm, all through, and the after-life of Daniel certainly agree in a very singular

manner—the young Hebrew exile in a heathen court, distinguished from the first alike by high principle and wisdom, rising to the most exalted station, the peer of princes, envied and plotted against, giving none occasion to any save in connection with the law of his God, maintaining his integrity of heart in the face of all temptations to the contrary. This is not indeed *proof* that Daniel is the writer of the psalm; but, to say the least, it renders it highly probable; and certainly the experiences of Daniel's life, outward and inward, are just such as the psalm might have grown out of.

Our readers, especially intelligent young men, for whom Daniel is so noble an example, will find it repay their labour very richly to study the psalm and the history together, letting the one throw its light upon the other. If it should do nothing else, it will show how a grand, heroic, saintly life has its roots in God.

NO "TILL" IN ETERNITY.

"O MOTHER," said one, "I do not know how to think of eternity, for there is no 'till' in eternity—*till* next year—*till* to-morrow—*till* New Year's day."

Yes, there are measures for time; we know none to measure eternity. It is enough for us to know that heaven and hell are there. One of these will be our final home. How can we reach the one—how can we escape the other? Jesus says,—“Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.”

If you reach heaven, there will be no fear of a “*till*” to disquiet your perfect peace; if you are among the lost, there will be no hope of “*till*” to end your sorrow. Oh, my reader, do not delay to choose the better part *till* it be for ever too late.

J. M. S.

DOCTRINES are of use only as they are practised. Men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth. To hold the truth and fight for it is one thing; to be sanctified through it is another.

The Home.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART II.—UNFAITHFUL.

CHAPTER VII.

NO WILL.

THE next morning early an inquest was held by the coroner, and twelve jurymen. All the doctors that had come in on Sunday to look at the master's corpse were of one mind as to his death. No one had laid a hand upon him. He had waked up suddenly from his dreams of terror to find they were no longer dreams, but real. His life had been nothing better than the flickering flame of a candle ready to go out if a puff of wind reached it ; and the sudden shock had come upon him as if a door had opened, and a mighty rushing wind had swept over his soul, carrying it away like a leaf into the other world. There was no reason to think that Robin Cherrick and his mate had any direct hand in his death.

But they were carried from the town jail, where they had been locked up, and taken before the magistrates ; and both me and Rebecca were forced to go and witness against them. Poor Rebecca ! It was years since she had seen Robin ; and now she had to look him in the face—a sullen, evil face—and swear to his being the man who had courted her in old times, and how he used to come about the place, and knew the house well, and the master's riches, and his lonely way of living. He scarcely looked at her after the first minute ; but she could not keep her eyes away from him ; and even when she was speaking to the worshipful magistrate, answering the questions he put to her, her white face was turned towards Robin, and her frightened gaze fastened upon him. We heard him and his mate sentenced to go to Lancaster jail, there to wait till the next assizes, when they would be tried by the judge. Then we returned to our dismal dwelling-place, which could never be called a home, where preparations were being made, under Mr. Saunders' directions, for the funeral of the dead man.

No news came of Philip Champion, except that Miss Carr, the lady in London who had adopted him and brought him up, wrote word that she did not expect him home from his voyage with his father for several weeks to come. The old master had made no

friends in the town ; or such as he once had had forgotten him, and did not care to come to his burial. Even Rebecca refused to go. So it came to pass that there was none but me, save Mr. Saunders and one doctor, who would both be paid for their trouble, to follow him to the grave.

I went into the death-room just before the coffin-lid was fastened down upon the poor, wrinkled, withered face. The men were gone away ; for they had forgotten to bring the proper nails with them ; so the room was empty, but for me and the corpse. So still it lay, so lifeless, that I could hardly believe that somewhere apart from it the soul was living yet ! Then the remembrance came across me how once I said to Transome, " If God would ask me what I wished for, like He did Solomon, I would have chosen to write a book that would prick our old master's heart to the quick." Ay ! but God Himself had written a book for him that ought to have pricked his heart to the quick over and over again. I wondered how he could have read about God's own Son being a poor man, and all His blessed words against the love of riches, and yet go on loving money till it cast out all other love. And I thought of Jesus and His great sacrifice of Himself, and His dying upon the cross, and how all this had been cast aside, and counted as nothing by the side of gold. My master had known it all ; once he had professed to believe it all. He had put Christ and his own soul into the balance with money ; and he had chosen *money* ! " And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy ; and they were forgotten in the place where they had so done."

I was very sorrowful that evening ; for it seemed to me as if Christ Himself in heaven would be grieved at heart. If it were not for men like Transome, who love Him and are faithful to Him, He never could be satisfied with the travail of His soul. But Rebecca was more lively, and inclined to talk more than she had done while the corpse was in the house. She was restless, too, and made herself busy about the kitchen, doing first this thing and then that, for the mere sake of moving about, and keeping her face away from me.

" I suppose the will won't be read till the heir comes back ?" she said to me from the far end of the kitchen.

" There is no will," I answered ; for Mr. Saunders had told me for certain, as we drove home from the burial, that there could not have been one made.

" No will !" she repeated, coming swiftly across the floor, and looking down upon me with eyes all aflame,— " no will !"

" No," I said ; " Mr. Saunders says he's searched everywhere, and there isn't one."

" But how shall I get my thousand pounds ?" she cried, in a shrill voice.

There it cropped up again—that terrible love of money, which had destroyed our poor old master, body and soul. It was almost as though I saw some devil glaring at me through her eyes. I got up from my chair, and stood opposite to her, trembling like a leaf.

“My poor lass!” I said, “God is too good to you to let you have the money you’ve sold Robin and yourself for. He’ll give you something better than that. He has given you His own Son, who for our sakes became poor, though He was very rich, that we through His poverty should become rich also.”

My voice was choked and unsteady; but I felt as though God gave me the words to speak. Rebecca stood staring at me for a minute, as if she did not fairly hear me; and then she flung her apron over her face, and sank down in my chair, and broke out into a passion and a fit of sobs and crying.

“Poor Robin!” I said, after a while; “if you had the thousand pounds it ’ud be the price of his soul.”

“Ay,” she sobbed, “it would. I’ve been the ruin of him. I’m a wicked woman, and very foolish, Alice Transome. Tell me what I can do now.”

So, in the firelight, I told her as well as I could of what our blessed Lord and Saviour did to prove His love to every one of us, and to teach us how little count He set upon what we are apt to prize most. He never cared for money; what He looked for was love. She listened and listened, sobbing now and then, and catching her breath so as not to lose what I was saying about Him. And I spoke also to her about Transome and me,—how we had lived together forty years, learning more and more about God’s ways, until we came to know that we were nothing, no more than helpless little babes in His hand, but that He was all—Master, King, Father. And I began to say how it might have been the same with her and Robin; but here she cried out as if my words wounded her sorely.

“If I could but have my time over again!” she said.

But not one of us can have our time over again. I thought of Transome, and our early days; and how if those could come again I would take care so as that he should not have to die in the work-house. No, no. Only one moment at a time belongs to us; and we have no more power over yesterday than over to-morrow.

CHAPTER IX.

TRUE AT LAST.

THANK God, Philip reached us before Robin’s trial came on. I was so rejoiced to see his face, that I was ready to say, “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.” Yes; peace came back with him. I went home to my own cottage, and lighted

a fire on my own hearth ; and sat in my own chimney-nook again. Philip was close at hand ; and no more charge or anxiety rested upon me.

