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## A COMING PENTECOST.

BY THE EDITOR.

“**T**HERE is a sound of abundance of rain!” Such were the words of Elijah to Ahab, while as yet the sky was cloudless and the parched ground languished for the showers which God withheld. For three years and six months there had been no rain in all the coasts of Israel.

“The earth seemed made of iron, heaven of brass,  
And fissures in the soil were gaping wide  
For the fresh rain that came not. Herbs and grass  
Fell sere and dead, and buds and blossoms died ;  
As day and night went round as wont, yet brought  
No cheering interchange for hopeless thought.  
The wells and mountain springs were dry and dank,  
And Canaan's face became a chaos and a blank.”

To the people it was a time of sore distress. In the suggestive words of the Saviour, “Many widows were in Israel in the time of Elias.” The famine was sore in the land ; and as month after month passed by and brought no sound of rain, hope died out from the hearts of the people, and they sank in dull despair beneath the frown of God. Under these circumstances, we can imagine the eager expectation, that thrilled all hearts when from the western sea rose up the spreading clouds that gave token of the coming rain.

The line of thought suggested by this incident of Old Testament story is obvious enough ; and in giving it a spiritual application we do no violence to the spirit of the Scripture narrative. It is but an illustration of the fact that the seemingly less important parts of God's Word are full of suggestive lessons, and often unfold

in deeper meanings than the most obvious one. The analogies between natural objects and spiritual truths are often very striking, and we do well to ponder them carefully.

“There is a sound of abundance of rain!” How many beautiful Scripture metaphors these words bring to mind! Thus the word of God is compared to rain: “For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth.” Sound doctrine is compared to rain: “My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.” Christ’s coming is compared to rain: “He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.” And again: “His going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth.” Spiritual influences are also compared to rain: “Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.” And again: “I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.”

There are times in the history of the Church—too frequent, alas!—when the influences of the Divine Spirit are withheld, and there is a sore famine in the word of the Lord. We sow in hope, but no golden harvest rewards our toil; and the sower and the reaper look out sadly upon fields that spiritually are withered and dead, and, turning their eyes to the heavens, that seem as brass, they cry, “O Lord, how long?” In such times of discouragement, how precious are God’s promises of blessing, how cheering any indication that the “set time” to favour Zion is come!

We live in a day when showers of blessing are urgently needed. The world needs them. Two-thirds of it is yet spiritually barren, or only overgrown with rank weeds and tares, while the portion cultivated shows but a feeble growth and yields a scanty harvest. The Church needs them; for without them her spiritual husbandry is but wasted labour. She needs them to give vitality to her evangelistic methods, to refresh the soil parched by the desert breath of worldliness, to infuse new life into her ordinances, and to

cause the seed which she casts into many an open furrow to spring up with glorious increase. The results of such an outpouring would be most blessed. Under its vivifying influence every plant of righteousness would revive. Personal religion would revive, and "love, joy, and peace" abound in every believing heart; family religion would revive, and "upon every dwelling place of Zion" the "glory" would "be for a defence;" zeal for God would revive, and evangelistic efforts multiply with coming years; the spirit of liberality would revive, and the Church be no longer crippled in her efforts to overtake the world's necessities; the spirit of consecration would revive, and labourers would flock to the vineyard, saying, "Lord, here am I; send me." In a word, pentecostal religion would revive, and under its mighty impulse the world would soon be won for Christ.

If the world is ever to be evangelised, such showers must come; and that they *will* come, the promises of God's word plainly show. For thus saith the Lord, "I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the shower to come down in his season: there shall be showers of blessing." And again: "Be glad, then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for he hath given you the former rain moderately, and he will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain, in the first month." The figure is suggestive: the *former* rain came usually just before sowing, to prepare the soil: the *latter* rain just before harvest, to fill out and mature the grain. The "former" rain we have had. The world is ready for the gospel; but now we wait for the "latter" rain, which brings the "joy of harvest" in its train.

By certain atmospheric changes we know when rain is coming; so there are signs in the spiritual atmosphere which indicate that "times of refreshing" are at hand.

*A spirit of hopeful expectancy is abroad.* It is a significant fact that although scepticism was never more flippant in speech or more scoffing in spirit than to-day, Christians were never so hopeful of the world's conversion. On every hand there is a confident expectation of a speedy and unusual outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This expectation is prophetic. It foretokens the coming shower. Many an earnest watcher has caught sight of the "cloud no bigger than a

man's hand," and already the watchword goes through the host : " There is a sound of abundance of rain ! "

*There is increasing prayerfulness in the churches.* The conviction deepens that it is " not by might nor by power, but by " the " Spirit " of " the Lord " that the mighty work is to be done ; and so Christians pray as they never did before. A vaunting philosophy, " falsely so called," ridicules the idea that prayer can accomplish anything ; but the Church replies by redoubling her petitions, and already the answers begin to come. Sceptics may sneeringly ask, as one did in Job's day, " Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds that abundance of rain may cover thee ? " And we answer — No ; but we can do better than that : we can lift up our voice *above* the clouds to the Lord God of Elijah, who still lives and reigns, the God of nature as well as of grace.

*In many places showers are already falling.* Tidings of revival reach us from every quarter. In the Old World, large numbers gather from all the churches of England and the Continent to wait upon God for a revival of scriptural holiness. Two uneducated laymen tell in simplest language the " old, old story," and tens of thousands flock together to hear the tale. Pastors tell, with joyful hearts, of wide-spread awakenings among their people. Sunday school teachers tell of scholars converted to Christ ; while many a glad parent thankfully testifies, " This my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost and is found." In the States of the neighbouring Union the same signs have appeared, while drops, not a few, falling upon our own land, indicate that the showers are coming this way.

Do you see no signs of this ? Perhaps you have not been upon the Mount. Go, look towards the Sea : to the source from whence alone the desired blessing can come. Men often look the wrong way. They look to some popular minister ; to some noted evangelist ; to Elijah, rather than Elijah's God. Such will surely be disappointed ; but " they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and shall not be confounded. Do you say the signs are small ? So they were when Elijah prayed. First, nothing : then a " cloud no bigger than a man's hand." But the signs are not slight. The heavens are black with clouds, not of judgment but of mercy — clouds that will soon break in blessings on our heads. " Ye can

discern the face of the sky, how is it ye cannot discern the signs of the times?"

If rain comes, God must send it. Let us not forget that. The rain is His gift. He sent it once in answer to Elijah's prayer. He may do it again. O ye Elijahs—ye men of mighty faith—get you up to the mountain top, and, casting yourselves upon the ground, PRAY! God will answer. His promises will not fail. Already "there is a sound of abundance of rain."

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### CHRIST PREACHING TO THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

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THERE is still another grave objection to the theory that Christ went to hell, with the attendant agency of the Holy Ghost to preach to those lost souls "who sometime were disobedient," that is, in the age of Noah.

The hypothesis of another probation for sinners after death attracts some truly benevolent minds, and they look favourably, may we not even say hopefully, wistfully, toward it, as affording a possible relief from the thought of a ruin absolutely hopeless and remediless. Consulting human reason, it seems to them almost or quite demanded that those who die in very early life, also those who have never heard of Jesus and have had no light from a written revelation, should have a new probation under more auspicious circumstances. This is not the place to discuss these fairest aspects of this great question extensively. I allude to them rather for the purpose of saying that if this supposed allusion in Scripture to a future probation obviously *contemplated these classes of our world's population*, the argument would have much greater plausibility, not to say force. But note how far otherwise are the facts of the case, even on the construction of our passage now under discussion. The class of sinners thought of here as being visited and preached to (according to the construction now in question) are precisely those who appear on the scripture record, not as never faithfully warned; not as having never enjoyed the preaching of God's faithful servants; not as having never had the light and the strivings of the Spirit; but as having both the preaching of righteousness and the striving of the Spirit to such a degree that their case stands out in this

respect very prominently on the sacred record ; and, moreover, as having repelled every merciful endeavour to bring them to repentance with most persistent infatuation and insolent scorn. Eliphaz (in Job xxii. 15-18) puts their spirit before us by means of a few graphic strokes : " Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden, who were cut down out of time, whose foundation was overflowed with a flood ; who said unto God, depart from us ; and what can the Almighty do for them," *i.e.*, for His own people ? Our Lord (Luke xvii. 26, 27) represents them as utterly unmoved by the solemn announcement of God's displeasure and of the impending flood, up to the very hour when Noah entered into the ark. On the sacred record throughout they stand as special and prominent examples of sinners *resisting the Holy Ghost*, until Infinite Mercy, to shield the Spirit's person and work from dishonour, and to show a scoffing world that neither His person nor His mission can be persistently scorned with impunity, proclaimed before heaven and earth, " My Spirit shall not always strive " with these men : let the flood come ! Now, on the theory under discussion, these identical sinners are selected from among all the indefinite varieties and classes of the whole world's population as those to whom Jesus hastened as soon as His soul left His body, *to preach to them new hope and mercy !* Note also, in order to see the case in its full and true light, He went *by and with the Spirit*—the same Holy Ghost whom they had insulted, grieved, resisted, until God declared in awful earnestness before heaven and earth, " My Spirit shall strive [with such sinners] no longer."

What shall we say of this ? Is the policy of God's counsels reversed ? Has the unchangeable God revoked the earlier policy and adopted a new one ? Or is the God of the Old Testament one being and the God of the New another ? Or is the policy of God the Father one, and the policy of Christ and of the Holy Ghost another ? Or, again, do the words, " shall not strive with me forever," mean that the Spirit takes up the work after death, and then and thenceforward prosecutes it forever ? And is the sin of blaspheming the Holy Ghost to have forgiveness " in the world to come ?" Has the Lord repented of His early policy as being too rigorous and not sufficiently lenient and compassionate, that Jesus should hasten to testify to a change of administration by singling out those very men whose doom as incorrigible and hopeless stands

out so prominently under the old economy, and by making this special mission to them as soon as death released soul from body?

If it be, indeed, true that God has reversed His policy in regard to those sinners whose contemptuous scorn of the Holy Ghost made their case utterly hopeless for this world, then unquestionably this supposed mission of Christ, with the Spirit's presence attending, to this very class of sinners, is of all supposable methods the most decisive to prove it. I do not see how any less or other significance can be found in it. There could not be the least danger of mistaking its meaning. For aught I can see, the whole question might fitly be made to turn on this single point: Can it be safely assumed that God has abandoned the policy so clearly declared over the case of those hardened men of Noah's age; so distinctly and solemnly reiterated in the subsequent records of His written word; and so terribly foreshadowed, not to say fulfilled, in His retributions on sinners throughout all the ages of human history? Is this change of policy destined to open a new field for the preaching of Christ and for the agency of the Holy Ghost, beginning, for the sake of a more brilliant example, with those sinners whose doom as they went down under the flood *seemed* to show, according to our author, that "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished" (2 Pet. ii. 3-9)? And is this total change of policy destined to work to the utter reversal of those declarations which have certainly seemed to be as clear and emphatic and solemn as human language ever bore: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36)? "These shall go away into everlasting punishment" (Matt. xxv. 46)?

Or, the point of my present argument may be put in few words, thus: Let it be assumed that Christ descended into hell to preach to the spirits of the dead men of Noah's time; and then let the question be put, Why did He select those sinners to preach to in hell above any and every other class? Why preach to them, and to them only, unless (as said above) that He might the more decisively reverse the divine policy manifested in withdrawing His Spirit from them, and in hurling upon them, instead, that awful flood?

It cannot be necessary to expand and press this argument farther. The construction named first above must be set aside as

not only lacking all support from the Bible but as in palpable antagonism against it. It is utterly reckless of the scope of this context. It leaves neither dignity nor self-consistency to the character of God. It is, therefore, not only more than improbable, it is morally impossible.

I close with but a single remark, bearing on the subject of a future probation.

The doctrine of a future probation for those who have had a probation in this world is not only without scripture authority, but squarely, utterly, and irreconcilably against it. As to a future probation for those who have had no probation in this world, all we need say here is, that it lacks definite scripture authority. The Bible does not teach it, we might say does not *touch* it. The assumption that the passage herein discussed favours it is simply baseless, for these two reasons: (a) *It has no reference to that class of moral agents*, but does refer to another and totally different class. (b) That construction of this passage by which some have sought to make it a foundation for this theory, or even this hope, lacks support grammatically, while logically and scripturally it cannot possibly be true. So far forth, therefore, as any support from revelation is concerned, the theory of a future probation (analogous to the moral probation given to our race in the present life) is a theory with no bottom underneath.

REV. DR. COWLES, in *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

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## GIVING.

THE heathen distance us in the way they contribute toward the support of their religion. We consider a house of worship which costs \$250,000 an extravagant thing, and would pronounce the cost to be fearful. But what shall we say of the way the Asiatics spend money on their temples and idols? The temple at Seringham has an image of "Siva" formed entirely of gold in solid pieces, which is fifteen feet high. The platform on which it stands is also of gold, and the precious stones which adorn it are of untold value. To maintain the worship of a single pagoda in Travancore \$450,000 is expended each year. A missionary found the Rajah of

Burdwan sitting in his treasury with \$25,000 counted out before him. "What are you going to do with this money?" he asked. "It is for my god," was the reply. The yearly expenditure on the idol in the temple of Khimdoba is \$36,000. One man gave at once upward of \$1,500,000 for the support of heathenism in Benares; another, in Ahmedabad, built a Jain temple at a cost of \$300,000. These are but specimens of the use of gold in idolatry, The only thing that comes near matching all that is the new Mormon temple, at Salt Lake City, which will ultimately cost \$10,000,000.

The contrast between heathen and Christian contributions is certainly great indeed, but as there have been, and blessed be God there still are, extensive revivals in various parts of Christendom, let us hope that more munificent offerings will be presented to the cause of God in all its departments than has ever been known in the past. It is somewhat marvellous to see the amount of money that was contributed for Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings in London and other towns of England, and now again at Brooklyn, New York. There seems to be an unusual willingness to contribute for the support of their mission. A few persons are setting examples of contributing which others would do well to imitate. Here is a touching offering. Last fall the Spirit of God was poured out in mighty power upon our congregation, and great numbers turned to the Saviour. The first who did so was a middle-aged man, who by his associations in California had become profane and sceptical. His wife for five long years had been praying for his conversion. One evening he stood up and said, "Come weal or woe, come life or death, it is my determination to serve the Lord."

