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Editorial.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES,—IS THE OLD FAITH DYING?

 HIS question, which is being pressed with some vehemence on the attention of Christians at this present moment, is a question of very great importance to every one of us. There are consequences of vast extent in the womb of this question. Before attempting, in the brief space at our disposal, to give the question an answer, we must explain that by the OLD FAITH we mean *the essential and fundamental doctrines of our revealed religion*. These doctrines, revealed first to Adam when, after the sad fall, God instituted his Church by "placing at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubim," have in *number and importance* neither increased nor diminished since that day to this, though in *clearness and nearness* they have been advancing, like the sun, "shining more and more unto the perfect day" The "Old Faith," from Adam to Christ, and from Christ's first coming to His second coming, asserts and maintains that there is a personal God who has spoken by his prophets to the world; that man is a sinner; that there is a Divine Saviour who alone makes atonement for the sinner; that there is a Divine Spirit who alone regenerates and sanctifies the children of God, that there is a resurrection of the dead, a future judgment, an eternal heaven, and an eternal hell. That, in its essence, was Abel's creed, Abraham's

creed, the Apostles' creed. Is that creed, the Old Faith, as held alike by Enoch and by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, dying?

That is the question which is forced on our notice, specially this month, by two recent discourses in the *Complete Preacher*; a publication noticed favourably last month in our columns. In his lecture in the June number on "Protestantism, an Ocean of Conjecture," the Rev. F. C. Ewer, S.T.D., from the Romish stand-point, asserts that the old reformed theology is dying. These are his words:—

"That whereas 250 years ago the Protestant religious dogmas, held captive to themselves great thoughtful peoples of the Germanic, the Swiss, and the Anglo Saxon man, those dogmas have failed to retain the hold they once had . . . and Protestantism stands to-day, as a form of Christianity, breast-deep in torrents of skepticism, which itself hath let loose, which are deepening around it, and in which it is drowning."

In his sermon, "Is Christianity failing?" in the same number, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, from the Rationalistic stand-point, says:—

"A change is going on with respect to the faith of men with regard to many fundamental points of religious truth. . . . It is complained everywhere that men are abandoning the (Protestant) Church. . . . The fact is to be marked that the great mass of the intelligent community have in such a sense fallen off from the authority of the preacher and from the influence of the Church." *

According to both these preachers, Romish and Rationalistic, the Old Faith is dying all over the world, and Popery, or Catholicism, or something-ism, or Beecherism, is coming up in its place.

Now we admit that it is quite possible that the allegiance of men to these essential doctrines of Christianity, to which we have already referred, is subject to great changes and fluctuations, may indeed be dying, or dead in congregations, communities, and countries where that allegiance once flourished. The page of history is

* If the aim of the *Complete Preacher* is to give its readers a complete view of truth and error, a mixture of food and poison every month, a knowledge of good and evil, then it should distinctly tell people the peculiar ground, as a preacher, it has chosen to occupy. On this platform it might give us sermons from the disciples of Mahomet, Confucius, Brahma, and Budh. They would be interesting, and the *Preacher* would then be "very complete," and its readers also would be very select.

full of instances in which churches, once pure and sound, fell from the faith into heresies and immoralities. It would be no more than the truth to say that we find instances of this in Asia, in Geneva and in Brooklyn. But the question strictly and honestly stated is this, taking the English-speaking world as a whole, in it is the Old Faith dying to-day?

We happen to be at present in a good position to find an answer to this important question. The month of May in Britain is the harvest month of its churches and religious societies. During that month, in their May meetings, the various Evangelical societies of Britain received annual reports, and gave forth to the world a statement, honest we presume, of their agents, their finances, their work, their failures, and their success. What do these reports say then as to the hold the old creed of Abel, of Abraham, of the Apostles, of the Reformers, has on the hearts, and the heads, the tongues, and the ears, the purposes, and the pursuits of the Anglo-Saxon race?

WHAT ENGLISH CONGREGATIONALISM SAYS IN REPLY.

Some months ago there met in the town of Leicester, England, advanced thinkers of the type of the pastor of Plymouth Church, to consider what steps might be taken to broaden in the direction of Rationalism, the basis of religious communion in that body. On the 7th of May last, in Islington, the Congregational Union of England replied by adopting, by a majority of 1,000 to 20, the following resolution:—

“The Assembly appeals to the history of the Congregational churches generally as evidence that Congregationalists have always regarded the acceptance of the Facts and Doctrines of the Evangelical Faith revealed in the holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as an essential condition of Religious Communion in Congregational churches; and that among these have always been included the Incarnation, the Atoning Sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, his Resurrection, his Ascension and Mediatorial Reign, and the work of the Holy Spirit in the renewal of men.”

WHAT PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES AND MODERATORS SAY IN REPLY.

It was only last year there met in the city of Edinburgh a General Council of delegates, representing 19,790 Presbyterian min-

isters and 21,598 congregations, "whose creed is in harmony with the consensus of the Reformed Confessions," who, in other words, stand honestly by the Old Faith. It is a matter of history how harmonious that gathering was in its adherence to the old faith formulated at Westminster. So cheering the harmony that the gathering is to be repeated in Philadelphia in 1880, two years hence. But inasmuch as the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland specially, have been of late agitated by "the noisy turbulence of a mere handful of their ministers," it is well here to quote the very recent words with which two of the Moderators dissolved their respective courts. The Rev. Principal Tulloch, in his closing address before the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, said:—

"The Westminster divines may have handled certain lines of thought with a rigidity of logic which is repulsive to our generation; but its great lines of doctrine, as has been said, are those 'which run through all the Christian ages,' and re-appear in the theology of all the branches of the Catholic Church. Its ignorance of this true character of the Westminster Confession that seems to lie at the root of much that is said against it, and of the schemes for its revision which have been agitated elsewhere. It never seemed to me in the nature of the case that these schemes could be successful, and the issue is very much as I anticipated it would be. Our national Protestantism, which is older than the Westminster Assembly, is yet welded with the results of its labour in a significant and inextricable manner. The theological fabric which it built up with many arguments—here it may be in excess and there in defect—is too compact to be remoulded according to modern fashion. Surely in such circumstances the true remedy is not to attempt to pull to pieces and refit this fabric, but to make clear the spirit and sense in which the Confession is to be received."

The United Presbyterian Synod, in its meeting in May, decided unanimously for the essentials of the Confession of Faith, though it deemed it well to append notes to some of its statements. The Free Church Assembly, while differing on minor points in Mr. Smith's case, was unanimous in its expression of loyalty to the Confession. Its venerable Moderator, the friend and companion in a journey through Palestine forty years ago of the sainted McCheyne, thus, half in jest and half in earnest, referred to the tendency of youthful minds to disparage the old prophets and the old faith:

"At that meeting of the General Assembly there had been before them some anxious questions bearing upon the Word of God as the infallible rule of faith. No questions could possibly be more momentous; but it was not for him in that

place to review their proceedings or express an opinion on what had been decided. Only in regard to one feature of those discussions and decisions he might surely congratulate the House, namely, that amid all their differences they professed to be united in keeping fast to the inspired Word and to the Confession of Faith. It was at any time base and dishonourable for a man to subscribe the Confession, or to keep his name attached to it, while conscious that he was at variance with its teachings—(applause)—but they had not found such dishonesty within their borders. (Applause.) All of them, ministers and office-bearers, put their names to the Confession *ex animo*, not in some vague sense, and with mental reservation. Their students could not fail to have noticed that; and in passing might he make a remark about their students which might seem somewhat playful, but which they might perhaps ponder, for it had truth in the heart of it. They need not be very much surprised that those young 'sons of the prophets'—(laughter)—were rather prone to question the positive conclusions of older men. (Great laughter.) That was the tendency of 'the sons of the Prophets' even in the days of Elisha. (Continued laughter.) It would be remembered how they were not quite satisfied with the fact of Elisha's translation—(great laughter)—but insisted that fifty of the most gifted among them—(laughter)—should go and search hill and valley for themselves. The Prophet assured them that it would prove only a waste of time—(renewed laughter)—and when at length he yielded, and they had put out their strength in all the confidence of youth—(laughter)—how did it end? They came back to report that after all he had been in the right. (Laughter and applause.) No doubt he smiled with mild satisfaction as he reminded them 'Did I not say unto you, go not.' They would understand his parable. (Continued laughter and applause.) But to return to their subject, their students could not fail to have observed that their discussions had proceeded on that understanding; for the contention of disputants on either side was to show what was and what was not consistent with the Confession of Faith—(applause)—no one proposing to admit teaching which could be fairly shown to be inconsistent therewith. (Applause.) Improvements might be suggested on phrases and expressions, and explanations given, but the doctrines themselves satisfied them and were heartily received among them. (Applause.) That was well, but at the same time, while they regarded the Holy Scripture as the infallible Word that was their guide unto all truth, ought it not to be their aim more than ever, and their prayer, to have such experience in the study of it as Jonathan Edwards recorded as his own:—' Oftentimes, in reading it, every word seemed to touch my heart, I seemed often to see so much light exhibited by every sentence, and such refreshing food communicated, that I could not get along in reading—often dwelling long on one sentence to see the wonders contained in it, and yet almost every sentence seemed full of wonders.'

WHAT THE MISSIONARY MEETINGS SAY IN REPLY.

There is no thermometer in the world more sensitive to the state of the surrounding moral and spiritual atmosphere than the *voluntary gifts* by which missionary and benevolent institutions are sustained. Does the income of the Protestant Evangelical Societies that hold their anniversaries—some fifty-five in number—show any symptom of a decline of heart-belief in the great doctrines

of the Gospel which they were founded to sustain, defend and propagate? We find that the income in 1877 of these societies was \$8,181,180; while for 1878 it was \$8,436,260, being an increase for this year, a year of great commercial depression and anxiety, of \$255,080 over last year. That balance sheet does not by any means justify the statement that Protestantism, though it may be "breast-deep in torrents of skepticism," (which we do not deny) "is drowning."

It is further remarkable in connection with these May meetings that there is manifest not only an increase in income, but also an increase in interest on the part of the public, and a remarkable revival of sacred eloquence. The *Watchman* speaks of the meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Exeter Hall, as a "glorious meeting," and adds: "It has been our happiness to attend a great many fine missionary meetings in that celebrated, and sometimes decried building, and we will not go so far as to say that, in our judgment, this was better than any preceding one; but we do believe that for high-toned spiritual feeling and powerful oratory, it has never been surpassed. . . . Indeed, the audience underwent an almost painful tension of holy excitement during almost every minute of the first four hours."

