

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

Editorial.

OUR WORK.

We are now drawing near the close of 1874, with which closes the third half-yearly volume of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY. As there is no travelling agent in the field to solicit new names and obtain renewals of old subscriptions, the existence and success of the *Monthly* lie entirely in the hands of its friends scattered over the Dominion. In asking them kindly to interest themselves in this publication for the future, as they have done so disinterestedly in the past, it is perhaps necessary they should be reminded on what ground help is asked of them.

A very intelligent man, after being for a time a reader, happening to meet the editor, remarked—"Why! in that monthly you are just in print preaching Christ." The editor's remark was, that "Surely it did not take him a long time to discover that secret." That is indeed our aim. We have publications, (daily, weekly, monthly) preaching politics, denominations, education, temperance, and we need them all; each in its own mission; and we are thankful for them, so far as under God's eye they, in justice and judgment, discharge that mission. But is there not something above politics, denominations, education, and temperance? The true centre of the human heart is not party, nor

church, nor lodge, nor society, nor secret order, but Christ and him crucified. Is the aim therefore not good, (alas! for our realization of it) to exalt Christ to his legitimate supremacy and to endeavour to arrange round his person, the thought, the life, the work, of his church. Higher than the question—what think ye of Reform and Conservatism, of Presbyterianism and Methodism, Teetotalism and Prohibition—is the question "*What think ye of Christ?*" Help us therefore Christian readers to press this question on yourselves and other men; to follow men with it to their firesides and their closets; to press it on them through the printed page under this form, and that when the living voice of the preacher cannot reach them; to press it so persistently that men cannot get away from it till they give it that measure of consideration that belongs to a question on which hangs the well-being of society here, and of souls in the eternity that lies beyond.

The extent to which our publication has found entrance to the homes of the people is nothing to boast of, while at the same time, taking everything into consideration, it is something to be thankful for. At the end of 1874, after 18 months of publication, our work as to *numbers, pages, and weight*, will stand something like this. When our December number is issued

there will have been issued in all since July 1873, over 37,000 monthly numbers. Counting by pages the number will stand at 1,776,000, which is equal to 888,000 tracts of two pages or 444,000 tracts of four pages each. Allowing 10 monthly copies to a pound, the exact weight of paper used is nearly two tons.

Our enterprise, good reader, is therefore a self-sustaining (hitherto it has been so) Religious Tract Enterprise, which, without begging or borrowing any help, or calling for any distribution, save the Post Office, has done the above work as to number and weight during its short space of life. How many eyes has glanced over these pages, some of them now sealed in death; what emotions they may have stirred in the breasts to which they have spoken; what information in regard to Christ and his kingdom they may have communicated; what rebukes they may have administered to slumbering consciences; what cheer they may have given to doubting and desponding hearts—all that although beyond human arithmetic is not beyond the Divine arithmetic that counts widow's mites, and cups of cold water. Shall we appeal in vain to the sympathies, and the efforts of those who love the Lord? We believe not. When the fortunes and future of this undertaking seemed almost helpless under the disaster that came on it through the death of the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, there were found in the Dominion friends enow to bear it on their shoulders and their hearts to its present stature, which however, is not lofty, and standing, which is not too far forward. It is not therefore likely that they will desert it now. We appeal, therefore, again to those who have hitherto taken an interest in our publication, to continue their exertions in its behalf. A little effort on their part will establish the *Christian Monthly* on a solid and secure footing,

as a periodical doing the work of a Religious Tract Society, without any intricate or costly machinery, and no agents or officers save subscribers, readers, and disinterested friends. We leave the matter to the consideration and sympathy of those who approve of our work, and wish it to succeed.

INCREASE OF JESUITS.

We always read with deep interest the reports that appear from time to time of the French Canadian Missionary Society. In the work of that society every man, women, and child in this Dominion have as deep an interest, whether or not they feel it, as they could have in the fortunes of our volunteers when they went forth some years ago to defend our shores from the Fenians. The French Missionary Society has as its object the conversion of French Roman Catholics to the Lord Jesus Christ. Accomplishing this object they accomplish three great ends—they save these converts from errors of a dangerous kind, they strengthen the Protestant cause, and they weaken the cause of the Jesuits.

Knowing what we know of the Jesuits, their principles, their practices, their history, the terror they inspire even in Romish countries, and how dangerous an element they are in our Dominion, can we but feel grateful to a society that beards them in their strong-holds, snatches the prey from between their teeth, and thus weakens them in their power to breed our young Dominion mischief.

The October number of the journal of this society is now before us, and from it we make an extract that should be known and pondered all over the land:

“Seventeen Jesuit students, for the ministry of the Church of Rome, left for the Eternal City by the mail steamer

'Prussian,' on Saturday, to complete their studies there.

"The above newspaper paragraph," the report goes on to say, "is surely fitted to alarm the most careless Protestant as to the future designs of the Romish Hierarchy in this Province. How painful in the face of these efforts of the Jesuits for the Committee to have to decline the engagement of various missionary laborers, for want of means. We earnestly appeal to those having wealth, of which they are but brief stewards, to consider their responsibility, and in view thereof, devise liberal things so that more laborers may be sent into this portion of the Lord's vineyard. How mortifying to find professing Christians freely entering into speculations, involving often the loss of thousands of dollars, and coldly refusing to give aught but a trifle towards an object so dear to the Lord Jesus Christ as the conversion of souls, and at the same time so patriotic, as the rescuing of their fellow-countrymen from Romish superstition and Jesuit craft. What hinders our wealthy Christian men from each supporting a colporteur, or others from uniting in so doing.

"It may not be generally known that the Jesuits have been incorporated by our Quebec Legislature with the same powers of holding real estate for use and revenue as are held by other Roman Catholic Orders. The mode shows their characteristic cunning, and at the same time how little is to be expected in the struggle between Christ and Rome, from politicians of any party. The Act 35 Vic. chap. 46, assented to in 1871, incorporates them by title, not in their full name lest it should alarm the Protestant public, but as "*Les Missionaries De Notre Dame S. F.*," while in the body of the Act they are described as "Priests and religious members of the company of Jesus." Let our

weapons against these emissaries of iniquity, and of that wicked one who is now being revealed, be the word of God which in the hands of the Spirit shall consume their evil works. II. Thess. ii, 8."

It is very clear, from the above, as we have again and again noticed, that our conflict in Canada henceforth is not to be with the old Gallican Church which claimed some liberty in its actions, and cherished some charity in its heart, but with the sons and successors of these men who have sold their liberty, and slain their charity, who caused the massacre of St. Bartholomew, who have embroiled every country in Europe, and whom Germany has, to save its national existence, expelled from its territory.

There is on our study-table beside the report from which we quote, an old book bearing date 1776. It is the "Memoirs of the Life, Time and Writings of the Reverend Learned Thos. Boston, written by himself, and addressed to his children." One of the best, and one of the ablest men of his time, was this Thos. Boston, author of "The Fourfold State," who, in his quiet country parish towards the beginning of last century preached sermons that hold their ground with lovers of solid theology till this day, wrote a treatise on Hebrew that commanded the respect of scholars, helped to set in motion the forces (though he did not live to see the event) that originated the first Secession from the established Church of Scotland, and which has at length abolished patronage. Writing in the year 1714, just the year before the Popish rising under the Pretender, he says:

"Meanwhile, at this time, matters had a formidable appearance, and a terrible cloud seemed to hang over the nation. Papists and Jesuits were flocking hither from beyond seas, and things great or small were set agoing

to prepare people for receiving what was a-hatching. Sitting at meat, in time of the Synod at Kelso, in the house of a Presbyterian silly woman, I was surprised with, and filled with indignation, at the sight of the picture of Christ on the cross, hanging on the wall over against me. Lodging in time of a communion in a certain house of some distinction, I got a loam basin to wash my hands in with the Jesuits' motto in the bottom thereof, "J. H. S." And many such other arts were then used to catch the people, while the great artifices for compassing the designs were going on successfully. With all these were mighty fears of an intended massacre."

"The flocking hither from beyond the seas," which was on inous of 1715, we have on this continent, especially since the Jesuit expulsion from Germany. Have we "*other such arts*" to catch the people? Did Thos. Boston visit among us he would find hanging on the walls of good Protestants, not only "Christ on the Cross," but the Virgin Mary with all the glory ascribed to her as the "Queen of Heaven."

The families who buy these pictures, and who hang crosses from the ears of their daughters, think no evil in these things, nor do the agents that sell them think of any thing it may be—save business; but here are two questions which it can do no harm to ask: What connection has the Jesuits with "such arts?" There is no doubt that in the case mentioned by Boston—shrewd man—the Jesuits were concerned as 1715 clearly showed. And the other question is this: although parents suffer no injury from their Popish pictures, what about the children who see them hanging there from their childhood?" The small end of the wedge is often very thin.

Much, therefore, do we need to be reminded of what is "a-hatching," by these chronic disturbers of the peace of Europe since 1535, and cordially should we support a society that meets the society of Jesus, not by its own weapons, but by the word of God that liveth and abideth for ever. Under the head of "Christian work," we shall give further extracts from this report for October.

Living Preachers.

"OUR HOPE FOR THE BODY."

REV. ROBT. SCOTT, PLYMPTON, CANADA.

"He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God." 2. Cor. v, 5.

It is not the tenant, but the tenement of clay, in which it dwells, to which our thoughts are directed by the expression "Now he that hath wrought for us for the self-same thing is God."

In discoursing, then, upon a theme such as this, let us,

- I. DIRECT OUR ATTENTION TO THE SUBJECT OF THE APOSTLE'S, THOUGHT, OR THE END TO BE GAINED.

1. A glance at the context will at once convince us that the persons referred too, are those who, like the Apostle, groan, being subject to the evils of mortality. And it is obvious from what we know of the Apostle, and from our own experience, that as a believer in Christ, he was not less able than others to meet and endure the ills that flesh is heir to. That while his portion as a believer in Jesus Christ gave him a favorable opportunity to observe and trace evil, not only to its fountain head, but to all its issues, both here and hereafter, that it, at the same time, endowed

him with a fortitude and a courage, that went far to change time with all its sufferings and sorrows to a battle field, where in the struggle of life, all the grander parts of our being were purified and strengthened, and those ills only "wrought for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

We can scarcely conceive, then, the Christian groaning under the ills of life, when viewed as means of good. But he may well groan because of them, when he thinks how these originated in sin and rebellion against the God he loves.

2. And this hope, be it observed, the hope of "mortality being swallowed up of life," is not simply an exchange or substitution. It is not, that in the place of our mortality, we are to receive life. Or that we are to give up the mortal, which is ours, and receive in exchange for it life. For then, we fear, we would be other than ourselves. Not the same being, but another substituted for us. That being, it is true, conceived of, as possessing all the knowledge and consciousness of the present, but not the same after all. Not to speak of the impossibility of such a conception, it is enough for us to remark that no such thing is taught here. It is not another *we*, but the same *we* whose mortality is to be "swallowed up of life," and be the same *we* after, as before, however changed otherways.

3. Nor does it simply mean that "mortality is to have perpetuity given to it. That it just means a simple reproduction of the present life, only so reproduced that it cannot die. That the recuperative powers—the power of building up the decay—the tear and wear of life—shall be equal to decay itself. And thus eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, we are to be the same for ever that we are now, mere wandering Jews that cannot die. That we do not deny might be "wrought"

in us; and God doubtless could make it a condition of our after life. Some such thought floats through the wind-ing chambers of some brains. We grant that God might make mortality deathless. The contradiction in words might be a reality in fact—a perpetual mortality built up by the presence of a perpetual life.

But such a notion will ill comport with the idea of "mortality being swallowed up," and becoming thereby invisible. The mortal entirely gone, and the living only visible to the eye.

4. We remark, then, that "the self-same thing wrought" is neither an exchange, nor a substitution, nor a prolongation or endowment of perpetual life, but a transmutation of "mortality" into "life."

This last idea is more radical than any of the preceding, but it cannot be called unnatural. It was the dream of the old Alchymists. They thought it was possible to transmute the baser metals into the nobler; to turn lead into silver, and brass into gold. And long and perseveringly did they labour, and labour in vain. And we cannot help remarking that in one form or another it is the dream of man still. As age and experience grows upon him, he may get quit of his childhood notions—the magician's wand, and the divin-ing rod—but the thought is still present, and underlies not a few of his thoughts and actions. As often against reason as against all reasonable hope, but according to his wish, he hopes, that such and such things shall happen or fall out to him, or this or that shall be changed in one way or another, no matter to him how impossible, so as to suit his fancy or to meet his need. It requires then no strong imagination, or superstitious faith to believe that the dream of the alchymists may be the truth of the Christian. That what is impossible to him—may in its conception be but a fragment of a divine thought to be reconstructed

again in Christ—that it is possible with God. That He will, as He can “change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body,” (Phil. iii, 21.) And that “for the self-same thing,” “he hath wrought us.”

In illustration of this thought, let it be further observed, that the great work of the religion of Jesus Christ is to transmute us into a higher and nobler being. Our faith does not change our being. We are the same after as before. And yet there is a change wrought in us. We do not feel or act after as we did before we believed in Christ. The work of grace thus begun in us, by the faith of him, works in a two-fold direction; it turns inward and purifies the heart and soul; it goes out and beautifies the life. In both directions it attacks one and the same cause of evil—sin—and cannot rest satisfied until it casts it out of doors.

Thus clear, the whole dwelling looks like new. New impulses, and new thoughts take up their abode there; and it is meet to receive other company than those who were wont to dwell within. But great as such a change would be it would only be a change of condition, not a transmutation of being. And yet for a moment mark the *reforming* of all our powers as the result of the faith of Christ. The direction of the whole is changed. But that is not all the change that is effected. Thoughts, ideas, feelings, principles, group themselves differently, and new and unheard off combinations take place; and in consequence new results follow thick and fast. The very principle of life is changed. All is changed, character, position, hope destiny. A son of Adam begotten in sin, transmuted into a son of God and heir of glory. The same man, yet other and different to what he was. *He* beheld as in a “glass the glory of the Lord,” and was “changed,” not exchanged “into the same image from glory to glory.” (2 Cor. iii, 18.)

And thus we perceive that the idea of transmutation pervades the whole of Scripture. The whole man is changed, and not one part at the expense of, or more than another, for that would throw one part out of harmony with the other. Body and soul are changed, not exchanged. Body as much as soul.

Such being the subject of the Apostle's thought, and the end which is to be gained, let us

II. DIRECT OUR ATTENTION TO THE QUESTION AS TO HOW THIS END IS TO BE BROUGHT ABOUT.

In the clear distinction of the thought before us from every other, 1st. Observe first that the “self-same thing” is not wrought for us, as if it were a dress to be worn, or a fortune to be expended. It is not what shall be done for us, it is the *us* that is to be wrought. We are not to receive the simple result of labour conducted altogether outside of us; the labor is to be expended upon us. It is the *us* that is to be wrought.

2. Nor secondly is it said that he wrought *in* us. As if the inner man alone and not the outer was to be affected—a change of soul, or of sentiment, and *not* a change wrought upon the body or outer man himself. We do not deny but that great and important changes will be wrought upon the soul, but what we affirm is, that it is the body not the soul that is the main object of the Apostle's thought, as is manifest by a glance at the context. We are not careful to prove that the Apostle had no thought of the soul before his mind, but we affirm that he thought not of us to the exclusion of the body. Of that body he had been speaking. And the grand thought was this, that even that mortal part would be swallowed up of life; and in anticipation of this final result the Apostle affirms that “he that hath

wrought us for the self same thing is God."