A few days afterwards his wife put into the hands of her minister a small package, saying it was a thank-offering for the conversion of her husband, to be applied to the cause of missions. The package contained a heavy gold bracelet, a wedding ring, a gold chain, a heavy belt buckle of pure gold. There were also a pair of clasps from the eldest daughter, the gold of which had been dug by her father. There were two rings, one each from two younger daughters, who were delighted to testify their gratitude that their dear father had become a Christian. More precious than all was the lady's wedding ring, bearing her initials and the date of her marriage. She was pressed to take the presents back, but she

said no, she wished Jesus to have the best. Against her will the wedding ring was redeemed, and the rest were sent to the United States Mint and the avails consecrated to the "Home" in Japan.

But this is not all. The husband, out of gratitude for his own conversion, set apart nearly a thousand dollars to send an evangelist to labour a year among the miners in California. Are there not others *who wish Jesus to have the best?*

God blesses those who honour *Him* with their substance. The writer can vouch for the truth of the following incident, as he knew the person referred to and has often shared his hospitality. A poor boy, walking into Hull, England, some years ago, vowed that if he obtained work he would rent a front seat in Mill Street Church. He did get work and obtained the seat which had been the height of his ambition; but not only that, God blessed him, and he became twice mayor and sheriff of the very town into which he entered in search of work.

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#### HOLINESS IN COMMERCE.

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**I**T is quite time that the notion that we cannot be completely holy in business was exploded. Men who, in their Protestant fervour, scout the idea that peculiar sanctity belongs to a monk's cell, too often say, and in the utmost sincerity, when the claims of Christ to their full consecration are pressed upon them, "We cannot be entirely holy whilst engaged in commercial pursuits." This notion is highly dangerous, and is, moreover, absolutely false. What is there in commerce that is defiling? Is it the goods we handle, or the men we transact business with, or is it the principles that underlie commercial life? No one would for a moment plead that the mere handling of cotton, or wool, or silk, or iron, or silver, or gold, can defile. That which touches only the outer man can never make him unholy. Unholiness is not a thing to be washed from the fingers' ends, but has its seat in the heart. Our Saviour shrank from no contact with the most guilty of His fellow men, yet He contracted no stain. Men can only contaminate as their principles, if evil, are accepted and acted upon. It is very true that the want of principle which characterises some men in commerce is corruptive indeed, if we follow such an evil example; but need any man be

dishonest because another is? Because others choose to walk in the path of iniquity, must we therefore step into the same road?

How then is it that the notion is so commonly accepted that there are difficulties almost, if not quite insuperable, in the way of a business man being eminently holy? Let us look these difficulties fully in the face, and ascertain what is their force.

The cares of business, in an age of competition such as never before was known, are undoubtedly great. It would be very unwise to deny it. But it is altogether a mistake to suppose that business men are the only *careful* men. Every department of life feels the pressure of an age that is working at express speed; so that if commercial men feel the pressure, they do so in common with men of all ranks in society who live by toil of brain or hand.

But other difficulties in the way of a holy life are too often met among men of business. A thorough disregard of the principles of honesty is too often found: lying whenever it will serve a purpose; cheating whenever it can be done without too great risk of exposure; an utter want of consideration of the claims or interests of others, especially if they are dependants; the most deliberate and systematic attempts, through duplicity, cunning, and the tricks of trade, to take every advantage of those with whom business is done.

It is urged that you cannot escape the contagion of wrong doing, that you must cut iron with steel and meet rascality with tricks. But is this not utterly to deny the spirit of our holy faith, which insists upon universal love, and declares that candour, truth, and regard for others interests, should characterise the Christian man in every walk of life. Besides, this judgment is false or there is not a truly religious man in the commercial world. He who practises the dishonest tricks of trade, or in any way conducts his business so as to break God's commandments, is not a Christian at all. But, thank God, there are many saints among business men. And they who see deception and meet often with impurity, and so keenly feel the smart of wrong as to complain of their isolation in regard to commercial morality, forget the lesson which God once impressed on the mind of dispirited Elijah.

There really is nothing in commerce itself contrary to the spirit of true religion. Some of the holiest men have bought and sold. Some of the noblest philanthropists that ever loved God wholly, and served their generation faithfully and well, have been commer-

cial men ; and no man, whose calling is an honest one, need fail of coming up to the highest requirements of the Gospel, whatever may be his position in life. What was said to Paul is equally said to us : "My grace is sufficient for thee." What was said by Paul may be as confidently said by us : "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." We say to business men, you may carry a heart ever washed in the Saviour's blood, and therefore unstained by sin, all through your worldly engagements. It is your privilege to rise above all temptation, above all wrong, above all care, and whilst engaged in your most ordinary transactions in the world, have a Christian experience which will enable you to sit with Christ Jesus in heavenly places.

" There are in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime ;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

W. GLUYAS PASCOE.

### GEORGE MÜLLER AS A PREACHER.

OTHER preachers may learn much from him as to the *method of preaching*. He first of all gets a message from the Lord—*i.e.*, he waits upon the Lord by reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer, till he realises that he has the mind of the Spirit as to what he should say. He has been sometimes in doubt till almost the last minute. but never once has the Lord failed him. He strongly advocates and practises *expository preaching*. Instead of a solitary text detached from its context, he selects a passage, it may be of several verses, and goes over them consecutively, clause by clause. His first care is to give the meaning of the word, then to illustrate it by other scriptures, and afterwards apply it. This is done sentence by sentence, so that it is definition, illustration, and application all the way through. Yet there is no uncertainty to his hearers as to when he is coming to a close, as he intimates at the outset how many verses he purposes to consider. His illustrations are occasionally taken from history, biography, or nature, but chiefly from the Scriptures or his own personal experience.

One of the most striking things about Mr. Müller's preaching is the way in which he induces his hearers to *reconsider what has been already said*. He frequently says, "Let us ask ourselves, Have I understood this? How does it apply to me? Is this my experience?" &c.

He makes much of *the word of God*. Take the following outline of his address to young converts at Mildmay on Friday, the 20th September, 1875.

"Let me press upon you the deep importance of reading the word with meditation and prayer (1 Peter ii. 2, 3)—'As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' As neglected babes never become healthy men and women, so young converts who neglect God's appointed food, 'the word,'—never become bright Christians.

"1. Read the word of God *regularly through*. Begin with Genesis in the morning and Matthew in the evening, making a mark where you left off. When you have finished the Old and New Testaments, begin again. As an earthly will is always read through with great care, so God's will ought to be read entirely through with reverence and godly fear. Consider the *advantages* of this plan—

- (a.) We are kept from making a system of divinity of our own, and confining ourselves to a few favourite doctrines and truths. We also become lovers of the whole word.
- (b.) Variety is pleasing.
- (c.) When we have finished reading it through, we shall be glad to begin it again. In forty-six years I have read my Bible through a hundred times; yet it is always fresh and new when I begin it again.

"2. Read in a *prayerful spirit*.

"3. Read with *meditation*. Ponder over what you are reading.

"4. Read *with reference to your own heart*. So many preachers read for their hearers; parents read for their children—and school teachers for their scholars. Ask yourselves—

How does this suit me? ..  
 How does this warn me?  
 How does this rebuke me?  
 How does this comfort me?

If you do this, God uses the word by you for others.

"5. Always seek to mix '*faith*' with your reading.

"6. *Practise what you read*. We must carry out what God tells us. He expects us to be obedient children—'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' Come in child-like simplicity to the word of God. Give heed to it with all earnestness, and let it settle all questions."

Another of Mr. Müller's strong points is *prayer*. It is here that most of us feel by comparison how little we know of real prayer. It is intensely humbling to sit at his feet; and listen to his experience on this subject. During the four noonday addresses at Mildmay he expounded the teaching of the Bible on prayer,—illustrated it from his own experience. He put it in this way—1. Prayer must be

according to the will of God. 2. It must be offered in the name of Jesus. 3. It must be mixed with faith. 4. It must be persevered in till the answer comes. And he declared most emphatically that when these conditions were complied with he had never known a single instance of failure. He had had not only hundreds and thousands, but *literally tens of thousands* of answers to prayer.

When Mr. Müller began to pray about his Orphan Home, forty years ago, he asked for a house and for £1000. He never doubted the £1000 would come, yet he had to wait eighteen months before the last of it was received. Since then he has received more than £650,000 in answer to prayer. One day, what is called "the Higher Christian Life" was touched upon. In speaking on Phil. iv. 6, 7—"Be careful for nothing," &c.—Mr. Müller insisted, with unusual emphasis, that the child of God ought not to have a single care about anything. Not even the poor woman who has a drunken husband ought to have a single anxiety about him. Everything should be taken to the Lord, *and left there*. If we began to carry our own burdens, the Lord would add to them. If we had a pound-weight of care, and carried it ourselves, the Lord would make it ten pounds, and go on increasing the weight till it crushed us, and, overwhelmed by our trouble, we should be obliged at last to cast it upon Him.

Surely if any man has a right to be burdened he has. The care of 2000 orphan children is in itself a marvellous thing; but, in addition to these, he has responsibilities connected with 10,000 children in forty or fifty schools which he sustains. Then he circulates over three millions of tracts a year, besides a very large number of Bibles and Testaments. Nor does his care end with home missions, but there are numerous missionaries abroad who are partially or entirely maintained through his instrumentality. Yet, amid all this, he comes on the platform with a countenance full of peace and joy, and declares he is so happy in the Lord that he has been constrained to leave home in his old age, to declare this happiness to his "beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ, wherever the Lord shall open the way."

G. KIRKHAM.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

## THE BLOOD OF HIM WHO DIED.

TRUST in the Lord forever,  
 'Tis everlasting strength ;  
 Beyond life's toil and fever,  
 God gives us rest at length.  
 Then trust in Him forever ;  
 The blood of Him who died,  
 Pleadeth for us forever,  
 Trust in the crucified.

Trust thou in Him forever,  
 O weary, wandering one ;  
 He gave, for thy redemption,  
 His own beloved Son.  
 Sure peace have they who trust in Him,  
 Like rivers flowing free,  
 Yea, restful trust their portion,  
 The souls who trust in Thee.

Trust in the Lord forever,  
 His gates are open wide,  
 Christ's blood will cleanse the sinners,—  
 Come to the crucified :  
 He waiteth to receive thee,  
 His blood thine only plea ;  
 He died that He might save thee,  
 He died for thee and me.

Then, trust the Lord forever,  
 His promised strength be thine,  
 Until beyond death's river,  
 Thy Saviour calls thee, Mine.  
 They need to trust no longer,  
 Who safe are gathered there ;  
 For faith is lost in seeing,  
 And spotless robes they wear.

We trust in Thee forever,  
 Jesus, the crucified ;  
 Strengthen Thou us, that never  
 We wander from Thy side.  
 We know the time is coming,  
 When with Thee we shall be,  
 And sing Thy praise forever,  
 Through all eternity.

With all Thy blood-bought children,  
 Safe, safe we shall abide,  
 And sing the song of glory,  
 The praise of Him who died.  
 Thou, whose blood did once atone,  
 Thou, whose death redemption won,  
 Christ, we trust in Thee alone,  
 Saviour, God's anointed One.

“THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.”

THOSE who have passed from death unto life expect hereafter to see the King of glory in all His beauty and loveliness. But the prophet is here speaking of the righteous man and of this life. He says: “He shall dwell on high, his place shall be the munition of rocks, bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure;” and then in connection comes the verse, “Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off.”

It is by faith and in the kingdom of grace that the King may be seen, and to such only as willingly admit Him to reign in and rule over them, will He always appear to be ever present. All who are in the kingdom have occasional visits, but the King must be enthroned in the heart if we see Him in all His beauty and loveliness.

We must lift up or open these gates of the heart and soul, and let in this King of glory, let Him in to reign supreme and to subdue every foe in this inner realm. Seeing Him satisfies every longing of the heart, and all our desires are fully met in Him. There will always be peace in this inner kingdom when there is true loving submission to His authority; nay more, when there is complete acquiescence to His will in all things, even the little things of life, we shall see “the King in His beauty.” Yes, in His beauty, even whilst walking amid the thorns and thistles of earth.

In the south of France lives one whose labours have been abundantly blessed of God. The zeal and activity of Annette K. were well known, and she was beloved by all her friends. During the siege of Paris she found it necessary to spend a short time in the city. While there she was visited by her friend Miss B., to whom Protestant France owes a debt of gratitude due to but few.

These friends had formerly laboured together, and now in this trying hour of their country's history, they sat down to have a little talk, after Annette should have finished a couple of letters she wished to send by the next post.

It was not a strange occurrence to Annette to have interruptions while writing, but this morning the door bell rang repeatedly, so that the writing was delayed, and Miss B., to whom every moment of time was most precious, was obliged to wait until one after another had made known their wants and were dispatched.

Annette answered the bell promptly, and received visitor after visitor with all the kindness and patience that it was possible for one to exercise. She longed for the moment to come when she could speak with her dear friend, to whom she had much to communicate, but at the same time she accepted all these interruptions as from the Lord.

Miss B. was exceedingly annoyed, and knew not how to endure this delay with any degree of patience. But she watched her friend with feelings of astonishment as she saw how very quietly she attended to all the business in hand, and when the opportunity occurred she exclaimed, "Annette, you have a secret unknown to me, for it was not thus with you when last we were together. How did you gain such a victory over your natural irritability? You take everything with such cheerfulness, whilst I have been feeling—no matter how, I need not say."

"My secret is this: I have let the King in to reign over this inner realm, and when He rings the bell I obey, and whatever He puts into my hands to do from moment to moment, I do as ordered by one whose right it is to rule in His own way. I have learned to go all the little errands He sends me, and to desire only that which He chooses for me."

"Annette, dear, how did you learn all this?"

"I heard a year ago that there were English books which taught the 'Rest of Faith,' and I so longed to read them that I determined to learn to read English in order to know what this rest of soul was and how to understand this life. Three months of close application and hard study gave me sufficient knowledge of the language to quite fully understand the meaning of two very important words: 'consecration,' which I understand simply to mean giving up all—reputation, self-will, pride, impatience and worrying, into the hands of our King for Him to govern and control; the other word is 'trust,' and that means having such confidence in our Lord Jesus as to be able to leave this soul-keeping in His hands."

