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# NEWFOUNDLAND

# Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 6.

JUNE, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE WANTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Continued.)

### No. 2 — A LIVING MINISTRY.

I do not say that there are not many faithful, earnest men of God in the ranks of the Christian ministry in the different branches of the Church of Christ in this colony. Thank God there are. These will be the first to agree with me that one of the great wants of our country, in common with others, is a *revived ministry*. There are many things that tend to distract the mind, and damp the zeal, and quench the fire of love. Some have too much to do with finance. Others have had to handle the dangerous weapons of controversy, or have been dragged into the filthy waters of politics. Others may have evinced too much denominational activity, and failed to wish "God-speed" to all who preach the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Ministers are but men. They need all the help possible from the Lord's people. In this country they are often in trying circumstances. They occupy the outposts of the great army of the Lord; often isolated, the year rolls round without their meeting one fellow labourer. If we consider how much depends upon their faithfulness, we may be roused to use the means to secure and maintain a living ministry. The hope of our country to-day lies in a strengthened and quickened ministry, in God's word being preached in demonstration of the Spirit and power. The Church of Christ is the salt of the land, and ministers are the salt of the Church. With them rests the power to raise our morality to a higher level than it has yet reached, and to give spiritual things a commanding position. If they are true to their present opportunities, future generations will bear the impress of their work, as the generation of to-day bears many a mark of the influence of holy men who have long slept in the dust.

The ministry may secure the perpetual renewal of its youth by living fellowship with Him who has all power in heaven and earth. Faded hopes, which spring as much from youthful ardour or worldly ambition, as from Godly zeal, may be supplanted by hopes which make not ashamed, because grounded on the sure promises of God. Strength which has been worn out and wasted in the conflict with sin and the devil, may be renewed by the Holy Ghost dwelling in the heart.

We have only to follow Christ, to depend upon the mighty agency of the Divine Spirit. We go not to

fight in our armour or strength, but in the strength of the Lord God.

Do we not recognise the need of a revived ministry for Newfoundland? Souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. Cold formalism takes the place of godliness, and covetousness which is idolatrous, is enslaving for ever multitudes around us, while vice and wickedness sweep over the land like a desolating storm.

Nothing but a ministry inspired by the Holy Ghost will be able to do the work of the Lord in this land.

May God uplift and qualify His servants.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Apostacy begins at the closet door.

If we cannot go to God *with* a broken heart, let us go to Him *for* one.

How pleasant it is to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly.

"No mist that man may raise shall hide the eye of Heaven."

Never trouble yourself with trouble, till trouble troubles you.

Blame not before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

Observe the opportunity, and refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good.

There really is a life of blessed power and joyfulness for all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Search and see what redemption means, what saving to the uttermost means, what the promises mean.

We sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry, and keeps our larder lean.—*Cowper*.

POLITENESS.—Somebody says that politeness is like an air cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

Though the world is very dumsighted as to its vision of Christ's personal glory and beauty, yet it is very clear-sighted as to how much of His holy image it sees in us.

O, the sublimity of fervent prayer! How it dignifies those who are continually found in it! It is indeed a wondrous grace, teaching us to address God in His own way. What I say He dictates! My words of prayer, though polluted by the breath I breathe, still, blessed be His name, go up an unpolluted sacrifice presented by Christ. I put my prayers into my Redeemer's hand; He pardons and purifies what is mine, takes them spotless to His Father's throne, and they are answered by innumerable blessings.

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## TRUST.

THERE is a story told of Alexander the Great. He received a note from some one stating that his favourite doctor was going to poison him, and the doctor was with Alexander when the note came, and just as he was giving the Emperor the medicine, for he was sick. As Alexander took the cup of medicine he held up the letter, read it off to his doctor, and swallowed the medicine. That was to show the doctor that he had confidence in him. He did not believe what was in the letter. Some one was trying to injure the doctor, to get him put to death; but the Emperor had such confidence in his doctor that he just took the medicine, and didn't believe a word of it. That is what I call believing with all your heart. Now there might have been poison in that cup, but do you think there is any poison in God's cup? He offers you the cup of salvation. Do you think it is poison and death to anyone that will take that cup? Do you think anyone can perish that will trust God for salvation?

There is a story told of old Dr. Chalmers, who went to see a Scotch woman in her time of trouble about her sin. In the north of Scotland they spend a great deal of thought in just looking at themselves, and occupying themselves with their misgivings. This Scotch woman was trying to get faith. She hadn't the right kind of faith, and the doctor was going to see her. On his way he had to cross a stream, over which there was nothing but a thin plank, and he thought it looked rotten and insecure; and he went up and put his foot upon the plank doubtfully, and feared to trust his weight upon it; and the Scotch woman, watching him from the window, saw that he was afraid to venture out on the plank, and she came out and shouted, "Just trust the plank, Doctor." And the Doctor did trust the plank, and walked over the stream in safety. Afterward he was talking with the woman, and she hadn't the right kind of faith, she said, and was lamenting over her lot, and the Doctor, in his means to explain to her what was the trust she ought to have, at last hit upon the circumstance of his crossing the plank, and using the woman's queer Scotch expression, said to her, "Trust Christ, cannot you?" "Ob, doctor, is that faith?" said she; "is it just to trust Him?" "That is faith," said he, "just to trust Him as I trusted that plank. It carried me over, and you trust God, and He will carry you over." "Oh," said she, "I can do that." That means trust the plank. Just trust it, and it won't break under you.—*D. L. Moody.*

## ENJOY THE PRESENT.

IT conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representations of the better, the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my house is left me still, and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want to drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A VALUABLE SECRET.—Looking forward to enjoyment doesn't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle sunshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is making his mark, or he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he has gained what he has sighed for.

## HOME.

AT twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream:—It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on working man's garb again, and delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered; and I sat down under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and beautiful group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after a while, when they clapped their hands, and shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here;" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, Home! Home! Home!

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

## KEEPING THE TONGUE.

KEEP it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted, so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false colouring—to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of the truth—that we need to be on our guard. There are very many who would shrink from telling a lie, who yet speak in such inaccurate, or exaggerated, or one-sided statements, that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method, "Go and tell him of his faults 'twixt thee and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of even if intent be not malicious.—*Rural New Yorker.*

## INTERCOURSE WITH CHILDREN.

Do you want to learn how to make the children love you? Do you want the key that will unlock the innermost recesses of their nature? Then sympathise with them always. Never allow yourself to ridicule any of their little secrets. Never say, "Oh, pshaw!" when they come to show you a new kite or marvellous top, and "I can't be troubled!" when the hard knot won't be untied, and two and two obstinately refuse to make four on their little slates. Kites and knots are only the precursors of older thoughts and deeper trials, which the parents may one day plead in vain to share.

Don't laugh at any of a child's ideas, however odd and absurd they may seem to you; let them find your sympathy ready in all their wonderments and aspirations. Is there any man so wise in his own conceit as to have forgotten that there was a time once when he was also a child? The little folks are too much crowded out in this world; people generally seem to think they can be put anywhere or made to eat anything, crammed into any out-of-the-way corner, to amuse themselves anyhow.

Oh, how much better is it for children to bring all their cares and troubles and temptations under the gentle eye of a kind parent! What a safeguard it is for them to feel that there is always a kind ear to listen to their doubts and griefs, and a gentle shoulder for their little heads to nestle against! Respect their rights; never think you can say bitter things in their presence or do unjust actions. They are the finest discriminators of fair and unfair in the world. Somebody says, "When you are inclined to be cross with children for being slow to learn, just try a moment to write with your left hand." See how awkward it proves, and then remember that with children it is all left hand. Preserve us from those precocious infants who spring up ready-made philosophers and casuists; cherry-cheeked little orphans are infinitely preferable. Above all, do not be ashamed to let them know that you love them. Remember they will be men and women some day, and the slightest word which may influence their future lives should become a thing of moment in our eyes.—*Free Methodist.*

## THE POWER OF SONG.

COOL courage and the power of sacred song have been the best subduers of wicked rage. The following incident is related of a remarkable negro woman, Sojourner Truth, in her life, recently published:—

At one time she was at a camp meeting, and a mob of young ruffians were determined to break up the meeting. She at first hid herself from fear, but afterwards said to herself—

"What! shall I run away and hide from the devil—me, a servant of the living God? Have I not faith enough to go out and quell that mob, when I know it is written, 'One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight'? I'll go to the rescue, and the Lord will go with me to protect me."

She went out into the open field, among the wild and reckless mob, commenced to sing in the most fervent manner, and with powerful voice—

"It was early in the morning, it was early in the morn'ing,  
Just at the break of day,  
When he rose, when he rose, when he rose,  
And went to heaven on a cloud."

Soon the crowd surrounded her, armed with clubs and sticks. As she ceased, one spoke up—

"Sing on, old woman! nobody shall hurt you." Another said, "Talk to us, old woman!" Another, "Pray, old woman, and tell us your experience!"

So she talked, and sung and prayed, until the subdued and convicted mob quietly dispersed, and the exercises of the camp meeting proceeded peacefully to the close.—*Free Methodist.*

A little girl in Reading, Pa., recently saw an old drunken man lying on the doorstep, the perspiration pouring off his face and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and looked up so pitifully to the rest, and made this remark: "Oh, don't hurt him, he is somebody's grandpa."

## HOW TO GET HOLD

OF NON CHURCH-GOERS?