And as if in reply to the challenge from Brooklyn that the spirit of the age is against the Evangelical system, that the great mass of the intelligent community are losing faith in the old-fashioned Evangelical doctrines, let us listen to the eloquent words borne to us across the Atlantic from Exeter Hall, that old gathering-place of Evangelical clans:—"The time-spirit, the spirit of the age is, we are told, against you. The time-spirit, the spirit of the age against us! What is the spirit of the age? Is it a stream that has flowed unchangeably from the beginning? Is it something that is uniform in its action, that moves in one direction, that bears on it the marks of eternity? No, it is just as shifting as men's varying thoughts and feelings. The spirit of the age against us! Well, but there is a Spirit that has been working throughout all ages, which has

been uniform in its action, which has given one testimony which is bearing man on to one issue. If the spirit of the age be against us, the Spirit of eternity and the Spirit of God is for us."

The reports of the various Protestant Churches in America (as to their work, finances, and increase) have not yet reached us in official form, but from notices in the public press we gather that, with some slight deficiency in the funds of some of the churches, there is no symptom of any abatement in their attachment to the Doctrines of Grace, so that to-day we can reply with considerable certainty, based on facts and figures, that though the OLD FAITH is troubled on every side, it is not distressed; though perplexed, it is not in despair; though persecuted, it is not forsaken; though cast down, it is not destroyed.

Living Preachers.

A BURNING HEART: THE CHARACTER OF THE FLAME AND THE NATURE OF THE FUEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"And they said one to another, did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way and while he opened to us the Scriptures."—LUKE xxiv. 32.

IT is an interesting story, this, from which the words of the text are taken. The Passover festival has just closed in Jerusalem; and the worshippers are returning to their homes. On the afternoon of the third day, after the feast, two travellers, on foot, issue from one of the western gates of the city and take the way towards Joppa, For a mile or two the road is on level ground and was then among a dense forest of fruit trees. It descends suddenly into a deep valley rich with water and vines. Again it rises to high land; and a second time it goes down into a valley where Emmaus nestles in a fertile hollow, seven and a half miles from the capital.

Of the two travellers we know very little. One was called Cleopas, the other may have been Luke, the writer of the story. They were

disciples of a new religion. During the recent Passover a dark cloud had settled on their religious hopes. They had seen, in these few and bitter days, their master seized as a criminal, tried, condemned, crucified, dead, and buried. They lingered about the city for two or three days, dazed and bewildered by the sad and sudden turn things had taken, and at last they concluded to retire, with shattered hopes, to their home in the country village.

On their way, with the evening sun in their faces, another traveller overtakes them, enters into conversation, asks and discovers the cause of their sadness, and with kind and wise words tries to remove the cloud of despondency from their minds. They soon discover from his talk that though young in years, this stranger is deeply versed in Scripture, that he has found the key to their perplexities and their hearts, and they invite him to join their evening meal. He does so, but in blessing, breaking and distributing the bread, he stands revealed to their wondering gaze as the same Master who but a few days ago was crucified and buried in his tomb, sealed and also watched by a body of Roman soldiers. They are, no doubt, about to embrace him, and it may be to overwhelm Him in the torrent of their wild joy, when He quietly and quickly vanished out of their sight. As they are left alone at the supper table, they look back over their evening walk; they recall Christ's talk and its effect on them, and they gave utterance to these interesting words: "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

It may be profitable for us to study to-day for a little (1), the *blessed experience* of the disciples on that memorable evening; (2), To enquire *how they came to have such gracious feelings*; and (3), To point out the *lessons their experience and its history teaches us*.

I. As to the *experience* of these men we have it here in few words: "did not our hearts burn within us." The experience is in two words, a *burning heart*. God has endowed the soul of man with two leading faculties. By one of these faculties man perceives, compares and reasons. This is called the *logical faculty* or the *understanding*, or the head. By the other faculty men like or dislike, approve or disapprove, love or hate, this latter faculty is the *will*, including, of course, conscience, feelings, and affections. It is often called the heart. In the account these men gave of their experience that evening, we learn that it is not simply that their understanding was enlightened. No doubt this was the case; but Christ's talk went further than the understanding, it reached the heart. Their

hearing was in no cold critical and indifferent frame. Their feelings were touched and very likely the tears quietly coursed down their travel-stained cheeks. But more than this, their hearts were not only reached, but stirred deeply. It was not with them a slight ripple on the surface as a flippant audience feels when witnessing in the theatre some moving tragedy. Their hearts were stirred to their lowest depths. It was not a sudden flash of feeling, as one may have in a religious gathering while listening to a touching story, or to a moving hymn, which flash passes away too often leaving the heart cold as before, or perhaps colder, as the ashes of the paper which flashed up wildly in your stove but did not catch the wood, renders it more difficult to catch up that fire anew. With the two disciples it was not thus. Their hearts were warmed; but more than that, their hearts took fire; nay, more than that, their hearts were all aglow with red or ruddy heat like the red gold in the pot of the refiner. And even then, when they talked, and mused, Christ now absent, the fire burned with a glowing heat of mingled feelings.

What, you ask, were these mingled feelings? They were ashamed of their ignorance: glad of their deliverance; but, they had in their breasts (1), *the joy arising from a new discovery in the Scriptures*. They had found a new meaning in Moses and the prophets. They had found a pearl of great price. And if the philosopher, traveller, and merchant rejoice, with a great joy, when they make important discoveries in their studies and business, what must the joy of a devout soul be when it finds new and hidden riches in the word of God, which is better to it "than thousands of gold and of silver." They had, moreover, in their breasts (2), *the love arising from finding a lost friend*. It does not appear that in Christ's talk with them he made distinct reference to His own resurrection; but He showed that the Messiah's sufferings and death were consistent with His glory. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter His glory?" This was enough; their friend and brother was no impostor, but the Messiah, he was not conquered but a conqueror, he suffered but he entered into glory. They are glad. Their hearts said: "It is enough, Jesus is yet alive;" though, it may be, they could not add, quite then, "we will go to see Him." In their breasts, still further, (3), *they had the hope arising from great expectations*. Their Master had often told them of a kingdom of power and glory. Did not His own blessed lips say: "Fear not." Then it seems that after all this is to be even as He said, though not as they understood it. In their breasts that hope is struggling which at length found vent in the words

of John, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him." Such, no doubt, were some of the mixed feelings that burned in their bosoms on that memorable evening; shame and joy, regrets and gladness, new faith, increased love, larger hopes. If there is any song in the Old Testament suited to their circumstances, it is that song sung by Moses and the children of Israel when they stood a free people on the shores of the Red Sea. "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power, Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders." This was the experience of these men; a blessed experience; would it were multiplied a thousand fold in our congregations.

II. Let us now in the second place try to trace the *history* of their experience or how they came to have it. Such an experience is not purchased at an easy rate. The heart of these men burned within them (1) because the Holy Spirit was there. Nothing else could give it. In the summer time, just before the coming of the heavy shower when every thing is dry and parched, you have heard with joy its forerunner pattering in big drops on the roof. On these two men came down that evening a few drops of fire to herald the Pentecostal shower that came on all in tongues of flame. Their hearts burned within them because (2) these hearts had been *prepared for the reception* of this baptism of fire. Before sowing to any purpose, the fallow-ground must be broken up: before applying the spark, the material ought to be dry and arranged to burn. God had done this. During the preceding week, these men had passed through sore trials. They had a sorrowful passover. They saw their Lord and Master, helpless in the hand of his enemies, they saw him led out to carry his cross. Whether they stood afar off on Calvary, while their awful tragedy was going on, we cannot tell; but they knew it all. A sword had pierced their hearts. Through a fiery process of discipline and chastisement their hearts were prepared to welcome the spark that quickly caught up into a great flame. Their hearts burned within them, because (3) they had a *heart-searching preacher*, one who was skilled in the word of God, and skilled in dealing with men's minds and hearts. This is he who was not more popular as a preacher to vast crowds, than he was skilled in dealing with single individuals. This, he who sounded in the ear of Nicodemus the truth he needed most; who sent away the woman of Samaria with so much joy that she forgot her water-pot, and the young rich man with such sorrow that even his riches could give him no

joy. Their hearts burned within (4) because they had a *heart-moving text*. That text was Christ. Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets he expounded to them in all the Scripture the things concerning himself. He showed them the sun, round which all the planets revolved: the centre from which all the circumferences were drawn; the anti-type to all the types; the substance of all the shadows; the key to all the symbols. Beginning with the Christ of Moses, the seed of the woman, the son of Abraham, the lamb of God, he followed the development of the idea in the Christ of David, sitting on his throne, his enemies conquered, and H. crowned with glory and honour; then he came to the Christ of Isaiah, "despised and rejected of men, a man from whom his countrymen hid their faces, stricken, smitten of God and afflicted," ending his grand demonstration with the Christ of Malachi. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in; but who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appear-eth." Their hearts burned within them (5) because there was a *faithful application* of the truth to their conscience. The preacher dealt not in flattering words, nor did he content himself with speaking at them, or over the heads of his two hearers. The words were like sharp arrows. "You are in trouble he told them," because you are fools, senseless, void of understanding, and because you are slow of heart to believe *i.e.*, because you are sceptical, rationalistic, putting on scripture meanings of your own, and losing sight of the plain sense which would be a light to your feet and a lamp to your path. And lastly, their hearts burned within them and continued to burn (6) because the preacher seemed to *believe his own sermon and practise what he taught*. His bearing in the house was in complete harmony with his talk by the road. With gentleness he yielded to their pressure to abide with them; with humility he sat down to table with them, with unction he blessed the bread, with kindness he brake and gave to those at the table. All this time the fire continued to burn, then suddenly the Saviour left them, when the words fell from their lips, "Did not our hearts," etc.

III. But now it is time for us to enquire what lesson these men's experience and its history has for us. There is but little time left for this important enquiry. The story of the two disciples teaches us, (1) Our Saviour's *tender care over the weak and erring of his flock*. There was something wrong about the men leaving the city that evening. Why not enquire as to the rumors about the resurrection before they left? That they might have stayed we can believe from the fact of their going back

again that night. Had they given up the cause in despair? Were they about to separate themselves from the infant church. Were they going back to the world and Mosés, and abandoning hope in Jesus being the Messiah? Things look like this. But see the Shepherd in search of his erring sheep. He left Jerusalem, hurried out of the Joppa gate, and in haste overtook the fugitives, in time to save them and bring them to the réunion of the disciples that was to assemble in Jerusalem that evening. Here the good Shepherd out in the wilderness after the lost sheep, in search of the wandering sheep. Lord when we wander from thee wilt thou not thus bring us back.

The meek and lowly he will guide
 In judgment just alway,
 To meek and poor afflicted ones
 He'll clearly teach his way.

