

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY:

A Magazine for Christian Homes.

EDITED BY

THE REV. A. SUTHERLAND.

VOL. III.

TORONTO:

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"ALONE."

(A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.)

Earnest Christianity.

VOL. 3.]
NO. 1.]

JANUARY, 1875.

[NEW
SERIES.

OUR NEW SERIES.

WE herewith present to our readers a sample number of "EARNEST CHRISTIANITY" in its new and improved form. It will be seen at a glance that the changes are considerable, and involve a good deal of additional labor and expense, but we cheerfully accept the increased responsibility, believing that it will render the Magazine more acceptable to the Christian public, and thus widen its sphere of usefulness.

During the past two years we have received many cheering tokens of the Divine favor. Letters from various parts of the country bear testimony to the good which has resulted, in many instances, from the visits of "EARNEST CHRISTIANITY;" and, so far as we can learn, the desire seems to be unanimous, on the part of our numerous subscribers, that the publication should be continued. We trust that our friends will show their good-will in a practical form, by earnest efforts to extend our circulation.

While the scope of our Magazine has been greatly enlarged, we shall still give prominence to the all-important topic of "Scriptural Holiness." This we regard as the prime need of the Church. A great deal has been written, of late years, upon this topic,—much, perhaps, that had better have remained unwritten. It will be our aim, while avoiding the vapid

sentimentalism that abounds, so to present this precious doctrine as to commend it to the conscience of every man who accepts the Word of God as the standard of his faith and experience.

We have issued the sample number for 1875 at this early date so that all our friends may be aware of the changes proposed, and may have ample time to procure new subscribers before the beginning of the year. In this connection we may state that the chief portion of the contents of this sample number will appear in the number for January next. The "Review of Current Events," and the "Religious Summary," will, however, be re-written.

For terms, &c., we refer our readers to the announcement on the second page of cover. There need be no delay in remitting subscriptions, as all new subscribers will receive the remaining numbers for 1874 *free of charge*.

Having assumed the responsibility involved in the changes indicated from a sincere desire to benefit our readers, we look for a cordial and generous support. We trust that such an effort will be made as will enable us, at no distant day, to announce still further enlargement.



Essays and Reviews.

LAW IN LANGUAGE.

THE discovery of law in the operations of nature or of man gives peculiar pleasure, and is a leading element in human progress. It unfolds order, reveals design, and kindles imagination. Imagination suggests new theories; and efforts to test the correctness of these start the race on a fresh journey of advancement.

Science has long investigated matter, and still delights to read the laws which regulate the changes of the material world; but to this century chiefly belongs the credit of probing the mysteries of speech.

Is there law in language? If it is an invention of man, as Adam Smith and others powerfully argue, there can be no more law in its history than in that of painting or sculpture. If language has sprung from innate faculties, and is as natural to man as walking or 'breathing, then its beginnings may be feeble, but its progress will exhibit unvarying methods of development.

There are reasons for expecting to find law in language,—that universal gift of man, and that crowning distinction between the human and the brute. Man has universal characteristics which must show themselves in all that is peculiar to the race, and not to specially gifted individuals. Hence, in language and its progress, there must be invariable elements. Man is physical, and his organs are affected by geographical and meteorological conditions. He is guided by sight and sound; and, if one of these is wanting, the other cannot produce the effects peculiar to that which is gone. Free-will exists in man, and it shows itself in mighty cataclysms in the history of his speech; but there is in him an element of necessity, too. In him, as in all created things with which we are familiar, there is a universal tendency to decay, which can be arrested only by the timely application of the fruit of some "tree of life;" and, in his speech, as in all he does, this tendency must be seen.

But the most effectual answer to our question is found, not in considerations of what must be, but of what is. Observation and comparison are necessary to the discovery of facts and laws. Well, men have observed and compared. *Hervas*, *Adebung*, the Russian *Catherine*, *Sir Wm. Jones*, *Bopp*, *Pott*, *Grimm*, *Humboldt*, *Steinthal*, *Schuchardt*, and

others, have probed the matter scattered through the nine hundred or more languages of this "babbling earth." Investigation discovered similarities. Languages grouped themselves into orders, families, dialects. Organic unity was seen, and with this discovery began linguistic science. Changes could be traced to definite periods of time, and to definite causes. Growth was ascertained. A regular process of development was perceived, and yet various stages of this development existed contemporaneously. Here, language seemed to be in its Azoic time; there, in its Silurian period. Here, disintegration of what seemed its primitive rocks had set in; there, the rocks were being combined into new and interesting forms. Mysteries and misconceptions were cleared up. The two grand features which constitute language, expressions for ideas, and methods for showing their relations, were realized; and the discovery aided in exploding cherished, and almost sacred, theories. Hebrew was no longer regarded as the primitive form of human speech, after Leibnitz had suggested the true method of investigation. Similarity of sound gave place to etymology, as a test of connection between words, and to grammatical construction, as a test of the relationship of languages. Thus, the English language contains 13,330 Saxon words to 29,354 of Latin origin; but the construction being Saxon, English cannot be classed amongst the Romance languages. Forms, too, strangely dissimilar, were found to be most closely related; as the French *larme* and the English *tear*. *Tear* from the Gothic *tagr*, old Latin *dacrima*, Latin *lacrima*, French *larme*. A new source of pleasure was opened up, inferior to none of those other sciences which had hitherto engrossed attention; and the beautiful interlacing of mental tendency with material circumstances opened up a glorious avenue of thought in reference to the history and destinies of him who combines in himself the mental and the material.

Take a modern analytic language, such as French. Examine the various methods of spelling words during the different periods of its history. Continue your investigations through the Latin, and you will obtain a good idea of the stages of progress through which languages pass. Even a cursory examination of so late a writer as *Villehardouin* (1160-1213) will reveal the existence of a system of declension in old French, such as does not now obtain. Words now invariable, as *Empereur*, are spelled with a final *s* or *z*, when used as subjects in the singular, and as objects in the plural, but without *s*, when used as objects in the singular, and as subjects in the plural; thus:—

Subj., sing.—*l'Empereres, vaissiaus, venez.*

Obj., " *l'Empereor, vent.*

Subj., plu.—*chevalier.*

Obj., " *chevaliers.*

The definite article has—

Subj. sing., masc.—*li*; plu. *li.*

Obj. " " *le*; " *les.*

Here, then, is evidence that French has passed through an inflectional period. By pursuing investigations in the same manner, it will be found that the Latin, from which the French language has come, derived its inflection from a period when what subsequently became terminations had a separate existence and meaning,—when monosyllabic roots formed the prominent feature of language, some of them having afterwards been appended to others, and having gradually lost all force as separate words. Of terminations, Jno. Horne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, p. 190, says, "they were not originally the effect of premeditated and deliberate *art*, but separate words, of which they are now considered as the terminations."

We find, then, three stages in the development of language, the monosyllabic, the agglutinative, and the inflectional. We next find that synthetic, or inflected languages, become analytic, employing other words, and not terminations, to express relations of ideas. Here, then, is a growth in language, beyond the control of the human will, and indicating the existence, in its development, of order and law. That the process illustrated by French and Latin is a wide one is seen from the fact that languages in these various stages now exist, and that, in some of them, a tendency to pass from one stage to another is now noticed. Chinese is monosyllabic; but Müller (*Science of Language*, First Series, pp. 329, 330) proves that it exhibits tendencies to become agglutinative, while the agglutinative Tamil shows "rudimentary traces of inflection."

The writer has before him a letter from the late Rev. Thos. Hurlburt, an hon. member of the American Philological Association, on the relation of the American Indian languages to those of Europe and Asia, the different periods at which the tribes followed each other to the northern part of this continent, &c. In this letter, he says the Chippewa "is simply a monosyllabic language, strung together by fulcrum, or euphonic letters and syllables." "The tones with which original speech eked out its scanty materials is preserved in Indian, in aspirate, nasal, and stopped vowels: no accent. Subject, predicate, object, number, person,

mood, tense, case, affirmation, negation, doubt, causation, and twenty other adjuncts, form inseparable parts of one inflexion, or sentence."

Language, then, exhibits a growth by laws, and not by changes introduced by the will of man. This may be further seen by an examination of some recognized causes of change in human speech. In this examination, we find that it is not only in civilization and government that the power of what are called "the lower classes" is felt, but that, before their onward flow, the literary and the cultivated are swept away as by a flood, while the idioms and pronunciations of the uneducated become the standard speech of after days.

1. *Physical conditions*.—Changes are largely produced by climate. Alex. Von Humboldt says (*Cosmos*. Sabine's Transla. Vol. I. p. 355): "There ever remains a trace of the impression which the natural disposition has received from climate, from the clear azure of the heavens, or from the less serene aspect of a vapour-loaded atmosphere. Such influences have their place among those thousand subtle and evanescent links in the electric chain of thought from whence, as from the perfume of a tender flower, language derives its richness and its grace."

The Latin, smooth and sonorous in the south, shrank, as it developed into French, and became stiffer and less musical as it moved north and west. "*Amabam* became, in the twelfth century, *ameve* in Burgundy, *amoie* in the Ile de France, and *amoue* in Normandy." Whence Auguste Brachet says: "May we not conclude that words, like plants, are modified by climate, which is one of the *factors* of language, as mathematicians say?"

2. *Popular ignorance*.—Where a language is not fixed by literature, or where people read but little, pronunciation becomes indistinct, and idioms change. In Japanese, *l* and *r* are almost confounded. In Canada and the United States, *Graham* is often pronounced *Grime*, then *Grimes*. *Ryerson*, too, has become, in some cases, *Ryerse*, both as a family name and that of a port. *Gooderham* becomes *Goodrum*. One letter is substituted for another, as may be seen from Grimm's law, that *p* becomes *f*, and *f* becomes *b*. Dialects thus arise. I have known an educated Indian from the United States learn, in an hour, to converse with Canadian Indians whose dialect he could not at first understand, simply by noticing that the chief difference between their speech and his lay in this substitution of sounds. Evidently, the languages had originally been the same, and those changes which take place with wonderful rapidity amongst barbarous tribes had produced the differ-

ence. Letters are omitted. *Rheumatis'* comes from *rheumatism*. *Dictionary* becomes, in Scotland, *dictionar'*. *Caughnawaga* becomes *Caughnawag'*. The same thing occurred in vulgar Latin. In the *Graffiti* of Pompeii,—those scribblings by idle Romans “of the baser sort” on post and wall,—*computum* becomes *comptum*, *tabula* becomes *tabla*; and the influence of these changes is seen in the fact that the French *compte* and *table* come, not from literary Latin, but from the vulgarisms of the Roman mob. Letters are transposed. Thus we hear *neuralagi*, instead of *neuralgia*. So, from the Latin *memoria*, we have the French *memoire*, and from *gloria*, *gloire*. Idioms and forms of speech are changed. For “should have done,” we hear, “should a done,” and “should of done.” The latter form I once found in an examination paper written by one who was preparing for the position of a teacher. How often do we hear, “I feel to rejoice!”—an expression which might be French, but which has a strange sound to an educated Englishman.

3. *Contact with other languages*.—Learning, war, and industrial pursuits, tend to introduce new words and idioms, to obliterate old ones, and to change the very forms of words, elevating the language, in the opinion of a utilitarian, but debasing it in that of a scientist.

A curious instance of the different value which is put upon language, according to the stand-point from which it is viewed, may be found in the French Canadian pronunciation of *oi*. Let any one, in Parisian society of to-day, pronounce *avoir* as it is pronounced in Quebec, and as it, doubtless, was in Paris in the days of Louis XIV., and he will be credited with all the honors of a *patois*. But, to the scientific man who sounds the long Latin *e* like *ay* in *may*, the pronunciation *av-ware* will seem more correct than *av-wahr*, when he remembers that *avoir* comes, through the old French *aver*, from the Latin *habere*.

From this brief examination of a fruitful subject, it will be perceived that the development of language is not artificial, but by natural law,—that, as Fowler says, “language grows and decays at the same time, just as in nature, out of the decay of vegetation, other forms of vegetable life spring up,”—that out of death arises a grander life,—that, in the moulding of human language to the wants of coming ages, “more abundant honor” is put upon the less honorable members of human society,—and that, over all the movements of free individuals, there is a guiding Providence, whose watchword to the hosts advancing through the ages is evermore, “Excelsior!”

But the most appropriate lesson which this subject teaches us to-day

is that language, beginning from simple monosyllabic roots, and growing to our plastic English tongue, tells of a mind whose powers develop, and whose developing powers place an impassable barrier between man and the brute, which, possessing, in some instances at least, the organs capable of pronouncing all the sounds of human speech, yet lives and toils and dies, but speaks not of its hopes and fears.

Huntingdon Parsonage, Sept. 4th, 1874.

JAMES ROY, M. A.

DOUBT ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

DOUBT is certainly not helpful to experimental religion in any case; but it is not just to arraign all doubt in connection with religious subjects as wilfully and maliciously antagonistic to religion. There is the honest doubt of one sincerely feeling his way to a firmer hold upon the truth. There are those who would regard it as the greatest possible calamity to be driven into utter atheism, who desire to believe and are determined to hold fast the truth, but who find clouds of doubt gathering over their religious horizon. Where a man's life is more largely intellectual than emotional, where even his religion is more the product of his thoughts as influenced and guided by the Spirit of God, than a growth of his affections influenced by that Spirit, doubt will be a necessary condition to his holding the truth with confidence. The Bible presents difficulties—the history of the Church, its profession, experience, and practical life, present greater. As these are encountered, of necessity, the doubt which stands questioning until sufficient and convincing evidence is afforded, will arise. And such doubt is truly honest and sincere. It is a child in its conscious weakness asking help to do, not what it is compelled to do, but what it wants to do. It is a lost one seeking guidance. And the fact that in this case the person sincerely desires to hold to the Bible makes his doubting state a really painful condition. It is as when a husband is first forced to admit to his mind a doubt of the integrity of the partner in his life; or when a mother first doubts her boy, whom she would have believed true though the whole world turned faithless. But circumstances culminate in a strong testimony to his guilt. She does not admit the force of that testimony,

but she can no longer repress the thought, "Is it possible that my boy has sinned? Can it be that instead of making me his confidant in everything, he has lied to me after doing wrong?" It is not yet a conviction, only a doubt, and faint at that—a doubt where she wanted to have unbounded confidence concerning something upon which the happiness of her life depends; but a dagger thrust into the heart would not have caused a more intense pang. Now that is truly honest doubt, and it is the same in kind with honest doubt on religious subjects. For where the heart is not bent on believing the Bible, the doubt is prejudiced, and not honest. And the doubt of a person seeking a confirmed hold upon the truth will yield to reasonable representations. It does not give rise to the affectation of superior intellectual gifts and attainments, or of an advanced order of independence, or boldness, an attitude almost always seen in unbelievers in the Bible, of the coarser sort.

In the gospels we have an example of a person honestly struggling through doubt into perfect trust. The Apostle Thomas is a fair representative of the class of persons who doubt honestly. Having clung to Jesus with perfect confidence and high expectations during his life, when he died, Thomas, it would seem, felt that he had been mistaken, and gave up all the hopes he had centred upon Jesus. And he was not prepared to be reinstated in his faith by a naked assertion that his Lord had risen. He would be glad if it were true, but as it seemed almost too good to be true, he could not believe it without the most convincing evidence; but when that was given his mind was satisfied, and, wanting to believe all the time, he then gave in the adherence of his whole manhood, and by intellect as well as affection he was united to Christ. Now who can blame Thomas? Jesus did not condemn him, but graciously aided him in the very particular where he was weak. And in this the Church has a hint of the proper manner in which to deal with honest doubters. The course sometimes pursued, of reproaching them with bitterness, almost cursing, accusing them as vile traitors, infidels, and such like, is neither calculated to help and win them, nor is it the manner in which Christ would have dealt with them. Such treatment will doubtless destroy the one hopeful element in such cases, the desire to believe, and urge them on to downright, wilful rejection of the truth. But let such persons feel that they have some sympathy from the Church in their struggles—that real help, such as they need, is afforded them, and they will not be found to be enemies of the truth, nor far from the Kingdom of God.

But though there is such a thing as honest doubt, needing sympathy and help, a desire to deal charitably and kindly with it need not blind us to the repulsive character of a very different kind of doubt, where a person is determined in the start not to believe. In such a case no facts or arguments are of any avail, for everything seems forcible if aimed against the truth, but nothing is acknowledged to have weight which is advanced in its favor. Its spirit is illustrated in the writings of all who have rejected the Bible, not more in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* than in Colenso on the *Pentateuch*. The latter did indeed admit the existence of reasons in favor of the Scriptures he assailed, but having done this much, as though the utmost claim of courtesy had been discharged, he brushes them aside as of inconsiderable weight. It would be supposed that the fact that those Scriptures had been so long confidently believed, and by the best men of all ages, as well as by an overwhelming majority of the most learned, would in itself have wrought a strong impression upon the writer's mind, and would have stood before him as very strong presumptive evidence that the arguments which had maintained these Scriptures are of great weight. But when once the heart of a man is fully set on rejecting the Word, it is an easy thing to brand the wisdom of all past time as defective, to marvel that men should so long have been bound in shackles, and to exalt self as a benefactor, breathing liberty and life upon all the generations of coming time!