LOVE is always unconventional. It knows nothing about poverty, or class distinctions, or birth, or character. Love sweeps away all of these. It is the loving, earnest souls that have an influence for good. What would you give for the poet apart from the love which is in all true poetry, or for the orator who was not all in a blaze, or for the sculptor who was not all aglow with love? What will a non-church-goer give for your endeavours in his behalf unless he knows that you love him? If you find a non-church-goer—be he sceptical, or a poor man, or an ignorant man, or a sick man—bring to him your sympathy, just as the Lord Jesus said to all with whom He spoke. It is said that the natives of India, when they want to quarry out stone, first take a chisel and run a groove, then they kindle a fire in the groove, and last of all, they pour in a little water, which, becoming heated, causes the stone to expand and eventually to burst. This is just what the Lord Jesus did. First he grooved right down into the hardness of the human heart, then poured in the water of His love, and thus gained an entrance and broke it asunder.—*Dr. Armitage.*

## STAGNATION V. SENSATIONALISM.

WITH two offensive words we head this article. We do not know which word is the worst. It is the national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author writes a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the Church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. The fact is, that they never made any stir while living, nor will they in dying, save as they rob the undertaker of his fees, they not leaving enough to pay their dismission expenses. We hate sensationalism in the pulpit, so far as the word means the preaching of everything but the Gospel; but the simple fact is, that whenever and wherever faith, and repentance, and heaven, and hell are proclaimed with emphasis, there will be a sensation. The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. If our young men in the ministry want large audiences, let them quit philosophising, and hair-splitting, and botanising, and, without gloves, take hold of men's sin and troubles, and there will be no lack of hearers. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism. We have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself, he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week, a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell, and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep, you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles, we shall either have you voted a nuisance, or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way." Then the mud-turtle's shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market. Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our churches, and in the ministry, a great many men who are dead, but have never had the common decency to get buried. With the best white and "lodging" for lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticising the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coats, and go out to see how good a swathe we can cut.—*Talmage.*

There is perhaps no truer sign that a man is really advancing than that he is learning to forget himself, that he is losing the natural thoughts about self in the One higher than himself, to whose guidance he can commit himself and all men.—*Sharp.*

## THREE PICTURES.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

SHE stood in the orchard, 'neath the rays of the glowing sunset, with the apple blossoms falling around, making all unconsciously a picture far surpassing those of the great Hogarth. And why not, since the Master Hand mixed the colours, throwing in lights and shadows which man at his very best can but poorly imitate. There was not, however, an abundance of colouring in the scene, for the verdure was as yet of a light green, and the apple blossoms had, for the most part, faded to white; while the beauty of the girl herself lay mostly in the calm repose of her figure and the pale purity of her sweet face—sweet it was beyond all questioning, from the clear grey eye gazing so serenely heavenward to the tender lips around which the faintest imagin'g seemed still to be hovering. Yesterday, in this same spot, she had bidden farewell to all her girlish hopes, and sent the tried lover of three long years away never to return; for just two weeks ago her mother had died, and she, the eldest of eight, felt it incumbent upon her to at once become the family stay as the dear departed one had been. She could not ask him to wait for her; it would be long—very long, ere she would be free to please herself; for next in age came five rollicking boys, and it was foolish to think or speak of when the twin sisters, now almost babies, should be grown up and able to stand in her stead. It would likewise be cruel so she argued with herself, to let matters go on as though no change would have to be made; and thus it had come about that angry and vexed her lover had left her, saying that he should throw up at once his situation in the neighbouring town, where he had hoped to have soon made a home for her as well as himself; again seek his native place in the north of England, with a view to saying farewell to all there and going as soon as possible to America. He said it would drive him mad to be near her, so the ocean should separate them, and—God help her!—she felt that he would do it. God had helped her too, for here, in the old trysting-place of other days, she had stretched out her hands and cried for help in her extreme need, and, as we have seen, peace had come.

In after years it will all come back—the tender grass, the faded petals at her feet, the glowing sunset, and the holy heavens—come back, too, as a bright spot in a dreary landscape; and once and again the remembrance of it will whisper peace, and, listening to it, God's comfort will once more enter her soul.

"Rose, Rose!" A tiny figure came running up, and the elder sister was recalled to the realities of life. Nevertheless, her heart was strong, loving, and true, as, stooping, she took the motherless child into her arms; only the thought would come as the little one nestled closely to her, "Who will be as a mother to me?" for she sorely missed her who had gone, especially now that this other grief had come; but soft baby hands were caressing her, baby kisses covering neck, face, and brow; so once more she put the thought of her trouble from her, resolutely turning to what lay before. Poor girl! all her strength will be needed as the days pass on. Love and peace will not always prevail. There will come times of utter despondency and weariness, when one voice will be longed for, and doubts arise as to the reality of a Heavenly Father's love.

Fifteen years later—oh, how quickly time passes—and Rose sits at the parlour window in the old homestead. Time's hand has been laid upon her, but gently, for her face is pure and sweet as ever. The golden brown hair is still soft and luxuriant, and her figure slight, too slight as it were for her years. There is also a little weary droop of the shoulders speaking of the "times of utter despondency and weariness" which have not failed to come, in spite of all her endeavours to be trustful and brave. The sunset glow has departed; but here and there tiny red clouds dapple the western sky; behind her the room is grey and still, and her face though calm is grave almost to sadness. But the still grey room is whispering of a great secret—merry-making is either past or coming on; bright flowers fill every available space, and although their brightness is dimmed by the gathering twilight, yet the air is laden heavily with their sweet breath, and still the whispering goes on—a tale of love and hope. Rose is thankful that the great event is over; for yesterday saw the last of the twins weaned, and although she has striven as only

a good, patient woman can strive, to put her own dream away, still she is thankful, very thankful, that Winnie is the last bride of the family who will claim her attention and aid. The boys are gone, scattered hither and thither, and she and her father are left to struggle on alone. Yes, struggle, for trouble has come to them in spite of Winnie's glad bridal face, in spite too of Rose's careful management. The boys had proved a great expense (great when compared with their father's small means) and lately the farmer himself had been unable to do his share of the work as he had used; nay, he had even seemed to lose all interest in his own affairs, save only when he fretted and fumed over his losses. These same losses were heavy for them, seeing that theirs was but a dairy farm; for the cattle plague was raging fiercely in the whole country round, and one after another of their own cattle had been struck down and died from the fell disease, till as Winnie had remarked a few days before she left, "Rose had naught to do but to help her."

All these evils seemed to make the farmer more fretful and feeble than ever. A man was kept to do what he had done in past times; but now in this emergency Rose thought that he might help her with advice, instead of moaning and grumbling from morning till night; but beg him as she might she could obtain no help, and so the whole weight of everything fell on her shoulders. True she had no butter or cheese to make, as Winnie had said; but then the elder sister sighed as she thought that if only there were she need not have sat up far into the night sewing at the wedding outfit, saying as she did so, that with no dairy work she did not feel tired. Ah! none knew how much of her sweet patient life she toiled away over these same fair garments. Winnie was glad and happy, and Rose smiled upon her as she had ever done; so that the secret remained a secret to the end.

The door opened, and an old man tottered into the room, taking up his station in an easy chair by the fireplace.

"Shut the window, Rose, I'm chilly; and now I come to think of it, I must say that you are not very kind to forget the fire, as you do every day till I mention it." His tone was querulous and fault-finding; but his daughter rose quickly with the smile she ever wore, if possible, when he was by, and very soon a cheerful blaze appeared, and for awhile her father was satisfied. He did not think of the coals, and Rose went once more to her old seat, wondering how long she could make them last.

"Don't you think you had better go out and see the cows?" (still the same fretful tones). "You know that it will never do to trust to Harris. I don't believe he cares whether they live or die."

Rose sighed; for the same idea had occurred to her more than once, when she had found her orders utterly disregarded.

"Perhaps I had better," and she rose to go, not before, however, she had heard her father say, "Ah, 'tis always so; the young ones never look out for the old; not but what 'tis for her own self she is looking out now; but there, as I've said, 'tis always so."

Rose tried to think that he was growing childish, but it cut her to the heart; as though, too, she had not been toiling all the whole day long setting things straight, which the previous day's doings had disarranged, going to and from the grounds at intervals; as though too she had not for many weeks past spent all the time she could spare in studying from books the peculiar treatment required for each form of the terrible disease. It was not that she was so thoroughly tired as that she was sad and spiritless; so when she had visited the cattle, she stood for a moment hesitating. Should she go in or not just yet? A stroll through the orchard suggested itself, and then once more she stood beneath the branches of the apple-trees—once more the snowy petals fell around—once more, too, the peace of God stole gently into her aching, weary soul. It was the same picture over again, only this time the shadows were creeping on, and the sky was grey. Her own life, too, was shadowy and grey as well; mists had fallen upon her; but the scene was a perfect one, and as she raised her eyes heavenward, it seemed that she was waiting. Waiting for what? By-and-bye the sky will clear, and the bright stars shine out like myriads of sympathising eyes; by-and-bye the moon will sail peacefully in the heavens, and sleep visit the weary eyelids of earth's mournful ones. Clear shining and rest! Was that for what she was waiting?

