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Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OBITUARY.

It is with deepest regret that we record the death of the Rev. George Harrington, Congregational missionary in Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, on the 10th July last, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and in the eighth of his missionary labours in this colony. He was a native of County Clare, Ireland. He leaves no near relatives, but an attached congregation to mourn their loss. His death was sudden, and quite unexpected to all his friends. But he was prepared.

The writer made his acquaintance in Dublin in 1866. He was then superintendent city missionary, and displayed the same zeal and energy in his Master's work which characterised him while in this country. He wished to engage in missionary labours abroad, and when the Newfoundland Congregational Home Missionary Society was formed, he volunteered to be the pioneer missionary. After making a tour of Bonavista and Trinity Bays, he decided upon the latter, as his field. Random Island and the adjacent settlements were then wholly neglected by other societies. Here he opened his commission, and with wonderful energy followed up his work for seven years. He found the place a wilderness, and left it a garden. There were no roads, postal communication, schools, churches, nor ministers, when he arrived; now there are these. Like all reformers, he had to encounter much opposition, and to endure persecution; but nothing daunted, he pursued his object, and accomplished his work. He was not a brilliant speaker, but simple and earnest. He had but one theme, "Christ, and Him crucified." He was an old-school theologian, and had little sympathy with the new-lightism of the present day. He found that the old Gospel preached in the old way was still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." He endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Living among a people many of whom had not intelligence enough to appreciate what he was doing for them, yet he lived among them, prayed for them, preached to them, begged for them, bore with them patiently; divided at times with the poor his small income, and was deaf to invitations to return to his native land, where he might have occupied a position of compara-

tive ease and respectability. He said, "I will die here and here will I be buried."

On the day of his death he said to the medical attendant, "My work is done. I am going home to my Master and my reward." Death had no terrors for him. He knew Him in whom he had believed. On the Lord's Day before his death (which took place on a Wednesday night), he preached twice, and would have preached a third time, only the sea was too rough for a small boat to venture across to Burgoyne Cove.

In his last sermon in his chapel-school in Kendal Harbour, he told his people they would soon be carrying his body to the cemetery near by, and then with great energy and feeling he urged them to repent, just there and then. About the same hour on next Lord's Day he was carried in a corpse, and his attached people laid him in his narrow coffin. He only complained for a couple of days, and though he knew his end was near, he was spared the pain of dying. Adjusting the bed-clothes with his own hands, he said, "It is all over," and so it was, for the next moment he had ceased to breathe. The news of his death was telegraphed to Saint John's from Trinity on Thursday morning, and two gentlemen volunteered to proceed at once to attend his funeral. The Rev. Mr. Hatcher, Methodist minister, read the service, and preached an impressive sermon.

The children of the Sunday-school walked in procession at the funeral, the little girls in front, and the boys as pall-bearers and chief mourners. It is the writer's intention to place a suitable monument over his lonely grave.

OUR MEETINGS.

No. VIII.—THE SICK LENDING SOCIETY.

This is another of the societies which originated with the secretary of the Infants' Friend Society, who when forming her Blanket and Sheet Society, proposed to her valuable coadjutor that some of the blankets should be set aside for lending to the aged sick and dying, whose relatives and friends—from death and other circumstances—are frequently so far removed from them that in their old days they are left alone, and often very destitute of comforts. It was felt also

that such a means of comfort would be a valuable helpmeet to the Bible-nurse in her ministrations among them, and enable her through its bodily aid to reach the heart of many a one grown hard and callous by the world's hard treatment and neglect. In the then infant state of the Blanket Society but few could be spared for lending, but three were at once devoted to the purpose, and were reserved for the aged who were sick of consumption, of whom several died that winter. Many cases of sickness in other forms were also pressing in need of warmth, so that the three blankets speedily became five, and then eight, and as more were urgently needed, and bed and body linen also frequently required, it was resolved, with the help of God and that of His people, to provide sufficient bed and body linen to be able to lend a set of each to twelve different sick or dying aged people, and that the counterpanes should be covered with washing Bible pictures and Scripture texts in large letters, so that in their solitary hours the poor lonely invalids might ever have passages of God's Word before them, to cheer, warn, direct, and form food for quiet thought and meditation.

The ladies connected with the Dorcas Society were appealed to for aid with the body linen, and at their sale in November several articles were handed over to us for these border-land, aged pilgrims. Other friends were appealed to for donations, and a little over £4 having been collected, the Blanket and Sheet Society undertook to make up the remainder.

It was deemed necessary to lend the things only through the Bible nurse, who thus in a measure becomes responsible for them; and it speaks well for the poor creatures, and, in cases of death, for those around them, that in no case have we lost a single article, and in only one instance have we had any trouble in recovering them, though they have been lent to a large number of persons, and proved the stepping-stones to much good, not only to the bodies, but also to the souls of our poor patients, of which many records could be made, though the full result is here beyond our ken, and will only be known when, by the light of Eternity, we are able to decipher the deeply deed-graven face of Time.

One poor aged woman, recently deceased of dropsy, was, when discovered, not only in a distressing state of destitution, but in a dreadful state of mental darkness. She had passed her threescore years and ten without knowing anything of the Saviour's love for her soul, but through the comforts and kindly ministrations rendered to her body, her heart, like that of Lydia, was opened to receive the truth, and though her bodily affliction was of so trying a nature that it was impossible for her ever to lie down, or even to sit without bending forward in a painful position, she yet

thanked and praised God again and again for her illness, since it had been the means of leading her to a knowledge of Christ, and she died a most joyful and blessed death, thanking and praising Him to the very last.

Surely here is food for encouragement to all engaged in work for Christ among the sick or aged! Is not this a brand plucked from the burning, and in the twelfth hour of her earthly day of life? Sow beside all waters, friends, however dark or turbid they may appear; you cannot tell what portion of the good seed shall take root in the thick, deep mud of ignorance, but the great day shall reveal it and its transforming power. Toil on! toil on! the harvest will come, and great will be your reward. We feel rich in the blessings called down upon us by the poor creatures who have benefited by this society, for we cannot believe that such prayers are lost.

In many cases we supplement the lending of the linen, etc., by gifts of dinner tickets for the Invalids' Dinner Table, by which they can either have sent to them a nice hot dinner of meat and vegetables, or a milk diet, or an order on the butcher for meat for beef tea, according as their cases may require. These are at all times very acceptable, and very gratefully received, and we wish we could give them to all in need, for they go very far towards restoring many to health, and where that is not possible, help to sustain nature in her conflict with disease and death. In every neighbourhood in this great city, cases of sickness among the poor are so numerous, that all we can do is but as a drop in the ocean, and in the neighbourhood surrounding our chapel we find it necessary with this little society to confine our attentions to the aged, else our applications would be far too numerous for us to supply, and these poor creatures are generally the most destitute both of comforts and friends.

Lately a visitor of the Visitation Society made known the case of a poor woman who was lying very ill, with not an article of clothing on her body, and a mere dirty rag as bed covering. A nice new long nightdress, and a set of bed-clothes, with other comforts, were at once sent to her, and she was soon made clean and comfortable, and such nourishment as she could take administered to her. The next day she died, and the people of the house begged earnestly that the nightdress might not be removed, she looked "so clean and pretty," they said, and as another garment of the kind would not have been procurable among all the inhabitants of the house, we allowed it to remain, and the poor creature was thus buried in the first nightdress she had probably ever worn. Such losses we must make up our minds to meet with, and hope we shall ever be enabled to replace them, that our stock may not decrease, and with it our means of usefulness.

H. D. ISACKE.

GLORIOUS PROMISES.

COMFORTING GRACE.—“*I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.*”—John xiv. 18. Blessed Jesus! How Thy presence sanctifies trial, takes loneliness from the chamber of sickness, and the sting from the chamber of death! Bright and Morning Star! precious at all times, Thou art never so precious as in “the dark and cloudy day”! The bitterness of sorrow is well worth enduring to have Thy promised consolations. How well qualified, Thou Man of Sorrows, to be my Comforter! How well fitted to dry my tears, Thou who didst shed so many Thyself! What are *my* tears—my sorrows—my crosses—my losses, compared with Thine, who didst shed first Thy tears, and then Thy blood for me? Mine are all deserved, and infinitely less than deserved. How different, O Spotless Lamb of God, those pangs which rent Thy guiltless bosom! How sweet these comforts Thou hast promised to the comfortless, when I think of them as flowing from an Almighty *Fellow-Sufferer*,—“A brother born for adversity,”—the “Friend that sticketh closer than any brother!”—one who can say, with all the refined sympathies of a holy exalted human nature, “I know your sorrows!” My soul! calm thy griefs! There is not a sorrow thou canst experience, but Jesus, in the treasury of grace, has an exact corresponding solace, “In the multitude of the sorrows I have in my heart, thy comforts delight my soul!”