Yet, when the time came, I was obliged to go to Lancaster Assizes, and appear before the judge, to bear witness against the prisoners, who stood for trial before him at the dreadful bar. Rebecca was forced to be there too. It was not a very long trial, so they told us afterwards ; but to her and me it seemed as if it would never, never be ended. We sat together in a little room, not far from the great hall where the trial was going on, hearkening for some one to come with news. At last Philip opened the door, just as the daylight was growing dim, and we could not clearly see his face. He sat down on the bench beside Rebecca, and put his hand kindly upon hers.

"Rebecca," he said, in that voice of his which always seemed to go straight to one's heart, "it is a heavy sentence."

"Tell me," she whispered, in a hoarse tone.

"Remember," he went on, "that my uncle's death was hastened by their crime ; and that Robin has been in prison for theft before, five years for stealing a letter with money in it. Now he is sentenced to transportation for fifteen years."

"It was me that did it," she said again, in the same loud whisper.

"Yes," Philip answered, for he knew all about it ; "yes, in one sense you did it. You loved money more than you loved him. If men and women were only true to one another, whom they have seen, they would be more faithful to God, whom they have not seen."

"What can I do ?" she asked,— "what can I do ? There is no way now that I can make it up to him. And I do love him, spite of all ; I do indeed."

But there did not seem to be anything she could do for Robin. Philip found out for her that he was to be transported to some place in Australia, where there was a convict settlement for prisoners with long sentences like his. By his influence he got an order for Rebecca and me to visit him before he went away ; though we were only allowed to see and speak to him through a double grating, with a warder standing by who could hear all we said.

I thought at first that Rebecca would say nothing, and the fifteen minutes would pass by in silence. She stood, holding fast by the iron bars, and looking at Robin with fixed eyes ; all her face quivering, and her lips twitching ; whilst he stared back at her, sullen and miserable, with his felt mask pushed up over his forehead, ready to be pulled down again so as to hide his face, when he went back among his fellow-convicts. How many minutes had gone I could not tell, but I felt as though we had been there a long, long while gazing at one another, before Rebecca found voice to speak to him.

"Robin," she said, "forgive me!"

"No," he answered gruffly; "yo've been nought but a curse to me, and aw curse yo' every day o' my life."

"Hearken to me, Robin," she went on: "I've made up my mind what I'll do. I'll come out to Australia, and I'll get a place as servant near where you are; and if ever I can see you, I'll go through fire and water to get a sight of you; and whenever you're let out, I'll be there ready to take hold of your hand the moment you come through the jail door. Ay, I will, if there's a breath of life in my body! God help me."

I saw a gleam come over Robin's miserable face, and into his sullen eyes; and he stretched out his hand through the bars, as if he could take hold of hers there and then. But he could not reach her, nor her hand touch his.

"Are you true to me?" he asked in a doubting voice.

"I am true to you now," she answered. "I've been false to you, but I'm true now. And, oh, Robin! Jesus Christ is true to you; and He's never been false. If I'd only known Him better, or if you'd known Him better, you'd never have been here. Money's nothing, but love's everything."

"That's true, lass!" he said. And I saw the light glisten upon a tear in the corner of his eye.

"You'll forgive me, if I'll do what I say?" asked Rebecca, earnestly; "it's a-many years to 'bide, but I'll do it, if the Lord keeps me alive. I'll be at thy prison door ready for thee to come out; and we'll begin a new life, my dear, thee and me, though we shall be old folks then. You had a good mother, Robin."

"Ay," he said, with a sob, and the tears rolled down his face.

"Oh, if I'd only been a good woman like her!" cried Rebecca; "but God's forgave me, Robin, and He'll forgive you too. Only think of your mother, and ask God to forgive you, and help us to be good till we meet again. I must go away now, and never see you for a long while; maybe not till your time's over; but I'll be there, in Australia; and you say to yourself till then, 'She's true to me at last.' Tell me if you forgive me before I go."

"Ay! aw forgie thee fully and freely," he answered. "God bless thee, lass! Aw'll look out for thee to be waitin' for me out yonder."

"Time's up," said the warder, throwing down his newspaper, and coming close to us.

"Good-by, Robin! Good-by, my dear!" cried Rebecca; "I'll be there!"

"Good-by!" he said; but there was no time for another word from either of them. Robin had to march off to his dreary cell; and we went away from the jail shuddering, as we looked up at the high, strong walls, to think of all the sin and misery shut in within

them. But what must the blessed Saviour feel as His eye looks down upon the wretched hearts beating there!

So Rebecca and I went our way, leaving Robin within those dreary walls, with but a little spark of hope shining in the far-off years. We told Philip Champion of the pledge she had given to him; and his face glowed, and his eyes sparkled with joy, as he said it was a true thing, and a noble thing to do. And he called Rebecca his friend and sister; and promised to use all the influence he had at home or abroad on behalf of Robin Cherrick, though it was little anybody could do for him; for the sentence was passed, and he must bear it as the due punishment of his crime. But Philip made every arrangement for Rebecca, so that she could go to Australia with ease and comfort; and though it did not come to my knowledge until I heard from her months afterwards, he settled upon her the thousand pounds which had been promised to her by his uncle. So she was a rich woman in that distant country; and, being clever and quick, she opened a small business, and began to make a home for herself and Robin when his time was up.

I went to Liverpool with Rebecca to start her on her long voyage. The ship lay in the middle of the river, with a blue flag floating from the mast-head. There was a crowd of emigrants waiting on the pier, for the pilot-boat to put them on board of her; and one little child in the throng, who looked up into Rebecca's face, saw something there that took her fancy, and would cling to her, till Rebecca took her up in her strong arms, and held her there, kissing her little mouth fondly from time to time. Then I knew she would not be lonely or dull on board ship, through the long idle months. I went across in the boat with them, and saw the berth where she was to sleep. But I was dazed by the bustle about me, and hardly knew what I said or did, till there came the clang of a bell, and a shout of "All friends ashore!" and Rebecca clasped me about the neck, and burst out crying. They hurried me along and down into the boat again; and when my eyes were clear from tears I saw the ship lying behind us, with its masts against the light of the setting sun; and the blue flag was being lowered from the mast-head.

And I said to myself, "There isn't a truer heart than hers on board yon ship. God grant she and Robin may win through to a good old age yet, like Transome and me!"

KIND words are among the brightest flowers of earth; they convert the humblest home into a paradise. Use them unsparingly, especially around the fireside circle.

"A WHOLESOME tongue is a tree of life."

ABOUT SHINING.

A GOOD deal has been said of late to Christian people—and by no means too much—about working ; I would say a few homely words about shining. This is part of the use that Jesus makes of His disciples ; they are the light of the world ; and their business is to let their light so shine before men as to glorify God. They are like the candle which a householder lights and places on a candlestick, that it may give light unto all that are in the house.

There are three things which young believers would do well to consider. First, the Lord *has the lighting* of His own candles. We are not light in ourselves ; we are “light in the Lord,” because He has kindled us, and because He sustains the light He has kindled. Changing the similitude, we are to arise and shine, because our light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon us. The Lord is going round among us at the present time, in the gracious work that is proceeding in these lands ; and is lighting soul after soul with the light of life eternal. In how many neighbourhoods, in how many homes, candles have been lighted within these few past months, where formerly there was the darkness of ignorance and sin ! It is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Next, the Lord *has the placing* of His own candles. He places each one where it may be of some use. He never lights a candle to be put under a bushel, or where its shining can serve no good end. He has no “hidden ones” in this sense. We may be unable to discover why He places one candle here and another there ; but He knows the why Himself, and that should be enough to satisfy us ; His wisdom cannot err. This consideration should correct a sore evil into which we are very ready to fall. We imagine that if only our *position* were changed, we should be so much more useful. If we were placed in a lighthouse, or some such prominent and responsible position, we imagine we should serve great and glorious purposes ; but because we are only placed in a small closet, or at the top of a stair, or at the turning of some unfrequented lane, we become discontented, our sense of our own importance is hurt, and so our light wanes and grows dim. This is very foolish on our part, and very wrong ; and all around us are losers through our proud and foolish discontent. We do indeed sometimes go where the Lord has not

called us ; it was not the Lord's doing, for example, that Lot was found in Sodom—it was his own selfish and evil choice. But where it is the Lord's doing, and not our own foolish choosing, let us be well content ; that is the place we are fittest for, and where we shall be most useful. It is not change of position that is needed, but rather acquiescence in the Lord's disposal and the simple assurance that He knows best.