A month later still and Rose stood watching and waiting at the gate. The sun shone down fiercely upon her face, a d more than once she put up her hand to keep off its scorching

rays. But why was she standing thus idly?—she, the busy one of the whole village, whom fault-finding mothers were wont to hold up as a pattern to their daughters. Simply for this: it was reported that a luggage train had run off the metals a mile or so from the place, and it was likewise said that passengers were travelling by it, as was frequently the case at that particular hour of the day. The farmer was indulging in his afternoon's nap, and there were no cattle to worry her now (they were all dead and gone), and, moreover, the old farm itself was to be sold on the morrow; so that wandering restlessly about out of doors, she had heard the news, and now stood like many another in the village, waiting for she knew not what. Had this restless, longing impatience anything to do with those silly fancies which were past and gone? She was inclined to think that it had, and yet she had striven hard during all these years to forget. Her heart was not particularly heavy at the thought of the change which was to come to her; for somehow she felt that a change of any kind would be grateful just then; but oh, she was very, very restless; it was as if the old desires and old memories would come crowding upon her in a vague, undefined sort of way, and yet her thoughts and sympathies were all the time with the poor creatures who had, she feared, been hurried into eternity without a moment's warning. A neighbour passed, and she inquired anxiously if he knew aught of the accident. "Only this, that there is no life lost," and he hurried on his way. She was glad that there was no one dead, and yet her heart throbbled on; what had she expected? She turned away, and entered the house, visiting every room in order to see that all was as it should be—anything rather than brood over the past.

Tea was on the table, and Rose trying to look her best. Trying, did I say? Ah! well then I ought to add that she succeeded too. Very fair and pleasant she appeared to an outsider, a tall man with a bronzed face and a long beard. A shadow darkened the window, causing Rose to look up. A low, murmured cry of joy and thankfulness, and then she stood in the doorway where he met her and clasped her to his heart. None can tell what that meeting was but she, the tried, patient woman, whose life had been one round of common tasks and common sorrows; and yet it had been a life of beauty, because it was a life of love.

At the old trysting-place they stand, and the red light of the setting sun flashing sideways upon them through the trees lends a depth and warmth to the scene which the two other pictures lacked. For was it not summer-time? Summer with its glorious sunsets, which made up in a measure for the lack of youth in the long-parted lovers. Still to my mind Rose was sweeter and more lovable now than in the old days when her cheek had been more exquisitely fair and her hair a shade less brown. A loving life had refined, softened, and ennobled her; and I think her lover saw it too as, gazing fondly at her in the ruddy glow, he asked, "As the farm is to be sold, Rose, what say you to my buying it?"

She looked up; and was it the sunset glory tingeing her face, or was it the old crimson tide which that loved voice had often called up in her early girlhood?

"Rose, shall your home be my home? Say yes, darling."

"If you wish it, Ralph;" and the sunlight smiled glally upon them in token of his entire approval of the reunion.

So Ralph had gone to the New Country and come back a rich man. He was on his way to visit an uncle in Cornwall when the accident happened, and had it not been for an awkward interval between two passenger trains, which prompted him to take the luggage, I think that Rose would have had no husband. As it was, he was compelled to wait two hours for another train, and old scenes and recollections came upon him with such force that he resolved to see her once more, and we all know with what results.

If he had not obeyed this impulse? But there, nothing so sad shall mar the picture before us. Enough for us that we see her now with the rosy light gleaming full upon her upturned face; all the trouble is gone from lips and brow; only the tender lines, marks of her true womanhood, remain, and through all the sunset glamour the light of love and peace hold perfect away.

Still there will ever be traces of the past visible in her countenance, for never face can look like her face that has not known sorrow; never life can be what her life will be which has not at times been dreary and sad. So with the tender

thoughts waving protectingly overhead, and with God's glory around them, we will drop the curtain, for the picture is perfect.

Here, then, my words have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells—

Of that which came between more sweet than each,

In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves

That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs

Which perfect joy, perplex'd for utterance,

Stole from her sister Sorrow.

Tennyson.

## PRAY AND LABOUR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE year 1819 was one of great dearth and of much suffering to the poor. Especially did a poor widow of the name of Wilms and her three children have to endure an amount of privation, which we who have all our lives long had every comfort supplied to us, cannot even picture to ourselves. But this noble-hearted woman had so great a horror of everything in the shape of begging, that though her whole store consisted of three dishes of potatoes, she strictly forbade her children to breathe a word on the subject of their privations to anyone, lest it might seem as if they were soliciting help. For her own part she was resolved to share her little all among her children and herself, starve before she consented to beg.

The festival of Whitsuntide is, in many parts of Germany, a time not only for the upper classes to feast, but for distribution to be made among the poor. Nothing, however, came to poor Mrs. Wilms's table, but her few potatoes and the small amount of milk her half-starved goat still yielded. The love's spring weather had brought no amelioration to her lot. Whitsunday came and went, and the next, and at last the potatoes were all eaten, and though drawers, cupboards, and presses were all carefully looked through, not the staliest crust, not a fragment of pating did the poor widow find to appease the cravings of her children's hunger.

At last, with bitter tears and many sobs, the mother announced to her little ones that not a scrap of food was left in the house, and that greatly as she regretted having for the first time to break what had been the rule of her life, she was constrained to send them out to ask help from some of their richer neighbours. But the example of her whole life proved this timider stronger than the injunction she now laid upon them. The elder girl looked up earnestly in her mother's face, and exclaimed, "Dearest mother, I'd rather lie down under a hedge and die, than beg," and the rest of these heroic children cordially chimed in with what their sister had said.

In the midst of her sorrows and terrible anxieties the poor mother could not but feel a strange gladness at hearing these words. However deep her poverty, she was yet rich in the possession of such children. It seemed to her, too, as if to help she had so long been quietly seeking of God must be close at hand, inasmuch as "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Little Fritz, her youngest child, was standing at the door, when the man in whose house they lodged came up and said to him, "Well, Fritz, what have you had for dinner to-day?" But the little fellow recollected his mother's words about not making their destitution known, and he did not answer the question. It was repeated, and this time he replied that he must not tell. The landlord, however, insisted upon knowing, and little Fritz had no alternative but to say, "We haven't had any dinner at all to-day."

"What?" said the man, "do you mean to say you have got any food left in the house?"

"No, we haven't got any," replied the child.

The landlord then went up to the child's mother and informed her that there was no occasion at all for her and her children to starve, there being on that day a distribution of rye made at the Town Hall, in which distribution she might surely come in for her share of the corn.

But now came on another struggle in that much-tried heart. Was not this a kind of begging? And yet did it not seem as if God Himself were forcing her to do it? Done she felt she must be, however she shrank from it. This distribution of corn was an act of public generosity—the gift of those in authority to the poorer members of their own community. She was bound to avail herself of it, and not let her children



starvo because pride revolted from anything so like pauperism. To the Town Hall accordingly she went, with her basket on her arm, but she was unprepared for the rude, pushing crowd she would find there. Too modest and too gentle to elbow her way among them, she had the mortification of seeing all the corn given away before she was able to get near the distributors.

Bitterly disappointed, she returned to her cottage, but she exclaimed, as she showed her empty basket to her children, "My darlings, I have no bread to give you, but 'man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Sit down, and we will read a chapter in the Bible."

She opened the sacred volume, and the first passage on which her eye rested was a favourite verse, one which had, indeed, often and often been wet with her tears—"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

"Yes," children," she said, without reading any further, "I thank God for letting me be disappointed with the rye. It is a just and right punishment for my unbelief and self-willed trust in my own efforts."

"But shouldn't we make efforts, mother," said the eldest daughter.

"Yes, my child, we should," replied the mother, "by working and by praying. We should pray as if work were no use, and work as if prayer were no use. But begging of any kind is wrong, and I knew I was acting against my conscience when I went to beg for that rye. If we only had a little flax, we should be able to do some spinning. As it is, our strength must be in quietness and in confidence."

Then the pious mother and her children knelt down for a brief time in prayer, after which, poor as was the strength which a little goat's milk could give them, they all went to their work.

Much would the eldest daughter have liked to have done some spinning, but she had no flax. It suddenly occurred to her that as *borrowing* is not begging, it would be no harm to ask Mrs. Keicherd, a kind and well-to-do neighbour, to lend them a little flax. To this the mother consented; the flax was procured, and so industriously did they set to work, that before evening enough was spun to enable them to buy a loaf. So the promise given at mid-day was fulfilled by God before night—"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." On the following day the widow received a visit from a good step-daughter in service, who presented her, from her wages, with a sum large enough to pay Mrs. Keicherd, and to buy flax to last till better days come. Ever after Widow Wilms would say, "That was a blessed time in my trials God taught that in 'quietness and confidence should be my strength.'" JANET.

## EARNEST RELIGION.

**H**OW few people talk religion; they whine about it. What charm is there for a wide-awake, warm-hearted, enthusiastic man, amid the cold formalities of the Church of God? He sees through them; he sees they are a sham. Friday morning you go into a merchant's store and buy some hosiery. How his face lights up. How cheerful he is. How fascinating he is while he is selling those goods. You go away, saying: "That is one of the most agreeable men I ever met in my life." That very Friday evening you go into the prayer-meeting where that same Christian merchant worships, and you find him getting up and recommending the religion of Jesus Christ, with a funeral countenance and a doleful phraseology, enough to make an undertaker burst into tears. How few people there are who talk cheerfully about the religion of Jesus.—*Talmage*.

**ATTENTION TO THE OLD.**—A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent, lamented faces, of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs—now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with happy smiles?

## LOVABLE CHRISTIANS.

By REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

**A** LOVABLE Christian is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity of conscience on the one hand, and stern, uncongenial moroseness on the other. He is sound, and yet ripe, sweet and mellow. He never incurs contempt by yielding to men's sinful prejudices, nor does he incur the antipathy of others by doing right in a hateful, surly, or bigoted way.

