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# Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## HOME MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the month of June last the Rev. James Wilson, Congregational missionary, went to Twillingate under the direction of the Committee of the Home Missionary Society. He has been working there since, and the Lord has already owned his labours. The population of Twillingate Islands is somewhere about four thousand souls. The church accommodation is certainly far from sufficient; besides, we, as Congregationalists, have a right to do something for this large town, seeing it was a Congregational missionary who first occupied this field. Many years ago the Rev. Mr. Hylier toiled amid many difficulties and dangers around the shores of Green Bay, making Twillingate his head-quarters. There are still a few alive who remember in their childhood the faithful labours of this good man. When he was called to his heavenly reward no one was found to fill his place. We believe he has a worthy successor in Mr. Wilson. A few weeks ago we spent some time in Twillingate. Our missionary has rented the Temperance Hall for Sunday services and one evening in the week. We were fortunate to arrive on a Thursday, the day the Sons of Temperance had appointed to commence their winter campaign against the cursed drink business. We had the pleasure of addressing a crowded house on Temperance. Next day was appointed as the first Congregational Sunday-school picnic. The little ones and their friends met at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the kind ladies of all denominations vied with each other in providing good things for their children and friends. At 7.30 the hall was again crowded to attend a public meeting. Mr. R. T. Gillingham occupied the chair. There was a select choir, under the direction of Mr. Samways, who presided at the harmonium. Certainly the music would do credit to any town in the world.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. Stow, Mr. Wilson, and the deputation from St. John's who dwelt particularly upon the distinctive principles of Congregationalism, and explained the position that Mr. Wilson held, and the work he came to do.

The Sabbath services were well attended. In the evening the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and at the prayer-meeting the power of God was displayed in the conviction and conversion of sinners. We learned on the following day that the Episcopal and Methodist Churches were crowded at the same hour.

We visited most of the families attached to the Congregational cause, and received a most cordial welcome in every one of them. A building committee was formed, and a site for a new church selected. The friends are going to work in real earnest; we wish them success, and we are sure they will get both sympathy and help from the friends of Christ in other places. Since

our return so St. John's, we forwarded over eighty volumes for the Sunday school library. Subscriptions towards the new building will be thankfully received by Mr. R. T. Gillingham, Treasurer, Twillingate, or the writer, also collecting cards on application.

There is a wide and inviting field in Green Bay. Let us go up to the help of the Lord.

## FORTUNE BAY MISSION.

Our faithful and devoted missionary, Mr. Laer, has gone to Montreal, to take a course of study in the Congregational College of British North America. His place is well filled by Mr. Thompson, and we are glad to learn that the work is going on gloriously on every part of the mission.

## EVANGELISTIC WORK IN ST. JOHN'S.

During the past month a series of special evangelistic services have been conducted in this city, under the direction of the ministers of the evangelical churches, by Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Bromly, from London. These devoted young men have been educated for evangelistic work in "East-end Training Institution," London, under the superintendence of the Rev. Henry Gratton Guinness. They possess great power in public exhortation. They are thoroughly earnest. They work in harmony with ministers of all denominations, who unite with them, on the same plan as Mr. Moody, Mr. Needham, and H. Varley. Large numbers have attended every service, and could larger buildings be procured, no doubt many others would be present. A mid-day prayer-meeting has been conducted every day in the Temperance Hall, and hundreds have been present at that hour to invoke the Divine blessing on the work. So far as we are able to judge, many have been brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and a work has begun that is likely to spread over all the country, and result in the salvation of many thousands.

Our young friends intend, on leaving Newfoundland, to proceed to Nova Scotia, the United States, Canada, etc. We urge the people of God to remember them very often before the Throne of Grace.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We tender our very sincere thanks to Mr. Cox and the friends in "Barbican Chapel" for a box of valuable books. They came at a most opportune time. At once we despatched a small library to one of our new mission schools, and in due course will have them all in circulation. Books are one of the great wants of the people living in the remote parts of this island. The nearest book-store is two hundred miles from the school, to which we sent a portion of those sent. St. John's is the only place in Newfoundland where there

are book-stores, and here they cost about twice the published price.

#### OUR MEETINGS.—No. IV.

##### THE MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

These are the offspring or offshoot of the Infants' Friend Society, the ladies connected with which, feeling the desirability of such meetings to supplement their work, and enable them to keep a permanent hold and influence over the mothers coming under their care, and who too frequently at the end of the month drifted away and were lost sight of, determined, if possible, to commence them. For a long time they remained in contemplation only, most of the ladies being too much engaged to be able to undertake a regular weekly attendance, and those having leisure not being willing; but after a disappointment in the fact of the withdrawal of a lady who had promised to undertake the work, two ladies came forward and offered to conduct the meetings between them. A special committee meeting for the purpose of organising and starting them was therefore called on Nov. 11, 1875, and one guinea subscribed by the ladies present for the purchase of a few pairs of scissors, needles, tapes, cottons, buttons, and a few strong toys for the use of the young children whom the mothers cannot leave at home. This was supplemented by a grant of two pounds from the Infants' Friend Society, and various smaller subscriptions from friends, for the purchase of materials; since which it has been self-supporting, as, although sometimes there is little or no money in hand, there is always a good supply of materials in stock, which will eventually be turned into cash.

On the following Monday, the 15th, the meetings commenced with two mothers, the number increasing to twenty-two during the first month. A third lady joined the others in conducting them, and these ladies have continued their work (with intermissions) ever since, one of them having never been absent from a single meeting. The names of some seventy-eight mothers have been entered on the book, but a good many have fallen away from not receiving as many gratuities as they expected, and from removals; some also attend other mothers' meeting every alternate Monday, so that the average weekly attendance is only twenty-four. This by no means discourages the ladies, as so much good has so evidently been done to those who do attend, that we trust the good seed has not been sown in vain in the hearts of those also who have drifted away.

They meet in the schoolroom at two o'clock every Monday afternoon, Mrs. B— (the lady who is never absent) conversing with them pleasantly for the first half-hour till the other two ladies join her. It is astonishing how much the mothers prize this first half-hour, and how they open their hearts and reveal their sorrows and joys to this quiet, gentle lady, and seek her advice in all circumstances. A few weeks back one of the ladies suggested that the meetings should only commence at half-past two, since she and the third lady could only join them at that time; but the mothers themselves negatived the proposition by saying, "Why shouldn't we have our half-hour's talk with Mrs. B— the same as before?" several saying, "That is the best part of it." This lady visits them frequently

at their homes, and much enjoys it, ministering to their wants and necessities in many ways herself, and frequently also through the Bible nurse, whose duty it is to attend to all who are sick, and who is always present at the Monday meeting.

During this first half-hour of social chat the work is brought out of the cupboard, put in order, and got ready; the mothers' payments for materials received, entered on their cards, and in the book, and their payments to the Blanket and Sheet Society received. They are encouraged to bring from home any article requiring to be repaired, and large bundles of pieces are kept in store to be given them for this purpose. They can also bring their materials, and be instructed in the cutting-out of any article they require to make. Materials are also supplied them at a low figure, for which they can pay by instalments, the article becoming their property only when fully paid for. This rule is not strictly carried out, many of the regular attendants having been allowed to take home a much-needed article when only a trifle has been paid upon it, and it speaks well for the mothers' honesty and integrity, that in every case they have honourably continued the instalments till the whole was paid.

About half-past two the other two ladies arrive, and after a few friendly words, one of them commences reading some interesting story of a good moral and religious tendency, such as those published by our valuable Religious Tract Society. At half-past three the narrative is laid aside, and the singing of Moody and Sankey's hymns commences. These the mothers are allowed to choose for themselves, to the number of three, and this they look forward to as a great treat; and as many of them are very good singers, and a young lady presides at the grand piano in the school-room, they often have a short but pleasant little concert to themselves, during which troubles and sorrows seem all forgotten, and eyes sparkle, and faces look bright, animated, and happy. Bible reading by the other lady follows, she giving an interesting little address to them on what has been read. The Bible nurse then closes with prayer, the Bible reading following with the benediction, then comes the folding up and putting away of work, and the reluctant departure of many of the mothers, who feel those two hours and a-half to be the most sacred and happy of any in their lives. Many, we are sure, have cause to thank God that they were led to attend. Some have been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour, others are seeking Him, and some have been led to adopt the principles of total abstinence themselves, and to pray for, and seek to influence aright others whom they know to be addicted to drinking; and all have been benefited.

There is quite a rivalry of the right sort among them as to who shall keep their baby nicest; all bring them looking nice and clean and fresh, and often with pretty little fancy pinafores on, which they keep for the occasion. The mothers themselves also are generally bright, clean, and neat, and as special notice is taken of this, it greatly encourages them to keep all their children and their homes clean also; and thus the husbands are benefited, and encouraged to stay at home sometimes instead of spending the earnings at some "house at the corner."

It is surprising how good the children are during these meetings, the elder ones quietly amusing them-

selves, with the toys and indestructible picture-books provided, and even the babies seem to have learnt how to restrain themselves, for they seldom cry. For that one afternoon at least, mothers and children seem alike happy, and we would fain hope that its influence spreads sunshine all the week through, in not a few of their homes, and that through it, God's dear Son is loved and honoured in homes which formerly knew Him not.

Not one mother has been removed by death since the meetings were organised, but nine of their tender little flowerets have been removed from the cold winds of earth to the perpetual sunshine and genial clime of our Father's home above, where we hope, through the merits of Jesus, their parents will one day recognise and rejoin them, to part no more for ever.

The first break in the meetings has just occurred, in the form of three Mondays' holiday. This was deemed advisable, to give the Bible nurse a little holiday, and on account of some of the ladies wishing to go out of town. Last year one lady conducted them alone for some time, but it was thought only right to give her an opportunity of taking a little change and recreation also. To-day they re-assemble, and I hope it will be found that none have drifted away in consequence. I think most are too much attached to the meetings to be easily led away now.