NEEDFUL GRACE.—“*As thy days, so shall thy strength be.*”—Deut. xxxiii. 25.—God does not give grace till the hour of trial comes. But when it does come, the amount of grace, and the nature of the special grace required is vouchsafed. My soul! do not dwell with painful apprehension on the future. Do not anticipate coming sorrows; perplexing thyself with the grace needed for future emergencies; to-morrow will bring its promised grace along with to-morrow’s trials. God wishing to keep His people humble, and dependent on Himself, gives not a stock of grace; He metes it out for every day’s exigencies, that they may be constantly “travelling between their own emptiness and Christ’s fullness,”—their own weakness and Christ’s strength. But when the exigency comes, thou mayest safely trust an Almighty arm to bear thee through! Is there, now, some “thorn in the flesh” sent to lacerate thee? Thou mayest have been entreating the Lord for its removal. Thy prayer has, doubtless, been heard and answered, but not in the way, perhaps, expected or desired by thee. The “thorn” may still be left to goad, the trial may still be left to buffet, but “more grace” has been given to endure them. Oh! how often have His people thus been led to glory in their infirmities and triumph in their afflictions, seeing the power of Christ rests more abundantly upon them. The strength which the hour of trial brings often makes the Christian a wonder to himself!

RESTORING GRACE.—“*I will heal your backslidings.*”—Hosea xiv. 4.—Wandering again! And has He not left me to perish? Stumbling and straying on the dark mountains, away from the Shepherd’s eye and the Shepherd’s fold, shall He not leave the erring wanderer to the fruit of his own ways, and his truant heart to go hopelessly onward in its career of guilty estrangement? “My thoughts,” says God, “are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways.” Man would say, “Go, perish! ungrateful apostate!” God says, “Return, ye backsliding children!” The Shepherd will not, cannot suffer the sheep to perish He has purchased with His own blood. How wondrous His forbearance towards it!—tracking its guilty steps, and ceasing not the pursuit till He lays the wanderer on His shoulders, and returns with it to His fold rejoicing! My soul! why increase by farther departures thine own distance from the fold?—why lengthen the dreary road thy gracious Shepherd has to traverse in bringing thee back? Delay not thy return! Provoke no longer His patience; venture no farther on forbidden ground. He waits with outstretched arms to welcome thee once more to His bosom. Be humble for the past, trust Him for the future. Think of thy former backslidings, and tremble; think of His forbearance, and be filled with holy gratitude; think of His promised grace, “and take courage.”

PARDONING GRACE.—“*Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*”—Isaiah i. 18.—My soul! Thy God summons thee to His audience chamber! Infinite purity seeks to reason with infinite vileness! Deity stoops to speak to dust! Dread not

the meeting. It is the most gracious, as well as wondrous of all conferees. Jehovah Himself breaks silence! He utters the best tidings a lost soul, or a lost world can hear: “God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses.” What! *Scarlet* sins and *crimson* sins! and these all to be forgiven and forgotten! The just God “justifying” the unjust!—the mightiest of all beings, the kindest of all! Oh! what is there in thee to merit such love as this? Thou mightest have known thy God only as the “consuming fire,” and had nothing before thee save “a fearful looking for of vengeance!” This gracious conference bids thee dispel thy fears! It tells thee it is no longer a “fearful,” but a *blessed* thing to fall into His hands! Hast thou closed with these His overtures? Until thou art at peace with Him, happiness must be a stranger to thy bosom. Though thou hast all else beside, bereft of God thou must be “bereft indeed.” Lord! I come! As Thy pardoning grace is freely tendered, so shall I freely accept it. May it be mine, even now, to listen to the gladdening accents, “Son! Daughter! be of good cheer! thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee!”

RESTRAINING GRACE.—“*Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*”—Luke xxiii. 31—32.—What *could* does this unfold! Satan tempting—Jesus praying! Satan sifting—Jesus pleading! “The strong man assailing—the stronger than the strong” beating him back! Believer! here is the past history and present secret of thy safety in the midst of temptation. An interceding Saviour was at thy side, saying to every threatening wave, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!” God often permits His people to be on the very verge of the precipice, to remind them of their own weakness, *but never further than the verge!* The restraining hand and grace of Omnipotence is ready to rescue them. “Although he fall, yet shall he not be cast down utterly; (and why?) for the Lord upholdeth him with His right hand!” The wolf may be prowling for his prey; but what can he do when the Shepherd is always there, tending with the watchful eye that “neither slumbers nor sleeps”? Who cannot subscribe to the testimony, “When my foot slipped, Thy mercy, O Lord! held me up?” Who can look back on his past pilgrimage, and fail to see it crowded with Ebenezers, with this inscription, “Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling”? My soul, where wouldst thou have been this day, hadst thou not been “kept” by the power of God?

ALL-SUFFICIENT GRACE.—“*God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good word and work.*”—2 Cor. ix. 8.—“All-sufficiency in all things?” Believer! surely thou art “thoroughly furnished!” Grace is no scanty thing, doled out in pittance. It is a glorious treasury, which the key of prayer can always unlock; but never empty. A fountain, “full, flowing, ever flowing, overflowing.” Mark these three ALL’s in this precious promise. It is a threefold link in a golden chain, let down from a throne of grace by a God of grace. “All grace!”—“all-sufficiency!” in “all things!” and these to “abound.” Oh! precious thought! My wants cannot impoverish that inexhaustible treasury of grace! Myriads are hourly hanging on it, and drawing from it, and yet there is no diminution: “Out of that fullness all we too may receive, and grace for grace!” My soul, dost not thou love to dwell on that all-abounding grace? Thine own insufficiency in everything met with an “all-sufficiency in all things!” Grace in all circumstances and situations, in all vicissitudes and changes, in all the varied phases of the Christian’s being. Grace in sunshine and storm—in health and in sickness—in life and in death. Grace for the old believer and the young believer—the tried believer, and the weak believer, and the tempted believer. Grace for duty, and grace in duty—grace to carry the joyous cup with a steady hand—grace to drink the bitter cup with an unmurmuring spirit—grace to have prosperity sanctified—grace to say, through tears, “Thy will be done!”

DARKNESS OF DOUBT TEMPORARY.—

“I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud.
It is but for a time: I press God’s lamp
Close to my breast: its splendours soon or late
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge ere long.”
—Browning.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

IT is a great mistake to suppose that people who persistently refuse to look at the best side of everything deserve sympathy and commiseration. More often they require a sharp lesson or two to teach them their error. In a sense, perhaps, they may be pitied; but universally this is not their special need. Certainly we are not all possessed of sanguine, hopeful temperaments, but many the reverse; and there can be no doubt disease does affect the health of the mind as well as that of the body. But we feel sure that by far the larger moiety of what are termed "miserable Christians" have themselves to thank for it, and themselves alone. One might well ask how it came about that the consolations of so holy a religion failed to impart joy and cheerfulness to its followers, did we not know that want of faith lies at the root. It is not the fault of the Christian faith; but the obscure and imperfect application of it to daily life and experience, which accounts for so much gloomy demeanour and soured asceticism amongst so-called religious people in our day.

It is a merciful provision of the Creator which has so providentially ordered our paths in life that there is nearly always a brighter side to every dark experience we are called on to pass through. We may be blind to it from ignorance, or we may willingly shut our eyes to its blessings, and the relief they offer; none the less it is there waiting us if we choose to look for it. There never yet was any cloud of adversity without its bright and silver lining. Now it is the faculty of our sublime religion alone that can enable us to extract the good out of the apparent evil; the joy and trust in God out of the manifest sorrow. And it is in this that the religion of Christ soars so far above all other creeds, inasmuch as it exhorts the believer to despise the trials of worldly experience, in order that he may view them as stepping-stones whereby to cross the waters of trouble and reach the other side—a haven of rest after the probation-time is over. Of all philosophies, that of Christianity is the noblest and purest, for it teaches its votaries to look at the brighter side, even where all is sad and seemingly dark as the grave itself.

We have most of us met individuals in the Christian community whom it was a vexatious trial to mix with, simply because of their inveterate habit of looking at the worst phase of everything. Their very presence seemed to throw a mantle of gloom over everything and everybody. We may affirm without hesitation that such are not fulfilling the law of Christ in spirit or letter, but merely disgracing the Gospel which Christ has taught His followers, and casting reproach on His creed and religion. They may delude their souls with the notion that sombre melancholy is necessary to a holy life; we assure them it is nothing of the kind. Our Father in Heaven has no affinity with the dismal theories of people who thus cast a stigma on the real object of Christianity, for His manifest aim has been to make us happy in this His beautiful world. Whatever of gloom, or misery, or heart-wretchedness we experience may be traced to our own folly or perversion—not to the effect of Christian ethics or Christian practice on human life; for this seeks to brighten all it touches with a high and noble resolve for the future.

We earnestly desire to impress upon our readers the fact that there is a bright side to every sorrow and trouble that may come with its black wings and hover over their homes and hearts! Oh for the faith that sees beyond the dread messenger, and looks to the Hand Divine, sending all for our benefit and blessing! Even death, the grim visitor, robbing us of our cherished joys, has a brighter side, could we brush away our many tears and pierce the dim future. Have our loved ones fled from the cosy nests in which we treasured them, leaving a desolation chill that creeps into our very souls? Look! there is a brighter side also to that dark picture, for a tie has been established between us and the departed; and we learn to look patiently for the Future which will one day unite us, never more to be severed. Does misfortune weigh heavy on our spirits, or worldly influences around us vex and harass? Ah! Christian, hope on, for as earthly vex and human strength are struck away, you will see the brighter side of things heavenly and spiritual—beyond the touch of mutability. Could we breathe a fervent wish for the benefit of weary, cast-down Christians in our midst, no prayer that might be uttered would be so called for as one for their greater light and cheerfulness under affliction. To look on the brighter side is the greatest gift that can be gleaned

from all experience—a talisman which, with God's blessing, will make the soul triumphant over all the vicissitudes it may have to battle with, and render it full of confidence and thrilling hope. If we look around and about our path we shall be sure to find ample proofs of the fact that our case is by no means so dreary as that of many others, bearing themselves with heroism; and this alone throws a gleam upon what before was very dark indeed.