Did our blessed Saviour ever fall into either of these extremes for a moment? Was not His the sinless, incorruptible majesty that awed His followers, while His gentle benignity inspired their enthusiastic love? If Jesus were now on earth, we can imagine that the poorest people would not be afraid to approach Him. Were he to enter a modern mission-school, as He once entered a synagogue, how the ragged youngsters would draw to Him? If He visited our houses, how welcome He would make Himself at our firesides, and how our children would love to climb on His lap and kiss that sweet, pensive, benignant face! There is nothing derogatory to His Divine dignity in this. Christ Jesus drew to Him poor, suffering women, and outcast publicans, and sinners that had a sore heartache, and troops of little children who rejoiced to receive His benediction or to sing hosannas in His praise.

Now, what Christ was every Christian should strive to be. He is our model, not only in spotless holiness, but in winsomeness of character also. Let us learn of Him. Let us learn from Him how to combine the most rigid sense of justice, purity and integrity with the lovable attractions of a sunny face, a kind word, an unselfish courtesy, and a genuine sympathy for even the most hardened sinners. The worst men may scoff at Bible religion, but at heart honour the consistent Christian who wears the beauty of holiness in his character and conduct. A living, lovable Christian is the most powerful argument for the Gospel. No infidel ever yet refuted that.

Study Christ, then. Love Christ; get your heart saturated with Him. Follow Christ. His example and His grace can turn deformity and sulkiness and sin into the sweet comeliness of "whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report." He that winneth souls is wise. But if you would win sinners to the Saviour, you must make your religious winsome.—*Thoughts for Heart and Life*.

## "YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

Could we guide the course of one little barque  
Adrift on Life's rough sea,  
The Master's voice would answer sweet,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."

Is there a heart that might be drawn  
By one small word from thee?  
Wilt thou miss that tender enemy,  
"Ye have done it unto Me"?

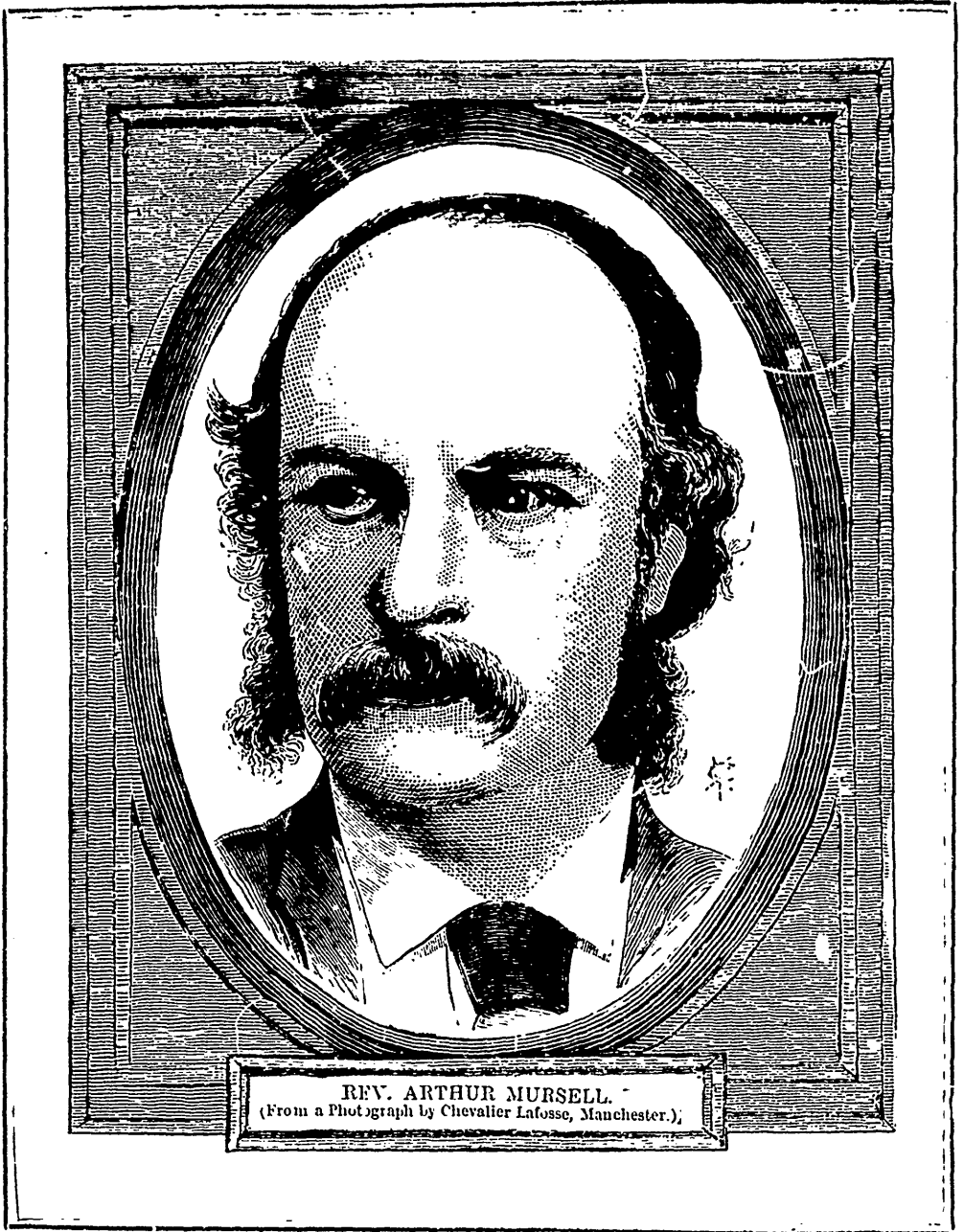
Is there a tear that might be dried?  
A captive soul set free?  
Oh! how can you linger when this is His word,  
"Ye have done it unto Me"?

Does He ask you to give? He first gave for you  
A price on Calvary's tree.  
The most thou canst give can never repay  
That loving gift for thee.

A cup of cold water is in thine hand,  
His little ones many be,  
Go, call in the wanderer, receive His smile,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."

Oh! let His voice now melt thy heart,  
Himself in His poor ones see,  
Thou'lt then receive His welcome home,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."





## ZACCHEUS.

## A SERMON BY THE REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.

"And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. And, behold, there was a man named Zaccheus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich. And he sought to see Jesus who He was, and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him, for He was to pass that way. And when Jesus came to the place, He looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house. And he made haste and came down, and received him joyfully. And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner. And Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham. For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—St. Luke six. 1-10.

THE scene of this narrative lies in the suburbs of the ancient city of Jericho. This was at one time a place of importance. It will be remembered that Jericho was the first city captured by the Israelites. The city, after its capture, was laid under a sort of ban by its conquerors, and a curse was decreed upon any who should rebuild it. In spite of this, however, it was rebuilt, and, at the time of the scene which our text describes, it was the royal residence of Herod the king. In this restored city Zaccheus was a resident. Though a man of considerable wealth, he was very unpopular, and was entirely excluded from fellowship with those who were socially of his own station. The cause of his unpopularity is obvious. He was not a *taxgatherer*, but he was a farmer of taxes, superintending their collection, paying to the Roman Government a certain sum, and making what he could out of the aggregate for himself; and he had succeeded in so managing the speculation as to make a very good thing out of it. He was perfectly just and strictly honourable in his management of his business; but the business itself made him unpopular. Taxation, even among a free people, is a theme the reverse of captivating, but for a subject people to be taxed for the benefit of their conquerors, and made to pry for their servitude, would be doubly galling. Those who were the instruments of such taxation would naturally forfeit the respect of the society in general. For one of their own countrymen to undertake this office would be certain to expose him to nothing short of hatred from the Jews. Hence we find *publicans*, who were tax-gatherers, always classed by the Jews with *sinners*. Whether Zaccheus had laid his account in losing popularity for the sake of emolument, or had not taken it into consideration, we cannot say. But a publican he was, and was hated as such, and as such was classed among the "publicans and sinners." Now, it was not a very politic passport to the goodwill of the people of Jericho to be a friend of a publican and a sinner. Yet it seems from the narrative that Christ was chargeable with this impolicy, for He befriended Zaccheus in a very open and public manner. The wealth of Zaccheus was no safeguard against this unpopularity, but rather, perhaps, an aggravation of it. Generally, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, wealth is the master-key to the high places, and to the uppermost seats at feasts. It is to the man who wears the gold ring on his finger, no matter what base metal he may carry near his heart, that society beckons to come up higher. But Zaccheus was an exception to this rule; great men hated him, and nearly all men spurned him. Nor was Zaccheus indifferent to this scorn. He was sensitive about it, and unrestful under it. But as he sadly pursues the path which the contempt of men who shun him has made a lonely as well as a bitter one, there is SOMEONE or SOMETHING upon his track. What we term daily providences are often but the footsteps of God's own Spirit tracking us down, as it were, if haply we may be subdued to Christ. Now, the unrest of Zaccheus caused him to look about for escape; and though he looked without any fixity of purpose, still his looking at all was marked by the eye which followed him. "Shall he leave Jericho, retiring on his earnings, and go and set up as a gentleman elsewhere?" The instinct of Jewish aversion would assuredly pursue him, and the mask would be ruthlessly torn off, and "*publican and sinner*" still scornfully snarled into his ears. It is a hard case, especially as he has always been so scrupulously just and systematically generous. Just as Zaccheus is stumbling on these dark mountains of distress and bitterness, Christ finds him. Wealth has been spoken of in