Upon such doubters no sympathy need be wasted. It is not an intellectual idiosyncrasy, but a condition of heart confirmed in unbelief, It has become the habit of the life. And all the claims it may set up that it is searching after truth, but cannot find it in the Bible, spring from an attempt to clothe with respectable robes a gross moral deformity whose exterior would exclude it from all reputable associations.

The condition of truly weak persons, holding to the Bible through a fear of what might come to them if they rejected the Gospel, yet willing enough to give it up if any arguments against it sufficiently strong to cause them to feel safe could be produced, may illustrate what Paul means by a "heart of unbelief," but does not concern us in considering the subject of religious doubt. Such are not believers in the true sense, nor yet is their condition legitimately one of doubt.

The tendency of the thought of the age, not more perhaps than at other times, but in ways more subtle, is calculated to add to the difficulty in the way of strong religious confidence, and greatly to increase the number of honest doubters. To help such is a motive worthy of

giving a new inspiration to the pulpit. Under this inspiration the persecuted Prof. Swing, of Chicago, evidently wrote and preached the sermons in "Truths for To-day." And if, in the same spirit, the Church can appreciate the difficulties which thoughtful persons who are fully determined to believe are compelled to face, and in any considerable degree remove them, the infidelities of the present time, like those of days gone by, will serve to make the glory of Christianity shine out more brightly, and the Church to stand on its unchanging foundation more secure.

E. A. STAFFORD.

WANTS OF THE AGE.

WHEN I consider what mankind have thus far gained ; the material commodities, whether furnished by nature or secured by labor ; the discoveries of science and the application of them to useful arts ; the relations that commerce has established among men, and the forms and methods of society which they have produced ; the achievements of intellect ; the culture of thought and character ; the creations of art, and the demonstrations of pure science ;—when I consider all these things and then look over the state of the world ; think of the sins which prevail, and of the woes which they create, the question comes up before me, is there not some *effective* remedy ?—some gospel which will not only declare the promise, but insure the fulfilment ; which will add to the sweetness of its own word that power over the soul which shall be felt as a life and a fulness of peace ? O yes ! there is such a remedy and such a gospel, and in order that we may apprehend and enjoy them we want—

I. *A hearty belief of the Divine Presence.* No voice at evening or morning may come to us, as once among the trees of Eden ; no audible converse ; no angelic shapes, such as Abraham welcomed to his tent, such as Lot took into his house ; no wrestling, as of Jacob ; no burning bush or burning Sinai, as to Moses and to Israel ; no majestic vision, as to Isaiah and Ezekiel ; no celestial message, as to the young Mary ; no hosts of heaven, no angelic song, as to the shepherds around Bethlehem : no sensible intercourse even with God's great Image, to our world. Such manifestations belong to the immature and childish things, which

are put away as manhood comes on ; robes which the truth needed to assume, so that the eyes of men might recognize its divine form, but which it drops, now that the sight is purged to clearer vision. Surely it is something greater to see the Lord *for ever* present, than now and then to wonder at some strange and transitory shadow of his coming. Why ask tabernacle or temple, cloud or light resting on it, when the universe is opened, and it is all one radiant shrine of God? when this very body, no longer a piece of earth, is itself a temple, instinct with Divinity? Here is in very deed Immanuel ; God is actually with us. Here is the Infinite Love. Here is the well-spring ; we draw the healing waters from its depths, and rejoice as they flow forth in everlasting streams. Here is the Resurrection, and we feel that He liveth, not only as the Christ of history, but as the present image of God in our souls. Here is the Life, transcending death, and we feel its pulsations, and walk in its fulness of light. Through the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears, the conflicts and the victories, of this fluctuating state, the immortal energy is made manifest in our mortal body. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." A hearty belief of the ever-watchful presence of the Divine Father will "hush the murmur and the sigh." A calm and soothing voice flows into the soul : "Trust thou for ever in me ; fear never that I shall fail thee ; doubt not the power which strengthens thee, nor the wisdom which enlightens thee. As the light shines into thine eye ; as the sound comes from every side into thine ear ; as the air enters with every breath thou drawest, so come I to the waiting soul ; day-beam in which thou walkest, immortal word to refresh and cheer thee, fountain of thy life and joy. I live, in Me thou livest. Through Me thou hast all."

2. A second want of the age is, *a hearty faith in the presence and work of the Holy Spirit in the churches.* Throughout the churches, into the souls of this age, amidst the loves and the hates, the beliefs and the distrusts, the good works and the evil, the light and the darkness now mingling and surging among men, the Spirit is present, unheeded it may be, yet here alike in the peace and the commotions of mankind, to inspire whatever there is of good, and when the gloom and storm are about us, to go over the highest wave, to soothe the swollen seas, to scatter the clouds and bring back the sun. Let this fact be recognized in all its fulness, and what a shaking will take place in the valley of dry bones. The Holy Spirit, who enlightens, convinces, regenerates, sanctifies and conducts the redeemed soul safely through its multiplied

perils to the promised rest, is ever present and ever working in, and through, and by, a consecrated ministry and a holy, believing, working church.

3. I remark again, we want *a devotion full of cheer*. The monastic piety was full of awe, and much of the piety of this age is full of melancholy. Those old Hebrew Psalms! those prophetic strains of Isaiah, his lips touched with mysterious fire! how they put to shame the dirge-like tunes, and the metaphysical disquisitions of modern choirs and modern pulpits! When amidst the shades of his dimmer faith I hear David uttering and calling forth the rapture, Praise ye the Lord: "Praise the Lord O my soul!" when I listen to his irrepressible and jubilant promise: "While I live will I praise the Lord; I will sing praises unto the Lord while I have any being." When I see him invoking all instruments, all nature and life, the whole universe, to join the great hymn, I can but wonder that we, gladdened by the higher faith and the brighter hope,—we, greeted everywhere by the spirit of love, and looking into the opened heaven, have become so joyless and dark in our religion. The very word has come to be associated with gloom and constraint. The glad tidings seem to have lost their gladness with the lapse of ages; and the breath of sorrow has soiled and stained, if it has not swept away, the holy mirth of a younger devotion. The old word, "there is a great eye; let us tremble," stands even yet untranslated. When shall it read, "the great eye beams with *love*, let us rejoice?" Oh for a universal song of thanksgiving! "Bless Him, ye heavens! Bless Him, thou earth! Bless Him, sun, moon, and stars, in your perpetual courses! Bless Him, nature, through thy manifold voices! Bless Him, *man*, out-flow and image of His being. Bless His holy name from this time forth, and forever more. Amen."

4. Lastly, the age wants, *living deed and not empty speech*. A faith which shall rise from opinion into trust and hope and love; which shall transfigure doctrine into *truth*, and shall make that truth alive through communion with God, and full of power to overcome evil, to enthrone right, and to do good to all. Our towns and cities, our land and the seas, are full of their selfish industries—head, heart and hand toil night and day for ambition, for avarice, for appetite, for pride. How seldom we see souls of the mould we praise so much in ancient story. We hear much of the saints and heroes of old; we famish for the saintly heroes of to-day, the life silently surrendering everything to the spirit of truth; rejecting the gain which comes at the cost of conscience; cruci-

ying every lust of evil, and even turning from friendship and dearest society, when they seduce the soul from its simplicity.

When once man comes to live such a life as this, the heavens are open, his ear hears the voice of the Spirit, his heart is full of love, his hand of kindly deeds. Either in silent waiting he standeth to be bidden on holy errands, or in vigorous work he is gone out as a minister of the Love in which he lives.

W. J. HUNTER.

HOW FOREIGNERS SEE US.

WESTWARD rolls the Star of Empire! And with it a higher and better type of civilization, the rising of a brighter day for the nations. The accumulated experience of the past, the varied lessons of the present history of other peoples, are brought to bear on the development of a new country. And when the progressive nations of this Western world have written the history of another century, (unless healthy progress be hindered or totally prevented by inner corruption, which may be cured,) our cities enlarged and beautified, our towns and villages advanced to cities, our backwoods blessed with a manifold cultivation, our wilderness and forests transformed into homes of comfort and habitations of peace, will mark an era of advance in the world's strange race, which will cast into the shade the nations of the past. A higher mark will be left on the sands of time by the rising tide of public good, and then the ebbing wave will rise higher on the opposite shore, blessing with its reflex influence the home of its birth. The seeds of freedom and advance which have struggled into existence in the hard sod of the old world have been wafted to this Western continent, and have found a welcome in our virgin soil. Here the seed bears already, and will continue to bear more perfectly a noble fruit, and be then transplanted by silent influence to its mother land, now enriched by a crumbled aristocracy, and watered by the blood and tears of the poor, to flourish in still greater beauty and power.

Underneath the disadvantages and drawbacks of our country with which a foreigner is struck at first sight, there is an underlying foundation, and a hidden life, which a longer acquaintance alone will reveal, and which time will make patent to the world. The multifarious ele-

ments of our heterogeneous population must be boiled down, the scum must be removed, the dregs settle to the bottom, and then the crystal beauty will be seen as well as the momentum felt of this stream of national progress.

A foreigner of one of the countries of the continent of Europe hears that there is amongst us no national church, and notices that all the disgraced jail-birds of his country flock to our shores. He reads daily in his paper accounts of riots and murders, robberies and Lynch-law, and makes up his mind that we are the most godless of peoples, and of all nations the least to be trusted. As a rule he has but little conception of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, and the condition of affairs in border States, and in the South, which are detailed in their most repulsive shades, he considers as the normal state of the whole continent. Well armed, he visits our favored land. Sabbath morning he is surprised at the quiet of our streets and the number of church-goers, but wonders at their show and frequent apparent want of devotion. At home the few attend worship, but they are reverent and devout. In the evening the morning scene is repeated. The churches are crowded. At home the churches were never opened on Sabbath evening, unless for a sacred concert or grand oratorio, but the theatres were even more crammed than on a week day. He finds at last that a man dare walk alone in the night, that whole neighborhoods sleep with unbolted doors, and that beggars, and pinching want, excepting in large cities, are rare. He finds, in a word, that a deep and almost universal religious feeling, a hidden inner life-stream, under the surgings of business struggle, regulates the refractory and defends the innocent much better than the endless red-tape and the ubiquitous police of the half-penitentiary he has just left.

Another point which attracts the foreigner's notice is our apparent want of politeness. Not that we are all barbarians in this respect, for even in America, there are the cultivated and the urbane who observe the laws of good breeding. But this has not yet grown into a national characteristic. In Europe you soon wear out the brim of your hat, if your circle of acquaintance is at all large, but here the hat is seldom touched. Take an instance. One of our most talented and well-known public men buys a load of wood in the market. The purchased fuel is duly brought to his door by the good-natured country cousin. A neighbour, just passing, cries out, "Hallo, there! How much for that wood?" "Sold!" is the reply; "the boss over there has bought it,"

pointing to the gentleman standing at the door of his "respectable residence. Now suppose the scene in Europe. This manner of address would there be almost impossible. The neighbour would approach the woodman, and, touching his hat, would politely ask, "Might I be so bold as to ask if this wood is for sale?" "I beg your pardon, sir," the woodman would reply, as he touches his hat, "the master of the house yonder is the purchaser."

"Yer Riverince," of the too often despised, poverty-stricken, unlettered son of Erin; "Monsieur le Pasteur," of the wooden-shod French peasant; "Der Herr Pastor," of the gruff Teuton bauer, show more of a cultivated sentiment of respect and the spirit of the gentleman than is often met with under better clothes in this land of boasted enlightenment and progress. True politeness is not a cringing servility, but is a cheap commodity, which beautifies life, giving it a milder and more home-like tone. Ah! how often the stranger is made to feel his loneliness by an unnecessary careless word or gesture, while a word of kindness, or of mere politeness, would make him feel that a bond of sympathy unites him to his fellow-men, and that he can make a *home* in the untried land.

Another thing that might be noticed, is the strange levelling of all classes, and letting everyone shift for himself, by which personal right is sometimes disregarded. In Europe there is a distinction of classes, and to each belong certain immunities, and to each person, rich or poor, high or low, is secured his own inviolable, traditional and recognized right. This carried to excess leads to fawning sycophancy on the one hand, and to a despicable snobbishness on the other, while our levelling and equalizing too often goes to the other extreme, and the old adage is made law—"Might is right," and "First come first served." Take a very common instance. Here a stage-coach, or omnibus, or railway car, may be packed beyond all legal capacity, without any thought of comfort, and yet new comers are jammed in, and whoever can may get a seat, while the others may look on, envy their more fortunate neighbours, and long for some turn of fortune by which they, too, may rest their weary limbs. In Europe, if the third-class passenger can find no vacant seat in a third-class car, he has a right to a place in the second, or even in the first, but a seat he must have, and no car is compelled to carry more than its legal complement of passengers. When a certain number of passengers are booked for the *diligence* no more are admitted, and a second and even a third carriage will be provided for the extra

travellers. Our theoretical motto seems to be, "Every man is a nobleman," but the practical one rather, "I am a nobleman, and you are a plebeian." Better would it be could we be brought to treat all our fellow-men as God's noblemen, whose respect we must strive to earn.

In these things, and a few others that might be mentioned, we have still much to learn, and learn we can from nations that have borne the yoke of heavy tyranny, and whose scars cover wounds received in battles for manhood's rights. Underneath these few surface drawbacks there moves, however, a hidden life, there works a potent youthful energy. And when our incipient powers are but developed into perfect pinions, our flight will reach a higher summit of nobler fame than our forefathers attained. Canada has an auspicious commencement for a national life. Her territory is vast; her resources are immense; her institutions on a healthy footing; her people are free; her children have advantages surpassed in no country; and, above all, her escutcheon remains unsullied. Let us not despise the lesson which history teaches, and, young-America-like, insist upon first sowing our wild oats, but remember that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is as true of the nation as of the individual. If we sow the seeds of equity and truth, we will reap a rich harvest of honour and peace.

One of the greatest responsibilities of a young country such as Canada, is the proper care of the multitudes of various classes of immigrants who come here to be merged into our nationality and to give a coloring and character to our future history. Nothing will accomplish the work of moulding the varied elements aright as well as a living Christianity. We must get the newly arrived immigrant to leave his vices behind him, and to develop here the higher and better phases of his national peculiarities. Here is a field of study for Church and State, a problem which we must solve by active, earnest work for our Country and our God.

C. S. EBY, B.A.

WALKING WITH GOD.

HOLINESS is not a new doctrine. It is as old as the Bible. Away back at the dawn of history we read of one whose life was an exemplification of all that we mean by perfect love. Though

living in the early twilight of revelation, he grasped, with wonderful clearness of perception, the "central truth," and for more than three hundred years he "walked with God."

There are some things in the circumstances of the period in which Enoch lived which call for a passing remark. Shortly after the crime and punishment of Cain, Seth was born, and these two men became the fountain-heads of two distinct streams of human life. The difference between them, in point of moral character, was very great, and may be accounted for chiefly from the fact that Cain and his descendants dwelt in a land where the knowledge of God was not, while the descendants of Seth still dwelt in the immediate vicinity of Eden, at whose gate the symbol of the Divine presence was seen, and where worship to the true God was offered. The two streams flowed parallel for a time, but, at length overflowed their banks, and began to mingle their waters: "The sons of God (the Sethites) saw the daughters of men (the Cainites) that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." The result of these alliances between the godly and the godless seed was most disastrous. The whole race became so utterly corrupt that God swept them from the earth by the waters of the flood. An historical example, this, enforcing the Apostle's exhortation,—“Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.”

In the line of the Sethites we meet with some bright examples of moral purity and excellence. The seed of the Kingdom—the first fruits of which appear in Seth,—ripens into unlooked-for perfection in the person of Enoch. Though he lived for a period of 365 years, his biography is recorded in a single sentence: "Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him."

This figure of "Walking with God," as representing the higher life of faith, is very expressive. It plainly implies intimate acquaintance with God as a living Person. You cannot "walk," in this sense, with a shadow; you cannot have fellowship with an abstract idea; you can walk only with a living, personal friend. This idea of God as a living Person permeates the Old Testament Scriptures. It was a prominent feature of Jewish belief, and the case of Enoch affords evidence that it was equally prominent in the faith of the Antediluvians. We sometimes fear that this great truth is in danger of being lost. It needs reviving in the *faith* of the Church. There is a spurious philosophy abroad, in which God is an abstraction,—a pantheistic philosophy, in which He is merely the soul of Nature—the animating principle. This

is not the truth of Scripture. There He is represented as the source—the Creator—the Upholder of all things ;—a personal God, distinct from His works, and, to the believer, a personal Friend.