3. If then the thing spoken of, is neither *for* us, nor *in* us, but *us*, let us endeavour, as alone we may, by analogy, to present the thought in the *manner* of it, yet more definitely before the mind. And for this purpose two analogies suggest themselves. First in respect to clay. 1st. It is dug out of the earth. 2nd. It is wrought into proper consistency. 3rd. It is put into proper shape and form. 4th. It is baked into the right degree of hardness. 5th. It is often glazed and ornamented for use. Secondly in respect of ore. 1st. It is dug up. 2nd. It is ground or smelted to separate it from foreign substances. 3rd. It is wrought into proper temper or consistency. 4th. It is cast or wrought into proper shape or form. 5th. It is burnished for the master's use. The process is one in both cases. And the two substances are the same throughout. But how different their last stage from their first, and how unlike the one to the other.

Now mark the application of these two analogies to the case before us, and to man—a living not a dead man, be it observed.

(1st.) By the call of the Gospel he is dug out of the hole of nature's rock. He is called from darkness into light. He is rescued from the power of Satan and becomes subject to the power of God, in the kingdom of His Son.

Like the piece of clay dug from its native earth, or the ore from its very bowels, he has changed, not only in respect of mind, but even of body. Though in the world, yet not where he was won't to be, nor is he of it. A felt separation is manifest to himself as to all others.

(2nd.) But observe further, in being thus separated by the call of the Gospel from the world, a process of separation is going on within and upon the believer.

By every trial and affliction the gold is being separated from the dross. Motive and reason, as they before existed, are being disjoined to be reformed anew, in Christ Jesus. Part is being separated from its fellow part "the soul and spirit," "the joints and marrow," "the thoughts and intents of the heart," (Heb. iv. 12,) and each washed in the blood of Christ. Cleansed as well as dyed, evil being removed, and a new power given them, they are put back where they were, but not *as* they were, for now they are connected with the purifying grace and the transforming power of the Lord Jesus Christ to do their work, and to do it *better* than before, and with other and nobler ends in view.

And as it is with the soul so must it be with the body; its parts must be separated down to the very dust of death, only however to be raised up anew, and raised up in life, death and sin being cast out by Jesus Christ our Lord.

(3rd.) But besides this process of separation, mark another, that may be silently, yet is surely going on. Through every change and circumstance of life, new features, as new powers develop themselves, grow on us, and proclaim our likeness to the Lord Jesus Christ. We are not being conformed to this world, but transformed into the likeness of Jesus Christ. Nor is that likeness alone or more seen, upon our appearance, than it is upon our walk and conversation. The very habit and tone, both of body and soul, all speak of the fact that we have been with Jesus, and that he has renewed us again as by the spirit of God. Let the true heart be present, and we shall grow into shape and take our place in the house and work of God, as a vessel prepared for the Master's use.

4. But observe further, that more than form and meetness may be expected. For God ever combines

beauty with utility; and while he never sacrifices the last for the first, yet he gives as much out of beauty as each will bear.

And this object, the gospel of Jesus Christ never loses sight of, whether by labour or by suffering; as the soul is cleansed by the blood of Jesus it daily becomes more beautiful. A god-fearing life is a beautiful life. A life of faith and of trust in the Lord Jesus Christ commends itself to all. The world may affirm that it has no love to the Christian, but of those who are worthy of the name that same world is apt to say, that but for their religion they would love them, they have "a good report of those that are without." Every power and faculty is being trained and beautified, their "love aboundeth more and more in knowledge and in all judgment." They "approve things that are excellent" that they "may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ." They "are filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, into the glory and praise of God." (Phil. i, 8-11.) "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," they "think on these things." (Phil. iv, 8.) And doing so can they be otherwise than useful, as well as beautiful, that will not be made to shine forth, and speak of a higher use than that of earth.

5. Let me only add one other thought. The desire of all to make their work immortal.

The Sculptor labours to preserve his statute, the Painter his work of art, even the Photographer fixes the shadow on his plate. Yet, so soon as their works are complete, and even before, they begin to decay. Immortality is not the lot of anything that is the work

of mortal hands. The work is like its author, and partakes in this respect of his character.

Let us leap the distance in God's work between this and the last day of all; how mighty the contrast, how great the change, and yet the same after all. And so on for ever, from one degree of glory to another. Who shall tell the super-excellency of the eternal state, or of us there, [from all that we can imagine here? And then observe if the power that transmutes the mortal into life continues to act as life, throughout our future state, who can predict its glory, or say from what we know of man now, what he yet shall be? That which man aims after, and may not accomplish, is by God's decree wrought in us. For the "self-same thing" he has wrought us.

In closing let us gather a lesson or two. 1. Let us keep the end God has in view, as the rule of our life and conduct. God has given us no better right to our bodies than to our souls. We may not do with either as we wish. We are responsible to God for both. If we may not give up the one to sinful courses, neither must we give up the other. And if the thought of what we shall be ought to be a motive regulating our conduct and our life, then it is a motive that applies to both parts of our nature, and perhaps to the body with even more force than to the soul. The glory to be revealed in us, of which Paul speaks (Rom. viii, 18,) refers as much to the body as to the soul, and of the two the body bulks the most. With what carefulness ought we then to cultivate purity of action in our outward conduct and demeanor. However right and proper it may be to war against the lusts of the flesh, as they lead to the destruction of both soul and body; and however, needful it may be to mortify the deeds thereof, we are not to seek the destruction of the body, but its

life and health, and beauty. Not for a present and carnal purpose, but to be a vessel prepared for the Master's use.

2nd. But there is another lesson which I think we ought to learn. When we begin to exercise our judgment as to how the end is to be gained, we may get bewildered and perplexed, and may not be able to see how out of a body so mean anything glorious could be made, then let us reflect that God is the worker. And as it is here so in everything. All things shall certainly be for the best. It is not for us to reason but to believe, and know that

"Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To light the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties."

3rd. Not only should we believe, but we ought also to trust, and be at peace.

Why should we fret and worry? Let us do the best we can. Let us not fear for the future, and as we believe in Christ, and are washed in his blood, let us not dread retribution for the past.

"Why should I careful be,
Since such a God is mine;
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me mine is thine."

4th. And ought not all this to encourage us in well doing. If by the grace of God we are His children, there is no act of body or soul, that he shall not make profitable to us. And on the other hand, let us be warned that if not His, we shall suffer loss, whether by prosperity or by pain, and be lost ourselves.

5th. Let us remember that our safety is in the grace of God as it is in Christ Jesus. Believe in Him and you are safe. Trust Him! Trust Him now. Time is pressing. Death and the grave are nearing, and the judgment seat lies beyond. And eternity, oh eternity, is long! A long bliss or a long woe. Which, oh sinner! wilt thou choose? Take Him, and then how changed.

"Hand in hand in Pilgrim fashion,
Earthly pomp, and pride and passion,
Leaving far behind we hasten,
Through the griefs our soul that chasten,
Homewards, 'mid the light excelling,
Till we reach our Father's dwelling.

"Homewards, where His throne of Glory
Makes the sunbeams wan and hoary;
Where from it life's crystal river
Rolls through paradise for ever;
Where we wear the raiment shining,
On Immanuel's breast reclining."

P*o*e*try.

GOD WORKING FOR US AND IN US.

Clearly diffused we read the truth
Of what the blessed God has done,
In working in us by His grace,
And working for us by His Son.

He wrought for us when, on the Cross,
The Saviour-victim groaned and died;
He worketh in us when, by power,
This truth is to our souls applied.

He wrought for us when, by the blood
Redemption full He had achieve
He worketh in us when, by grace,
He gives the soul to know its need.

He wrought in power, when death and hell
By virtue of the Cross were slain;
In perfect grace He worketh now
The lost and wandering to reclaim.

Propitiation is for us,
The work of Christ and power divine;
The Holy Ghost sent down, in me,
Doth witness all its worth is mine.

Outside ourselves—entirely so—
Salvation has accomplished been,
The basis on which all is built
The rock amid a shifting scene.

I gaze delighted at the work,
And own a power unseen within,
As on that work I rest my soul
With conscience clear from charge of sin

For us—in us; ah! blessed God,
'Tis all of Thee, the praise be Thine!
I know Thy grace, I own Thy power,
And peace, unruffled peace, is mine!

A. M.

Newport, I. W.

TO GOD THE SON.

Nate, Patri coequalis.

Next in Revelation's sequel,
 Co-eternal Son, co-equal,
 Father's light, and Father's feature,
 All-creating, yet a creature,
 With our flesh thyself enc'ring,
 All our righteousness ensuing,
 With immortal glory shining,
 Yet to death and time declining;
 Man and God united ever,
 God in Man confounded never.
 Not Thyself to flesh converting,
 All the Godhead still asserting;
 All the God to manhood taking,
 Yet the manhood not forsaking;
 One with God by confirmation,
 Less than God by Incarnation;
 Man in substance of Thy Mother,
 Yet than God Thyself no other.
 Thus two Natures' wondrous union
 Stands in unimpaired communion;
 What He was ere worlds were dated,
 That He was on earth created;
 He our only Mediator,
 None but He our Legislator;
 Born for us, and circumcised,
 Dead, and buried, and baptized;
 Fell on sleep, to hell descending,
 Rose again to life unending;
 Thence to Judgment comes to call men
 Who Himself was judged for all men.

HILDEBERT, Archbishop of Tours.

"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS."

WE PRAISE THEE LORD.

[FOR THE "CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY," BY A
 CANADIAN PASTOR.]

To Thee, O God we joyous raise
 Our voices in a song of praise,
 As Him who over all has sway,
 To Thee we hearty homage pay.
 With reverence all the earth to Thee,
 Eternal Father, bows the knee.
 All angels, and all powers on high,
 Aloud to Thee in concert cry.
 Ever to Thee ascends the hymn,
 Of Cherubim and Seraphim.
 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 The God of hosts; the rays which poured
 Abroad are by Thy majesty,
 With brightness fill immensity.
 Thee praise, those whom Christ gave command,
 To preach His Cross in ev'ry land.
 Thee praise, those who before made known,
 The coming of th' Anointed One.
 Thee praise, those who held fast the faith,
 And their lives loved not to the death.
 The Holy Church, in ev'ry place,

Unites with heart to seek Thy face.
 The Father of a majesty
 Extending through infinity;
 Him whom we for our Saviour own,
 Thy glorious, true and only Son;
 Also the Spirit who imparts
 The balm of joy to bleeding hearts.
 O Christ, to Thee we praises sing;
 Thee who of glory art the King.
 Ere time its course began to run,
 Thou of the Father was the Son.
 Thou, when to save man Thou did'st come,
 Abhorred'st not the Virgin's womb.
 When o'er death's bitter agony
 Thou had'st obtained the victory,
 A place in heav'n Thou did'st provide,
 For all who in Thy blood confide.
 Thou sit'st at God's right hand on high,
 Clothed with the Father's majesty.
 Thou shalt return, and righteously
 Shall quick and dead be judged by Thee.
 Help, therefore, on Thine own bestow,
 Saved by Thy blood from endless woe.
 A place appoint them, Lord, we pray,
 Among Thy saints in endless day.
 Thy people send deliverance,
 And bless Thine own inheritance.
 Rule o'er them by Thy mighty power,
 And lift them up for evermore.
 We magnify Thee day by day,
 And worship Thy great name for aye.
 Help us, O Lord, that this day we
 May from all sin ourselves keep free.
 Thy mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
 Who merit not but endless woe.
 Lord, cause to shine on us Thy face,
 As in Thee all our trust we place.
 Lord, I have trusted in Thy name,
 Then, let me ne'er be put to shame.

CALLED—CHOSEN—FAITHFUL.

Christian, the bugle of warfare is sounding,
 Calling thee forth, to assist in the strife;
 Bidding thee bravely stand up for thy Captain,
 Leaving behind thee the follies of life.

"Chosen and called," what unspeakable honor
 Called to come out from the ranks of the
 world;

Chosen for Jesus, His soldier and servant,
 See! even now is His banner unfurled.

Thou must uphold it; be faithful, and "fear not,"
 Looking to Him for support in the fight;
 He will defend thee 'mid hourly temptation,
 Keeping thee safely, and guiding thee right.

Triple the foes thou wilt have to encounter;
 Hard will they struggle to lead thee astray;
 Nothing must make thee relinquish thy colours!
 Always look forward to winning the day!

Conquer thou wilt, for thy Captain is mighty,
Only keep near Him, and trust in His love;
Toll Him thy dangers, and He will protect thee,
Till thou art called to His kingdom above.

Jesus has triumph'd for thee, over Satan,
Only a little remains to be done,
Then He will bid thee, His "chosen and faithful,"
Welcome to glory, to victory won!

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

THE PRAYER OF THE DESTITUTE.

Give me a song and I will sing it.
Give me an offering; I will bring it;
Give me Thyself, and I will take Thee:
Withdraw Thyself, and I forsake Thee.
My land lies fallow: Master till me.
My heart lies empty: Master, fill me.
It plays the traitor: Master win me.
It faints; it dies: Put new life in me.
It goes astray: Good Shepherd, lead me.
It sighs for hunger: Come and feed me.
It is so poor: Give riches to me.
It is corrupt: O Lord, renew me.
So ignorant: But Thou canst teach me.
Has wandered far: But Thou canst reach me.
Is sore diseased: Physician, heal me.
Exposed to danger: O conceal me.
It trembles: In thine arms enfold me.
Begins to sink: O Saviour, hold me.
Is sinking fast: Have mercy on me.
So cold and dark: O shine upon me.
A poor lost sinner: O come and find me.
A rebel: May Thy love now bind me.
A prodigal. Wilt Thou receive me?
A beggar: O wilt Thou relieve me?
A backslider: Do Thou restore me.
A debtor: Be Thou surety for me.
Unfit to die: O God prepare me.
So weak: On eagle's wings. O bear me.
So comfortless: Lord Jesus, cheer me.
So lonely: God of Love draw near me.
By sin accused: Good Lord, acquit me.
Unfit for work on earth: But use me.
A suppliant: Do not Thou refuse me.
Jesus, to Thee I call.
Jesus, be Thou my all.
O come and fill the hungry with good things,
For Thou hast all I need, Thou King of kings.

THE WORK OF JESUS.

As sinners saved, we love to sing,
Jesus died, Jesus died;
God's grace doth still salvation bring,
Jesus died, Jesus died.
To seek and save the lost He came;
He glorified the Father's name;
With joyful lips we spread His fame:
Jesus died, Jesus died.

Victorious over every foe,
Jesus rose, Jesus rose;
Sin, Death, and Satan, all laid low,
Jesus rose, Jesus rose.
In justice sinners He can save,
Since for our sins Himself He gave;
He left them buried in His grave;
Jesus rose, Jesus rose.

He sent the Spirit from above—
Jesus saves, Jesus saves,
The lost He finds with patient love—
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
The Spirit tells us Jesus died.
That God in Him is glorified;
On Him we now rest satisfied;
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Though prone each day we are to roam
Jesus guides, Jesus guides;
Through a desert pathways to our home,
Jesus guides, Jesus guides;
As He is, so are we below,
Himself if may we more fully know,
Thus onward in His footsteps go;
Jesus guides, Jesus guides.