E. CLIFFORD.

SUMMER WINDS.

"Summer winds, summer winds,
Whence come ye, and whither going?"

"Come we from the sunset isles,
Where a dreamlike beauty smiles;
Through the fragrant forest shade,
We have wandered, we have strayed;
Come we from the orange grove,
From the witching haunts of love.

"Summer winds, summer winds,
Thence come we, and thither going,
Where the northern streamers glow—
Land of ice and land of snow—
When we breathe upon the strand,
Flora trips it o'er the land,
Brooklets laugh, and sunbeams stray,
Flow'rets greet our gentle away."

"Summer winds, summer winds,
Why thus whispering, ever sighing?"

"Earth's sad voices ever roll,
Echoing on from pole to pole,
Over mountain, wood, and dale,
Quivering on each passing gale;
Sigh we for the tears that flow,
Human sin, and human woe."

"Summer winds, summer winds,
Bear ye never tones of gladness?"
Childhood's rippling laughter swells,
And the chime of wedding bells,
Rising like a sad refrain,
Of some tender, tearful strain;
Gay sounds waft we not ever,
List! earth's valleys answer, 'Never!'"

EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

THE RELIABLE MAN.

OF all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of the good business man. The world itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the truth of this crowning quality that we are tempted in our bilious moods to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men—men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any one of you know such a man, make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character.

The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind and looks at it all around. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a very moderate man, not only in habits of body, but also of mind. He is not a passionate man; if so by nature, he has conquered it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or a schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly truthful and honest without being good. Is such a good quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born—it is made. Character may be formed, of course, then its component parts may be moulded to the formation.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY R. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.



Pool of Hezekiah.

SUNDAY, April 26, Consul De Hass preached on "Caleb's better spirit." Num. xiii. 30. Our camping ground was one of the most pleasant we had yet had, especially on a Sunday.

Monday morning. Another week's journey was before us. We rode first to the ruins of el 'Al, north of Wady Hesban, the ancient Elealeh, situated on a high hill, whence there is a fine view, especially of the Belka, lying north-west. The first mention of the place is at Numbers xxxii. 3, 37, and afterward, as a Moabite town in connection with Heshbon. Isa. xv. 4; xvi. 9; Jer. xlvi. 34. Thence our course was due south about a mile to Hesban, the scriptural Heshbon. Its position is commanding, though not much above the general plateau on which it stands. From it the eye in all directions sweeps over beautifully rolling and fertile plains and valleys. The ruins at Hesban are extensive. There are the remains of an old pavement, some broken columns and bases, and in a south-west direction from the principal ruins on the summit, I saw two huge piers of masonry still standing, which had been parts of some large building, possibly a primitive Christian church. There are traces of Jewish, Roman, Christian, and Saracenic art. The cisterns at every turn, and especially the ancient reservoir, just south of the principal hill, recalled the passage in Solomon's Song, "Thine eyes [are] like the fish-pools of Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim." (Cant. vii. 4) From Hesban we rode almost due west toward the head of the Dead Sea, galloping over fertile fields and amid grazing flocks, entertained, meanwhile, not only by the charms of nature and association, but by the warlike movements of our escort. Thus be-wildered, almost before we knew it, we had reached Jebel Nebo, or Mount Nebo. Those in advance, thinking that Pisgah must still be beyond, pushed forward regardless of the shiek's opinion, without ascending to the top. We all passed on, across an intervening valley to another height, farther toward the plain of the Jordan. Here were extensive ruins, but this point did not answer our expectations of Pisgah; so we went down to another, the farthest prominent point from the uplands overlooking the valley of the Jordan. This was the last chance; so there was general agreement that it must be the true Pisgah. Where else could it be? And yet I felt reluctant to give in my adhesion. This point was even more depressed than the one above it. While the view of the Plain of Jericho and the head of the Dead Sea is quite perfect, the position is too low to command the regions beyond the mountains which bound the west of the plain. The sweep of vision is entirely too contracted to fulfil the conditions of the description given of Moses' view from Pisgah.

After carefully re-reading "Tristram," we concluded we must retrace our steps, and go to the top of Jebel Nebo. We did so, and found that it best answers the description given at Deut. xxxiv., "And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed

him all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar." The atmosphere was too hazy to allow as extended a prospect as can be obtained earlier in the season, but it embraced substantially all the details enumerated by the sacred historian. Whether the "utmost sea," evidently meaning the Mediterranean, can be seen in perfectly clear weather I cannot say; we certainly could not see it on this day. The account must mean, as it is hardly possible at any point on this stage to see directly over the hill country of Judæa, the land of Judæa toward the utmost sea. The hills about Hebron, however, could be seen. "The mountains round about Jerusalem," the hill of Botlehem, Frank Mountain, Neby Samwil, Gerizim and Ebal, the Gilboa range, and the hill country of Galilee, were readily recognised. Sufficient of the plain of Jordan is seen to answer the description, Jericho being in the foreground of its western boundary, in a slightly north-west direction. Engedi (Ain Jidy), the "city of palm trees," rests, like a speck of green, on the west shore of the Dead Sea. Zoar cannot be seen. If situated off the Lisan, an arm of land extending from the east into the Dead Sea near its southern extremity, it was impossible for it to be seen from any position so far north. "Unto Zoar" must, therefore, be taken in the liberal sense, as "toward the utmost sea," unless another site for Zoar be accepted.

From Mount Nebo we rode south-eastward over a very pleasant region, passing several Bedawin camps and numerous flocks in sight of Medeba (Num. xxi. 30), where are some of the most remarkable ruins of the country. Crossing an old Roman road, toward evening we came to Ma'in, the ancient Baal-meon, named by the Israelites after they rebuilt it Beth-meon. (Num. xxxii. 28; Jer. xvii. 23.) This is supposed to have been one of the heights of Baal. We walked around the ruins, which cover the whole hill, about half a mile square. Save an occasional wall or arch nothing is perfect. From the top of the hill, in all directions, the eye takes in lovely hillsides and broad, productive valleys. We were now under the necessity of parting with our obliging and faithful Haza, as we had reached the southern limit of the Adwan, and must put ourselves under the conduct of the Beni-Sawkis. Fendel Fize, the sheik of the Beni-Sawkis, having been notified of our coming, sent his son Zedam to meet us, and to conduct us through his territory, lying from Ma'in to the districts round Kerak. The Beni-Sawkis are a powerful tribe, very warlike and overbearing.

April 28 — At the breakfast table £1 10s. were contributed for backsheesh, and it was voted to give it all to Haza.

The first point of interest we reached was a flat spot of ground which commanded a view of Wady Zurka-Ma'in, in which the noted hot sulphur springs of Callirhoë are located. The valley itself is a deep gorge, with rocks mostly of black basalt. Turning up to the left, at a short distance we ascended a hill crowned by the shapeless ruins of an old town named Attarus, the Ataroth of Num. xxxii. 3, 34. We made a *détour* to the left and south to visit the ruins of Kureiyat, the supposed site of Kerioth, or Keriat-haim, mentioned in the circle of inhabited cities by Jeremiah. (Jer. xlvi. 22—24) There is nothing seemly in the whole mass. The position is very commanding, with a good view toward the Arnon. We had to return around the south and west sides of Mount Attarus, a very hot and rough ride, to reach in a slightly north-west direction of M'Kawr. About the middle of the afternoon we found our camp pitched on the side of the hill, adjoining the ruins of M'Kawr, the ancient Machorus. On reaching camp, waiting only to breathe a little, we walked by the edge of the ruins of the ancient city, and descending a valley to the west, crossed at an elevated point where the old Roman road led from the city to the base of the mountain, distant from the ruins of the city about a mile. In the valley leading to the mountain I observed, on the north side, several large caves. We ascended the mountain at the south-east angle. The summit is a round, flat surface, about a hundred yards in diameter, and overgrown with rank prickly weeds. We found on the north side the remains of at least one large oblong cistern, the masonry of which is in good preservation, and the cement at places quite perfect. The chief interest of Machorus centres in the citadel. This delightful spot, with such charming scenery, a climate unsurpassed for its mildness, and adjoining springs of rare medicinal virtue, was a favourite resort of Herod the Great. Here he could live luxuriously in

night of the capital to whose splendour he had so greatly contributed. Here, too, his son, Herod Antipas, was revelling in the society of the voluptuous and wicked Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, when, at the request of Salome, the daughter of Herodias, he beheaded John the Baptist in the dungeon whose imperfect outlines have been noticed.