The story teaches (2) that to have the *heart deeply moved* by the truth is a *great part* of genuine religion. It is well to have a sound creed: a matter of as much importance as the foundation is to a house, the roots to a tree. But if there is nothing but a sound creed what is it but a palace of ice, perfect, but unfit for the habitation of the spirit. "The religion which God requires," says Edwards in his admirable treatise on the *Religious Affections*, "The religion that God requires, and will accept, does not consist in weak, dull, and lifeless wishes, raising us but little above a state of indifference. God in his Word greatly insists on it that we be in good earnest—'fervent in spirit'—and our hearts vigorously engaged in religion, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy might.' If we be not in good earnest in religion and our wills and inclination be not strongly exercised, we are nothing. The things of religion are so great, that there can be no suitability in the exercises of our hearts to their nature and importance, unless they be lively and powerful. In nothing is vigor so requisite in the affections as in, religion, and in nothing is lukewarmness so odious. True religion is ever more a powerful thing: and the power of it appears in the first place, in the inward exercises of it in the heart, where is the principal and original seat of it. Those who receive the Spirit of God, in his sanctifying and saving influence, are said to be baptized with the Holy Ghost—and with fire, by reason of the power and fervour of those exercises the Spirit of God excites in their hearts, whereby their hearts, when grace is in exercise, may be said to burn within them, as is said of the disciples." Let us use this fact, that Edwards so well expresses, as a *test* of our relig-

ious experience, and also as a *matter to be sought after* with increasing diligence. And here the story teaches (3) what the *best means are to excite deep, pure, and enduring religious affections*. Shall men call in the aid of splendid architecture? That is good but it is not the main thing. There was none such around the disciples. Shall we call in the aid of music? It is not absolutely necessary. There was none here. Shall we call in the aid of sensational stories? None here. What, then, was there? Why! Nothing but the Scriptures,—Moses and the prophets. But, what in the Scriptures? *Christ*. That was all. The name of Christ, the work of Christ, the offices of Christ, the suffering of Christ, the glory of Christ, that theme made their hearts burn.

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer’s ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, and drives away his fears,
It makes the wounded spirit whole, and calms the troubled breast,
Is manna to the hungry soul, and to the weary rest.”

Poetry.

“SALVATION—OF THE JEWS.”

(FROM THE GERMAN).

To whom, O Christian, dost thou owe
Redemption from eternal woe?
Thy mocking pride subdue,
Thyself confess wild olive-tree,
In debt to those who chosen be—
“Salvation’s of the Jew!”

Who, with simplicity sublime,
Tells of Creation’s opening time,
Of Abraham’s distant view?
Of Christ—the troubled world who calms?
Moses, and David’s sweetest psalms?—
“Salvation’s of the Jew.”

Who faithful records kept of all
Horeb’s and Sinai’s mighty call?
And who did not refuse
The root of Jesse to proclaim,
In holy, bright Emmanuel’s name?
“Salvation’s of the Jews.”

In Bethlehem see an infant poor,
 Subject to parents then obscure,
 Whom doctors can't confuse:
 He gained the victory over death—
 The Carpenter of Nazareth!
 "Salvation's of the Jews."

Who, like a golden thread, runs through
 The words of each inspired Jew,
 And brings the world good news?
 Who heals the sick, the blind, the lame;
 Recalls the dead to life again?
 "Salvation's of the Jews."

Who's was Gethsemane's agony?
 Who for our sins was pleased to die?
 Who from the dead arose?
 The Prince of Peace, the Lamb of God,
 The Lion from out Judah's rod;
 "Salvation's of the Jews."

Ye, then, who serve that Christ above,
 Unto the Jew extend your love;
 Heed not men's cold abuse;
 But let your hearts' desire be,
 With Paul, saved Israel to see,
 "Salvation's of the Jews!"

"MY HIGH TOWER."

My Saviour, to me, is more than a match
 For the foes, and sorrows, and trials of life;
 The thoughts of my heart He will closely watch,
 With wisdom to guide me through tumults and strife.

His grace is an ointment that ne'er shall fail
 To soothe and subdue the sore trouble;
 The wounds of my soul as surely will heal
 As He cured the deaf, or gave sight to the blind.

Though walk I in darkest regions of earth,
 And tread 'mid scorpions of human kind;
 I'm unhurt by their venom, unmoved by their mirth,
 When defended by Him before and behind.

Though showers of abuse are poured on my head,
 And epithets vile to me are addressed,
 They harmless fall as *dead* by my side,
 Nor can they disturb for a moment my rest.

For Jesus to me is a Tower of Strength,
A Refuge secure from every foe;
In Him I shall trust until I'm at length
Beckoned away, and to heaven shall go.

Then praise be ascribed for ever to him
Who on Calvary's cross hath died for me;
Let saints and angels His praises proclaim
Through ages untold of eternity.

Inverness.

—*J. C.*

Christian Thought.

IT is customary for the American Colleges in closing their year's work and in conferring degrees to give their students what are called "College Sermons." The practice is praiseworthy, when we consider the vast influence these young men who are graduating from year to year are destined to exercise in society; and we would like well to see our National Universities in Canada adopting this excellent American institution.

These "College Sermons" now before us contain a great deal of lofty Christian thought, well adapted to interest, instruct and elevate the young men to whom they were addressed. We can make room only for a very few extracts.

YALE COLLEGE.

President Porter announced as his text, John viii, 12—"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Christ claimed very much for Himself, when He uttered these sayings. He claimed so much that many of His hearers were offended at what they conceived to be either insane or blasphemous words. Those who believed Him the most and loved Him the best did not and could not comprehend their reach and import. But in saying so much to try the faith of the world Christ furnished ample materials with which to confirm the faith of the world; for He clearly foresaw and dared to say what eighteen centuries have ever since been proving to be true. During all these centuries, as all confess, Christ has been the light of the world, shining more brightly, enlightening more variously, glowing

more intensely, as the generations have gone and come. It is true, this light has always shone in darkness, and equally true that the darkness has uniformly failed to comprehend it. What enthusiasms and fierce fanaticisms have attended it. Bigotry and ignorance have caused it to burn dimly, but it has always burned brightest at the most critical moments. Christ has consumed the evil he found in the world, and has taught the world to discard evil and abandon it. Some thoughtful men think the world is so bright that we no longer need Christ. Not a few men of culture and science think that there is no need of a personal Christ as the guide and inspirer of our personal life. Let me ask your attention to several particulars in which these men of thought and culture need Christ pre-eminently in this present generation, and in consequence of its science and culture. *First, they need Christ, the light of the world, to bring God near and make Him very real, the tendency of modern science and culture being just the reverse.* Modern science ought to be intensely theistic. It is partly, so far as it understands itself. Every scientific discoverer and observer assumes the presence of one omnipotent thinker. It is the plot of the master mind which is unconsciously confessed and gives zest and credibility to the drama of evolution. The reason atheism is so popular of late is because of the impatience of the human mind to accept the teachings of reason. And when one becomes an atheist he does so at the expense of liberal thinking and to the damage of true culture. It has never yet brought a single ray of light into the mind or added strength or character to science or philosophy. The theistic philosopher and man is broader and braver and nobler than he who denies God and Providence and prayer. Christ is a light to both science and philosophy, not by what He teaches, but by what He is. He manifests God as living and personal. He comes among men in human relations. He gives us courage and help and belief in the existence of God. This help men of science and culture need by their own confession. A *second* reason for needing the light is that *Christ confirms man's confidence in man's power to know the truth.* He teaches caution, docility, and a certain quality of self-distrust, and a clear and tenacious conviction. The bewilderment of the scepticism of modern thinking finds no countenance in His school. His teachings are clear. The light is bright and there is especial need that it should shine now when distrust of man's capacity to know what he most needs to know has been hardened into a philosophy and consecrated into a faith, which philosophy and faith are chanted as a liturgy in the daily orisons of myriads of the devotees of modern culture. *Third,*

Christ asserts for man his true dignity and his rightful place in the universe. Even the worst sinner has an intrinsic worth in the judgment of God. Christ even died that the sinner might be saved. Christ reversed all the wrong estimates of man as a race and as an individual, and emphasized each man's personality. Fourth, Christ is the light of human culture, in that He both stimulates and refines it. The light of Christ is manifest in culture, and it is evidenced in manners, by graces of modern life, which are more numerous and more precious than we know of. But culture and manners are exposed to the danger of being made an end and not a means. The surest safeguard against this danger is the acceptance of Christ as the light of the world. Fifth, and lastly, Christ makes clear and possible to man another and a better life through the opened doors of that immortality which He has brought to light through His Gospel. Christ has verified immortality as a fact. The fact that immortality is questioned or disdained in our times by so many men of thought and culture is striking proof that the risen personal Christ is as much needed as ever as the light of the world. With this light we can see clearly, and we will find real worth and meaning in our earthly life. With this light no event is insignificant, no joy empty and no sorrow could be spared. Hopes and regrets, successes and defeats, strifes and reconciliations, are but steps of discipline for the immortal life to which they lead.

The president closed his remarks with the usual address to the graduating class, which rose, as he said, "Young gentlemen of the graduating class." He alluded to the fact that they had been educated in a Christian college which had for its motto, "*Lux et veritas*," which points directly to Christ as the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; reminded them that, viewed in the light of his remarks, a Christian college involved no contradiction in terms and no incompatibility in fact; exhorted them not to fear thought and to make their conception of the universe, of man, of culture, of the future life and the present, characteristically and earnestly Christian. With a few words of earnest well wishing he bade them an affectionate farewell.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.

THE commencement exercises of Pennsylvania College were initiated by the baccalaureate discourse of President Valentine, D.D. His text was from Hebrews vi. 1: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine

of Christ, let us go on unto perfection"—and the subject, as announced, was "*Acting from principle.*"

The "leaving" of principles here meant, he said, is not an abandonment of them, but progress in and upon them. Principles are never to be left behind, but held fast as the strong, infallible lines of progress and ascent, till he who at first had nothing but them has found all things through their action. Let us *first understand distinctly what it is to act from principle.* In the broad sense principles are fundamental forms of law, beginnings and guiding forces for any kind of movement or phenomena. They are seen and illustrated in the various laws of nature, which determine and explain what takes place, as the law of gravitation or vegetable or animal life. The moral world is equally a constitution of principles. We speak of the principles of truth, justice, piety, or of love, each being some deep and abiding reality in the forces and connections of moral life, some established law of action and consequences, out of which comes the weal or woe of men. The "principles of the doctrine of Christ" stand for and include the whole circle of life principles for man. Obedience to them requires in us a new and divine life which shall carry in itself as a force and law the principles chosen. It is possible only on the high plane of Christian knowledge and power, by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. To act from principle, then, is to adopt and follow with submissive temper and steadfast firmness all the great archaic laws of right and duty founded in the constitution of the world and revealed through conscience and the Word of God, by which life and activity have been meant to be regulated and guided to their blessed goal. And the demand is not for the easy, elastic relation which many seem to think enough to fulfil it. It is something far beyond the playing fast and loose, the Indiarubber elasticities, the vane-like swinging to changing breezes exhibited in the vacillation, compromising, selfishness, calculation, scheming and sham of thousands who would like to be considered men of principle.