While the Lord has the lighting and the placing of His candles, *our business is to shine*. We shine by doing "good works"—they are the flame of the candle—"good works," inspired by His Holy Spirit, and answering in character to the works done by Himself. One cause of the lowness of spiritual attainment among Christian people is the lowness of the standard we have set up. In our creeds kept for solemn occasions, the standard indeed has been right enough ; but there has been a second and lower standard brought out for every-day use. We have made our own "consciousness" the standard ; we have measured ourselves by ourselves, or by what is current in the religious world. That lower standard must be broken in pieces. For every place, for every day in the week, for every occasion, the one standard is the life of Jesus Christ—the life that was and is ; *He* expresses the righteousness, and meekness, and mercifulness, and truth, and patience, and charity, and self-denial, and joy in God, and surrender to His will, that we are to exhibit. "As my Father hath sent Me, even so send I yo'." I am not to be as saints or martyrs merely ; I am not to be as Peter, or Paul, or John merely ; but as Jesus Christ Himself, reproducing His life among men, manifesting it afresh in my mortal body, able to say, by no mere figure of speech, but in simple truth, "Christ liveth in me." And the works I do in this case are the flame of the candle, which men "see," and on account of which they glorify the Father of lights, from whom we borrow our shining.

Our business, then, is, not to *talk* about shining, not to have theories about the way of doing it, but by our good works *to shine*, and so to bear testimony to the Lord. This simple thought meets a thousand difficulties. "I am very young ; my candlestick is a very little one." Let your light shine. "I am very poor ; my candlestick is tin instead of silver ; if I were richer, I should be of more use." Let your light shine. "I am sick ; my candlestick is

a broken one." Let your light shine, even if there is no more candlestick than to hold the candle from falling over. "I am very much out of the way—in a very obscure corner, away from the general eye and observation; I wish I were in a better position." Let your light shine; the Lord knows why He has placed you there; be sure He has a purpose worthy of being accomplished.

In all this there is nothing against the humility that is one of the fairest adornments of the Christian character. The truest humility is quietly to fulfil the Lord's appointment, shining because He has lighted us, never dreaming of any praise that can come to *us*, joyfully showing forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.

It is the peculiarity of the Christ-life that it may be lived in its utmost grandeur in the humblest worldly circumstances. It was so lived at first by Him who was born in a stable, and laid in a manger; and that is the sign that, through God's grace, it may be reproduced in you and me, no matter how lowly and commonplace our sphere.

If we do not "shine," our working will be of just so much the less value. If we are worldly, selfish, covetous, pleasure-loving, frivolous, slaves to custom and fashion, men will give very little heed to our words, except to express contempt for them. It is not in proportion to the stir we make, and our outward vehemence, not even in proportion to the clearness with which we can state the truth, but in proportion to the *pureness of our shining*, in proportion to the intensity of the life and light of God in our own souls, that we may expect to be blessed.

DR. CULROSS.

THERE is a story told of a Scotch chieftain of old times, that once, when closely pursued by the enemy, he dismounted from his horse in order to mend a broken buckle. While at work, the hostile horsemen came spurring toward him; but just when they thought they had their man he finished his task, vaulted on his steed, and was off. The moral of this tale is plain to see: Don't be in a hurry until you are ready to start. The chieftain may have held his breath, and have listened with eager ears to the fast approaching sounds, but he did not stir until the harness was secure, and everything was ready for a hard run.

THE LAST PENTECOST.

THE promise burdens all the air,
 The showers fall one by one ;
 The floods lift up their voices clear,
 And rush to every zone.
 Far on millennial glories sweep
 Glad heralds of the day ;
 And deep is calling unto deep,
 Adown His chariot way.

Flash the full light of love divine
 Upon our darkness, Lord,
 Thus suddenly in us shall shine
 Thine image all restored.
 Earth's circling mountain peaks shall glow,
 Touch'd by the Holy Ghost,
 Till righteousness the heavens shall bow,
 In the last Pentecost.

O, speak as when the thunder speaks :
 Wake the dull ear of night ;
 Burst forth as when the morning breaks,
 And flood this world with light.
 Shine through each vale and mountain gorge,
 Sin's dwelling place of old,
 And gather from earth's utmost verge
 Thy sheep into one fold.

ROBT. EVANS.

Hamilton, July 7th, 1875.

“FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.”—Thus we close our prayers. Is it a mere form? What does it signify? We have sinned, and come to God through a mediator only. In the name of Jesus we can approach the throne, and in no other. Deists have no access to God. No prayer avails which ignores Christ; but His name gives efficiency to the feeblest petition. “Whatsoever ye ask in My name” is a broad assurance. Would the poor rejoice could they use a rich man's name at the bank? We are more highly favoured. “All things are yours,” because Christ is your indorser. Let us use His name with reverence, love, gratitude and faith. It is a great privilege; it is our guarantee of life, security, peace, and eternal rest. We should pray for abundant grace, and glorious revivals on every hand, “for Christ's sake.”—*Selected.*

THE BIBLE.

THE literature of that little Judean band, done up in so small a compass often that your vest pocket can carry the whole of it, has a wider, deeper, more helpful influence on the world, than all literature besides. It does more to elevate, to cheer, to bless. Think of the countless persons who daily read it, and with a prayerful reverence that lays them open to its rich impressions. The sick call for it. The dying cling to it as to an anchor. Sorrow communes with it, and finds a consoling light shining to illumine its tears. The pilgrim in the wilderness and desert wipes the dust from its pages and refreshes himself from the fount of its grace. The sailor carries it to sea, the soldier into battle, the explorer to the virgin soil he discovers; and each deems it a link that, amid the perils of time, securely ties the soul to things eternal. The sun, in all his far circuit, sets not from its gleaming page. Half of Christendom are named with its cherished names—Jacob, Joseph, David and John, Elizabeth and Mary—and show forth that they have also been invested with its spirit. Its terms are used to bless the new-born babe; its precepts and spirit to train the growing child; the mother puts it into the hand of the young man as he goes out from the old home, who lives by its spirit, walks by its counsels, resists temptations by its power, gets a good name and fame by being its true disciple, grows old in the joy of its hope, and dies easy and content in the triumph of its faith; whilst a tombstone, bearing some significant text, tells where his ashes repose. To the poor it is riches, to the rich it is superior wealth. It tells of God, and is full of foregleams of a better country. If to a single soul, then to millions it has been and is all this, and time but develops the stores of its higher wisdom and purer influence.—*Universalist.*

WHAT HINDERS YOU?

THERE must be in the depths of your breast, whether you will acknowledge it or not, an occasional wish that you were a Christian. Perhaps you have never expressed it in words; probably you would evade the subject if spoken to about it; you may even

shun those who would be likely to question you. Many are very reserved upon this one theme, and shy about having it named to them, who are yet very uneasy at heart, who feel their sinfulness and their need. What does this imply if not a consciousness of their duty? Else why such reserve and shrinking in persons who are communicative enough about everything else?