On high, our Advocate and Priest,
Jesus lives, Jesus lives;
Himself our life, our drink, our feast;
Jesus lives, Jesus lives;
He is our everlasting Gain,
Our hope until He come again,
Then we with Him shall live and reign;
Jesus lives, Jesus lives.

W. P. M.

Christian Thought.

THE TWO HEMISPHERES OF A LIFE.

BY REV. WM. ARNOT, EDINBURGH.

A human life, like the world we live in, may for some purposes be divided into two hemispheres. The lines which divide the material globe are not always the same. At one time we think of the eastern half-sphere and the western; at another, of the northern and the southern. And there is still another division, more interesting and suggestive than either,—the division into the dark half and the bright one. These are constantly and quickly changing, indeed; but at any moment one half of our world is in darkness and the other half in light.

The whole life of a man is like one day of the world he lives in. If he has been born again, his life is divided into two portions, for the most part unequal—one darkness, the other light in the Lord. As to the order of succession, it follows the suggestion given in the record of creation: "The evening and the morning of the first day." The night is first, and the day follows. That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is carnal.

In some examples, almost all the space of the life is enlightened, like the moon when she is nearly full, with only a shred on the edge of her disc obscured; in others, the bulk is blank with a narrow, bright crescent on the rim that points to the evening. In one, the heart is won to Christ in infancy, and the life at large is gilded by light from the face of Jesus. In another, the man is born again when he is old, and only the shred of his life that lies next the grave gets the benefit of the sunlight. Samuel never remembered the darkness; when the

eyes of his understanding first opened, the Light of life was already beaming out of heaven on his face; while the malefactor who was crucified beside Jesus passed through almost all his pilgrimage in the night, and obtained only one bright glimpse of the rising sun towards the end of the eleventh hour. Into two hemispheres of indefinitely varied inequality, the line of his conversion divides the space of a Christian's life.

These two portions are described by 1 Peter iv. 2, 3), as "The time past of his life," and "The rest of his time in the flesh."

Every reader of this page has a time past of his life; a portion of it which memory can measure lies now behind him. Perhaps there are some bright spots in the portion that is past—spots that God has illumined by the gifts of His providence and His grace. But alas! memory—that sense of sight which looks backward, and sees far—can descry two multitudes stretching away, until the vista closes in the mists of life's infant morning,—one, a multitude of a man's own sins; the other a multitude of God's mercies. Leaving the past,—and those who have seen all that is their own in it blotted out in the book of the Lamb may leave it behind in peace,—let us turn our regard eagerly to "the rest of our time in the flesh." It is a matter of importance to the great God how I shall spend the shred of my life-course, broader or narrower, that intervenes between my next footstep and the lip of the grave. Just think of it: the great King bends down to see whether my steps shall please and honor Him. I am bought with a price; let me henceforth serve the Lord that bought me. Here is a motive to exertion, before which all the prizes that have

quicken the runner's pace or crown his brow wither away. To know that he is looking on and caring will elevate and purify my life. It will be mighty to shake off mean aims and low company.

I find that the gospel makes much *this life in the flesh*. Even when the larger portion has been wasted, it does not leave a human spirit in despair to throw away good money after the bad. It inspires hope, and gives spring to exertion; it persuades and encourages us to redeem what remains. The Secularists are greatly out of their reckoning at this point. They are wont to represent Christians as neglecting the present life for an expected heaven beyond it. For their part, they think the present life is the great thing for man. They will not let go the bird in the hand in a vain chase after the bird in the bush. That is precisely the view of those who hope in Christ. The present is their sphere of action. This question is, How shall I best pass over the rest of my time in the flesh? But they are not so foolish to shut out the light of a "blessed hope" from their path. The light shows them the way, and leads them onward. It is the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, already within the veil, that keeps them drifting within the winds and tides of the world. For direction and impulse to a right conduct now, a Christian cannot want the mighty motive of filial love. He is bought with a price, and it is that which enables him to glorify God. It was this that saved Joseph long ago from shipwreck in a storm which would have submerged any soul not leaning on divine aid.—How shall I do this great evil and sin against God?

The very object of Christ in redeeming His own is that they may live the rest of their time in the flesh to the will of God. If our life is hid with Christ in God, we can well afford to leave it there for safety at death and

happiness in eternity. Leaning on that hope, a Christian can afford to make the rest of their life here his business. The burden of his own guilt in anticipation of the judgment would have crushed his energy. When the burden is removed, he is at liberty to lay out all his powers in effective efforts to please God and to do good. Thus, through the love of his Lord, a Christian is enabled in some measure to do what a Secularist says he ought to do. His hope of heaven enables him better to play his part on earth; and if it do not in some good measure visibly do this, he has cause to suspect it is not a living hope. This miller is not mad, that he should demolish the retaining wall of his dam, in order thereby to make his mill go round the faster.

I have spoken of human lives that are divided by the line of the new birth into two unequal parts. Some, coming to the Saviour in childhood, pass the greater part of their time in the flesh under the light of his countenance; others, repenting late in life, strive to redeem from vanity the shred of their time that remains,—glad that they have been rescued at length, though grieving that the larger and better portion of their time had been lost. But, alas! some brother may read this page whose life has not been divided yet at all. For him it may still be all of a piece. In his heart the god of this world has reigned from a period beyond the dawn of memory, and has not yet been dethroned. The rest of your time in the flesh—shall it be all of the same, unchanged? Now is the accepted time. Christ's terms: are "Him that cometh." The time may be short—a narrow strip on the outer edge of life—yet, if now you close with the waiting, warning, weeping Saviour, that border of "time in the flesh" will shine in memory's view for ever with a glory that excelleth, for it is the birthday of life that will never end.—*Times of Blessing.*

PAUL'S CLOAK.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Writing from Rome to his young disciple Timothy, Paul gave directions about his cloak, his books, and parchments (2 Tim. iv. 13.) The directions are such as in ordinary circumstances we should deem of little importance; but as pertaining to the dawn of Christianity in the capital of the Roman world, and to the character of the great apostle, they give us, in one verse, the materials of an historical picture as true to the past as ever naturalist drew, who, given a fossil bone, figured on a board the animal to which it belonged. Such a picture we may be allowed to draw, the more fondly, since Luke, in closing the Acts, left no successor to record the progress and fortunes of the first teachers of Christianity. An historical blank follows of more than a hundred years, which no industry of research has been able to fill up. When history reappears it is no longer that of primitive Christianity, but of a churchism that intermingles, hopelessly, truth and fiction, to rule the European world for a thousand years.

These directions to Timothy about his cloak, his books, and "especially his parchments," are among the last written words of Paul the aged, written when that "life in earnest" was drawing near its close, and he had little prospect of liberation from his Roman prison except by a Roman martyrdom.

We treasure up the words of dying men, especially of dying apostles and martyrs; and in our devotion to their memory invent words and meanings of which they were ignorant; but here there is little room for mistake. This message of Paul is of the plainest about his cloak and other articles of personal property which he has left in the city of Troas, not far from Constantinople that now is. He puts his

cloak first, not because first in itself, but because the most urgent. The chill and damp of his prison will not let him alone. In his first Roman imprisonment Paul was confined in the Prætorium or palace of Cæsar, part of which was assigned to state prisoners until they appear before the emperor. His first imprisonment was in comparative comfort and freedom; he was permitted to receive visitors, to address them; and had seals of his apostleship, not only among his Jewish countrymen, but even "in Cæsar's household:" but Paul is now in his second and more severe imprisonment; no longer in the Prætorium with his Prætorian guard, and treated with courtesy, but in such dungeon-like prison as is still shown at Rome. Then winter (2 Tim. iv. 24) is approaching; and though his heavenly home is not far off, his aged frame is like to have a cold winter of it. Not only, therefore, does he urge his young disciple to do his diligence to come before winter, but on his way from Ephesus to Rome to call at Troas at the house of Carpus, and bring the cloak he left there. How far was Troas from Rome? Not far if measured by modern speed. Farther than New York is from London, if measured by the time necessary to go from the one to the other; and very much farther, if measured by the difficulties and dangers and delays of ancient travel.

An old professor of logic in one of our northern universities was wont to prescribe to his students as their first exercise the question—

"What would you infer as to the state of society in Egypt, in the days of Joseph, from the existence of fine linen?"

He would have been reckoned a dull logician, who could not make some good history out of so distinct a fact. The message of Paul furnishes just such facts, out of which a little logic

and a little imagination may make some good and true history. In this message about his cloak, we see Paul the aged sitting in his prison at Rome, writing to Timothy. The prison is cold, perhaps also damp and chill, making it difficult to keep up natural warmth; such as the Scottish covenanters were immured in when the Bass, and Blackness, and St. Andrew's Castle were the state prisons of Scotland. His feelings awaken also his fears, that in the coming winter it may fare still worse with him; aye, so poor is Paul that he has but *one* cloak, and that one is at Troas, and he cannot help thinking of it.

Another thought arises, and another question. Why must Paul send for that forgotten cloak all the way to Troas, and cumber his young disciple with it, amidst all the inconvenience of ancient travel? Has he no friend in all that great city of Rome to anticipate his wants, lend him a cloak, or present him with one? Had he been at Joppa, a Dorcas, that made garments for the poor, would have been too happy to have made a winter cloak for the prisoner of Christ; or at Corinth there was a Phœbe, a deaconess of the neighbouring church of Cenchrea, that would have been swift to discover and supply the wants of Paul; but he is in the most populous city of the ancient world, and feels as we are all apt to do in a strange city, most alone when least alone. He is also in his second imprisonment, when Cæsar is against him, and a Nero on the throne is laying on the hated Christians his own crime of firing the city. "There is no man now to stand by him."

Perhaps Paul knew more than one in Rome that would have *secretly* aided him; but so long as there is any possibility of recovering his own cloak, Paul will neither beg nor borrow. He has been a *giver* rather than a *receiver* all his days. He knows the "superior

blessedness" of a giver, and he will not lose that "superior blessedness" which our Lord taught, both by example and precept, saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."*

In this little message about the cloak we have thus a picture, and a graphic one, apostolic poverty and of apostolic independence. We are admitted to a sight of the great apostle in his Roman prison eighteen centuries ago. We see the gray haired venerable man, his body broken by years of privation and suffering—Paul, the called of Heaven—once a persecutor, now an apostle and prisoner for Christ, the spiritual guide and instructor of many generations, the master spirit of the Gentile churches, and heir, at no distant day, to a heavenly crown. Behold him sitting in his cold, damp prison, without meet covering for his aged frame, poor and without a friend in the world's capital to anticipate his wants, or in whom he has sufficient confidence to tell them, or so high-minded that he will not put it in any man's power to refuse him. How true to his own description of a primitive apostle! "Even to this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place, and labour, working with our own hands (1 Cor. iv. 11, 12); for I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death; for we are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men."

Why did God subject his apostle to privations like these? Just that we that read, and they that hear, might know more of Christ and His cause in the life of His apostle. In these sufferings Paul still speaks, and his example has a living force. Paul's poverty is our riches—yea, the enriching

* (Acts xx. 35). The solitary saving of Christ preserved to us that is not found in the Gospels, an addition to the Beatitudes with which our Lord opens his sermon on the mount, and of which He Himself is the great example.

of the whole Christian world. Paul's message about his cloak has comforted many a Christian captive, and will

continue to warm many a heart in its solitude and desertion until the end of time.—*British Messenger.*

Christian Life.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

An autobiography of last century : being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, as narrated by himself.

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CONCLUDING SECTION—CHAP. II.

[Wherein there is continued a narrative of my experience from March to September, 1743.]

Before I left that spot my closed lips were opened, and my mouth was filled with the high praises of my God ; my chains and fetters dropt off, and I was free.

Oh that day was a sweet day to my soul when I sat in the cave of the rock, and when the Lord proclaimed his name in Christ, and made all His goodness pass before me. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth ; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated at Port Monteth. I went thither, that I might receive the seal of the covenant, and when the minister was serving the table, he asked the following questions of the communicants.

"Have you," said he, "disannulled your agreement with death and with hell ; and have you joined yourselves unto the Lord in a sure and perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten ? Have you acquiesced in this way of

salvation through Christ Jesus ? And how do you love it ? How are you pleased with his law ? What love have you to the surety ?" In a very short time he entirely described my experience, and I found my heart setting its seal to everything I had written in the cave. "Yea," said he, "if this is your state, (*i. e.* if ye have taken hold of the gracious covenant of God,) I may freely give you the seal with which ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

Hence I received the seal of the everlasting covenant, and before I rose from the table, with what sorrow, joy, wonder, did I look to my beloved Redeemer, bruised under the wrath of the Father for me. I also saw Him stretched on the cross wrestling with the powers of darkness, and like a mighty one overcoming ; obtaining possession of his elect people, and of me in particular. I retired from the place with my soul filled as with marrow and fat. On Sabbath afternoon I listened to a sermon preached from Psalm xlviii, 14. The preacher stated some of the joys of the believer arising from having this God as his God, &c. After this I went to Kilsyth where the sacrament was to be held, and throughout the journey thither my mind was exercised with deep thoughts. On Sabbath forenoon, Mr. R. preached from Rev. i. 17, 18. I never before experienced so much of the power of God as I did at this time. I trust some plentiful drops of the divine power fell upon my thirsty soul. I might have certainly called the

place *Bethel*. I said at the time, "O Lord it is good to be here." I thought I could dwell in the place all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and rejoice in his temple. I rejoiced to see the blessed Redeemer making a willing offering in the day of His power.

I was also filled with joy after coming out of the church, when I saw those clothed in scarlet prostrated with their faces towards the ground (earth) at the feet of the mighty king of Zion, weeping and bemoaning without being ashamed of their fellow creatures.

And I had no less pleasure because of the door of utterance given to the minister of the Gospel. I left this place greatly delighted that the kingdom of Christ was increasing, and the kingdom of Satan falling like lightning from heaven. Finally, I thought and pondered on my ways from the first day I was awakened until this hour, and I perceived that the foundation of my peace was built upon the Rock of Ages. And alas, like the foolish virgins, I slept for a time, till the Lord sent a messenger of Satan to awaken me up.

He suffered my corrupt nature to become alive again, inasmuch that I was in my own eyes like a ditch of bitter water. By sad experience I felt the truthfulness of this passage of Scripture, "*The carnal mind is enmity against God;*" Rom. viii. 7. I was led to suppose that every thing I hitherto enjoyed was a delusion, and this was a terror to me. The force of this temptation was so strong that I was both afraid and ashamed to offer up a prayer. Oh! my soul was in a fearful commotion. I made an effort to appease a guilty conscience by the truth of Scripture. I received then an answer from several passages of the Gospel that I was converted; such as John i. 12; Rom. vii. 20. Then, said I, can sin have such power in a converted person, as I find it has in my

heart? At times I would wrestle with God for grace to subdue my sins, and at other times I would not pray at all on account of a felt sense of the greatness of my guilt. I attempted to instruct myself with instructions with which the Lord helped me to instruct others ere now, but this I could not do.

I may say that I had undergone more trouble when I got this sight of my heart than I had when I was first awakened.

I received a letter from a Christian friend to whom I partly told of my state, which, by the blessing of God, helped me to see some of my errors. I will therefore here record a portion of that letter.