In the morning we started early for Callirhoe Springs. A ride northward—part-ride and part-walk and another part-side can be called a ride—of one hour and a-half brought us to the bottom of Wady Zurka-Ma'in. Mention is made of these springs by Josephus, Pliny, and others. Herod the Great, in his last loathsome sickness, by the advice of his physicians, availed himself of these waters. We ascended from the springs by the same difficult path we had come down, and lunched on the side of the mountain. Then, instead of returning by Macharus, we bore to the east of Mount Attarus, toward the head of the valley (Zurka-Ma'in), and thence across stony hills until we debouched upon well cultivated fields, where was the rankest growth of wheat we had seen east of the Jordan. On the left, as we struck the frequented route from Ma'in to Dhiban, we noticed some ruins crowning a knoll, from which fertile valleys fall away in all directions. These our Arab guide called Lib, put down by Van de Veldo as Lob(?) but not noticed by Tristram. Turning south from Lib, we found our camp about sunset, not at Dhiban as we expected, but by a copious stream which flows through Wady Waled on its way to the Arnon.

April 30.—We breakfasted at 6 a.m. After rising the banks of Wady Waled we struck a broad rolling plain, rich in wheat and clover, and riding along over it we came, all at once, on a Bedawin encampment. It proved to be the home of Weban, sheik of the Hamidehs. He had led us to it when we supposed we were going directly on to Dhiban. Having preceded us, he now came out, and insisted that the beke should alight and take a cup of coffee with him. It was soon understood that the invitation was to all the howadji; but we declined, saying we were in too great haste. The sheik was, however, so importunate that Dr. De Haas and two or three of us decided to accept. Our next point was Dhiban—without doubt the Biblical Dhibon, as proved both by the name and the location. Over a smooth plain we rode three miles to Wady Mojob, the ancient River Arnon, the boundary between the land of Moab and the land of the Amorites, and subsequently between Israel and Moab proper. On our left, a short distance only, we saw the site of Arrah or Arrear, the scriptural Aroer—"a city by the brink" (Deut. ii., 36; iii., 12; iv. 48). The view from the point where we entered Wady Mojob is very grand. The valley is deep and broad, with very little wood or vegetation on its rugged sides. It is, indeed, a natural boundary. We were one hour and a-half descending 2,000 feet to its bottom. At two o'clock we began the ascent, and tedious it was; but in about two hours we reached the top, 2,200 feet from the stream below. Just before we reached the summit there was a point so sharp and steep that it seemed quite impassable; but a Syrian horse will go anywhere a man will push him. How our pack mules got up was a mystery, but they did; for after a brief rest under the shade of a large terebinth, and a short gallop over as beautiful a soil as horse's hoof ever couched, we found our faithful Areph had preceded us, and our tents were in readiness. Near the camp was a good well of rain-water, and beyond rose Jebel Shihan, its high top covered with the ruins of the ancient city of Sihon.

The next morning (Friday, May 1) we were in the stable soon after six o'clock, and first ascended Jebel Shihan. We had seen, by glimpses, his peak shooting up above the horizon much of the way from Nebo, and had anticipated a fine panorama when we reached it. The scene fulfilled all expectations.

May 11.—In the afternoon all of the party except Mr. Dobbs, who was sick, and myself, having departed for the Low Country, or Plain of Philistia, Miss Fish, Mrs. Ridgeway, and I took a ride, guided by Areph, to the hill Scropus. Toward sunset we went up on the roof of our hotel, from which there is a fine view of the city, looking toward the Mount of Olives. Almost directly beneath is the Pool of Hezekiah. It is 240 feet long, by 144 feet wide, and is inside of a block of buildings, the rear of the houses on Christian-street overlooking it. The water looks clear, as though frequently changed. The supply is through a small drain from the Pool of Upper Gihon. This pool is called after King Hezekiah, as best answering the description and location of the pool which he built (2 Kings xx. 20, and 2 Chron. xxxii. 30).

JOY IN HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. G. W. M'CREE.

"I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke xv. 10.

THIS is a remarkable saying. It affirms the existence of angels—an order of beings superior to men in their intelligence, purity, grandeur of condition, and high intercourse with God. They dwell with Him and do His will. They are His servants: His glorious ministers who do His pleasure. It also affirms the benevolent interest which they take in the affairs of men. Angels are men's friends and helpers. When God laid the foundation of the earth and created man upon it, then did the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. When the shining messenger came swiftly from heaven to bring to the watching shepherds of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," we are told that suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." When Jesus was faint and sorrowful in the Garden of Gethsamene, an angel came to strengthen Him. When Peter lay in prison an angel opened the doors of his dungeon, and set him free. And still, still the bright ones watch over us, and keep us, for they are ministering spirits sent forth by the Lord of angels to minister unto the heirs of salvation.

There are ample reasons for their joy. We can conceive, for example, this reason: *The desire of angels to see God glorified.* The realms of heaven do often resound with angelic voices, saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory." But the sinner, the unconverted person does not, cannot glorify God. "The carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be." The sinner's mind is rebellious; the penitent's mind is submissive. The sinner's mind hates God; the penitent's mind loves God. The sinner's mind is without God; the penitent's mind longs after and desires God more than life. Hence the joy of angels. They see the rebel lay down his sword, and yield to God. They see him forsaking evil ways, and walking in the paths of honour, temperance, piety, and heaven.

We can conceive, also, this reason: *The angels know that when a sinner repents the Cross of Christ is vindicated and accepted.* Angels bow down before that wondrous Being who lived and died and rose again. Throughout all His marvellous course they followed Him with their entranced gaze.

They know why He died on the Cross. They know that He endured the Cross that he might save sinners, and that peace, righteousness, and eternal life are through Him—that is, through His precious blood—shed for the remission of sins. Hence, when they behold a penitent sinner fly with outstretched arms to the crucified Jesus, they know that He will soon see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and they make their harps of gold peal forth melodious notes in celebration of another victory won by Christ.

We can conceive of this reason: *The angels know what it is for a soul to be saved or lost.* "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment," then they have seen bright forms cast from the golden thrones of heaven into the abyss of woe, and they have thus known that God's wrath can be revealed against sinning angels. And there is no improbability in thinking that they have seen sinners lost. They, doubtless saw Judas go to his "own place." They doubtless, saw Dives when "He lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments." Yes, they know what a lost soul is. They could tell you the meaning, the awful meaning of such Biblical phrases as "an horrible tempest," "everlasting burnings," "everlasting punishment," and "the vengeance of eternal fire." From afar they have seen "the great gulf" which keeps apart for evermore the sun-like host of God, and the doomed servants of the wicked one, and, consequently, they could tell you what is meant by the most fearful of all words—HELL.

The angels also know what it is for a soul to be saved. They see us repent; they see us forgiven; they see us live; they see us die; and they welcome us to "everlasting habitations." When the dark shadows of death assemble around our heads they will conduct the horses and the chariot of fire to where you wait, and thus lead you to the boundless

world of light and peace. There, seated on a throne exceeding high, clearer than crystal, fairer than ivory and pearl, more precious than much fine gold, is Jesus waiting for the ransomed soul. Yes, they know what it is for a soul to be saved. They could tell you what is meant by "glory," by "a crown of life," by "pleasures for evermore," by "the Kingdom of God," by "paradise," by "everlasting salvation," by "immortality," and by "eternal life." Hence their joy when a sinner repents and is saved. They know that the gates of hell have been closed and the gates of heaven opened. They know that another name has been written in the Book of Life. They know that another on earth is fitted to become a dweller in heaven. And knowing this they look down with complacency and hope upon "one sinner that repenteth."

We can conceive, moreover, of this reason: *The angels of God anticipate our fellowship in heaven.* The celestial country is not like that new north-land of which some of us have read so recently in the public journals. A land of snow and silence and solitude; a land without trees, or flowers, or fruits, or birds, or men. Desolation and death there? Beauty, concourse, song, joy, life, yonder! Oh! think of the countless congregation of the blessed in glory. We shall, if we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, come unto Mount Zion; we shall come unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem; we shall come to an innumerable company of angels; we shall come to the general assembly and church of the first-born; we shall come to God, the judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect. "To an innumerable company of angels." Yes, to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and to Gabriel and Michael, the archangels of God. Yes, to David, Samuel and all the prophets, and the beautiful one who watched the sepulchre of Christ. To Paul and all the Apostles, and Stephen and all the martyrs, and to all the angelic ministers of God who wait for them and us. The angels know that the saints shall join them in heaven, purified from all the stains and tears of earth, and hence their joy when the sinner repents. They, then, have another friend, companion, lover, another brother and sister in Christ Jesus, and this enhances and enlarges their present joy.

THE GLOOMY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. A. R. TAYLOR.

THE religion of Jesus Christ is the gladdest thing on earth. It is not a system of penances, or of slavery to rigid enactments. It does not imprison its followers in a bondage of legal restrictions, but opens wide to them the doors of Gospel freedom. The liberty with which Christ makes us free is a liberty which entitles us to continual and grateful joy.

There have been captives set free from dungeons who had, by reason of long imprisonment, acquired such a love for their dungeons that they did not know what to do with themselves when they were set free. There have been slaves who, when they were told that they were no longer in bondage, but were free to go where they chose and to act for themselves, showed such a reluctance as to prove themselves entirely unacquainted with the advantages of freedom. So there are people who are in bondage to imaginary requirements of Christianity, only because they do not practically understand the principles of the redemption with which Christ has made them free from the curse of the law. These well-meaning but mistaken souls prefer to shut themselves down in the dark cellar of their own restricted rules of faith, rather than, with manly Christian step, to walk in the glad sunshine of true Gospel liberty. They "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable," and think they are not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, while really what they call the ways of the Lord are their own substitutes for them, and as for pleasure in serving God, it is not in the list of things which they consider excellent. It is a sin to make the fires on Sunday, or to wash the breakfast dishes; it is no sin to be cross and dismal on the holy day of gladness. To help a hymn along with a good piano or melodeon would be scandalous; but it is no sin to crack Johnny's knuckles with a stick, because the little fellow did whistle a few more notes after he heard the chilling "Ho-o-o-sh! Johnny musn't whistle on Sunday!"