Once a year a free tea is given them by the three ladies presiding, and this they thoroughly enjoy, the tables being liberally supplied with cakes and other dainties. The second was held on January 30 of this year, when fifty-four mothers were present. After tea, short addresses were given by the pastor, one of the deacons, and two city missionaries connected with the chapel, after which, in consequence of engagements, all the gentlemen retired, and the ladies had the field to themselves. So well did this answer, that I, for one, think it desirable that after making their speeches, the gentlemen should retire from our meeting each year, since the mothers then feel more at home, and the ladies at liberty to address them. Several hymns were sung between the ladies' speeches, and at the close two of the mothers who have been led to Christ, got up and spoke, declaring before their compeers how much they were personally indebted to the meetings, and their influence on their children, and thanking the ladies again and again for what they had done for them. Then followed last words, again, and yet again, the mothers loath to leave, and at last slowly and reluctantly shaking hands, and departing to their humble homes.

H. D. ISACKH.

## THE DANGERS OF MANHOOD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Youth, whose ingenious spirit, just and kind,  
Looks from that gentle eye, that open brow,  
Wilt thou be ever thus in heart and mind,  
As guileless and as merciful as now?  
Behold this streamlet, whose sweet waters wind  
Among green knolls unbroken by the plow,  
Where wild flowers woo the bee, and wild birds find  
Safe nests and secret in the cedar bough.  
This stream must reach the sea, and then no more  
Its purity and peaceful mood will keep,  
But change to bitter brine and madly roar  
Among the breakers there, and toss, and leap,  
And dash the helpless bark against the shore,  
And whelm the drowning seamen in the deep.

## A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

IT was a glorious consciousness which enabled St. Paul, when about to take leave of those among whom he had gone preaching the kingdom of God to say, "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men." May this consciousness be ours, my friends, in respect, at least, to the blood of drunkards! May not one drop of the blood of their ruined souls be found at last spotting our garments! Are we ministers of Christ? Are we servants and followers of Him who taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive? Let us see that no blood-guiltiness attaches to us here. We can take a course which will embolden us to challenge the closest inspection of our influence as it respects intemperance; which will enable us to enter without fear, on this ground at least, the presence of our Judge. May no false scruples, no fear of man which bringeth a snare, no sordid spirit of self-indulgence, no unrepenting and unreasoning prejudice, deter us from doing that over which we cannot fail to rejoice when we come to stand before the Son of Man!

## ONLY.

BY JESSIE GORDON.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And taking root grew bravely up,  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day  
That a burdened heart passed by that way;  
And the message that through the flower was sent,  
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wonderfully clad;  
And the tired heart grew stangely glad,  
At the thought of a tender care over all,  
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;  
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold;  
And the life bore fruit a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,  
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;  
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more;  
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

## THE GOSPEL IN THE MISSIONARY WORK.

THE interest of man in man, always sublime, divine, comes from God, and God is love. There is nothing more magnificent than a heart loving a heart whose tastes, prejudices, customs and traditions are absolutely repulsive. Yet this is the missionary spirit. It "flings down its gold," equips its men, prints its Bibles, sends its ships to heathen nations, to bestow upon those we have never seen, and shall never see, the blessings of the Gospel. The vast machinery and systematic method by which the Church is doing it is not the result of an accident, but of a mighty conviction that this world can be converted. It is an inspiration—a clear, strong faith that the conversion of the world is not the fancy of a bewildered brain, but a majestic possibility—a fact toward which the great ages have been silently but truly marching—a possibility fully warranted by the inherent forces and adaptation of the Gospel. When Christ left His disciples He requested them to tarry at Jerusalem, to be endued with power from on high. This power is in the Gospel still, and in the heart of the Church.—*Dr. Hurst.*

Works of love are more acceptable than lofty contemplation: art thou engaged in devoutest prayer, and God wills that thou go out and carry broth to a sick brother, thou shouldst do it with joy.—*Tauler.*

## A PERSONAL RELIGION.

BY REV. D. W. FAUNCE, D.D.

TO cast off Christ's religion would be to leave all the dearest hopes both of our personal advancement and of the world's moral progress. Intertwined with the facts of Christianity are our dearest affections. So that we must say with Paul, if the facts are not as presented in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, "we are of all men most miserable." We hear men sometimes with flippant tone announcing their belief that Christianity is false. But if that be so, say it sadly, and with tears, as you would tell a loving child of the death of the mother that bore it and nourished it and loved it. Say it as the most sorrowful thing that human lips can utter, that the credentials of Christ—his mighty deeds and more mighty words—are not enough, and so never can God give a proven revelation to man. Say it with mourning, that the perfect purity and elevation and stainlessness of Christ's character in the New Testament is all a mistake; that He did not live, or that if He did, His disciples devised his words and imagined his deeds, and that such deception has led the world's enlightenment, and so that we are all a duped race led by dupes, a race of maniacs led by fools and knaves; and yet that these fools and knaves have wondrously helped men to be better, and made men holier, and broadened their views, and informed their intellects, and enriched their moral natures, and made them to live nobler and more self-denying lives, and to die sweeter, holier, happier deaths, looking onward to a still holier state; and yet that all this is delusion, deception, mistake, imposture! In striking at Christianity with iconoclastic hand one strikes at humanity as well as its dearest hopes, its sweetest consolations, its best ideals, its strongest impulses, its most praiseworthy charities and moralities. If it must be said at all, say it with bated breath, that Christianity is untrue; for if untrue, it is the most awful of untruths, and we ought at once to weed it out of human literature, out of common language and common life. We ought to begin with childhood, and stop it in its repetition of the Lord's prayer, to forbid infant lips from ever again uttering the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"; we ought to stop the rites of burial, and cast out of them the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," to tell the mourner, though it will make him twice a mourner, that he has not only lost his friend but his Saviour; we ought to assure age, though it will tremble all the more to know it, that there is some mistake as to the Bible which has been the staff on which it leaned, and that the Heavenly Father did not say, "I will never leave nor forsake thee," nor Christ promise, "He that believeth in me shall never die."

And as with personal hope, so with the inspirations of genius and the progress of art and of learning; for, the support of Christianity gone, there is for them a mournful future. Before the advent of Christianity, how much of art was too abominable for description. But the single conception of the Virgin and her Child, cut in a thousand marbles, painted a thousand times on canvas, in every variety of detail, has revolutionised and elevated art. Nothing blotted out the old ideals until Christianity flooded the realms of painting and statuary with a new and tender beauty. So always through the centuries this religion of Christ is purifying everything it touches, and is doing it exactly as far and as fast as men take into mind and heart the great facts and doctrines which are its distinction and its glory.

Nor art and literature, but the common impulses of common life, would be ruinously affected if the religion of Christ were left as untrue. All the higher motives that lift men from a merely physical condition would droop.\* With it would go all higher views of God, of duty, of the nobility of man, of just and humane law; and society must inevitably decline, since the great teachings of morals which have exalted the world's admiration have been connected with a system called Christianity, which the world now leaves because false—and if the one part false, how the other true?

It has been thought by some that we might drop all the

\* That this is not a mere speculation in the following quotation from the elder Pliny will show: "The vanity of man, and his insatiable longing for existence, have led him to dream of a life after death. A being full of contradiction, he is the most wretched of creatures, since the other creatures have no wants transcending the bounds of their nature. Among these two great evils the best thing God has bestowed on man is the power to take his own life."

miracles and the doctrines that are distinctive, and still have all the impulses and moralities of Christianity. Yes, if moralities are mere outward things, mere wax flowers from milliners' shops, instead of genuine flowers growing on stems and out of seed and soil as God made them to grow. There is a natural belief in immortality. But it is inoperative aside from the light of revelation. And as it has never been efficient apart from the biblical disclosures, so it never will be for any length of time after the biblical doctrine of it has been left. For a single generation, possibly for two, if Christianity was discarded, there would remain a little of the Christian sap in Deism; but it would soon depart. It is doubtful if mere natural religion would live long enough to draw another breath after the going out from of all that is distinctly Christian in thought and feeling and belief. Says one of the best thinkers and best known educators of our day: "The course of things, if Deism should be the ultimate religion, can be easily foretold. As long as the recollections and influences of Christianity survived its fall, earnest souls would hope on; they would stay their souls' hunger on the milk drawn from the breasts of their dead mother. But a new age would toss about in despair. If a sense of sin remain, the life of all noble souls will be an anxious gloomy tragedy. Or if that burden be cast off, then the standard of character will fall and the sense of sin grow faint, so that pardon will not be needed, and the utmost frivolity be reached in life and manners."<sup>†</sup>

Nothing, absolutely nothing, is given us in return if we surrender either our theoretic belief in Christianity or our practical obedience to it. What else can do anything for the deepest yearnings and largest wants of the soul? Giving up Christianity is giving up the thing that ought to be true, just as there ought to be light if there are eyes, and sounds if there are ears, and air if there are lungs. And as the bodily organs are furnished with that on which they can best thrive, so the faculties of mind and heart can best be developed by the religion of him who came "that men might have life, and might have it more abundantly." For the deepest and most important intuitions man possesses are seized upon by religion and are made clear and influential. The germ of these truths is developed by the Scriptural doctrine, and they are made potent for man's good. All the difficulties are at least as great without as with the Bible; as great in the germ-truth, as in its form of growth and bud and blossom. And then there is the added difficulty of accounting for this fact; how it is that, if Christianity is false it can so singularly, powerfully, beautifully, take up and develop these germ-truths in the mind and these most blessed hopes in the heart, and thus purify, elevate, and ennoble the man who believes and practises it.—*From a Young Man's Difficulties with His Bible.*

## SPARROWS.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

A motley crowd had gathered in the street

To listen to sweet words of hope and love;

The city's dust was blown around their feet,

But all the sky was very blue above.

And 'twixt the city's dust and heaven's blue

A flock of soft-winged, twittering sparrows flew.