To you, if you are one of these, this question is appropriate, What hinders you? The obstacles all lie in yourself, or are where you can remove them; for the Saviour has made all plain and clear, and leaves the rest with you.

To such a question one answered, "I think these things will all come about in some way without my effort. If God means me to be a Christian, He will see to it when the time arrives, and I *shall* be."

But has He not said, "ask," "seek," "knock," "choose ye," "resist not," "harden not your hearts"?—all implying a positive act on your part, making it a matter of choice—having first so constituted you that you have the power to choose. The acceptance of Christ is something in which you have an agency, or you would cease to be a responsible being.

Another asked, "If I do as well as I can, will He not accept me?"

But *do* you? Do you even live up to your own standard of well-doing? If you do, how will you meet the innumerable statements in the Scriptures which say in substance that all men are sinners, and that they cannot keep the law, cannot save themselves?

A third says that he surely *meant* "to be a Christian sometime before he died."

But God says, "to-day." His time is "*now*."

One wished that it could in some quiet way be brought about that he should find himself in the ranks of Christians without committing himself, or taking any open step. He was afraid to have his children know that he was troubled, or he dreaded the remarks of his business associates if they knew that he went to a prayer-meeting, or he could not break away from his gay friends—he could not bear to be talked about or laughed at, he said.

Yet Christ denies those who are ashamed of Him, and who are not willing to forsake all, if need be, to become His disciples.

This man says he trusts in the goodness of God, "who will not let His creatures perish, because He is a God of love."

Yes ; of love so boundless that yours compared to it is as an acorn cup is to the fathomless sea. But it is only those who accept His plan of salvation that may dare trust themselves to it, for out of Christ it is said, He is a consuming fire ; for He is also a God of justice who will by no means clear the guilty.

That man says, "I am not fit to be a Christian. I must first make myself better."

Christ does not want you to do that. He did all for you Himself when He made atonement for the race. You have but to go as you are, without plea or merit of your own, and ask Him to take you. Is this too simple ?

"What then shall I do ?" you ask.

Do the very thing you are most unwilling to. *You* know what you particularly shrink from, though no one else may. You are held back by something which is like a chain to bind you ; yet if you determine to give yourself to Christ, cost what effort it may, it will drop in sunder like a rope of sand. Do that which seems hardest to you, and Christ will help you when you know it not ; and almost before you know the full meaning of the liberty wherewith He has made you free, you are ready instinctively, with great joy to cry, "I have found the Saviour ! My Lord and my God !" —
Christian Banner.

HIDINGS OF GOD'S FACE.

FOR some months after I was converted I enjoyed my religion with a fulness of joy that made me feel it was indeed beyond price. Then gradually, almost imperceptibly to myself, I began to take less interest in spiritual things. I often neglected the reading of my Bible, and found many distractions in prayer. Temporal and worldly matters presented themselves to me with increased attractions, and I often found them occupying my mind altogether. The natural consequence was a leanness of soul that all feel who do not live in communion with God. I think if I had remained in this lukewarm state very long I might have become as one who turns back after putting his hand to the plough, and is no longer fit

for the kingdom of God. But the Heavenly Father was with me, though He turned away from me His face that I might know how dark would be the night of my soul if the Sun of Righteousness no longer shone upon me.

I think this fearful state of mind had lasted about ten days (though it seemed ten years) when, by a beautiful chain of events that I love to think of now, for I believe God linked them together, there came to my hands that good book, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and I read there a chapter upon the hidings of God's face. I found that I was not alone; others had gone through the same trial. Then my soul took courage to hope. It was the first time I had been able to pray, and as suddenly as the cloud came it departed. Like a sick child awaking from a fever-dream, I could look up into my Father's face and be conscious of His smile. The light of His love illumined the darkness around me, drove away every doubt that troubled me, melted every icy barrier down, and sank into my heart, carrying with it such peace and joy as I had never known before. Now was I able to understand what God had been doing for me, and His dealings were made plain to me. I thought I might be able to do without Him; He knew I could not; yet He condescended to prove the fact to me. I felt that I could henceforth count all things loss so that I might win Christ, for without Him life would be nothing.

RULES FOR OLD AGE.

THEY were the gift of a deeply chastened lady of mature years.

"What a singular idea!" I exclaimed on receiving them. I said no more; but there must have been an inquiry in my eyes, for she answered my thought.

"Wherefore?" She smiled. "I know that I need life's discipline, and if the Lord sees I can profit by it, I shall remain here many years."

"But——" I commenced queryingly.

"But," she interrupted, with the little gay laugh which always made the worldly marvel that one so afflicted could be so pain-forgetful and unvaryingly cheerful. "But you want more of the whys

and wherefores? You shall have them." And her face softened into angelic sweetness as she continued with tremulous earnestness :

"There are two things on earth which seem especially linked with heaven—infancy and old age. Infancy and childhood are lovely beyond the finite power of man to express ; but the serene and holy beauty of a righteous old age I imagine the very angels must revere.

"To me there is no beauty comparable to that of such an old age, and I often feel—so very near does the whitening soul seem to its purchased home—that the poor, feeble, wrinkled hand almost touches heaven's opening gates, and that it is nothing less than heaven's glory glistening in a silvery sheen upon the once dark locks of youth." She paused a moment, and then continued, smilingly :

"You see now, I suppose, that it is because I regard a sweet, regenerate old age as the most attractive thing on earth, and an evil one as the most repulsive, that I have penned those rules for my future guidance.

"Observation has taught me that with increasing years come peculiar foibles, and also that these foibles are trying to acquaintances and friends ; and as there may be no kindly voice to remind me of danger, I would, as far as possible, prepare myself to resist and overcome the unlovely weaknesses which stain the lives of many a truly Christian old lady."

"But," I objected, "you are hourly preparing for the season of old age by the prayerful cultivation of heavenly affections and habits."

"Very true," she replied ; "but you must not forget that I am of the earth earthy, and shall often need a reminder. Unfortunately one never outlives such a need, and, honestly, I find that page in your hand as useful now as it can possibly be twenty years hence."

Such is the brief history of these

RULES FOR MY OLD AGE.

Exact no attention as due my advanced years. Receive kindness gratefully, and neglect patiently, remembering that the Lord will never fail to bestow all that I can safely receive.

Avoid asking questions ; especially those of a personal character. Be a sympathetic and interested listener on all occasions ; but never a troublesome querist.

Observe habits of scrupulous neatness and cleanliness. Soiled handkerchiefs, caps, collars, and cuffs are not only always inexcusable, but absolutely disgusting, especially about the aged. A dirty old man or woman is never a welcome sight to the eyes of the refined.

Guard against a tendency to presume upon my age in matters of speech. Sharp comments and volunteered advice are seldom relished, while a courteous regard for the opinions and feelings of others is not only eminently proper at all times, but truly becoming to the disciple of Christ.

Never forget that the qualities which are hateful and offensive in youth and middle age are doubly so in old.

Treat every reasonable request of those about me—whether kindly or unkindly preferred—with the courteous attention I would naturally exact.

If ill, yield without grumbling or impatience to the wise suggestions and advice of those whom the Lord shall make the guardians of my declining years, remembering that they desire to render my life as happy and comfortable as possible, and that illness has visited me in the Lord's providence because I *need* its discipline.

Bear hourly in mind the great truth that self-love regards only its own interests and desires, while heavenly love regards those of its neighbour.

Finally, be content with such things as I have unless I can righteously secure better.

RICH WITHOUT A SHILLING.

THE will of Patrick Henry closed with the following significant testimony to the value of the Christian religion: "I have disposed of all my property to my family. There is one more thing I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them the whole world, they would be poor."