"I sympathize with your state of such things, and of many more besides of the same nature. I have learned by much experience from my own estranged heart. If it were otherwise with us, perhaps we would not so readily believe that it is by grace we are what we are. We are what we are, not for the grace we have, but by the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and by the daily and constant supply we receive from Him.

When a person is convinced that it is from the Lord he hath received all that he has; he may be also convinced that the grace he hath already received from God will not avail him, that it may fail, unless it is supplied anew out of the fulness treasured up in Christ, and from thence drawn forth by faith of the operation of the Holy Spirit. When the sinner is convinced of these things it will humble him, and will bring him in the exercise of faith to trust in the Lord; and it will give him a continued felt sense of the preciousness of faith.

My beloved friend, I will not say more about this, but see 2nd Cor. xii, 7, 8, 9, 10. Although we have not such revelations as Paul had, still our few temptations are intended for hum-

bling us, and for keeping our faith in exercise. The thorn was sent to Paul; and the thorn sent Paul to God. It was the grace promised by God in answer to prayer was Paul's sufficiency, and not anything he had in himself. He saw the reason for which the thorn was sent to him; *i. e.*, lest he should be exalted above measure through the revelations.

Had Paul now any refuge against this thorn? No. If he had it is not likely that he would understand the end for which the thorn was sent. But how did he act? He besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from him, and he received this answer, "that the grace of the Lord itself was sufficient for him." For all that he received before now he was weak in himself; it was the strength of God and the power of Christ that was sustaining him and helping him forward."

When I read this letter I perceived the fearful error to which I had fallen by ceasing to pray to God. I also understood the end for which He sent me this thorn. At this time the Lord rebuked Satan, and he strengthened me to overcome my sins which recently sang their triumphant song so often over me. The following are the reasons for which the Lord hath sent to me these vexing and sore temptations.

In the first place. To correct me for my sloth and negligence. "*Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backsliding shall reprove thee, etc.*," Jer. ii. 19. It was as if the Lord had said since thou hast not learned correction from the wickedness and backsliding of others, let thine own wickedness reprove. You saw what David hath suffered for his backslidings, and how I made him roar all day long for his sins; yet this was not sufficient to correct you, therefore thine own wickedness will do it. Know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou has forsaken the Lord thy God." And indeed I felt

it to be bitter; alas, how soon it was forgotten, so that I have to watch constantly.

In the second place. The Lord sent me this temptation for my uncharitable thoughts towards those who were tempted and were overcome thereby. Therefore the Lord showed me that I had no strength to resist temptation more than others who became its victims. I never judged lightly of any temptation to sin, but I was finally wounded by that same temptation. Prov. vi. 27, 28. From this, I perceive more of the depth of Satan, how he put forth every effort to allure me and to draw me to the way of sin and folly; and every time he was successful he always turned an accuser. Oh, the inscrutable craftiness of the old serpent! And Oh! the unsearchable riches of the wisdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, who can turn the artifices of Satan for the good of his people. I perceive it to be the only sure way of gaining the victory over temptation is to resist the first movements of sin in the heart. By regarding sinful thoughts in the heart, I was often captivated to commit sin. "*Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.*" In the beginning of March, 1744, the Lord began to restore my peace to me like a river, after my great trouble from November the first, 1743. He showed me his holy end for which He permitted me to suffer from such temptation, and that I needed all that I had suffered.

But I perceived that no sooner one trouble is over than another will succeed it, and perhaps the last is severer than the first. But ever blessed be the name of the Lord, "who with the temptation also makes a way of escape." The Lord hath granted to me unspeakable comfort to sustain me in my troubles from the following passages of Scripture: *Casting all your cares upon Him for He careth for you, etc.*; 1 Peter v. 7. *Commit thy way*

unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass; Ps. xxxvii. 5. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me; Ps. cxxxviii. 8. And my God shall supply all your wants according to his riches, in glory through Jesus Christ; Phil. iv. 19.

March the 14th. When I was engaged in morning prayer, I got such an unusual sight of my wants and also of the miseries of this life; but I was marvelously refreshed by the passages of Scripture stated above. The Lord helped me to gather up all my temporal and spiritual wants, and cast them upon Himself, by which my soul was as much relieved as when I cast a heavy burden off my back. When I began my worldly business my soul was exceedingly glad that I was enabled to cast all my cares upon Christ "as unto a faithful Creator." And while I was musing upon these things the fire began to burn anew in my heart, which constrained me to cry aloud, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." How pleasant a thing it is to cast all my cares upon God? How consoling it is to believe that He careth for me? These thoughts helped me to pursue my lawful calling with cheerfulness. I perceived that whatever the Lord hath promised to his people, that He hath also appointed the means to carry it to them.

When in trouble, I understood that it was my duty as a reasonable being to find out, and use, the means appointed to deliver (me) from them, &c. So that when I am found making the ordinary use of the means God appointed for the advancement of my spiritual and temporal happiness; though different results entirely to which I expected would follow the things I happened to do, yet I would have perfect peace and quietness; specially as I had cast the matter upon the Lord, and since I did not neglect to use the means he hath appointed. This is my peace, to be constantly us-

ing the means and looking to the Lord to give the increase He sees fit. Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

How pleasant is it to be making one bundle of all my cares, and casting them upon Christ, when faith can read these words "He careth for you." Blessed be God that the government is placed upon His shoulders. I think it would be impossible to bear my crosses and troubles unless the Lord had shewn me something of the mystery of His providence revealed in this word. "*We know that all things work together for good to them who are the called according to his purpose;*" Rom. viii. 28. I find that the yoke of Christ is easy and His burden light, so that I can say I have no crosses nor afflictions, although it may seem a rare thing, yet it is true, and all the reason I can give for it is the view God gave me of the portion of His word last mentioned (in Rom. viii. 28). Whenever I meet with trouble, I renew my obedience to His will, but I can never declare the pleasure my soul finds in the duty. Methinks though goodness had no reward in a future state, I would not exchange its sweet rest in the meantime for anything in the world.

On the 1st of May, 1744, I had great doubts about full freedom from sin; a point which is now in a great measure cleared up to me. At this time God kindled in my soul real desires after holiness of nature, and likeness to the image of His dear Son. I groaned in this tabernacle, being burdened with corruption, and I said, "*Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away and be at rest.*" Ps. lv. 6. I can freely say, it was not for any trouble that might befall my body, nor for anything that might hurt my moral character here, that made me desire so earnestly to depart, but true desire to be free from in-dwelling sin and corruption. But when I fully viewed the common corruption of nature, and how sin was so deep rooted

in all the faculties of my soul, and in each member of my body, my heart began to fail me, and I said, how shall such a body of sin and death as this be destroyed? Or how do I expect to have full immunity from it in another world? How can I think that my heart be so fixed upon God that no strange thought be found therein throughout the endless ages of eternity? How can I believe that I will render an unwearied service unto God for ever? I can hardly believe it. At times, I conceived the power of the Almighty who could create new heavens and a new earth; then I said, why not also make a new nature and new spirits? Then the Lord convinced me of the certainty of this, and He kindled my desires more and more to obtain them. Oh how pleasant it was to think upon the beauty of holiness! The following Scripture, were sweeter to my taste than honeycomb.

"And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord will give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from thy hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve; that thou shalt take up this proverb against the King of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! Is. xiv. 3, 4." Even so shall I say in a Scriptural sense, when the Lord shall make me enter into an eternal rest in Himself. How hath the devil ceased? How hath my unbelieving heart ceased? How hath the tempting world ceased? How weariness and tediousness in the service of God ceased? How ceased secret regard for sin? And how hath ceased everything in the creation that is in opposition to an Holy God. Everlasting praise and honour to God, who made us partakers of a divine nature, and who turned us from darkness to the kingdom of His dear Son. "This was a glorious call:"—*For behold I create new heavens, and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come*

into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people; and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying;" Is. lxxv. 17, 18, 19. The other Scripture (is) *For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, etc.;* Phil. iii. 20, 21. This is a marvelous change indeed, made upon a vile weak body. I am lost in thought about the wonderful change. Oh! Almighty Redeemer, who is able even to subdue all things unto thyself, hasten the day when it shall be done.

Thank God that He wrought in my heart by His Holy Spirit faith in this resurrection. With what joy do I read this Scripture, "*for we walk by faith, not by sight: we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord;*" 2 Cor. v. 7, 8. Absent from this earthly body that is such a burden for my soul in thy service. Absent from these eyes which carried my mind after a thousand vanities and unclean objects. Oh! may I be enabled to labour, that, whether present or absent, I may be accepted of him. Absent from the flesh, where I am kept as in a prison, so much so, that I can do nothing more than to look out through the windows of my prison. Oh! when shall these windows be darkened? Oh! when shall I appear before God? For in His presence there is perfect freedom from sin: and at His right hand there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. May the day break and the shadows flee away. Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus! For sometime after this the Lord had given me great comfort of mind and warmth of love. I greatly rejoiced in the hidden mystery of Godliness, which, I believe would be manifested in His good

time, and the Lord showed me more than He has ever done from the verse of Scripture I mentioned last.

DR. MASON, OF BURMAH.

The death of Dr. Francis Mason, at the age of seventy-five, is (says the *Freeman*.) an event in missionary annals. Dr. Mason was born in York, his grandfather whose name he inherited, being a Baptist minister in Yorkshire, and his father, Thomas Mason, a preacher from time to time to the same congregation. When he was nineteen years of age, in the year 1818, an uncle in America offered to pay his passage to that country. He accepted the offer, and landed in Philadelphia in May, 1818—exactly twelve years before he left again to commence his life work among the heathen. His uncle dying, he was left a stranger alone, and became a kind of travelling shoemaker, cherishing sceptical views which nevertheless made him feel uneasy. At last, through the faithful advice of Christian friends, the gentle influence of his wife, and the reading of "Butler's Analogy," his views were changed, and in 1826 he made a profession of faith in Christ, and at once desired to become a missionary. He set himself at once to study in preparation for this work; and in 1830 he sailed with his wife to Calcutta, whence they proceeded to aid Mr. Boardman in gathering the first harvest of Karen disciples. It is related at this time the earlier missionary, Boardman, nearing the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, was carried out into the wilderness three days' journey, to receive candidates and baptize them into the name of the Holy Trinity. At this juncture Mr. Mason arrived to perform the delightful service which his elder brother was too feeble to discharge. And there, amid the wild scenery of the Karen hills, with a few wondering

heathens, the young missionary inaugurated his work by baptising thirty-four Karens, among the first-fruits of that people to Christ. The weary apostle of the nation looked on with admiring eyes, his countenance glowing with devout satisfaction. Directly afterwards, the company left the hallowed spot, on their return; but God had taken his servant to himself, and with the songs of Christian triumph was mingled the voice of his requiem. For twenty-two years Mr. Mason laboured among the Karens at Tavoy, during which time he translated the New Testament, and issued it from the press. The printing of the whole Bible in Karen was finished in 1853. The indefatigable missionary afterwards went to Toungoo, and as the result of ten years' labour, of himself and helpers, more than six thousand converts had been baptized; and the churches numbered a hundred and twenty-six. Dr. Mason made many journeys among new tribes, studied their dialects, and became familiar with their customs and history, that he might introduce them to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In an obituary notice of this honoured missionary we read that "Dr. Mason was a man of quick apprehension and great vigour of understanding. He was a mathematician, naturalist, linguist, and theologian. By his linguistic powers, and his ardour and success as a naturalist, he perpetually reminds us of Dr. Wm. Carey. They were, in many respects, alike, and they have alike left, in the literature of India, and the enduring history of Christian work, glorious and most honourable monuments of their labours. Besides his two Karen versions of the Scriptures, Sgau and Pwo, both of which he revised subsequently to their first publication, he prepared a Pali grammar, with chrestomathy and vocabulary, and an edition, in the Pali language, of Kachachayno's Grammar, besides transla-

tions from the Burmese, Pali, and Sanscrit. He also contributed two valuable works relating to the natural history and ethnology of Farther India. In 1852 he put to press the work entitled 'Tenasserim; or Notes on the Fauna, Flora, Minerals, and Nations of British Burmah and Pegu;' and in 1860 he published another volume, entitled 'Burmah: its People and Natural Productions.' Sir J. D. Hooker says of the first of these works: 'F. Mason, D. D., has made the most valuable addition to the history of the fauna and flora of British Burmah of any man of modern times.' His collections for this work began with a view to make his translation of the Karen Scriptures more intelligible and accurate. The publication of this book secured his election . . . a member of the Royal Asiatic Society."

MISSIONARY CAREER OF THE LATE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

HE LEAVES HIS EARLDOM—TRAVELS TO AMERICA—TAKES AN ASSUMED NAME—SHIPS AS A COMMON SAILOR—ATTENDS A NAUTICAL COLLEGE—BECOMES FIRST MATE—HIS VOYAGES AND HIS DEATH.

The recent gift of £300 in gold by the Scotch Countess of Aberdeen, to the American Seaman's Friend Society of New York brings freshly to public notice the remarkable career of her son, the sixth earl of that name. All things considered, his life, for the four years before its close, was more wonderful than any fiction.

It is the story of a nobleman who came to this high earldom at the age of twenty-two, enjoyed it for twenty-six months, then laid it by of his own accord, and four years afterwards died as first mate of a Boston schooner bound for Melbourne, having been a sailor in a subordinate position on

American vessels for nearly all the time from May, 1866, to January, 1870. During this time his assumed name was George H. Osborne, but he did not keep his family in ignorance of his whereabouts. On the contrary, he wrote to them repeatedly, describing his voyages; and it is now supposed that all his letters but two were received. These letters were answered, but the replies did not reach him. Most of them went back to their writers from American post-offices. It was when this correspondence ceased that his friends began the investigations which assured them of his death, and familiarized them with his extraordinary life.

The question why he undertook it baffles inquiry. Evidently not from necessity. He was neither pauper, invalid, nor misanthrope. He was not a despondent, a do-nothing, nor a *roue*. Health of body and of mind in him were excellent. He was very skilful in shooting, and rowed a boat with the utmost vigour and endurance. He had practical knowledge of affairs quite uncommon for his age and position. His education was of a high order; his disposition cheerful and kind; his whole spirit very much the spirit of Christ.

The key to his strange career is likely to be found in an intense passion for sea-life, cherished from his boyhood, and a desire to become personally acquainted with the wrongs and grievances of sailors, with the view of promoting their remedy and redress—a work which Mr. Plimsoil has subsequently so nobly engaged in. Combined with this, there may have been an intention of engaging in promoting missionary work. It is probable, also, that he intended, after voyaging a short time longer, to return to Scotland and to his home.

Succeeding to his father, George Hamilton Gordon became Earl of Aberdeen in March, 1864. In Janu-

ary, 1866, he sailed for New Brunswick on a visit to his uncle, who was governor of the province. Then travelling in the United States, he came in May of that year to Boston, and during the summer, under his new name, made his first voyage, shipping as a sailor from that port to the Canary Islands. In October he returned to Boston and offered himself as first officer for the children's missionary ship, the *Morning Star*, bound for service in the Southern Pacific. His fine *physique*, address and manners, excited the surprise of the committee of the American Board of Missions who made the appointments, and it was with sincere regret that the young man's confessed inexperience made his appointment impossible. Disappointment in connection with this application probably induced his entry into the Boston Nautical College, and into a commercial school. At the former institution George became foremost in study among its one hundred and fifty students. A fellow pupil says: "His theoretical knowledge of nautical astronomy surpassed that of any one I ever met in my experience of nearly thirty years at sea." He went from Boston with a college certificate that he had passed examination as a first-class navigator, and in seamanship second-class, and was soon after examined before the Board of the American Shipmasters' Association in New York. The record of his case upon their books, is as follows:—

"4969. — George H. Osborne. Lunars and D. Alts., good; Chron. very good, 9."