"God sees the sparrow's fall," the good man said;

And at the word a thousand eyes, upturning,

Gazed on the fluttering wild birds overhead.

With sudden tenderness and upward yearning.

And, even as they looked, a sweet, swift song

Burst from the feathered choir upon the throng.

"And since the sparrows praise, why should not we?"

The preacher said; and straightway, at his word,

The voice of song arose triumphantly;

Men, women, children, singing with the birds

A song of praise so fervent, full, and clear,

I deem the saints themselves had joyed to hear!

At length the choral ceased, and all the throng,

With hushed and humbled hearts, went on their way,

And in some hearts the echo of that song

Made heavenly music till their dying day.

If God a simple sparrow's fall doth see,

Then surely His sweet care is over me!

—*Christian Union*

<sup>†</sup> Pres. Woolsey, in "Religion of the Present and the Future"

## GOLDEN TRUTHS.

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY THORNLEY SMITH.

**NOVEMBER 4. Morning. THE PEOPLE'S SIN. (Exod. xxxii. 1-20.)** "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," was one of the commands which had been issued from Sinai (Ex. xx. 4), and the people, when they heard it, promised obedience. But already they had forgotten all, and because Moses was detained in the Mount with God (of. chap. xxiv. 18, Deut. ix. 9), they became impatient, and urged Aaron to make them gods. Moses had been their visible leader; now they knew not what had become of him, and so they must have a visible object of worship, and Aaron was requested to make a golden calf. And Aaron was unmanly enough to comply with their demands. Both men and women wore in their ears, partly after the manner of the Egyptians, golden ornaments, and these they took off and gave to him. He made a mould of clay, in the shape of a calf, melted these golden ornaments, and poured the metal into it; and, when cool, finished it with a graving tool, after the usual method. The calf was not made of wood, and then covered with gold; but cast in this manner, as the words evidently state. The art of casting metals was well known in Egypt, and the furnace requisite for making this calf could be prepared in the wilderness with little difficulty. And what said the people? An altar was built before this calf, sacrifices were offered on it, they cried, "These be thy Elohim, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt" (ver. 4). From Joshua xxiv. 14 it is evident that the people, when in Egypt, had worshipped its gods, and one of them was Osiris, under the form of an ox—Mnevis. Now, they made a god similar to the one they had often seen, and thus they changed the glory of God into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass. They did not break the first commandment, but the second, for they still worshipped JEHOVAH, but in this idolatrous form; hence Aaron made a proclamation: "To-morrow is a feast to Jehovah." But they were highly culpable; and God's eye was upon them. Hence His command to Moses (vers. 7, 8). They had corrupted themselves, "that they sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play," for is, to eat and drink of the sacrifices, and then to dance round the calf, with shoutings and songs. Such was God's anger that He threatened to destroy them (vers. 9, 10); but mark the disinterestedness and magnanimity of Moses (vers. 11-13). The words, "And Moses he sought the Lord," etc., mean literally to stroke the face of Jehovah, and so appease His anger. And (ver. 14) Jehovah repented, that is, changed His mind accordingly. Moses went down with the two tables in his hand (ver. 15, 16). Joshua was on the mountain, but not on its summit, and as he descended he heard "the voice of the people in noise," which he thought was the noise of war, but Moses said, "No, it is the noise of antiphonal songs that I hear" (vers. 17, 18). As he drew near he was filled with righteous indignation, and dashed the tables of stone from his hand, and broke them beneath the Mount. Perhaps the act was a hasty one, but his spirit was full of anguish, and in fact the people had broken the covenant, of which this breaking of the tables was a sign. He then proceeded to destroy the calf by melting it down and beating it into thin laminae, or leaves, thus treating it with the utmost contempt. He then ground it into fine powder, and strewed it upon the water, or stream from the mountain, of which he made the people drink (vers. 19, 20; Deut. ix. 21). This was a symbolical sign that they would have to bear their sin and atone for it (comp. Num. v. 24). "Flee from idolatry," is the memory text (1 Cor. x. 14). *W<sup>o</sup> needed the lesson to-day as much as did the Israelites then.*

*Afternoon. PAUL BEFORE FELIX. (Acts xxiv. 10-27.)* Paul was now at Casarea, where the procurator, Felix, was then living, and before him the apostle was arraigned (ver. 1-9). The procurator permitted him to speak, and his address is full of courtesy, though not of flattery. He defends himself against his accusers, and affirms (1) that he was no disputant (ver. 12, 13); (2) that he was no heretic (ver. 14); (3) that his religion was that of the law and the prophets; (4) that he maintained a hope of the resurrection (ver. 15), and that he always acted as his conscience dictated (ver. 16). It was only twelve days since he went up to Jerusalem to worship (see ver. 11), and he had been absent several years, and came to bring alms for his people and offerings to God

(ch. xi. 29, 30, xx. 16), and in doing the latter he had not desecrated the temple, as his adversaries had affirmed, nor had he done any evil unless his declaration of the resurrection of the dead was such (ver. 17-21). Felix adjourned the proceedings, as the word deferred means, in ver. 22; for having been six years in Judaea he knew a good deal of Christianity, and would not condemn Paul. But out of respect to the Jews, neither would he acquit him, and on the mere pretext of waiting until the tribune, Lycias, came down, he postponed further inquiry. Paul was kept in custody, but in a relaxed form, so that he was permitted to receive the visits of his friends, and had some liberty granted to him in the prison itself. After some days (ver. 24) Felix came into the court again, or perhaps had returned to Casarea after a brief absence. By his side sat, on this occasion, his wife Drusilla, a daughter of Herod Agrippa I., and a very beautiful woman. She had been the wife of Azizus, King of Emessa, but Felix had, by means of Simon, a sorcerer of Cyprus, led her away from her husband and married her. She was not, therefore, his lawful wife, and the guilty pair were living in adultery. Observe, then, *Paul before Felix*. He reasoned (1) of righteousness or justice, and Felix was a judge who was acting unrighteously; (2) of temperance or sobriety, and Felix was a man of noted sensuality; and (3) of judgment to come, when Felix would stand before the tribunal of God. These were terrible things for the procurator and his wife to hear; and now look at *Felix before Paul*, for he is the man now under charges, and what is the result? *He trembles*. His conscience speaks and tells him that all the apostle says is true. God's Word is a two-edged sword (Heb. x. 12), and it pierced him through and through. But he procrastinated. Go thy way for the present, etc. (ver. 25); but the convenient season never came. He would have taken a bribe, and hoped to get it, though it was expressly forbidden by the Roman law, and hence he often sent for him, and perhaps intimated to him that for a sum of money he would set him free. But Paul was a poor man, and had he been ever so rich would have scorned to purchase his liberty in such a way. What became of Felix? In two years he was recalled by Nero, A. D. 60, having Paul bound to please the Jews. Of his after life nothing is known; but his wife Drusilla, with her son, were destroyed in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which occurred in the year A. D. 76. Unhappy Felix! His name was the reverse of his character, and it is all but certain that both he and his paramour died ere a convenient season for repentance came. Now is the accepted time; and to defer this great work is to rush into the arms of death. Ver. 25 is to be committed to memory. They are happy—*felix*—who lay it heart and turn from sin without delay.

*Nov. 11. Morning. MOSES' INTERCESSION. (Exod. xxxiii. 1-3; 12-23.)* A plague fell on the people because they made the calf. (Chap. xxxii. 35) Moses had returned to the mount to plead on their behalf, and was now sent back to them to conduct them on their way to the land of promise. And God promised to send an angel before them, but would not Himself go with them, lest He should destroy them. (Verses 1-3; compare chap. xxxiii. 20.) This was sad intelligence for the people, and they promised to repent (ver. 4-11). Moses entered the Tabernacle, and JEHOVAH talked with Moses face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend. And now Moses pleads with Him for the people. God had said he would send an angel before them, but He had not told him who the angel would be. He reminded God of His assurance that he had found grace in His sight, and He entreated that it might be so, for the sake of that nation which was God's people (verses 12, 13). The meaning is, "If I have found grace in Thy sight, do not leave me in uncertainty as to the angel who shall go before us." Such was the boldness of undoubting faith. And what was the reply? Faith conquered, and God said, "My presence," *lit.*, "my face, shall go before thee," (verse 14.) The face of Jehovah is Jehovah Himself. His own personal presence, or the angel in whom His name was (chap. xxxiii. 20, 21), "the angel of His face." (Isai. lxiii. 9.) To make sure of this promise, Moses said "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence"—a prayer for every traveller to a distant land. The promise was repeated—verse 17—and now Moses prayed, "Let me see thy glory." He had already seen much (see chap. xvi. 7-10; xxiv. 16-17) and even now God had spoken to him "face to face" (verse 11), but he wanted to see more—to see the essence of God, but all that a mere creature could see of God and live, was His goodness, and God promised to make His goodness—a very wonderful declaration of it—(verse 19), to pass before

Him. God's glory is His goodness, manifested to us in the grace of Jesus Christ. Moses was to return to God to the mount with two tables of stone hewn by himself, and then God would put Him in a cleft of the rock, and cover Him with His protecting power whilst He passed by, and showed to him His back parts but not His face—not His essence—(verses 21-23). The promise was fulfilled. (Chap. xxxiv. 1-17.) Learn Dan. ix. 10, which is a comment on these verses.