RIGHT FOR RIGHT'S SAKE.

The obligation to this duty is simply the grand obligation to do right, not for the sake of gain, but for its own sake. To do right, is, indeed, always gain, victory, glory; but the right is higher than its gains. Yet there are many other high considerations that enforce it upon all. Strict harmony of life with principle is the way of your best advance

in true knowledge. It will subordinate in you the lower nature to the higher, and fix in your life the action and supremacy of all that is of eternally abiding worth. This is the only way of safety. The mariner takes hold of the threads of light that come down from the great stars of the sky and directs his way across dangerous seas in triumph. So we hold on to the light-lines of the great moral world beaming out of the firmament of God's Word, and pass in security over the sea of life. It is necessary for the work you have to do in our day, to help, save, and lift up suffering humanity. The most blessed service you can render is accomplished by strengthening the sway of principle in men and society around you.

TO THE GRADUATES.

Young gentlemen, I have called your attention to this subject in order to emphasize for you this great duty. The great want of our day is principle, a better grasp on all the immutable laws, in which alone it is ordained life is to find order, excellence and peace. I do not suppose that you will have a severer ordeal than others, or be more likely to come short or fail. But the ordeal is severe enough for every young man who passes through the gateway into active life. It is a time for you to adjust your chart and compass for the future, to gird up the loins of your Christian life and put on the whole armor of God. I have felt that could you each be led to make your life a life of fixed faith in principle and firm fidelity to the doctrine of Christ, no matter then what comes or how tried you would be found always true, successful and happy, going on to the "perfection" God has set for you. The Church, the world, your country, society, everybody will look, as they have a right, for superior virtue, wisdom, character and life from you—for greater strength of principle and consistency of conduct than from others of less education and knowledge. God is meaning to make you standard bearers for the cause of truth on the earth. It is by your doing, not only well, but the best made possible by your advantages, that your part in life is to be rightly accomplished. Go forth to the noble life to which it has been sought, by the principles of Christ to mould you. You bear with you the affectionate interest of your instructors, who feel bound to you by the ties of years of pleasant association. Though your connection with the institution as students is about to be dissolved, I trust that your affectionate attachment to it as alumni will never cease, but strengthen with the lapse of years. If the link that binds us together is a kindredship of soul in fealty to the principles of Christ, the tie will be an ever living, holy bond, and your future prosperity our common joy.

Christian Life.

REV. THOMAS BOSTON: OR THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

BY THE REV. J. WILSON, M.A., ABERNYTE.

[This interesting sketch of the parish and pastor, and people of Ettrick, we find in Mr. Spurgeon's Monthly Periodical. It is good for our generation and for our young minister to know something of Boston, a man who has left a deep impression on his country, second indeed in importance only to the influence of such men as John Knox and Chalmer's. It is pleasant, at a time when the writings, and the life, though we hope not the doctrines, of Boston are fading from the memory of the young generation of his own countrymen, that in the leading periodical of the English Baptists, we find such an appreciative sketch of him.—Ed. C.C.M.]



IN the 25th of August, 1871, the writer made his first excursion into the famous Scottish district of Ettrick, still locally designated "the forest," though only a few scraggy oaks and beeches linger here and there as the remains of the once extensive Ettrick forest, of old the covert for royal game and the fastness of border outlaw, and where once, according to the old bard's testimony,

"In it were many a seemly tree,
There's hart and hind, and doe and roe,
And of all wild beasts great plentie."

The day in question was hot and cloudless, and having set out from the neat and fashionable town of Moffatt, per omnibus, we, ere long, found ourselves in a lone land of magnificent green mountains, with summits far withdrawn, lining on either side the long pass of Moffatdale. Passing Bodesbeck, of traditionary fame, by the white bleached road, whose powdery dust eddied and drifted round the carriage wheels, we entered a narrow gorge where the mountains became grand and well nigh perpendicular, and the scenery was savage and "eerie" in the extreme. The high cascade of the Grey-mare's-tail, with snowy banner waving out for a minute or two, signalled us as we passed. Shepherds with their flocks hung far aloft on break-neck places, and our fellow-travellers, to add to the weird character of the situation, regaled us with doleful tales of former times—coach-guards having here perished in the snow in a vain battle with the storm, and shepherds venturing after their lost flocks having been hurled by an avalanche down the precipitous sides of the mountains. Past the cottage of Birkhill, whose inmates certainly

occupy an elevated position in society, or rather far out of it, and near the high watershed of the Annan and the Yarrow, we enter the parish of Ettrick, once the scene of the unwearied labours of Thomas Boston. Rounding a corner we catch the first peep of the Loch of the Lowes, and then of "lone St. Mary's silent lake," lying embossed in the gamboge-coloured hills, still and clear as on the day when Wordsworth marked how—

"Through her depths St. Mary's lake
Is visibly delighted,
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted."

His description, as well as Scott's, was this day verified to the letter, even to the trite allusion to the "swan and shadow." One part, however, of their description was then inapplicable. It was by no means "lone St. Mary's," for the day happened to be the centenary of Scott's birth, and many tourists had been attracted in honour of it to the lake he loved and described so well. A fine statue of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, overlooking the lake reminded us that the spot was connected with more than one classic name, as did also the cottage hostelry of "Tibby Shiel," at which we alighted, with its memories of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

Not visiting the district on that occasion as a special votary of Sir Walter Scott, we thought of another name connected with it not unknown to literature, though very much forgotten. We were reminded of another shepherd of Ettrick who trode these heights and vales as diligently and laboriously in his proper functions as ever did literal shepherd among his flock; and thus having introduced the reader to Ettrick by the same route that we ourselves took, it may be necessary to introduce him (especially the English reader) to the shepherd in question—I mean Thomas Boston.

No Scottish writings on practical religion were more extensively read a generation or so back than those of Boston. At one time it is said there was, on an average, one book of Boston's to every Scottish family; and still in the more secluded districts one may easily find in muirland farm house, or shepherd's dwelling, a venerable copy of the "Fourfold State," as well smoked the hams that adorn the kitchen ceiling. This book most probably formed for years the chief spiritual nutriment of some aged and infirm inmate long debarred from the house of God. That the writer of works so popular was one somewhat noteworthy

may be safely assumed, and his hasty estimate is curiously confirmed by a sample of folk-lore given by an eminent native² of a neighbouring catechetical method of revenging themselves upon a certain unpopular local magnate. "Who was the best man that ever lived?" Answer: "Thomas Boston." "Who was the worst?" "Laird ——." Another tradition of a more substantial and interesting character comes from a different region of the country. A certain "moderate" Presbyterian minister in the West Highlands, who had been wont to preach dreary discourses to pews, the most of whose occupants slept, all at once began to startle them out of their occasional slumbers. The change was not so much in the manner as in the matter of the discourses. There was felt to be in that a certain living and piercing power which went direct to the consciences and hearts of the hearers. Benumbed spirits began to throb with the pangs of awakening life. The empty seats began to fill, and the fame of this new preaching being bruited abroad crowds came from other parishes that had equally been under moderate rule. The awakening interest of the hearers re-acted on the preacher, and as the result there began a wonderful religious awakening, to whose reality and depth time amply testified. The secret of the change was this, that the moderate minister of the parish, having a competent knowledge of Gaelic, had been employed by a society to translate Boston's "Fourfold State," and had found it convenient to give his own congregation the first-fruits of his labours by preaching its chapters to them *seriatim* from week to week.

We do not forget, however, that there is another side to the picture; for the name of Boston is by no means universally fragrant in Scotland in our day. His writings are nearly out of print, and his memory is as musty and moth-eaten, in the estimation of some modern theologians, or anti-theologians, as his volumes, which stand dingy with antiquity on some old bookstall. Are we not told by one of our leading novelists[†] that the "Fourfold State" shows us the ways of God to man through a fourfold "fog"? Do we not also read in a recent interesting "Memoir of a Scotch Probationer,"[‡] which, however, much more decidedly proves the possession, on the part of its subject, of true literary genius than of the spirit and aspirations proper to the ministerial office, that having made an equivocal appearance in the eye of certain

²Robert Chambers in "Biographies of Eminent Churchmen."

[†]George M'Donald.

[‡]"The Life of a Scotch Probationer." By Rev. James Brown.

orthodox Presbyters, who were officially testing his qualifications for the ministry, and having been advised to study Thomas Boston, he purchased an old copy of the "Fourfold State," and proceeded in youthful frolic to evince his contempt for the book by "burying it beneath all the old rubbish he possessed," and having at a later period disinterred and read it, his mature conviction was that Boston's "Fourfold State" is very poor "as a theological book to recommend to any latter-day student of divinity to read."

Certainly, with a class who have much more sympathy with light literature than Biblical theology in our day, the writings of Boston are among the relics of a barbarous past.* But on the other hand, anyone who possesses a capacity of appreciating evangelical truth enforced by powerful appeals to the conscience, and lightened by pithy, though often homely, illustration, cannot fail to turn with respect from the "Fourfold State" (provided he has got hold of the ungarbled edition), and to understand the secret of Boston's former popularity in Scotland. He is the chief exponent of a school whose distinguishing feature was remarkably clear views of the essential nature of the gospel, or the new covenant, as distinguished from the law, or the old covenant.

Afterwards we may exemplify these views by passages from Boston, and show how he was led to a deeper insight into evangelical truth, and however little regard this school may have from a large class in our day, and however much the controversy† they had to wage with the traditional party in the church of their time, may be characterized by some modern historians, such as Hill Burton, as a dreary controversy, their views are highly worthy of the remembrance and the study of men of our time.

The position of Boston as a theologian was: first, Biblical; second, evangelical, in the sense of distinguishing thoroughly the free-grace character of the gospel as different from the law; next, Calvinistic; and lastly, Witsian, or following that system of theology the main ideas of which were the two covenants, of works and grace, and the federal headship of the first and second Adam.

* It must be allowed, however, that the style of Boston's works has had something to do with their diminished popularity. He expresses, in his memoir, his aversion to the "modish style" which was coming into fashion in his day. Yet a little more attention to style, while not detracting anything from their Calvinism, would have greatly enhanced the value and permanence of the writings of Boston and some of the Puritans. How much more valuable would Owen's great legacy to the Church have been had his style been more lively and succinct!

† The Marrow Controversy.

Having stated for the benefit of readers who may be well nigh ignorant of the name of Thomas Boston, his chief claim upon their attention in such a sketch as this, we may give a brief account of his life as admirably exemplifying the "painful" and faithful labours of the best class of old Scottish pastors.