Ten was the perfect mark, and four the pass number. This examination gave him his mate's certificate, as he had not been long enough at sea to entitle him to a captain's. The next year he obtained the latter. With his mate's certificate, he began to voyage with Captain John Wilbur, of Mystic,

Conn., who wondered much at his mate's appearance, manner, and character.

As they walked on the deck on fine evenings, George gave him much information about the stars and planets, and they also had frequent conversations on the subject of religion. There were prayers and reading of the Scriptures with the men on Sunday mornings, and on one or two evenings during the week. It is a beautiful picture of a Christian atmosphere on shipboard. No wonder that the Earl wrote from Houston, Texas, to his brother: "There is no better or happier place in the world than a *good* small *American* vessel." Since George's death the good captain has given to his mother at "Haddo House," in Aberdeen, an account of their mutual association.

Thus his life ran on, in the new groove, with the usual vicissitudes of seafarers. He sailed from New Orleans to Mobile, to Vera Cruz, back to New York, and then to Trinidad. Here he *saw* his uncle, the governor of the island, but of course could not make him aware of his presence without giving up his *magnum*, and having to leave the ship, so he refrained from making himself known. In 1868 he spent some time at Richmond, Me., where he fished, shipped, etc., and in December sailed as master of the *Walton* schooner, bound for Jacksonville, Fla. Thence he shipped from Galveston, and then back to Pensacola, Fla. From the latter place he wrote to his mother:

"Do not fret for me, for though I should like to see you now, I must defer it a little longer. You may see me, mother, before you expect it. At present I am prevented by circumstances beyond my control from going or doing just what I could wish. Lest you may think that I am hard up, I may mention that thousands of dol-

lars are entrusted to me; also more than a few lives and much property are dependent on my capability. The secret of all this is, that I have been for two years, and am, a rigid tectotaler."

He had always been abstemious. There was some other coasting voyages in the *Walton*, and some more quiet months at Richmond. Whenever he was, the same testimony has been given to the simplicity and usefulness of his life, and to the warm attachment felt for him by all who knew him. He spent much time in the public library. His love of children was remarkable. So with his love of music, for which his ear was very correct.

But this was the beginning of the evil. Early in January, 1870, at Boston, he engaged as first mate of the schooner *Hero*, bound for Melbourne. While waiting her departure, and busy on the wharf, no profanity, no harsh or rough word even, was heard from his lips. The ship sailed on the 21st, and before dawn of the sixth day out his death ended his early voyage. A sailor who was with him describes it in this wise:—

"I was in the watch of the first mate, George H. Osborne. He had the watch from four to eight a.m. We were lowering the main sail. Osborne and I were side by side hauling on the same rope. The ship gave a heavy roll, and the down-haul got slack: then with another roll the down-haul got taut. Osborne and I were both caught in the bight of the down-haul. The first shock came on him because he was nearer the sail than I. I had time to lay myself down, and the rope passed over me, while Osborne was dragged across me, and into the sea. I saw him fall into the sea, but I could do nothing to prevent it. It was the work of a second. I saw him come to the surface. It was not a

dark night. I threw him a rope as soon as I possibly could. I heard him call out to launch the boat, and call the captain. We threw him planks and ropes, but he did not succeed in laying hold. The boat was cast loose as quickly as we could: but by the time the boat was loose it was too late. I don't think any men could have gone in the boat without great danger to life. Some of the Boston men volunteered to go in her, but the captain thought it was not right to risk their lives. I heard what I believed to be Osborne's last cry before the boat was ready. We never heard or saw him again."

His family had begun their search for him in November, 1869. It cost thousands of miles' travel, months of watching and waiting, perseverance and ingenuity, to obtain the facts we have set down, but all were finally rewarded. His friends believe that when once engaged in the duties of a merchant-seaman he was so struck with the wrongs and hardships of the class that he had earnestly turned his thoughts to the best means of improving their condition. One who knew him intimately in the United States writes thus:—

"None have better cause to mourn his early departure than the seamen of this and his own country; for, had he been spared to carry out his plans, I think he would have instituted a radical change in the mercantile marine, and would have been regarded by sailors almost with veneration."

Now his mother, with a double purpose, that she may carry out his wish to benefit the class of men with whom he companied, and to conserve his memory, has made her gift. It will put a hundred loan libraries for sailors afloat on the sea which covers his remains. Each case that holds the books has on it this inscription, suggested by the countess:—

"American Seamen's Friend Society Loan Library. Sent to sea by his mother, in memory of George, Earl of Aberdeen, himself a sailor, and lost at sea in January, 1870, aged 28. 'He hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over.'"

And so this Scottish earl, from his life of mystery, ended when it might seem that its special usefulness was just ready to begin. He being dead yet speaketh to those among whom his last days were strangely cast.

Christian Work.

ALFRED COOKMAN; A CONSECRATED LIFE.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

With a preface by the Rev. Morley Punshon, we have a valuable biography of Alfred Cookman, the American preacher. "It is not surpassingly interesting, considered as a story. It contains little romantic incident, and no purient sensationalism. It is not even the record of a brilliant genius, though the preacher was, like Apollos, eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures: but it is the unfolding of the growth of a character which was perfect and beautiful as a star. It is the record of triumphs won for Christ by one who had given him all. It is an illustration of the power of goodness. It shows how God honours on earth, and crowns at last, those who give themselves to his service with a full trust and a complete self-surrender." Mr. Cookman was born in 1828, and was descended from a Yorkshire family, his father having elected America as the sphere of his labour, and lived to become one of the most useful and honoured preachers in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The biography says:—"With the persuasion that he was given to her of God, his mother consecrated him from birth to the sacred ministry. She did not expect devout wishes and prayers, however, to mould his char-

acter without the corresponding effort to rear him aright," hence her unceasing care; and God answered her prayers and rewarded her efforts, for the boy had the fear of God before his eyes from infancy, and at seven years of age received his first real awakening at a watch-night service. At the age of ten he became truly converted to God, and resolved to dedicate himself to the Saviour's service. The record of his conversion should convince even the most sceptical that little children may become the recipients of divine grace, and be made conscious of the change which the new birth implies. The fact that he was born of Christian parents did not supersede the necessity for the renewing of the Holy Ghost, although, perhaps his godly training had much to do with the creation of his desires after holiness. He thus describes his own conversion:—"One night when a social meeting was held at the house of a friend, I struggled with my feelings, and, although it was a fearful cross, I urged my way to a bench which was specially appropriated to penitents. My heart convulsed with penitential sorrow, tears streaming down my cheeks, I said, 'Jesus, Jesus, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do?' For some hours I sought, without, however, realising the desire of my heart. The next evening I renewed the effort. The evening after that the service was held in the church; the

altar was crowded with seeking souls, principally students of Dickinson College; there seemed to be no place for me, an agonized child. I remember I found my way into one corner of the church. Kneeling all alone I said, 'Precious Saviour, thou art saving others; oh, wilt thou not save me?' As I wept and prayed and struggled, a kind hand was laid upon my head. I opened my eyes and found it was a Mr. James Hamilton, a prominent member and an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Carlisle. I remember how sweetly he unfolded the nature of faith and the plan of salvation. I said 'I will believe—I do believe. I now believe that Jesus is my Saviour, that he saves me—yes, even me.' I love to think of it now; it fills my heart unutterably full of gratitude, love and joy. Happy day! oh, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away! The service rendered by Mr. Hamilton proves the importance of personal dealing with anxious inquirers, and suggests a mode of usefulness to those who have not the necessary gifts for the pulpit or the platform. The reticence of many Christians is to be deplored, and should not be indulged by any who have the welfare of souls and the glory of God at heart.

In the autumn he was admitted into church fellowship, and soon after made his first effort as a public speaker. Removing in 1840 to Alexandria, where his father was appointed to the charge of a church, he was made acquainted with many of the worst features of slavery, and soon learnt to abhor that hateful system. When his father was delegated to represent the American Bible Society at the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Exeter Hall, young Cookman, to whom the choice was referred, elected to "stay with his mother and help her take care of the children rather than accompany his

father." The triumph of the filial spirit in devotion to his mother was, under God, the means of his preservation, for the ship in which Mr. Cookman sailed never reached her destination, and her freight of human souls was lost. After the loss of her husband, Mrs. Cookman, with her young charge, removed to Baltimore at the request of several friends, who were ready to assist her in various ways. Alfred now devoted himself to his studies, and soon confirmed the hopes which had been entertained of him, that he would become a preacher of the Gospel. He would often conduct family worship at home, and occasionally address the scholars of the Sunday-school. He was no ascetic, however, but full of cheerful gaiety. Becoming associated with a band of Christian workers, who formed a mission to seamen, Alfred Cookman devoted himself to the work, and preached his first sermon to his young comrades. In 1845 he received his licence as an exhorter in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon obtained his full licence to preach. At this time he was employed as an assistant teacher in a private school, and the question arose whether he should enter college for ministerial training, or devote himself to the work at once. The latter course was resolved, and he removed to Philadelphia, taking with him his mother and the younger members of the family. Duly equipped, he was prepared to leave home, and on the eve of his departure his mother gave utterance to a sentence which made the profoundest impression upon his heart:—"My son," she said, "if you would be supremely happy or extremely useful in your work, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus!" Writing to a friend from the scene of his labours, he says:—"Almost every evening has found me upon the battle-plain surrounded by a devoted few, and arrayed against the

armies of the aliens. My ear has been saluted, not by the clash of arms, the roar of cannon, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, but, thank God, by something infinitely sweeter, nobler, and more delightful. Night after night I have heard the sweet hymn of praise gushing warm from the Christian's grateful heart; the fervent and importunate prayer from him hungering and thirsting after righteousness; the hearty exclamation, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' from him who regarded sin as a burden too intolerable to be borne, and the transporting accent trembling upon the lips of the newly-regenerated creature, 'Glory! glory! I do love Jesus!' I praise the Lord for what I have enjoyed in my own soul; the flame of heaven's love has been burning brightly upon the altar of my heart, and these circumstances to which I have made allusion, viz., the conversion of my fellow-mortals, have been like fuel thrown upon the fire to add to the power and brilliancy of the flame."

Thus early in his career it became evident that he had resolved to be "an entirely consecrated servant of Jesus." The influence of Bishop Hamline was of great service to him at this juncture, and he offered himself as a living sacrifice. At his conversion he says, "I brought powers dead in trespasses and sins, now I would consecrate powers permeated with the new life of regeneration - my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my energies, my reputation, my worldly substance, my everything, without reservation or limitation." This resolution proved the sincerity of his profession as a Christian, and the intense ardour of his spiritual life.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage says of him, "He was the grace of the gospel impersonated. The more I saw him the more I loved him. His preaching was not made up of ten grains of metaphysics and nine grains of Ger-

man philosophy to one grain of gospel, but with him Christ was all in all. Sweep a circle of three feet around the cross of Jesus, and you take in all that there is of Alfred Cookman."

In 1850 he visited England, to see his relatives and to gain additional experience for the great work to which he was now committed. Wherever he preached, crowds were drawn to his ministry, and many were converted to God. Returning home, his labours became incessant, for he was impelled by the spirit of his consecration, and he "went everywhere preaching the gospel." In 1861 he removed to New York, and took the oversight of the central church. "New York was in a ferment of excitement at this time, her streets were drill grounds, and her public squares barracks." Cookman devoted himself to the cause of the North, and fanned the flame of patriotism by his sermons and speeches. He visited the army of the Potomac, under the direction of the Christian Commission, and rendered great service to the warring host. In a letter to his wife he says:—"Do not at any time be alarmed about me. I am led by Infinite Wisdom, defended by Infinite Power, and comforted by Infinite Love. I do not allow myself to live in the future—for three weeks would seem long—but a day at a time I try to do my work, looking unto Jesus." He won many victories for Christ in those stirring scenes, and his influence over the soldiers was a power for good. Soon after leaving the seat of war, he returned to Philadelphia, and became the minister of a new church. He now devoted himself to the young of his charge, and established a meeting for the promotion of holiness. The principle points for which he contended were, "Entire consecration; acceptance of Jesus moment by moment as a perfect saviour; and a meek and definite profession of the grace received." There is nothing novel or unreason-

able in these demands; they indicate the normal condition of the Christian life. Had the latter advocates of holiness been content with such a programme as this, and avoided the mysticism which is now, unhappily, characteristic of their teaching, no charge of error could have been preferred against them, and they would have the full sympathy of all true believers.

Cookman took a prominent part in the camp-meeting—that extraordinary method of rallying the troops of the Lord, and enlisting new recruits. Doubtless many of the scenes witnessed were painfully out of harmony with the general design; but, on the whole, these meetings appear to have been productive of good. In Nature's grand temple, and far from the busy hum of crowded cities, the hymn of praise, the fervent prayer, and the earnest address stirred the hearts of the thronging multitudes, and produced impressions not easily to be forgotten. The noon prayer-meetings were much prized by him, and his devotion to them was only characteristic of the man. He breathed the very atmosphere of prayer, and spared no effort to promote his own soul-culture. "In him," says Mr. Stuart, "the old fire that burned in the hearts of Whitefield and Summerfield glowed with all the fervour of the first and pentecostal days of Methodism; and no one could come within the sphere of his influence without feeling that he was one for whom to live was Christ, and to die was gain." Faith, prayer, and zeal were crowned with holiness, and God used him for his glory. These are the essential elements of success in the Christian warfare; neither can they be dispensed with. Prayer without faith, and zeal without holiness, are only wasted breath and fruitless energy.

The unremitting labours in which Mr. Cookman engaged, told upon his constitution, and it became evident

that his sun would go down while it was yet day. When it was suggested that he had worked too hard, and had not been sufficiently careful of his health, his reply was, "Well, I do not know; I have enjoyed my work; I have not been conscious of overtaxing myself. I had but one life to live here, and it was for the glory of Jesus; and he has abundantly recompensed me." His biographer says, "His death was to be the most effective sermon of his whole career, a fitting vindication and illustration of the power of the doctrines he had preached and lived; a death which, for its singular spiritual glory, is destined to be spoken of while the annals of Christian saints shall be read, and which for its wondrous force will be quoted and dwelt upon as a divine inspiration while there shall be a church to cherish the memory of the good, or a trembling believer who shall need cheer amid the stern struggles of life and death."

During his illness his fellowship with his Lord was constant, and his joy was ecstatic. He knew in whom he had believed, and he rested his whole weight upon "the precious blood of Jesus." His surrender to the divine will was perfect. To his sister he said, "If I could have life on earth by the lifting of my land, I would not. If Jesus should ask me, 'Would I live or die,' I would answer, 'I refer it back to thee.'" To a brother minister he said, "I wish that I could tell you how precious Jesus has been to me during my sickness. I have had such views of him as I never had before. Right in the midst of my intensest sufferings he has manifested himself to me, that I have been lifted above them all." Although he had preached the doctrine of Christian Perfection for many years, he was conscious that he had no ground of boasting in himself. There was nothing like self-satisfaction in his testimony, or self-righteousness in his

spirit. To the last he knew himself to be a sinner saved by grace. On the Sunday before his death, he requested his wife to open the window and let the bright sunshine into the room, remarking, "The beams of the Sun of Righteousness are shining around me. Glory all around." He afterwards requested the watchers at his bedside to sing,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,"

and said, "That grand old hymn! Yes, I am weak and wounded, sick and sore."