Scripture as a barrier to the kingdom. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." "The things which are impossible to man are possible to God." Christ here seizes on and illustrates this possibility. The incidents of Providence are here literally the footprints of the Spirit. If Zaccheus had left Jericho in his bitterness, he might never have been honoured as he was. The fact of his happening to be where he was, is the turning point in his whole biography, and lifts him into the privileged immortality of this sacred history. Christ is on His last journey to Jerusalem, and is passing through Jericho for the last time. Zaccheus hears of his coming. He longs just to see Him. But he is short of stature, and the aching longing of Zaccheus cannot see over the cranial necks of curiosity which are stretched towards the illustrious visitor. We most of us know what it is to want to see something, and have to stand behind six feet of gaping selfishness, which gets on tiptoe and makes a footstool of your feet. But his littleness is his salvation; his dwarfishness is his deliverance. Well was it for Zaccheus that by taking thought he could not add one cubit to his stature. That single cubit which pride might have built into his frame, would have been like the stone in the forehead of the giant which brought him low upon the sward; but the want of that cubit was the sling which made him a conqueror. In the branches of that sycamore he finds cubits better than his own, and from their vantage he beholds the sight he longs for. It was not idle curiosity which drew the common crowd which lifted the publican into that friendly tree, it was that Spirit which was tracking him still. He was impelled by a sense of trouble and of need; a feeling which perhaps he could not define, but a feeling of *seeking*, and perhaps of hope. He would not have spoken, but would have let Christ pass on unarrested, as he hid his little self behind the leaves. But still he came to *look* and to look *hopefully*, just as the woman went to *touch* and not to be seen. This climb of Zaccheus into the tree was a weak man feeling his weakness and looking for strength; a poor man in his poverty seek riches; a weary man in his weariness searching for rest. But he not only sees Christ, but Christ sees *him*; sees the little man whom the crowd overtopped; sees the troubled man who had come in his bewilderment to look; sees the despised man on whom the world heaped its scorn; sees the publican whom respectability classed "*with sinners and with harlots*. And he sees him, not to spurn him with the rest, not to curry favour with the populace by throwing "*publican and sinner*" in his teeth; not to ingratiate himself with rabbis by pelting the little man down from the tree with scorn; He sees him to call him by his name, to demand a lodging in his house. "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house." Can he believe his ears? Have his senses turned traitors to taunt him? In *my house*; *mine* upon whose threshold Jewry heaps its scorn; after passing whose door society shakes the dust from off its feet. Lodge with me! impossible! Yet there he waits; and His kind eye looks up into the tree, and His finger beckons, and His "*make haste!*" still rings in the climber's ear. O brethren, I think there are two sorts of people in this place just now. Some have come like the crowd who rushed into the street, to gaze and feast their eyes, and then after an hour's gossip, and, perhaps, of criticism and spleen, forget all about it; some to take the place of Zaccheus in the tree, bringing heavy hearts to be comforted, and seeking real deliverance. This chapel is either a Jericho street, and a sycamore tree, and you are either the *staring* crowd or the *seeking* Zaccheus. Oh, if you began at half-past six with the crowd, finish with Zaccheus; if you began in the street, climb now into the sycamore, and He shall call you down with the same invitation, "*Make haste!* Come down, for to-night I must abide at thy house." And when He calls (as He is calling now), do as Zaccheus did, make haste, come down, and receive Him joyfully.

Zaccheus may well have been astonished at the invitation. "That He should call me before all my fellow-citizens, whom He must know despise me!" This thought doubtless made the problem all the more wonderful. Perhaps the world may despise you, and with better reason than it did Zaccheus; despise you for a meanness he would have scorned, or a pride he would have loathed to show; for a moral littleness more small than his mean stature. But Christ does not despise you, however much He may despise your sin, and to-night He cries—"Make haste! Come down! for to-day I must abide at thy house." Oh, hear the cry, and fling off the fig-leaves of your shame as Zaccheus flung off the syc-

more-leaves from around him, and come in all your nakedness and littleness, and receive Him joyfully.

If Christ had been one of the rabbis or great men of Jericho, and had acted thus, forgetting all the grounds on which Zaccheus was generally despised, and giving a cordial welcome to fraternity, what would have been the impression made? The impression of *kindness* and *generosity*. So, brethren, let us in our spirit imitate Christ's *kindness*. Liberal deeds are not always real kindness. If on your return from ministering to the troubled or the poor you meet an acquaintance whom you ought to greet, but remembering some paltry grudge, cut him with the cold shoulder of aversion, what do you suppose Christ thinks of you and of your good acts? Would He not express His thought through the mouth of His apostle, "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not CHARITY, I am nothing." Charity ever has a heart open to forgive, and a spirit full of love, and goes upon its errand of beneficence to lift weary loads off from the bending back of weary humanity, and make him who was stricken and ready to perish, into a willing disciple and a stalwart soldier of the Captain of the world's salvation.

I fancy I hear some one saying by way of objection—"This was a special case. Did not Christ often supply the elements of a moral revolution like this, and yet the revolution never took place?" Yes, many times. And that which made it effective in the case of Zaccheus was that the flash of the Holy Spirit gave it quickening and life. We hear much of *moral suasion* and its power over hearts and wills, but no moral suasion is vitally effective without the power of the Holy Ghost. The moral suasion of the voice of Gabriel, the moral suasion of the voice of Christ Himself, must be operative without the Holy Spirit. But is that a barrier to your entering upon the high privilege of Zaccheus? No. The two conditions needed are the call of Christ, and the answer of the heart. Christ is fulfilling his part now, as He calls to you, "Make haste! Come down!" Your heart will not answer without the Holy Spirit. But "if ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give His Holy Spirit to THEM THAT ASK HIM." Mark, *to them that ask Him*. Only to ask, and I there are the conditions all fulfilled. Oh, are there any hearts asking for this Holy Spirit now! Go on earnestly till ye overcome, go on asking till ye receive, and your joy shall be full!

What is the effect of Christ's conduct to Zaccheus upon the crowd? They turn their contempt for Zaccheus upon Christ, as they cry out "that He is gone to be a guest with one who is a sinner." Mark, not a publican, but a sinner. They make the very worst of it. They stretch exaggeration to its utmost, and degrade the publican still worse by resorting to the foulest term. But while they thus degrade the publican they pay an unconscious tribute to the condescension of Christ. The worse they can say of Zaccheus the truer is their unmeant testimony to Christ. But brethren, this is a vile propensity, this making the worst of one another instead of the best. Let us hope well for all, and if a thief or a harlot is honestly wanting to return, let us not thrust them back with the cry of "thief" or "harlot," but lift them up with the strong charity which breathes in "*brother, sister*," even to the lowest fallen of the earth.

So here we have the picture before us of the scornful crowd, hounding Jesus to His self-sought lodging; the despised host beside himself with joy; and Christ, calm amidst the contempt of the one and the ecstasy of the other. And now Zaccheus begins to vindicate himself to Christ from the mis-construction of the people (verse 8). "This was not a boast like the speech of the Pharisee, who spoke of how he fasted, but a *feeling* appeal against a cruel judgment and an uncharitably baneful. Zaccheus spoke with *feeling*. Feeling rests on judgment. "The love of Christ *constrains* us." Why? "Because we thus *judge*." This was a *feeling* appeal, based on judgment. It was the love of Christ which had constrained it. Zaccheus was not a man of feeling generally. Let us hope so for his own sake. Fancy a tax-collector a man of feeling! Yet this speech is from his heart. Christ has touched even the heart of a tax-gatherer. And Zaccheus feels that He has come further than his home—that He has come to his heart. He tells Christ, "The half of my goods I give to the poor." It is to the Lord he makes this statement, though it speaks of what he does for the poor. Yet we feel how appropriate it is. The poor are the vicar of Christ. "Inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, my little ones, ye do it unto ME." This liberality of Zaccheus far overflows the letter of

the law. The law exacted one-fifth for the poor; Zaccheus gives one-half. He was just and generous; not one without the other. *Generous* he was, for he gave much to those who could not help themselves; he was also *just*, for he amply compensated all whom he had wronged. Is there no example here for Christians? Honourable men of the world who make no profession of Christianity are scrupulously just. Oh let us try ever to outshine the world in justice, and not be a target for its arrows; of meanness, narrow, or close dealing. Never let it be said that a profession of religion on the part of a business man should be a reason for being on guard against dealings with him. Yet this is said, and said often with too much justice. Be like Zaccheus, brethren, as little as you like in stature, but never little in character. "If I have taken anything from any man by a false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