Much of our material is got from his memoir, which, though prolix and antiquated in style, and sometimes too morbidly subjective, is yet, we venture to affirm, one of the most valuable autobiographies to the Christian minister ever written. Thomas Boston was born in the town of Dunse, March 17th, 1676. This town lies at the foot of its Law, famed in Scottish history, whence is obtained a fine view of the fair valley of the Tweed, with the once formidable fortress of Norham on the English side, frowning distant defiance across to the castles of Wark and Hume on the Scottish. His father he describes as an intelligent man, of good repute, who, having come under the saving power of the gospel in youth, suffered much for his Nonconformity during the Stuart persecutions. He lay long in the prison of Dunse, and Thomas was early initiated into the strict principles and penalties of Presbyterianism by lying many nights in prison with his father to keep him company. Happier days having come, and the persecuted ministers being allowed to preach, Thomas, when a boy of eleven years, went often great distances to attend the preaching of Henry Erskine, father of the more celebrated Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine. He was awakened by two of this preacher's sermons on "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you," etc., and "Behold the Lamb of God"; and his earnestness and zeal were attested by his readiness, as he tells us, to go long distances, and to wade the Blackadder river in cold frosty weather, in order to hear his favourite preaching. In those days he says he had a "great glowing of affections in religion, even to a zeal for suffering for the cause of Christ"; and while his own mature judgment could detect much rubbish in his dispositions and experiences at that time, yet he could not but trust that "some good thing toward the God of Israel wrought in me."

Having gone to college at Edinburgh, and been licensed to preach on the 18th of June, 1697, he preached his first public sermon in his native town; beginning, he says, in a "rousing strain, and would fain have set fire to the devil's nest." His text was certainly of a rousing character, "Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to help." From the first he was accompanied by the light and shadow of the faithful minister's course, the attachment of the godly or

"exercised Christians," as they used to be called, and the hatred of the profane. Though at first bashful and timid in public, he very soon became bold in preaching, so that whenever he entered the pulpit he felt so fortified by the divine presence he had sought so much in private that, all timidity being thrown to the winds, he cast down the gauntlet to sin in rich and poor alike. The motto of Sir Galahad might well be taken by such faithful preachers.

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

Naturally of a sensitive, variable temperament, which was no doubt much influenced by his delicate frame, his preaching was much dependent on the particular mood of the hour. Being settled as pastor of the congregation of Simprim in his twenty-fourth year, he began sedulously to labour with much study and prayer. He gave no uncertain sound as to the natural depravity of the human heart, and the necessity of regeneration and reconciliation to God. Boston believed that there cannot be much lasting spiritual effect accomplished by the preacher through the instrumentality of the Scriptures without an intelligent understanding of them on the part of the people; and that while the Spirit of God must ever be the vitalizing agent, there cannot be a solid work of grace as a rule without regular systematic instruction in the truth of the gospel. This idea moulded the character of his whole ministry. System, combined with variety, was aimed at in his discourses, so that in a year's work his hearers received from him a more or less complete body of divine truth. Such a course in the hand of one less prayerful and profound in spirituality than Boston would be likely to degenerate into formality, but this appears never to have been the case with him.

A brief sketch of a week's work at Simprim in Boston's day may be given. On Friday and Saturday the preacher prepares very thoroughly for his Sabbath work. The texts are sought by prayer, and generally bear on the circumstances of the people. The hours of the Sabbath morning are devoted to prayer, and when the youthful preacher enters the homely structure he finds it well filled, some "exercised souls" from distant places being present, because they had found out that their case is met by his preaching as face answereth to face in water. Casually his eye catches some one of more learning among them, and human nature asserts itself in an involuntary feeling of depression on account of the scarcity of his books and commentaries, which may render his discourse

more open to intellectual criticism than it otherwise would be. That temptation is no sooner felt than overcome, and ascending the pulpit, he prefaces the work of the day by a short address, followed by the giving out of a psalm. His simple auditors, of whom the men are in homespun suits of "wauked plaiding," and with broad blue bonnets doffed, and with the "single-soled shoes," for which the neighbouring town of Selkirk was famous, are all attention for their pastor's appearance and strong pathetic voice, and, above all, his earnestness speedily commands the interest of his hearers. After praying and singing, a lecture is given, in which, however, "the enemy so far prevails that the preaching goes away with little pith;" and at the close the preacher retires to a neighbouring barn in great depression, and goes in shame before God; and having laid all oars in the water, as he expresses it, he wrestles with God for pity, and takes the covenant as the ground of being heard. The afternoon service, which he begins with a deep sense of his own vileness, is far more enjoyable. "A gale of the Spirit blows upon him," and he goes on with light, life, and satisfaction, so that a visible impression is made on his hearers. In the evening the people again assemble for the "exercise," in which they are catechized by their pastor on the preaching of the day, or on the Shorter Catechism. On Monday he visits some of the people, and questioning them on the Sabbath work, discovers great ignorance among them. On Tuesday he visits the sick, one of whom tells him that she has been "a believer all her days," whereupon, says Boston, "I sat as astonished for a while." On Wednesday afternoon he has some further catechizing, still endeavouring to lay a deep foundation for the gospel in the minds of the people, especially in regard to man's spiritual ruin and depravity. On Thursday he attends a fellowship meeting with one or two exercised Christians, and afterwards preaches his week-evening sermon in the church; coming home from which, with a sense of the Lord's presence, he felt with joy, as he says, that he was in Simprim as in a nest under the covert of Christ's wings.

His leading characteristics were thoroughness and faithfulness, and the fruit of his labours was seen in the reclaiming and awakening of his careless worldly flock. He began in his preaching by setting forth man's ruin by the Fall, or perfect alienation from God, then his begun recovery through Christ, and lastly, his perfect recovery; and having continued this system more or less through his ministry, and having prefixed an account of man's original righteousness, he gradually shaped his sermons into the book called "Man's Fourfold State."

Along with his marked success in awakening and edifying souls during these "halcyon days," as he styles them, of his ministry at Simprim, the two most notable events of this period of his life were his marriage to a true yoke-fellow, Catherine Brown, of Culross, and the deeper insight into evangelical truth to which allusion has been made. The occasion of the latter is worthy of notice. He had at first preached the law, not to the exclusion of Christ, but as the most marked feature of his addresses. He became growingly dissatisfied with the measure of his spiritual attainments, being convinced of a strong tendency in his heart to legalism, and a want of insight into the peculiar free-grace character of the gospel. He had heard a friend often expound the meaning of being divorced from the law, dead to the law, but understood very little of the matter. Gradually, however, rays of light broke in upon his mind, though not sufficient wholly to dispel the darkness, till one day he chanced to visit at Simprim a cottage whose owner had been in the Cromwellian war, and had brought home two small religious books. These he espied lying on a shelf over the window. On examining them, he was struck by the statements given in one of these, which seemed to speak directly to his present perplexities. It was the "Marrow of Modern Divinity," and he was allowed to carry it home. In this manner he was led at length to discover the free unconditioned access to Christ permitted to all sinners, and the true relation of faith and works, pardon and repentance.

It might be interesting to ascertain fully the results of the process, but only a few sentences may here be given as a specimen of the evangelical insight attained in this way by Boston.

"In a sinking state of the church the law and gospel are confounded, and the law jostles out the gospel, the dark shades of morality take the place of gospel light, which plague is in this day begun in the church, and already far advanced. Men think they see the fitness of legal preaching for sanctification; but how the gospel should be such a means they cannot understand.

"It is not gospel doctrine that Christ will receive none but true penitents, or that none but such have a warrant to embrace Christ by faith (Rev. xxii. 17. quoted). The evil of their doctrine is that it sets sinners to spin repentance out of their own bowels and to fetch it to Christ; and it must in a special manner entangle distressed consciences, so as they dare not believe until they know their repentance to be true repentance.

"Even the saints sometimes lay much of weight of their peace upon the depth of their convictions and terrors, whereas the weight of it is to lie entirely on the blood of Christ, for nothing else can shelter us from the wrath of God. I know no need of a further depth of the law-work than to convince a sinner of his absolute need of Christ for justification and sanctification.

"The gospel is a report from heaven of salvation for poor sinners from sin and from the wrath of God; however dear bought, yet freely made over to you in the word of promise, so as that ye may freely take possession of it.

This report being brought to the sinner, faith trusts in it as a true report, believing that God has said it; and trusts it as good, laying our salvation upon it."

Boston's insight into the nature of the gospel will be further elucidated by taking a short passage from the "Marrow of Modern Divinity," with a part of his commentary upon it.

MARROW.—"The truth is, God never speaks to a believer out of Christ, and in Christ he speaks not a word in terms of the covenant of works. And if the law should presume to come to your conscience and say: herein and herein thou hast transgressed and broken me; and therefore thou owest so much and so much to divine justice, which must be satisfied, or else I will take hold on thee; then answer you and say: O law! be it known unto thee that I am now married to Christ, and so I am under covert; and therefore if thou charge me with any debt thou must enter thine action against my husband Christ, for the wife is not sueable at the law, but the husband. But the truth is, I through him am dead to thee, O Law! and thou art dead to me; and therefore justice hath nothing to do with me, for it judgeth according to the law.* And if it (the law) yet reply, Ay, but good works must be kept, if thou wilt obtain salvation: then answer you and say, I am already saved† before thou camest, therefore, I have no need of thy presence, for in Christ I have all things at once, neither need I anything more that is necessary to salvation.‡ He is my righteousness, my treasure, and my work. I confess, O law! that I am neither godly nor righteous, but yet, this I am sure of, that he is godly and righteous for me."

Such were Boston's views of the gospel, and we are far from certain that believing men in our day who lovingly study the apostle Paul will pronounce them effete or enveloped in a "fourfold fog." Nor are we certain that modern culture has substituted anything clearer or more satisfying to the Spirit-taught soul. Granting that a theology has become fashionable which commends itself better to the feelings and tastes of the

* BOSTON'S COMMENTARY.—If a believer should acknowledge the necessity of his own holiness and good works, in this point (*i.e.*, the satisfaction of justice); and so set about them in order to answer this demand, then he should grossly pervert the end for which the Lord requires them of him: putting his own holiness and obedience in the room of Christ's imputed obedience. And so he should fix himself in the mire, out of which he could never escape until he gave over that way and betook himself again to what Christ alone has done for satisfying this demand of the law. But that the excluding of our holiness, good works, and keeping of the commandments from any part in this matter, *militates nothing against the absolute necessity of holiness in its proper place*, (without which in man's own person no man shall see the Lord) is a point too clear among sound Protestant divines to be here insisted on.

† Saved, to wit, really though not perfectly; even as drowning man is saved when head is got above the water, and he, leaning on his deliverer, is making towards the shore.