To his sister-in-law he said, "If you forget everything else, remember my testimony, 'WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB!' Jesus is drawing me closer and closer to his great heart of infinite love." And to his wife he said, "I am Christ's little infant; just as you fold your little babe to your bosom so am I nestling close to the heart of Jesus." His last utterances are worthy of record here. "My son, your pa has been all day long sweeping close by the gates of death." "How sweet and quiet everything seems! I feel like resting now!" No merely philosophical creed could command a peace or inspire a confidence like this: human fortitude never rose to the height of such heroism in the presence of death. In the life and death of Alfred Cookman we see fulfilled that promise which is the heritage of the saints of God, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee;" and we commend the book to our readers as affording stimulus and encouragement in the work and welfare of the Christian life, and as a testimony to the grace and goodness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Punshon, in an address before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of Brooklyn, after referring to the deaths of many he had known and loved, paid

this tribute to Alfred Cookman:—"And then I think of a later loss than these—a blameless and beautiful character, whose name had a hereditary charm for me, whose saintly spirit exhaled so sweet a fragrance that the perfume lingers with me yet, and who went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted; he was stricken into victory in his prime, and who had nothing to do at the last, but mount into the Chariot of Israel, and go 'sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb.'"

ROME.—The statistics of Protestant mission work in Rome are summed up as follows: Mission chapels, 40; primary schools, 7; Sunday schools, 15. The Methodists have bought a large palace, immediately opposite that occupied by the Cardinal Vice Bishop of Rome, and have opened there a church, bookstore and circulating library. The Waldenses have a four-story house for mission purposes on the Piazzia Sciarra, and the mission-house of the True Church of Italy is in the Vatican quarter.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY CONVERSIONS.—We learn, says the Lucknow *Witness*, May 8, that 115 have joined the Methodist Church at Kurrachee since its organization in January last. At Poono, April 16th, there were ten seekers, and on several other evenings four or five each. At Jubbulpore, April 19th, there were thirteen seekers, and April 23rd three more. At Secunderabad, on the 24th, three sought the Lord; on the 29th, ten. At Calcutta, on the 26th, thirteen. Without going into further details, we are daily receiving advices of conversions in different cities, and we are under the impression that about 150 conversions have taken place in April, at different points in Western India, Central Provinces, Calcutta, Secunderabad, and Madrid.

AMONG THE JEWS OF HAMBURG.

"The day of arrival," writes the Secretary of the Jewish Mission, "was Thursday, and it was soon arranged that we should stay over Sunday to preach at the English Reformed Church, their Minister, Rev. James Edwards, M.A., B.D., kindly encouraging us to plead for our cause, in which he takes a deep interest. This prolonged our stay beyond our original intention, but gave fuller opportunity to see the position of the Jewish work in this important city. The population of Hamburg was in 1871, 240,255, and of this number 13,000 are Jews. There are also many Jews in Altona—a large suburb; and many pass through the port during each year on their way to England and America. There is reason to believe that the number of resident Jews is increasing, for at the time of Dr. Black's visit, in 1839, he estimated their number at 9,000. They have their 'Petticoat Lane,' sometimes called 'The Jews' Bourse,' where, as in London, we saw many, with unmistakably Jewish countenances, selling second-hand clothes, etc.; but the majority of them are prosperous tradesmen and successful merchants. They have three large synagogues, and some other places of worship. The minority of them remain orthodox and strict in their observances, but the majority have succumbed to the prevailing unbelief, which, like a spreading disease that does not regard persons or places, infects all churches and classes in this city. It is difficult to give to English readers any idea of this most pernicious continental unbelief, the great obstacle our dear brethren the missionaries have to contend with. Already we have seen it on paying visits to the Jews, in company with the missionaries. In one case a Jew, to whom we read portions of the New Testament, and with whom we

pleaded for Christ, replied, 'I do not expect a Messiah; the Old and New Testaments, Abraham, Moses, David, Christ, are nothing at all to me.' And then taking a Thaler from his pocket, he read round the edge, '*Gott mit uns*' (God with us), and said, 'God with us, that is good when the Thaler is in the pocket.' With him business was everything, and he seemed to think that in fact it was so with Englishmen and all others. In vain we gave him instances of our Christian merchant-princes at home, and urged that there were many better things than the Thaler, and that the Thaler would not avail in times of spiritual distress, and in the hour of departure. Yet in that home there is a kindly welcome for the missionary. There is at least some hope that the heart of the mother is opening like Lydia's. The children were brought forward, and for them we pleaded, and not without a response of kindly interest, that they might sweetly say their 'Our Father,' and learn, as ours at home in England do, of a Saviour's love."

THE REGIONS BEYOND.—The Sierra Leone Church is sending out men to the mission fields beyond. Seven have joined Bishop Crowther on the Niger during the year. Yoruba is showing how the grace of God can maintain the native church, even when the fostering care of the European missionary is withdrawn.

WHAT ONE MISSIONARY CAN DO.—In twelve years Mr. Wilder, of the Kolapur Mission, has visited and preached in 2,464 towns, with a total population of more than two millions. In 2,114 of them he found no trace of any previous missionary labour; in 2,062 there was not even a school, and in 966 not a single resident was found who could read his own language.

WORK AMONG SAILORS.

Last week, writes Edward Matthews, Sailor's Chaplain to the *London Christian*, I received a letter from a Captain at Flushing, which brings most vividly to my mind some happy reminiscences of life at sea, and proves the reality of God's work among seamen. He says, "I am thankful that I can say that Jesus is my Saviour, and that my sins nailed the Son of God to the cross, and I believe his blood has washed my sins away, and I find Him near and dear to my soul. And I am happy to tell you that the mate and three of the men are trusting in the Lord for the salvation of their souls, and we have eight temperance men on board, and we shall have a little meeting among the crew to-night."

The conversion of this captain and its relations will greatly please the lady who is doing such a blessed work in the Royal Navy.

On board of one of H. M.'s big ships of war, at the battle of *Arche*, was a sailor noted by officers and men for his ungovernable passions and extreme wickedness. An old wounded pensioner, who fought in the same battle, told me that he was the blackest character and most vile man on board. Strange to say that suddenly, and without those secondary causes which generally accompany conversion, this man to the perfect amazement of his companions in sin, became a radically changed character—one of Christ's spiritual enthusiasts. It must have been a beautiful sight when out of this rugged chaotic nature, came a new creature, and the light of heaven fell upon this spiritual landscape.

A man-of-war *now* is not what it was then; so that only a few can realize what it was to receive a spiritual birth with such antagonistic surroundings. But when Christ calls a Saul, He transforms him into a Paul. The power that creates, upholds. This man, un-

like Saul, could neither write a word nor read a word! But he soon began to spell out the wondrous name of our God, and tell about Jesus to others. Others were saved, and they met on shore and in obscure places of the ship to sing, to read, and pray.

Years passed away, and conversions took place wherever this fearless sailor went. Many were baptised with his spirit, caught the devotion and energy of his heart, and became faithful preachers of the word. In course of time he became captain of a coasting ship, but he soon resigned his post, and returned to be only an able seaman, because he could better serve his God! After this took place (and passing over some of the most striking manifestations of divine grace), it was my privilege to go to the Mediterranean in a large pleasure yacht, with this praying sailor. I was a young man held by the powerful hand of God, yet driven by the devil, and was about gathering up my strength, as it were, to run an ungodly course. One day I saw the sailor on his knees, and being curious, and under a strange sort of influence, I thought I would listen. The great tears, as only few can see, fell on the deck. I saw the man was under the greatest religious emotion, and what struck me most was that he called me by name, and asked God to save me, and then the intensity and importunity of this great nature going up to heaven for me! I crept away from that solemn place feeling something like the man who said, "surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." Not long after he came and took me by the hand, and oh! with such a look he said, "Edward, I have a wife and children, but the Lord hath laid you upon my heart, and I can only pray for you." He travailed in birth, and I was born! How true the words, "as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children."

To many of the Lord's children this

is an extraordinary experience, but to some it is their ordinary life, because it is their *meat* and *drink* to do their Master's will.

Others were also brought to Jesus on board of this gentleman's yacht. Such fearless earnestness for his Lord often brought upon the sailor, from his equals and superiors, a concentration of opposition. Consequently, in such a nature there were many conflicts, many sufferings, and many victories. But oftentimes the good influence passed on in a strange manner, and did its work. On one occasion the owner's little son came on the fore-castle deck, and the old sailor talked to him about his soul, Jesus, and heaven. The little fellow went on shore to his mansion home, and told his mamma, and her ladyship was so impressed, that she sent on board some beautifully bound morocco books for the good sailor, including a very handsome Bible.

MR. MOODY'S LAST WEEK IN SCOTLAND.

After the Convention at Inverness, Mr. Moody, with a company of loving friends, went down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, and there on Friday the 28th gave an address with much apparent blessing in the United Presbyterian Church. There had been much preparatory work in the town, not only in the open-air meetings, but also in other special services; and in the two preceding months the Rev. H. Bonar, and the Rev. A. Bonar had ministered the Word in the Free Church. From Oban Mr. Moody went to Campbeltown, by way of Tarbert, on Loch Fyne, and remained from the 29th, till the 3rd September, when he left for Rothesay, taking the Tarbert route, and staying on his way at the house of the Rev. W. Mackinn-

on, at Ballinakill, where many gathered from various parts of Kintyre to meet him. His work at Campbeltown was deeply interesting, and was crowned with remarkable blessing. He commenced on Sunday the 30th by three services; speaking first to workers, then on the blood, and lastly on the grand command, "Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The result after that last address was most striking. Upwards of fifty stood up to ask to be prayed for, and to declare their desire to be Christians. The meeting had been overcrowded, and some went to the Drill-hall, where the gospel was preached by willing helpers; but in the great after-meeting in the Church, all were united, and it was felt to be a time of wonderful enlargement and power. On the three following days the interest was deepened at successive meetings; till at the last, on Wednesday night when Mr. Moody preached on God's invitation and man's excuses, a very large number were gathered into a hall, either as converts or inquirers; and it was manifest that much fruit had been gathered to life eternal. The work now is laid on the hearts of some who are striving to confirm the souls of the disciples; and, as one means, it has been arranged to have a Converts' Meeting weekly, similar to that in Ewing-place in Glasgow. There is the joy of seeing many now rejoicing in Jesus, who were wont to walk in the shadow of death, and believers are learning to work when God is calling to the harvest, and it is written, "He is a wise son who gathereth in summer." Now may we look for blessings in Ireland, and instead of saying "There are yet four months and *then cometh* harvest," act as those who see and believe that the fields are white already.

ITALY.

Our mission in Italy is prospering greatly. The Nismes *Evangelist*, of August 6, says of the controversion of a Professor at the Vatican Seminary to the American Methodist Church:—

“M. Theophilus Gay, a minister of the Episcopal Methodist Church at Rome, writes that on July 26 the Abbe Alceste Launa, Professor at the Vatican Seminary, a most influential member of the Roman Clergy, left the Papal Church and joined Methodism. Our chapel was crammed. The ex-Abbe Launa ascended the pulpit, and, full of emotion, made a profession of evangelical faith which deeply impressed the whole audience.”

Dr. Launa is a young man possessing great gifts, and the finest qualities of mind and heart. At all points in Italy our mission work is prospering.—Rev. Antonia Arrighi, well known to many of readers, is in the midst of the fight, with harness on, and is nobly doing his duty for Christ. The Lord is wonderfully pouring out His Spirit.

JAPAN.

The following is an extract from a letter of the Rev. O. M. Green, (recently sent by the the New York Board as a missionary to Japan,) dated Yokohama, June 20th, 1874: “The law against Christianity has not been abrogated. There is no religious toleration. The people are somewhat restrained by fear of the law from resorting to missionaries to be taught. We foreigners are prevented by law from living among the natives, nor can we live anywhere, save in a little corner of each one of the open ports, called the ‘Foreign Concession;’ but we dare go among the people to the limit of twenty-five miles from each of these seven cities—that is the legal boundary. We hope that ere long these restrictions will be at least partially removed. But the people come to our homes and schools in sufficient numbers to form audiences for preaching.” . . . “It is proposed that the Congregational (Dutch) Reformed, and Presbyterian missionaries shall unite their labors, and form one native body independent of all foreign Churches. May the Master direct us all in the right way.

Practical Papers.

CALL TO PRAYER.

The Council of the Evangelical Alliance thus invites the Christian world to a throne of grace on the first week of January:—

Beloved Christian brethren throughout all nations,—The voice of God, in his Holy Word, and in the passing events of his all-wise and mysterious providence, calls his Church to prayer—believing, united, and universal prayer. “I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be

done for them of my Father which is in heaven.” “I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.” “Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching.”

What grander spectacle, or one more in harmony with the Divine will, can be witnessed on earth, than the children of God, of all nations, and of various sections of the Christian

Church, united at the same time, and with one accord, in supplication for the same blessings to their one heavenly Father, through their one and only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ? This spectacle has now for many years been seen.

Since the formation of the Evangelical Alliance—a society which brings into visible union and fellowship the children of God of all lands—Christians have been accustomed, with increasing encouragement and advantage, to set apart the opening week of the new year, commencing with the first Sunday in January, for special supplication on behalf of the Christian Church, and of the families of mankind. Who can estimate the spiritual blessings bestowed in answer to the petitions that have gone up year by year at that season from the hearts of multitudes throughout the world? May we not gratefully connect with these petitions the effusion of the Holy Spirit in various countries, the opening of many lands to the entering in of God's Word and the preaching of his Gospel, as well as the triumphs of his grace in the hearts and lives of the people? "Thou, O God, did'st send a plentiful rain, whereby thou did'st confirm thine inheritance when it was weary."

The state of the world, and of the visible Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, supplies matter for renewed and fervent intercession. In view especially of the contentions and controversies among Christians, and of the various assaults of infidelity and superstition upon our Bible, our Sabbath, and our evangelical faith, let us, if spared, meet the new year in the spirit of humble faith and unfeigned love, and inaugurate its commencement with devout and combined supplication "with one accord" at the mercy-seat of God, such as will entitle us to expect the fulfilment of "His exceeding great and precious promises."

We therefore cordially and with all earnestness invite you to repeat and perpetuate the observance of the annual Week of Prayer; and, by giving publicity to this invitation, endeavour to promote its observance in your city, town, or neighbourhood, for the spiritual benefit of many, and of those especially who have not hitherto participated in its privileges. "O come let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." "Let us exalt his name together."

The request will not be given in vain. The hallowed influence of former new years' services, still lingering in the hearts of thousands, will obtain to this invitation a quick and devout response.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

The following topics are suggested as suitable for exhortation and intercession on the successive days of meeting:—

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3.—Sermons: Christ, the one Prophet, Priest, and King.