Equally important is it that this truth should be revived in the *experience* of the Church. There is a sentimental piety, in which God is an emotion,—a shadowy something, men know not what ; or an imperfect being, like themselves, who connives at sin, or else is too feeble to punish it. Such piety is weak. It has no real life, and consequently brings “no fruit to perfection.” The Church needs something stronger than this,—more of the “Thou God seest me,” experience ; more of what the Psalmist expressed, “I have set the Lord always before me : because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved ;” more of what is expressed in the familiar hymn :—

“How may I sit at Thy right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.”

To “walk with God,” we must know Him ; for “this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.”

If we would walk with God there must be mutual understanding and mutual confidence. Enoch knew something of God’s plans and purposes, and heartily sympathized with them. He believed in God with all his heart, and to this is attributed that nearness of fellowship whereby he escaped the penalty of death. “By FAITH Enoch was translated, that he should not see death.” Without this harmony of purpose there can be no real fellowship between us and God. “Can two walk together except they be agreed ?” Can “we say that we have fellowship with Him,” and yet “walk in darkness” as regards His will, and out of sympathy with His wise and gracious purposes ? Impossible. If we would walk with God we must be one with Him in these matters, so shall we prove “what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.”

Again, there is implied the unreserved consecration of the life to God’s service. For “walking with God” is not a spasmodic burst of emotional piety ; it is a fixed habit—a constant reference to the Divine will—an undeviating adherence to the right. Such a course can result only from a life that is entirely consecrated to God,—a life that knows no changing purposes or divided interests. In grace, as in nature, every

effect must have an adequate cause. Intimate fellowship with God is not the result of chance. It is a product of "the power that worketh in us mightily," and the design of that working is that we might be led to "present" our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," which is "our reasonable service."

Such walking with God is in itself blessed: it is its own reward. But what comes after? This question is important; for in all that relates to the destinies of the soul, things are to be judged by their ultimate, rather than by their immediate, results. We get the answer in the case of Enoch: "He was not, for God took him." How strikingly this contrasts with what is said of other patriarchs. In each instance the record is reported with strange monotony—"He *lived* . . . he *died*." But of Enoch it is said—"He *walked with God*, and he *was not*, for God took him." The expression is peculiar; and yet it comports exactly with what we may conceive to have been the ideas of death and immortality which prevailed in antediluvian times. It is not at all probable that they understood death as we understand it. Their stand-point was entirely different. To them death was not the end of existence, neither was it the separation of soul from body. It was merely a change of state, a mysterious, ghastly change,—but conveying no idea of absolute termination on the one hand, nor of soul existence, separate from the body, on the other. Hence, when one of their number passed away in a manner different to anything they had ever known, they could not understand it; and so they did not say "He is dead," they said "He is not: God hath taken him." The sense in which the expression is to be received by us is determined by the record in the eleventh of Hebrews, where it is said, "God had *translated* him."

In this connection the question may arise—Why did God take Enoch in this way? Perhaps it was intended partly as a mark of signal favor to a godly man. He "walked with God," and as a token of the Divine approbation he escaped the bitterness and humiliation of death. Will anyone ask, Why does not God show similar favor now? So He does. True, He does not translate men to heaven, but He brings heaven down into the soul. He gives such fulness of grace that glory is begun below. Think of Wesley crying, "The best of all is, God is with us;" think of Fletcher, with his seraphic face, exclaiming, "O for a gust of praise to send His love to the ends of the earth;" think of Alfred Cookman, with his triumphant testimony,—"*I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in*

the blood of the Lamb," and say is it not true that while the *fact* of death remains, the *sting* of death is gone, and the victory of the grave overcome by the clearness with which life and immortality are brought to light.

But I think the chief reason why God took Enoch in this way was to throw light upon a dark problem. Immortality was a truth not yet understood. The Patriarchs lived long, but they died at last. There seemed to be a perpetual struggle towards immortal life, followed by perpetual disappointment. God "took" Enoch, to show that the present life was not all, as probably the Antediluvians thought; that there was happy existence elsewhere, and that the condition of reaching it was walking closely with God. It was the first flash of light breaking through the darkness, telling of an immortal life beyond.

This bright example of primitive holiness may serve to remind us that to walk with God is possible. If it be not so, there must be a reason for it, and that reason must be sought either in the will of God, or in the circumstances of men. That the will of God is all on the side of holiness, all will readily admit. What, then, is there in the circumstances of man's birth, depravity, education or surroundings, that can absolutely prevent this intimate fellowship with God? It may be said that there can be no fellowship between the holy and the unholy; but if the Holy One hath revealed a way whereby our unholiness may be purged away,—if "for this" very "purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil,"—then the whole case as regards circumstances is changed, and "all things" become "possible to him that believeth."

Such a walk is unspeakably safe and blessed. This is the "Way of Holiness," and "no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon." "The redeemed shall walk there," and they shall walk beneath "the shadow of the Almighty," in closest fellowship "with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ." This is the life to which all Christians are called, and for the realization of which abundant provision has been made. The end of all such will be glorious, for though they may not, like Enoch, be "translated that they should not see death," yet, living in the border land of heaven, death for them will have no terrors, and when their hour shall come to pass away, their

"—Souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love."

A. SUTHERLAND.

SOCIOLOGY.

The International Scientific Series. The Study of Sociology. BY HERBERT SPENCER. *New York.* D. APPLETON, & Co.

THE International Scientific Series is composed of works written by eminent men in different countries. It has been undertaken by a great American Publishing House, unsurpassed in resource and enterprise, and which thoroughly studies the drift of the age in order to meet its demands. As the Series, even if not introduced into our schools, will yet be widely read by our people, there is perhaps no literary enterprise of the day which should be so carefully examined and so fully understood. Parents and teachers have a special interest in it. From the treatises of many eminent writers we have selected the recent work of Mr. Herbert Spencer, as strikingly fitted to exhibit the aim and scope of the International Scientific Series.

The volume we propose to examine becomes still more interesting because it is the *avant courier* of a mighty army, drilling and marshaling behind it for the purpose of demolishing fossilized superstitions, and establishing a new era of scientific and social truth. Mr. Spencer is engaged,

“With the aid of three educated gentlemen in his employ, in collecting and organizing the facts concerning all orders of human societies, which must constitute the data of a true Social Science. He tabulates these facts so as conveniently to admit of extensive comparison, and gives the authorities separately. He divides the races of mankind into three great groups: the savage races, the existing civilizations, and the extinct civilizations, and to each he devotes a series of works. The first instalment, *The Sociological History of England*, in seven continuous tables, folio, with seventy pages of verifying text, is now ready.”

It is not, therefore, unnatural that we should examine carefully a popular work evidently prepared to announce and introduce the more ponderous labors of this new Hercules who is to cleanse our world from its old errors.

Mr. Spencer shows in the present volume, by way of illustration, rather than argument, the need, the nature, the difficulties and the preparations for the study of Social Science. He enters especially into the discussion of various embarrassments—objective and subjective—intellectual and emotional—arising from the bias of Education, of Patriotism, of Class, of Politics, of Theology, and then shows the peculiar discipline necessary for the mastery of his subject, and particularly the knowledge of Biology and Psychology, which it requires. His conclusion is a compact summary of all that precedes in the volume.

If we have really succeeded in penetrating to the heart of the great enterprise contemplated by Mr. Spencer, we would say that its design is to develop a new Social Science from the theory of Evolution. We understand him as asserting that the System of M. Comte was funda-

mentally defective in its ignorance of this doctrine. He says in regard to the French Philosopher :—

“ Nor did he arrive at that conception of the Social Science which alone fully affiliates it upon the simpler sciences—the conception of it as an account of the most complex forms of that continuous redistribution of matter and motion which is going on universally. Only when it is seen that the transformations passed through during the growth, maturity, and decay of a society conform to the same principles as do the transformations passed through by aggregates of all orders—inorganic and organic—only when it is seen that the process is in all cases similarly determined by forces, and is not scientifically interpreted until it is expressed in terms of these forces—only then is there reached the conception of Sociology as a Science in the complete meaning of the word.”

From this and other passages of Mr. Spencer's book, it is to be clearly inferred that his whole system is to be based on the conception that from force and matter have been evolved all individual and all social life. Now, surely, a Philosophy of Society intended for the practical guidance of men should have for its foundation only established truth. Can our English sage demonstrate that from force and matter have been derived the units and the aggregates of social phenomena? Will he show us in his promised volumes, whence sprang the elements of the universe? Or given to him their existence and their motion, will he affirm it to be proven that they could arrange themselves into forms, exhibiting an infinite beauty, and variety, and wisdom? Does he undertake to say that all the questions discussed by the Oriental, and Greek, and Roman Philosophies during ages, and which, where the Bible is not accepted, excite the modern world just as they agitated the ancient, are so absolutely put to rest by his arguments, or his dicta, that the old Materialism shall be a basis for the new Sociology? To convince our times on this point is the first step in the gigantic labor he has imposed on himself. This alone, we should consider a work sufficient to occupy a philosopher during all his days. It is no slight task to demonstrate that from force and matter have been evolved design, order, life, thought, emotion, will—the universe. It is no slight task to suppress the very protests of the human soul. The man who makes this first Herculean labor a mere preliminary of his enterprise must be, in his own estimation, a young god.

Nor when the universe has been developed and arranged, is Mr. Spencer willing to permit anything but the powers of nature to carry it forward in its vast and complicated movements. He brings Mr. Gladstone to an account for venturing to speak of a Providence. We do not propose to discuss the question whether all things are created and conserved by the ordinations of a personality infinite in being, and power, and wisdom. To avow our Atheism would, in many circles, add to our influence. This much we may dare to affirm without overwhelming criticism—there are yet two sides to the question. And we may ask, what are we to think of a Sociology in an International Series, to be taught in our schools and to be read by our people, which is to expel

from the world the very notion of a Providence? Practical Social Science should rest on admitted truth. Is it admitted truth that there is no superintending Deity? Has Mr. Spencer determined that question? Are his dicta sufficient without his arguments? If our author were content to meet the issue by patient investigations rather than by sneers and assertions, he might find that a second Herculean labor would be needed to construct the very threshold of his edifice.

But we are also forced to the painful conviction that Christianity, in any fair acceptation of the word, is to be eliminated from the new Science. This follows from the scheme of Evolution indicated as the germ from which all is developed. If we comprehend the drift and spirit of this book, it takes for granted that Christianity, except possibly in its moral teachings, is an exploded superstition. It is insinuated or asserted that its great central truths are to be ranked with the myths of the ages. Again and again they are treated with the most undisguised scorn and contempt. Does Mr. Spencer believe that the supernatural in Christianity is accepted without proof? Does he imagine that the long line of the philosophers, and scholars, and statesmen of England, some of whom are possibly his equals in genius and learning, have believed the Bible as a mere tradition of their ancestors? Does he not know that all men of intelligence who receive the Scriptures, ground their faith on their arguments? Their appeal for proof is always to their Reason. A mighty system of Evidences, around which has been gathered so much British intellect and scholarship, is not to be set aside by mere sneers. Will Mr. Spencer found his Sociology on conceptions at eternal war with the Scriptures, and venture no reasoning whatever on a subject so nearly touching mankind? Would not investigation here drive him into those fields of Theology he so much dreads, and of which he is so mournfully ignorant? Might it not pile on him a third Herculean labor, and defer indefinitely the appearance of his ponderous volumes? If he does not believe that there were giants in the past days, he certainly thinks there is one giant in his own.

But suppose Mr. Spencer has succeeded in his introductory task. Let it be granted that he has demonstrated that the universe has been evolved from force and matter. Let it be granted that the whole scheme of things is carried forward, not by a divine personality, but by natural powers. Let it be granted that Christianity has been sneered, or ridiculed, or argued into a childish myth to be rejected by the manhood of our world. All this being accomplished, there remains a fourth Herculean labor—also merely preparatory to the great work—sufficient to startle any mortal but a Spencer or a Comte.

Our author points out with unexpected clearness, the subtle influence of distorting prejudices arising from the intellect, and the emotions, traceable to education, to patriotism, to class, to politics, to theology. He exhibits the discipline necessary to the mastery of Social Science. He sketches the advantages for its study to be derived from a knowlege

of Biology and Psychology. Indeed, the principal part of his book is occupied with illustrations, often loose, remote, and inapt, of the monstrous discouragements in the pursuit of the new philosophy. Never have we traveled over more dismal and arid wastes; sands, rocks, mountains, piled into the heavens. If so much preparation is required by the disciple, how mighty must be the accomplishments of the master! In that conquest of prejudices he describes as essential to a correct Social Science, our author would require a life prolonged through a century, with the daring of an Alexander, the powers of an Aristotle, and the sincerity of a Paul.

The truth is, Mr. Spencer has attempted impossibilities, and seems amusingly ignorant of the immense difficulties of his task, and his own incompetency for its accomplishment. The work he contemplates is both a Cyclopædia in the area of its facts, and in the extent of its principles a Universal Philosophy. It embraces all history, all science, all theology. It comprehends man in every individual and social relation. It would set aside God, Creation, Providence, Christianity. It would formulate and tabulate every phenomenon of body and of spirit in equations of force and matter. It implies the mastery of all subjects, abstract and concrete, within the possible range of the human intelligence. The audacity which could conceive such a work is stupendous. The credulity which can glorify such a teacher is astounding.

It is refreshing to know that Mr. Spencer has no faith in the practical success of his own efforts. To attempt to abolish God from the universe and religion from the consciousness; to divest man of his responsibility and of his immortality; to resolve all phenomena, even of life and intelligence, into modifications of force and matter; to change the beliefs, the hopes, the motives, the customs, the laws of millions of mankind, our author, in a lucid interval, perceives to be no slight undertaking, even for himself. We cannot but infer this universal wreck to be his aspiration, if not his expectation, and we are confident that most disastrous would be the result to thousands of our people, if the International Scientific Series should succeed in obtaining a wide circulation for the works of Herbert Spencer alone. If we might use an expression which is a seeming contradiction, we would say that his book was the forerunner of a Gospel of Atheism. Can the author prove it otherwise? He shall have an opportunity in the pages of this Review.

But as we remarked, Mr. Spencer, after all, despairs that his designs can be accomplished. We think he will achieve more injury than he imagines. We will, however, let him speak for himself:—

“The only reasonable hope is, that *here and there one* may be led, in calmer moments, to remember how largely his beliefs about public matters have been made for him by circumstances, and how probable it is that they are either untrue or partially true. When he reflects on the doubtfulness of the evidence which he generalizes, collected hap-hazard from a narrow area—when he counts up the perverting sentiments fostered in him by education, country, class, party, creed—when, observing those around, he sees that from other evidence and sentiments partially unlike his

own, there result unlike views ; he may occasionally recollect how largely mere accidents have determined his convictions. Recollecting this, he may be induced to hold these convictions not quite so strongly, may see the need for criticism of them, with a view to revision, and, above all, may be somewhat less eager to act in pursuance of them."

This passage—like water after flames—proves the practical inefficiency of Mr. Spencer's philosophy in producing in its author the modest and magnanimous spirit implied in his smooth words. Had this been the happy effect on himself, he would never have rushed forth on his *Rozinante* to conquer superstitions in so loose an armor—not the *Hercules*, but the *Don Quixote* of his age. M. Comte, a few years since, rode into the lists equally confident and equally encumbered. We venture to predict that with him Mr. Spencer will eventually figure on the pages of some Cervantes of scientific romance.

The Positive Philosophy of M. Comte was to be perpetuated by a sort of Scientific Hierarchy. All nationalities were to be dissolved, and from Paris, as a centre, three Bankers were to rule the world, while a Grand Pontiff of Philosophy was to give Positivism as a law to mankind. When we travel over the monotonous wastes of the book of Mr. Spencer ; when we mark his attempts to sweep away from our world all that ennobles human existence ; when we notice his efforts to grasp all knowledge and impose his dicta on mankind, we cannot but think the Papacy of Materialism has transferred its throne to London. We decidedly prefer the French savan to the English sage. M. Comte centered the authority of his system in an organization embracing others. Mr. Spencer seems to be the sole oracle and the sole lawgiver.

If we examine that part of his book relating to Discipline we have a key to his mental peculiarities. The only studies he recommends are the Abstract and the Physical Sciences. Man—with all his hopes, desires, passions, yearnings, aspirations—with his mighty impulses and his infinite capacities—is to be contemplated simply from the standpoint of the Mathematician and the Physicist, and to be formulated like an atom or a force.