And now, brethren, have you, like Zaccheus, opened your doors, the doors of your *house* and *heart*, to Christ? I don't ask if He has called you. He has called you hundreds of times, and calls again now. He has asked to abide in your house many a time, but you have shut the door; and behold, He stands yet again at the door, and knocks. You perhaps recall the time when an appeal like this would have touched you; but you have heard it so often that it has no power now. Salvation must *seek you*; you have left off seeking it. Oh, it is seeking through the tear-filled eyes of Christ to-night; Christ goeth by once more, and calls to all who have climbed the tree of expectancy or desire. "Make haste, come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house." Oh, take that call, and ponder it. Think of just three things about it. What does Christ say? "Make haste!" Ah! there is not much time; you must not delay; you must not calculate on long life and fresh opportunities. You are older than you were once, even now, and you may grow *older* as you grow *older*. Then while the blood is a little warm, ere it grows quite stagnant, listen, and obey; and as Christ calls, do you *with haste*, "for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Make haste for what? To *come down*. Make haste, *come down*! O, there are some in this place so insufferably proud and self-enveloped, though really far smaller than the small Zaccheus, who must come down from the pinnacle of a stupid pride ere they can come to Christ. You must come down to honour Christ, not to be honoured by Him. He honours you by drawing near you, but only in proportion as you abase yourself. To see some men and women strut into God's house, one would think that they were the patrons of a charity; and that the King of Kings was the object of their condescension. Man, you must *come down*. Woman, you must *come down*. Down from the stults of self-absorption; down from the atmosphere of millinery and dress to the naked level of miserable sinners, ere Christ will abide in your house. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, but he that exalteth himself God is able to abase." And think of one thing more. We said at the beginning that this was the last journey Jesus took to Jerusalem, and that it was the last time He passed through Jericho. It may be Christ's last call to you. It may be His last passing by. O, brother, sister! *life is short*, death is capricious, cares are engrossing, and even Christ cannot always wait. He waits now, but He is *passing* by. Will you not detain Him by letting Him abide in your house? Oh let Him see the *open doors* of penitence and trust, and He will come in and sup with you, and you with Him. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" Now, a drowning child does not need *soothing*, it only needs *saving*, and it feels its need, and cries while it has voice, and stretches out its arms while it has life left. So shall the sinner who feels his sin discover that Christ has bought and found him, and will save him with an everlasting salvation. But there is a case more desperate than that of the drowning child. A child has been carried away by savages, far into a distant land. The elder brother goes to *seek*, that he may save, and carries a rich ransom with him. But when he overtakes the captors, the child does not know him and will not come, though he pays the ransom down. Oh, is it so with any here? Why will you not come now that the price is paid? Do you not recognise your Deliverer? Has He come in too grand a dress? Does He dazzle you with majesty? We read in ancient story of a father coming from the war with his spiked helmet on his head and his mail shining on his breast, and holding out his arms to his child, but the child would not come. He did not know his father in *that* dress. But the father took the helmet from his head

and shewed the dear white locks in which his child had often twined his hands in loving sport, and then the cry of joy went up, and the embrace was close and long. Even so, my brother, my sister, it is not the awful king, it is not the blazing warrior who comes to you to-night; it is the Nazarene who calls; the arms which are stretched out are those which were stretched upon the cross. Each hand is printed with a scar, and the only crown he shows you is a crown of thorns. Oh, come to those arms and be ye safe; and like a true child who loves indeed, take off the thorns and put them on your own head instead of His, until He again remove them, and ye be crowned together with a crown of life. O Jesus, blessed be Thy call which calls me. I will make haste and come down. "Other lords have had dominion over me; henceforth I will be called *only* by Thy name."

## THE RICH EVANGELIST AND THE PEOPLE'S DEBTS.

I HEARD of an Englishman that was converted some time ago, and when the Lord converted him he had a great desire to see every man converted; and I would not give much for that man's conversion who did not have that desire. This man Christ had such hold upon that he wanted to go out and publish the good tidings. So he went into one town and gave notice that he would preach in such a place. It got noise round that the man was rich, so a great many went to see him out of curiosity. He had a great audience the first night; but, as he was not a very eloquent man, people did not get interested. Men looked at the messenger instead of the message; but never mind the messenger. The next night hardly any one was there. Then he got out great placards, and placarded the town, and he stated that if any man in that town owed any debt, if they would come round to his office between nine and twelve o'clock on a certain day, he would pay the debt. Of course that went through the town like wild-fire. One said to the other, "John, do you believe that?" "No, I am not going to believe that any stranger is going to pay our debts." Not any one believed it, although there were a good many, no doubt, that would have liked to get their debts paid. Well, the day came, and at nine o'clock the man was there. At ten o'clock none had come. At eleven o'clock a man was seen walking up and down, looking over his shoulder, and finally he stuck his head in the door and said, "Is it true that you will pay any man's debt?" The other said, "Yes; do you owe any debt?" "Yes." "Have you brought the necessary papers?" The placard had told them what to do. "Yes." So the man drew a cheque and paid the other's debt, and he kept him and talked with him till twelve o'clock; and before twelve o'clock two other men came and got their debts paid. At twelve o'clock that man let them out, and the people outside said to them, "He paid your debts, did not he?" "Yes he did," they answered. But the people laughed and made fun of them, and would not believe it till they pulled out the cheque and said, "There it is. He has paid all the debt." And then the people said, "What fools we were we did not go in and get our debts paid!" But they could not; it was too late: the door was closed; the time was up. And then the man as before preached the Gospel, and great crowds went to hear him; and he said, "Now, my friends, that is what God wants to do; but you will not let Him do it. Christ came to pay our debts, and that is the Gospel." I could not have a better illustration of the Gospel than that. Every man owes God a debt he cannot pay. Would you insult the Almighty by offering the fruits of this frail body to atone for sin? Isaiah says, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquity; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him: and with His stripes we are healed." Paul says, "I declare unto you the Gospel; Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures." My friends, will you believe the Gospel to-night and be saved?

Do not grieve God's Spirit by refusing or neglecting the comforts He offers.

You cannot get to heaven by your works. You might as well seek to mount the stars on a tread-wheel, as to go to heaven by works; for as you get up a step you will come down as low as before. If you cannot be perfect, God will not save you by works.

## LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE.

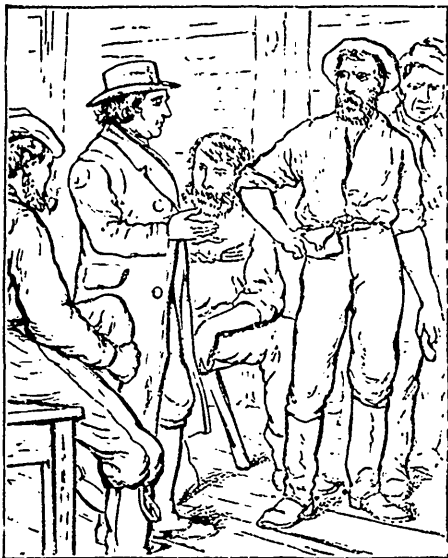
GOD offers eternal life, and we are told just to lay hold of it. Someone has said that faith sees a thing in God's hand, and says, "I will have it"; while unbelief says, "I cannot get it, God won't let me have it; He holds on to it with a tight grasp." Faith says, "That is my gift, I see it, I will take it, I will appropriate it." Someone else has said that there are three things about faith—knowledge, assent, *laying hold*—and it is the last that saves. A man may have knowledge, he may give his assent, and say, "Yes, I believe Christ is able to save and willing to save," but that won't save anyone. The thing is to trust Him, to *lay hold*. Oh sinner, lay hold on Christ. Let go of self, let go of your good resolutions, let go of your own righteousness, and just lay hold upon the Lord Jesus to-night, and He will save you. Some time ago I read an account of an old miller who used to go down the river at midnight to relieve another miller who had charge of a mill during the first part of the night. He used to get out a few hundred yards above the dam, and hitch his little canoe or boat and walk down to the mill. His brother miller used to come out and take the boat and row back. One night the old miller fell asleep, and when he awoke he was being drawn right down towards the dam. He knew if he went over the fall it was sure death to him. He seized the oars and pulled against the current, but he found it was too strong. At last he got near the shore, and he seized a little twig; then he went to pull himself up, and it began to give way at the roots. He felt about in the darkness and tried to find another, but the rocks were so steep that he could not climb up, and could find no other twig. All he could do was just to hold on. If he pulled a little harder the twig would give way, and the current would sweep him over into the jaws of death. What did he do? Why, he just cried, "Help! help!" and there he cried for long hours. That is what the psalmist means in the 40th Psalm: "He heard my cry." The cry of distress was heard. A friend came and let a rope down from the rock (and you know, help must come from above; you cannot get it down here), and he shouted, "Lay hold of the rope!" Well, as long as he kept hold of the twig he could not be saved, but the moment he let go the twig and seized hold of the rope they pulled him out of the jaws of death.

O sinner, that is your condition. You have got hold of that twig; let it go, and lay hold of the rope; lay hold of the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will bring you up out of the horrible pit. The fact is, when Adam fell he leaped into the pit, and he took the whole human family with him, and he left all his posterity there. The Second Adam came after him, and He says, "I will bring you up out of the horrible pit, I will establish your goings, I will put a new song into your mouth, I will put your feet on the Rock of Ages." O sinner, to-night, lay hold on the Lord Jesus Christ. He is God's gift, and the moment you have Him, that is the incorruptible seed that cannot perish. "Christ in me, the hope of glory."  
—*Moody*.

## GOD WILL EXPLAIN.

WHY is it that the good have it hard and the bad have it easy? Why that the Christian mother is deprived to-day of her only child, and the household of the goddess left undisturbed? I appeal to the day of judgment. Tell me, O thou of the trumpet tongues, why these wrongs and outrages! Explain the neuralgias, and rheumatisms, and inquisitions! The world is dumb and can make no answer. I appeal to the day of judgment. Why Nero on the throne and Paul in the penitentiary? Why Nebuchadnezzar in the chariot and Daniel in the den? Why the defrauder building his villa on the Hudson River, while God's Christian sewing-women put their heads on a hard pillow in the back alley? Oh! day of judgment, explain this. On that day God will be vindicated, and men will cry out, "He is right—everlastingly right." "Thank God for those galling chains," will cry out the delivered captives. "Thank God for all those pangs," will cry out the recovered invalid. "Thank God for all those faggots," will exclaim the delivered martyr. Oh! if there were no such day promised at all, I think all the nations of earth would join in a petition to high heaven for such a day of glorious explanation.—*Talmage*.