*Afternoon. PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.* (Acts xxv. 23; xxvi. 1-18). Festus was now the procurator, and Herod Agrippa II. King of Judæa. The latter came to Caesarea, and before him Paul was brought prior to his being sent to Rome. The king came with great pomp to the place of hearing, accompanied by his sister Bernice, and there was a large audience to hear the apostle. Festus introduces the matter to the king by telling him why his prisoner was there. (1.) The Jews had accused him. (2.) Festus had found in him nothing worthy of death. (3.) Paul had appealed to Cæsar, and Festus had determined to send him. (4.) But he wished to have something more certain respecting which to write to Augustus (ver. 24-27). On this, Agrippa gave Paul permission to speak for himself, and chap. xxvi. 1-18 contains part of his defence. After a courteous introduction (ver. 2, 3) he proceeds to speak—(1.) Of his early life (ver. 4, 5). (2.) Of the accusation laid against him. He was judged for the hope of the promise of the Messiah made unto the fathers, unto which promise the twelve tribes earnestly (as the word means) serving God, hope to come (ver. 6, 7). In that promise he himself believed, and also that it had been fulfilled in the mission and resurrection of Jesus. Then (ver. 8) he appeals to all present, many of whom were Jews—why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?—that is, not Jesus only, or the dead in some distant period, but at any time. God's omnipotence is equal to the task. (3.) Further, he speaks of his pharisaic zeal against Christianity (ver. 9-11). (4.) He relates the circumstances of his conversion (ver. 12-18). The object of his mission is described as having reference specially to the Gentiles, for it was to *open their eyes*, and thus to awaken in their minds a desire for the truth; to *turn them from darkness to light*—that is, to convert them from heathenism to Christianity, and to *draw them from the power of Satan*, whose servants and vassals they had been. Forgiveness of sin and eternal blessedness would be the consequences of such a change, which, however, can only be obtained by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The promise of Matt. x. 19 (the memory text), was remarkably fulfilled on this occasion. Paul spoke under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Nov. 18. *Morning. THE PEOPLE'S OFFERINGS.* (Exod. xxxv. 20, xxxvi. 8.) The sin of making the golden calf had been forgiven, and now the people were again in covenant-relationship with God. Hence the Tabernacle was to be reared, and materials must be gathered for its construction. We have here, then, a beautiful picture. Many of the people's hearts were stirred up, and both men and women brought what they could—golden offerings, or offerings of fine linen and different coloured cloths, goat's hair, and the skins of rams and of badgers; silver, brass, and shittim wood. Some of them, such as the skins of animals, and especially of the sea-dog, as the word *badger* means, would be found in the wilderness, and others they brought with them out of the land of Egypt. Shittim wood was probably that of the *camel-thorn*, which grows abundantly in the peninsula of Sinai, and is almost imperishable. Then the women spun, in their tents, blue, scarlet, and purple fabrics from linen and goat's hair, an art which they had learnt in Egypt, and which now proved so valuable to them. *Blue* was a dye obtained from a shell fish found in the Mediterranean; *purple*, a dye from another shell-fish; and *scarlet*, a splendid dye, obtained from a small insect ("History of Moses," p. 287). But God gave special skill and wisdom to Bezaleel and Aholiab, both to work themselves and to teach others. Their former experience in cunning workmanship was now greatly improved. They were very clever in stone and wood-cutting, and no doubt produced some beautiful pieces of workmanship. Moses then called other to the work (ch. xxxvi. 1, 2), and Bezaleel and Aholiab received the materials from Moses, for each morning the people brought what was ready to him, and thus the work went on. But (vers. 5-7) they brought too much more than enough, and proclamation was made throughout the camp to this effect, and so the people were restrained from bringing. This was a fine display of liberality,

and it cost the people much. They made many sacrifices, but they made them cheerfully. It is a great blessing when people have a *mind to work* (2 Cor. ix. 7). "God loveth a cheerful giver." This is the memory text, but it is for the heart rather than the head.

*Afternoon. ALMIGHTY PERSUADED.* (Acts xxvi. 19-32.) Paul continues his address before Agrippa, and speaks of his obedience to the heavenly vision. He was not *compelled* to submit. He preached in Damascus, then in Jerusalem, next in Judæa, and lastly to the Gentiles, and in all cases his demands were repudiated, and works worthy of it (cf. Matt. iii. 8). The Jews had persecuted him, but God had helped him, and he continued to preach according to what Moses and the prophets had said, that the Christ, the Messiah, should suffer that He should be the first to rise from the dead, and that He should show light to the people—the Jews, and also to the Gentiles (vers. 21-23; comp. Isaiah liii., 1 Cor. xv. 23). At this point Festus rudely interrupted him (ver. 24), "Thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." The speech of Paul appeared to Festus mere folly, and he imagined that his prisoner was really out of his mind. The apostle's calm and dignified reply was enough to prove that it was Festus rather who was beside himself. With all firmness, but with perfect calmness and due respect, he said, "I am not mad, most noble Festus," etc (ver. 25). His words were words of truth, but also of soberness, for the two things must ever be combined if we would speak in accordance with God's will. All Bible-teaching must be both true and sober. And Paul appealed to Agrippa. "Believest thou the prophets?" he asked; and, without waiting for an answer, he said further, "I know that thou believest." For Herod was an Idumean, and professed to believe in the religion of the Jews; moreover, he knew that the thing was not done in a corner, that the rise of Christianity was open and public. Agrippa was touched, and Paul perceived it. But the king's words do not mean that he was almost persuaded to become a Christian. Their import is, "Dost thou persuade me with so little?" (Luke xiii. 24). He spoke in jest, but he was not easy in conscience. It is a hard thing to persuade men, and especially great men and rich men, to accept Christ and His salvation. Some few are persuaded; more are but *half* persuaded; and many are persuaded, but only to become *almost* Christians. In this case not much was wanting, perhaps, to bring Agrippa to Christ, yet it was enough to keep him out of Christ, and to seal his doubt. How sad was Paul's spirit at this moment, and yet how confident! "I am a Christian, and I wish all who hear me were such, *except these bonds*," and perhaps he lifted up his chain-bound arms. Agrippa could hear no more, and he put an end to the proceedings. He said, however, in effect, *This is a good man*, and intimated to Festus that if he had not appealed to Cæsar he might have been set at liberty. Yes; but Paul *must* see Rome, and all was ordered by the Unseen Hand.

Nov. 25. *Morning. THE TABERNACLE SET UP.* (Exodus xl. 17-38.) This event took place on the first day of the first month of the second year—the sacred year—after the departure of the people from Egypt. This was the month Abib, and the day was the anniversary of their deliverance (see ch. xii. 2, xiii. 4). The work began thus:—The sockets were fixed, the boards placed in them and fastened with bolts, and then the pillars were reared for the curtains. Two coverings, one of rams' skins died red, and another of badgers' skins or the skins of the sea-dog, were used (ch. xxvi. 4), and thus the tabernacle was impervious to rain or dew. Vers. 20, 21 speak of the ark of the covenant, which was a chest made of acacia wood and covered with gold. Into it Moses put the testimony—that is, the two tables of stone (ch. xxvi. 18, xxv. 16)—and the mercy-seat he put above it, so that it formed the lid. This ark was placed within the holy of holies in the tabernacle, and was hidden by the veil (ch. xxvi. 31). On the north side of it, but outside the veil, Moses put the table of shew-bread, on which were twelve loaves, placed in two rows (ver. 22, 23). On the left side, opposite the table, was the candlestick, with its seven lamps, which Moses lit, and in front of the veil was the golden altar on which incense was burnt. Then another veil was hung, called "the hanging at the door of the tabernacle" (or in Heb. ix. 2, "the first veil"), which closed the entrance to the tabernacle (ver. 24-28). Outside the tabernacle, in the open space or court round about (ver. 8), was the altar of burnt offering (ver. 29), the brazen laver in which the priests washed their hands and their feet whenever they were about



to enter the tent or tabernacle (ver. 30-33, ch. xxx. 15) And thus the work was finished (see "History of Moses," p. 285). And now the cloud rested on the tabernacle, whilst the glory of the Lord or the shekinah filled it, so that Moses was not able to enter (comp. 1 Kings viii 10, Hag. ii. 7-9, Rev. xv. 8). The cloud was the symbol of God's presence, and when it was taken up the people journeyed; when it rested they rested (ver. 33-38). "God is a spirit," says the memory text (John iv. 24), and hence no outward forms of worship, however imposing, will be pleasing to Him, and under this dispensation especially He must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

*Afternoon.* PAUL IN THE STORM. (Acts xxvii. 1-26) The apostle was now to go to Rome, but as a prisoner, and in company with other prisoners, in charge of a centurion called Iustus. He was accompanied by St. Luke and Aristarchus, hence the plural *we*. The vessel they sailed in was from Adramyttium, a seaport not far from Troas, and was homeward bound. They touched at Sidon, a distance from Caesarea of about fifteen miles; thence they sailed to leeward under Cyprus, leaving it on their left. Then they sailed through the Sea of Cilicia, and came to Myra, then a flourishing port of Syria (ver. 1-5). This vessel was going no further, but another was found—a merchant ship from Alexandria, bound for Italy, and (ver. 38) laden with wheat, Egypt being then the granary of the world. The centurion put his prisoners on board this ship, which was one of considerable size. The winds were contrary, and they sailed *slowly*, but reached Cnidus, a peninsula between Cos and Rhodes. They were compelled to steer to the south, and passing Cape Salmone, in the island of Crete, sailed to the south of that island, where there is a place called the Fair Havens, in which they would find shelter from the N.E. wind (ver. 6-9). A soft S. wind began to blow, but ere long

a tempestuous wind arose called Eurolydon—from *euros* and *kladon*—or the N.E., which was dead against them. They were caught by the wind and let the ship drive, when they ran under the Isle of Claudia, where they attempted to get the lifeboat on board which followed the ship, which they did with difficulty. They were afraid of being driven on to the Syrtis, a great quicksand on the coast of Africa, and hence they lowered the top-gear and let the ship drive without sails. Undergirding the ship means that they threw under the keel cables and chains in order that her timbers might hold together (ver. 13-17). Next they were obliged to throw the ship's tackling overboard, and, having no sun or stars for eleven days, they were in great peril, when Paul cheered them by telling them of his vision, and assuring them that though the ship would be lost, all their lives would be saved, but that they would be cast on a certain island (Malta). Learn Ps. lvi. 3. Want of space prevents fuller details.