"But, dear Annette, you were consecrated fully years ago; I am sure you were entirely given to Jesus."

"Not given up to Him so as to let Him ring the door-bell just when He pleases, however busily engaged I may be in other ways; I was a rebel in many respects, and I found I must yield to the authority of my King in all these little matters as fully as any rebel against the government of man must yield to the powers that are ordained of God."

"But when one is pressed for time," replied Miss B., "and see so many things as necessary to be done, how can it seem right to have time wasted and the precious moments consumed by that which is not essential."

"But if my time belongs to another, I must let the person to whom I belong, and for whom I work, employ me as He chooses. My time is His, is it not?"

"Yes, certainly, but God gives us our judgment to use, and although I am His and all my time belongs to Him, I am to use it as seems best to myself, Annette."

"But what if it is beyond your control, and you cannot use your judgment in the matter at all, what then? Here is where the trial of our faith comes in, and if we begin to doubt whether God is in these little things, then are we sure to be driven off into unrest. My peace comes from settling this thing, that Jesus is in everything, however trifling it may appear to us, and as my time belongs to Him, not to myself, I am not to meddle with questioning about these daily annoyances or interruptions. So that I have settled it, that when the door-bell rings, He rings it; and I do not have half the disturbances I used to have, and when they do come I know it must be for some good purpose. By believing this I admit Jesus into my heart, to let Him guard and keep watch over me, and this brings us together in loving relation, knowing His care draws out the gratitude of my heart and makes fresh my love, and I do see 'the King in His beauty' all the day through."

"I think, Annette, I have learned a lesson that I trust will prove of life-long service to me. I see as never before how truly God is in these interruptions which have so annoyed me. There is nothing so difficult to me as to give up my time, I am so pressed with work; but as it is all for Jesus I had better let Him take care of His own time. I see now how without these annoyances I could not possibly have seen the exhibition of patience in you that I have seen to-day. I believe, too, that if you are kept from impatience, I may be, for although I am self-willed, yet I am no more so than you were when we worked together, dear Annette."

"I think your visit has been more profitable to each of us, than if we had been permitted by our Lord to have had the hour all to ourselves without anything to annoy. So you will find that His way is the very best, and thus believing you will see 'the King in His beauty.'"—*Mrs. Boardman.*

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"O MOTHER!" said a dear little girl, "it seems, when I lay my head on the pillow, and am going to sleep, as if God was speaking sweet to me." How blessed to go to sleep so!

## EXPERIENCE.

I WAS converted at seventeen years of age, and at nineteen the Lord called me to preach the Gospel. I told my mother of this call, and she simply looked up from her knitting and said, "I knew it, years ago." She prayed me into the kingdom of God, and into the ministry. I entered the ministry, and sought the blessing of perfect love, but did not attain it, though I did receive high religious joys. I afterward drifted under the influence of those who taught that regeneration and sanctification were both received at conversion. I got befogged, and laid the whole subject aside. Afterward I began rather to preach against instantaneous sanctification. I called it "Sister Palmerism" and "plu-perfect sanctification."

In 1870, Mr. Earle, the evangelist, held a four days' meeting at Genesee College, in Lima, N. Y., over which institution I was the acting president. The Spirit of God was present. The last day of the meeting Mr. E. gave his experience of entering into what he termed the "rest of faith." He said he received a blessing that he was not afraid of losing. I said, "This is the Calvinism of your experience." But I saw that he had the power of the Holy Ghost. After he went away, the people wished me to continue the meeting. I became so oppressed with my spiritual poverty, that I felt there was an experience I had not attained. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John were used to reveal to me my help. Jesus there showed His disciples that there was something better for them than His bodily presence—showed them the Comforter. Now, had I any such blessing? No. I said, Here is the power: "I pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever," (John xiv. 16). This closed up the vexed question of the "second blessing." I discovered that it was possible to love the Lord, and not have the Comforter, in one sense, as He had promised. The disciples must have loved the Master, and this love was the condition for their receiving the Comforter. I knew that I loved Jesus, but I knew that I had not the Comforter. It was the pre-Pentecostal love that I possessed.

The next question was, Was this promise of the Comforter made to the apostles alone or to every believer? I read in answer to this: "That He may abide with you for ever." The apostles did not live for ever, therefore these words were addressed to the whole body of believers, and that included me. I saw the blessing was not an œcumenical one, hanging over all Christians in general, but a personal one.

I now began to cry mightily for the Comforter to come. Then this question was presented to me: What would you do with Him? Will you come down to talking like a little child in your preaching? Will you consent to come down from the form and polish of

the schools and preach Jesus in all simplicity? That was a spike used in nailing me to the cross. But I said, "Yes." Here the Spirit showed me the mixed motives of my heart in my pulpit efforts; I did not see them before; I was labouring to gain the good will of the Church instead of that of the Head of the Church.

After this I was impressed that I ought to make a confession of this state of my heart. That was another spike, and an ugly one. I thought over it for five minutes, and then said, "I will." I was supplying the Presbyterian Church for a few months, and so I took occasion to preface a sermon, delivered there, by obedience. I see that this was the last ditch in which self made its rally. I immediately felt a strange freedom; I was drawn toward the people. Before this, my relation to them was professional and perfunctory, and there was no power in it. Now I was drawn to every one. I could go and meet the staggering drunkard, and put my arms around him. But I did not believe the Comforter was come; I knew He was on the way.

One day, all day long, the attitude of my soul was, "Don't come." He seemed too great to be received. I suppose this was a suggestion of the evil one. I thought, what if the blessing should come when I was in the class, attending to recitations. But at sunset I yielded the point, and said, "Jesus has as good a sense of propriety as I." The next morning, in my study, I read my favourite passage in John, and prayed. Then I sat down, thinking over the "Christian Evidences," as I had them prepared for us in the school. Just then, while running over these Evidences, the Comforter came to my soul. I did not need a lantern to see Him. My first thought was, "Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ!" My second was that He had come to abide. He does abide; He has been with me ever since. For about three-fourths of the time I have great joy, and all the rest of the time, great peace; not a shadow nor a cloud for five years!

The question arises, Is this blessing for every one? No; but it is for him that believeth.—*Dr. Steele.*

### SEVEN LINKS IN A WONDROUS CHAIN.

- C**RUCIFIED together with Christ (Gal. ii. 20).  
 Quicken'd together with Christ (Col. ii. 13).  
 Raised together with Christ (Eph. ii. 6).  
 Seated together with Christ in heavenly places (Eph. ii. 7).  
 Sufferers together with Christ (Rom. viii. 17).  
 Heirs together with Christ (Rom. viii. 17).  
 Glorified together with Christ (Rom. viii. 17).

The first and second are seen at the cross and grave of Christ.  
 The third to the sixth form our present privilege.  
 The seventh has its scene in the glory.

"EARNEST CHRISTIANITY."

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WE are on the eve of a great spiritual awakening, is the conviction of keen-sighted Christians, who for years have prayed and waited for its coming. Hope, almost weary with her years of watching, thrills with a new expectancy; and gives birth to the "full assurance of faith." We heartily rejoice at the evidences of coming blessing; may the revival influence sweep around the portals of our Church, as well as around the altar, that those who are strangers to the glad experiences of the true worshipper, may soon become participants in the blessedness of those who wait upon the Lord. But the idea of revival presupposes a state of apathy, a thing which should never be found in the Christian Church. There are various causes of this lethargic condition. No doubt, worldly-mindedness, and non-attendance upon the means of grace, are the chief sources of this evil. And this lack of enthusiasm amongst professedly religious persons is one reason why our Church is so unfruitful of conversions as *every day* occurrences. An intense earnestness characterizes the actions of men in matters relating to commerce, politics and agriculture; and yet the very same men are listless and apathetic in all that relates to their own growth in grace, or the salvation of others. It cannot therefore be urged by these men, in excuse for their apathy, that it is not natural for them to be in earnest; for they are enthusiastic in matters relating to the world. The secret of their coldness is, lack of interest. If there was more interest in religion, amongst us, there would be more earnestness; if more earnestness, there would be more fruit, as a reward for the labourers' toil. The Church would have to rejoice *every day*, not merely one season of the year, but all the year round, over the gathering in of the sin-stained of our world. Pray, that the spirit of an "earnest Christianity" may be ours; that amid our eager chase for worldly wealth or joy, we may not forget the higher claims of Christian labour, and the richer joy of an eternal crowning.

W. G. HOWSON.

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WE know by experience that without Jesus we can do nothing. And when we permit the flame of love to burn low, and begin to feel discouraged when looking at the prospect before us, saying fearfully in our hearts, "Who is sufficient for these things?" it is evident we are measuring our own strength with the work to be accomplished—the trials which we must meet, or the sufferings to be endured, instead of looking unto Him to whom all power is given in heaven, and in earth.

## CONFESSIONS.

HOLY Spirit! pity me,  
 Pierced with grief for grieving Thee;  
 Present, though I "mourn apart,"  
 Listen to a wailing heart.

Sins unnumbered I confess,  
 Of exceeding sinfulness;  
 Sins against Thyself alone,  
 Only to Omniscience known.

Deafness to Thy whispered calls;  
 Rashness midst remembered falls;  
 Transient fears beneath the rod;  
 Treacherous trifling with my God!

Tasting that the Lord is good,  
 Pining then for poisoned food;  
 At the fountains of the skies,  
 Craving creaturely supplies!

Worldly cares at worship time;  
 Grovelling aims in works sublime!  
 Pride, when God is passing by!  
 Sloth, when souls in darkness lie!

Voiceless vows—whose breath awoke  
 In Thy courts no echo—broke;  
 Viewless failures, steps astray;  
 Languors in a once loved way.

Chilled devotion, changed desires,  
 Quenched corruption's ember fires,  
 Sins like these my heart deceive,  
 Thee, its sole Familiar, grieve.

Oft how lightly have I slept,  
 With Thy daily wrongs unwept!  
 Sought Thy chidings to defer,  
 Shunned the wounded Comforter.

Woke to holy labours fresh,  
 With the plague spot in my flesh;  
 Angel seemed to human sight,  
 Stood a leper in Thy light.

Still, Thy comforts do not fail ;  
 Still, Thy healing aids avail ;  
 Patient inmate of my breast  
 Thou art grieved—yet I am blest !

O be merciful to me,  
 Now in bitterness for Thee !  
 Father, pardon through Thy Son,  
 Sins against Thy Spirit done !

REV. WM. M. BUNTING.

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### READY FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

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AS Christians, we profess to be working for Jesus—not only our spiritual services and labours for souls, but according to the word, “Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” And “whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do ALL in the name of the Lord Jesus.”

These are the rules of the kingdom, and as Christians and citizens of that kingdom, we are supposed to enter into these arrangements heartily, and to conform our lives to them. But amid the whirl of this work-a-day world, who of us do not need times to solemnly pause and bring tests to bear—*measure* ourselves in some way to see and be sure that our actual experience measures up to the standard ?

The days come and go, filled with duties—services for the Master, we think and say. Busily our hands are engaged. “Whatsoever our hands find to do,” we “do it with our might.” “Labour, working with our own hands,” with Paul; or “with labour and travail night and day,” that he might not be dependent upon others. “Willing in all things to live honestly,” to many, implies toil.

The living brain plans and the ready hands execute. What grace is needed in order to have the heart saved from becoming overcharged with the cares of life and that day take us unawares. Just here is the point to be guarded vigilantly.

Let us then frequently come to a stand amid the whirl of our partly executed plans—our unfinished work, and say to our souls, Am I now ready for His coming ? Do I long for His appearing ?

Paul said that for him “there was laid up a crown which the Lord should give, and not to him only, but unto all them that love His appearing.” And he also said he had a “desire to depart and be with Christ,” although he felt that his experience and counsels were so necessary to those inexperienced Christians that he was willing

to remain and toil on. We may bring these recorded experiences of the inspired word before us, and use them as tests for ourselves.

Could we now, without a longing, lingering look to the unfinished work in which we are engaged, "Clap our glad wings and soar away" to mingle with the holy throng around the throne of God? Or would we rather wait a little while and see our work completed, and its results—have the world continue on, that we might see what will come out of our planning? Ah, take heed, if thus thy heart replies.

There is no safety save in doing ALL for the Master. If such be the case, and we are readv and truly working for Jesus, we can readily drop our work, and go to the rest that remaineth. Welcome with joyful hearts; listen for the trumpet's sound that shall call us from labour to reward. Therefore "be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

—F. E. I. in *Token of Truth*.

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### "NOTHING TO GIVE."

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SO said a member of the — Church to one of the appointed collectors of foreign missions; and yet he professed to be a disciple of Jesus Christ—to be governed by the self-denying principles of His Gospel.

*Nothing to give!* And yet he talked of the preciousness of the Gospel to his own soul—of the hopes he entertained of his salvation through its blood-purchased provisions.

*Nothing to give!* And he sometimes attends the monthly concert, and prays that God will send the Gospel to the ends of the earth. If dollars were as cheap as words, the treasury of benevolence would be full.

*Nothing to give!* And he wears decent apparel, lives in a comfortable house, sets a plentiful table, and seems to want for nothing necessary to the comfort of his family.

*Nothing to give!* And yet he indulges freely in little luxuries, gathers his friends sometimes around a well-stored board, in convivial enjoyment, and can well afford the expense.

*Nothing to give!* And the heathen are stretching out their hands in imploring petition for the bread of life; and warm-hearted Christian ministers, and even Christian women, are standing upon the shores of our own land, and looking across into the darkness, and weeping for the means to carry them there, that they may minister to the spiritual necessities of those perishing millions.

*Nothing to give!* Yet God, in His providence, is constant and munificent in His benefactions. God never answers to the claims of creatures upon His daily benevolence, "I have nothing to give."—*N. C. Presbyterian*.

## THE PRESENCE OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE is no such need in the Church to-day, and at all times, as the presence of the Spirit. There has always been more or less of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost ever since the first great Christian Pentecost; but there have been important differences in its character and manifestation. By virtue of the divine omnipresence we may always expect that God is near, and ready to prove His love and power in our behalf. But this is not enough for our deep needs. We require the might and splendor of His saving presence. The sun shines every day, and the world wakes up with his rising for the new struggle with life and its myriad wants. This radiance penetrates glen and cottage; and fills all space, but, then, it may bring no vernal warmth with it. It may be only barren shining. How different from the rays of a May morning! Fruitfulness and warmth are in every ray, and the earth arouses to new harvests. And so the Spirit of God may be present every day, but in a hazy or wintry atmosphere, and the mighty forces inactive and unproductive.