‡ But are not personal holiness and godliness, good works, and perseverance in obedience, jostled out at this rate as unnecessary? No, by no means, for Christ is the only fountain of holiness, and the cause of good works in those who are united unto him; so that where union with Christ is, there is personal works and good works infallible; and where it is not, all pretences to these things are utterly vain.

majority of men, harmonizing better with the spirit of the age, and looking less strange and out of place when introduced to lend variety to the pages of a modern novel, yet we may say of it as Coleridge in his later years did of Unitarianism, if the doctrines the sum of which [Boston and his school] believed to constitute the truth in Christ be Christianity, then [the fashionable theology of modern light literature] is not, and *vice versa*. Nay, we may go further, and say if the doctrines taught in the gospels and expounded in the epistles of Paul be Christianity, then modern fashionable theology is not.

Whoever cares to see the doctrines above mentioned treated in their subjective aspect, or in their workings in the hearts and consciences of men at progressive stages of their spiritual history will find remarkably searching and profound examples of the same in the "antiquated" book already mentioned, namely, the "Fourfold State," part III. section 2, and especially in the discourses on how the branches are cut off from the natural stock.

In our concluding sketch we shall give some account of a visit to the scene of Boston's ministry, and of his pastoral work and private life, along with some matter which has not previously been given to the public.

Christian Work.

SHALL WE HAVE A MISSIONARY REVIVAL?



HE great ends for which the Church exists, are according to an old writer, *Salvation-work and generation-work*. On this latter department let us listen to an excellent paper read at the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, on Oct. 2, 1877, by Secretary Alden, from which we make the following extracts:—There are periods when the spiritual life of the Lord's people is so quickened that the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost overflows in many directions. It comes forth in sustained intercessory prayer, in awakened longings for a fresher personal experience of Divine grace, and in what is sometimes a burden

of anxiety for a large outpouring of the Holy Spirit and for the salvation of men. When a considerable number of persons are thus simultaneously moved, so that this becomes apparent in social worship, in the ministry of the Word, and in vigorous personal endeavours to bring men to Christ, we are accustomed to speak of it as a religious revival. . . . A genuine revival at one period may emphasize purity of doctrine; at another, practical evangelism; at another, a specific moral reform; at another, Christian patriotism; at another, enlarged benevolence; and at still another, aggressive missionary effort.

Has the period arrived when, all else being subordinate to this controlling idea, we may look for that full outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches which will be directed mainly to the widespread propagation of the Gospel of Christ among the unevangelized nations? Or is this to be known in our generation only by a few individuals, while the great multitude of the Lord's people give to the missionary work but an occasional thought, and devote their main energies to other forms of Christian service?

A general revival is absorbing in its interest. If it is a missionary revival, it will be absorbing in missionary interest. It will make vivid those truths and those motives which bear directly upon the rapid and permanent evangelization of the heathen world. Just as earnest efforts for the salvation of souls immediately around us can be sustained only by a clear apprehension of certain serious facts connected with the soul's peril, the Divine provisions for its deliverance, and our own personal responsibility, so earnest efforts for the spread of the Gospel in the heathen world can be sustained only by a clear apprehension of the same facts as related to the entire race of man. And only as large numbers of Christian believers gather around the specially appointed instrumentalities, will the work move forward with a grandeur at all proportionate to its dignity and importance. Not by a few select instruments, unattended, is the kingdom of our Lord to advance to its greatest triumphs over sin and Satan, but by select instruments supported by the great mass of Christ's disciples — by select instruments who are but the channels of that mighty Divine Spirit who is dwelling in the whole sacramental host as one body.

A general missionary revival means a general missionary consecration on the part of the Lord's people, in their common work, under the moral pressure of the same momentous truths: the peril of man destitute of the Gospel, under the debasement, thralldom, and wretchedness of heathenism; the riches of that free, full atonement which is provided for all men; the great command, with the great promise annexed, laying upon the disciples of

Christ the responsibility and the sacred trust of proclaiming the good tidings to the ends of the earth; and the recognition of the present dispensation of the Holy Spirit, through whom the weak human instrument is clothed with Divine omnipotence. When these truths are a burning fire in the individual soul, they pass into personal missionary consecration; when several are thus moved, the fire extends; when our churches are generally pervaded with this spirit, we shall know a missionary revival.

Nothing else will save the Lord's people from that controlling worldiness and that tendency to luxurious ease which so generally pervade and so seriously imperil the Christian Church. Our ordinary revivals do not permanently change this tendency. They are too superficial. Only a thorough missionary consecration goes down deep enough to upheave the whole soil, and make it fruitful unto every good work. Nothing less than the endeavour to spread the Gospel throughout the world will appropriate the entire possessions; nothing else will put to its utmost stretch the entire force of the Christian Church.

Moreover, this it is which reveals that land of promise towards which so many longing eyes have looked—the true unity of the Lord's people. Just as far as they are animated by this Divine purpose of subduing the whole world to Christ, giving to this their unselfish devotion, they are one in the same Lord, the same faith, the same baptism—the harmonious members of the one body, inspired, and guided by the one Spirit, moving on in one hope toward the one final triumph. This, and this alone, is that visible unity of the entire Church of Jesus Christ, by which, as our Lord declares in his intercessory prayer, “the world shall know that Thou hast sent Me.” When the whole Church is thus advancing as one army under the one great Captain, in simple obedience to his “marching orders,” all else subordinate to this one thing—the proclamation of the great salvation to the entire unevangelized world,—no power of earth or hell shall withstand her triumphant course. It will be the Lord Himself riding forth, conquering and to conquer,—the Church, which is his body, being alive with the Spirit and loyal to the will of its Divine Head.

Why may we not ask for such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the ministry and churches of our own time, that such a missionary revival as this shall speedily dawn? Is it a mere fancy? Are we wild in the supposition that there may be a possible rapidity with which the Word of Life shall be carried through the world, which shall be far beyond what we have

yet achieved? May we not "attempt for God," may we not "expect from God," not only the "great things" of which we often make mention, but the "greater works" of the twelfth verse of the fourteenth chapter of John?

"It is my deep conviction," said one revered and loved by us all, who gave us parting words two years ago at Chicago, sent us from his sick-chamber a parting message one year ago at Hartford, and who has since been called to his reward,— "It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again" (the dying words of the missionary veteran, Simeon H. Calhoun), "that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away till the story of the cross should be uttered in the ears of every living man?"

Well may we ask to-day, holding for a little time in our hands the banner which the honoured dead have held before us: Shall the Spirit of God be so poured upon us, the ministers and churches of the present hour, that our renewed consecration to the Lord's work shall be a thorough personal surrender to the spread of the Gospel of Christ throughout the world in our own time?

THE SPREAD OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

We are glad to find from the 45th annual report of the *Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society* that this useful institution is holding its ground. There is a greater necessity than one can well imagine for diffusing healthy literature in city and in country.

"Yesterday" said one of the Speakers at the annual meeting, "I went into several book stores to purchase Bishop McIlvaine's 'Evidences of Christianity,' but could not purchase it; and in one of the largest book stores in the city I was told there was no demand for such works, but rather those in favour of so-called 'Free Thinking.'"

We would like to see the Society enter on colportage work after the manner of the *Scottish Colportage Society*, which has 243 agents traversing the field, their salaries paid partly from the sale of their books and partly from a guarantee fund usually supplied by funds in the district where the colporteur works. We quote a few interesting cases from Mr. Bones' Report of the Welland Canal Mission:

“Another feature of encouragement is personal testimonies, some testifying to God’s converting grace, others to His sustaining and guiding grace. One old man told me that since he had given his heart to Christ (which was last year), he had taken notice of how often God had answered his prayers. One instance in particular. When waiting for a vessel in Milwaukee, some of the young men told him that there was no use of him trying to get a place when there were so many young men out of work; but he remarked, ‘I did not mind them, for I knew God would hear my prayer and help me to get a situation. So after going up to my room, and asking God to guide me, I went down to the ship chandler’s store, and he told me a captain had just been enquiring for a steward who would not take intoxicating drink. I answered I am his man.’ And so it turned out, for the captain engaged him and kept him for three months. He further stated that he always prayed four times a day; and, pointing to a storeroom at the end of the cabin, he said, ‘That is my closet where I can go at any time and pray, and no one knows or troubles me.’ On another vessel I met another young man who had been religiously brought up, but without personal piety. He professed a desire for salvation, and desired to be remembered in prayer until we should meet again. He said he would see the Lord for himself. And so it happened that his vessel returned in a week. When on a quiet Sabbath morning we sat and talked on the way of life, it pleased God to give His blessing to the word spoken; and he was enabled to trust his soul’s interests in the hands of a loving Saviour. During the season I had frequent opportunity of seeing and talking with him, and he expressed a growing conviction of the reality of the work of grace in his heart. The captain, being a Christian, took a kindly interest in him, and told me he believed the young man was earnest and sincere, and he wished to have him come with him again when navigation opened.”

*THE DRY BONES IN THE VALLEY OF THE ST.
LAWRENCE.*

There is not perhaps in the Romish world at present a more interesting field for Missions than the Province of Quebec.

PROSPECTS.

“Never,” says Dr. MacVicar, “at any former period has the work been more hopeful. The power of the priests is evidently on the wane, while there is good reason to believe that many of the better class of them

are restless and uneasy under the yoke of Rome, and are longing for the day of their deliverance. The people generally are much more accessible, the spirit of persecution is fast disappearing, and the missionaries and colporteurs of the Board enjoy, with few exceptions, perfect immunity in carrying on their work. It must not, however, be forgotten that there still remains very much of the land to be possessed. Nearly a million and a quarter of our French-speaking fellow subjects are yet in spiritual darkness. Self interest, the political, social, moral, and religious liberties of our children, and the future weal of the Dominion, all demand that the most vigilant and unremitting effort be put forth for their evangelization."

MR. CHINIQUY'S WORK.

During the past year, in addition to the Sabbath services, and the regular Thursday evening prayer meeting, Mr. Chiniquy has addressed meetings in his church, frequently three times a week during the winter months, to audiences numbering from fifty to one hundred and fifty, and sometimes two hundred, enquirers from Rome. He reports being visited during the past twelve months by upwards of 2,000 French Catholics, of whom 529 have publicly renounced the errors of Popery. He has distributed about 100 Bibles, 300 portions of the Gospel, and 5,000 smaller publications, tracts, etc.

He thus writes:—"Though I have often been insulted by abusing words on the streets, I have not been attacked a single time with stones or sticks as in former years, and our Church services have not been disturbed. . . . I am confirmed in the assurance that the Church of Rome has lost more than half of the power, prestige and confidence she enjoyed five years ago in Canada. . Many letters received from priests in the United States make me sure that that there as well as here, there are multitudes who long for the day of their emancipation from the Papal yoke. The Lord is evidently with us, for such a glorious work is the Lord's work. Let us bless Him and give to Him alone the praise and and the glory."