## WHO SHALL TEACH?

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. BOYNTON.

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs." (John xxi. 15.)

WHO shall teach? We answer, such a one as Peter. Not the Peter who was an Apostle. Not the Peter who was never a pope. The risen Lord did not ask him for his credentials of office before he bade him "Feed my lambs." It was the personal, not the official, Peter to whom Jesus gave his commission. It was Peter standing for the believer, not the bishop; representing the private Christian, not the priest on whom the charge was laid.

Not Peter, the perfect man. There was none such. He was quite as far from perfection as from the primacy. It was Peter, one of the Sons of Thunder, but whose thunder had not always signalled the meeting of the clouds of heaven, or been attended with the flashing of its light. It was Peter who spoke often wisely, and sometimes "not knowing what he said." It was Peter who had confessed his Lord, and then denied him with cursing and swearing. O you, brother or sister, who feel yourself unworthy to take your part in this good work, was Peter not unworthy? You will not enter in because you are not a perfect Christian, was Peter a perfect Christian? Yet the Lord, who knew all things, and who knew what kind of help he wanted, said to Peter, unwise and unworthy as he was, "Feed my lambs."

But Peter had one qualification without which you will not be called, nor need you come. He could look his Lord in the face and say, "Thou knowest that I love thee." It was Peter who loved his Lord to whom the bidding came. This was his fitness to be an under shepherd in the Saviour's fold. This was his learning which should guide him in feeding the lambs. This was his official and moral preparation for the work which was entrusted him. This was the one essential thing. Without this—all else, office, character, learning, were of no account; with this he was furnished, however little of the others he might have, though this might be enriched and made effective by the others. Love to Christ, that is the very edge of every sword which is drawn for him, though office, character, and learning may give it weight.

"Lovest thou me?" that is the one test question. That answered affirmatively and truly, the condition of successful teaching is met, the motive to seek all other needful qualities and helps is in the heart, and the bidding comes at once; "Feed my lambs."

Every day is a day of judgment.—We are this moment being canvassed, inspected, weighed.



## OUR PILGRIMAGE.

ABSTRACT OF A SERMON BY REV. W. ARTHUR, M.A.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." — Heb. xi. 13.

IT seems a very common thing to take the word "pilgrim" in its religious sense as very nearly identical with the word "hermit"; but the two not only differ, but in some respects very strongly contrast. The hermit is a personage who never appears in the Bible; or if he does appear, it is in some very distant glimpses indeed. He is not found, either in the old or in the new dispensation, as having any part in the appointments of the people of God; but the hermit is one of the favourite institutions of heathenism, and was, in olden times, prevalent over all the great ancient countries. The idea was early adopted in Egypt, and from Egypt it diffused itself over all the West, even to our own country. The hermit is one who has a quarrel with human society, and takes it to be his business to get as far away from mankind as circumstances will permit him. He may effect the separation by locality, by getting into a desert; he may effect it by confining himself within the walls of a convent, by getting up a tree, or living on the top of a pillar, as has sometimes been done. He may confine that separation to costly and particular habits and vows; but still his great idea is to separate himself from human society, and so cut out that part of human nature that does not lie built up within the four walls of his own person.

Now, this is by no means the character of the pilgrim. The pilgrim is quite another personage. He has no quarrel with human society. He does not purpose to separate himself from mankind. On the contrary, pilgrims have been remarkable in every age and nation for being social, for seeking in their pilgrimage as many companions as they can possibly gather together, and for cheering their pilgrimage with as many comforts as they can carry through the journey, and with as many songs, and as much intercourse, and as much vivacity and pleasure of every kind as they can possibly command. But the pilgrim is one who has a point at which he is aiming, and a purpose for which he aims at it; and no matter what land he has to traverse, however pleasant it may be, it must not tempt him to stay, or however foul it may be, it must not discourage him so that he turn back. He has to go on; if it be a desert, to cross it in spite of its difficulties; if it be a garden, to cross it in spite of its flowers, and still to go on. The definition of the character of a

pilgrim cannot be more complete than what is given in the verses immediately following our text, "They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." That is a pilgrim—one who has an object in his eye, and is pressing on towards that object. Let us consider this pilgrimage: its starting point, its course, its end.

THE STARTING POINT with men now of this pilgrimage is, as in the case of Abraham, *that they go out*. Abraham was dwelling in what was then the fairest and noblest of all lands, where the two grand rivers rush down from the north towards the south, tending eastward as they go, and fill the earth with fertility; whilst the great sun above, taking advantage of these waters, nourishes all the loveliest fruits and flowers and trees that earth and heaven together can produce in this world of ours. There, where man's dwelling had arisen, and

cities and villages, and the proud towers of Babylon, and many a monument the foundations of which we are finding out in our own day had sprung up, there was the place where Abraham dwelt. And the word came that he must go out. Go whither? Not eastward towards the rising sun, to new and lovelier countries if they could be found out; but he must turn westward towards the setting sun, must turn his back upon the beautiful fields of Mesopotamia, must face that frightful Syrian desert. Wild and forbidding it is, but he has to do it. He goes out and faces the desert; and if you start upon a pilgrimage to God, it will be by going out. Every man has his own pleasant place, his own banks of the Euphrates, his own Ur of the Chaldees, his own sweet holds of possession or of imagination. They may be very limited, but still, while a man is a sinner without God, there are sweet charms continually around him inviting him to continue in his sin. Come out, come out! —out of the world,



THE REV. W. ARTHUR, M.A.

(From a Photograph published by Appleton and Co., Bradford)

out of your own sins, out of all that you value that leads you away from Christ, out of the paths that go downward and not upward; out of the ways that are broad, not narrow; out of the habits that the crowd are practising, and not God's people; come out, out to-night! Don't say, "I think I am; I hope I shall; I am thinking of it." Do it! Leave your sins and sinful ways, and turn your face to the Cross, to the Saviour; and if it be a desert, and if you have to encounter all kinds of trial, well, the pilgrim must take desert or meadow as he goes. He is going to seek a country, and must not be deterred by little things or invited to delay by any, whether little or great.

AS TO THE COURSE of the pilgrimage, we see by the text that the individuals alluded to persevered. They declared that they sought a country, and Paul says, "If they had desired to return to the country from whence they had come

out, they might have found opportunity." After Abraham had toiled through that Syrian desert, the green hills of Palestine opened; and as he passed from pasture plain to pasture plain he did not sit down and say, "I am to be a settler here." The promise said: "This land shall be thine; but thine must take possession. Thy children shall hundreds of years hence possess it, but not thou." He saw those goodly stones that were afterwards to be the foundations of very grand structures, but he never quarried them; he saw those bright metals that were afterwards to shine in the temples and palaces of his descendants, but never worked them; he saw those goodly cedars, but never had them polished. The land prospered with him, and he with it; but he built nothing that would seem to say, "I am a settler, I am going to tield rest." He dwelt in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the promise, the present always pointing to the future, and meaning, "We are strangers; we are pilgrims; our country is an heavenly country. As to earthly possessions, our children shall build, our children shall have firm roofs and grand walls; but, as for us, the little curtain of goat's hair clogged enough to shut out the sun, and the slender sticks that the servant men can pitch or lift in a minute or two, that must be all."

Dwelling in tents without foundation, they constantly said, "We are seeking a city that hath foundations." Then came the cold breath of famine upon the plains of Palestine, and drove them southwards; and again the patriarch has to face another desert drearier and more waste even than the last; and he and the servants and the cattle make their lonely way across it, until once more there burst upon his eyes palm-trees, and rice-fields, and beautiful gardens, and houses, and villages, and cities, and pyramids, and the great River Nile with its thronged multitudes of busy and well-clad men. Has he not found a country at last? Won't he settle here? Will not he have a pyramid perhaps for himself, or at least one of the palace tombs? No. On the Nile, as on the Euphrates or on the Jordan, the word is, "Pilgrim, on, on!" Enjoying the mercies of Palestine, enjoying the mercies of Egypt, enjoying the other mercies of God's good hand wherever he goes, but still on, on to the land of eternal rest. There is no rest for him here. So was the course continued, and so must yours be. On, always on! Sometimes we say, "I am still in the way to Zion with my face thitherward." Good to be in the way, good to have the face in the right direction; but remember, a man may be looking in the right way and not be going forward. You must not judge of your Christian progress simply by the fact that you are desiring to arrive at last in heaven, and desiring to tread the path below. There are way-marks, and you must observe them. Are you overtaking anything; are you passing anything; are you leaving anything behind? Are there those old habits and principles that once it seemed impossible for you to overcome, and as though they would continually have the mastery when you came to a trying moment, and do you now find that by the conquering power of Christ within, you are rising nearer and nearer to an equal struggle, and that sometimes you are able to shout, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb?" Are there those points of patience, faithfulness, prayerfulness, and watchfulness; those points of relish for spiritual things, or delight in the Word of God; those points of Christian feeling and experience that formerly you seemed as if you never could keep abreast with? and now do you begin to keep up with them? And your weaknesses that so often attacked you are, thank God! far behind, and you say, "Leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forth to the things that are before, I press toward the mark?" Is that your course? If so, Go on, go on! and the end will come, the happy end.

"These all DIED IN FAITH." We might remark in this a small but a very important change in the language Paul employs. Up to this point he is continually saying that such, and such, and such a thing they did by faith. He does not say that they died by faith; he says, "They died in faith." They died, as your margins render it very exactly, "according to faith." They had the faith, and they lived in it; they had the faith, and with it they went down the hill; they had the faith, and with it they set their foot into the tide of the dark river; and with that faith they crossed. "They died in faith, not having received the promises." You will observe, of course, that here the word "promise" means the things promised. They had received the promise in the sense that the promise was made to them; but had never received the promise in the sense of having entered upon a

fulfilment of it. That was not the Lord's design. They were to be a type to us: they were to behold an inheritance afar off, to live for it, and to shape their course accordingly. Yet never to become actual possessors, not having received the promise to that effect. Not one city of all Palestine, not one village, not one mountain-side, not one valley, were they owners of. They had not received the promises, but they had "seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them." You see how he brings in the idea of faith again in the words "seeing them afar off," making faith the eyesight of the soul. Eyesight! You think it is only for this world; but such is not the case. You are not made for one world; and you are not made for one world even as to your bodies. They are not made for one world. That world which we call the sun, and which is millions and millions of miles away from this, if that did not shine upon you, you in this world would be all dark; but as the eye connects the body with that far-off world, that land of light, so also faith connects the soul with the things that are afar off. It sees them, sees the glory, sees the golden gate, sees the great archangel, sees the altar and the incense and the beauty and the joy, and longs to be there.