However we may differ from Mr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley, we recognize in them original genius and a mastery over special subjects. Mr. Spencer, however, in his efforts to acquire everything, has mastered nothing. His powers of suction are enormous. Illustrations drawn from a wide circle of knowledge flow from his pen with the facility of oil, and with something of its diffusiveness and opacity. But he is no exception to the law that what is gained in breadth is lost in depth. He staggers under the burdens of his acquisitions, wandering uncertainly amid the mazes of the universe without any guide but his own puzzled spirit, and eager to drag others into his darkness. After all he will have to learn that only a specialist can be a vigorous and independent thinker. Hundreds of obscure men in the domain of politics and theology smile at his crude ignorances. A few years at the Bar or in the House of Commons would make him ridicule the absurdity of his own grand

attempts. He may, with the assistance of three clerks, or a dozen clerks, compile his Cyclopædias, and set the world in a doze, but he will never be the founder of an original and enduring Social Science.

We may say in conclusion that never had atheism such an opportunity. Christian publishers give to the world its theories of materialism. Christian booksellers vend them. Christian people buy them. How generous and sublime this confidence in the truth! The occupants of the citadel furnish the artillery for its overthrow. That particular battery we have been examining consists of guns which, under the flying colors of Popular Science, have been during a year making their monthly discharges.—*International Review*.

Studies for Preachers.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

FOR some time past we have contemplated the introduction of this department into our Magazine, but have been hindered by want of space. The era of enlargement having come, we are enabled to carry out our design. The range of topics will be as wide as the space at our command will permit, embracing Homiletics, Biblical Criticism, Exegesis, etc. We trust our brethren will give us their aid in the form of sermon outlines, notes on texts, brief papers on doctrinal topics, expositions of particular passages, &c., &c. Our aim is to produce something that will be useful to Local Preachers and junior Ministers, and anything that will tend to this result will be cordially welcomed.

Criticism and Exegesis.

THE GOSPEL IN ISAIAH.

ALL intelligent readers of Isaiah are aware that the closing twenty-seven chapters of this book, from chap. xl. onwards, form a single great prophecy, the subject of which is the Servant of Jehovah, who can say with a perfect heart, "I delight to do thy will, O my God."

This prophecy does not flow on in continuous, unbroken order, like a history, but has sudden transitions and returnings; and it is only after prolonged and patient study that the first sense of confusedness is got over, and we perceive its magnificent and harmonious completeness. It divides into three portions, or "books," of nearly equal length, each comprising nine chapters. The first book closes with the words. "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked" (xlviii. 22); the second book closes in like manner, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (lvii. 21); at the close of the third book, the woe unto the wicked is broadened out, "Their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh" (lxvi. 24.)

Each of the three books of this great prophecy has its distinct keynote. That of the first is deliverance from captivity; that of the second, the vicarious suffering of Jehovah's Servant, bringing in salvation; that of the third, the mercies of the future. One name is heard throughout, now in a low-breathed undertone, now clear and full-voiced—"My Servant whom I uphold; my Chosen One in whom My soul delighteth."

None of the books is complete in itself, or can be taken alone; each requires the other two—as the tubes of a telescope must all be pulled out to the proper point for perfect vision. In the first book, that which lay nearest to the prophet's time is most largely presented, while yet he sees to the distant end; in the third, the distant is most fully dwelt on, though the eye sweeps over the foreground of the nearer also.

The first book consists of nine chapters, going (according to the thought) into three threes, and corresponding pretty nearly to the division in our English Bibles; the second consists of nine chapters; and so also the third; twenty-seven chapters in all.

The fifty-third chapter is thus the middle chapter of the middle book of this great prophecy. It is, in reality, the heart of the prophetic writings of the Old Testament. It is prophecy in its highest mood, concerned with its noblest theme. In other places we find outline, or touch, or feature in keeping with what is here; but nowhere else so complete and finished a portraiture. The hints of One passing through shame and suffering as a "Man of sorrows," which elsewhere appear as "dark sayings," here kindle into one great life-filled picture, in which we see not only his surpassing sorrow, but also the mystery of its cause and meaning, and the glory which finally bursts from its bosom. As has been so often pointed out, the chapter really begins with lii. 13, and thus consists of fifteen verses. The following table exhibits the division to the eye:—

CHAP.	CHAP.	CHAP.
{ xl.	{ xlix.	{ lviii.
{ xli.	{ l.	{ lix.
{ xlii.—xliii. 13.	{ li.	{ lx.
{ xliii. 14—xliv. 5.	{ lii. 1—12.	{ lxi.
{ xliv. 6—23.	{ liii.	{ lxii.
{ xliv. 24—xlv. 25.	{ liv.	{ lxiii. 1—6.

CHAP.

{ xlv.
xlvii.
xlviii.

CHAP.

{ lv.
lvi. 1-8.
lvi. 9-lvii. 21.

CHAP.

{ lxiii. 7-lxiv. 12.
lxv.
lxvi.

Thus it appears that the words which bring us so near the very heart of the gospel, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed," form the middle verse of the middle chapter of the middle book of this great prophecy, and are, as it were, the *axis* round which the whole prophecy revolves.* Is this accident, or shall we recognise "the finger of God" in it?

OUTLINES.

EMBLEMS OF GOD.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Psalm. lxxxiv. 11.

SIMONIDES, a heathen philosopher, being asked to describe God, requested a week in which to think of it; after that a month; then a year; and at last declined the task, saying the more he thought of so great a Being, the less able he was to describe him. Such must always be the result when unaided reason seeks to comprehend God. "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection," &c—(Job xi. 7-9).

In revelation and in Christ God is made known. "The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."—(John i. 18.) The beloved disciple, in two brief sentences, has set forth all that we can know of the Father;—"God is light;" "God is Love." His essence is "light," His nature "love."

The Oriental mind delights in symbol and metaphor, hence in the Old Testament many figures are employed to represent different aspects of the Divine character. Thus He is called a Rock; a High Tower, a Refuge, a Horn of Salvation, &c. In the text, two other figures are employed: a "Sun," and a "Shield."

The text suggests a two-fold line of thought:—

I. WHAT GOD IS TO HIS PEOPLE.

I. God is a Sun.—Conveys the idea of glory—splendor. The sun is the most glorious object within the range of our vision; but the sun is a shadow when compared with its Creator. "Show me your God," said a

* Compare that touching song of Hebrew patriotism, the 137th Psalm, and mark how the name *Jerusalem*, which is in the heart of the singer, is also in the heart of the song—the middle word of the middle verse.

Heathen tyrant. "Let us begin with one of his Ministers," answered the Christian, and then bade him look upon the sun in his noonday brightness. But, further, the sun is

(1.) *The Source of Light.*—The presence of the sun makes day, and where he is there is gladness. A vivid picture of a world without a sun is given in Byron's "Vision of Darkness." God is the source of intellectual as well as spiritual light; and one of the most delightful declarations of the Word is this: "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

(2.) *The Source of Fruitfulness.*—Without the genial sunshine, vain were the labors of the husbandman: no golden harvest or purple vintage would reward his toil. Without the presence and power of God, "no fruits of holiness" would "on our dead souls be found."

(3.) *The Source of Power.*—The sun is, under God, the ultimate source of nearly all forms of physical power. The winds that waft the swift ships, are the result of the sun's action upon the atmosphere; the flowing stream is the result of the sun's action in gathering up the vapors that afterwards fell upon the hills; the energy of steam is but the heat of the sun that for ages past has been stored up in the coal measures, and in the forests that crown the hills. Nowhere can we escape from this all-pervading power. He who unveiled this truth made a grand discovery; but a grander was made by him who said,—"God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God." The ancient ~~Horacian~~ Th emblem of the Divine power was a sun with three rays; one shining upon an iceberg and melting it; another upon a rock, and dissolving it; the third upon a dead body, and raising it to life.

2. *God is a Shield.*—A Shield in ancient times was a piece of defensive armor.

(1.) *It defended the Warrior in the day of Battle.*—So God defends his people against the fiery darts of the wicked.

(2.) *It Sheltered the Weak and Defenceless.*—Often in the day of battle would it be held over some wounded warrior to shelter him from the weapons of his foes. God is a "Shield." He shelters the helpless, and protects "the weakest believer that hangs upon Him."

II. WHAT GOD DOES FOR HIS PEOPLE.

1. *He gives.*—Salvation is free. It is not a right to be claimed, nor wages to be earned; it is a gift to be received. God is a king: He gives royally.

2. *He gives Grace.*—Pardoning grace—sanctifying grace—preserving grace—restoring grace—grace suited to every possible emergency.

3. *He gives Glory.*—High spiritual enjoyment here: the unclouded light of His countenance hereafter.

4. *He withholds no Good Thing.*—Remember! it is only *good things* that are promised. Is anything withheld? Be assured it was not good for you.

III. WHO ARE HIS PEOPLE ?

Those "who walk uprightly ;"—who walk according to a certain rule.—
Now walking implies :

1. Activity.
2. Progress.
3. Consistency—"uprightly."

LEARN.—I. The way of duty is the way of safety and blessing.

2. "Godliness is profitable unto all things."

S.

 THE OLD PATHS.

"Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—
Jer. vi. 16

A CHARACTERISTIC of the age is the overturning of old foundations. In science and philosophy many principles formerly held have been found to be untenable, and have been abandoned. This has led to doubt in more important matters. On every hand men are asking, "what is truth?" but the motives which prompt the question are various. Some ask *sneeringly* ; they "seek the young child to destroy it ;" some ask *despairingly* ; they have been disappointed in so many things that hope is well-nigh dead ; some ask *anxiously* ; their hearts are troubled and they long for rest. How shall we convince the sceptical—enlighten the despairing—guide the perplexed ? God answers,—“Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths.”

I. THE WAY WHEREIN WE MUST WALK.

“The old paths.” In human nature there is a tendency to declension, especially in spiritual things. How shall we guard against it ? By looking for new truths ? Nay ; but by reverting to first principles. What is God's way of peace to-day ? Just the same as it always was.

1. *It is revealed only in God's Word.*—Not in human speculation,—not in science or philosophy, but in God's Book. That Book shows it to be

2. *The way of Repentance.*—This is the first step in the “old paths.” So Job understood it, when he said “I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes ;” so David understood it, when he said, “I will declare mine iniquity ; I will be sorry for my sin ;” so Joel :—“Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning ;” so John the Baptist : “Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand ;” so Peter : “Repent and be baptized . . . for the remission of sins.”

3. *The way of Prayer.*—Jacob wrestling with the angel—Job in his calamity—David—Daniel—Jesus—Paul—all these trod the way of prayer.

4. *The way of Faith.*—“Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness;” Daniel trusted in his God that He would deliver him; Jesus taught his disciples to “have faith in God;” and Paul taught that “without faith it is impossible to please Him.”

5. *The way of Obedience.*—“Walk therein.” “Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?” “He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.”

6. *The way of Holiness.*—Enoch walked with God. David prayed, “create in me a clean heart.” Ezekiel spake by the word of the Lord,—“Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean,” &c. Jesus taught, “Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.” Paul exhorts to follow “holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord,” and John testifies that “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”

II. THE MANNER OF SEEKING IT.

1. *Stand in the Way.*—Put ourselves in a position to receive light. Open our hears; investigate candidly. This implies:

2. *Earnest Attention.*—“See.” Giving “earnest heed to the things which we have heard.”

3. *Reverent Investigation.*—“Ask.” But whom shall I ask? *Those who have travelled the way.* Above all, ask God to lead you into the “old paths.”

III. THE BLESSING PROMISED—“REST.”

1. *Rest from Speculative Doubts.*

2. *From an Accusing Conscience.*

3. *From Apprehensions of Judgment.*

4. *From fear of Death.*

Why have you not this rest? You have been out of the way; get back to first principles. Remember the holy ones of old; and follow them as they followed Christ.

S.

MARK vi. 37.—“Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?” Two hundred pennyworth was about £6 9s. 2d. of our money, which, in that country and age, was a large sum, because it was a sum fitted for various purposes, as a virgin’s dowry, fine for assault, &c.; and hence it became a proverbial expression to denote a large sum of money.

MARK vi. 40.—“And they sat down in ranks by hundreds and by fifties.” They sat down in ranks of squares, behind one another, like the seed-beds of a garden, as the word signifies, by hundreds and fifties; so that they could be thus more easily served and correctly counted.

HINTS AND HELPS.

HOW TO MAKE MEETINGS ATTRACTIVE.

1. *Get the people close together.*—Do not let them be scattered over a large place as if they were afraid of coming near the leader, or of touching one another. If we want to make a fire burn, we lay the sticks close together; they warm and kindle up one another.

2. *Let the meeting-place be well ventilated.*—People often fall asleep, not under what is said to them, but from want of fresh air. Let the place be well lighted and comfortably warm.

3. *Have some good singing.*—I do not object to the Psalms, nor to the favourite hymns we all so love, such as "Rock of Ages," etc., but do not let us have these *always*. Freshness and variety are attractive. There is no one I like to see so well as my wife, but I like to see other people besides. A good new hymn is often of great use; even a new hymn book once and again. Plenty of good singing enlivens the services, and makes young people like to come again.

4. *When we have special meetings, let us have SPECIAL prayer.*—We meet for an object—let us keep to that object. If a lot of commercial men had a meeting to discuss insurance, and one began to talk about temperance, he would be at once called to order. That was not what they met for. If a bill were before Parliament, and a man rose to speak, do you think he would be suffered to ramble about any bill whatever which had been discussed during the last sixteen hundred years? No; he must speak to the matter before the house, or else sit down. So if men meet to pray for the revival of God's work in Scotland or elsewhere, let them stick to the point, and not scatter over all manner of subjects.

5. *Let requests be received for special cases.*—A mother's for her family, a brother's for his sister, and so on; and thanksgivings too. If a father gives thanks for the conversion of a son, does it not stir up another father to ask prayer for his? And why not let the lad tell his own experience? We have more than one instance of this in Scripture. It would

not hurt Presbyterians had they a little more of this kind of thing,—something of the freedom of their Methodist brethren.

6. *Let the minister or leader presiding do little more than give the key-note to the service.*—Do not let him kill it with a long address. Let him say what he has to say, and get out of the way, that there may be room for others to follow.

7. *It is well to give out the NEXT subject at the previous meeting.*—It gives members time to think and read about it—to talk about it in their families or elsewhere. In this way many will have a word to say, and you may get no lack of friends to take part, if it be only to give an idea, to read a promise, and to say how it has been blessed to them. But all must be *short*. If one brother prays for fifteen minutes, and another brother for fifteen more, there will be time for little besides. Let the briefest word be encouraged and said *at once*, without fear of its being counted an interruption.

8. *Do not scold the people who have come because the rest have not come;* though if you could get the absentees by themselves, by all means give it to them. But if we find that people do not come, it is often the worthy minister's fault. If he gives a dry, wearisome talk, those who come once will not come again. Make it *interesting*, and those who come once will come back. If there were stiffness and formality *here*, you would soon cease coming. It must be taken out of the meeting, or it will smother it. There is generally plenty of talent to keep the meeting going. Here in Edinburgh we have more of it round us every day than we can use. But it is not always talent that does best: I have never felt my heart more full in this place than under the few words which our coloured brother (one of the Jubilee Singers) spoke to us the other day.

9. *If we are discouraged, do not let any one know it.*—Let others pray. If we are not in heart to pray, let us leave it to others. If we are gloomy, our gloom will be contagious. Let us keep it to ourselves.

10. *Do not have more than two prayers consecutively.*—If there be more, or many,

we get wearied ; let us vary with a hymn, then an incident. or a word upon a text. So we shall keep moving right along all the time. Many have musical talent ; let them train and use it for Christ. What blessed help we have had from the Jubilee Singers, who not long ago were all slaves, and are now singing so sweetly of Jesus, and trying to lift up their race. Many Christians have talents to sing as sweetly as they, if they would only cultivate them so as to use them for Christ.

11. *Do not let us have a formal address.*—A brother begins, "Now I am going to address you," and then perhaps a long preamble. We get frightened at the beginning, and tired before the end. Let men condense, say what they have to say, and make way for others.

12. *Have the meeting short.*—If men are tired, they will not come back again. Better send them away hungry. If the interest continues for an hour keep it up for an hour; if for half an hour it is then time to stop. Keep your hand upon its pulse and make good use of every minute; and do not let us think it less interesting because *we* do not take part in it. There was an old deacon in our country, very prosy, who used to tire the people. When asked how the meeting had got on, he would say, "Oh, a splendid meeting." None but himself felt it so; but then *he* had spoken.

13. *Avoid discussion.*—If a man brings in a controverted question, *do not allow it.* Do not rereve him on the spot, but take him private and advise him.

14. *If we cannot get members to take part, go and speak to them about it in private.*—"Can't we make the meeting more interesting? Couldn't you say a word?" "No, no, I have never been accustomed to it." "Well, you'll never begin any sooner. Mightn't you try?"