## THE BEST WEAPON.



THE above is the title of one of the new series of "Earlham Tracts," recently issued by Messrs Partridge, by whose kind permission we are enabled to reprint a portion of the tract, with its illustration. This "Earlham Series," a packet of which was sent to us in the ordinary way for review, surpasses anything in the tract form we remember to have seen. Each tract consists of sixteen crown 16mo pages, well printed on good paper, with an original illustration in a similar style to that at the head of this article. The reading matter, if not entirely original, is exceedingly well chosen, and when we add that twelve of these books, neatly bound and enclosed in a coloured wrapper, may be had for *sixpence*, we think nothing more should be necessary to induce our readers to read for themselves—and freely distribute them as their means will permit.

"Old David" is an aged citizen of Western North Carolina. Fifty years ago he determined to travel through the trackless wilds of the great and sparsely-inhabited West. His route lay along the borders of Missouri and Nevada, infested at that time with more numerous clans of highway robbers than at present. He knew all this very well; and, although urged by his neighbours to procure a couple of revolvers to defend himself, he took only his pocket Bible, and, armed thus, set out on the perilous journey. He had passed some of the clans on the northern border of Missouri, and was nearing the resort of one of the most formidable ones, headed by a notorious desperado, Jim Stevens, when he met a gentleman, who by some extraordinary tact had escaped the vigilant eye of the robber captain. The first question that he propounded to old David was,—

"Are you armed?"

"Yes," was the aged Christian's reply, as he produced his pocket Bible.

"The gentleman, who was almost weighed down with bowie-knives and pistols, laughed outright at what he considered the old man's folly, and, with considerable ridicule in his tone, remarked,—

"If that is all the weapon you have, you had better be saying your prayers. The den of Jim Stevens is about ten miles farther on, just where you will get by night, and he cares as little for Bibles as a rattlesnake."

"They exchanged names, and each went his own way; the one surprised at the other's apparent folly and recklessness, the other undiswayed, and his faith in the protecting power of his Bible undiminished.

"Night had thrown her dark mantle around the earth, and the chilling blasts had begun to pierce the somewhat feeble frame of old David, when he descried a light far down in a glen a short distance from the road. He was sure that it proceeded from a robber-den, but he must have shelter, and, impelled by almost boundless faith, he directed his course thither. He halted when within a few paces of the door, and,

being coarsely greeted by some uncouth, mean-looking men, was invited to alight. When he entered the humble habitation he saw significant looks pass between the inmates, and each chuckled to himself, and he knew that he was at the head-quarters of a road-committee, among a desperate, relentless, and murderous clan of banditti. Nothing daunted, he occupied the proffered seat. Having partaken of a rough meal, which they furnished him at his request, he began conversation, which was continued till far in the night, when it was interrupted by the return of the captain, Jim Stevens, and a couple of his comrades in crime, from a plundering raid. Stevens, advancing within a few feet of him, asked jeeringly,—

"Old man, aren't you afraid to travel in this section among the robbers, alone and unarmed?"

"No," was old David's bold and fearless reply, as he again produced his Bible, continuing, "This is my weapon of defence. I always read a chapter, and pray too, before I retire. I know you are robbers, but I shall read and pray, here to-night, and you must join with me."

"The roof of the shabby hut shook with loud, taunting peals of laughter at this expression of the old man; but, nothing dismayed, he began to read. Gradually all became silent, and when he knelt to pray every knee was bowed. That was a strange sight—murderers and plunderers of their fellow-men kneeling, and attentively listening to a prayer. Long and fervently the humble servant of God prayed; nor did their interest in the solemn scene and supplications abate. When he had finished he was conducted to a hard pallet, where he slept the live-long night undisturbed, and even free from haunting fears.

"He arose very early in the morning, and read and prayed before breakfast. They refused to receive aught for his entertainment during the night, and, instead, cordially thanked him for the interest which he had manifested in their behalf. Asking for them the light of divine grace and the purification of their hearts, he bade them adieu and departed. He pressed onward, strengthened in faith and the goodness of God.

"At the next settlement he learned of the death of the gentleman that he had met on the road, who ridiculed his Bible. This incident confirmed him in his belief of the superiority of the Bible as a weapon of defence.

"He prosecuted his journey successfully, and soon returned safely to his home, family, and friends. Often now he gathers around him his grandchildren and the juveniles of the neighbourhood, and relates to them his adventures among the robbers. With his face animated, and his eyes glowing with superhuman light, he dwells upon the prayer scene in the banditti's hut, ecstatically exclaiming: 'My Bible palsied their arms, unmoved their hearts, and bowed their knees. He always concluded the relation of his adventure with the solemnly-spoken exhortation: 'Children, you need not fear the most perilous dangers of life, provided you are armed with the Bible, and have an abiding faith in God's power of protection.'"

## BRING JESUS MORE AT HOME.

THE little loving charities of daily life preach loudly for Him who went about doing good. Bring Jesus unto your home and your circumstances more than you have hitherto done. Things do not go on well in your household, perhaps, nor in your circumstances either. You wonder why it is. Wonder not. It is because you bring the Lord so little into them. How can it be otherwise, with Him so little acknowledged? How can it be otherwise, when you are not cast upon Him in all that pertains to you? Change your plans. Bring Jesus more into home, and plans, and duties, and circumstances. Live not on as you have done, realising His presence so little. The name of Jesus is no mere fancy. He is a reality. He is a bosom Friend, a tender Physician, a loving Father, a gracious Saviour, a very present Helper. Oh, make Him so to you. Live not outside of these pleasant relationships. How strangely will all things change then! How you will be lifted up above things that once fretted you and hung heavily on your mind! How little will appear the things which men are struggling after and panting for around you! You will rise above them into a new element. Try it. Bring Jesus more into everything. Tell Him everything. Make Him your constant friend and companion. Make Him a reality. Only then will you begin to know Him as you should. Only then will the unutterable preciousness of Jesus begin to unfold itself in your heart.

## OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

THEIR momentous worth, as a part of our educational apparatus, is universally admitted, and the good they have been the means of effecting, incalculable. But a higher degree of efficiency than has ever yet been attained is most desirable, and must be sought and reached.

The advancement of the educational standard on all hands necessitates this; and especially the fact that is becoming increasingly patent, that to the Christian Church principally, if not exclusively, must we look for the religious instruction of the young.

Preparation classes are indispensable. They are not less important to our teachers than is preparatory training to ministers, and should be as conscientiously attended to. Where possible—and I must be pardoned if, considering the importance of the matter, I say it ought to be made possible, even at a large cost of time, and strength, and thought—it should be in the hands of the minister. This is about all he can do, actively, for the school; but with this, and by his counsel, and sympathy, and frequent reference to the teachers and their charge, in his prayers and preaching, he will keep the fact of their existence and operations before his own mind and the minds of his people. For otherwise, in these days of separate services, the majority of the congregation would know little about them, and think and pray less.

I wish I could impress the minds of teachers with my own estimate of the vast importance of their work, and awaken a trembling dread of the responsibility they assume, which should lead to most determined efforts to meet it by diligent preparation. They must have this laid upon them as a solemn duty, from the prayerful and conscientious observance of which there must be no shrinking.

Results of Sabbath-school teaching, though they are great, are nothing to what, considering the amount of machinery at work, we have a right to look for. Our watchword must be, "A more instructed, disciplined, specially trained class of teachers; and so a more efficient staff of workers."

It is not so much an increase in the number, as the efficiency of those who teach, I desire. Gideon's three hundred men are better fitted for the work assigned them than the ten thousand, or even the thirty-two thousand would have been, without the required qualification. It becomes a matter that imperatively demands the most anxious consideration of all interested, how to raise the standard of Sunday-school instruction so as to make it more effective.

The most natural method of accomplishing this is to raise the standard of our teachers. They must be much superior in knowledge to those whom they instruct, or they will never draw or keep the young. In order to secure this superiority, there must be more of our best educated men and women engaged in the work; so that it shall not be left almost wholly, with the exception of the officers, to the younger members of our churches.

Far be it from me to think otherwise than gratefully of the self-denying labours of those young people who give the best part of the best day to this work. Their motive, in most instances, I doubt not, is praiseworthy and pure. But goodness of intention is not enough for a mechanic to work with; there must be goodness of tools, and materials, and skill, or he will turn out a poor article. So while, with the Sunday-school teacher, excellency of motive is an important qualification, that alone is not sufficient. There must be knowledge of his business, and skill in the work he undertakes; and this can only be looked for as the result of judicious training.

The above is an excerpt from the very able address delivered by Dr. Aveling as chairman of the Congregational Union, May 9, 1876. See "Within the Fold." (London: Hodder.)

**DILIGENCE.**—We find in Scripture that most of the manifestations of the will of God made to eminent saints took place when they were busy. Moses is keeping his father's flock when he sees the burning bush; Joshua is going round about the city of Jericho when he meets the angel of the Lord; Jacob is in prayer, and the angel of God appears to him; Gideon is threshing, and Elisha is ploughing, when the Lord calls them; Matthew is at the receipt of customs when he is bidden to follow Jesus; and James and John are mending their nets. The Almighty Lover of the souls of men is not wont to manifest himself to idle persons. He who is slothful and inactive cannot expect to have the sweet company of his Saviour.—*Early Days.*

## OUR WORK.

A FEW WORDS TO SENIOR SCHOLARS.