We mark this difference of spiritual pressure in men. Some characters absorb spiritual power, but they never communicate it. They are opaque bodies, and with them there is an end of the light. They are trusty spirits. You can depend on them in any shipwreck. They have the great merit of solidity, and may be leaned on with every hope of help. They are of granite, and are non-conductors. One almost always gets provoked at the apparent coldness of such characters. They seem to have no soul and no religion, just because the spiritual element is more in the background. Such were the characters of Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen, those knightly defenders of the Reformation, who loved Luther as their own souls, and were ready at any time to die for God's cause; and we do not doubt that they made on many observers the impression that they were only godless haters of Romanism. It was often very difficult to tell whether Luther himself, in his roused and combative moods, was in the most divine temper. He had hard names at his command, and hesitated not to use them. His throwing the inkstand at the devil's head expressed only his ordinary readiness to throw theological missiles at the heads of human antagonists.

But there is another kind of character, which is just the opposite of these spiritual non-conductors. We mean those who give out the full measure of their spiritual possessions. They make in the world the impression of great piety, and yet they are often no more devout than their brethren. Fletcher was a good and pure spirit, but we believe him no more pious than the less ethereal John Wesley and the very human Henry Moore. The apparent differences in the religion of men cannot be judged by ordinary standards.

The question is often one of temperament and training. Some may seem cold and non-impulsive, but in great crises they save the Church. They are the rocks, against which the waves beat in vain. Others, while they are spiritually magnetic, and possess marvellous fervour of soul, and preach and sing like seraphs, may really enjoy no greater measure of the divine favour than those whose language and life partake more of earth and the present. We depreciate neither class, but all the infirmity does not belong to one, nor all the spirituality to the other.

When the Spirit is present and active in the Church there is a universal quickening of the souls of the members. The dormant spiritual forces begin to operate, and each light shines with new power. The question of being better is uppermost in many minds, and then comes the other great question, as in the awakened soul, of doing whatever may come as a matter of duty, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" Very beautiful is the diversity of spiritual gifts in their operation through minds of different mould. It is as the light shining through such magnificent windows of stained glass as those of some grand cathedrals. It is all sunlight that falls upon and warms the cold stone floor; but it carries down with it the gorgeous crimson and orange and green of the glass above. Let not one colour despise its neighbour. Let not the ready exhorter frown upon the poor dumb or hesitating Christian, who may know neither grammar nor rhetoric, and yet whose life may be the soul of sacred eloquence. That no one member of the ecclesiastical body should despise another is a lesson as old as Paul, and the violations of the charitable spirit have cost whole centuries of healthy progress.

The quickening spirit among the members of the Church, or, in other words, the present Spirit, communicates itself to the non-Christian portion of the community. Religion is magnetic. There is nothing that nearly equals its contagious power. It stands still, and yet its subtle power touches the poles and the equator. Wonderful must have been the impression which the first Church at Jerusalem made on all the population by virtue of their silent speech of example. Their acts of charity and suffering went far beyond the sermons. They were sermons that struck home to the soul. And such capacity for work, such deeds that come from the present Spirit, show how much is lost by the coldness and deadness of a Church.

Is it any wonder that we hear much of heavy debts, small congregations and no conversions? Not at all. The Holy Spirit is not present, and for the reason that His presence is not prayed for. Let there be ten praying souls in every one of our Churches, who will not desist from beseeching God for the outpouring of the Spirit, and there would be a revival that would spread from ocean to ocean. Prayer must precede the great Presence. Men must

look for it that it may come. And after it has come, and many souls have been converted, the praying Spirit must continue. Why do our probationers fall away so numerously that the fact has occasioned just alarm? Because men conceive that with revivals their prayers are answered—as if an outpouring of the Spirit were confined to a week or a month.

Much faith is needed to continue a revival of religion. The shower should not cease to descend. There should be no intermission in the blessed effusion, though there may be variety in the quantity. Moody and Saxeby will be doing a poor work in its results if, after leaving Brooklyn and other places where they may labour, the churches and ministers fail to take up the work where the evangelists leave it. The whole thing will fall to pieces like a rope of sand unless there be unwonted activity of zeal in increasing the agencies for revival in the individual Churches. The workmen may depart, but let not the evil come upon us of only a passing benefit from their work. A harvest ungathered may be worse than a field unsown.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

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### I CAN—NOT I CAN'T.

THE reason Christians say "I can't" is not because they feel so weak, but because they feel too strong. If they had really got to the point of utter weakness they would say "I can." It is because they are depending somewhat on their own strength that they say "I can't."

How often such things occur with a little child. She said to one of her children, "I want you to go to-day to such and such a place." She did not tell her somebody was going with her. "Oh, mother," she answered, "I can't; I do not know the way; I would not take such a long walk; I have not any money to pay my fare, and I can't go." That was because she did not know somebody was going to take her; she thought she was to go herself.

When God told the man to stretch out the withered arm, if he had thought he had to get the strength to do it he would have said "I can't." That was why the children of Israel did not face their enemies, in the 13th chapter of Numbers. They said, "The enemies are so strong, and we can't, for we are so weak." It was true the enemies were so strong and they were weak; yet they could, because God was going to do it, and people always leave Him out when they say "I can't."

It was not the slightest good for her to be talking about these things if they did not do it. There are hundreds of Christians who

have no doubt indulged in the habit of saying "I can't," and she wanted them to be transferred over into the army that say "I can." Who would dare to say of the Almighty God, who regulates the universe, who created heaven and earth, and moves and manages all things by His power, that He can't? They would never say that God can't, and yet when they say "I can't" they mean just that. They say "I can't believe." Whom is it they cannot believe?

Once two young girls were talking together at night, and a friend overheard them, and one said to the other, "Oh, I do wish I could believe, but I can't." The other said, "Whom can't you believe?" There was a long silence without any answer, till at last the first one said, "Oh, I can; I would not dare to say I can't believe God." So Christians should never say "I can't believe" without adding "I can't believe God."

Would parents like it if the children came to them and said, "Mother, I would so like to believe you, but I can't." Often when people say this they look upon themselves as really quite an interesting case, and that everybody ought to be concerned about these people who say "I can't." If their children did that, would they think it was an interesting case? What would they do with such a child? She left each mother's imagination to picture what would happen if such a thing came to pass.

People condole with one another, and with themselves, over this condition, when they have no business to do anything but be ashamed of it, and give it up. They really must see this in its true light. Some people look upon the condition of "I can't," as if it were a sort of disease like rheumatism, which made it impossible to walk about, and they pity themselves, and ask for resignation to bear it. But it is no disease at all; it is a sin, and must not be indulged in. God commands them to believe, and they can and must. She wanted them to ring in every ear and reach every heart, so that they might believe for once that they can. Many a soul had come to her and said, "I can't." She replied, "Oh, but you can." "Oh, but Mrs. Smith, I can't." "I won't listen to it, I say you can. God never would have told you to do it if you could not." Suppose I speak about this consecration and say, "You can consecrate yourself," and the reply is, "Oh, but I can't." Did God tell them to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto Him, when He knew they could not do it? They can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth them.

Whatever it may be, going through the whole list of the things that they had said "I can't" over, she begged of them to substitute the verse, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and to realize that they are indeed nothing but instruments in the hands of the Lord, nothing but tools that He can use for His glory.

She wished all Christians could just get to be babies. If they could, wonderfully grand things could be done for them. Who is it has the best time in the house? Who has everybody to wait on him? Who gets all the tenderness, and all the love? The baby, for it seems to cause a tender spring in every one's heart.

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### DANGER TO THE VINES.

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WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through, and set all the flowers and leaves a-fluttering. Now, that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder-tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen altogether, for they were like some children who always say "Why," when told to do any thing. Bad children those.

The elder said, "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking, till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "O, that's a beauty! I'll keep that one." The elder overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves. "Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many.—*Christian Weekly.*

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THERE is not a trouble a Christian has, but if he lives by faith on Christ in it, it will turn to a blessing.

ARE the trials and the afflictions of life, which are trying you, making you more pure, so that the image of the Purifier of hearts is reflected in your lives? If so, thank God even for affliction, if they but make us more like the Master.

## THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

## PART III.—FAITHFUL IN MUCH.

## CHAPTER XI.

## HOME AGAIN.

A FEW hours after we left the steamer we were picked up by a vessel homeward bound. I know very little of the voyage back. Fortunately I could tell the captain and the doctor, who attended me assiduously, who I was, and where I lived; but all else seemed blotted out of my memory. All was a blank to me,—a dreary emptiness, through which I vainly tried to get at some realization of my sorrow. There remained to me only a dull, aching sense of loss, and I could not pierce through it to a sharper and clearer anguish.

It was not three weeks from the time I left home, when I landed in Liverpool again. I remember the long journey up to London, solitary and desolate, as if it had been yesterday. There was still the confused sense of a terrible grief hanging over me; but when I rang the bell of our own house-door, that bell Philip had so often rung when I was listening for him to come home, the cloud upon my brain began to lift itself. Before the door was opened to admit me, all was clear and distinct; I knew that his foot would never cross the threshold again. I beckoned to our servant to keep silent as I entered the house, where henceforth life would be for me only a solemn waiting for death. At the farther end of the hall was the door of my brother's room, which stood partly open; and as I drew nearer to it I heard a quiet voice reading aloud. I had no thought of going in, though I was longing to weep the bitter tears that were burning under my eyelids. But I must be careful for George. The sudden shock of my return now might be dangerous for him. The quiet voice fell upon my ear in these words:—

“And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.”

I sank down on the ground beside the door, and my tears came like a flood. Still my brother's low calm voice went on reading:—

“And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”

“And He that sat upon the throne said, ‘Behold, I make all things new.’ And he said unto me, ‘Write; for these words are true and faithful.’”

“True and faithful,” repeated George. I could see him from where I knelt at the half-open door. He had lifted up his eyes from the book, and was looking across the room, with almost a smile upon his face. What could it be he was looking at, out of my sight? What was it that made my heavy heart leap, with a hope springing from the very darkness of my sorrow?

“If we only knew that Aunt Milly was safe!” said the other voice.

I could not, for the first moment, believe it was Philip who was speaking. When Mary stood at the sepulchre weeping, because the body of the Lord had been taken away, and she knew not where they had laid Him, I do not wonder that she did not know Him, and her ears, dull with her own sobbing, heard His voice: I do not wonder that, in her first surprise, she spoke to Him as a stranger. But the next instant, when He said “Mary!” and the quiet, familiar tone sounded through all the depths of her despair, I think I know now something of her rapture. To believe that the Lord was dead: to mourn for Him through the garish hours of the sunny day and the dreary watches of the night; to seek Him early in the solitary sepulchre; and then to find him, not dead but living, and hear Him call her by her name, and see His eyes, which had been sealed in death, shining upon her with the same light in them as of old—yes, surely I know somewhat of all that. And when I see my Lord for myself with these dim eyes of mine, and these dull ears catch the tone of His blessed voice, the rapture of it will not be all strange. I have had a foretaste of that heaven in finding Philip was alive still.

I cannot tell you how we met. I only remember that after a while I found myself in my own chair, on my brother's hearth, with Philip beside me, my hand grasping his, as if we were again in a sinking ship, and I had nothing else to hold as the waters were closing over us.

Yet, after the first few minutes, it could not be untroubled and unmingled gladness for us, as it will be when our Lord welcomes us to His Father's house, our everlasting home. Philip had to tell me how, when the steamer went down, his father and Mrs. Transome sank at once with it, and he lost sight of them for ever; whilst he, who was young and used to the perils of the sea, caught a floating spar, and was upheld by it for a time whilst the vessel settled. The shock I had felt in the cabin, and the shiver that ran through all the timbers of the ship, had been caused by its striking, though lightly, upon a sunken reef; and there was but little swirl of the waters, such as had been anticipated. The upper portion of the rigging had even remained above the surface; and Philip, with a few others, had found safety amongst it. They did not remain there long, for they lay in the course of vessels; and before night came on they were rescued by a steamer, which had brought him

home yet more quickly than I had been brought myself. He had reached London only the day before I did.

There is little more for me to tell you. In the course of a few weeks we heard that our emigrants—the girls we were taking out to settle in American homes— had all reached New York in safety. They wrote to us in the hope that we also had been rescued, telling how Philip and Captain John Champion had quietly marshalled them to their boat, through a crowd of passengers phrenzied with terror, and savage with the hope of saving themselves.

There is now no longer a necessity for Philip to live upon the sea. His life has grown fuller of influence and of power over his fellow men. The one duty has been faithfully discharged ; and broader, perhaps grander, duties are rising up in its place. What he will become, what special work he will do here for God, I do not yet know. But it is no more as a servant that he works, it is rather as a son. There is a perfectness and unity in his obedience, which is not the obedience of a hireling, looking for a reward. Only yesterday I found these words, copied in his own handwriting :—

“Who stands already on Heaven's highest dome,  
Needs not to search for ladders. He who lies,  
Folded in favour, on the Sultan's breast  
Needs not the letter, or the messenger.”

THE END.

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

NOT many years since, certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for a while, till thoroughly exposed to the atmosphere, it lay—the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsions had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil ; the hair was black as jet. No one recognised the face ; a generation had grown up since the miner went down into the shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news came up, and she knew again the face which through all these long years she had not forgotten. The miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. There were no dry eyes when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured into his deaf ears many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.—*London Herald.*

## PETER SCHMIDT'S CURE.

I DO not say that Peter Schmidt was exactly what you would call a drunken fellow, and yet sometimes he found it a little difficult to walk straight home. Neither did he beat his wife, or frighten his children; yet I have seen Mrs. Schmidt turn pale, and then red, and hurry the little ones to bed when father came home. She rightly judged that he was no sight for their childish eyes.