MONDAY, JANUARY 4.—Thanksgiving and Confession: Review of the past. Prayer for grace to express gratitude, not only with the lip, but in the life. Humiliation for personal and national sins. Prayer for the riches of mercy, and power to overcome temptation.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5.—National Objects for Prayer: For kings and all in authority; for soldiers and sailors; for the rich and the poor; for prisoners and captives; for the afflicted and bereaved; for the persecuted and oppressed.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6.—Home Objects for Prayer: Our children at home, in business, and abroad; for tutors and guardians; for universities and colleges; for the Christian ministry; and Sunday-schools.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7.—Foreign Objects for Prayer: The extension of

religious liberty throughout the world ; the prevalence of peace among nations ; the increase of harmony, sympathy, and service among Christians of all lands ; the subordination of international intercourse, and the increase of commerce and of science to the spread of Christ's Kingdom.

FRIDAY, January 8. — Missionary Object's for Prayer : For the conversion of the house of Israel ; for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands, and for the deliverance of nations from the yoke of superstition.

SATURDAY, January 9. -Prayer for religious revival: On the churches throughout the world, for their increase in zeal, spirituality, and devotedness ; and for a clearer witness for the truth among them.

SUNDAY, January 10. -- Sermons : The essential unity of Christ's Church, and the obligation binding on all its members, to manifest it "in the bond of peace."

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ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

A minister sits in his study, preparing a sermon on the words, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." He thinks on his theme, till his soul glows with a divine enthusiasm. He describes a man redeemed from sin and death by God's infinite grace, bearing the divine image, doing a divine work, exemplifying before men and angels the elevating, purifying power of true piety, revealing to others the sources of this divine power, lighting the flame of devotion on other altars, and thus glorifying God among men. He describes this as the true work of a creature loyal to the Creator, and as the noblest employment to which men or angels can attain. At last, reaching the practical application, he pauses to reflect: "First of all myself, and the work which engages me this moment. Am I writing this sermon for the glory of God? Has any ambitious thought, any desire to win the praise of men crept in? Have I remembered Him only in whose name I speak, and the immortal souls to whom I speak; or have I hoped to hear this and that intelligent hearer say, "That was a fine discourse?" Have I thought of my reputation? Has any inferior motive secretly taken the place of the higher? Am I doing this to the glory of God?"

Thus pausing pen in hand, with heart uplifted, he applies the touchstone to his own case, and then completes his notes. When he preaches it, many feel the power of divine truth faithfully proclaimed.

The day after the sermon, those who have heard it are engaged in their several vocations. A legislator, dealing with important interests which affect the welfare of a whole nation, stands up for justice and right, regardless of the frowns of those whose selfish schemes he frustrates by his fidelity. "I will do it," says he, "to the glory of God." Those whose plans are defeated call him impracticable, and a fanatic; but deep down in their hearts they feel that a divine power has lifted him above the sordid motives by which they are governed. And thus God is glorified in him.

A merchant is in his shop, dealing with a wealthy customer who is careless of the price of things. The goods have been examined and the price named, and the transaction is about to terminate. All at once, as if gently whispered in his ear, the words came to the merchant, "Do all to the glory of God." "Sir," says he to the buyer, "I have made a mistake; I named the price as it was a month ago. Within a few days these goods have fallen in value. I will charge you, therefore, twenty per cent. less." And the buyer gives a glance of surprise, makes a playful remark, and departs with his purchase. But, as he goes his way, he walks slowly and is thoughtful. He is saying to himself, "I wonder if it is really religion that makes some men so fair in their dealings." Thus God is glorified in that merchant.

And over the hill, in a lonely field, a laboring man is digging a ditch. He stands in the mire, and his clothes are soiled with it. He is alone, and so he communes with his own heart. "All to the glory of God!"

What can I do to glorify Him? If I had influence, I would use it for God. If I had money, I would give liberally to good causes. But I must dig this ditch, work in this mud, here, alone. I can do nothing 'to the glory of God.'" But he works away steadily, industriously, and does an honest day's work. And when the farmer comes to look at the field, he says to himself, "This man works as well when he is alone, as when he knows that I am close at hand. I wonder if it is because he is religious, that he does not need watching like some others?" Thus even a ditch is dug "to the glory of God." Thus God is glorified in him.

And in the evening of the same day a poor widow sits in her garret, patching her boy's jacket. She, too, has heard the sermon. "Ah," says she to herself, "how gladly would I do something for the glory of God if it were in my power: but what can I do? It takes every moment of my time to work for my children, and I can hardly even get food and clothing for them. I can do nothing. I must be content to let others have this joy, and win a brighter crown than lies within my reach." But those who see her humble Christian life, say, "How carefully this mother trains her children! How regularly she comes to church with her boy, even if he does wear a patched jacket for want of a better one. What a treasure is a Christian mother!" Thus God is glorified even by poverty.—*Rev. Dr. Crane.*

A HYPOCRITE neither is what he seems, nor seems what he is. He is hated by the world for seeming a Christian, and by God for not being one. On earth he is the picture of a saint, but in eternity the paint shall be all washed off, and he shall appear at the judgment in his true colors. God only knows whether we are what we seem.

Christian Miscellany.

"MAY I BE BROUGHT INTO A LARGER PLACE."

Lord I am dwelling in a place straight and narrow,
For sin and grief have compassed me about;
Thou, who remember'st e'en a little sparrow,
Have pity on me,—gent'y lead me out:—

Into the gladness of the glorious sunlight;
Out from the realm of darkness and care;
Out from the sadness of the murky twilight,
Into thy freedom, which is past compare.

O, I have loved Thee, but my heart unsteady,
Stays from the refuge of Thy loving arms;
Lord I explore my wanderings, and already
Seek Thee for solace from all earthly harms.

Give me Thy Spirit, that my love may waken;
Cast from my vision faithlessness and pride;
Give me firm trust, that will remain unshaken
While on earth's borders I may still abide.

—ANNA SEARS.

JEHOVAH—JIREH.

How much of the mental disquietude and suffering we mortals know, is caused by anxiety and fear in regard to the future. How hard it is for us to learn fully to trust the Lord. Yet it is a lesson he would have us learn—"I would have you without carefulness," (1 Cor. vii. 32;) and one, the thorough learning of which would make us very happy. "Jehovah-Jireh"—"the Lord will provide." And what will he provide? "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Is your anxiety concerning the supply of necessary food and raiment? "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Is it the dread of some possible trial in the future which you may not be able to endure? "All things work together for good to them that love God,"

and, "as thy day, so shall thy strength be."

Is it fear that your spiritual foes will one day prove too strong for you? that you will not come off victor in the good fight of faith which you have begun? will not be able to run to the end of the race upon which you have started? "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"The Lord will give grace and glory."

The Bible is full of promises to God's people, of all that they need for soul and body, for this world and the next; and could we but banish unbelief, and rest upon his word, with the simple, confiding faith of little children, how should we honor him, and increase our own happiness. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."—*S. S. Times.*

The *Methodist* : e that Dr. Hol-land's proposed remedy for certain defects in prayer meetings, namely, a form of prayer, would be destructive; and while dwelling on the point of readiness in prayer is reminded of "a little story":—In a certain community a youth who had been reared a Roman Catholic, had been one of the subjects of a Methodist revival. As is often the custom with us, he was quickly called upon to take part in public prayer, in which he proved to be very proficient. His old companions were amazed, and went to the Methodist meetings for the purpose of hearing him. At last an idea struck one of them. "I know," he said, "how it is that—prays so well; he *practices in private.*"

"PARENTS under mistaken views are ready to give their children for any of the many secular employments followed in the colonies; but they think that, to give a child to the cause of God at home or abroad would be to throw that child away.

I would bring before parents examples of the different ways in which people act when called upon to make an offering of their children to God and his work.

Abraham. 'Take thou thy son, thine only son Isaac whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

'And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him" (Gen. xxii. 2, 3).

Hannah. 'For this child (Samuel) I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord" (1 Sam. i. 27, 28.)

The mother of John Wesley, when asked if she would consent to her son going to Georgia in America as a missionary, said, 'Had I a hundred sons I should be glad to see them all engaged in such blessed work, although I might see them no more in this world.'

Mrs. Lyman, when she heard that her son had been murdered by the Batas, said, 'I bless God who gave me such a son to go to the heathen, and I never felt as strongly as I do at the present moment the desire that some other of my sons may become Missionaries also, and go and preach salvation to those savages who have drunk the blood of my sons.'

The parents of Robert Moffat, the apostle of the Bechuamas, when ask-

ed for their consent to his becoming a Missionary, said, 'We have thought of your proposal to become a Missionary, and we have prayed over it, and we cannot withhold you from so good a work.'

A father. 'Is it not a great trial to you to part with your eldest son,' said a Mission secretary to a gentleman who had come to London to take leave of his son, who was to embark the next day for a foreign land. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'it is a great trial, but I have been expecting it for a long time. The day my son was born,' he continued, 'I attended a Missionary meeting, and was greatly impressed with what I heard; when I went home I took the babe out of the bed, and holding it in my arms I said to my wife, "Will you give this boy to the Missions?" "Yes," she replied, "I will." From that time I have been expecting he would go, though he never knew the circumstance till he offered himself as a missionary.'

Now turn the picture.

Mother Father. 'Sooner than I would sign, consenting to my son's going out as a Missionary, I would place my hand on the block and lose it.'

Parents, there are thus, as you see, two ways of acting when God asks us for our children and their services. See that you will choose the way that is pleasing to God, best for the world, and most satisfactory in a dying day."

STRAY THOUGHTS.

SLANDER.—A venerable man says, "Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit-trees that thieves throw stones."

GOD'S WAY.—God never makes us what we should be, without first making us know what we are.

WHOEVER withholds from God what belongs to Him, robs God. Do you withhold your heart?

"WHEREWITH SHALL I COME
BEFORE THE LORD?"

HEB. IX. 7, XI. 6, XII. 14.

I.

"Not without blood:" none other way I see,
If sin still threaten us with death and woe;
The blood's the life, the soul must offer'd be,
To meet the wrath and let the sinner go.
How shall I praise Thee, Lord, that this is done
In Thine own blood, the blood of Thy dear Son!

O! the shelter under which I rest,
That when Thou seest me there, the sword
pass by;
Through all my consciousness, at Thy behest,
Let the stream flow to purge the darken'd eye.
Try as I may, myself I cannot clear;
Sprinkled and cleansed by thee I'm ever near.

II.

"Not without faith:" this is the blessed gate
At which the chosen host shall enter in;
Why not believe, why falter still and wait,
If simple trust the prize of heaven may win?
Is not the fount of life o'erflowing still?
Is it not open now to him who will?

Would that the chronicle of men of old—
The hallowed memory of their deeds of fame,
Wrought in this fearless faith—might make us
bold
To throw the over-the-heart and tongue of flame
Into the Master's cause! O sovereign Lord,
Help us to hope in Thee, and trust Thy word!

III.

"Not without holiness," how could it be.
That we, who light and truth could ne'er en-
dure,

Should enter into fellowship with Thee,
The infinitely wise, and true, and pure.
Praise for the blood that washeth every stain!
Praise for the faith that maketh whole again!

Lord, sanctify us wholly here below,
Cheer on the strong, support the weak and
lame;

Be Thou Thyself the way we ought to go,
To reach the throne, and bear the spotless
name.

O let no wavering one fail of the grace,
To serve Thee evermore, and see Thy face.

AMBROATH.

J. P. L.

AT HOME WITH GOD.

A very important point is *the tone and spirit of our walk*. Confidence in God, and gentleness of spirit, is that which becomes the saint. For this we must be *at home with God*. The effect of thus walking in Christ, setting the Lord ever before us, is always to make us walk with reverence, lowliness, adoration, quietness, ease, and happiness.

If I go where I am unaccustomed to be,—if I get, for instance, into a great house, I may have much kindness shown me there, but when I get out again, I feel at ease; I am glad to be out. Had I been brought up in that house, I should feel otherwise.

The soul that is at home with God, is not only happy in God for itself, but it will bring the *tone* of that house out with it; because of its joy in God, anxieties disappear, and it will move through the ten thousand things that would trouble and prove anxieties to another without being a bit troubled. No matter what it may be, we bring quietness of spirit into all circumstances when *abiding* in God. If a man be risen with Christ, if he be dwelling *there*, it will show itself *thus*. We shall not be afraid of the changes around. We shall live, not in stupid apathy and listlessness, but in the exercise of lively affections and energies towards the Lord. One great evidence of my dwelling in Christ is *quietness*. I have my portion elsewhere, and I go on. In our proper place, we get our mind filled and associated with things that leave this world as a little thing—an atom in the vastness of the glory which was before the world was.

FEEL IT.—"Yes, I can give five dollars and not feel it," was the response of a man to a request for a contribution for some benevolent purpose. "Better give ten dollars and *feel it*—Christ *felt* what he did for *you*," was the quick reply.

THE CROSS IN THE PLAN.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

I heard of a quaint old story
 In a far-away Eastern land,
 Of a mosque of Mahomet that rises
 Not far from the sloping strand.

There bowed in his chains a captive,
 Who had come from a Northern town,
 Where the sun that runs low in the winter,
 Shines cold on the frozen ground.

Rare powers he had at building ;
 For the forest so grand and wild,
 He could shape it again in the marble—
 Trunk, foliage, arches and aisle.

They offered the slave his ransom,
 With a pass to the Northern land,
 If a mosque to Mahomet be builded,
 To tower above the strand.

He planned in the stones so grandly,
 And he wrought for his life, that man ;
 But they saw in the beautiful outlines
 The cross he had dared to plan.

They mockingly gave the ransom ;
 Out of fetters his soul was sent
 From the land of the fiery summer,
 But—*death* was the way he went.

He left for us a lesson :
 To whatever you put your hand,
 Be it deeds that you dare or may cherish,
 The cross—let it mark the plan.

In patient endeavor be Christlike,
 In your trials and pains and loss,
 That all who look at your living
 May see in your life the cross.

South Boston

—Advance

WHATE'ER GOD WILLS.

BY ALBERT OF BRANDENBURG, WHILE IN
EXILE, IN 1666.

Whate'er God wills let that be done,
 His will is ever wisest,
 His grace will all thy hope outrun,
 Who to that faith ariseth
 The gracious Lord
 Will help afford ;
 He chastens with forbearing :
 Who God believes,
 And to him cleaves,
 Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,
 My light and my existence ;
 His council is beyond my sense,
 But stirs no weak resistance ;
 His Word declares
 The very hairs
 Upon my head are numbered ;
 His mercy large
 Holds me in charge
 With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day, when, at His will,
 The pulse of nature ceases ;
 I think upon it and am still :
 Let come whate'er He pleases.
 To Him I trust,
 My soul, my dust,
 When flesh and spirit sever ;
 The Christ we sing
 Has plucked the sting
 Away from death for ever.

IN IMAGINATION :—The Rev. W. B. Carpenter, of Holloway, in the course of his speech at the late anniversary of the Religious Tract Society, remarked that he had often thought of a story he had heard told by the Rev. Hugh McNeile. He was lauded, one dark evening, on Kingstown Pier, six miles from Dublin, whither he wanted to go. A large number of car-drivers gathered around him, all contending for the honor of carrying his lordship (as they called him) to Dublin. He was attracted to one rude vehicle, because the driver said it was drawn by a poetical horse ; but he found the animal the sorriest jade he ever met with. At length he was landed in the dirtiest capital in Europe, and he asked the man why he called his horse a poetical horse. "Well, your lordship," said the man, "I will tell you now you are landed. It is just because his perfections are more in imagination than in reality." And though (remarked Mr. Carpenter) they could not boast such a magnificent appearance of union in the Protestant Church as could be found in the splendid organization of Rome, they might perhaps doubt whether what is boasted of has not more virtue in imagination than in reality.