Missionary Department.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

DR. SUMMERS has kindly sent us the last Annual Report of Board of Missions, of which he is President. The table of membership in the various conferences, and the moneys contributed, will repay a careful study. Of local preachers and members there are 708,558; amount contributed is \$104,524 23. There are two conferences, Denver and White River, where the missionary contributions only average 4 cents per member; another, Arkansas, is only 6 cents per member. The German Mission Conference is the highest, being 53 cents.

The Board has assessed the various conferences to contribute this year at least \$72,000, and hopes that this amount will be exceeded, as pressing calls are made to the Church from China, Mexico, Japan, Brazil, and the frontier of the South.

In the city of Atlanta, the girls of Trinity Church formed a band among themselves to do benevolent work. Among other plans they devised that of building a Sunday school chapel in the southwestern part of the city, and sustaining a Sunday school there. With commendable diligence they worked without ceasing for one year, and then enjoyed the fruits of their labours. The school is attended by 100 scholars, and has become a regular preaching station. What a noble example. Will not some of our readers go and do likewise?

In some parts of the south business of all descriptions is much depressed. In Mississippi, 1900 acres of good land, with excellent dwelling and other houses, were sold for less than \$1100, so that it is no wonder that the receipts of the poor missionaries are very small.

Serious inconveniences often occur by reason of missionaries of various churches being sent into the same localities. In the territory of Montana, it is stated that the M. E. Church, North, has spent \$100,000 missionary money. The Presbyterians have also spent \$10,000 in three years, and only has three ministers, and no church building yet completed; while the Board of the Church, South, has only spent \$4,500 there, though there are twelve missionaries in the field, and about 300 members and five churches, which we estimated as being worth \$12,000.

CHINA.

There are 31 missionary societies which are labouring for the evangelisation of the Celestial Empire, 17 of which are English, 12 American, and 2 German. They jointly occupy 221 preaching stations and employ 182 missionaries.

Some have proposed to hold a Missionary Conference in China, but the editor of the Chinese *Recorder* opposes the scheme very earnestly, on the ground that such are the differences of opinion among the missionaries, that such a gathering would not be productive of much good, and might do incalculable evil.

There are many omens of success, some of which we gladly record. A church in Shanghai has been erected into a cathedral for Bishop Russel of North China, and the authorities at Hong Kong express regret for the recent destruction of the American missionary chapel there and offer to make good all losses.

Dr. Williamson, of the United Presbyterian Mission, observed: "One fact was too much overlooked by the people at home, that women formed one-half of the human race, and that of China the women were open only to female influence. He felt sure, if this fact was realized in England and America, far more ladies would come abroad to the relief of their unfortunate and unhappy sisters."

Rev. John Butler writes from Ningpo as a cheering sign that, without the least hope of pecuniary advantage, and with the possibility of want and persecution before them, there are found persons at nearly all the stations who cast in their lot with the few who are called Christians. It is the common experience of all the missionaries, that those who now unite with God's people are as a rule more intelligent, and make up their minds more fully, from the start, to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," than was the case in former years.

A remarkable religious awakening is reported in North China. Two years ago Cheefoo, a Buddhist, happening to enter a Christian church, became a convert to Christianity, and immediately went to labour among the people of his native town to induce them to embrace the same religion. Thus far there have been 160 converts. The place of the revival is 200 miles distant from the residence of any missionary, and outside of the ordinary lines of travel.

Dr. Mitchell, writing from Calcutta, suggests that the "Nameless Sect" in China, which has recently shown a friendly spirit to Protestant missions, may be a remnant of the wide-spread Nestorian work. The followers of this sect are very numerous in China, especially in the province of Shantung, and are intensely disliked by the authorities. Their religion is said to have come from the West, from whence they also expect a deliverance. They do not worship idols, and have a religious form resembling the Lord's Supper.

Misses Colburn and Burnett, two devoted Christian ladies, who laboured last year on the Round Valley Reservation, sailed from San Francisco, April 1, *en route* for Pekin, China, as missionaries. They are sent out by the Women's Missionary Union, and will labour in connection with a mission already established, devoting themselves wholly to the work among women and children.

A few weeks ago, eight Chinese women were baptized in Washington Street Church, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—Advices from Shanghai to June 5th state that China has appropriated 40,000 taels for representatives at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. The local government of Hong Chow proposes to send, independently, 10,000 taels' worth of porcelain and silk.

WEST AFRICA.—LIBERIA.

Five missionaries recently sailed from New York to this mission. Their labours are much needed. The master of the vessel in which they sailed, Capt. Richardson, of the bark "Liberia," who has made 15 voyages to that country, expresses the opinion that the presence of missionaries is most desirable. According to his statement, the natives are devoted to polygamy, and the Government is a burlesque on our own. He thought that everything was deteriorating in that country, and society, since emancipation had been proclaimed in this country, had become corrupt. All the civilized portion of the community came originally from this country. All the churches and schools were supported by American contributions. The natives were generally an indolent set. They disdained manual labour, were generally traders, exchanging coffee, ginger, dyewoods, and palm-oil for miscellaneous goods, principally tobacco and dry goods. Their principal food consists of rice and fish. Cattle were scarce, and come from the interior in limited numbers, and their meat was only obtained by the wealthiest inhabitants.

MAY MEETINGS.

There are somewhere about 70 anniversary meetings held in Exeter Hall, London, during the month of May. It would be impossible for us to give lengthened details respecting them, but the following summary of receipts will convey some idea of the interest taken in them by the Christians of Britain :

British and Foreign Bible Society.....	£222,191
Principal Foreign Missionary Societies.....	676,627
Colonial, Jewish and other missions.....	150,122
Home Missions.....	320,977
Religious Educational Societies.....	68,023
Miscellaneous	172,957

£1,609,897

Being \$8,049,485, more than eight millions of dollars! It is pleasing to note the fact that most of the above exhibit a very gratifying increase over the past year. The Bible Society has an unusual increase. The issues of the society have now reached 73,750,538 copies.

INDIA.

There are 290,000 inhabited towns and villages in Bengal and the north-west provinces of India alone. Calculate how long it would take to visit and preach once in each of these; and how much it would cost to place a Bible in each; and how many men of earnest piety are needed to give even one evangelist to each score of villages? And what are these two provinces to the whole of India? and what is India to China? And yet there are labourers who stand all the day idle! And yet there are little English towns full of Christians, not heathen, with dozens of churches. There are countless spheres in Great Britain (very many also in Canada) where Christian workers are treading on each others' toes; and countless spheres in India where no Christian worker is ever seen or heard. Oh, should not our abundance be a supply for their need? Think of it, young man! Ask the Master what He would have *you* to do under the circumstances.

The Rev. D. Browne writes from India to the *Journal and Messenger*: "A splendid victory for Christianity has just been achieved in the native state of Travencore. For some time a controversy has been going on in India concerning caste designation. The point at issue was this: When a Christian was summoned to court, or otherwise named in an official document, it was usual to append the old caste designation, thus ignoring the 'new' condition. Some refused to answer to the old heathen name, which they wished buried with their former life. For this they were imprisoned and fined. Appeals were made to the High Court of Madras, and a petition sent to the Viceroy. The High Court decided that the caste name must be used. But before this ruling was promulgated the Viceroy decided in favour of dropping the cast name, using only Christian. The High Court has never reversed its decision, but as it has never been promulgated, it remains practically a dead letter. In Travencore the census has recently been taken. Here, the Christians were asked for their caste; they said Christian; but they wanted the old caste. It was refused; they were threatened, but stood fast, and the result is a victory for Christianity, and a severe blow to caste. A few more such strokes and caste must give way. Caste gone, the greatest hindrance to the gospel is removed!"