15. *Be sure and throw the meeting open half the time.*—Let any one speak and pray, who has a word or a petition. If I go with a burden laid upon my heart, which I wish to be removed, if one or two take all the time, I have no opportunity. The Spirit has been working, and is not the Spirit grieved? His working is hindered.

16. *Be punctual.*—If I advertise a meeting for twelve o'clock, let me keep to the hour. If I do not begin till ten minutes

past, I break my promise. Is it honest for Christian men to do so? And *close punctually.* Business men count upon that.

17. Lastly. *Seek to make sure that in going to the meeting you are going to it in the Spirit.*—There are times when one cannot feel this, but since I began so to work, I can say that I never went to such a meeting *in the Spirit*, and came away disappointed.—D. L. MOODY.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.—The practice of reading an entire sermon from the pulpit prevailed nowhere before the Reformation, and since that period has prevailed only in Great Britain and America. Many homilies of Origen, Cyril, Gregory Nazianzen, Basil, Aticlus, were not written until they were taken down from the lips of the preacher by the (short hand) writers who heard them. Historians tell us that Chrysostom often preached [extemporaneously]. Augustine sometimes preached on themes suggested at the moment by other persons, by the reader of the scriptural lesson, who himself occasionally chose the lesson on which the Father was immediately to discourse. On a certain occasion Augustine requested a particular psalm to be read, but a different psalm was read by mistake, and he preached upon the latter instead of the former on which he had prepared himself. His homiletical rules intimate that he favoured the extemporaneous method. Thus he remarks that the hearers of a sermon are accustomed to signify by their movements whether or not they understand it; and until the preacher perceives that they do understand it, he should repeat in various forms what he has said already; but adds: ["Which they have not the power to do, who speak matter retained in the memory and repeated verbatim."]

Tully's celebrated Address to Catiline was not more obviously extemporaneous than were many passages in the Mediaeval sermons. Of the Reformers, Calvin frequently, Luther still more frequently, preached without notes. Among the French orators, Bossuet in large part, and Fenelon almost altogether, dispensed with the manuscript. Of the English and American divines, nearly all the most eloquent preachers in the Baptist and

Methodist denominations, and many among the Presbyterian and Congregational, have abstained occasionally or habitually from reading their discourses. The extemporaneous eloquence of the bar and the senate is not necessarily either superficial or peurile. With few exceptions, that of the ancient pulpit was equal to that of the Bema or the Rostrum. There is no reason why that of modern preachers should not be as instructive and dignified as that of modern civilians and jurists.—*Professor Park in Bibliotheca Sacra.*

We need, not simply men of culture, who shall stand in prominent places; we need ordinary folk, like you and myself. We need men who have never been to college, as you and I have never been; men who put their ears down to the great pulsing heart of humanity, urged to do it simply by the desire to achieve some good in the world. And I honestly believe, friends, that this cramming of the head with Latin and Greek is not half as good as a speck of the Holy Ghost. You may talk as much as you please about culture; what Unitarians want is consecration. Cultured or unlettered, rich or poor, you need it, and if you can find a ploughboy who has a heart in him, put him into his place, as the Catholics do, as the Methodists do.—*Hepworth.*

PRAYER.—Has not the Church almost to learn yet what is the power of prayer? What conception have we of believing prayer, before which mountains depart? What of persevering prayer, which causes us to stand continually upon the watch-tower in the day-time, and which sets us in our ward whole nights? What of importunate prayer, which storms heaven with its violence and force? What of united prayer, gathering us together to ask help of the Lord? What of consistent prayer, which regards no iniquity in our hearts? What of practical prayer, which fulfils itself?

Let but such prayers be understood, let our spirit but break with such longing and the expectations of our bosoms shall not be delayed. "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

HINTS TO PREACHERS.—And I said to Parson Bolles: "Parson, if you pulpit folks could set off godliness, and show how it would work well, wherever folks had a mind to put it, as well as those fellows set off one o' their machines, there'd be a lookin'-up in meetin'-house matters. Astonishin' how they talk. There was a man with Wood's mower would ha' you think there never was such a mower; and when we got clear o' him there was a man with a Clipper who made out his'n the best, jist as clear; and then we come upon the Buckeye, and there it was again; there warn't anything like that. But when the last man heard I had one to home he stopped off short, s' much's to say: 'No kind o' need o' wastin' talk on you.' There's another lesson for you," says I, "Parson. It seems to me you waste a good deal o' powder on a good set o' folks, deacons and such; but what you want is, to save up your talkin' strength to wrap in the outsiders."—*Hearth and Home.*

Prayer is a preparation for danger, it is the armour for battle. Go not, my Christian brother, into the dangerous world without it. It is no marvel if that day in which you suffer drowsiness to interfere with prayer, be a day on which you betray Christ by cowardice and soft shrinking from duty. Let it be a principle through life, moments of prayer intruded upon by sloth cannot be made up. We may get experience, but we cannot get back the rich freshness and the strength which were wrapped up in these moments.

Every period of human life has its own lesson, and you cannot learn that lesson in the next period. The boy has one set of lessons to learn, and the young man another, and the grown-up man another. Let us consider one single instance. The boy has to learn docility, gentleness of temper, reverence, submission. All those feelings which are to be transferred afterwards in full cultivation to God—like plants nursed in a hot-bed and then planted out—are to be cultivated first in youth. Afterwards those habits, which have been merely habits of obedience to an earthly parent, are to become religious submission to a heavenly parent.

Topics of the Day.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The first General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada, which met in the city of Toronto on the 16th of September, and concluded its sittings on the 2nd of October, has come and gone so quietly we can scarcely realize that any thing of great significance or moment has occurred. Its proceedings were attended with so little friction, the results of its deliberations have proved so generally acceptable, and things have gone on in all the circuits and congregations so smoothly and so much after their accustomed fashion, it is hard for us to look upon it as anything more than a very ordinary event. And yet nothing that has marked the progress of Methodism in this country in all the past, is at all comparable with it. It forms an epoch in the history of this great denomination. With it a chapter of deep and thrilling interest has been finished, and a new one has been commenced. We know something of the relation which it sustains to the past, but what its influence upon the future will be, the developments of time, alone, will determine. Whether for better or for worse, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that an entirely new order of things has been inaugurated ; that this great Church which, though in its comparative infancy, has, by the mercy of God, been the instrument of accomplishing such great things in forming the character, and, indirectly, in moulding the institutions of this New Nationality, has not only received a new name, but an entirely new constitution ; that, in fact, it has entered upon a new phase of existence from which it is impossible for it ever to recede so as to become again, at least in external organization, what it has been in the past. In obedience to the inevitable operation of the law of progress it has moved on, and in proportion to the confidence which we have in that law, will we be disposed to regard this *new departure* in the history of Canadian Methodism with satisfaction and hope.

This General Conference, with all that is implied in its existence, is not to be regarded merely as the result of the negotiations for union which had been going on during the last few years between the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, the Methodist New Connexion, and the Wesleyan Church of Eastern British America ; but also as the

goal toward which the largest of these bodies has been tending in its development from the beginning. If the negotiations for union had entirely failed, it would have been impossible to the "Wesleyan" Church to have remained as it was. The constitutional changes which have been made, including the introduction of lay-representation in the highest of her courts, would not and could not have been much longer delayed. The division of the Annual Conference, with its necessary complement of the constitution of a general Conference with purely legislative functions, in the judgment of the most thoughtful and judicious of its ministers, had become a necessity, and the conviction was constantly becoming stronger that the Legislative Conference would be one-sided, incomplete and out of harmony with the spirit of the age and the practice of other Protestant Churches if the lay element were excluded from it. The union was indeed a happy accident of the inauguration of these changes, and tended doubtless to help and hasten the introduction of this new feature into our Church organization; but it would be an error to suppose that there was any necessary connexion between these things, or that the one depended upon the other.

There are four things connected with this General Conference, which will ever make it memorable in the history of Methodism in Canada: it will always be associated with the ecclesiastical enfranchisement of little less than one hundred thousand Church members, with the introduction of a more complete organization than had previously existed in this branch of the Church, with the uniting of all the "Wesleyan" Methodism of British North America in one body, and with the commencement of a larger measure of Methodistic unification, which aims at nothing less than the fusion of all those separate organizations which bear the generic name of "Methodist" into one homogeneous and powerful Church. The space at our disposal will not permit us to dwell upon any of these interesting and momentous facts, but the bare mention of them is sufficient to justify what has been said elsewhere, that nothing at all comparable to this Conference has heretofore occurred in the progress of Methodism in this country; and probably nothing of equal interest and importance will occur again in the history of our Church until that grand consummation is reached upon which we are persuaded every loyal Methodist heart in the Dominion is set, when Methodism from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes to Hudson's Bay, shall be one in external organization, as we believe it is already one in spirit and in aim.

The thoroughly representative character of this General Conference, it being not only composed of ministers and laymen, but representing in its *personnel* all classes of both orders; the complete harmony which pervaded its deliberations, all the more remarkable on account of the apparently heterogeneous elements of which it was composed; the distinguished ability, as well as the courtesy and moderation, with which the delicate and difficult questions which came before it were disposed of, and its general business was transacted; and the wisdom which we venture to believe will be found to be a prominent attribute of at least the greater part of its legislation,—are not only deserving of passing notice, but of extended illustration. It is not too much to say that, in all these respects, it must have fully met the most sanguine expectations of the most ardent promoters of the constitutional changes of which it was the outgrowth. But the space allotted to these brief notes upon the topics of the time will not permit us to do more than merely mention many things upon which it would afford us pleasure to enlarge, and, in this instance, forbids us to dwell at greater length upon a subject full of interest to every intelligent and thoughtful Methodist who takes a lively interest in the present well-being and future prosperity of his denomination.

Everything appears to betoken the coming of a time of peculiar trial to the Church of God. Those who imagine that the time has come when "The sacramental host of God's elect" may lay aside its weapons, and abdicate its functions as a militant body, have, we are persuaded, but very imperfectly discerned the signs of the times. Never were the powers of darkness more active, if they were ever more influential, in the world than they are now. Old systems of error and superstition, which have been frequently routed and driven from the field, are re-appearing with apparently undiminished vitality and energy to renew the conflict; while new forms of error, the result of the irreverent and godless research and speculation of our own times, are coming forward to second the attack upon the saving Gospel of Christ. Romanism, made desperate by recent defeats and reverses, is marshalling all her forces and making the most ample preparation for one more determined struggle to recover the ground which she has lost and to reconstruct and consolidate her power in the earth. The loss of the temporal power of the Pope, instead of having the effect anticipated by too many over-sanguine Protestants, of undermining, and seriously modifying if not destroying, his spiritual influence and authority, has

had an effect the very reverse of this. In proportion as he has been despoiled of his temporal power, his spiritual power has been increased. Whether this effect will be permanent or merely temporary it were idle to enquire. What we have to do is with the present and with the near future, which is coming forward to meet us. The immediate effect is what we have stated. The period of the greatest temporal weakness and misfortune of the present occupant of the pontifical throne was seized upon as the opportune moment for his putting forth claims which none of his predecessors even in the palmiest days of the Temporal Power had the audacity to assert. And even now he is meditating schemes of conquest unsurpassed in audacity by anything ever undertaken by papal pride and prowess in the past. The great Council which is shortly to meet in London under the Presidency of Archbishop Manning, himself a pervert from Protestantism, for the avowed purpose of devising means to bring back England again under the papal yoke, is but one of many indications of a policy of conquest to which the energies of this most wily and unscrupulous power are directed.

And while Romanism is so indefatigable in her activity, Infidelity is not idle. It has not only entrenched itself in the scientific thought, and the philosophical speculation of a large and influential section of the educated class, but it is gradually finding its way into the lower strata of society, and making itself felt among the half educated and illiterate masses of the people. "Unbelief is no longer a guarded secret among wits and scholars, or uttered in a language 'not understood by the people'; it is now commended in innumerable publications, tracts, novels, and illustrated newspapers to the attention of the working classes and even the peasantry. Not only are the grossest forms of unbelief embodied in learned addresses delivered to scientific Congresses, but in "lay sermons" and popular lectures addressed to the common people; and what used to be merely hinted at, as the result toward which science or philosophy in their present state seemed to point, is now openly affirmed as something which has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt. The amount of Infidel Literature circulated even in our own country is something appalling; and the wave which has submerged other countries may be said to have only just reached our shores. Infidel societies already exist not only in our larger towns but in some of our villages; and from these pestiferous centres the poison is silently but surely spreading. Thus is Protestant Evangelical Christianity, in Canada as well

as elsewhere, in danger of being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Romanism and Infidelity—"an arrogant and aggressive sacerdotalism on one side and a materialistic rationalism on the other."

In the presence of these facts, whatever tends to draw Evangelical Christians into closer sympathy and fellowship with each other, to sink the distinctive differences by which they are separated from each other and exalt those grand central and fundamental principles which bind them together, and thus to enable them to more fully realize their essential unity notwithstanding their formal and accidental divisions, must be regarded as vastly important. It is this which justifies the profound interest which has been excited in all the Evangelical Churches of this country, by the meeting of the Dominion Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, which took place in the City of Montreal early in the month of October. It was a bold step to attempt anything of the kind so soon after the magnificent meeting, not inappropriately called the Ecumenical Council of Protestantism which was held in New York twelve months before, but we are glad to know that it proved a complete success. In addition to a large number of the representative men of Churches of Canada, there was a goodly number of distinguished strangers present by special invitation, to take part in its exercises. It was a little unfortunate for our own Church that at the time that this gathering took place, our General Conference was still in session. This prevented many of our ministers from being present who would have otherwise been there, and caused others to arrive too late to take a very active part in the proceedings. Owing to this, the largest Protestant Church in the Dominion was not as numerously represented as some of the smaller of the sister churches. We trust circumstances will be more favourable another time, and this meagre representation of Methodism will not occur again on a similar occasion. No protestant denomination can, if it were disposed to do so, afford to stand aloof from a great catholic movement of this kind; and we are sure that a great religious body whose boast it has been from the beginning, that it is the friend of all and the enemy of none, would not do so if it could. There are some things doubtless which we can learn from our neighbours, and there are some things which they can learn from us. If they have any secret of usefulness we want to know it; and if our large experience in evangelistic work has taught us something which they have not yet learned,

surely we will feel it a privilege to make it known to them. It is difficult to conceive how any one could, with proper dispositions, be present at the various exercises of this meeting without learning some valuable lessons; and perhaps there are but few intelligent and thoughtful Christians who might not have made some observation or suggestion which would have been equally profitable to others. But even should no one have his stock of knowledge or practical wisdom materially increased; should it turn out that what we imagined ourselves capable of teaching to our brethren, was just as well understood by them as by ourselves, and that they supposed themselves to be able to teach us had been long familiar to us as household words; should we learn, as the result of the contact of our minds with each other for several consecutive days, that we were very much more alike than we ever supposed ourselves to be, that our views, notwithstanding our different phraseology, were much more in harmony than we had ever imagined they were, that our hearts beat in more complete unison than we had ever dreamed that it were possible; surely to know each other better, to learn to appreciate each others, characters and rightly estimate each others, worth and work, if nothing more were gained, would be amply sufficient to justify all the sacrifice of time, labour and expence involved in these meetings.

The silence of the press and the apathy of the people in respect to the state of things brought to light by the election trials of the last few weeks, is certainly not indicative of a healthy state of public sentiment in respect to a matter of the most vital importance to the country. The bribery of electors corrupts the very fountain of political power; it lays the axe at the root of the most sacred rights and privileges of the people; and it puts in jeopardy everything which, as enlightened British and Christian freemen, we hold dear. There is no crime which is farther-reaching or more mischievous in its consequences, and none that more deserves the unqualified condemnation of all good men. If there be anything which, under a government like ours, deserves the name of treason, it is this buying and selling of votes. Every voter is by the constitution of the government of the country constituted a trustee of its political rights and liberties; and when he puts it into the market as a merchantable commodity, and barter it away for gold, he betrays the most solemn trust which can be committed to a man as a citizen and a member of civilized society. It is impossible to find any terms too strong in the vocabulary

of crime and condemnation, to be applied to the conduct of such a man. And the buyer is not one whit better than the seller, they are both equally involved in the deep criminality of a transaction which has in it the essence of all crime; but as the buyer has generally more intelligence than the wretched partner of his guilt, on this account, he deserves a weightier condemnation. And yet men, who beyond all reasonable question, are guilty of this abominable crime, not only retain their status in respectable society, but are chosen as the standard bearers of the people and elected as their representatives in Parliament! *O tempore, O mores!*

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

WE intend to devote a few pages of each number to the work of the Church, particularly in heathen lands. Christian missions have ever been regarded as the glory of the Church, and no lover of Christ can fail to take the deepest interest in everything which tends to advance the kingdom of his Lord and Master. In the prosecution of this design we shall endeavor, as far as space will permit, to give a summary of the Mission and other work of all the churches.