Of those who abjured Romanism during the year, seventy-three were received by Mr. Chiniquy into the fellowship of the Church. At the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in March, 183 Communicants sat at the table. Mr. Chiniquy, himself an ex-priest, was assisted on that occasion by Rev. Messrs. Internscia and Camerle, two ex-priests of Rouen.

ABANDONED BY THEIR CHURCH.

These stations, which are about twenty-one miles apart, lie on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, between the two well-known summer resorts, Tadousac and Murray Bay. To a considerable extent this section of country was originally settled by Scotch, the Government giving free grants of land to some Highland regiments of soldiers who had completed their term of service. Had a Protestant missionary accompanied them to their new home, it is difficult to estimate what the result, under God, might have been in that and the wide districts of country surrounding. Their spiritual interests, however, were entirely neglected by the Church of their fathers, and as a consequence they became lukewarm and indifferent, intermarried with French Catholics, had their children baptized and brought up in connection with the Church of Rome, and to-day the saddening spectacle is there witnessed of the descendants of Scotch Presbyterians—men bearing the names of Macneil, Maclean, Macdonald, Mactavish, etc.—not only unable to speak a word of English, but, what is unspeakably more saddening, utterly ignorant of the Protestant faith.

For the last three or four years the Board has had a missionary in this field during the summer months, his time being equally divided between the two stations.

MEN AND MONEY WANTED.

Notwithstanding the additions made during the year to the number of labourers, and the increased contributions of the Church, the Board urgently require for the furtherance and extension of the work, more men and more money. There are at present many doors of entrance open, into which, without delay, missionaries, teachers, and colporteurs, should be sent. The Board have reason to believe that, were the requisite means provided, the men would be forthcoming,—men baptized with the Spirit of Christ, men with earnest zeal combined with knowledge—for only such can hope for success in this work.

Instead of \$28,500,—the revenue of the past year,—at least \$40,000 are required to take possession of fields now known to be open and to carry on the work with vigor and efficiency throughout the ensuing year. When it is borne in mind that within our own Dominion, and in some of the most densely peopled districts of the land, there are not only townships and counties, but vast stretches of country extending in some instances upwards of a hundred miles, where the voice of a Protestant

missionary is never heard,—when this fact is borne in mind it surely is not necessary to urge the ministers and office-bearers and members of our Church, liberally to support by their contributions and their prayers, that scheme whose object it is to plant the missionary, and to scatter broadcast the Seed of the Kingdom in these priest-ridden districts of the land.

In many of the fields occupied by the missionaries of the Board there is no other Protestant Church for miles around, and, in some instances, the missionary toils on at his discouraging work from month to month separated by scores of miles from any fellow-laborer in the vineyard of his Master, as much isolated from the companionship and sympathy of kindred Christian spirits as many of the missionaries who labour in purely heathen lands. These men claim the sympathy and prayers, as well as the financial support, of the church whose honored servants they are.

Practical Papers.

CHRISTIANITY THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR, AT THE MILDMAY CONFERENCE, LONDON.

WE ask how it is we shine? We shine with light from Him who is "the Light of the world." We ask—When did we begin to shine? and we answer—When first we came into contact with that Light; or, to speak without a figure, when first our eye rested on the cross of Christ, then the light began to shine into us, and then the light began to shine out from us. We became lights of the world from the first moment that in believing we received light for ourselves.

Again we ask, What is there that hinders this light from shining? And I put this question, because it seems to me one of the most important in connexion with our subject to-day. What hinders the Church's light from shining? What hinders our own personal light from shining? And I answer—there are many things just now hindering that light, and preventing it shining out in its brightness as it ought to do. I mention first of all *worldiness*. I hardly know anything that more seriously mars

the Christian light than worldliness in any shape whatever, It may not be the coarse worldliness of other days; if it be even refined worldliness, it is enough to mar our light. Gaiety, folly, a life of pleasure, a thousand things that the world has adopted as its own special things—its own special amusements, it may be—when they find entrance into the Christian man's soul, immediately the light begins to shine dim. Oh, brethren! beware of worldliness. "Love not the world"—it will darken your light; "Love not the world"—it will make you a useless Christian; "Love not the world"—it will make you an unsuccessful and timid warrior, if you be one at all; "Love not the world"—"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Another serious hindrance to your light shining is *fickleness of opinion in doctrine*. I know not anything that more detracts from the weight of the Christian man's character than his being carried about with every wind of doctrine. It dims his light; it makes men suspicious of him; it makes them feel, "We cannot trust that man's light; it may be false light after all; he is continually shifting; he has not much confidence in his own light. He may have one light to-day, and another to-morrow." Oh! beware of fickleness of opinion; "Be ye steadfast, unmovable." There are ten thousand opinions abroad, but in the midst of them let us be determined to remember the Psalmist's words, "I have stuck unto thy testimonies; O Lord, put me not to shame."

Again, *inconsistency* is a most serious marring of our light. If in anything, whether in worldliness or not, whether in fickleness of opinion or not, I speak or act unworthily of the name I bear, so that the world can point to me—"There is an inconsistent Christian! There is one of your praying Christians!" If any man can thus point to my inconsistency, then my light is dim, if not quenched. Let us be Christians out-and-out; Christians always, instead of Christians never.

And again I notice another dimming of the light attendant upon a *low spirituality* or a low degree of holiness. Let us seek to rise higher and higher, "forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before."

Another thing that dims our light is *prayerlessness*. Oh, brethren! learn the meaning of the Apostle's words which we have repeated a thousand times over—"Pray without ceasing." Learn what it is to get daily a new light upon our path from the throne, from the glory that rests upon the throne of grace, between the cherubim.

Let us drink in every morning new light, that we may go forth, with our faces shining, shining upon a dark world!

I mention these things—they are but a few—but there are other things that do most seriously hinder our light and hinder us from being as we should be—lights in the world. Never let your light grow dim.

Wherever you be, Christians, shine brightly; do not, when reminded of the example of John the Baptist say, "That is John the Baptist, and I dare not expect to be such as John the Baptist was. You *are* expected to be such as he was—to be burning and shining lamps, and to let the world know what light it is that comes from you.

We little know how much in the way of indirect influence we exercise in being lights of the world. We do not need to obtrude our light forcibly upon men. Light is always best when it exercises a silent influence. And the influence of light is a blessed one, whether it comes directly from the cross of Christ, or indirectly from us who have seen that cross. The power of light is a liberating power, and we carry liberty with us when we shine. The power of light is a healing power, and we carry health with us when we shine. The power of light is a strengthening power, and we carry strength with us when we shine. Ever let us shine, and remember that if the world be not the better for us in these respects, it will be the worse.

An inconsistent Christian, or a Christian whose light has gone out, whose lamp has ceased to burn, is a most injurious Christian. He cannot be a medium one, he must either benefit the world, or the world will be worse for him. Beware of having the name of Christ and not witnessing for Him in the light of your daily life, and thereby influencing for good the dark world by the light—we may call it feeble—which shines from you. It was said of John the Baptist, "Many shall rejoice at his birth"—not merely that they stood round his couch and were glad at his birth, but many, everywhere, rejoiced that that child was born. Oh! is it not a blessed thought, that if we were all living out the life we should live, and showing the light we should give out, there are thousands yet unborn that would bless the day when we came into the world! "Many shall rejoice at his birth." And now I close with the words with which I began—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!"

Christian Miscellany.

THE GRASSHOPPER ON THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WHENEVER I go to London I always stand at the corner of the Bank of England for a minute or two, watching the crowd of busy men hurrying everywhere. What thousands of cares they carry! How many anxieties! Then I look at the Royal Exchange. It is pleasant to see the London sparrows though they are a little black and grimy, chirping on the massive cornices, as free and happy as possible, above the din and awful hurry of the great city. They have no cares, no anxieties. They seem to know what the great letters mean, which are cut in the stones on which they hop. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." God keeps the sparrow and they are happy. I wish the busy city men would watch the sparrows, and read the great city text.

But the sparrows and the text are not the most attractive things about the Exchange, and I am sure if you look at it, you would think as I do—that the weathercock is the most singular and curious thing about the building. It is not like any other weathercock in England, or I should think in the world; for there, twisting on the pinnacle of the spire, is a monster grasshopper; and I'll tell you how it came there.

About three hundred and fifty years ago, a woman with a little baby in her arms, was trudging along a country lane. Presently, after looking to see that no one was watching her, she climbed over a gate into the field, and wrapping the baby in its little shawl, she laid it down in the grass so gently as not to awaken it, and then, never even looking behind her, she climbed over the gate again into the lane, and went on her journey.

The baby soon awoke, and began to cry; and it cried for a long, long time. And at last, tired and hungry, and hot with the sun, for it was a fine summer's day, it was wearied out, and dropped off to sleep again. "But God had heard the voice of the lad," and see how simply he brought help for the little one.

By-and-by, down the lane came a schoolboy; he was whistling away as happy as ever he could be. He had come out of school and was going

home. He lived at the farmhouse, a little way further up the lane. Now he gathered a few primroses, now he scampered after a butterfly, now he had a shy at a bird; but just as he came to the gate over which the woman had climbed, he heard a grasshopper chirping so loudly, that he sprang over the gate to catch him; and there was the baby, fast asleep! Far more pleased than if he had caught a hundred grasshoppers, the boy took up the little fellow, and ran home with his prize. The kind farmer's wife, although she had many children of her own, at once determined to keep the orphan who had been saved from death by a grasshopper.

Years passed away and the baby became a strong boy; the boy grew to be a man; he went to London, and became a merchant. God blessed all he did, and he rose to be the most noted man in the city. Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, and often did she send for Sir Thomas Gresham, for the little deserted boy had become a knight, to consult him on the great affairs of state.

Just three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Gresham founded the Exchange. The Queen came to dine with him, and lay the first stone; and there, upon the topmost pinnacle, Sir Thomas placed a grasshopper; and there it is to-day, to tell the busy toiling city, and to tell you and me, when we go to see the city, that Almighty God will hear the infant's cry, and can save a valuable life by even such a little thing as a grasshopper. So it was that "God heard the voice of the lad."

LIVE THOUGHTS OF MODERN THINKERS.