"They saw them afar off and embraced them," says our translator, which rather embarrasses the reader. Our word "embrace" of course means "taking in the arms." Now, faith only saw it afar off; how could they, then, clasp it in their arms? The writer does not say, "took it in their arms." He used another word. He said, "They saw them afar off and saluted them"; or, as we should say, "hailed," just as a man who has been far away in Australia and is returning in a ship bound for the Thames; but yonder on the coast of Devonshire he sees a black something that looks a little firmer than the clouds. He does not see a house, he does not see a field, he does not see a tree, much less does he see a man or woman, but he exclaims, "There it is, the old place, the place where I was born, my native land, my native home!" And seeing it, he hails it, hails it so far off. And so is it with the pilgrim to the better country.

We know not how soon we may be called. It may be at evening, at midnight, at cock-crowing, or in the morning; but the question is not, Shall we soon be taken away, but, Are we ready to go? It is not, *When* shall we go, but, *Where* shall we go? It is not, Shall I have a long lease of my present dwelling in this frail tabernacle of the flesh, but it is, Can I read my title clear to mansions in the sky? Have I a title or have I not? Am I in Christ or am I not? Has the Spirit of God changed my heart, or has He not? Has the blood of the Lamb washed away my sins, or has it not? Is there a sin that is unforgiven resting upon my soul? Can I read my title clear? "Yes," say some. But, on! there are some that are not in the way to the city, much less within the gates. I shall never forget a certain afternoon when, after I had been at Bethlehem in the forenoon, towards sunset Jerusalem came into sight with the Turkish flag waving over the old battlements. We rode on in solemn silence, weighed down with thoughts that may be better imagined than described; so that something the Arabs said attracted no attention, until at last one of them came to me and said what in our language means, "The sun is going." Most people know that in that country, as soon as the sun goes down, the gates of all the cities are closed, and if you are outside, you are out for the night, and the robbers are abroad, and there is none to deliver. We hurried on. It was a race if we could get in before the sun was down; and, as we were pressing on, just coming up towards the Jaffa gate, we saw in the distance evidently one of our own countrymen galloping as hard as ever spurs could make horse gallop. He was in the same danger, and urging for the same point; and, just before we entered the gate he passed us; and all were in before the sun went down. You must get inside the gate before sundown. Remember that! With some men the sun goes down at midday. The "sun is going" now. When it will go down we know not. It may be suddenly, and, if you are not inside the city, the keepers of the gate will say in your faces, "The door is shut"; and you will be outside, and the great robber will seize upon the prey, and there will be none to deliver. Enter, oh! enter within the gate into the city before the sun is down; and may God keep you in His grace, and crown you at last with His glory. Amen and amen.

The greater God's blessings are to us, the greater must our thankfulness be to Him; as He doth increase His benefits, so we should augment and increase our obedience.

## A TIME OF PERPLEXITY; OR, "TRIED AS GOLD IS TRIED."

BY MRS. EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN.

**N**O! it was of no use; the figures would not come out on the right side. Not all the discounts in the world could make the balance at the bank to be on the right side, nor threatening bankruptcy become sound, sterling prosperity.

And yet Robert Glenlyon did his best to make both ends meet. He was a shrewd, upright, conscientious, industrious tradesman; with an increasing family, and, sad to say, failing means. For, truth to tell, the world had been going wrong with him for some time. Unlooked-for losses, bad debts, illness, the dishonesty of a clerk, and other causes, had combined to diminish Mr. Glenlyon's capital, until he found that, day by day, he was pursuing a course which promised to land him in utter ruin.

Still, he could not see his way clear to leave his business. He had been brought up to that particular calling, and if he left it, he was not competent to engage in any other. So he sat and pondered over the matter, until the perspiration started out upon his brow, and, in very need, he lifted up his heart to his Father in heaven for guidance and deliverance.

Robert Glenlyon was a bookseller and printer in one of our largest towns in the midland counties. For years he had been numbered among the honourable and prosperous tradesmen of the town, and had maintained a respectable household. His guiding principle was the fear of God; acting under this rule of life, he became known and honoured as an upright, conscientious tradesman, whose word was his bond, and who might be trusted to any extent.

For years business had prospered with him, and each successive stocktaking revealed the proofs of his prosperity. The balances in the bank-book were always on the right side, and the world went well with him. But a change had come over the spirit of Mr. Glenlyon's dream; one thing after another conspired to injure or depress him, so that, for two years or more, he had been steadily going back in circumstances. And this evening, as he sat in the little counting-house after all the rest had gone, he found that his stocktaking revealed the unpleasant fact that he was a poorer man by some hundreds of pounds than he had been at the beginning of the year.

Rumours of this untoward state of affairs had got afloat too, and people who had formerly looked up to and honoured Robert Glenlyon as a prosperous man, now looked coldly upon him if they met him in the street; or looked askance at any transaction in trade if connected with him. All these things were very mortifying; many and many a time Mr. Glenlyon had felt, as some new or unlooked-for mortification had arisen, that he could not endure it. Nor could he have borne it had he not unbosomed himself to his Father in heaven, and received strength equal to the emergency. Many and many a time that little counting-house had witnessed strong cries and tears on the part of the struggling tradesman, sent up to Him who alone "giveth power to get wealth." Why misfortune and trial should be his lot any more than that of any other, he could not say. He could only pray that the cup of trial might pass from him, if the Lord saw fit. If not, then he humbly prayed for grace to drink it to its dregs.

If not! Ah! The strong man bowed his head, and his lips quivered as he thought of all the probabilities contained in those bitter words. And once or twice he came very near to echoing the patriarch's wail, "All these things are against me," but that his faith and his manhood both rebelled against giving way. Robert Glenlyon possessed one of those natures which delights in meeting and mastering difficulties, and while a chance remained he would not retreat ignobly from the task. Week by week, and month by month he had striven early and late to retrieve his position. He had schemed, and planned, and retrenched until all his dependents grew inclined to apply the terms "mean" and "stingy" to him; and his household felt the pinch of lessened comforts. Then there seemed just a chance of recovery, but Phillips, his confidential clerk, left him at this trying juncture, and set up in business for himself, with the usual result of drawing away some of his best customers. Then he felt that he must give way; but his wife's entreaties induced him to keep on until the beginning of the year. And the tacit understanding between them had been, that if at the next stocktaking things should still be against them, he should ask for the indulgence of his creditors. Alas! he was debtor to the bank for over

live hundred pounds, while his other debts would in the total amount to another five hundred. This was the dark tale that his stocktaking revealed; what wonder, then, that the perspiration started out on his face, and he stood stunned and helpless in the presence of so overwhelming an emergency.

An hour passed away, and still Robert Glenlyon sat at his desk, pen in hand, contemplating the crisis which had come upon his affairs. It seemed to him that he should go mad: he, who had always boasted of his ability and desire to pay twenty shillings in the pound! Death seemed preferable to dishonour; and Mr. Glenlyon deemed it dishonour not to be able to "owe no man anything." He held no modern notions about bankruptcy; indeed, in his days, an honourable tradesman either carried on business so as to pay all demands in full, or relinquished it altogether. But as the clock on the mantel-piece warned ten, he found that he was no nearer the solution of his difficulty. How should he recover his lost ground? How pay up the thousand pounds? He could not solve the problem; so, locking his books away and extinguishing the lights, he went into his house, which adjoined the shop, prepared to lay it all before his wife. She was a wise, godly woman, with a large amount of sanctified common-sense, and he felt assured that her counsel would both aid and relieve him. Mrs. Glenlyon was such a woman that the heart of her husband could safely trust in her.

Mrs. Glenlyon was assured, by the worried, perplexed look upon her husband's face, that all was not right. She had been cognizant of the stocktaking in a certain sort of way, but had retrained all day from venturing a remark upon the matter. Now, however, as her husband sat moodily looking at the fire, all oblivious of what was being said or done around him, she felt that the stocktaking revealed an unpleasant story. With a true wife's tact and sympathy she prepared some welcome refreshment for the jaded man, and took it to him with a few words of cheer. Then, dismissing the servant and their eldest son, Harry, to bed—all the younger ones had been there some hours previously—she took her seat by his side, prepared to hear all the trouble.

"And it is trouble, my dear," she said; "I'm convinced of that by your manner. Now tell me, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough, Bella," replied Mr. Glenlyon. "I have been busy taking stock all day, and I find that I am about a thousand pounds behind the world."

"A thousand pounds! Is it so bad as that?"

"Yes, absolutely. There is no exaggeration about it at all."

"Have you no good debts to balance against the deficit?"

"None of any amount. Good and bad altogether, there may be due to me about three hundred pounds, but still the fact remains, that I am about a thousand pounds behind the world."

"I did not expect the stocktaking to reveal such a state of matters, although I certainly expected some deficiency. Has Phillips injured you so much?"

"I am quite two hundred pounds worse off through him. Every kick, you see, hurries a man downhill when he is once on the descent. It is hard work to pull against the stream, and I have been doing that for two years past. Everything has gone wrong with me. If ever I failed to buy, the markets went up; if I bought, the markets went down; whatever I have done I have lost. It is useless for me to strive, I see nothing before me but utter ruin."