A hopeful feature of the Mission work of to-day is the growing spirit of brotherliness among the churches. In London, (Eng.) frequent meetings are held by the Secretaries of the different Missionary Societies, at which they confer together respecting matters of common interest. In the foreign fields, missionaries of various denominations meet frequently for council and prayer. In India, the Conference, formed chiefly through the influence of Dr. Duff, has been of great benefit. Its last session was held at Allahabad, and was attended by more than 100 missionaries, representing various churches.

THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its last anniversary in May, 1874. The income from all sources amounted to nearly \$889,000, an amount which only one other Missionary Society has ever been able to reach.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY has been following in the footsteps of its august mother, having raised, during the past year, over \$118,000 for missionary purposes. It is well known that the Canada and E. B. A. Conferences, formerly affiliated with the English Conference, now form a distinct and independent body, with missions extending from the Bermudas to Vancouver Island. The mission in Japan, though begun

only a little over one year since, has already borne golden fruit. Two converts have been baptized, and our noble missionaries, Brothers COCHRANE and MCDONALD, are greatly encouraged in their work

THE WORK IN AUSTRALASIA has been formed into a number of annual Conferences, with a General Conference, similar to that now established in Canada. When it is remembered that the first missionary went out in 1811, and that now there are over 60,000 members and 300 ministers, it may well be said, "What hath God wrought?"

PERHAPS the most marvellous achievements of Missionary effort have been witnessed in FIJI. Missionaries went out to these Islands in 1835. How much they suffered cannot be known until "the day shall declare it." The Secretaries, in their report at the late meeting, say:—"The history of this mission has been written in blood; scenes too horrible to describe passed daily before the eyes of several missionaries who are still living. At least seven martyrs fell victims to the ferocity of the heathen, and laid down their lives for Christ, but the change that has been accomplished is marvellous in our eyes."

The Rev. Mr. DARE, a member of the Australian Conference, and Representative to the last British Conference, lately visited these Islands. Speaking of the changes produced, he says:—"God, out of these stones, has raised up children unto Abraham. Out of a population of a quarter of a million, 109,000 are attendants on public worship, in more than 1,000 churches; 25,000 meet in class. There are 63 native missionaries, assisted by 900 catechists, while no less than 53,000 regularly attend Sabbath Schools." There is also a college, and a training institution. Mr. DARE took tea at the house of a missionary in the Island of Kandavu. While they were at tea the bell rung, and the missionary said, "That is the signal for family worship. Now, listen, you will hear the drums beat," and immediately they began to echo to each other round the shores of that southern sea. "There are 10,000 people on this Island," said the missionary, "and I do not know of a single house in which there will not be family worship in the space of half an hour from this time." An effort is being made to get the British Government to annex these Islands, and for the sake of the natives we hope that such an event will soon take place.

THE field of Missionary labor which has called forth perhaps the greatest interest of late years, is that which was unapproachable until quite recently, viz:—ITALY, especially the city of Rome. The events that have taken place in the Papal city are simply marvellous. Valuable buildings have been secured in the heart of the city for Church pur-

poses in connection with Wesleyan Missions. The Rev. J. H. PIGGOTT and others, are doing a noble work. A theological seminary and a ladies' school have been established, and are accomplishing much good. Converts have been made, even among the Romish priesthood, one of whom, FRANCESCO SCIARRELLI, is pronounced by Dr. Punshon to be one of the most eloquent men he ever heard. Quite recently, the M. E. Mission received a valuable accession in the person of Dr. LARMA, who was professor in the Vatican Seminary, and a most influential Romish priest. No wonder that "the enemy of all righteousness" should rage. The latest news we have from the Papal city states that one of the Methodist places of worship has been pulled down, and the furniture demolished, while the Evangelist barely escaped with his life. We are glad to know that the civil authorities have stepped in, and some of the depredators have been punished.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH in the United States is doing a noble missionary work. Its two Secretaries, Drs. REID and DASHIELL, are incessantly engaged in visiting the Conferences, with a view to increase the income of the Missionary Society. Bishop Harris will have returned from his tour round the world by the time this reaches our readers. He has visited all the foreign missions of the Church, except Mexico, and held conferences. His visits must have greatly cheered the men of God who have left their native land, not for filthy lucre, but to save souls. The missions to CHINA, INDIA and the continent of EUROPE, are vastly important. We are pleased to report that a great revival is in progress in Calcutta. The missionaries of all the churches are working in harmony.

C. P. CHURCH.—The Canada Presbyterian Church has for some time had missionaries in CHINA. The Rev. Dr. FRASER has lately left our shores as a Missionary to the Island of Formosa. He was educated for the healing art, and practised for some time in the medical profession; but a few years ago he went through a theological course, and now he goes to the East to save men's souls and do good to their bodies also. He will be joined by other laborers from the English Presbyterian Church, whose first missionary in China was the Rev. W. C. BURNS, nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Burns, of Toronto.

Want of space compels us to close this hastily-written review of the Mission field. In future numbers we hope to give a summary of the most interesting religious and missionary intelligence of the day.

Church and Parsonage Architecture.

GENERAL REMARKS.

WITHIN a couple of decades a vast change has taken place in this country in the matter of Church architecture. In the rural sections the old log school-house has given place to buildings of a more church-like type; in many villages the churches are the most attractive buildings in the place; while in towns and cities the brick or stone buildings of yore,—“plain as a pike staff,”—are being replaced by ornate structures of almost cathedral proportions. This is well. We have no sympathy with the notion—still too prevalent—that any kind of a building is good enough for a church, and that the plainer and more repulsive-looking they are the better. Our church edifices should keep pace with the growing wealth of the people, on the principle that the best we can supply should be consecrated to the Lord's service. David could not rest in his “house of cedars,” while “the ark of the Lord” remained under “curtains”; and it argues poorly for that man's piety who can dwell contentedly in a costly mansion or comfortable homestead, while the house of God is little better than a barn—in some cases not so good as barns that we have seen.

On the other hand, there is need to guard against ostentation and a wasteful expenditure of money in useless ornaments. We do not object to a reasonable amount of architectural embellishment in an hospital; but the chief end in such an institution should be to provide the most comfortable accommodation for the patients. And our Bethesdas—our “houses of mercy”—should be constructed with the view of attracting men by home-like comfort rather than of exciting their admiration by architectural display.

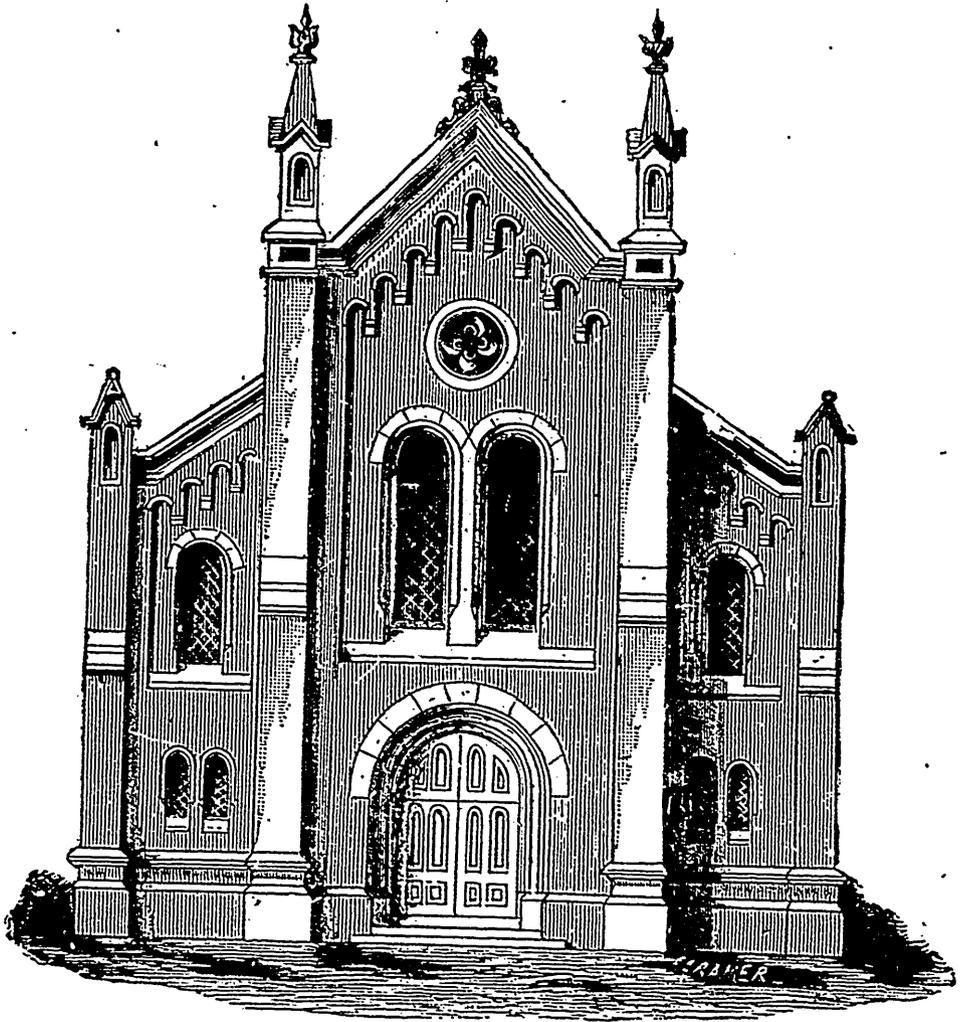
PLAN FOR A TOWN CHURCH.

Our object in this department of **EARNEST CHRISTIANITY** is to offer from time to time hints and suggestions that may be useful to congregations contemplating the erection of churches or parsonages, especially in country places, and in villages or small towns.

The design which we give in the present number is rather too large and elaborate for a village church, but will be found admirably suited to a large town, or to parts of a city where comfort and convenience is an object rather than imposing architecture. The front elevation is plain, without being bad; in fact it is one of those designs which secures a good degree of elegance at a moderate cost, and this will

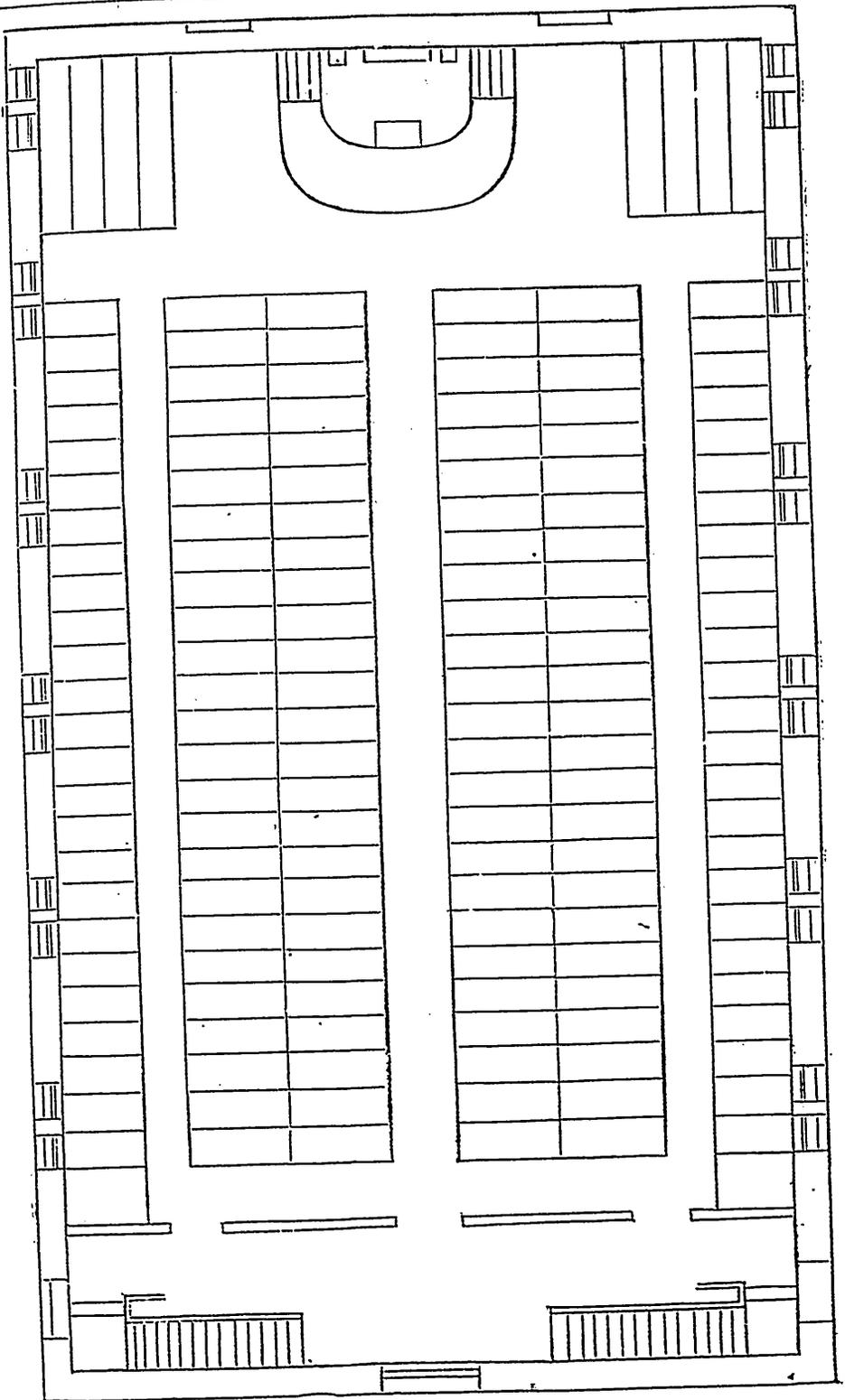
commend it to not a few Boards of Trustees. It is intended that this church should have a Lecture-room, but the size of our page would not allow us to represent this in the engraving.

The size of the building is about 70-x 40—large enough to accommodate an average town or city congregation. Provision for Sunday School, &c., will, of course, be made in the Lecture-room, and the building will be heated from the basement.



TOWN OR CITY CHURCH.

FRONT ELEVATION.



GROUND PLAN.

Home Department.

THE SUMMER OF 1874.

THE close of summer can scarcely fail to suggest to the thoughtful and devout some profitable reflections. The season just ended has been marked in an eminent degree by the loving-kindness and tender mercy of Him who crowneth the year with goodness. The teeming earth has brought forth plentifully, and the husbandman has been permitted to gather a rich and abundant harvest. The crop just gathered in every part of the Dominion, from all accounts, appears to have been considerably above an average one. This should, in any country, be regarded as matter of devout rejoicing and thanksgiving to Him who is the bountiful source of all blessing; but to a country like our own, whose prosperity is so largely dependent upon agriculture, and in which a short crop would inevitably derange every branch of business, and be productive of so much suffering, its importance is even greater than in some others, in which the sources of prosperity are more numerous, and which are less dependent upon any one particular branch of industry.

The summer has not only been marked by the luxuriant productiveness of the earth, but by the absence of all wide-spread and desolating epidemics. It has been a season of general health. The cholera, which for several years had been hovering around us but had not gained a foothold upon our shores, has not only been kept away from us, but has, apparently, disappeared from the Continent. The small-pox, which for a year or two not only raged with considerable virulence in particular places, but threatened at one time to overspread the whole country, has almost entirely subsided. If it exists at all among us, it is confined to a very few localities, and is very limited in its ravages. The typhoid fever, which of late years has been much more prevalent than formerly, and has in some instances assumed an epidemic form, appears to have not only not been so prevalent as in some other seasons, but it has assumed a milder and more manageable form. Even ordinary complaints, which are largely the result of imprudence, owing in part, we may hope, to the growing intelligence of the people, and stricter attention to the laws of health, but largely, no doubt, to the purity of the atmosphere and the comparative uniformity of the temperature, have

not, apparently, been so prevalent or productive of so much mischief as in some other seasons.

It is impossible to review even the summer of 1874, however, without a feeling of sadness. The finest gold of earth is not without its alloy. Beautiful and full of blessing as the summer has been, it has brought affliction to many a home, and anguish and bitterness to many a heart. The fatherless and the widow are among us, who were not such when summer began; and many a Rachel weeps for her children, refusing to be comforted because they are not, who three months ago was the joyous mother of a happy family. And there are not a few who have the presentiment that the last summer will be their last forever; and that they are now gazing upon the fading glories of a season which, though it will return to gladden other hearts, will come back to them no more. The flowers will spring again, but other eyes will see them and other hands will gather them. The time of the singing of birds will come and the song of the robins will be heard, but their music will be for other ears than theirs. The beautiful earth will again bring forth, and golden harvests will cover the hills, but before this, the grass will be growing over their graves. And to many who have no such presentiment the same event will come, just as certainly as to them. But even the sadness of the graver thoughts suggested by the close of summer is tempered and in a great measure neutralized by the cheering influence of our christian faith. Our sadness is not the sadness of those who have no hereafter. We mourn not as those without hope. The passing present is but the shadow of the abiding future. The mingled good of earth, with its alloy of gold, is not designed to satisfy us, but to raise our thoughts to that state where all is good and the blight of evil never comes.