The Hindoos of Lucknow, India, have formed a religious society whose object is the reading and explanation of the sacred books of the Hindoo religion, and the publication of a Hindoo religious journal. The Mohammedans of the same city have established a society which intends to employ itinerant preachers to oppose the arguments of the Christian missionaries.

A converted Brahmin, named Dondaba, who had on his baptism lost his houses, fields, his wells, his wife and his children,

was asked by a British officer in India how he bore his sorrows, and if he were supported under them. "Ay," he said, "I am often asked that ; but I am never asked how I bear my joys, for I have peace within, with which a stranger intermeddles not. The Lord Jesus," he added, "sought me out and found me, a poor strayed sheep in the jungles, and He brought me to his fold, and He will never leave me. To whom else should I go, if I were to leave Him?"

HOPE FOR THE CHURCH.

A Parsee writes to the *Bombay Guardian*, that the only hope of their race, numbering some 80,000 in India, being saved from extinction is in adopting Christianity. That journal states that there are thousands of converted Parsees in Bombay who have entirely lost confidence in their own system of religion, and are perfectly convinced of the truth of Christianity. The writer expects the time when vast numbers will come for Christian baptism together.

JESUS CHRIST'S MAN.

Dr. Judson, when making his missionary journeys through the villages and jungles of poor benighted Karens, used to be called by the natives "Jesus Christ's man."

EFFECT OF REVIVALS.

Christian revivals are certainly very remarkable at the present time, and wide-spread. In many of our mission stations, especially in China and India, the Lord is pouring out his spirit. When the Rev. Mr. Taylor stepped ashore at Bombay some years ago, he asked an intelligent, English-speaking Parsee if there were "any Methodists in Bombay." "Methodists?" said the worthy disciple of Zoroaster, "Methodists! What are they? I never heard of such people." Now, you cannot walk half a mile through the streets of Bombay without stumbling upon one or two. Not a class or caste but knows what Methodists are ; not a class or caste but has yielded converts to Methodism and Christ.

EVANGELISTIC EFFORTS.

Our columns have frequently contained accounts of the proceedings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Their labours in the United Kingdom have produced a marvellous effect upon the Churches. In London, where it was supposed there would be insuperable difficulties to encounter, they have been as successful as in any place previously visited. They have concluded their labours in England, and are about to repair to Paris for a short time prior to their return to America. They are certainly most disin-

terested men. At all places they have positively refused any testimonials in acknowledgment of their services, and at the farewell meeting held in London, when hundreds of ministers testified to the blessed results of their labours, an attempt was made to reward the evangelists with some testimonial in acknowledgment of what they had effected, but they positively refused, and assured their kind friends that such a mode of showing them favour would not be acceptable. We are pleased to record the fact that arrangements are being made for carrying forward the evangelistic work so auspiciously begun. Ministers are not only resolved to labour zealously in their respective localities, but evangelistic tours are contemplated, such as the following:—

The Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. W. Crosbie, of Derby, and some other gentlemen, have arranged a preaching through Derbyshire in the summer. The tour will extend over a fortnight. Two services will be held each day, and there will be a plentiful distribution of religious tracts along all the course of the mission. The campaign will open at Melbourne in the south of the county, and close at Glossop in the north.

Arrangements have been made for an out-door preaching tour in the villages of Surrey during the week commencing July 5. Numerous ministers have undertaken to render assistance, and the Religious Tract Society has made a liberal grant of tracts.

We would fain hope that the revival of holiness, followed by the zeal of thousands who are labouring for the conversion of their fellowmen, will tell very favourably upon the state of the churches generally. We submit that more than ever Methodist pulpits should echo the grand doctrines of the Witness of the Spirit and Entire Sanctification. Working churches are always successful. Dr. Cuyler's church, Brooklyn, is an excellent specimen of such a church.

The fifteenth anniversary of Lafayette Avenue Church (Dr. Cuyler's), Brooklyn, was observed on Sunday, the 11th. In his sermon, Dr. Cuyler reviewed the history of his pastorate since 1860. The contributions during that time to benevolent objects has been \$233,900, and for church expenses \$264,500, besides building the present church during the war. The membership is now 1,596, being the largest in the land, and two colonies have been sent out, which are now flourishing churches. All branches of work have been abundantly prosperous.

Dr. Duryea's church is so crowded that he has adopted a novel way of meeting the difficulty. Read:—"Dr. Duryea's church in Brooklyn suffers from over-crowding, there being a great pressure for pews and none to be had; in view of this fact, the novel suggestion is made of pew rentals and tickets which should entitle the holder to listen to but one of the two Sabbath sermons—these

self-denying brethren during the other part of the day to engage in some appropriate work in advancing the Master's kingdom."

May every church consist of a band of men whose hearts God hath touched.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT is said that "time and tide wait for no man." We must either keep step with the march of events, or be trampled down and left behind. If there ever has been a time when men could afford to allow their eyes or ears to be averted, even for a single day, from the events which are transpiring round about them, certes it is not the present. The rapid modes of travel, which have brought distant portions of the earth near to each other, and the telegraph, which has put the ends of the earth into daily communication with each other, have established a community of interests between mankind such as never existed before. Whatever scepticism there may be among a certain class of speculative thinkers in respect to the common origin of the race, the logic of events is rapidly demonstrating that, notwithstanding ethnological peculiarities, diversity of habits and customs and modes of life, there is an interdependence which runs through all its sections which constitutes the race of man really one. What is there that can take place in any part of the habitable globe, in which any considerable portion of mankind is interested, and we in this country do not feel interested too? There may, indeed, be savage tribes in whose movements, and in the events of whose history we feel but little practical interest; but why is it? Is it not because unorganised, or perhaps more properly disorganised, they are like so many threads that have been drawn out of the web of humanity? These are exceptions to the general rule. Their condition is abnormal, and they must either be brought into organic relationship with the rest of the race or else rapidly perish in the presence of organised, that is civilised man.

These being our views, we shall not cease to watch narrowly the events which are occurring about us, and to cherish a lively interest in everything which belongs to the current history of the race in any of its branches. Wherever a fellow-man dwells upon the earth, there our sympathies are. Whatever is interesting to him will not fail to interest us. We will weep with him when he weeps, and rejoice with him when he rejoices; and this we will do the more because his Father is our Father, his Saviour is our Saviour, and we recognise in him a fellow-heir to the same inheritance in heaven. The fact that God loves him is sufficient reason why we should love him too, and the fact that the Redeemer is interested in him and his affairs is reason enough why we should be interested in him

also. Though untoward circumstances have interrupted for a season our gossip with our friends on current events and the topics of the time, we resume it again, and trust that it may prove pleasant and profitable both to them and us.

THE SUMMER.