It sometimes happens that these cloudy persons get possession of the Sunday-school. When the leading spirits in the

school are of this sort we generally see the whole corps of the same disposition. Those who take a more cheerful view of religious things have gone to some more sunshiny establishment. Mr Grim, who is known to be a very good man, and one of the pillars of the church, and who therefore thinks it is his duty to wear a forbidding countenance, is the superintendent. He sometimes says pleasant words and does pleasant things, but in such an austere way that they seem like clothes that do not fit. He can pray for twenty minutes without stopping to take breath, and says that he prefers that kind of prayer to the kind which people hurry over in three or four minutes. He is right in telling us that we ought not to hurry the prayers, but wrong in spinning them out to such a wearisome length. His idea of rules and regulations is from the Jewish dispensation, and goes into considerable depth, into small details, in which he exacts a rigid obedience. He has a great quantity of "constitution and by-laws," which he keeps bottled up in suitable doses, to be administered to teachers and scholars, as occasion calls for. His efforts at keeping order in school are of the most ponderous description.

The chorister of this school is a gloomy genius, and the singing is doleful business. He sings with an unmusical twang, which he thinks is an essential element of good music. He got it by imitating some forefather who could not sing any better. The forefather was a good man, so this man thinks that he must sing as that good man sang. He tells the children that they must and shall sing, and that they are bad children if they do not. This is apt to give the children the sulks, and to render their vocal exercises more like groaning than like the voice of sacred song.

The children are taught. They are made to learn their Bible lessons, and the lessons are explained to them. But they learn rather to be afraid of God than to love Him; more about the terrors of the law than the riches of the Saviour's grace. They come to school not so much because they like it, as because they are taught that they are idle and wicked children if they stay at home.

The library is a battery of solid doctrine. Most carefully have all those books been excluded which are not strictly true in point of fact of every detail. Story books would no more be admitted than would flash novels. Even those books which are only "founded on fact" are strictly kept out. It was from this school that the small boy took the book labelled "Five Points," which he supposed to be a stirring work on a certain locality in the city of New York, but which he discovered, his regret, was Dickinson's able little treatise on the "Five Points of Calvinism." From this school also it was that a little girl took home a "Treatise on Backsliding," which she thought would help her to learn to skate backward on the ice! The gloomy Sunday-school is not a pleasant place to stay in very long. Let us shut the door and run away.

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.

WORK is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep—and eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick, and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake, and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well as leaving no disagreeable sequelæ, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the *materia medica*, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drug in the market. And it will not sicken you, if you do not take it sugar-coated.

"BEACON LIGHTS."

BY EMILIE SEARCFIELD.

THE VINE GATHERER.

"Do to others as you would wish them to do to you."

IT was late autumn, golden and crisp. The very atmosphere seemed as the elixir of life, and the scent of the luscious vintage literally floated here, there, and everywhere. Bertha Allendorf, who was descending the hill from the "gathering," formed a part, too, of the joyous, life-giving evening and evening scene. She was an orphan, and had earned her own livelihood from childhood, but what of that?—everybody loved her, everybody had a kindly word to say to her;

but the void will soon be filled, for Carl's love, Carl's smile and his presence will make up for her the perfection of life, the happy ending of a happy dream.

"Bertha, my own!" and the young man greets her in true, lover-like style, taking the basket from her, and himself bearing it onward. Their steps were in unison, and their hearts throbbed evenly together, till Carl pausing said, "A stranger has been inquiring for you, Bertha, and is now at our house, awaiting your return."

"A stranger! what is she like?" It seemed that the girl had quite settled in her mind that the stranger was a "she."

"Like! I scarce know; but nothing to be compared with my love," and Carl passed his disengaged arm around her waist. "She says that she is in somewise related to you—how, I cannot tell, only her name is Elise Hermann."



why, even now the master for whom she had been toiling since sunrise, had given her a basket of fruit for her very own, well knowing that the girl would share it with every child or aged woman she might chance to meet.

Oh, it was as though the year, in growing old, was giving of his mightiest, his most precious and best-beloved, to the people of the earth; as though he, like some folks, was growing more beautiful in the mellow time before hoary age, in the shape of wintry frosts, should come and nip the warmth of his sunlit blossoms and fruits. But what quickens the girl's steps? What causes the rich blood to rise, suffusing cheek and brow with its crimson tide? What causes the almost unearthly tenderness in her full, dark eyes? Even this—Carl, her lover, approaches; her lover, whom she is soon to wed, and henceforth be no more lonely. She misses a something in her quieter moments, has missed it for years;

"Ah, I know!" and Bertha's face grew grave. "Father's sister married one Jakob Hermann, and then they both went away to Paris; but it was all before my memory. Last year, however, a letter came to me from my aunt; she said that she was dying, and that Hermann, her husband, had deserted her, so that very soon her daughter (yes, she called her Elise) would be alone, and that it was her wish that she should come to me, if I could in any way befriend her."

"And she is come?"

"Yes. I sent back word that she would be welcome, but as I heard naught afterwards, I gave her up long ago. She is welcome, though, and I am very glad," and Bertha spoke the truth; for her heart warmed at the bare thought of standing face to face with her own flesh and blood. Therefore they both hastened on, pausing not to linger by the Rhine as was their wont, for the very reason that Bertha was longing to

embrace her cousin, the dear relative of whom Carl had brought her tidings.

At Carl's home, Bertha tenderly embraced the new comer; and in truth it must have been a hard heart which could be proof against the young Elise; for, added to her youth and freshness, was a peculiar lightness and grace of manner to which she would never have attained had the years of her life been passed in the Fatherland. Then, compared with Bertha and the peasantry around, the girl was quite clever and learned; she could read and write both French and German, whereas her cousin had spent her time mostly in hard work—a continual struggle, as it were, for daily bread. Yet, Bertha seemed sadly ignorant and behindhand in the days which followed, and yet, will you believe it? her hands toiled for both, for Elise could make herself useful in no other way than in the ornamenting of her own and Bertha's clothing, so that it was doubly good for her not to be entirely friendless, as her cousin had been even from childhood. Words would fail me to tell of Bertha's tender pride in Elise, how fondly she spared her the slightest hardship, lavishing caresses and fondest tokens of love upon her day by day. Her heart seemed to expand, too, for did not Carl and Elise both dwell therein, and it more than pleased her to note how kindly these two took to each other.

One evening in winter-time, the winter after Elise's coming, when Bertha, for lack of other employment, had been out gathering firewood on the castle domain, Carl came in, as was his wont, to sit awhile with the girls by the side of the blazing fire. Bertha, for a wonder, was quite gay; indeed, she had been growing more so both in spirits and apparel ever since Elise's advent in the small, German village; but this evening her face was positively glowing, and her beddice was quite brave with crimson and silver tinsel, the remains of some of Elise's Paris finery; and with her usual light childishness, the latter soon called the young man's attention to mark how well her cousin looked in her bright colours. Carl glanced across, and Bertha, whose whole life seemed wrapped up in his very lightest word or look, blushed almost as deeply as the crimson knots themselves. But he did not take note of the rising colour, did not see the intense beauty and passion of her love-lit face; true, it was homely compared with the delicate changefulness of the other face which, till last autumn, he had never seen; but then it was true and full of love, full also of the rare sweetness of a noble, unselfish heart.

"And these fingers did the work?"

Bertha gazed at her lover in surprise, for instead of saying something pretty to her, he was holding, and evidently admiring, Elise's pretty, toy-like hand. Her own, she remembered, was coarse and hard; but then it had grown so by reason of honest toil, and—again she smiled. Why should she be jealous? Carl loved her truly. Elise was a sister to him; why, therefore, should he not be as a brother unto her? He was all hers (Bertha's), and she found it in her heart to pity Elise for not having found a "Carl" of her very own. But what were the two saying?

"Yes, it is indeed a splendid night, and the river must look grand, with the stars shining above." These were Elise's words.

"Is it too cold for you to go into the town (Oberwerel), think you?"

"Oh, no, no!" and yet she glanced half fearfully, half timidly, into Bertha's face.

"No, it is not too cold," and Bertha smiled in a reassuring way as she rose to go and fetch wraps, both for herself and Elise.

It seemed to her that she had been gone but a moment, and yet, when she came back, the two had found time to settle one point between them; and that was, that they would rather go alone. "You are cold and tired, Bertha," said Carl. "I cannot let you venture out again after fretting your poor fingers all day as you have done."

He held her hands as he spoke, but not tenderly as he had clasped Elise's; and then she, too, added her pretty voice, saying, "No, not for me, cousin mine, it is enough that you toil in the daytime, and—and Carl wishes me to listen to the echo, he says that it will sound fine to-night."