"Could you obtain the assistance of friends, do you think?"

"I would not ask it. It is dishonest to trade upon borrowed capital, and that is what I should be doing were I to borrow now. Beside, while a man in my position might borrow a hundred or two, he could not expect to borrow a thousand. And that is what I want to set me on my legs."

"What then is to be done, Robert?"

"I see no other course open before me but that of laying all my affairs before my creditors. I might meet the deficiency by a sale, but it seems hardly possible, because forced sales realise far below what they ought and what they might do at another time."

"Do you include the household furniture?"

"Yes, my dear. I include everything when I speak in this way."

"But Robert—the children! What must become of them if our home is stripped? You and I could obtain employment, perhaps; but what is to be done with the children?"

"You obtain employment, Bella! Never, never! If my creditors are not stones, I cannot bear the idea of such a thing."

"But what shall we do?"

Ay, that was the question; and Robert Glenlyon, strong man that he was, could not solve it. Then, as in a rapid vision, he saw his home stripped, his plant and stock sold, and his family without means of support; he broke down, and went in an agony of mind. Mrs. Glenlyon looked on for a moment, then a bright thought struck her as she looked.

But, Robert, if you possess a thousand pounds' worth of stock and effects, you cannot in strict justice be said to be bankrupt. You only want custom."

"And patience on the part of my creditors. See here! I have received a couple of threatening letters to-day."

As he spoke he took out of his pocket the two missives. One was from an irate creditor, the other from a creditor's legal agent, but they both breathed the same message. Short, sharp, and decisive, they both plainly stated that if remittances sufficient to balance the accounts due were not sent off within ten days, legal proceedings would be taken. As Mrs. Glenlyon read them over, her heart sank within her. Surely the trouble that she feared had come upon her.

"They will not wait, you see; and it strikes me that if I were to lay my affairs candidly before them, they would only hurry this action. They would not listen to a word of explanation. And if, within ten days, I cannot settle their accounts, I must perforce go through the ordeal of bankruptcy, for Griffin and Jeffreys both bear the reputation of being hard upon unfortunates. But, whatever be the consequences, my conscience acquits me of unfair and extravagant dealing. I have not brought this crisis upon myself, and this is my consolation. Bella, dearest, I could bear it all were it not for you. The thought of your suffering, through the terrible time that is coming upon us, will unman me."

"Try to borrow, Robert, to meet those two bills. You may be able to retrieve your position a little before another stroke taking—who knows? I will retrench all that I possibly can in the household, and will send away the servant so as to save expense. If we both put our shoulders to the wheel, we may yet get out of our difficulties. And above all, dear, we have God to go to; we cannot forget that. He can either soften the hearts of Griffin and Jeffreys, or provide the funds wherewith to meet them. Somehow or other, I am convinced that He will lead us out of our difficulties, if we lay our circumstances before Him."

And they did lay their circumstances before the God who knows all hearts, and manages all affairs. It was near morning when Mr. and Mrs. Glenlyon sought their bed, but not to sleep. The pressure of cares and difficulties forbade rest; while the apprehensions of evil which loomed up darkly before the hearts of each, were almost too mighty for prayer to calm. Nevertheless, they had told their God all; it now remained to see in what way He would deliver them.

But deliverance did not come. Mr. Glenlyon tried several friends for loans, but for one reason or another failed of success. Some were in difficulties themselves; others had heavy claims to meet; and others again looked coldly upon a man struggling with adversity. So it fell out that no help came, and at the expiration of ten days, Mr. Glenlyon and his affairs were at the mercy of two stern creditors.

It was a terrible time that. Mrs. Glenlyon went about her house with sad heart and tearful eyes, while her husband went through the ordeal of meeting his creditors and offering an explanation as best he could. Griffin was the active agent in causing Mr. Glenlyon's bankruptcy; and when he once started the cry, the other creditors took it up as if panic-stricken. And, after hearing all they could hear, and seeing all they could see, in reference to the affairs of the man who was indebted to them, they decided to sell him up, and to pay themselves. Robert Glenlyon bowed his head in amazement and sorrow, for it seemed as if his God had forgotten to be gracious to him, and this was the heaviest part of his burden.

The "selling-up" came. Mr. and Mrs. Glenlyon went through the rooms for the last time together, as if to take a farewell of all the well-remembered objects of interest; and then Mrs. Glenlyon, with her children, went away to a relative's house in some distant town, to wait until the ordeal was over. Mr. Glenlyon staid behind, to see if anything remained after the crash; for a few pounds were of absolute importance to a man who was penniless. But what the future was to bring he dared not contemplate. And worse than all, he could not pray. He had prayed, but without apparent result; the heavens had been as brass, and the earth as iron; consequently he lost his confidence. What his next step should be, he could not decide; and in his spiritless, aimless

state, it seemed probable that Robert Glenlyon would sink into the abject state of a wretch of misfortune.

After all was sold and his creditors paid, a sum of about fifty pounds remained over. This was handed to him, together with another fifty subscribed by his creditors, in token of their appreciation of his honourable conduct. This was the first gleam of light upon his pathway; and with this sum he rejoined his wife in her distant retreat.

Mrs. Glenlyon's bracelet almost gave way at the prospect of emigration. Most countries were new countries then, and were far from being populated as they are now. Emigration meant mostly a hard and lonely life in the backwoods, struggling with nature for a bare subsistence. And none but the most practised labourers could ever hope to win competence in tilling the soil of a strange land. Such could endure hardship and suffering tenfold better than emigrants from the class to which the Glenlyons belonged. Still, what was to be done? They could not stay at home and starve; and allurements and offers from a distant colony seemed to point out the path of Providence. So it was settled.

The days passed by, and the preparations for emigration were almost completed. Only one Lord's Day more remained previous to their departure, and on the morning of that day Mr. Glenlyon, accompanied by his eldest son, sought out the sanctuary of God. As he did so, the consideration that this Sabbath would in all probability be his last in his native land for ever seemed to fill his cup of sorrow to overflowing. Still, if found in the path of duty, he might take comfort; and he resolved to draw what comfort was possible from the ordinances of God's house. The minister was strange, the congregation strange, and the chapel strange, but a hallowed fascination crept over him as he listened to the words of the text, as announced by the preacher. They were these:—"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." "*Dwell in the land!*" he kept repeating to himself. Was not that the blessing which he most needed just now? Was not that the very mercy for which he had craved? And as he listened to the minister's exposition of the passage, he felt that every word was meant for him. God had surely sent that message to arrest the preparations he was making, and stay his flight from his native land. The adaptability of the discourse was most marked; every sentence was pregnant with counsel and comfort, and Mr. Glenlyon left the place convinced that the Lord had met with him there, and had spoken the necessary words of guidance and peace.

On repeating the substance of the sermon to his wife, he found that the like conviction—as to the non-advisability of leaving their native land—had entered her mind most powerfully that morning. Impressed with singular intervention of Providence, they resolved to remain in England and await the pleasure of the Lord concerning them. They did this, and they had not very long to wait before they saw that they were being rightly guided. Friends sprang up in every direction; the recital of his difficulties brought good men and true to assist Robert Glenlyon again into business in his own particular line. Only in a small way at first, to be sure; but from the day that he set up business a second time, it seemed as if the Lord had turned again his captivity. Prosperity began to smile in new and unexpected ways upon him. And he not only prospered, but advanced from step to step until he became known as a rich man. Like Job, his latter end was more blessed than his beginning, and he was exalted again by material prosperity among his friends and neighbours. Griffin sneered, and Jeffreys wondered whether or no some rich relative had not died and left Robert Glenlyon a fortune.

But amidst prosperity, as in adversity, Mr. and Mrs. Glenlyon were true, humble, prayerful children of God. And their after life proved that this trial had been sanctified to them. They had been "tried as gold is tried," and had come out of the ordeal unscathed to bear witness that God is ever faithful to His own believing people.

CRYING TO GOD.—Several children of a family were once playing in a garden, when one fell into a tank. When the father heard of it, he asked each what means they thought of to rescue their brother from his perilous situation. Inquiring of the youngest, he said, "John, what did you do to rescue your brother?" The boy answered, "Father, what could I do? I am so young that I could not do anything, but I stood and cried as loud as I could." If each cannot bring a ladder or a rope, all can cry, all can plead with God.

## I HEARD A VOICE.

Words by Rev. PLTER STRYKER, D.D.

Music by Prof. H. C. ARMY

1. I heard a voice, the sweet-est voice that mor-tal e-ver heard: Oh, how it made my

2. I saw his face, the fair-est face That mor-tal e-ver saw; I long'd the Sav-our

heart re-joice and ev-ry feel-ing stirr'd 'Twas Je-sus spoke to me so mild, He

to em-brace, From him new life to draw.... "Come un-to me," he kind-ly said, "And

call'd me to his side, And said, al-though with heart de-ild, I might in him con-ide

I will give thee rest; 'He ran som-prise I ful-ly paid; Re-pent! be-lieve be-blest"

I felt his love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt:  
Oh, how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt  
My burden at his feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven  
As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, "Forgotten."

Dear Saviour, let me ever sing  
Thy praise, while I have breath,  
Each night and morn my tribute bring,  
Until I sleep in death:  
And then my soul, beyond the sky,  
Shall join with sweet acclaim,  
With all the ransomed throng on high,  
To praise Messiah's name.

## THE LORD'S WAY.

BY REV. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS.