Peter was a tailor by trade, and, besides, he played the violin—very well, too—every Sunday in the choir; and oh here was the mischief: too often in the ale-house parlour! What was to be done? Mrs. Schmidt, with many tears, asked the pastor's advice. "Peter was a good fellow," she said; "but these evenings at the 'Bear' were the ruin of him." The pastor condoled with her, and spoke to Peter of his sin. Peter promised to do better in future; he was not a bad fellow, and for a time he avoided the "Bear." Then he fell again, and after that things went on even worse at the Schmidts. Poor Mrs. Schmidt's eyes were redder than ever, and the little Schmidts were sent very early to bed most nights. And then suddenly, in one day, Peter was cured of his besetting sin—completely cured. How was that? I will tell you; but I must begin at the beginning.

There had been a village festival—what, I cannot exactly tell you; but they have many in the quiet country nooks of Germany—and Peter told his wife he must play till late at the "Bear," and she must not, therefore, look for him home before midnight. Poor Mrs. Schmidt shook her head, but she said nothing. She was getting very hopeless about her Peter. Just as he was setting off, however, she called after him to come home by the road, not by the forest. "He can't lose himself there," she said, sadly, to herself; and Peter set off for the ale-house, not meaning to take more than was good for him; but who knows what will happen when a man walks with wide-open eyes into a place of temptation?

"There's no harm in playing a tune for the folks at the 'Bear,' I hope," said Peter, "and why the missus looks so black when I do but reach down my violin I don't know."

But Peter did know; he was cheating himself when he said these words to himself.

The good folks at the "Bear" were delighted to welcome our friend and his violin, and Peter forgot all unpleasant thoughts as he played jig and polka, ever and anon stopping to refresh himself with a glass of the landlord's best ale.

"The labourer is worthy of his hire," he said to himself. It is very easy to quote Scripture, but at times the quotation is much out of place.

The evening came to an end at last, and Peter started homeward, even later than he had said.

"The forest path is shortest," he thought, "and the wife will be wondering over me if I don't turn up soon." So, forgetful of her caution, he left the high-road and struck in among the dark trees.

"I'm not like young Casper," he chuckled; "a quart of beer muddles his head; now, I could find my way blindfold home."

All the same—it was a dismal bit of forest he was passing through, and Peter felt a little sorry that he had not left the "Bear" a half hour earlier. He was still more sorry when, a moment later, the earth seemed to vanish beneath his feet, and he fell into a deep pit, which he had not seen in the darkness. Now, Peter knew the meaning of this pit, which, perhaps, you do not, and his teeth began to chatter with terror.

In this forest were many wolves, which at times sallied forth and made themselves troublesome in the neighbourhood; so here and there pits were dug by the foresters, into which unwary wolves fell, and were destroyed when the foresters came round. Now, Peter Schmidt had fallen into one of these pits, and, to his intense terror, had fallen softly on something warm and living, which sprang up with a fierce growl, resenting Peter's intrusion. It was a full-grown wolf, with whom he was shut in for the night.

In an agony of fright Peter picked himself up, and the violin being his only weapon of defence, he began playing tune after tune upon it, whether with the hope of charming or alarming his companion he never could tell. The plan answered, however; the fierce beast retreated to the farthest corner of the pit, howling most dismally. We know how our dogs, now and then, protest against the sweetest melodies, and after much the same manner the wolf showed his horror alike of jig, march or hymn tune.

Peter played on for dear life, painfully conscious that the groans and howls of his companion had brought other wolves to the pit-mouth, groaning, howling and raging, too, over the unusual strains. Suppose, gaining courage by numbers, they should leap down on him? O when would it be day! Peter gazed hopelessly upward, but no streak of daylight gleamed between the tree-tops. His arm ached till it was agony to bear; but still he played on, and still the wolves howled a fearful accompaniment.

A whole day's wood-cutting was play-work compared to this repetition of polka and waltz. Never had his violin seemed so hateful and yet so precious to him. All at once snap went one string, and shortly after another and another followed, till, when day broke, Peter was playing for dear life on one single string. And still there sat the wolf, howling and groaning, fiercer and more hungry for the exertions of the night.

Peter almost dropped with gratitude and relief when he saw in the early dawn the head of the old forester peering down into the

pit, curious to know who the musician might be; but still he played on, for the wolf had his eye on him. When at last his enemy was slain before his eyes, and Peter was drawn out of the wretched hole in which he spent the most miserable night of his life, he dropped on his knees before the forester, and then and there declared that he would never spend an evening at the "Bear" again.

He had had enough of wild animals, and Peter kept his word. He comes home, now, from village merry-making by daylight and on the high road, with Mrs. Schmidt and half a dozen little Schmidts at his heels; and he has been heard to say that for his part he doesn't seem to care to play the violin except in church; there are no wolf-pits between that and his home. Another reason, too, I believe to be that his arm has ached for many a day after that night in the forest.

His old comrades at the ale-house have tried entreaties, laughter and mockery; but Peter only shakes his head, and stitches the faster. Somehow he has got through much more work and has better customers since he gave up his evenings at the "Bear." His wife, too, looks happier; and as for the children never were such rogues to amuse you, Peter says. His cure is complete, if strange.

There are many Peter Schmidts I fear, but there are no wolf-pits for their cure. Let them rather look at poor sorrowful Mrs. Schmidt and their shrinking, wondering children, and try, with a man's heart in the strength of God, to deny themselves a false pleasure, which can only lead to misery and degradation in this world, and perhaps in the next world as well.—*German Story.*

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## MISS MOSEMAN'S PRAYER.

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AN ASTONISHING STORY TOLD BY THE REV. S. H. PLATT—  
ENABLED TO WALK AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF  
HELPLESSNESS—WAS IT FAITH?

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THE prolonged camp-meeting in Ocean Grove, which will close on Friday next, has had an extraordinary experience in the cure of the Rev. S. H. Platt, who had been apparently lame for a quarter of a century. Mr. Platt, who is the pastor of the De Kalb Avenue M. E. Church, is by no means likely to be deceived either by his own imagination or by the representations of others. He is the author of several standard philosophical works, among which are "The Christian Law of Giving," "Elijah, the Tishbite," "Princely Manhood," "To Every Man His Work," and "Queenly

Womanhood." He is inclined to be skeptical as to the power of prayer to avert or remove temporal ills. He is a native of Connecticut, and in 1850 was completing his studies for the ministry in the Methodist University. Mr. Platt is forty-five years of age, but looks somewhat younger. His hair and his full beard, whiskers, and moustache are iron gray, and his face indicates self-reliance and energy.

Shortly before he preached his first sermon as an ordained Methodist minister, he was kicked by a horse, and his right ieg was disabled. A "floating cartilage" formed in the knee, and some of the most eminent surgeons in America declared it a case beyond their skill. Four years ago, while limping slowly along the sidewalk near his house, he struck his left knee against the corner of a dry goods box. Precisely the same result followed as when the horse kicked him, and within a few days he was wholly disabled, and could move only with the aid of two canes or crutches. He could no longer stand in his pulpit even on one leg, but was obliged to sit while preaching. This double affliction was a terrible one, and he again exhausted all the sources of possible surgical relief; but nothing could be done for him, and after the useless expenditure of much time and money, he became assured that he was hopelessly crippled.

Besides his house adjoining the De Kalb Avenue church, Mr. Platt owns a cottage at Ocean Grove, in which, with his family, he usually passes part of the summer. Toward the end of last month he was there, and one evening, after having preached, sitting, to about 4,000 persons, while he was in his cottage suffering considerable pain, and trying to recruit his strength, two ladies were announced. One of them introduced herself as Miss Moseman, and said the Lord had sent her to see him. Mr. Platt, as has been intimated, had little or no confidence in divine help for mere physical ills.

He received his visitors courteously. Miss Moseman told him that if he had faith in the Lord's power to relieve him, his crippled limbs could be cured, and the minister answered that he had no doubt of His power, but he questioned His willingness. After some further conversation, the lady proposed prayer, but Mr. Platt demurred, on the grounds that Christians should not ask divine help for physical ills, unless assured that God would give them the faith necessary to believe that He was willing to assist them. She tried to convince him by argument, but the clergyman, a trained logician, easily refuted everything she said. Willing, however, to test her theory, if he could consistently do so, he asked her whether, after experiencing the divine revelation that the Lord would enable her to effect a cure, she had ever failed? After a little hesitation, she replied that she had not, but when persons had come to her and asked her to pray for them, her petition had not been answered.

"This," said Mr. Platt, speaking of the occurrence, "took hold of my faith at once, for it was in accordance with my own belief that it was no part of a Christian's privilege to pray for the removal of temporal ills, unless with the direct assurance, and I told her I was willing she should pray for me." He told Miss Moseman he "would believe as best he could," and she knelt before him and began to pray. Her petition was very simple, evidently unstudied, and seeming to be addressed rather to a near personal protector than to the throne of the Most High. It lasted about two minutes, and, toward the close, the supplicant placed her hands upon Mr. Platt's knees. "Rather," said the clergyman, "because there was no other place to rest them on, than with any purpose of effecting a cure by manipulation. So little vitality or magnetic force did she seem to possess that I was unconscious of any warmth from her hands as they lay on my knees." Having finished the prayer, Miss Moseman arose, and the conversation was resumed.

Mr. Platt had not experienced any unusual sensation in his injured limbs, but as he was speaking a very singular feeling was perceptible in the joints. "I never," he said, "felt anything like it before or since. It seems as though a sort of condensation or toning up of the fibres around the knee was in progress, the sensation apparently spreading upward." Very soon he was able to put his feet on the ground and walk with a somewhat uncertain step. Miss Moseman expressed no surprise when she learned the result of her simple petition. She went away unassumingly. The clergyman's limbs grew stronger every hour, and he threw aside one of his canes immediately. "I continued to use the other," he said, "not because I really required it, but I had carried it for twenty-five years, and I did not wish to seem presumptuous; but a week ago to-day (Sunday) I went out without any support, and walked two miles; and I could have walked ten, for I did not feel in the least fatigued."

Mr. Platt says that about three years ago he spoke to Dr. Cullis, of the Consumptives' Home in Boston, about miraculous cures, and the doctor induced the clergyman to allow him to pray for him. For two days afterwards he felt as though his limbs were a little better, but there was no material result.

Miss Moseman is a quiet, subdued person, about forty years of age. She has a house consisting of a single room, at Ocean Grove, which it is supposed some charitable person has given her. She has no visible means of livelihood, and Mr. Platt says he thinks she "lives by faith;" that is, when she feels that she really requires any of the necessaries of life, she prays for them, with the assurance that, in some way, they will be sent to her. She lives at Ocean Grove a great part of the summer, and is known to everybody there. Mr. Platt, too, is very popular, and his miraculous cure has astonished the residents. In his own neighbourhood in De Kalb Avenue, people who have seen him for years a cripple, look at him, in unbounded

amazement as he walks rapidly along, erect and without support. He is still conscious of a little stiffness in his knee joints, but this, too, is disappearing. On Sunday, the 8th inst., he stood upright in the pulpit, without any assistance, for the first time in twenty-five years; and a week later he told the story of his injuries and their cure to an immense audience, at the Merrick camp-meeting. He will relate it again in the De Kalb Avenue M. E. Church on Sunday next—*N. Y. Sun.*

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### A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

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**I**N the first ages of the Church of Christ, in the city of Antioch, a believer was carried forth to die as a martyr. "Ask any little child," said he, "whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who is able to save us, or to worship the many false gods whom the heathen serve?"

Now, it was so that a Christian mother had come to the spot, holding in her hand a little son, of about nine or ten years old, named Cyril. The heathen judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eye rested on the child, and he desired the question to be put to him.

The question was asked, and, to the surprise of those who heard it, the boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The judge was filled with rage. "O base Christian!" he cried, "thou hast taught that child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy, he said, more mildly, "Tell me, child, how did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly in his mother's face, and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and she taught it to me."

"Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him, the officers, who stood ready with their wooden rods after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy. Gladly would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the cost of her own life, but she could not do so; yet did she whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to speak the truth.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply. And again they smote the child.

"What can the love of Christ do for him?" And tears fell

even from the eyes of the heathen as that mother, as much tortured as her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors?"

The boy watched his mother's eyes as they rose up to heaven for him; and when his tormentors asked whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still cried, "No, there is no other God but one; and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for His love."

The poor boy now fainted between the repeated strokes, and they cast the bruised body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now."

As the mother pressed her child gently to her own crushed heart, she answered, "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the rest of heaven."

"Mother!" cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

The mother said, "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace which Christ gives to His little ones. Thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. May He grant thy poor mother grace to follow in thy bright path!"

The little martyr fainted, raised his eyes, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent;" and so saying, he gave up his life.—*Golden Sayings for the Young.*

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## RELIGIOUS BUMMERS.

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IN the days of my childhood, to the house of my father, who was a country pastor, came a minister, having no home, family, or work. An Englishman by birth, admitted to the ministry in that country, and finding no parish that desired his services there, he emigrated to our benighted land, in full assurance that his farthing candle would be a burning and shining light on these shores. He had some sort of introduction to my father, who took him in, and gave him that hospitality which is often a sericus tax upon the purse and the pantry of a rural minister. One little incident of that visitation survives: The stranger was reading the Scriptures in family worship, and for the first time we children heard the cockney use and abuse of the aspirate; for he read in Isaiah, "The hox knoweth is howner, and the hass is master's crib," which was never forgotten in that house, you may believe. We sought an explanation of the meaning of such English, and received it with the parental injunction never to make fun of the peculiarities of other people. I have always obeyed that direction.

The wandering star passed out of our vision for a season, but returned again at irregular intervals for many years. He never became a fixed star. Forty years after he first made his appearance in our rural parish, I was attending an ecclesiastical meeting in another part of the country, and the case of a homeless minister was brought up. He was said to be in actual need of daily bread and shelter. A contribution was made for his relief. I found that he was the same English minister whose aspirates had amused me when a boy, and whose young limbs "had brought him to our door." Now I was called on to pity the sorrows of the "poor *old man*"—for he had wandered up and down the country all these many and weary years, seeking rest and finding none; and now, in extreme age and many infirmities, unable to travel on, he must lie down and die. He had literally begged of ministers his way through life. It was his habit to go from place to place, with this one question, "Is there a vacant pulpit in this region where I can be employed?" He knew very well there was none that craved his aid. Rejected a hundred times, he had long since learned there was no work in the ministry for him to do. But when he found himself in the snug chimney-corner of a rural pastor's quiet home, the stout and lazy wanderer showed no signs of moving, but literally copied the sentiment of the apostle who was in every state content. So long as the patience of the pastor's wife held out the unwelcome guest held on. What means were used to dislodge him are not on record, but it is quite likely that a council of war in the night-time led the good woman of the house to say that the lodger must leave or she would; and when it comes to that the lodger, for the most part, leaves.