W. S. B.

A LESSON.

“WE cannot always be giving;
 The woman has come again;
 She has such a whining story
 Of hunger, or cold, or pain;
 She wearies with petitions;
 Her Johnny is out of place,
 Her children are sick with hunger;
 I tire of her listless face.”

Grand Philip sat lazily reading ;
The crimson gas-light shook,
From a shade that was ruby tinted,
Its red flakes over his book.
I thought that he did not notice ;
But suddenly, sweet and low,
He said, with the voice of a dreamer,
"Don't let the woman go."

And then, with his smile so royal,
So sweet with pity and pain,
He called her to the study,
Out of the merciless rain.
"Sit down, my friend ;" and he gave her
The best chair in the place ;
And I saw a quick blush brighten
Her haggard and listless face.

And then, in tones like music,
He sounded her frozen heart,
Till the thrill of a tender question
Sundered its ice apart ;
And tears and sobs and passion
Came thick as the midnight rain ;
And she told such a pitiful story
My own heart throbbed with pain.

"You see," said Philip, softly,
"She is greater than you or I ;
She has struggled and conquered where we, love,
Would maybe sink down and die ;
She has fought in the dark with demons,
With evil on every side ;
And Satan hath tried to strip her
Even of her womanly pride.

"Love, let us be very tender ;
The lowliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasures,
That only a God can see."
So the woman left our study
With the face of an angel of light ;
And she is my noblest pattern
Who came as a beggar that night.

Our Love Feast.

HOW I WAS SAVED.

I arrived in New York December 12, 1862, and commenced to attend the East Thirty-seventh Street M. E. Church. I was brought up in the English Episcopal Church, and I was about as unmoved as previously until Rev. W. H. Boole became pastor. Under his plain Gospel preaching my hardened heart began to thaw out, and I began to seek salvation. I sought earnestly for many weeks and months, but could not get into the standard of experience (feeling) that I had set up.

About this time a class-leader pressed me into a profession of religion, and I then attempted to live, without being born, a life that very much resembled death, and felt exceedingly worse. I became a member of the church, and sought to get right with God very many times; but under the guise of a deeper work of grace I was not willing to confess my name—*sinner*. My darkness became intense, and at times I was tempted to doubt that there was any Christian experience at all; but my excellent wife's consistent, upright life, stood like a wall of adamant to kill Satan's suggestions on this point.

On Sunday, August 2, 1868, Rev. Jas. Caughey preached in the Seventh-street M. E. Church, from the text: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way," etc. I became thoroughly aroused to my awful condition, and promised God then, that if there was salvation for me I would have it that week. On Thursday following I went to Sing-Sing camp meeting, and sought the Lord diligently for two days. I left the camp-ground very dark in mind, but determined to serve God all my days; and as I was sitting quietly in one of the railroad cars, returning home, light began to stream into my heart, and oh! what peace and joy immediately followed. I could sing for the first time,

"Now I have found the ground
Wherein my soul's anchor may remain."

I was "a new creature in Christ Jesus." I had the Spirit itself witnessing with mine—"that meridian evidence that puts all doubts to flight." Glory be to God!

I immediately went into the vineyard to labor, and have been much blessed in

testifying to the power of the grace of God in me. Eleven months afterwards, at first Round Lake National Camp-meeting, I sought definitely the blessing of heart purity, and Jesus gave me what my heart panted for. I realize that pardon and purity are parts of the same grace; but the latter is as far and as glorious above and beyond the former as the light and glory of the sun exceeds that of the moon. I have made some serious mistakes in my Christian life, and have felt humbled and brought in heart, at least, to the feet of my Saviour and brethren; but I have lived in the enjoyment of this glorious grace of completeness in Jesus up to the present moment, and expect to live with the holy and the blessed forever.—*F. Percival*.

A BRAHMIN'S EXPERIENCE.

Then was my heart drawn to that wonderful book, the Book of books—the Bible. The very first verse of that book, "In the beginning, God made the heavens and the earth," came to my heart with wonderful force. I had learnt who Moses was—that he had lived in Egypt, and was brought up by Pharaoh's daughter amid the idolatries and superstition of the country. Strange to say, the Bible is unique in setting forth God as a personal agent in creating the heavens and the earth.

I have heard a great deal about the revival of Mohammedanism and its missionary spirit since I came to Great Britain. In India Mohammedanism has become semi-idolatry. There all Mohammedans fall down before saints. What are called targas, made of sticks, and paper, and incense, are continually offered in adoration, and I believe that in Mecca the pilgrims kiss the black stone. The Bible alone, I say, acknowledges the unity of the Godhead.

Another thing that brought conviction to my heart was a careful comparison of the Old Testament with the New Testament. It has been said that Paley and his "Evidences" have passed away, and that it has now been proved that there is no truth in the Bible. It seemed to me

when I first heard this that it was a very flippant way of dealing with the matter. I thought that Paley might have passed away, or half-a-dozen Paleys might have passed away, but the grand facts of which Paley spoke had not passed away. They were facts in the lifetime of Paley, as they were facts in the time of our Saviour Jesus Christ and his apostles. They are facts in our time, and they will remain stubborn facts to the latest age.

Then there is another portion of God's precious Word which brought light to my darkened mind. I carefully studied the Epistle to the Romans, and especially pondered over the first six chapters, and there, for the first time in my life, I beheld the doctrine of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. There in the cross of Jesus you have God "just, and the justifier of him that believeth on Him." The cross of Christ presents a full reconciliation of all the attributes of God. When I beheld this great and glorious truth, I could no longer remain apart from Christianity, but made up my mind to embrace it, and on the 13th of September, 1843, I was enabled to put on the Lord

Jesus Christ. If I had chosen to be a hypocrite, I might have still remained among my own people, but I could not. Brahminism is closely intertwined with the daily life, and it is no easy matter to break off from it. It was very trying in some respects to make the change that I did. I was not afraid of being punished for so doing by my own people, for the protecting arm of Britain extends to India; but I had, to give up a loving mother, three brothers, and three sisters, and a large number of first and second cousins, the last named being regarded in India as belonging to the same family as oneself. But the Lord Jesus has said that whosoever will not take up his cross and follow Him is not worthy of Him. I embraced Christianity, and I found many of the precious promises of the blessed Saviour realized in my own case, especially the declaration, "Whosoever forsaketh father and mother, and brother and sister, and houses and land, hath a hundredfold more in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life."—*Narayan Sheshadri.*

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART I.—FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF MY COUNTRY.

IF it would do anybody good to hear my story, they are welcome to it; ay, kindly welcome! I'm too old now to be of any use as a guide; but maybe I can still be useful as a finger-post, that points the way folks should follow.

I married out of my county; my people said, out of my station. For my father held a small farm, and the squire's lady had seen that I learned to read and write, and do fine sewing; but my husband was only a handloom weaver from the north—a man that could weave and sing right well, but never cared much for the inside of a book. But he

was true and faithful to the backbone, till I learned from him something of his faithfulness, and knew it was the same as Abraham's, who was called the father of the faithful. Words that were always on his lips were "Faithful in little, faithful in much;" and it seems to me, now he is gone, those words are my chief comfort. Wherever Transome is, he is faithful still.

It was a daring thing to marry so far away from one's own people in those days. There were no railroads, and the coaches were too dear for us, even the outside of them, where in the summer you were covered with dust and parched with thirst, and nipped with frost and wind in the winter. Transome and me did not once think of taking the coach after we were wedded. The canal ran almost straight from my village to his; and though the journey took us the best part of three days, and he was winning no money, it was the cheapest way of travelling. It seems to me, when I shut my eyes and think of it, as if it had all been in some other world, when Transome and me were young, and the warm sunny days were full of light and brightness, such as the sun never gives now-a-days, as if the sun itself is growing old. The boat floated slowly, slowly along the canal, whilst we walked together till we were tired, gathering the blossoms from the grassy banks; or we sat on the boat, plucking the water-lilies up by their long roots. How gently we were rocked as the water rose beneath us in the locks! I can hear the rush and gurgling of it now! And with my dim old eyes shut, I can see Transome looking upon me with a smile, such as I shall never more see again till I behold his face on the other side of death's dark river, smiling down upon me as I reach the shore. Ah! there are no times now like those old times!

It was in the cool of the evening he brought me to his house, standing on the brow of a low hill, with what he called a clough, and I called a dingle, full of green trees and underwood, running down to a little sparkling river in the valley below. We could see far away from the door, and feel the rush of the fresh air past us, as it came over fields and meadows, and swept away to other fields and meadows. The cottage was an old one even then—built half of timber, with a thatched roof pitched very high and pointed, and with one window in it to light our upstairs room. Downstairs was one good-sized kitchen, with a quarried floor, and the loom standing on one side. Not a bit of a parlor or spare chamber, such as I'd been used to. I knew Transome thought often of that; but the place grew so dear to me, I ceased to care about any parlor. As for the garden, we worked in it all our spare time, till many a passer-by would stop to look at the honey-suckle and travellers' joy climbing up the wall, and hanging over our window in the roof; and at the posies in the garden, the hollyhocks, and roses, and sweet-williams, which made the air all sweet with their scent. After a while, when father and mother were dead, I forgot my old home; and it seemed as if I had never dwelt anywhere else, and must dwell there till the end of my days.

Nothing happened to us; nothing save the birth, and the short, short life of a little child of ours—our only child—who died when he was seven years old, and could just read to his father at the loom. It was that year the sky began to grow greyer, and the wind to blow more chilly about the house. Transome was ten years older than me, and he began in some way to feel his age now the boy was gone. And as time went on things became duller and duller; and his rheumatism grew worse and worse, till he had to give up his loom, and at last he could do little more than work out the rent by being odd man for our landlord, who knew he could trust him with untold gold.

But all this while the country side was changing even faster than Transome and me. The railroads had been made, and machinery invented, and all the little villages were turning into towns as if by magic. There had always been a few mills along the course of our little river, but every year more and more sprang up, with their tall smoky chimneys, and streets were made, and houses built, until the dingle itself became a row of straggling cottages, creeping up towards our pretty homestead. Perhaps it was because I belonged to another county, and spoke in a different fashion, but none of the country folks about there ever took heartily to me, and I always felt shy with them and their rough ways. Transome himself was a quiet man, and never cared to make many friends; so we dwelt like strangers among our neighbors, up in our thatched cottage, which was as different from the new red brick houses about it as we were to the factory people living in them. But I never felt strange with children, nor they with me. So when Transome was laid up from his work, I opened a little dame school for the lads and lasses living in the houses down the dingle. They soon flocked to me like chickens at the cluck-clucking of an old mother hen, till I might have filled my kitchen twice over. But my outside number was thirty; and as they paid me threepence a week each, Transome and I managed to get along—what with him working out the rent, and me taking in fine sewing from the ladies of the town.

Transome was always proud of my learning, and now he was glad for me to earn money in that way instead of by washing, as many a woman has to do when her man is ailing. But he did not like little ones as I did: they potted him, he said, and he never knew how to manage them. So after a while, whenever he could not go to work, he liked better to lie a-bed upstairs, till the evening school was over, than sit in the chimney nook listening to the hum of their lessons, which always sounded in his ears like a score of hives swarming. I used to be afraid he would be dreary and sad in those long days, whilst I was as busy as could be downstairs. But he said he had thoughts come into his head that he could not put into words; for he had always been a man of few words, fewer than any I ever met with, and as he got older they became fewer still. Maybe he'll know how to tell those thoughts of his when we meet in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW SCHOLAR.

I HAVE only one thing to tell you about my little school; the only one strange thing that happened to me all the years I kept it.

It had been a sharp frost in the night—so sharp that the panes in the window, little diamond panes, were frosted over with so many pretty shapes that I almost wished they could stay there always. I quite wished that the children were there to see them. When I opened the door all the great, broad sweep of country stretching before me was lightly powdered over with snow, and long icicles hung like a ragged fringe to the eaves. If the dingle had been there, how sparkling and beautiful every tree and shrub would have shone in the early light! But the last bit of the dingle was gone, and a new, red brick house stood at the end of our garden. Still the low bushes about our place were silvered over, and glittered in the frosty sunshine, which they caught before it reached the houses below.

I had overslept myself that morning, for the night before I'd been poring over a book that had been lent me, till my candle burned down in the socket, and left me in the dark. I could not put that book down; it stirred my heart so. But now I began to feel as if I'd been wasteful, for candles were not plentiful with us, nor money to buy them, though I was loath to blame myself. At any rate I was behind time, and I could not tarry at the door, but must hurry more than usual in getting breakfast over, and redding up the kitchen in time for school. Inside the house the place seemed dark and dreary, and everything was cold to the touch of my fingers. I began to think of how ailing Transome was, and how the frost would bite him. He had not been to work for a fortnight, and the rent was running on all the while. The rent was my heaviest care. As long as that was paid it did not matter much to me what I had to eat and drink, so that we made both ends meet, and kept out of every man's debt. But Transome's pains had been very bad all night; and I knew well he could not go out in such a bitter frost, if the rent was never paid.

Well, I was down-hearted that morning; and I felt as if I could not afford to put more than a spoonful and a half of tea in our little black teapot, which stood simmering on the hob. I'd been in such a glow over that book the night before, it seemed as if it made me all the lower that morning. I had wanted to be doing some good in the world; trading for the Lord, so as to offer Him something more than my mere day's work, which seemed to be all for myself and Transome. But now the glow was gone I felt what a poor old creature I was, and that I could do nothing at all extra for Him.

"Ally!" I heard Transome calling from the room upstairs, "are yo' asleep again? Aw'm fair parched wi' drought."

The floor between that room and the kitchen was nothing but boards and beams, so I could hear if he only turned over in bed. I had no need to stir from the fire to answer him; I only raised my voice a little.

"Coming, coming in a minute," I called back; "the tea's in the pot, and's only standing to get the sirength out."

"Aw niver see such a lass for a book," I heard him mutter to himself; "hoo forgets all when hoo has a book."

That was quite true. But hearing him say it to himself, and him in such pain, was ten times worse than if he had rated at me. Ay! I'd been selfish, all in my glow of wishing to do good in the world. What better good could I do than attend to the duties the Lord had given me? He had given me Transome to nurse, and take care of, and wait upon; and I'd sat up late into the night, and overslept myself in the morning, whilst he was parched with thirst and racked with pain. Then there was the school; and the clock was pointing to not far from school-time, and me nothing like ready. If I could not fulfil these little duties, how could I ask the Lord to set me a greater one?

I poured out Transome's tea and carried it upstairs. He did not seem in the best of tempers. But I took no notice of his contrariness; for how could he be cheerful when he could not lift his hand to his mouth, and I had to feed him with every morsel and every sup he swallowed? At last he smiled upon me, a very little smile, and bade me go down to my own breakfast. I had hardly time to eat it before my scholars came trooping up from the dingle; the mischievous little urchins bringing with them icicles hidden under their jackets, which soon melted and trickled down in pools on the floor. I had need of patience that morning.

After the water was well wiped away I sat down behind my round table in the chimney nook, with my Bible and a Catechism, a Hymn-book and a Primer before me. There were four benches across the floor, besides a small one at the end of the loom, where I put my best scholars, because they were out of my sight there. All were full, till there was scarcely elbow-room; and much care and thought it gave me how to scatter the most troublesome of them among the good ones, like the tares and the wheat growing together until the harvest. Not but that I could have picked out the tares well enough; but I knew it would never do to let them all congregate together. Maybe the Lord knows it is better for the wicked themselves to be scattered about among the good; so I set the tares side by side with the wheat, but kept them all where I could have my eye upon them.

The snow was beginning to fall pretty thickly, with large, lazy flakes drifting slowly through the air, for there was no wind; when a boy near the door all at once broke in upon a spelling-class, that stood in a ring before me.

"There's someb'ry knockin' at th' door," he said, in a loud voice.

It must have been a quiet knock, for I had not heard it; but then my hearing was not as quick as it used to be when I could hear the

babbling of the river below the dingle. Besides, the lads and lasses were all humming their tasks. I told the boy to open the door; and he jumped up briskly, glad to put down his lesson book, if only for a minute. Still when the door was open I could see nothing but the large flakes floating in, and the children catching at them.

"Eh! but he's a gradely little chap!" cried the boy at the door in a tone of surprise.