"I HAD one day," says an old Methodist, "been reading the case of the Ethiopian eunuch in Acts viii., and had been repeating to myself Charles Wesley's verses on the portion. In the evening I met a class in the vestry of a London chapel. Something that a good woman said led me to remark that God always honours sincerity wherever He sees it, mixed though it may be with much ignorance, and that He will surely provide means, in some way and at some time, to bring the sincere soul to realise what it wants. As when our Lord chose His way and His time to meet a woman at the well and to answer the questions of her heart about the Messiah; and, as when He prepared Philip for ministering to the eunuch, who was prepared for truth, and brought them together at the best time. I thought of Charles Wesley's verses on the interview between the eunuch and Philip; but, before I could quote them, a man of gentle bearing rose and said:—

"You see in me, sir, one who, I was going to say, was born an infidel; at any rate, I was trained as one—brought up without any knowledge of the Scriptures, or without any respect for the Sabbath or Divine service. Still, I was educated so as to be able to enjoy certain classes of literature and scientific and philosophical pursuits, and to follow in the course of the more intellectual votaries of polite gaiety. On looking back now I can see that, nevertheless, I really had a sincere desire to find what I felt sure there must be somewhere, a something to meet the capacity and longings of my mind. I sought everywhere and in everything, but yet there was a painful sense of unsatisfactoriness. At last, one night—a memorable night—I was overtaken by heavy rain, and stepped into the lobby of this chapel for shelter. I heard a sentence from the preacher's lips which arrested me, "Here's the thing I have been looking for," said I to myself. I went in, and was like a man riveted to the seat. I was

under a kind of constraint. I could not move. But as I listened the whole fulfilment of my sincere desires was unfolded to me by the preacher. At the close I went up, told him my case; he talked and prayed until my mind was at rest, and my heart was free. I found Him after whom I had been ignorantly feeling. Your remarks explain the seeming mystery of the arrest and constraint that came upon me. God had seen my sincerity in the depth of my soul, and had brought me and the instrument of my salvation together in that nick of time. From that time everything in nature and in the blessed Word that was veiled to me has been revealing new wonders and joys; and all I learn appears to lead me into deeper repose on Him who sent Philip to the eunuch, and who met the woman at the well—my Saviour."

"I thought again of Charles Wesley's verses on Acts viii. 35—

"Jesus, in the sacred Book  
Thou art everywhere concealed;  
There for Thee alone we look,  
By Thy Spirit's light revealed;  
Thee set forth before our eyes,  
Faith in every page describes.

But when I ascertained that the preacher in that chapel, on that rainy evening, had gone directly from a meeting on church business, and entered the pulpit not knowing what he should say to the people; that in a prayerful spirit he turned over the leaves of the Bible, hoping to see something that would suggest thought for discourse; that he was, at length, so arrested by a passage as to venture on announcing it as his text; and that he was a wonder to himself in his freedom of utterance—I realised the more comfortable assurance that this was an illustration of the truth of my notion that the blessed Spirit, in watching over the interests of individual souls, does not only prepare instrumentalities and fit them to those whom He disposes to hear, but also nicely times the meeting of the one who is open to blessing and the one by whom His blessing is most fitly sent. So Charles Wesley taught us to sing:—

'When Thou hast disposed a heart  
Saving truth with joy to hear,  
Utterance, Lord, Thou dost impart  
To Thy chosen messenger;  
Then he finds the Scripture key,  
Then he speaks and preaches Thee.' "

—From the "New Methodist Hymn Book and its Writers."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A COMPLETE Christian's manual (1), setting forth fully and clearly a believer's duty to his Father and his neighbour, and that solely in the words of Holy Writ, without a single comment by the compiler, is indeed an acquisition; and we gladly welcome Mr. Ellis's useful and helpful book. Its utility is greatly enhanced by three copious and intelligible indices.

A book of lectures (2), "political, social, and religious," seems to indicate a wide range of thought on the part of the speaker and writer, and the reader will not be disappointed. Mr. Tomkins writes lucidly, logically, and temperately, and though we cannot but differ with him on several points, we can none the less admire his perspicuity and candour. The book is wonderfully cheap, and the publishers must have anticipated a large sale.

Dr. Faunce has done good service in his last book (3), first stating, and then refuting, many objections to the validity of the Bible. Every point is clearly and succinctly given, and the author demonstrates, beyond possibility of contradiction, the truth and inspiration of God's Word, and effectually reconciles many apparent differences between its teachings and the light which geology, astronomy, and history afford us at the present day.

Methodism has a glorious history, and its hymnology has contributed not a little towards it. The New Hymnbook carries with it a host of reminiscences, and Mr. Christophers, in the volume just issued (4), brings them very graphically before us.

Cornwall has produced some of the brightest stars in the galaxy of Methodist pioneers, and the book before us (5) tells in a homely, but wonderfully life-like manner, the trials and struggles of some of its greatest heroes. The book is an inspiring one, and we would be glad to see in the present day more of the sterling piety which the sturdy Cornish folk so grandly exemplified in bygone days.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

WHILE the English Episcopate is increasing, the Roman Catholics have succeeded in dividing their diocese of Southwark, making Portsmouth the head of the new see. A cathedral is to be erected in that town. In Scotland there are to be four new bishoprics, the seats of which will be Aberdeen, Glasgow, Lismore, and Moray, with an Archbishopric of St. Andrews.

The ninth anniversary of the Agricultural Hall (Islington) Sunday services was held in that building on Sunday afternoon, October 7. There was an attendance of three thousand and upwards. Addresses were given by the Revs. C. Billing (Episcopalian), Ebenezer Evans (Independent), J. Smith Spencer (Wesleyan), G. B. Sawday (Baptist), and Dr. Thain Davidson (Presbyterian), superintendent of the movement, who severally spoke of the good wrought by the services, and the success attending this effort to present the Gospel to non-churchgoers.

An enjoyable meeting was held on Monday evening, Oct. 8, at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate-street, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to those members who had distinguished themselves in their studies during the past session. The Lord Mayor presided. Mr. Shipton sketched the work and aim of the institution,

which is still further widening in its scope, and two earnest and characteristic addresses were given by Principal Boultbody and Dr. Punshon.

The opening of theatres, music-halls, and other places of public resort for religious services has again commenced in the metropolis, and will continue during the winter months. Since the commencement of the movement the services have been attended by an aggregate of over three and a-half millions of people.

The Church Congress has held its session at Croydon. Several names which have figured rather prominently at previous congresses, have not appeared at the recent meetings. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the opening, and in the course of his address said, that the experience of the past sixteen years showed that congresses were valuable to the Church. No man should attend the Congress who was unwilling to give and take, for the Church of England had always had its various phases of thought, and its present condition showed how great was the necessity for toleration.

The Mansion House Indian Famine Fund, at the time of our going to press, approaches £400,000, the greater portion of which has been remitted. The sufferings of the natives in the famine-stricken district are heart-rending, and call loudly for further help and sacrifice on the part of those who can render aid. There are numerous British towns which have not, at least in their corporate capacity, done anything. It may well be asked, "Where is their public spirit?"

The autumn meetings of the Baptist Union of England and Wales, which commenced on Monday, October 8, at Newport, Monmouthshire, were attended by about a thousand ministers and delegates of the denomination. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, preached the opening sermon, the subject of which was, denominationalism and religious differences, in which Mr. Brown saw nothing to deplore, as they were the outcome of our mental constitution, and resulted in a healthy rivalry in Christian work.

The Sheffield School Board propose to establish a truant industrial school, about six miles from the town, where, in addition to the rudiments of education, employment will be given to the inmates in gardening, shoemaking, mending clothes, wood-chopping, etc. The children will be gathered from the streets, and only the neglected, but unconvicted, will be thus taken care of.

A Conference of Librarians has recently been held at the London Institution, and representatives from British and foreign libraries have taken part in the proceedings. Several useful papers were read, and discussion followed after each. The outcome will be the formation of a Library Association of the United Kingdom. A banquet was given by the Lord Mayor to the members of the conference.

The Rev. Francis Hogan, lately a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, has publicly renounced his connection with that Church, and has been preaching with great earnestness at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin.

A copy of a petition has been laid before the North Dublin Union for approval, praying that the surplus funds arising from the disestablishment of the Irish Church should be applied to the purposes of national education in Ireland. The petition, which, after some discussion, was adopted, will be forwarded to Parliament. It is expected that other Unions will also adopt the petition.

It is estimated that in London alone there are at least thirty thousand men employed on the Lord's Day. Of these the majority are engaged at the railway stations and in the omnibus and tramway traffic. A praiseworthy effort is being made in North London by Mr. Johnson, of Mildmay-road, to supply gratis a healthy, religious literature in place of the sensational Sunday newspaper which forms the only reading of many of the drivers, conductors, and other employes. On the North London Railway about 450 men are thus supplied.

The Synod of the United Presbyterian Church have purchased, at the cost of £26,700, the Edinburgh West-end Theatre, which was sold by public auction.

The Evangelical Alliance has held its sittings at Oxford. The attendance has been very good, the array of talent of a high order, and the spirit of the meetings has evinced the catholicity of the members present, embracing ministers and members of the leading evangelical denominations.

The Bishop of Manchester, speaking at Owens College, reviewed the recent address of Professor Tyndall on "Evolution," and in his concluding remarks said that the more we went back the more it seemed that the theory of evolution

(1) *The Light of Life*. By R. J. Ellis. (London: Elliot Stock.)  
 (2) *Occasional Lectures*. By J. Sidney Tomkins. (London: Charing-cross Publishing Co. 1s. 6d.)  
 (3) *A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible*. By Dr. Faunce. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)  
 (4) *The New Methodist Hymnbook and its Writers*. By Rev. S. W. Christophers, M.A. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)  
 (5) *From out the Depths. A Story of Cornish Life*. Edited by Rev. S. W. Christophers, M.A. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)



not only pre-supposed and postulated an intelligent Creator, but also pre-supposed and postulated the actual interfering presence of a personal Creator at every stage of its operation.

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It is the duty of magistrates to provide for the teaching and instructing of their subjects in the good knowledge of the Lord. This Christ doth; and this Gospel ministers also do; they should teach the people what the Lord hath taught them.

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Matthew Henry says, "The happiness of heaven is the constant keeping of a Sabbath. Heaven is called a Sabbath, to make those who love Sabbaths long for heaven, and to make those who long for heaven love Sabbaths."

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