Then he moved on to the house of some other "brother in the ministry." The same scene is repeated here. In how many pastoral residences it is gone over it is impossible to say. Often relief is found only by paying a heavy tax for it. When I was a pastor in the country one of these peripatetics came to my door on a Friday night, introduced himself, and gave me testimonials of his regular standing in the Church. He "put up" with me, and I had to put up with him. He hindered me in my preparation for Sunday—but that was not the worst of it, for he begged of me to let him preach! I would have preferred to enjoy that pleasure myself. He did. He lingered through Monday. Tuesday went, but he stayed. I then said to him:

"Which way do you propose to travel?"

He turned a look of great sadness upon me, and answered:

"I have no place to go to, and no money to go with, if I had."

There was then but one of two things for me to do: I must keep him for life, or provide him with the means of travel. Much troubled as I was with the abundant lack of means, the prospect of enjoying his society indefinitely was more painful than my poverty, and

taking from my scant store the largest bill I had, I handed him five dollars, and said:

"Take this, and it will pay your way to where there is a vacant church: when you find work and are able, send me this money back, or give it to some brother who is as badly off as you are now."

He went away sorrowful, and, as he never returned the money nor reported progress, I presume he has subsided.

But the rural clergy have no experiences of these wandering brethren worthy to be compared with the sufferings of pastors in cities. I was recently spending a few days with a friend in one of our cities, and had a chance to see what inroads were made upon his time by these calls and visitations. He could scarcely eat his breakfast or dinner in peace. Every day some one or more would come in upon him with or without letters of introduction, plainly intimating by their manner that they had come to stay, and seizing the least trace of invitation to make themselves at home. Such an intrusion often deranges the plans of the household, interferes with pastoral work and study, weakens the force and usefulness of the next Sunday's sermons and aggravates the female department beyond all reason. It is impossible to convey to any one outside of a minister's family a full sense of the seriousness of this evil.

Take a lawyer's family for example. Suppose that some day, as they are about to sit down to dinner, a stranger should come in and say, "I am a lawyer, just now out of practice, and, learning of your success, I come to ask you if you can put me in the way of getting business." How long would that stranger have to wait before he got an invitation to "put up" at his brother's house? But, if both were ministers, the stranger would expect to be entertained indefinitely.

And is there any greater impropriety in thus intruding upon a lawyer, or a physician, or a farmer, than there is in billeting upon the hospitality of a minister? I trow not.

There are men in this city, and the race is perpetuated from year to year, who live by going from door to door, and asking to be aided as ministers of the Gospel. Sometimes they claim to be engaged in a specific field of labour, but under the auspices of no particular church or society—working on their own hook, with sublime faith that their daily wants will be supplied. Many of them are impostors, having no character or standing anywhere. None of them are worthy of anybody's aid. The most of the labour, often the only labour, they do, is to levy this tax on the easy credulity of the saints. They have lists of the names and residences of the benevolent people of the city, and they go from house to house, year after year, and pick up, in small sums, an amount of money far greater than the annual salaries of our faithful city missionaries, who work, like good soldiers, on scant pay and rations. Around

our religious meetings some of these men are always hovering, willing to put in their oar whenever they get a chance ; taking up the time that other and better men should employ ; bringing the meeting into disrepute ; and yet, by getting their own names before the public now and then, they make a little prestige, on which they push their begging business—which is their only business.

In war, a man who follows the army, having no relation to it either as a soldier, servant, or sutler—a mere hanger-on, to pick up something, to steal, or beg, to get his living by hook or crook—is called a bummer. The etymology of the word has not been traced by the Philological Society. But its meaning is not hard to be understood. And the Church is infested with religious bummers. They are men who get a living just as tramps get theirs, fastening themselves upon the kindness of those who work. They are the meanest of all thieves, and their profession of religion, even their possession of a title to the ministry, does not mitigate their meanness, nor deliver them from the divine sentence of starvation if they do not work.—*Rev. Dr. Prime in New York Observer.*

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### TABLE MANNERS.

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THE table is the place at which the family meet, and where there should be the freest and most unrestrained social intercourse. We eat to live ; but the mere animal necessity is lifted up and glorified when the charms of pleasant conversation and of mutual courtesy surround the custom. So far as the sustaining of life is concerned, that object might be reached if each took his bread and meat and retired to a closet to eat it alone. But there is a spiritual life that is to be fed and sustained, and it is starved where there is no grace, not only before, but during, a meal.

The great trouble with our Canadian life is, that it is too gloomy. We take no time to entertain and amuse each other. Not seldom does it happen in some houses that a meal progresses in dead silence, except when it is necessary to speak about the dishes, or to help some one to potatoes or pie. This is almost as bad as rudeness or quarrelling. There ought to be bright, genial, sparkling talk, in which the children should be allowed to join. There is no sense whatever in compelling an intelligent child to sit like a deaf mute at the table ; though, on the other hand, children should not monopolize the conversation, nor be allowed to ask strings of irrelevant questions. Every one should prepare for the table by some simple process of dressing. The hair should be smooth, the hands washed,

the general appearance of each individual inviting, and each should try to be as agreeable as possible to every other. It is quite wonderful how a little freshening of the toilet freshens up the soul as well as the face. So far, we ought all to be luxurious. If the mother sees to it that her school-boy sons always come to dinner with clean hands and nails, and that her daughters never dawdle into the room in tawdry finery or soiled wrappers, she will do more than she dreams of in the work of making them grow into real gentlemen and ladies.

The table itself ought to have a festive look. Flowers have a special grace on the breakfast board. A dish of fruit nicely arranged pleases the eye as well as the palate at dinner. Clean linen, even though coarse; and whole plates and cups, with bright glass and silver, help appetite along. A few well-cooked dishes, however plain, nicely served, will promote health and happiness better than a great variety ruined in the preparation.

Some housekeepers, with an eye to saving trouble on washing day, have adopted the marbled oil-cloth instead of the white damask for ordinary use. For our part, we would prefer economy in almost any other way. A fine white table-cloth, or a buff or crimson one occasionally for breakfast or tea, will furnish forth the family feast much more beautifully.

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## HOW TO BE DISAGREEABLE.

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IT is easy and cheap enough; but very expensive in the end. Anybody can try it for himself. When you are told to get up in the morning, flounce around in bed, draw the clothes over your head, and say that you do really declare it is a sinful shame and a scandalous sin to disturb a body's sleep right in the middle of the night, this way. Say that your parents always laid late in bed in the morning, and made money by it, and that you see no good reason for doing otherwise than they did.

When you get up, just as the breakfast bell rings, hurry on your clothes, all in a heap; half button the buttons, and leave most of the strings untied, and then rush down stairs with your back hair looking like a bird's nest of the year before last. People will admire you, and think you look so lovely, even if they may not say much about it.

When you take your seat at prayers, do it with a scowl; and if any of the youngsters have their feet on the chairs or are looking out of the window, make them stop at once, even if you have to scare them out of their wits. You know it will make them more

devotional. When the Bible is read, look sour, as if you felt it was read at you ; or look dismal, as if you were just done digging a grave.

At the table, see if you cannot get somebody to slight you in some way ; to omit passing you something or other ; or to forget to ask you if you don't think it a fine day. Then get up a controversy over some petty item in the newspaper. Say that you don't see how that can be ; and whether the rest of the family see or not, impress on them how unreasonable it is for them not to explain it to your satisfaction. Read the paper aloud, especially if you read badly, and are sure nobody wants to hear you read. Read hotel arrivals, money market, police news, or anything ; and if "Old Probabilities" says the weather will probably be cloudy, or rainy, or otherwise dismal, croak over it, and say how dreadful it will be. All this makes the family enjoy their breakfast, you know, ever so much.

When the children are ready to go to school, tell them what bad and naughty young persons they are, and what a sin it is that they never study their lessons any better than they do. Picture to them the horrible results of being dunces when they grow up ; and then, when they ask you if you studied your lessons much when you were young, snap and snarl at them.

When you come home from meeting, at once begin telling everybody in the house all about it. No matter whether they want to read, study, or be quiet ; make them listen to it, and call your talk "conversation." Tell them that everybody ought to converse ; and if they object to your style of conversation, tell them it is the best kind, and that they ought to like it. This will make you disagreeable enough to make all reasonable people dislike you.

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BELIEVING.—There is a large class who say they cannot believe. Not long ago a man said to me, "I cannot believe." I said "Whom?" "Well, I cannot believe." I said, "Whom?" He stammered and stuttered, and I said, "Whom cannot you believe—God?" "Oh, yes, I believe God ; I cannot believe myself." "Well, you do not want to believe yourself. Your heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Put no confidence in the flesh. Don't believe yourself ; make yourself a liar, and God to be true. Believe in God, and say as Job said, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'" Some men seem to talk as if it was a great misfortune that they do not believe. Bear in mind that it is the damning sin of the world.—*Moody*.

THERE is nothing little in religion, and there is nothing great without it.

## TEMPERANCE.

NONE will deny but that Temperance is an important subject. No other question is now occupying so much attention from all classes of the community. For many years it was regarded as belonging only to a few fanatics, who were hardly considered worthy of the society of those who were leaders of public questions. A change for the better is happily being effected, and now men who occupy the foremost position in all the public walks of life, are allying themselves with those who are waging war against the drinking customs of society.\* All are not agreed as to the merits of the social glass, but, of one thing there is no disagreement, viz. : that, cost what it may, the reign of drunkenness must cease.

It is somewhat humiliating to have to record the fact that England is regarded as the most drunken nation in the world.† We have no pleasure in making the statement, but it is appalling to think that the present occupants of the Treasury benches in the British Parliament owe their position to the influence of the manufacturers of beer and other intoxicants. This being the case, it cannot be supposed that Mr. Disraeli's ministry will do anything to oppose the interests of those to whom they are so much indebted.

The people of England have long groaned under this heavy stigma. Sir Wilfred Lawson has frequently moved in the House of Commons his motion relative to the Permissive Bill, which is very similar to the Canadian Dunkin Bill, but could never obtain more than a few votes in favour of the measure. Nothing daunted, however, the heroic man does not seem to be disposed to give up in despair. He is likely to have some additional auxiliaries in the future. The Right Honourable John Bright, who is not like some politicians who promise and never perform, but, like an honest man, what he promises he performs, has, for some past, been deeply pondering the temperance question, or, rather, the best way of lessening intemperance and making the nation sober, and though he does not wholly go in for the Permissive Bill, yet he is reported to have said to Sir Wilfred Lawson and Sir Harcourt Johnstone, "Thirty years ago I was able to remove obstructions from the path of the people and to provide them with cheap bread, I may yet be able to remove another obstruction from their path, and be able to say that they shall not have too many of these drink shops in the country." If he succeed in this it will be a far more beneficial achievement than the former one, and will ennoble him as indisputably the greatest benefactor of his country and age. May he have this crowning honour.

A conference attended by 700 delegates from all parts of England was lately held in Manchester, which adopted the following resolution with great enthusiasm, "That popular control over licenses for the sale of intexi-

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\* The Marquis of Townshend has not only given in his adhesion to the United Kingdom Alliance, but also joined the Good Templars. The Marchioness will also join. A new Lodge has been opened at his lordship's seat, Raynham Hall, Norfolk. The Marquis will soon accept one of the chief offices.

† In 1870 the convictions for drunkenness numbered 43,576, in five years they rose to 53,310. In 1869 drunkenness was 27 per cent. of the whole crime of the country ; in 1875 it is 50½ per cent.

cating liquors be added to the objects of the National Reform Union." Mr. John Morley, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, said, "The settlement of this question had been thrown into the hands of the Liberal party, and without in any way interfering with the other great liberal questions they might turn their attention to that which was sapping the very vigour and morality of the people, and might be able, by adopting the liberal principle of local control, to do that for this country which perhaps no other political act of the century would be equal to in its beneficial consequences." Other gentlemen expressed themselves equally favourable to the new plank in the Liberal party platform. The party in question, it is well known, consists of such men as the renowned Gladstone, Bright, and others, who wield an immense influence in the public affairs of Britain. Mr. Bright does not hesitate to say that "drink-sellers are those persons who deal in articles which produce crime, disorder and madness." And we fondly hope that by reason of the acquisition of the Liberal party thus pledged to the very principle of the Alliance, which, for so many years, has battled for the Permissive Bill, there will be an increasing probability of the ultimate success of the measure.

It is universally acknowledged that Canada is greatly in advance of the mother country on the Temperance question. The same remark is equally correct in respect to some other colonies. Colonists are usually more enterprising than persons who reside in older countries, and are not so superstitiously attached to old customs, hence they are disposed to make advances which older communities are slow to adopt. The parent land has often adopted measures which some of its offshoots have been the first to inaugurate. May it be so in respect to Temperance. A gentleman who holds a prominent position in the United Kingdom Alliance informed the writer, some years ago, that "the temperance men of England were watching with deep interest all the movements of Canada, and were especially anxious that the Dunkin Bill and other repressive statutes should be worked as efficiently as possible."

All along the Temperance line of our country the watchword seems to be "advance." The women have lately taken more decided action than at any previous period.\* The Ontario Legislative assembly was a scene of unusual excitement a few weeks ago, when so many of the noble women of Toronto occupied prominent places within its walls, as they presented their petitions asking that Shop Licenses and Saloon Licenses might be abolished, and that only one hotel for every 1000 inhabitants should be granted. The petitions were some 250 feet long, and were signed by nearly 20,000 women of Ontario. Dr. Clarke led off in debate for the prayer of the petitions to be granted, and brought in a series of resolutions bearing thereon. How the government will act is yet to be seen, but it is almost certain that something will be done, for though one of the members of the government, Hon. Mr. Frazer, spoke of the failure of prohibition where it had been tried, and in other ways manifested an amount of ignorance on the subject not by any means creditable to one who occupies such a position,

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\* In this place we have pleasure in referring to the praiseworthy labours of Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Youman, and Miss Evans, whose public advocacy and labours, especially amongst those of their own sex, has already produced much good.

still, the other members of the government, especially the Premier, are known to hold strong temperance views, and with the outside pressure that is now being brought to bear upon them, there is every probability that some advance will be made. The leading journals of both political parties have lately published several articles on temperance, and we must give them credit for the excellent character of most of those articles.