To every Man his Work.—To every living creature God has given its work, a work which he must perform, either happily or otherwise. He does not intend that any should be idle; to every individual eye, and to every power—he has assigned a task. Every soul has a work, and strength to perform its work *happily* is its great need. What is that work? What is the task which the great Arbiter has allotted to us? It is three fold: Appropriation, Distribution, and Worship. Man has to *gain*, to *give*, and to *adore*—*David Thomas.*

Church History. The history of the Christian Church is a hieroglyph or picture-writing, to which the life of Jesus Christ on earth is as it were the Rosetta stone, making, when at once mastered all the rest plain.—*Dora Greshwell.*

Justification by Faith.—Come home to God, and come at once; and as soon as you come, the Father you have forgotten will throw his arms around you, and tell you that there is still a place for you in the fair mansions of the heavenly city, and that in his own heart your place has never been lost; transform this into a doctrine, and you have the Doctrine of Justification by Faith.

A Nation's True Greatness.—The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it: but they are in their nature but accessories. *The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.* The truest tokens of this grandeur in a State are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, godlike justice which controls the relation of the State to other States, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.—*Chas. Sumner.*

The Power of Words.—No man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it. There is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.—*Emerson.*

Sin.—Sin is a fact. The denial of Christianity is not the disapproval of human sinfulness. Nay, if the doctrine of Scripture depravity seem at first view to be harsh and repulsive, think a moment whether the fact is more frightful and awful if surveyed outside the limitations and alleviations of the Biblical presentation. The mass of the world's sin has been actually lessened by the conversion of millions through the Gospel. Christianity has been an elevating power over against this depravity. I can think better of the world with than without the Bible, see less depravity if the Scripture is true than if it is false.—*D. W. Faunce.*

Retribution and Salvation.—There is nothing strange in eternal punishment, but something very strange in salvation. Men talk about eternal punishment as if it were *ab extra* of God forever scourging souls for past sins, and so very naturally concluded from these premises that God might stay scourging if he wished to and let man up, and then man would be happy. But this is a very erroneous notion of the punishment of hell. The sinner's torture is the operation of their own sin. "Where their worm never dies, and their fire is never quenched"—the worm and their fire are not in God's hand, but in the sinner's heart. The sinner could not be happy because he hates God and holiness. If he could not be attracted to holiness in this world, he certainly cannot be in the next, where every passion must be intenser in the developed powers of the soul.—*Dr. Crosby.*

A SERMON FROM A PAIR OF BOOTS.

There lived forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish, in which the shoemaker lived, heard of this and felt that he must give him a lesson.

He did it in this way: He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in, said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a pair of boots."

"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you sir, to make my son's on the same last."

"No your reverence, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Ah, then, master shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit, and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last, of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said:

"I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly in the future."

THE INFIDEL'S SHEEP.

Away among the hills of northern New England were two infidel neighbors who had lived to man's estate, sinning and blaspheming against God. One of them heard the Gospel message, and on hearing believed unto eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said to him :

"I have come to talk to you ; I have been converted."

"Yes, I heard that you had been down there and gone forward to be prayed for," said the skeptic with a sneer ; "and I am surprised, for I thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town."

"Well, said the Christian, "I have a duty to do you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I have not slept much for two nights thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my field six years ago, and I knew they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked them with my mark, and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field, with the increase of them ; and now I want to settle this matter. I have laid awake nights and groaned over it, and I have come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in State prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter up and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed ; he began to tremble.

"If you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want anything of you, if you will only go away ; a man that will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may have the sheep if you will only go away."

"O," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter up now, and pay for the sheep. I shall not be satisfied without ; and you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the skeptic, "if you must pay me, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent. on the amount, and go off and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep, and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the dose, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne.

The full results of that scene are known only to God. One thing is certain, the infidel was seen to frequent the house of prayer, and we may be sure that he afterward believed that there was some power in the gospel, and that all Christians were not hypocrites.—*Sunday Magazine.*

A PRINCE'S JEWEL.

Several German Princes were once extolling the glory of their realms. One boasted of his excellent vineyards; another of his hunting grounds; another of his mines. At last Abelard, Duke of Wurtemberg, took up the subject and said, "I own that I am a poor prince, and can vie with none of these things; nevertheless I too possess a noble jewel in my dominion; for were I to be without attendant either in the open country or wild forest, I could ask the first of my subjects whom I met to stretch himself upon the ground, and confidently place myself upon his bosom, and fall asleep, without the slightest apprehension of injury." Was not this confidence in the attachment and honesty of his subjects a precious jewel for a prince? I, however, have something better, for I can rest my head and my heart in the day of God's providence upon the bosom of Jesus Christ, with a perfect assurance that neither man nor devil can touch me here.—*Gotthold.*

HARD TO SUIT.

"It is related by the elderly citizens of Rochester," says *The Tribune*, "that on a certain occasion Rev. Dr. Backus, of blessed memory, had been laying out and decorating the grounds about his house at a considerable outlay of labour and expense. On the very first night after the completion of the work, when the grounds had been tastefully graded and terraced, and sodded and planted, a herd of vagrant swine broke into the inclosure, and industriously rooted the fair territory into a wilderness of unsightly gullies, heaps and hummocks. The next morning, as the good doctor stepped out upon his porch, one glance sufficed to furnish a full and appreciative conception of the desolation. Restraining any expression of unregenerate wrath, he stood for a space in silence, and then remarked with mournful philosophy, 'Well, you never can lay dirt to suit a hog!'"

We all find men as well as beasts that are hard to suit. Shall we take a lesson of patience from the good doctor?

SOME AUTOGRAPHS.

The Strasburg "Gazett" relates that Prince Bismarck, when asked by a foreign diplomatist to write in an album, found on the page on which he was requested to write, the autographs of Guizot and Theirs. The former had written "I have learned in my life two rules of prudence. The first is, to forgive much; and the second is, never to forget." Under this Theirs had put, "A little forgetting would not detract from the sincerity of forgiveness." Bismarck added, "As for me I have learned to forgive much and ask to be forgiven much."

A greater than either of these statesmen, who never needed forgiveness, has said, "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

Children's Treasury.

LOVING GOOD BOOKS.



HAPPY is the child who loves books, he has company when alone, and pleasures that others know not of.

Books are masters who instruct us without rod or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep. If you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant they do not laugh at you; and if you forget what they have told you, they will tell it over again a thousand times without a murmur or a complaint.—*Little Christian.*

THE CONVERSION OF A CHILD.

The Rev. J. G. Faackler gives the following interesting narrative: On the fourth Sabbath in February, 1878, in the city of Sherman, Texas, I preached a sermon to children. The attendance was large, and many of the "little ones" seemed greatly interested in the services. After the congregation had been dismissed, and all had left the room

except one of the elders, the sexton and myself, a little boy, Archibald Alexander Hill, son of the Rev. W. W. Hill, D.D., approached me as I stood near the pulpit, and taking hold of one of my hands with both of his, looked up into my face with tears in his eyes, and said, calling my name:—"I would like so much to join the church, if you will let me." Observing his tears and earnestness, I found my own emotions deeply stirred. My elder and the sexton, who were near me, were equally moved by the manner and language of the child. Taking my seat on the platform, with my arm around the dear little fellow, I drew him to me and asked him the question:—"Why do you wish to become a member of the church?" His answer came promptly—"because I want to be known as a child of God." I said, "how old are you?" He replied "Seven years old to-day." I then inquired:—"My dear boy, what reason have you for thinking you are a Christian?" With great emotion, but without any hesitation, he answered "Because I love Jesus with all my heart, and because He loves me and died for me." His words went ringing through the very depths of my soul. I seemed to hear the voice of the great Teacher saying: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Then there came those other words of the Master, "And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." After a moment's silence I said, "Archie, you are very young. Do you think, if we should receive you into the church, you would so live as to show yourself to be a Christian, and not do anything calculated to injure the cause of Jesus, and make us feel sorry on your account?" Never will I, or those with me at the time, forget his reply to this question. "I could not do it by myself; but I could if the Lord helped; and He says He will do it if I ask Him." I did not press him with any further inquiries, but dismissed him with the assurance that I would give him an opportunity to come before the session in a few days. Subsequently I learned, in a conversation with his father and mother, that for more than a year he had frequently expressed a strong desire to unite with the church and publicly confess Christ. They had great confidence and hope in the genuineness of his conversion, and gave it as their opinion, that the prominent feature in his religious exercises was an unusual tenderness of love for the Saviour who died for sinners.

When he appeared before the session, two weeks after the event above mentioned, his answers were equally clear and satisfactory, and without a dissenting voice, amidst the tearful emotion of strong men, it was voted that he should be admitted to the fellowship of the Lord's

children. His little hand was taken by every member of the session, while a fervent "God bless the child" fell from every lip.

"PLEASE HELP ME."

Four-Year-Old Johnny was rearing a wonderful castle of building-blocks in the sunny corner of the nursery. His mother sat near with her sewing, but he was too much engrossed in architecture to notice her. The finish was just being put to the chief tower, when down came the whole with a crash. Johnny surveyed the ruins with a flushed, disappointed face, and folding his little hands, said devoutly: "Dear Lord, please help me." The next effort was as unsuccessful. Scarcely was it finished when the fabric came tumbling down. Hot tears rushed to Johnny's eyes; but repressing any word of impatience, to his mother's great joy he went down upon his knees above the scattered fragments of his childish ambition, and raising his eyes said earnestly, "Please, Lord, help me so it won't tumble down, and don't let me get mad." With careful fingers he again began, and this time completed his work.

Johnny is "John" now, striving for college honors; but he finds help just where and just as he did then.—*Child's Paper.*

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

In a little white house on a hillside green,
Lives a beautiful woman as ever was seen;
In the sixty-five years that she's lived, I may say,
She's been growing more beautiful every day.
You do not believe it? Ask Susie, my sister,
She's the very first person that ever had kissed her.
And if she'd not nursed her by night and by day,
Poor Sue would have been in a very bad way.
I can bring other witnesses whom you may face,
They will tell you the same—they were in the same case.
"Has she lovers?" Yes, surely! No less than eleven!
She has seven on earth, and four more up in heaven.
Her hair is so beautiful—faded and thin;
There are beautiful wrinkles, from forehead to chin;
Her eyes are as charming as charming can be,
When she looks o'er her glasses so fondly at me;
And I know by her life, which has beautiful been,
She is like "the king's daughter"—"all glorious within."
Ah! you've guessed who it is! It could be no other,
I'm sure, than my beautiful, darling old mother.

THE TRUE LADDIE.

Here's a laddie, bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care;
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a "chimney of his nose,"
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out and ragged toes?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst, and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street;
Wallow in the mire, and sleet;
Hug the lamp-post and declare
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

Not an ill this laddie knows,
And his breath is like the rose;
Will he ever, do you think,
Poisoned by the cursed drink,
Fever burning in his veins,
Soul and body racked with pains,
Sink into a drunkard's grave,
Few to pity—none to save?

No; this laddie, honor bright,
Swears to love the true and right;
Keep his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet;
Never, never will he sup
Horrors from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the "flowing bowl"
Will he drown his angel-soul.