Bertha saw that they were bent on leaving her behind, and so, in all simplicity, allowed them to depart. "Carl is very careful of me," she whispered, as she closed the door behind them, and yet she was somewhat sad, somewhat disappointed, in spite of all his care. So she turned away to her spinning-wheel, in order to make the time pass less heavily. In four

more weeks she would have accomplished a goodly store of linen; sufficient, as all the housewives assured her, to last her lifetime; and as soon as this task was complete, she and Carl were to wed. These thoughts rendered her labour very sweet, nay, she soon became glad to think that she was staying in to do it, glad that the others were gone, and she not sitting idly by the fire, as when they had been there. Her eyes were often dim with the sweet visions which came before her, so dim that she had often to pass her hand across them to be able to continue her work; but it was the dimness of a great joy, a joy which she felt was soon to be all her own. By and by, the two returned she noticed that Carl was quiet, and that Elise turned half angrily from her when she rose to let her pass to her usual place, and a something seemed there by the blazing fire which made her shiver, as though it, with its icy hand, were grasping ever and anon at her young heart, which till now had been so blithe and hopeful.

"What is it, Elise?" she pined; she who had ever been so strong and brave. They were alone, those two girls who had been as sisters together, and Bertha cowered at the other's feet in her weakness, for she had seen Carl whisper to Elise at parting, and then both had looked upon her in a way which she knew full well boded trouble of some sort—what, she could not, and would not guess.

"Nothing, nothing," and Elise was quite angry now, and went to bed in the little room which Bertha in her love had shared with her, asking nothing in return.

But in the still hours of the night a murmuring of words fell upon Bertha's ear, for she had not as yet closed her weary eyes, by reason of the trouble which lay gnawing at her heart. She listened as Elise babbled on, now in French, now German—she was talking to Carl of the beautiful river, telling him that it was like the love of her heart, while that of Bertha was as some slumbering lake. Then she would laugh at the well-known echo of the hills, and go into ecstasies over the ruins of the proud Schauburg, which looked so serene and grand from its great height as compared with the quiet town and the mysterious beauty of the river. It appeared at times, too, as though Carl was urging her on to something which she knew to be wrong, and over and over again she repeated her resolve of remaining firm in what she had said. But as much of this confusion of speech was in the language she best knew, and constantly used when greatly excited, Bertha was not quick to discover its meaning. She pitied the poor dreamer, and once was about to arouse her from her troubled sleep, but just then the voice rose high and clear, and the words which next fell on her ear were these:—"I will not, Carl! I will not! You must speak to Bertha, for I will not, only," and the voice grew still more fierce and loud, "I shall hate her if she does not give you up!"

Poor Bertha! The blood seemed to grow cold in her veins. I think the coldness, however, kept her from feeling to the full the agony which would otherwise have been hers. She was alone—*once more alone!* The moonbeams crept softly through the casement, and she removed the curtain she had hung there earlier in the evening to keep the morning light from her cousin's eyes. She, as I have said, removed it, and gazed long upon the speaker. To her eyes the features seemed more beautiful than any she had seen, and yet she felt as though in her inmost soul she could have cursed her as she lay, still babbling of love, of Carl, and her own self. A thought of God came to her then, of Jesus too, and as she raised her eyes whence the moonlight came, and gazed straight out to the blue heavens and the bright glowing stars, which somehow seemed to her as the innumerable host of saints looking down upon her woe, a holier feeling fell over her. There came, too, a sense of the loneliness of the Man of Sorrows, and of what He had left for her—*her alone*, it seemed, and I do not rightly think she knew what she was doing; but she, on her part, resolved to give up all for others. Tenderly she kissed the sleeping girl—a stupor seemed to pervade her the while, or I do not say that she could have done it—carefully she rehung the curtain, and then passed out into the starlit night as calmly as though nothing had disturbed her. She went onwards towards the hills which had been clad with vines in the golden, autumn weather; but whereas her step then had been elastic and free, like to the glad season itself, it was now swift, solemn, and sure. Not once did she trip over the root of a tree or a rolling stone, it seemed almost as though an unseen hand guided her steps.

She stood at length upon the topmost height, the one on

which the castle stood (her home lay just beyond the town, to the right of the river, so that she had walked far, and she was bitterly cold); yet now she paused, and gazed upon the waters below. "Love like that," she said once, and her voice sounded far, far away.

So far as the eye could reach, the river had no end; and the sight seemed to impress even her, in spite of the deep stupor of her grief. She sat down by-and-by, with the biting wind whistling around and the cold frost sapping away all that was left to her of life and warmth. A star shot through the sky, and she murmured that a soul was just now going to heaven. She did not think of herself, but in fancy she followed that other soul up from the valley of suffering below to the realms of glory above. She grew drowsy at the last, and imagined that she was in her own home, and that Carl was there by her side. There came no remembrance of Elise to embitter her then, only Carl and his great, great love. She told him though that she was going away, going to leave everything for his sake, and that in return she but asked him to remember and love her. Then the numbness became stronger upon her, and she slept, slept as sleepers in such bitter cold generally do, the great sleep from which no voice but One will ever rouse them.

She was missed and sought after when daylight came, and towards evening Carl found her. He knew naught of her struggle, her stupor, or her cause for flight. He only knew that she was dead, "lost to him for ever," so he said in the falseness of his craven heart, and so people scarcely wondered when Elise and he wed, during the summer months which followed.

So Bertha slept beneath the sod in the burying ground of the old Church of St. Martin's, no one guessing the truth about her—and why should they?

Winaud von Steeg and Johann von Wesel are both recorded in the annals of German history as martyrs—perhaps above the sky there is yet another book of martyrs, bearing other names than those the world ever heard of or dreamt of. Perhaps, too, Bertha's name and many another is written thereon. He only who reads our inmost thoughts is able to judge of our fitness for such high honour; but the girl's senses had passed the boundary line of judgment, and so she, dreaming not of giving up her life, relinquished all for those who had wronged her, and stolen away all that she possessed to sweeten her hard lot. Still, may not her sorrow have been the hem of the garb of glory which awaited her in the great Beyond?

WHAT MAY BE.

BY REV. J. H. McCARTY, M.A.

NOTHING is more true in human philosophy than that, under the right kind of education—that which takes hold of the whole being, moulding into a Divine beauty the heart life, stimulating as with an electric touch the intellectual life, reaching and affecting the bodily life—this groaning, enfeebled, perverted manhood may grow up into a sort of "blood-royal"; and the future races, or race—for all are to be "one in Christ"—who shall grow out of the present, shall be like the giant oak of the forest as compared with the dwarf of its own species, whose stunted growth tells of some awful blight which has rested on germ or soil.

But what are the agencies employed to effect this change? First, there is an inherent power in man himself—in mind itself. It is said a forest was once hid in an acorn. There is power in a few pounds of water, which an ox can drink or a child spill, if developed and confined under certain conditions, to blow up a steamboat; yet we can not see it, nor feel it. There is in 'humanity a power ever at work. The mind struggles up like the grass in Spring-time, as it seeks the sun. With all this load of sin and of misery which the world has borne on its shoulders, with all the disabilities of our nature—and they are numerous—yet how much the world has gained! Look back and see. Then there is a power in the action of mind upon mind. The ignorant learn from the wise, the educated. The unlettered slave overheard the conversation of his master while he served him, and grew wonderfully wise.

Then, there is the rivalry of mind. The learning of some provokes others to seek wisdom and knowledge; for what one can do, another can at least try to do, and with probable success. Besides the education men gain from contact with the world, in which facts share so large a part, we read

lectures in stones, and see revelations in stars, and hear songs in winds, and sermons in waves.

Under all these influences, what is the possible destiny of our race on this globe? Who can tell? Who dares prescribe a limit to this all mastering human power, this mind-power? What shall be our destiny when all the powers of nature are brought into subjection, and man is enthroned as dictator over the empire of universal world force? What shall be the destiny of mankind when all the treasures of earth are laid open to their embrace and use? What may be said of him when the clouds, that veil the now hidden truths, are all lifted, and the sun, that shall know no setting, shall rise upon his intellect and heart? Ah! "it doth not yet appear what he shall be!"

But, in addition to this inherent energy in man, there are other forces at work for his elevation; and these are of God. We are very much like children who are learning to walk. We put forth what energy we have; but then God's hand is reached down to aid us. We hold Him by the fingers, and will not fall; He leads us.

The ultimate outlook is grand. There is a vision of beauty lying just over there in the future. The world will yet see a diseased race cured of its maladies; a deformed race restored to its primal loveliness, a race of slaves emancipated from every shackle; a race on which had settled in awful night the mental and spiritual darkness of the soul, shining in the brightness of spiritual glory; sin, whose darts had sunk into the soul, poisoning its fountains and blighting its hopes, driven away; the tear on the cheek of sorrow crystallised into a diamond of joy; a poor race made rich in wealth that shall not perish. Such are the hopes of men, and such are the promises of God in the good time coming, in the world's new age. It shall not be said by one to another, "Know the Lord;" for all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest.

O, while poverty pinches, and ignorance enthralls, and vice stings those who are ours in kin—bone of our bones, flesh of our flesh—we who can, should do something to redeem the world! And as no force, they say, can be destroyed, but all is conserved and in some way correlated, so not one good deed is lost—not a teacher in the schoolroom teaches in vain, not a kind word is uttered in vain, not a smile exists but is caught in God's camera, fixed indelibly on some page in heaven's gallery, and all our deeds of goodness are laid up in the archives of heaven. We will meet them by and by, as from eternal habitations we read the history of our earth-lives.