We were not a little surprised to find, that during the holidays the Premier of Ontario, Hon. O. Mowat, was waited upon by a number of gentlemen belonging to the Licensed Victuallers' Association, who presented an address accompanied by impromptu speeches from several of the members of the deputation, bearing on the subject of temperance. Some remarks made by those gentlemen are certainly worthy of consideration. They condemn, though rather mildly, shops and saloons, but they made the astonishing statement that there are 1,000 unlicensed houses in Toronto where liquors of all descriptions are sold. They do not like the present law of closing at seven o'clock on Saturday nights, and some of them even went so far as to state that there is more drunkenness during prohibited hours than at any other time. This we fancy is news to many. They are very earnest about having the laws enforced, and think that any tavern keeper who violates three times should forfeit his license. They would have fines increased for selling on the Sabbath, and would have those who drink fined as well as those who sell. Temperance people will have no objection to some of those requirements, but it is evident that the agitation now going on is producing effects, or we should not see the licensed victuallers so active as they are.

Certain gentlemen of one county east of Toronto, members, we believe, of the above Association, have entered into an agreement that they will have no dealings with those persons who have signed petitions to interfere with their trade. This has caused the ladies of the same county, who are members of the Women's Temperance Association, to pass a resolution to the effect that each member shall, as far as possible, avoid dealing with any merchant who sells intoxicating liquors. This is surely carrying war into the enemy's camp.

Those who seek to destroy the liquor traffic are performing acts of kindness to those who are engaged in it, as the traffic is demoralizing and ruinous to all concerned. Some time ago a tavern keeper in Dover, Delaware, while intoxicated, fell into a well head foremost and could not be extricated in time to save his life. Persons rushed to the scene and there was great excitement. Among others, was a wholesale liquor dealer, who was heard to say, "I made that man what he was. I lent him his first dollar, and set him up with his first stock of liquors, and he's now worth \$10,000 or \$15,000."

Looking him full in the face, a lady, a crusader, responded, "You made that man what he was—a drunkard, a bloat, a stench in the nostrils of society, and sent him headlong into eternity, and to a drunkard's hell! What is \$15,000, weighed against a lost soul, a wasted life, a widow and children orphans?"

And so we ask, "what is all the business and all the revenue to the millions whose homes are despoiled; whose children are beggared, and whose loved ones are sent headlong to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell?"

A stringent license law is often spoken of as the panacea for the evils of drunkenness, but statistics have always proved the fallacy of this opinion. Massachusetts formerly had a prohibitory law, for which a new license law was substituted, and has been in operation less than a year, and as the result it is announced that the Springfield Jail and House of Correction are already too small to hold all the people sent there, and will have to be enlarged or new ones built. In Maine and in other places where prohibition prevails, it is not unfrequently that the jails are wholly empty. In Illinois, not long ago, a judge of one of the circuits held a court three weeks in White county to try criminals. Passing over to Edward county, where local prohibition had been in force for some years, he found a clean criminal calendar—not a case on the docket. *This is the way these things work everywhere.*

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the distinguished author, thus speaks of a place where no licenses are issued: "St. Johnsburg is a garden. Yet the physical beauty of the place is less engaging than the moral order. No loafer hangs about the curbstones. Not a beggar can be seen. No drunkard reels along the street. You find no dirty nooks and smells, no hidden filth. There seem to be no poor. I have not seen, in two days' wandering up and down, one child in rags, one woman looking like a slut. The men are all at work, the boys and girls at school. Each cottage stands apart, with grass and space, each painted either white or brown. White is the costlier and more cheery colour, and the test of order and respectability is a white front. Few of the cottages are brown. I see no broken panes of glass, no shingles hanging from the roof. No yard is left in an untidy state."

There is probably no traffic about which there has been so much legislation as the liquor traffic. It has been the great troubler of all countries, and has occupied the attention of statesmen of all shades of politics. All Governments need revenue, and as there is no source from which such a large revenue can be obtained as the liquor traffic, there is not much disposition to entirely prohibit the sale of intoxicants. The Diet of Sweden in 1853-4 took up the subject in earnest and sought the abolition of the traffic. The results were not such as were anticipated, therefore in 1865 the authorities of the town of Gothenburg inaugurated an entirely new system. A company was formed, to which should belong all the houses which should be established for the public accommodation, and where drink should be sold under certain restrictions. Parties who sold were to sell without profits, and the holders of licenses were to give pledges that they would always supply food and hot meals and derive their profits solely from the latter. Retail shops were managed by women, who had fixed salaries and no profits. The company succeeded so well in 1872 that their profits were satisfactory, and they paid all the poor rates in the town, while drunkenness was so much diminished that all were astonished at the result. Could not some practical friend of temperance mature a plan for establishing houses of entertainment in Canada instead of hotels, either on the Gothenburg plan or similar to some that have been started in Britain, known as public houses, without the liquor?

Whatever opinions others may hold, temperance men are satisfied that nothing but prohibition can cure the evils of drunkenness; but as there seems little probability that any Government, even in Canada, is likely to bring in a prohibitory liquor law, the duty of all the friends of temperance

must be to create as healthy a public opinion as possible, and seek to enforce the laws relating to the traffic with as much vigour as they can. We do not regard the objection that the Dunkin Bill and other repressive measures are failures, as any argument against prohibition, because there is no law on the statute book that is not at one time or another violated. If a violation of a law proves it to be a failure, then the Ten Commandments have failed, for they have all been violated again and again.

We are pleased to note the present activity of the temperance organizations everywhere. They are working vigorously, and though some of the more sanguine friends may think that they have not accomplished much, they must not be discouraged, for a great deal has been gained. There was nothing like so much drinking on New Year's Day as usual. Many ministers warned their people against the custom of offering liquor to their guests on that day, and universal testimony declares that the counsel was not unheeded. See also how much is now written on the subject of temperance. Some of the most influential journals have their temperance columns, and even the quarterlies are discussing the subject with earnestness. Meetings for the advocacy of the cause are held in increasing numbers; even Westminster Abbey has its annual temperance sermon, and the metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul's promises to become the scene of a similar annual service through the agency of the Church of England Temperance Society.

Thus it will be seen that the Churches are much more hearty in their co-operation on behalf of Temperance than formerly. Some of them have even formed societies of their own for the advocacy of the cause. A grand meeting was recently held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, at which the esteemed pastor, Rev. John Potts, presided, which has delighted temperance men everywhere. Deputations have waited upon License Commissioners, in several places, asking that the number of licenses issued may be less than formerly. The deputation of Toronto consisted of ex-Governor Howland, Hon. G. W. Allan and other influential citizens. Municipal Councils have enacted by-laws to increase the license fee, so that the traffic may be curtailed. In Chatham, taverns have to pay \$250, saloons \$500 and shops \$300. The temperance people of Brantford carried the war into Africa by causing protests to be served on two candidates for election to the Council, on the ground that they were disqualified to act owing to their holding liquor licenses. The ladies of Uxbridge took the matter into their own hands, and actually asked the candidates for municipal honours to give a pledge against extending licenses, and all but one gave the pledge. When the ballots were counted, *that* one found, to his chagrin, that another supplies his place in the Council this year.

Our neighbours across the line are working zealously in the same direction, and expect to hold a Prohibition Convention for the whole nation next May, for which delegates are being appointed. The Hon. W. H. Dodge has intimated his intention to move in Congress for a Commission, similar to our own Royal Commission, to inquire into the state of the country through the sale of liquors.

A Temperance Hospital was formed some time ago in London, England, and the directors earnestly appealed to all temperance societies, bands of hope, churches, lodges, &c., and all friends, to make a simultaneous national

collection the first week in January, 1876. A similar hospital is about to be erected in Birmingham.

Much has been said about Inebriate Asylums. Some are opposed to such institutions entirely, but the plan adopted in Minnesota will be approved of, we should suppose, by everybody, which is, to compel all liquor sellers to support the institution by means of a tax imposed by the Legislature upon all places where liquor is manufactured and sold. A temporary Inebriates' Home has been established at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, which is pleasantly situated, and bids fair to answer the end contemplated by its humane supporters.

Whatever the legislature of Ontario, or of the Dominion may do, we conceive that the duty of all lovers of their country, and of their God, is still to battle for temperance. Intoxicating liquor still robs the Church. A fine-looking scholarly gentleman recently visited a physician for consultation. He had been pastor of a certain church, but had been compelled to resign. Just before, he had been seen under the influence of liquor, in the lowest saloons, and this was the third church he had left for the same cause. He is a man of more than ordinary ability, was specially popular, and it has almost broken the hearts of his best friends to be obliged to demand his resignation. He began the use of stimulants on account of nervous irritability and weakness, and now the appetite for them utterly overmasters him.

Recently at a meeting held in Exeter Hall for Sunday School Teachers only, Rev. W. Cain, M.A., for many years Chaplain of Manchester County jail, said that out of 649 prisoners confined there, he found 593 had been Sunday School scholars. In Leeds jail there were 230 prisoners, and one in ten of these had been Sunday School teachers. Some years ago, accompanied by a member of police, three ministers visited several houses of ill-repute in one of our cities, and on conversing with the inmates they found that in every house there were those who, though now pursuing a wretched mode of existence, were members of religious families, and had been seduced from virtue through drink.

All who labour in the temperance cause do not receive the same amount of favour from their friends. Veterans are sometimes despised or forgotten. We are glad to observe that Mr. M. Knowlton, P. G. W. C. T., was lately the recipient of a handsome silver service, as the gift of the Grand Lodge of I. O. G. T. of Canada. Mr. Knowlton, for some years, has spared neither money nor time, that he might advance the good cause.

Since our last issue, the cause in Toronto, and we may say throughout the Dominion, has lost one of its most earnest labourers, in the death of Mr. Luke Sharp. We knew him from his youth, and have often admired his zeal. The various temperance organizations of the city did themselves honour by joining his funeral cortege, which was one of the largest ever seen in that city. His death is admonitory, and should prompt all to work while it is yet day.

At this season of the year, the following may be of service: Three or four years ago a company of twenty-six Americans, travelling on a western plain, were obliged to camp out without a fire in very cold weather. They had good supplies of all sorts, and an abundance of whiskey. One of their number somewhat read up on the subject, cautioned them strongly against the use of the latter. Two of them heeded his words, and with him self drank no whiskey. They were cold, but did not freeze. They all wrapped up and clustered together in groups as well as they could. Three others drank a little and suffered much, but did not freeze. Seven others, who

drank more, had their toes and fingers frosted. Six drank much, and were so badly frozen that they never fully recovered. Four drank to booziness, and were so badly frozen that they died in three or four weeks afterwards; while the remaining three, who drank themselves dead drunk, were frozen stiff in the morning. They were all men in the prime of life, and were all equally well provided with blankets and clothing. It is a delusion to say that "It keeps out the cold."

E. B.

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## MISSIONARY REVIEW.

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### AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE American Board, whose Foreign Missions have become so extensive, as the following statistics will show, sprang into existence among people of humble homes and frugal life, and the glorious missionary spirit of fifty years ago was fanned to a flame inside church buildings which were fireless in winter, without cushions on the seats, and seldom with the luxury of an organ. Men who husbanded small farms on the flinty hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, and women who spun wool and flax for Christ's sake, gave nobly to send the Gospel to the heathen; and little churches through New York, Michigan and Ohio, though themselves receiving aid from the Home Missionary Society, joined in the common cause. The luxury of the wealthy in that day scarcely equalled the supposed necessities of the poor in our times.

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### GENERAL SUMMARY.

MISSIONS—Number of Missions, 18; Stations, 79; Out-stations, 498.

LABOURERS EMPLOYED—Number of ordained missionaries (8 being physicians), 155; physicians not ordained, 10; other male assistants, 4; female assistants, 224; whole number sent from America, 393; number of native pastors, 110; native preachers and catechists, 267; school teachers, 471; other native helpers, 209—1057. Whole number of labourers connected with the missions, 1450.

THE PRESS—Pages printed as reported, 6,171,714.

THE CHURCHES—Number of churches, 223; church members, 11,546; added during the year, 1,504.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT—Number of training and theological schools, 14; boarding schools for girls, 21; common schools, 587; pupils in common schools, 19,661; training and theological schools, 470; in boarding schools for girls, 736; other adults under instruction, 656. Whole number of pupils, 22,523.

The Board is much crippled for want of funds. Owing to the debt \$20,000 less were appropriated this year than last. The appropriations should have been \$30,000 more.

There can be no extension of the work this year. Several special objects, such as building and enlarging mission premises, aiding schools and colleges which are greatly needed in Bulgaria, Bohemia, Turkey, and among the Turks in Africa, cannot be undertaken. Appeals are made for special contributions for these objects during the Centennial year.

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES.

Though the income of the Missionary Society is considered large, as the appropriations of the present year for the home and foreign work amount to \$680,000, yet like other missionary societies, debt like a mighty incubus oppresses its managers. In Canada we groan under a weight of \$40,000, and the prudential committee of the American Board ask for \$8,000, which will so reduce their debt that it will not be a burden: but our Methodist friends have a debt of no less than \$150,000. The managers are distressed, as the committee of appropriations were like a number of surgeons performing amputations after battle. They call retrenchment "bloody work." No wonder that like ourselves they ask the church for increased liberality this year.

The missionaries on the frontiers are real heroes, as the following will show:—A presiding elder in the Southern Californian Conference writes, "I have gone to only half of my appointments since Conference, and have travelled by the most direct, practicable routes; and yet I have travelled 1,353 miles, and my actual cash expenses have been \$96.95, and my total receipts \$58.35—expenses above receipts, \$37.85—and only half round my district. At this rate the expense above the receipts, for the whole year, will be \$302.80, without one dollar for the support of my family."

Another writes from Montana: "We came here two years ago, and found one brother, started a series of revival services, and have now over forty—a good working membership. We are on the main road from Corinne to Helena. There is no church nearer than seventy-five miles on the north and west, thirty miles on the east and five hundred on the south. We have a settlement of farmers, but all poor."

Another missionary, who received an appointment from Massachusetts to Colorado, actually travelled the whole distance, more than two thousand miles, with his own horse and buggy, and he says that the journey was beneficial to his health.