A MAN in our neighbourhood has got a very large and valuable property, but he lives miles away, and seldom comes to inspect it personally. And yet how orderly everything is; fences are kept in good repair; gates are well hung, lands are properly cultivated, beast and sheep want not for anything—how is it? You say, "Oh, Mr. So-and-So, the landlord, has a friend, who looks after the estate quite as well as he could himself." What should we say if things on that estate went to decay and ruin? Should we not say the man who ought to look after the estate, but who does not, is a foe rather than a friend? Jesus has got the largest and most valuable estate in the world; it is called His kingdom, "the Church, which He hath purchased with His blood;" but this estate He has to a large extent entrusted to the care and vigilance of His friends. And what work is there to do? Sheep and lambs to be fed, houses of prayer, as schools and chapels and churches, to be built and kept in preservation; fences to keep out the wolves must be attended to, and the proper cultivation of the entire estate carried on moment by moment. I wonder, then, what the angels think of some who call themselves friends of Jesus. They don't preach, they cannot teach in the school, they cannot reprove sin, however black it is; in fact, they are completely helpless, they cannot do anything; and what they will do when the Master shall say, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward," I cannot tell. I think I can guess what angels say as they see the friends of Jesus praying, working, living, giving, looking after this fence and that gate, feeding this lamb and watching over that sheep. I think angels would say, "Yes, those are the good stewards;" and soon to them Jesus will say, "Thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Oh, let us never forget if we are the friends of Jesus we must look after His interests. If we are neither strong enough nor wise enough to repair the fence, we can tell someone who is. If we are not sufficiently courageous to frighten away the great wolf of hell, we can surely tell the Shepherd of his cruel intentions. If we cannot find nourishing food for adults, can we not feed the lambs of the flock? If we cannot make bright with flowers and heavy with golden grain the plots belonging to our neighbours, we can surely cultivate with greater assiduity, and so make our own hearts like the garden of the Lord.

Let everyone who reads this paper be resolved never to trifle with the friendship of Jesus, never to forfeit or lose it, never to be ashamed of it or to let it slip. Solomon says He sticketh closer than a brother; and they are the wisest who resolve to stick the most closely to Jesus through sunshine and through shower, through life and through death. Jesus, taking the hand of all such, will say, "Forasmuch as ye confess Me before men, I also confess you before My Father and the holy angels."—From "*The Teacher's Theme*." (Stock.)

## WASH AND BE CLEAN.

VERY simple were the directions given Naaman, "Go wash in Jordan seven times." He could obey such a counsel with the greatest facility. And surely nothing can be more within the power of feeble mortals than the requirements of the Gospel. Man is simply asked to trust in the completed work, and in the consoling word of the world's Redeemer. All obstacles have been removed by Infinite Love, and man is now told that "He that believeth shall be saved" that "whosoever believeth in Jesus shall not perish but have everlasting life;" that "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe with thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved;"—and that "whosoever will, may take of the water of life freely." What simpler terms could man possibly desire? Of what more practicable conditions can the mind of man conceive? There is nothing intricate or embarrassing—nothing that the humblest, the weakest, and the youngest cannot grant—nothing demanded that man is not accustomed every day and every hour to yield to his fellow man, without effort and without solicitation. "Go," said Elisha, "and wash in



Jordan!" an action which a man who had travelled in state from Damascus to Samaria could readily accomplish. "Go," says the Father of Spirits to us each—"go to Jesus the one and only Saviour of men—go without any pretended mediation on the part of your fellow-men—go, without money and without price—go, laden with your sins, weary with your sorrows, and conscious of your unworthiness—go, just as you are to the cross of Jesus—go on no painful pilgrimages—go, with no costly offerings—go, with no attendant pomp—go, with no mention of your rank, your achievements, or your honours—but go wretched, diseased, poor, lost, dying as you are, and cast yourself at the feet of the sympathising Saviour, and He will give you life, and health, and joy!"—From "*Bible Waters*."

chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter; but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."—*Talmage*.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Child's Bible* (Cassell, Potter, and Galpin, 21s.) Anything tending to familiarise our children with the Bible and its teachings is worthy of our highest approbation, and Messrs. Cassell have laid us under a tribute of appreciation for this handsome volume. The Bible is here presented in the form of a continuous story, without the division into verses which must be so perplexing to young readers. At the same time every word of the narrative is in the language of Scripture, only arranged somewhat in the manner of an ordinary paragraph version. The illustrations are very copious, and nothing has been left undone that would tend to enliven the book to the heart of a child. There is only one objection to the way of the universal adoption of this book—its price. If the publishers would issue it in octavo form, without illustrations, and at a low price, we believe they would command a very large sale, and confer a priceless boon on thousands of children whose parents cannot afford to pay a guinea for a Bible.

*The Lancer's Theme, or Jesus Only.* By JOSHUA GOODBARK. (London: St. Clark.) A series of addresses to instructors, on the various attributes of our Saviour. Mr. Goodacre writes devoutly and clearly, and with excellent catholicity, and we heartily recommend this work to those for whom it is written, and to Sunday school teachers as an excellent preparation book.

*The Highway of Salvation.* By H. K. WOOD. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) "To exhibit, and explain in simple language, the truth as to the way of salvation," is the avowed object of the author of this work, and right well has he done his work. Concise, telling, and loving are his counsels and warnings, and none can read them without profit.

*The Two Napoleons.* (London: Hodder.) This book answers well enough its purpose as a school reader, but what interest a re-narration in a pedantic and bigoted style of what everyone already knows, can have in the general public, as far as we are concerned remains a mystery.

*The Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Magazine.* January to May, 1876. Twopenny monthly. After a careful perusal, we can unhesitatingly assert that this is the best magazine of the kind we know of, although its denominational character of course precludes it from the general circulation it deserves.

*The Social Reformer.* 1d. monthly. Well edited, and surprisingly cheap.

*The Mother's Friend.* 1d. monthly. We have certainly seen better reading matter and illustrations than are here presented, and cannot congratulate the publishers.

*Onward.* 1d. monthly. A progressing magazine, but we fail to see why Miss Paul's story should occupy ten pages, out of twenty which the whole number contains.

*The Evangelical Magazine* for May seems, to our mind, especially poor, excepting the articles by Dr. Stoughton and G. H. Pike.

*Professor Alcoholica.* By JOSEPH MALINS. (Birmingham: Morris Bros. 1s.) Mr. Malins has here given us a very startling poem, considerably after the style of Mr. S. C. Hall's "An Old Story." The conception is bold and vigorous, and the denunciations, so scathingly uttered, are not a whit too bitter.

*The Christian Worker's Hymn Book.* (London: Houghton. 4d.) A good and cheap selection.

*The Teacher's Store-house.* 1d. monthly. An old friend (*The Hue* under a new name, and certainly the better for the change.

*Slavery in England.* (London: Guest. 1s.) The title of this pamphlet is a startling one, and the tale unfolded none the less so. The purposes to expose the infamous working, or rather distortion, of the present Lunacy Acts, and if the instances quoted are facts (and we have no reason to doubt it), the current system, as a whole, is as diabolical as slavery itself.

People should be shown, with all patience and clearness, the causes of the desire of liquor, so they may know what habits are faulty. Imperfect cooking, over-eating, badly assorted foods, insufficient clothing, personal uncleanness, overwork or lack of sufficient exercise, too rapid work, insufficient sleep, bad ventilation, excessive heat—these are but a few of the causes of the use of alcoholic stimulants; but these alone have made thousands of drunkards out of well-intentioned people, and have compelled many others to continue in drinking habits of which they are secretly ashamed.

Special attention is called to the Advertisement of "POND'S EXTRACT" in this issue. As an alleviator of pain and hæmorrhage—a healer of wounds—or as a subduer of any kind of inflammation, this extract has gained a reputation and sale in America so extraordinary, that it warrants the assumption that it is an article of great virtue. It is endorsed by Medical men, who more readily lend their praise on account of its being merely a distilled extract of the Hamamelis or Witch Hazel Shrub, which is favourably mentioned in the medical works of all schools.

Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating's Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals.—Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d., each, by Thomas Keating, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and all chemists (free by post 14 and 33 stamps).

## NOT KNOWING, YET TRUSTING.

I know not what may befall me,  
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;  
And before each step of my onward way,  
He makes new scenes to rise;  
And every joy he sends me, comes  
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,  
As I trace the day of the year;  
But the past is still in God's keeping,  
The future His mercy shall cheer;  
And what looks dark in the distance,  
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future  
Has less bitter than I think,  
The Lord may sweeten the water  
Before I stoop to drink;  
Or, if Marah must be Marah,  
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He was waiting,  
For the coming of my feet,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness,  
Some joy so strangely sweet,  
That my life can only tremble  
With the thanks I cannot speak.

My heart shrinks back from trials  
Which the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow  
But what the dear Lord chose;  
And I send the coming tears back  
With the whispered words, "He knows."

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

## WISE FATHERS.

A MAN has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children, and giving them a drawing-master and a music-teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to, unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and tangle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons, and advocate reforms, and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin, unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh! gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books, and pictures, and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half-an-hour twice a year on the Sabbath-day, but day after day, and every day, teach them that religion is a great gladness, that it throws,



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