When our last notes for this department were written, two months ago, the time of the singing of birds had just come, and the voice of the robin began to be heard in our land. The swelling buds and opening wild flowers told that, tardy as it had been in coming, spring had actually arrived. And yet, the air was harsh and raw. It could scarcely be said yet that it was "balmy spring." Passing through the northern part of the state of New York by rail, the second week in May, during the greater part of a whole day the snow was constantly visible; and though it had disappeared from our own hill-sides and valleys, the state of the atmosphere admonished us that there was snow or ice somewhere, and that it was not very distant either. Some of the "fearful and unbelieving" began to think there would be no summer, or at least utterances were sometimes heard which would seem to indicate this state of mind. But there was the grand old promise, settled in heaven and firmer than the foundation of the everlasting hills, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease;" and many who knew little about the philosophy of the seasons, and could give but a poor account of the causes of those changes which are so constantly occurring, believed that what had been would be, and that, sullen skies and harsh winds to the contrary notwithstanding, in due time the summer would come, and that as heretofore it would come laden with beauty and blessing filling the husbandman's bosom with sheaves, his barns with plenty, and his granaries with all manner of store. Well, the promise has been already in part fulfilled, and in due time the rest will come. We have the summer, and the harvest is not far distant; and as the former has been thus far pleasant and healthy, we have good reason to believe that the latter will be abundant. The Lord is crowning the year with goodness, and His paths, in His progress through the seasons, are dropping fatness.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

The three western conferences—the London, Toronto and Montreal Conferences—have each held its session. The former of these met at Brantford on the 2nd of June, and had a pleasant and harmonious session, under the presidency of its former president,

the Rev. Jno. A. Williams. The Toronto Conference, which met at Picton a week later, followed the example of the London Conference in selecting its former head. Under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Wood, the business was transacted with thoroughness and orderly despatch. The Rev. James Elliott still retains his hold upon the confidence and affection of his brethren in the Montreal Conference, which met in the city of Kingston on the 16th of June. He was elected by a vote so large as to be practically unanimous, and presided with his accustomed ability and grace. All these conferences were characterised by the utmost unanimity of action and thorough good feeling. The presence of the brethren who had formerly been connected with the Methodist New Connexion Church was matter of sincere gratification to those who had belonged to the conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, and the cordiality with which they mixed and mingled, and the unanimity and good feeling with which they united in the transaction of the business of the conference, proved that the union is not a mere matter of law, but that in spirit as well as in form these brethren are one. We rejoice in this especially, because it demonstrates the feasibility of a union of a still more comprehensive character, which we hope to see consummated in due time. There does not appear to be any good reason why all the several branches of Methodism in this country should not be united in one compact and powerful body.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

The Presbyterians have set a noble example to our own and other denominations that have a divided communion. They were the first to begin the practical work of union in this country, and they are the first to arrive at the complete unification of their denomination. The work commenced in the union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian body some years ago, and it has been completed in the union of the Presbyterian Church of Canada and the Canada Presbyterian Church, when the articles of union were signed by the representative moderators in Victoria Hall, Montreal, on the 15th day of June last. We do not wonder that when the union was consummated, after laborious and prayerful negotiations which had been carried on through anxious years, and the happy result was authoritatively announced, the immense audience that crowded the hall, composed of both laymen and ministers, gave way to the excitement of the moment, and, rising simultaneously to their feet, gave loud and prolonged cheers, and that instantly and everywhere hands were joined with the hands of neighbours, with the heartiest expressions of reciprocal congratula-

tions. We can well imagine, too, the feeling of satisfaction produced by a message from the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, conveyed in a cable telegram which was laid on the table at this joyous moment, and which read as follows: "The Irish Assembly sends congratulations, and prays God's blessing on the union." This has been followed by more than one congratulatory message couched in similar terms—among others, one from the Montreal Conference of our own Church, and one from the Anglican Synod which met about the same time in the city of Toronto; and these messages only express the unuttered feelings of thousands of hearts throughout Christendom. May this happy event prove to be the dawning of a brighter day than any that has preceded it in the history of a Church which has had such a creditable record in the past.

THE INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The International Sabbath School Convention, which met in the city of Baltimore on the 11th of May, was an event of too much significance and importance to be entirely overlooked. We have neither time nor space to attempt either a report or a review of its proceedings. We refer to it chiefly as an illustration of the growing interest which is felt by earnest Christians of all branches of the Church in an institution which has already accomplished much, but which, under more enlightened and judicious management, is capable of doing much more. One of the most pressing wants of the Church of the present time is, a people more thoroughly instructed in Bible truth; and there does not seem to be any other effectual means of supplying this *desideratum* but the Sunday school. Biblical instruction is not given in the common schools of either the United States or Canada, nor does it seem to be practicable that it should be: an attempt to introduce anything of the kind in the present state of public opinion would almost inevitably have the effect of breaking up our common school system. The press, with all its vaunted power, is incapable of doing the work. What is needed is not so much to know a great deal about the Bible, as to know the Bible itself. Excellent things are written and published about the Bible, no doubt, and things which afford invaluable assistance to the Bible student; but the intelligent use of these helps demands, as an essential prerequisite, a more or less comprehensive training in the Book itself. The great fault in very much of the biblical study of the present time is that the commentary comes first and the text afterwards; and thus, instead of looking into the Word of God with the eyes which God has given us, we are reading it with other men's spectacles—looking at its truths through the more or less distorted media of other men's opinions. The pulpit itself,

the God-ordained instrument of religious instruction as well as impression, has become comparatively powerless in this matter. It is useless to attempt to conceal it, that even the Christian people in our congregations are impatient of instruction from the pulpit, and the minister whose aim is to make the people who hear him know the truth, except in rare instances in which he may happen to minister to a congregation exceptionally intelligent, is never popular, but is generally considered a bore. The sheet-anchor of our hope appears to be the Sunday school—the Bible school let us call it—and that not as it now is, but as it is capable of being made by the combined intelligence, piety, and exertion of the whole Church. The aim of those who took a prominent part in the convention was to elevate the character of the Sunday school, by not only improving the quality of Sunday school teaching, but by making the school co-extensive with the church and congregation. In some few instances this latter point has been gained, and one part of the day is given to a meeting in which the whole congregation comes together, old and young, adults and little children, expressly for the study of the Word of God; and wherever it has been tried it appears to have been crowned with success. We expect to see it, before long, tried on a larger scale, and we doubt not it will be attended with the most beneficial results.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, which met in the city of Richmond, Virginia, a few days later than the Baltimore Convention, appears to have been an occasion of great interest. The reports presented furnished evidence of the growing strength and influence of the organisation, and the greatness of the work it is doing. In the large cities especially, this institution has proved an invaluable boon to thousands of young men, by preserving them from evil associations, saving them from the blasting influence of the wine-cup and the "strange woman," assisting them in getting employment, introducing them to virtuous young men, and, above all, leading them to the Saviour of men. The danger is that, in individual instances, the managers of the association may go just a little too far in their efforts to make things pleasant about their rooms for a class of young men not likely to get good themselves or to do good to others. We confess we do not like the idea of billiard tables and bowling alleys connected with the rooms of this association; and a smoking-room anywhere is to our apprehension a filthy abomination—a thing certainly which ought not to be once named in connection with a place for the meeting of Christian young men. It may be well enough within certain limits to "stoop to conquer," but that is a policy which can easily be carried too far.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

The General Convention of the Order of Good Templars, composed of delegates from all parts of the world, met in Bloomington, Illinois, about the same time as the Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Richmond. The presence of a large number of delegates, drawn together from all parts of the world, with a view to the consideration of measures for promoting the efficiency of an organisation which has for its object the removal of the blasting and withering curse of intemperance from the earth, and the inauguration of an era of sobriety and virtue, is in itself a fact which cannot fail to be deeply interesting to the philanthropist and the Christian. It proves that the world is waking up to the enormity of this giant evil, and that there is a disposition in the heart of an ever-increasing host of earnest spirits to spare no pains, to shrink from no labour or sacrifice, in order to not merely set limits to its influence, but to utterly destroy it. The presence of the learned Dr. Lees, of England, perhaps the ablest and most scholarly champion of total abstinence principles now living, gave more than ordinary interest to the convention. Most of the business of course was transacted privately, but enough has transpired to show that it was an occasion of interest to those who were present, and is likely to have a stimulating effect upon the order, and to promote its efficiency and success throughout the world.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