Reader, what can you do to hasten on the redemption of the world? What can you do to help some poor child of darkness out into light? Pity the destitute of this world, but pity more the morally benighted. They may not ask your aid, they may even spurn it; but still, pluck them as brands from the burning, and they will be bright jewels in your crown.

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

A PRINCE once asked his chaplain to furnish him with evidence of the truth of Christianity, but to do so briefly. He received a brief reply,—“The Jews, your majesty.” Yes, here are the Jews among us. Without a king, without a centre, and yet preserving a mysterious identity. Will you study the problem, whether any key to the history and fortunes of the Jews fits the lock of their strange sufferings and dispersion like that the Scripture gives? And here is the Church. Intrigue and falsehood you can find in it. The base designs of its members would long ago have discredited any other association. But through more than eighteen centuries the Church has been a witness for purity, self-denial, benevolence, and saintliness. None but a bigot will deny this. Will you ask how came a Church with such a history into being? Could lies have given it its lofty benevolence, its wide-spreading conquests, and its imperishable sway?

And observe, the end will come. A nurse recently was summoned to a sick bed in Paris. The invalid was a young Engelman. Before she would enter upon her duties she asked if the sufferer was a Christian. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she said, “I have seen such horrible sights, and heard such wailings, in the dying chambers of ungodly and dissolute men, that I dare not now undertake to nurse another such a one.” Trunchan, in his memoirs of Voltaire, says: “I wish that those who have been perverted by his

"OH! TO BE READY."

Words by I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Harmonized by Miss ALICE HARTSOUGH.

1. "Oh! to be read - y, read - y," Read - y to work or to rest, Just as the Mas - ter wish - es,

Just as He thinks for the best; Oh! to be read - y, read - y, Read - y to go or to stay,

CHORUS.
Just as the Mas - ter choos - es, Just as He o - pens the way. Oh! to be read - y, read - y.

Read - y and watch - ing in prayer, Read - y for Christ's ap - pear - ing, Read - y His glo - ry to see.

2 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready God's word to obey;
Shunning the path of danger,
Seeking the one narrow way.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to suffer His will,
Whom the Lord loves He chastens,
Chastens for good not for ill.

3 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to go at His call.
Over the cold, dark river,
Flowing so near to us all.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready my dear ones to meet,
Shouting the Saviour's praises,
Casting their crowns at His feet.

4 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to join in the song,
Filling the courts of glory,
Sung by a numberless throng.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready with Jesus to dwell;
Saved evermore in heaven,
Saved evermore from hell.

writings had been present at his death. It was a sight too horrid to witness." These are awful facts and foreshadowings after a life of infidel pleasure.

I once read the memoirs of two men whose lives ran side by side, but in whose end the contrast was deeply instructive. Both were born in the year 1800; both lived unto the third quarter of the century; both were men of genius and culture; both had access to the first literary circles of Europe; both were writers of celebrity. One was a sceptic; the other a firm believer in Christianity. The one, John McLeod Campbell, closed his days in a calm evening of serene, unbroken repose. His last words were, "What a rest to know that I am in my Father's hands!" The other, Heinrich Heine, wrote before his death, "I am very wretched; I am almost mad with vexation, sorrow, and impatience." His last letter contains these words: "My brain is full of madness, and my heart of sorrow; never was poet so unhappy in the fulness of fortune which seems to make a mock of him!" Thus died the sceptical poet of the gay world of this era!

One of the most accomplished and gifted of authoresses has told us that dark doubts on divine subjects once shrouded her spirit. As she looked up at midnight to the vault of the heavens, and saw the stars moving in serenity and order, the thought came over her troubled spirit—"The Creator of those orbs must take an interest in me, His rational creature. I held to nothing but a dim hope of His existence. I will take my dark mind to him, and ask Him for light. Prayer shall be with me the 'test of truth.'" To that sincere cry the answer came. Her heart, intellect, and conscience found rest in Christ; the Bible became to her an exhaustless fount of wisdom; in mathematical culture and in musical taste she became distinguished, and her life became signally useful and saintly. Two eminent men were lifted out of their doubts by the promise in Luke xi. 13. "If the Bible be true," they reasoned, "the Lord will give His Spirit to them that ask

Him. We will put this promise to the proof." The one—John Newton—became the most influential preacher of the Gospel in the British metropolis; the other—William Wilberforce—became one of the best, most useful, and most honoured of statesmen.

My brother, let this be the test of your sincerity. Will you earnestly and perseveringly ask God to fulfil His promise in you?

GEMS FROM THE WORTHIES.

STONER.

"If you wish to see extraordinary effects you must use extraordinary efforts."

"God follows you out of your bed-chamber with a jealous eye, to see what book lies nearest your heart."

"Let the fire be always burning brightly and ardently on your own altar, wherever it may blaze or blink beside."

"Cease to sin, and we will cease to tell you that Satan is your master, that hell is your home, and eternal torment your portion."

"It is our exalted privilege to have all the feelings of nature sanctified, and blessed to our increase in holiness. By this every drop of natural sorrow will be mingled with drops of spiritual comfort and sanctifying grace."

"Time is momentary duration; eternity is duration without end. Time is fleeting; eternity is stationary. Eternity's Reason staggers; calculation reels her weary head; imagination is paralysed. The minds of angels are infinitely too contracted to grasp the mighty idea of eternity. Yet you will not repent, though urged to it by the solemn warnings which threaten an eternity of woe?"

WILLIE'S PICTURE.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Be ye also perfect."



I ONCE saw a picture of sunset, and it surprised me much the way in which the painter had caught the glory of the mellow lights, so as to be able to bring it all plainly forward, in order that other eyes which had not perhaps seen it as it had appeared to him, might joy in the sweet reality of the whole. There were blue hills in the distance tipped with crimson, above, the sky all gold and amber, while nearer still were labourers gathering in the harvest for which they had toiled day after day, and which after all had come to them as a fair, free gift from the God who gives us all we have. I don't know how it was, but the picture struck me just as did another of which I am about to tell you, if only you will open your eyes and your tender little hearts to take it in.

Willie was ten years old when first I knew him, full of health and spirits, a boy with a will of his own too, a will which people said would make him a great man some day. He was going to be a "painter," so he often said, and many a time he was punished for the figures and sketches with which he covered not only his own but the other boys' copy-books while at school. Poor Willie, and he meant no harm either! He meant no harm when he and Bobby Frost stayed behind the others one evening, just because Willie had made up his mind to sketch the schoolmaster, his wife, and little boy upon the clean whitewashed walls; but the master thought harm of it, and after punishing Willie severely, turned him away from the school. He was sorry then, and so were his father and mother, and from that time the boy gave up all thought of artist work. It was very hard for him though, and one day when I came upon him in the fields, he was crying bitterly, partly because of his disgrace and partly because he had promised to draw pictures no more. So I talked to the boy, and told him of the One Great Portrait we are all called upon to copy. I drew his mind to thinking what Jesus did when on earth, how He obeyed His parents,

how He always thought of others' feelings and pleasures before His own, and, lastly, how glorious the whole of His life was to behold, how noble the picture; and yet we, far as our actions and thoughts must ever be removed from His perfection, are plainly told to make our lives like His—a picture of lights and shadows, which the glory of eternity and God's love will render perfect at the last.

I saw Willie once when his picture was well-nigh finished, when the sunshine of heaven was glimmering over the borderland of earth, and already lighting it up, so as to appear somewhat like the picture of what that other life had been. "I am a painter," he whispered faintly, "I have mixed the colours and laid them on, and that not to please myself but others, and now God is giving beauty and radiance and Jesus says it is well done."

So Willie died, and I mused again of the picture of the harvest field; for the boy's little acts of unselfish obedience were the golden sheaves—his pure wishes and desires to please God and man the sweet sunset glow, and the angels, God's reapers, had borne the harvest home, while colours flashed brightly here and there, colours which had grown quickly during the short summer day of the boy's life.

Cannot you, dear children, like Willie, give up something for God and your parents—something which clings to you, something which you love, but which leads you into mischief? It was hard for Willie to give up his painting, but then God knew that he was to die early, and that therefore he would never need it. Had it been otherwise, doubtless God would have found a way to let his talent grow, for God, who is all wise, can do all things. Tread in duty's path, give up your will in all things wherein conscience whispers that it is right so to do. It may be hard, but remember, "even Jesus pleased not Himself," and you would like to be like Him, would you not? So life will grow beautiful; sweet colouring will appear daily for you and in you; God, who can see the end from the beginning, will act for you, and bless you; and by-and-by, like Willie, your picture will be complete.

COME INSIDE.