Children's Treasury.

DO THY LITTLE—DO IT WELL.

Do thy little—do it well ;
Do what right and reason tell ;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim—
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little though it be
Dreariness and drudgery ;
They whom Christ's apostles made,
Gathered fragments when He bade.

Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind ;
Though the men who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little; never fear.
While the Saviour standeth near,
Let the world its javelins throw ;
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little. God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade ;
Smallest stars their glory bring—
God employeth everything.

Do thy little; and when thou
Feeblest on thy pallid brow
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp, the sweat of death—

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little mysteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little wants of love expressed,
Little wants at once confessed,
Little favours kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly won,
Little slights with patience borne;

These shall crown thy pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies.

WHERE YOU ARE TO SEEK JESUS.

You are to seek him in the Bible. "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me" (John v. 39). The Scriptures testify or bear witness, to many beautiful characters; but it is their chief glory that they tell us of Jesus. As the kingly oak among the trees of the forest, as the cloud-capped mountain among surrounding hills, as the sun among the stars of heaven, so is Christ among all the patriarchs, prophets and apostles. The Bible

tells us *fully* of Jesus, of His love and loveliness, His life and death, His offices of prophet, priest and king. It tells us also *plainly* of Jesus. Plato a wise man of old, wrote books which very few could understand. It is otherwise, however, with the Bible. You may be able merely to speak or read, with difficulty, your own mother tongue; and yet be able, through the teaching of the Spirit, to understand the Word of God. The opening minds of the young can take hold of its saving and most precious truths. How simply Jesus speaks of Himself! "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." "I am the Good Shepherd, the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." It is the Word of God in some form, that the Holy Spirit always uses to bring sinners to the Saviour. Some have found Jesus when reading the Scriptures alone in their closets, or in the fields, in ships when voyaging, or in carriages when travelling, like the Ethiopian eunuch who found Jesus in the liii. chapter of Isaiah, as he rode homeward through the desert. Who first told you of Jesus? "Nobody," replied the dying Christian girl to whom the question was lately put. How then did you come to find Him? "By reading my Bible." Some have found Jesus when thinking of the truth of God, as they were walking through the streets, like the factory girl, who, when going home to her dinner, was led to cry out, "I've found Him, I've found Him." Some have found Jesus when the gospel has been talked of in conversation, like

the girl who went to the minister for spiritual guidance. "Why did you come to me?" he asked. "Because you bade me come." "Go then," he said, "and tell Jesus you come to Him, because He bade you." She left the manse, and on her way home, light broke on her mind. "I see it, I see it," she said, "Jesus, I come to Thee, for Thou biddest me come."—*Early Seeker's Sure Finders.*

HEARING THE SERMON.

A little girl used to go to church. She was only between four and five years of age—quite a little girl. But she listened to her minister. She knew that he would tell her good things, and she wanted to learn. Once when she reached home from church she said to her mother,—

"Mother, I can tell you a little of Mr. H's sermon. He said, 'Touch not the unclean thing.'"

That mother wished to know whether her dear little daughter understood the meaning of these words. So she replied,—

"Then, my dear child, if Mr. H. said so, I hope you will take care in the future not to touch things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled and answered, "O, mother, I know very well what he meant."

"What did he mean," said the mother.

"He meant sin," said the child; "and it is all the same as if Mr. H. had said, 'You must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do things that are bad or wrong.' The Bible means that a sinful thing is an unclean thing."

I hope that little girl tried after that always to shun all kinds of bad things. What will my little friends do? Say, little boys and girls, what will you do?—*S. S. Herald.*

DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

I once," said a minister, "knew a youth of sixteen, the son and hope of pious parents, and the favourite of a large circle of acquaintances. He was my friend. We went together to the school-room, to the play-ground, to our chamber. I have seen him while listening to the pleadings of paternal faithfulness, urging him to immediate repentance, and warning him by a brother's recent grave, of the danger of delay. He listened in silence and respectful attention, but the alluring pleasures of youth dazzled him, and he resolved to leave religion for a future day.

"One evening he met a circle of youthful acquaintances. It was a gay circle and a thoughtless one. In the midst of their mirth, his eyes fell upon a hymn book. He opened it, and read:—

'And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay;
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?'

"He laid down the book and forgot its warning voice. Late that evening, he came to my chamber, breathing short, like one who had been walking fast, and lay down by my side. After some time he turned to me, and said:—

"Will you get up and give me a glass of water, I feel unwell?"

"I arose and called the family. He was manifestly ill, but not apparently in immediate danger. The next morning he was worse. A physician was called, but did not understand his case. Search was at length made, and it was found, that by mistake, he had taken a dose of deadly poison. The hand of death was then upon him. For three hours his body was writhing in agony, but that was forgotten in the more excruciating agony of the soul. I heard his minister tell him of a merciful Saviour. I

heard his father, kneeling by his bedside, pour out to God the most agonizing prayer for him that language could express. I heard his mother exclaim:—"O, my son, my son!" till she swooned and sank upon the floor. I heard him, as he tossed from side to side, cry out:—

"O Lord, have mercy upon my soul! O, my God, have mercy upon me, mercy, mercy!" and then, reaching out his hands to his father, he exclaimed:—

"I am lost! I am lost! am I not, father?"

"His breath grew shorter, and his voice fainter, until, raising his hands as if he would cry 'mercy' once more, he expired.

"Fifteen years have rolled away since I heard those cries of dying agony, but they ring in my ears now as if it were but an hour ago. That look of fierce despair is now in my eye, and my ears echo with the cry:—

"I am lost! I am lost! Am I not, father?"

"How can I forget them? They came from the death-bed of my friend, and that friend my own beloved brother.

"Reader, by my brother's dying groans, by the tears which fall upon this paper while I think upon him, and by the amazing sacrifice on Calvary, I beseech you remember and lay to heart the truth you are here taught:—

"Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.

*Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day."

CAN YOU FIND HIM?

"What book is that?" inquired a merchant of a youth from the country, who while searching his bag for a let-

ter of recommendation had let a book fall on the floor.

"My Bible, sir."

"Your Bible! What are you going to do with your Bible here in the city?"

"Read it, sir. I promised my mother I would read it every day; and I shall do it, sir."

The firm tone and flashing eye told the merchant that he had a boy of principle and grit before him. He felt that a boy who loved his Bible after this fashion could be trusted. He hired him, found him true and trusty, kept him many years as a clerk, and finally made him his partner.

In this fact you see a merchant taking it for granted that a boy who loved his Bible after this fashion could be trusted. He was right, mark the point, and tell me if you can find a Bible-hating boy who can be trusted. Isn't it a fact that boys who hate the Bible are not trustworthy? If, therefore you wish to be true, trusty and trusted, you must love your Bible. With the Bible as a rule and guide of your life, every duty will be performed in a manner well pleasing to God, and of necessity well pleasing to men.—
S. S. Messenger.

The *Occident* says that a Bengal paper, called *Sojjona Rajana*, speaks of the excellence of the Bible, as "the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar-cane, from the root to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instructions. A portion of that book would yield to you more sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if any person studies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible."

LOSING TIME.

A young man was for several months in a backslidden state, which manifested itself in the usual way of conformity to a fashionable and worldly course of life, and in the neglect of the ordinances and institutions of the house of God. During this time he called on a deacon of the church, who was a watchmaker, and asked him to repair his watch. "What is the difficulty with your watch?" said the deacon. "It has lost time lately," said the young man. The deacon looked up to him with a steady and significant eye, and said, "*Haven't you lost time lately?*" These five words brought the backslider to repentance, to the church, and to duty. A backslider is like a man asleep; a mere jog may awake him, while ten thousand thunders will not arouse one that is dead.

HE BORE IT ALL FOR ME.

"When I was a school boy," said the late Sir James Simpson to a deeply-solemnized audience, "I saw a sight that I never can forget—a man tied to a cart, and dragged through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For many offences? No, for one offence. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offence bore the penalty of a changing human law; for it was the last instance of its infliction."

"When I was a student at the university, I saw another sight I never can forget—a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned, his face already pale as death. Thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend lose the rope and say, 'Put it

round my neck; I die instead?' No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For many offences? No: for one offence. He broke the law at one point, and died for it. It was the penalty of changing human law in this case also: it was the last instance of capital punishment being inflicted for that offence.

"I saw another sight—it matters not when—myself a sinner, standing on the brink of ruin, deserving nought but hell. For one sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked, and saw Jesus, my substitute, scourged in my stead, and dying on the cross for me. I looked and cried, and was forgiven. And it seemed to be my duty to come here and tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also LOOK AND LIVE."

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

A painter wanting a picture to represent innocence, drew the likeness of a child at prayer. He was kneeling by the side of his mother, who regarded him with tenderness; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together, and his mild blue eyes was upturned with an expression of devotion and peace. This portrait of young Rupert was highly prized by the painter, and he hung it in his study, and called it INNOCENCE.

"Years passed by, and the painter became an old man, but the picture of innocence still adorned his study walls. He had long desired to paint a picture representing guilt, as a contrast to his favourite portrait, but had failed to find a striking model. At length he effected his purpose by visiting a neighbouring jail. On the damp floor of his dungeon lay a wretched culprit named Randal, heavily ironed. Vice was visible in his face, guilt was

branded on his brow, and horrid imprecations burst from his blaspheming tongue. The painter executed his task to the life, and the two portraits were hung side by side, the one representing INNOCENCE, the other GUILT. But children who was young Rupert, that kneeled by the side of his mother? And who do you think old Randal was, that lay chained to the dungeon floor? Alas, the two were one! Young Rupert and old Randal was the same person. That brow which was once bright with peace and joy, in years became darkened by guilt and shame."

"MY MASTER IS ALWAYS IN."

One day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy didn't meet her and throw his arms round her neck, as he was in the habit of doing, to show how glad he was to have her come home again. Instead of this, he seemed to be afraid to look his mother in the face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter.

At the close of the day she found the reason. When she was undressing him to go to bed, he said:—

"Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," she said: "He can see us at all times and at all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little fellow. "When you were gone out, I got into the closet and ate up all the cake. I am very sorry. Please forgive me," and he laid his head on his mother's lap, and cried bitterly.

"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, "you must give me extra measure. Your master is not in."

Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said, "*My Master is always in.*"

Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto:—"my Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.—*S. S. World.*

I REGARD the progress of opinion toward absolute, universal justice, as the one great end which hallows effort and recompenses sacrifice.—*Horace Greeley.*

Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH SAMARIA.

The sun had not yet risen over Mount Ebal when, breakest over, and tents struck, we were in our saddles for the ride through Samaria. Having entered the valley between Ebal and Gerizim from the east on the preceding evening, we now this morning leave it by the west. Yesterday we

met the waters of this valley as we entered the pass running eastward to the Jordan and the Dead Sea: this morning as we leave the valley going west we find a stream accompanying us on its way to the Mediterranean. Nablous stands on the watershed between Ebal and Gerizim, "where rivers, there but brooks, dispart to different seas."

Leaving the little brook which after turning a mill hurries on its journey

to the sea, we strike the path that leads to Galilee, by the site of ancient Samaria. The country through which we are now journeying is hilly, full of springs and streams, with here and there cultivated fields, and little villages. There is, however, nothing to interest us till, six miles from Nablous, we enter the wide basin where once stood Samaria, the capital of the ten tribes, and the rival of Jerusalem. It is one of those spots which, once seen, can never be forgotten. There stand the mountains in a circle, with an opening to the west, through which one sees the Great Sea gleaming like molten silver in the morning sun. Down in the flat at the foot of this hilly rampart is a large circular plain which is even now fertile and beautiful. Near the centre of the plain rises an oblong hill like the boss in the centre of a shield. On the top of this hill stood the city, "the crown of pride."

We rode our horses up the western end of this hill and came to the ruins of a Christian Church; then we passed through a miserable village out of which poured idlers—women and children—to beg, who followed us till we arrived at last on the top of the hill. We there stood on the hill which Omri bought of Shemer for two talents of silver, on which he built his capital, to be called Samaria after the owner of the hill; but the plough has been here at work for centuries, and its stones have been poured into the valley below. Here stood the temple of Baal which Jehu destroyed; and again, the structures of Herod, whose remains stand there in the shape of some eighty limestone columns about sixteen feet high, two feet diameter at the base.

and one foot eight inches at the top.

It would be difficult to find in all Palestine a spot that combined to such a degree the three elements of strength, beauty, and fertility, as this spot which stood a siege of three years by the Assyrians; but for the two centuries it stood as the capital of Israel, it was the seat of abominable idolatries, and the Lord therefore has fulfilled on it the threatenings of his servants, the prophets.

All the day we rode through the territory of Samaria, passing many villages, and fields well tilled. As it approached evening, our escorts grew anxious, warned us to keep close together, and ride cautiously for fear of a sudden surprisal. We were nearing the plain of Jezreel. The plains of Palestine are to the Bedouin Arabs what seas and firths are to pirates. Crossing the Jordan on their fleet horses, these robbers of the desert follow always the plains, seldom or never venturing far into the hills. As night was settling down over the land, we emerged from the mountains, and saw dimly before us, a wide waste plain stretching far to the east and far to the west, but bounded to the north by mountains much higher than those through which we had been travelling since morning. That plain is the plain of Jezreel, or Esdraelon. We are now on the borders of the Province of Galilee, having left behind us first Judea and then Samaria, and having before us that wide level plain—the great battle field of Jewish history, and those mountains, the chief scene of our Lord's ministrations. Our description of this we must defer to next month.

Editorial Postscript.

A WHISPER IN THE EAR OF SUBSCRIBERS.

IN the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, there is a spot where a man can talk to another, at a considerable distance away, and yet the whisper may pass hundreds between him and that person without being heard by them, till the sound reaches the ear of him for whom it is intended. In a gallery like this we wish we could place ourselves, and we wish only a favored few could hear what we are going to say. A very large number of our Subscribers have paid down to the end of 1874, and a few to July, 1875. We wish these in the meantime to stand where they need not be troubled with the whisper now on our lips. Our words now are to Subscribers in *Arrears*. There are a few who have not remitted yet for year ending July, 1874. There are a large number, again, whose year is now in its fifth month, who have yet paid nothing on their year,—that is, from July 1874 to July 1875. That this is so is partly our own fault, for we have never reminded Subscribers that their Subscription was needed. We do so now with great reluctance, and we feel persuaded that it is enough to whisper the matter without enlarging on it. Our relation to our Subscribers has been hitherto of a most pleasant character, resembling that between a pastor and his people. One word is therefore enough to bring to our help the arrears that are now needed to pay each month, for the paper and printing of that month, which has been our course hitherto. We may remark here that the *Christian Monthly* shall be published for another year down,—that is, to end of 1875: and that parties need not be afraid to adventure renewing their Subscription, or sending the Subscriptions of their friends for that term. At the end of 1875 there may be no loss on the publication—we trust not; but if there should be a loss, it cannot be very great, and the Subscribers will not be asked to carry it. Others shall do this for them.

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