What the final result of the visit of these honoured servants of God to the British Islands will be, will only be revealed by the light of the Judgment Day. That a wide-spread awakening of a truly evangelical and spiritual character, attended with the conversion of many thousands of souls, has been effected, there is no good reason to doubt; but so far as the permanent result is concerned, much will depend upon the wisdom, tact, and fidelity of those to whose care these multitudes of new-born souls are intrusted. The labours and successes of the evangelists have imposed a tremendous responsibility upon the Church of Great Britain. The care and training of these thousands, a large proportion of whom we may suppose are in the humbler walks of life, exposed to great temptation, is no small matter. Besides, these evangelists have not only demonstrated the feasibility of overtaking the outlying and neglected masses, practically heathen though they be, and bringing them under the influence and saving power of the gospel, but they have showed how it may be accomplished. There is no reason to doubt that there are many thousands among the clergy and laity of the British Churches who have just as much talent, and possibly just as

much natural tact, who with the same spirit of consecration, the same passion for soul-saving, and the same endowment of power from on High, would be just as successful as Moody. And among the thousands of the sweet singers of British Israel, who can say how many Sankeys will be raised up? Even the Master himself intimated that it was not expedient that He should remain with His disciples on earth after He put them in possession of the truth by which the world was to be saved, and had illustrated upon a limited scale the method and means by which it was to be accomplished. It was expedient that they should be thrown upon their own resources, that they might be made more deeply conscious of the need of that spiritual illumination and power without which they would never be able to succeed; and that instead of simply looking on while the work was done by Him, they might, under a deep impression of their personal responsibility, go to work themselves. If we may with becoming reverence compare small things with great, it appears to us there is the same expediency in Mr. Moody's withdrawal from the scene of his labours and successes, as he is about to do. He has shown how the work may be done, he has illustrated on an extended scale the efficiency of his methods; and now the time has come when those who have been looking on with wonder and gratitude at what God has wrought through his instrumentality should go to work themselves. Let us hope that in this instance the little one shall become a thousand—that instead of the one evangelist there may be hundreds, an ever-multiplying host of men baptised with the same spirit, fired with the same zeal, gifted with equal wisdom and tact; and that, as the result of the combined exertions of these workers, made mighty through the indwelling Spirit of God, the entire mass of the British people shall be brought to the feet of the Redeemer.

CLOSE OF THE BEECHER-TILTON TRIAL.

This sad trial, after having engaged the attention of the civilized world for a period of nearly six months, and excited a degree of interest which was not equalled even by the notorious Tichborne trial, has terminated in a way that leaves every one to form his own opinion in respect to the question at issue. The conclusion amounts to about the same thing as a Scotch verdict of "Not proven." Tilton has failed to make out a case strong enough to carry conviction to the minds of twelve jurors, but, on the other hand, the defence has not been able to procure a verdict for the defendant. The fact is, the case is remitted for final adjudication and decision to the bar of public opinion. It is, in other words, just where it was six months ago. We have expressed our opinion in respect to Mr. Beecher already, and we see no good reason to revise our judgment.

We say nothing of the orthodoxy of his teaching, nothing of some of the peculiarities of his intercourse with his flock, nothing of the peculiar style of some of his epistles; on these points it might be proper enough in other circumstances to dwell, and they afford, no doubt, ample grounds for difference of opinion, but they do not touch the question upon which the public is called to pronounce. What we are called upon by Mr. Beecher's adversaries to believe is, not that he is loose in his theological opinions, that he is too free and easy in his intercourse with his people, or that he is imprudent in some of his utterances either verbal or written, but that after having maintained a spotless reputation during a public life of more than thirty years, and occupied a foremost position among the advocates of everything which tends to elevate and ennoble man—the uncompromising enemy of all sorts of vice, and the intrepid champion of every kind of virtue—he has turned out at length to be *an adulterer, a perjurer, and a foul conspirator against the fair fame of others, willing to escape from the consequences of his crime by the murder of the reputation of men whom yesterday he had called his friends!* We must have stronger evidence than any that has yet been produced before we can come to such a conclusion.

CONSOLATION.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can crown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said,
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
 Whate'er our name and sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

—Whittier.



CALENDAR.

Prepared for *Earnest Christianity* by Rev. GEO. H. CORNISH.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

New Moon 1st day, 8hrs., 09min., A.M.	Full Moon 16th day, 8hrs., 16min., P.M.
First Quar. 8th " 10 " 12 " P.M.	Last Quar. 23rd " 8 " 21 " P.M.
New Moon 30th day, 6hrs. 23min., P.M.	

August, in the old Roman Calendar, was named Sextillis, or sixth; but after the Establishment of the Empire, it was called August, in honour of Augustus, the second of the Cæsars.

1	Sun.	Emancipation Day. Slavery abolished in British Dominions	1834
2	Mon.	Rev. Benjamin Cole died, aged 45 years	1870
3	Tue.	Rev. J. Hick died at Quebec, aged 47 years . . . [kum at Walpole Isl.	1834
4	Wed.	Rev. P. Jones obtains an interview with Chief Pazhekezhikquash.	1829
5	Thu.	Atlantic Telegraph Cable laid	1858
6	Fri.	Covenant Service first appointed by John Wesley	1755
7	Sat.	DuQuesne Governor of Canada	1752
8	Sun.	Rev. Edmund Stoney died, aged 72 years	1862
9	Mon.	John Wesley's first visit to Ireland	1747
10	Tue.	Battle of Montmorenci	1759
11	Wed.	John Wesley's first visit to Wales	1746
12	Thu.	Oswego captured by Montcalm	1756
13	Fri.	William Bramwell died, aged 59 years	1818
14	Sat.	Rev. Henry Wilkinson died, aged 58 years	1862
15	Sun.	Rev. John Williams died, aged 36 years	1854
16	Mon.	Rev. Joseph L. Sanders died, aged 41 years	1872
17	Tue.	Rev. Joseph Sawyer & Wm. Case, attend Quar. M. at Westminster.	1829
18	Wed.	Duke of Brunswick died	1873
19	Thu.	River St. Lawrence discovered	1535
20	Fri.	Bishop Asbury born	1745
21	Sat.	Prince of Wales landed at Quebec	1860
22	Sun.	(24) Rev. John Raine died, aged 41 years	1844
23	Mon.	Admiral Walker's fleet destroyed in River St. Lawrence	1711
24	Tue.	Rev. John Watson died at Hamilton, aged 26 years	1834
25	Wed.	Rev. Simon Huntingdon died, aged 55 years	1856
26	Thu.	Rev. Jos. Stinson, D.D., died, aged 61 years	1862
27	Fri.	Rev. Moses M. Johnston died, aged 35 years	1871
28	Sat.	Day appointed by Conference for fasting and prayer for a revival .	1829
29	Sun.	Rev. Lucius Adams died at Mitchell, aged 25 years	1855
30	Mon.	Threc sisters of Rev. Peter Jones converted at Ancaster Camp Mt.	1829
31	Tue.	John Bunyan died, aged 60 years	1688

“CALL THEM IN.”

St. LUKE xiv. 21-23.

Andante.

“Call them in,” the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold ;

Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth in gold?

“Call them in,”—the weak, the weary, La-den with the doom of sin;

Bid them come and rest in JE-SUS; He is wait-ing—“Call them in.”

2.
 “Call them in,”—the Jew, the Gentile;
 Bid the stranger to the feast:
 “Call them in,”—the rich, the noble,
 From the highest to the least,
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,
 He hath all their sorrows seen;
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
 Wait the lost ones,—“Call them in.”

3.
 “Call them in,”—the broken-hearted,
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
 Speak love's message low and tender,
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
 See, the shadows lengthen round us,
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely?
 Christ is coming—“Call them in.”