"Tell him to come in," I called, bidding the class make way for our visitor.

Well, well! I never saw such a beautiful boy before nor since. He was about seven, but rather small and delicate for his years. His eyes were as blue as the forget-me-nots that used to grow along the river-side; and his brown hair was sunny, as if it had a glory round it. Somehow I thought all in a moment of how the Lord Jesus looked when He was a blessed child on earth. The little fellow had on a thin, thread-bare sailor's suit of blue serge—so thin that he was shivering and shaking with cold, for the snow had powdered him over as well as everything else. He looked up in my face half smiling, though the tears were in his eyes; and his little mouth quivered so, he could not speak. I held out my hand to him, and called him to me in my softest voice, wishing it was as soft as it used to be when I was young.

"What are you come for, my little man?" I asked.

"I want to come to your school," he said, almost sobbing; "but I haven't got any money; and Mrs. Brown says you'll not have me without money."

"Who is Mrs. Brown?" I asked, feeling my heart strangely drawn to the child,

"She's taking care of me," he answered, "till father comes back. Father'll have lot's of money when he comes home. But he's been away a long, long while, and nobody's kind to me now. Sometimes Mrs. Brown says I must go to the workhouse. Father brought me a parrot last time he came; but it flew away one night while I was asleep, and nobody ever saw it again."

I felt the tears start in my own old eyes as he spoke, and all the scholars looked to me as if there was a mist in the room.

"Poor boy!" I said. "And where is mother?"

I might have spared him the question if I had thought a moment. His little mouth quivered more than ever, and the tears slipped over his eyelids, and ran down his cheeks.

"Never mind!" I said hastily, and drawing him near to me, closer and closer, till his curly little head was on my bosom; "you shall come to school, my little lad."

Yet before the words were off my tongue, I began to wonder how it could be managed. There was not a spare inch of bench—not even at the end of the loom, where my best scholars sat. Only the day before I had refused steadily to take in a boy for fourpence a week; ay! six-

pence a week his mother offered me if I would only have him, and keep him out of mischief. Besides, there was Transome laid up, and the rent running on, and sixpence a week ready for me if I'd take it. Still, it would cost me nothing to teach the child, and it came across me as if the Lord was saying, "This is what you can do for Me!" Yes, this was the extra work He had set me to do. After that, if anybody had offered me five shillings a week to send that child away to take another, I could not have done it.

"I'll be sure to pay some day," said the boy anxiously; "when you've taught me to write I'll write and ask father to come home quickly. He went away in his ship a long while ago: but he's sure to come home if I write him a letter. So I want to make haste and learn. May I begin this morning?"

"You shall begin very soon," I answered, ready to laugh and cry together at his eager way, and his belief that his father would come back if he could only write him a letter; "tell me what your name is."

"My father's Captain John Champion," he said, lifting his little head proudly, "and my name's Philip; but father calls me Pippin, and you may if you like. Mrs. Brown calls me all sorts of names."

"Creep in here, Pippin," I said, making a place for him close beside me in the chimney nook. There was barely room for me to stir; but the little lad kept so still and quiet, with his shining eyes lifted up to me, and his face all eager with hearkening to what I was teaching the other scholars, that I did not care about being crowded.

There was a small, low chair of Willie's, my only boy who was dead, that was kept strung up to a hook in the strong beam by a bit of rope. It was a pretty chair, painted green, with roses along the back; and many a time my scholars had admired it. But no child had ever sat in it since Willie died. When morning school was over I climbed up on one of the benches, in spite of my stiff limbs, and unfastened it. The tears stood again in my eyes, for I fancied I could see my boy sitting in it by the side of the fireplace, and watching me while I was busy about my work. But I dusted it well, and set it down just in Willie's own place in the chimney nook, where Pippin was still quietly squatting on the floor; for he had not run away the moment school was over, like the other children.

"There!" I said, "that's your seat now, my little lad. It belongs to my Willie, who's been in heaven these twenty years, waiting for me and father. Nobody but a good boy ought to sit on a chair that belongs to him, now he's an angel."

"I'm going to be a good boy now, and an angel some day," said the child, smiling up into my face.

"The Lord help him and me!" I said to myself, as I put the room to rights after the lads and lasses; "it's not that easy to be good."

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the evening, after school was over, and I'd helped Transome to get up and come downstairs, and had settled him quite comfortably in his own chair out of all draughts, I told him about my new scholar.

"Why, my lass!" he cried, "aw do believe as it's ou'd measter's own nephew! He'd a gradely fine lass for's sister, and hoo wedded beneath her, like thee, Ally. Captain John Champion was na' captain o' one o' the bettermost sort o' ships; and ou'd measter swore 'at he'd never forgi'e her."

I coaxed Transome to tell me all he knew about it, though his words were as scarce as silver. He had seen the little lad's mother scores of times before she was married, when she was living with her brother, our landlord. But when she had died, or how her poor child came to be living in our town, he could not tell.

"Transome," I said, as I poured out his tea, "if God had asked me what I wished for as He asked Solomon, I'd have chosen to write a book."

"Eh! but aw niver did see such a wonian for a book!" he said again, looking across the table at me with such a pleasant look that I could not keep myself from going round to kiss him. He was sore changed since we came home together along the canal, and picked flowers from morning till night; but I loved him as much, ay, ten times more now than then!

"If I could write a book," I went on, as I sat down again in my chair, "I would write one that would prick our old master's heart to the quick."

"Eh, lass! it 'ud take a pen very long and very sharp to prick his heart," he answered.

"Yet," I said half to myself, "he's a church member, and takes the sacrament; and he's often chairman at the meetings. If that boy belonged to me, and me rolling in riches like him, I'd give him the best schooling in all England. I suppose he's too proud to forgive his poor dead sister for marrying below her."

"He's a gradely rich man," said Transome, shaking his head gravely, "and aw reckon he can afford to have his likes and dislikes."

"No," I answered, "the Lord hasn't made any one rich enough for that."

"Aw were wrung," he said; "rich and poor are all alike to Him; but that's hard to mind, Ally."

Well, to go on with my story. Pippin came to school for nigh upon twelve months, never missing morning or evening. I got so used to his being close beside me in the chimney-nook that I should not have been myself if he was away. Never, no, never had I such a scholar as him! He learned as if he was hungry and thirsty for learning, and could

never have enough. Many and many a question he asked that I could not answer, any more than if he had been a little angel come from heaven to learn all about this world. I used to wonder how Mary answered the questions the blessed child Jesus would be sure to ask her. What little I knew I taught him; but I soon saw he would be quickly beyond me. He was like a young bird with unfledged wings nestling down under my care for a little while; but soon his wings must be strong enough to carry him away, and he would fly out of my sight, and think no more of me than a bird thinks of last year's nest, left in the branches of a tree. As soon as he could hold a pen, or make an *a* or a *b*, he was wild to write a letter to his father. And many a letter he wrote, and directed them all "To Father, Captain John Champion, on the Sea." Even Mrs. Brown had not the cruel heart to tell him that his letters could never, never find his father.

But one night, when Transome and me were sitting quiet in the firelight as usual, I heard a low rap at the door. Now, it was an understood thing that none of the scholars were to come to the house of an evening, lest they should disturb Transome—being, as I said, a silent man, and not used to children's talk since Willie died. I opened the door by a handbreadth, and who should be breaking the rule save Pippin himself? There he stood, panting as if he had been hunted up the hill. The cold air was rushing in upon Transome through the open door; and as the boy could not find his voice to speak, I drew him inside. His handsome face was crimson, and his eyes were glowing and sparkling with excitement. I took him up to the hearth, and poked the fire into a blaze for Transome to have a good look at him.

"This is Philip Champion," said I.

Transome put down his pipe, and wiped his glasses on his sleeve before looking at him.

"He favours his uncle," he said, as the boy faced him; "but he's the born image o' his mother, poor lass!"

"I've come to say good-bye," cried Pippin, all eagerness and excitement; "I'm going a long way off to-morrow by the train—to London."

"Going to London!" I repeated in amazement: "is your father come back, Pippin?" I could not get rid of the notion that his father would come back some time, and that helped the boy to be so fond of me.

"No," he said sorrowfully; "Mrs. Brown's sure he'll never come home now. So I'm going away."

"But where to?" I asked, drawing him within my arms to the very front of the fire. I felt my heart very heavy all at once; and the cold wind whistling round the house, made it chilly even at the fireside.

"Why," he answered, squeezing my arm to his side, "it's partly because you taught me how to write letters. Just read this up, loud, Mrs. Transome."

He drew a crumpled bit of printed paper out of his little pocket. But I could not read the small print without my glasses, which were at

the end of the mantleshef. When I had found them, and lit a candle, I smoothed out the bit of paper, and read these words:—

"A lady wishes to adopt an orphan, the child of respectable parents, and will provide for the maintenance and education of the same. A boy preferred, who must come for three months on trial. All expenses paid. Address—E. D., G. P. O., London."

"Well?" I exclaimed, more puzzled than before.

"I wrote to her out of my own head," said Pippin, "and she's sent money for me to go to London to-morrow."

"I never heard of such a thing!" I cried. "Don't you know any more about her, Pippin, my dear child?"

"No," he said. "I wrote of my own self, and she's sent the money to Mrs. Brown for me to go. Only if I don't do for her, you know, I'm to be sent back in three months; and Mrs. Brown says she doesn't know who's going to have me, for she can't. She says I must go to the Union, and that's a dreadful place."

"Ay, ay—so it is," said Transome, whose eyes were fastened on the boy.

"Couldn't you have me?" he asked, coaxingly, and putting his little arm about my neck. "You're kinder to me than anybody else. Don't you let me be sent to the Union—please don't."

I looked across at Transome, and his face looked happy and pleasant, and he nodded his head at me. We had lived together so long there was no need for him to speak. It was as much as if he had said, "Ally, my lass, do as thee likes!" It was getting harder work than ever to win bread for him and me; but I could not bear to think of my clever, bonny boy being sent to the Union; and his uncle rolling in riches.

"Yes, yes, my laddie," I said, "if you come back we'll find a corner for you, and a morsel to eat, and a sup to drink. The Lord, He'll provide for us all. But she won't send you back; the lady in London is sure to love you, if she hasn't a heart of stone."

"But I must come back some time to pay you," answered Pippin. "I'll not forget it, never! So I've brought you a bit of money father gave me long ago. That's all I've got now: but I'll pay you lots when I'm a rich man."

"That's reet and honest, lad," said Transome: "faithful in little, faithful in much."

It was nought but a small foreign coin, with a hole bored through it, and hung on a blue ribbon, like a coronation medal. But it was all Pippin had, and he would not take it back again, so I put it away carefully into a small box, where I kept a curl of Willie's hair and the little Testament he had learned to read in.

"It's earnest-money," I said. "The Lord will know when to give us the rest."

So we bid Pippin good-bye, not without tears even in Transome's eyes, though he was growing too old to shed tears at little things.

And I stood to watch him, in spite of the searching bitter wind blowing over the brow of the hill, as he ran down the street, until he was fairly out of my sight. That night I strung up Willie's chair again to the ceiling.

(To be continued.)

CONTRABAND CAMELS.

In August, 1862, a famous Bedawin Chief named Mohammed ed Dukhy, in Houran, east of the Jordan, rebelled against the Turkish government. The Druzes joined him, and the Turks sent a small army against them. Mohammed had in his camp several thousand of the finest Arabian camels, and they were placed in a row behind his thousands of Arab and Druze horsemen. Behind the camels were the women, children, sheep, cattle, and goats. When the Turkish army first opened fire with musketry, the camels made little disturbance, as they were used to hearing small arms, but when the Turkish Colonel gave orders to fire with cannon the "ships of the desert" began to tremble. The artillery thundered and the poor camels could stand it no longer. They were driven quite crazy with fright, and fled over the country in every direction in more than a Bull Run panic. Some went down towards the Sea of Galilee, others towards the swamps of Merom, and hundreds towards Benias, the ancient Cæsarea, Philippi, and onwards to the west as far as Deir Mimas. Nothing could stop them. Their tongues were projecting, their eyes glaring, and on they went. The fellaheen along the roads caught them as they could, and sold them to their neighbors. Fine camels worth eighty dollars, were sold for four or five dollars a head, and in some villages the fat animals were butchered and sold for beef. Some of them came to Deir Mimas, where two of the missionaries lived. The Protestants said to the missionaries, "Here are noble camels selling for five and ten dollars. Shall we buy? Others are buying." By no means, they told them. "They are stolen or strayed property, and you will repent it if you touch them." Others bought and feasted on camel steaks, and camel soup, and camel kibby, but the Protestants could not touch them. In a day or two the cavalry of the Turks

came scouring the country for the camels, as they were the spoils of war. Then the poor fellaheen were sorry enough that they had bought and eaten the camels, for the Turks made them pay back double the price of the beasts, and the Protestants found that honesty was the best policy.—*Jessup's Women of the Arabs.*

AGAINST THE TIDE.

We have great respect for that large class of the human family whose energies are given to "bearing up." It is a fine thing to do things, but a finer thing to just stand it. Most people are in that defensive attitude. We all start out aggressively, events push us hard. First we slacken, then we halt, then we back up against a wall and bear it.

The castles in the air drift into darkness, and ambition's pictures become dissolving views, and the man finds himself under the sober skies of forty, with empty hands, bending shoulders, unmarked days in the present and uncertain ones in the future. The fame or fortune that nerved his young life is under the horizon. The stimulus of hope that held him up is wasted and gone. Forge and anvil, spade and shovel, from morning to night. The mortgage clings to the cottage, and hard work cannot lift it. Doctors' bills take the surplus. Gray hairs are coming, and the monotonous years wear on. There is nothing ahead to look to, and nothing in the present to notch the days, save a little harder work, a more restless night, and gradually failing strength. Under this gathering gloom the man does nothing fine, thinks nothing great, he only bears bravely up. If the neighbors ever give the man a thought, it is only to say, "Poor fellow, things go rather against him." But blessed is the man who can go against things, and hold his way with buoyant heart, under "skies that are ashen and sober," over "leaves that are withered and

sere." In God's reckoning of the human lives, there will doubtless be a great reversal of estimates, and for the comfort of those who make no headway against wind and tide, it will appear at last that

"They also serve
Who only stand and wait."

A HEART PIERCED.

The Rev. Dr. Punshon, at the meeting of the Metropolitan Wesleyan Chapel Building Fund, spoke as follows :—

When ministers preached in London, they never knew to whom they were preaching. This occurred in the metropolis, perhaps, to a greater extent than anywhere else in the world. London congregations were, in one respect, the most fluctuating congregations on the face of the earth. It was utterly impossible to tell, when a minister went into a London pulpit, who might be listening to him; because all the world came to London. They might possibly take hold of a man at one of his byways of life, just where Philip met with the eunuch, once in a lifetime. They might take hold of a man by what might be considered a chance word, which would, however, be an arrow sent by the Spirit of the Lord straight into the heart of that man just before he was going to the ends of the earth, and who, but for his providential entrance into the house of God, would never have heard the Gospel. On the very last Sabbath but one, when he was himself preaching in the Kensington Chapel, a poor, broken-down penitent came into the vestry afterwards, and looked up to him, with a face the expression of which he could never forget, and said, "You have cut me to-night; I shall never forget." He said to the man, "Let us talk a little." He had just before given an invitation to any who were impressed, as was his custom, to come and converse upon matters appertaining to the best things; and he got at last to this man's history. "Sir," said he, "I have been wandering about Kensington Gardens all this afternoon, and I am as miserable as I can be. What sent me to this place I do not know. But, sir, I am going to New Zealand, and the thought came upon me, if I went to New Zealand and the ship should be lost, and I was not saved, I should go to hell. I determined when

I heard your sermon—and it cut me to the heart—to find peace with God." He then said, "Don't leave me, don't leave me." That was the old thing. They had that many a time—the power of the Spirit going straight with the word into a man's heart there and then. That penitent did not leave the chapel until he was enabled to rejoice in finding peace.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle; whose white jewelled hands never have felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love-light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness; even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness, when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spray of the river.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and, crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the eastern window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times when the tempter lures us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

Music.

The Lord will Provide.



1. In some way or o - ther the Lord will pro- vide: It
 2. At some time or o - ther the Lord will pro- vide: It

3. De- spond then no long - er; the Lord will pro- vide; And
 4. March on then right bold - ly; the sea shall di- vide; The



may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way; And
 may not be *my* time, It may not be *thy* time; And

this be the to - ken— No word HE hath spo - ken Was
 path - way made glo - rious, With shout - ings vic - to - rious, We'll



yet, in HIS *own* way, "The LORD will pro - vide."
 yet, in HIS *own* time, "The LORD will pro - vide."

e - ver yet bro - ken: "The LORD will pro - vide."
 join in the cho - rus, "The LORD will pro - vide."