RECENTLY, in illustrating the theme, "A man in Christ," Mr. Spurgeon told a story that is worth repeating. He said: Some Christians remind me of the little boys who go to bathe; all frightened and shivering they enter the water just a little—up to their ankles they wade and shiver again. But the man who is really in Christ is like the practised swimmer who plunges into the stream head first and finds water to swim in. He never shivers. It braces him; he rejoices in it. And see how at home he is in the river of grace. He has become his element. Now for him "to live is Christ." It has devoted himself, his substance, and all that he has to the glory of God. This is the man who understands the happiness of religion in a manner far beyond the conception of the half-and-half professor who has only religion enough to make him miserable. I sometimes illustrate this by a quaint American story. An American gentleman said to a friend, "I wish you would come down to my garden and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend never did come, and at last the fruit-grower said, "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them." "Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road I picked up one that fell over the wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life: and I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit." "Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought it must be so. Why, don't you know those apples around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys? I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all around the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but if you will come inside you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey." Now, you will find that on the outskirts of religion there are a number of "Thou shalt nots," and "Thou shalt," and convictions, and alarms; but these are only the bitter fruits with which this wondrous Eden is guarded from thievish hypocrites. If you can pass by the exterior bitters and give yourself right up to Christ and live for Him, your peace shall be like the waves of the sea; and you shall find that the fruits of "this apple tree among the trees of the wood" are the most delicious fruit that can be enjoyed this side of our eternal home.

HEALTHY LITERATURE.

WE have in the last few years made great strides in our popular literature, and the masses are catered for in a style which our forefathers would never have dreamt of. Books pleasant to read, and pleasant to look upon, are produced at a price that places them within the reach of everyone, and the coming generation cannot but be the better for it.

Mr. Longley is now issuing, under the inviting title of "The Fireside Series," a number of sixpenny books that will undoubtedly meet with no little favour. The covers are, without exception, the most tasteful and really artistic at the price that we have seen. They are well printed on good paper in about a dozen different tints, from designs by a well known artist, and are pictures perfect of their kind. The contents of the books are no less praiseworthy, the illustrations are very fairly done, and the stories, as a rule, exceedingly well written; and, while the whole are of a decidedly religious tendency, we are glad to see that Mr. Longley has wisely given us in this series of tales a literature of a honest, manly Christian type, but devoid either of ungenerous dogmatism or mawkish sentimentality.

The books are divided into three classes, viz., Temperance Tales, Stories for the Young, and General Fiction for old and young.

We would earnestly commend these books to the notice of our readers. Sunday-school teachers and temperance secretaries would do well to see them before making up their reward list, and many a cottage home might be brightened at a very small expense.

Below is a brief list of the twenty books and their authors, full particulars of which Mr. Longley (39, Warwick-lane, London) will gladly forward on application:—

Arthur Mursell. *Random Sketches.*

James Yeames. *The Foster Brother's Story.* Robert Vincent's *Mistake.* *Waif Winifred.* Hugh Bulston. *Calb Deane's Clock.*

Emilie Searchfield. *Grandmamma's Story.* *Those Village Bells.* *The Broken Tongs.* *The Broken Vow.* *Saved.* *The Peace of Death.* *Syble's Secret.* *Joha Raymond's Wish.* *A Guilty Conscience.*

F. E. Longley. *Will Hayman's Christmas.* *Cissy and I.* *Sally Shavings' Three Christmas Days.*

Mary Baskin. *The Deverill Revival.*

E. R. Pitman. *Peace on Earth.*

These stories are also issued in four very handsome volumes, half-a-crown each, making a very acceptable present, and we trust that our readers will see them and judge for themselves.

H. R.

BRAIN-FEEDING.—We are glad to see some small tokens that the need of "brain-feeding" is beginning to be recognised by the lay public. For example, it is at length perceived that to perform intellectual work thoroughly men must be supplied with fresh air. This scrap of wisdom has been ex-cogitated in connection with the controversy about the ventilation of courts of justice. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that in process of time it may dawn on the consciousness of ordinary thinkers that just as muscle is fed and trained for physical exercise, so brain needs to be prepared and sustained in mind work. The press of work and the strain of worry are so great in these days of hot haste and breathless enterprise, that, except under conditions rarely established and maintained, the power of self-nourishment and repair in the mind-organ is not sufficiently strong to keep it in health. It follows that it must be fed and nourished by special design. An adequate supply of oxygen is the preliminary requirement. Then comes the question of food; and whatever else may feed the brain workers with this organ should be assured that alcohol will not sustain it. Alcoholisation and oxygenation are directly antagonistic processes; and even if alcohol be food for the brain, the organ cannot feed when the nutrient fluid circulating in its vessels is disabled from the task of conveying oxygen, which happens whenever spirit is present in more than very moderate proportions in the blood. The relief afforded by alcohol from the sense of depression produced by a lack of oxygen is, therefore, illusory. It is procured by over-stimulating an organ which is both exhausted and impaired.—*The Lancet.*

OUR NOTE BOOK.

IT is stated that the present population of the Island of Cyprus is barely 150,000, though the population while it was under Venetian authority was two millions. The prevailing religion is that of the Greek Church.

The Wesleyan Conference concluded its sittings at Bradford on Friday, August 9. The election as president of Dr. Rigg, who years ago, in an anonymous letter or pamphlet, foreshadowed the admission of the lay element into the legislative councils of the body, at a time when such a suggestion was sufficient to involve the loyalty of the author, was well-timed, while it was considered to be a well-deserved recognition of his services to the Connexion, to the cause of education, and to literature. The next Conference will be held in Birmingham.

The congregation of the late Rev. W. Braden, the successor of the late Rev. Thomas Binney, at Weigh House Chapel, and whose decease was so sudden, have resolved to raise a fund for the benefit of Mrs. Braden and family. This, it is considered, will be the most practical recognition of the esteem and affection with which their deceased pastor was regarded by his church and congregation.

The appointment of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada, seems to have been hailed with satisfaction on both sides of the Atlantic. He will proceed to the Dominion, accompanied by the Princess Louise, about the 1st of November.

The suggestion of a Methodist Ecumenical Conference, by Dr. Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America—who, with Bishop Bowman and other distinguished American ministers, attended as a deputation, or as visitors, the recent Wesleyan Conference at Bradford—has been warmly taken up, and it is probable that such a Conference will be convened either next year or the year following, in London, or some other great English city, and will be composed of all the various branches of Methodism.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has returned from Scotland much improved in health. The change of air and the Scottish breezes are complimented as the causes, more than rest from work, which seems to be an impossibility with the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Even in his convalescence he caught cold through preaching in the open air to fifteen thousand people. This, however, was slight, and did not prevent his immediate return to work on his arrival in London. It has been proposed to hold a bazaar to raise a fund of £5,000 to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of his ministry.

A large gathering assembled at the village of Wedmore in Somersetshire, on Wednesday, August 7, to celebrate an event which was on its occurrence of great national importance, and which took place exactly a thousand years ago—so it is alleged—at the village named. The event was the signing of the treaty of peace, by Alfred the Great, which brought to an end the war between himself and the Danes. It is recorded that the Danish king was baptized into the Christian faith after the conclusion of the peace.

The United Methodist Free Church Annual Assembly has held its sitting in Manchester. The choice of president fell upon the Rev. W. Boyden, and the Rev. T. W. Townend was elected secretary.

The statistics of the Methodist Free Church show a net decrease of 253 members. The number of members on trial is 6,727. There has been an increase during the past year of 20 chapels, 24 Sunday-schools, 2,697 scholars, and 280 teachers.

The foundation of the cloister and chapter-house of the old Cathedral of St. Paul's has been discovered, during recent excavations within the rails of the churchyard. The marble carvings of the fourteenth century are said to be in excellent preservation.

The acquisition of Cyprus by the British Crown has created quite a library of literature in the shape of books and pamphlets. Much information has been given, but the British thirst is insatiable, and anything new is sure to sell. It is shown that Cyprus was the first country in the world that had a Christian ruler. Saul of Tarsus lost his old name here and received the new one of Paul. Barnabas claimed Cyprus as his native country, in which he was a landowner, and here he sold his possessions, the proceeds of which he devoted to the spread of the Christian religion.

The Rev. A. Mursell will leave for America, Sept. 28, for a six

months' lecturing tour. The members of the Church in Birmingham, of which he has for the past six months taken charge have unanimously resolved to get up a memorial to Mr. Murrell, requesting him to assume the pastorate of the church on his return from the other side of the Atlantic.

The number of members of the Society of Friends is about 14,600. The number of new members admitted during the year was 280, but the society lost, by death and other causes, 95 members.

The following are the most recent statistics of the churches of the Christian profession without their division into sects and parties:—Roman Catholics, 170,000,000; Protestants, 89,000,000; Greek Church, 76,000,000. There are thus about 950,000,000 of the human family who have not yet embraced Christianity.

The British Association has this year held its meetings in Dublin. Sermons were arranged to be preached in several of the Dublin churches on Sunday, Aug. 18, in connection with the visit of the Association.

The Irish Congregational Union will hold its meetings this year in the town of Sligo. The opening meeting will be held on Tuesday, the 10th of September.

The following statistics prove the catholicity of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage. Of the first 400 cases admitted the parents of 124 belonged to the Church of England, 93 Baptists, 47 Congregationalists, 41 Wesleyans, 9 Presbyterians, 2 Plymouth Brethren, and 2 Roman Catholics; not specified, 79.

CHOOSE!—Sometimes a regiment will get in between the two opposing hosts and be cut to pieces by both sides. Will you stand half-way between the right side and the wrong side, and take the shots of both hosts, or will you come under our standard? You will finally wish you had, for we shall gain this war. As a recruiting officer of the great army of banners, I blow this blast, Choose this day whom ye will serve.

A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used Bunter's Nerve, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience."

A beautiful thought springs from purity. Good sense without education is better than education with out good sense.

The man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.

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