Here is a remarkable class meeting which occurred on the Pacific coast. Among those present were two converted gamblers and ex-saloon keepers, who gave in a clear and unmistakable statement their intention henceforth to serve the only living and true God. One of the men presented the leader of the class with a well worn dice box and the dice, stating that for thirty years he had owned that box, and had become so expert in the use of it that he could actually beat a game in which loaded dice should be used while he would use honest dice. A visible impression was made as he handed over this implement of his calling for so many years, stating that it had never failed when he needed money, but now he had found a better way, and proposed to place himself in the hands of the Lord in the future.

Opposite these two, one of whom has been serving the Lord for about three months, sat two Christian ladies, who, in the days of crusade, had prayed in the saloons of these men, that "God, in His own way," would bless these men, and lead them to see the error of their way. Unexpectedly to them they were brought face to face with these men, who have acknowledged that they have never gotten clear of the voices of the crusaders, or of their prayers and songs. It was a precious meeting.

THE FREEDMEN.—The Eighth Annual Report of the Freedmen's Association has just been published. The receipts are \$86,560. The first year the income was only \$37,000, since which time there has been a steady increase. The Association educates the freedmen in schools, and has established colleges

for the education of coloured young men for the ministry. The report gives many encouraging incidents in proof of the good that is being done among this long down-trodden race.

The M. E. Church South does not approve of the Northern Church's movements in the South, as they tend to promote divisions and jealousies in neighbourhoods where the agents of the two Methodisms come into collision. The Southern Church thinks that the coloured people should be in a church of their own, as they always prefer ministers of their own colour. Pecuniary aid should be given them by their white brethren, and the various Conferences should fraternise with them. Some think that the Northern Church will have great trouble before long, as the coloured people are now clamouring for a bishop of their own race.

At the recent anniversary of the Missionary Society, Bishop Bowman said: "I am here to say that down in Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, from my personal knowledge, there are not only hundreds but thousands of coloured people who are without the gospel, unless we take it to them; but there are also as many white people there without the gospel, and I am more impressed than ever that the Methodist Episcopal Church has a great work in these Southern States in the redemption of our own race as well as the coloured people."

The Foreign Missions of our friends in the States are of vast extent and great importance. Our limited space will only permit us to glance at Mexico, where Dr. Butler, whom many of our readers will remember, as he has frequently visited Canada, acts as General Superintendent. The press is a powerful auxiliary in Mexico. In less than twelve months 62,000 tracts, books, hand bills, &c., including about 900,000 pages, were issued from the mission press, and now some of Mr. Wesley's sermons are being published in the Mexican language. Great good is likely to result from the issues of the press.

In India there are loud cries for an increase of labourers, for the harvest there is great. The missionaries are doing their utmost to raise up a native agency. One writes that recently, "A young Hindoo merchant from an adjacent village came into Bareilly desiring baptism. He left "all" and desires an opportunity to study in our Theological School. He can read the Hindoo language very well and the Urdu some. I believe he will become a useful worker for Christ."

Here too the missionaries of all denominations use the press very extensively. There are twenty-five presses belonging to the various Churches. During the ten years between 1862 and 1872 they issued 3,410 new works in thirty languages, and circulated 1,315,593 copies of books of Scripture, 2,375,040 school books, and 8,750,129 Christian books and tracts—a great increase on the previous ten years. Last year two valuable works were brought to completion: the revision of the Bengal Bible. and the first publication of the entire Bible in Sanscrit.

Here is a singular incident: The inner corner stone of the temple of Juggernaut at Poore has fallen. The temple was built in the twelfth century, and it seems there is a prophecy that when the first stone is unfastened the temple shall not stand. The repairs, it is estimated, will take fourteen years to complete, and during all this time no public worship of the idol or festival is allowed.

The following statistics contain indubitable evidence of the progress of Christianity in India. Two hundred and fifty thousand Protestant native

Christians are reported, showing that during the past ten years there has been an increase of sixty-one per cent. of the Christian population, while the natural increase of the Hindu population has been but five per cent. Thus it seems that with only five hundred and seventeen Protestant missionaries to two hundred million people, with all the inveterate hatred of fanatical Mohammedanism, and all the power and prestige of a venerable Brahminism against them, the Church of Christ is, as a matter of fact, gaining on the world to-day as rapidly in India as in the most favoured sections of America—indeed, the exact figures would be to the advantage of the Church in India.

#### THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

This Church has struggled hard to maintain its position since the late war between the North and South. Commodore Vanderbilt has proved himself one of its most substantial friends. Some years ago he gave \$600,000 towards the University at Nashville, Tenn., which bears his honoured name. Recently he gave another \$100,000, and still more recently he is reported to have given \$300,000, increasing the total gift to a round *million dollars*—which is the largest donation ever made by a single individual to any educational institution in America. Our friends in the South have now a noble institution, which will be of immense benefit to the Church.

This Church, like all others which bear the Methodist name, is Missionary in its character, and has missions established, not only in various parts of the South, but also in the regions beyond, particularly in China and Mexico. Recently they have sent a missionary to Brazil, where the Gospel is evidently much needed. Speaking of the influence of Romanism in that country, a missionary writes: "Gross ignorance, mental and spiritual slavery, moral and social obliquity, in short, the whole inventory of the devil's storehouse catalogued in the first chapter of Romans, are the sad inheritance of those who are born Catholics in a Catholic country. All the noxious fruits of idolatrous Paganism thrive equally well in the soil of idolatrous Romanism. Every spiritual crime which blackens the Roman apostacy finds its expression and counterpart in carnal acts. In nothing is this more notable than in the flagrant and ingeniously varied and multiplied crimes of adultery which afflict, like set sores, every society over which the great whore has her sway. Many of the feasts, such as those of Bom Jesus of Pirapore, if not accompanied with as obscene rites, are at least made the occasion of as obscene practices as were the Egyptian or the Eleusinian mysteries. If Bacchus were substituted for one of these good Jesuses, or Ceres for one of the Virgin Marys, an old Pagan would not feel himself a stranger at one of the night scenes which not unfrequently occur under the auspices of modern Rome."

Still the cause of truth spreads. In towns where, twenty years ago, it might have been as much as a man's life was worth to declare himself a Protestant, the Gospel is preached with perfect security from Sabbath to Sabbath, and Protestant schools are crowded to overflowing.

#### CANADA.

All the Churches are feeling the pressure of the times, and complaints reach us from all quarters of the difficulty experienced in providing means

for the support of the institutions of the Church. Pity that at the first sound of "hard times" some should retrench their gifts for the spread of Christianity. We hear of churches which cannot be finished; other erections and improvements are indefinitely postponed. Our friends the Baptists have, however, dedicated their beautiful house of worship in Toronto, and we believe there is little or no debt remaining on the edifice. Noble, seeing that the cost has been somewhere about \$100,000. The Methodists at Peterborough and Ottawa have had times of rejoicing, the former by reason of having dedicated their large church, and the latter by commencing worship in the basement of their Dominion Church, the opening services of which were very successful. In other parts of our Zion we hear of dedications, and other church improvements, though the number is not so great as in former years.

Every means is being used to augment the Missionary income, for unless there is a large increase no advancement can be made. The Sabbath Schools in the City of Montreal have made a noble offering of nearly \$4,000 to the funds of the Society. Other schools in a few places contribute munificently, but we believe a little more system among the little folks would greatly assist the missionary revenue.

Our readers will have heard of the outrage at Oka, and they will still hear more respecting it, as the end is not yet. The question now must be settled whether Rome is to fritter away all the liberties of the Protestants in Quebec. The truth is, that by reason of the labours of the Methodist and Presbyterian Missionaries and others, hundreds are leaving the Romish Church. Rev. Mr. Chiniquy publishes list after list of those who have withdrawn from Rome, and the priests are becoming enraged, and what they cannot retard by argument they seek to accomplish by persecution. But it is too late. The truth spreads, and Protestants must see to it that they battle together for truth, not for little petty denominationalism. In Montreal a Protestant Alliance has been formed, and every means will be adopted, not only to protect the poor Indians at Oka, but also to defend ourselves and maintain our blood-bought liberties.

While the most gratifying intelligence continues to reach us from the Old World respecting the Revival Missions and Conventions for the promotion of holiness, it is pleasing to know that our continent is not like Gideon's fleece, "unwatered, still, and dry," but, on the contrary, "showers of blessing" are descending upon the churches on both sides of the line 45°. In some instances we hear of hundreds having joined the Church. May the good work advance!

#### THE MISSIONARY CONCERT.

For many years the churches of the New England States have been accustomed to hold one of these on the first Sabbath evening of each month. It is a new and improved edition of the Methodist Missionary Prayer Meeting. Special preparation is made for each meeting, a subject is assigned one month in advance, and all the arrangements are made by the pastor. The subject for one month is China: A young man will give a statement of its geographical position, and the natural resources of the country; another will speak of its political and commercial relations; while another will speak of the condition of the people under idolatry, and yet another will speak of the agencies at work for China's evangelization.

Another month the subject will be "Woman's Work;" another will be "Heathen Children," and here the Sunday School children are brought into requisition, several of whom will read extracts given them respecting children in various lands.

Of course, prayer is offered specially for the country or the section of work that has been the topic at the meeting, and the collection is applied to missionary purposes. In many places it is not easy to obtain congregations during the week, and we venture to suggest that an occasional Missionary Concert on a Sabbath evening, would be a great improvement in many ways, and would afford an excellent opportunity to impart missionary information, which is greatly needed everywhere.

#### REVIVALS AND INSANITY.

It is said that the revival in England has caused an increase of insanity. We doubt whether there can be a general excitement, on any subject whatever, without such increase. There are always more or less on the border line who are easily toppled over. Dr. Savage, connected with the Bethlehem Hospital, after carefully examining the statistics of that institution, admits that, during the four months from April to August of the present year, there have been more admissions than for many previous years. But he affirms that only three cases can be traced to the revival, though the serious increase may represent, in some part, the results of the moral commotion. He does not, according to the London *Christian World*, look upon religious insanity as a special well-defined class; and he believes it is false sometimes to attribute an outburst of insanity to attendance on some exciting kind of religious service. Many persons verging on insanity seek religious consolation, and notwithstanding this, go mad. "They would probably have gone mad in any case," says Dr. Savage, "and the most that can be said against the service is that it precipitated the attack."

#### THE INFLUENCE OF ONE.

The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., said he heard men saying some churches were not in a very prosperous state; he wished to God he could drive the mere shop out of the Church; it was not for them to draw up a balance-sheet; the servant of Christ would know to the uttermost farthing what he had done when he stood face to face with Him. Suppose a Church only added one man during the year; he had rather a high forehead, raven locks, slender frame, wiry constitution and his name was—Robert Moffat. Only one name was added, and yet they might have added the whole world. When they wrote upon the church-books the name of John Wesley, although it only added one to that Church, he had been the means of adding to the Church of God generations upon generations. Who were those statisticians who could say they had only added one to the Church when they entered a name upon its books? When he was at a meeting in New York a man wearing a turban rose and said: "The missionary enterprise is said to be a failure; I am here to give the lie to that statement." When he looked upon that Christianised Brahmin, who twenty-five years ago would not have spoken to the proudest monarch in Europe, he felt that if he alone represented the sum total produced by missionary enterprise every prayer had been answered and every penny had been well spent.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

## THE OKA OUTRAGE.

IT is the boast of the Church of Rome that amid all the mutations of human history, it remains unchanged. Its character is the one thing in the world which successfully resists the transforming influences of time. However she may enlarge and modify her creed, the spirit by which she is animated is ever the same. She is just as uncompromising in her opposition to human liberty and progress as she was in mediæval times, and if she had but the power, she would soon make mankind feel that she is every whit as cruel now as she was then. The ruthless destruction of the little Methodist Church in which the Oka Indians worshipped God, shows but too plainly what that apostate Church is prepared to do if it had but the power. If she is not as drunk with the blood of the saints as she once was, it is not because there is less murder in her heart, but because a merciful providence has imposed upon her restraints in our day which did not exist formerly. It may be that as a just retribution for the truckling policy which Protestants, especially Protestant Governments, have adopted toward this heartless, anti-Christian system, it will again be permitted to regain something of its ancient power; and, if so, the world will soon learn, to its sorrow, that the Church of the Dark Ages is the Romish Church of to-day. If the Oka affair has the effect of opening the eyes of the Protestant people of this country to the unscrupulous character of this relic of ancient barbarity—this fossilized embodiment of the superstition, and the fierce and relentless despotism of the bloodiest period of human history, it may well reconcile us to inconvenience and loss inflicted upon the poor Indians. We are glad to learn that the Protestants of the Province of Quebec are thoroughly roused, and that the priests are not likely to have it all their own way. Men of means have espoused the cause of the persecuted Indians, and are determined to stand by them in their resistance of oppression. There can be no doubt that the seigniorship of the Lake of Two Mountains belongs to the Indians; that this was the original intention of the grant made by the crown of France; and that whatever change has since been made in the title, the intention of the Government was that the priests should simply hold them as trustees for the proper owners. The effort which is now being made to rob these poor people of their inheritance is, there can be no doubt, a most flagrant breach of trust, and strikingly illustrates the iniquitous character of the abominable system to which these men belong. It is evident that these people begin to feel that the adoption of these high-handed measures at Oka was a mistake; and they would gladly pay a handsome sum to shield themselves from the disagreeable consequences which they have the sagacity to perceive are likely to flow from their lawless conduct, but they are not yet willing to give the Indians peaceable possession of their property and let them alone. Till this is done there should be no compromise made with them, and the law should be permitted to take its course. We cannot close our eyes to the fact, however, that the friends of justice have an arduous task before them. The party which enters into a conflict with the Romish hierarchy, in Lower Canada, will have to fight against fearful odds. But if justice should not be done in the local Courts, there is a Supreme Court to which the matter will, doubtless, be carried; and even in the event of an appeal to the Supreme Court

being unsuccessful, the right of appeal to Her Majesty's Privy Council will, we trust, be restored in time to allow it to be carried up to the highest judicial tribunal in the Empire.

#### THE PREVALENCE OF CRIME.

The alarming increase of crime in its most shocking forms is one of the most startling signs of the times. We have had occasion to call attention to this subject before, and we hoped that the series of atrocities which startled the public mind a few months ago was the result of an altogether exceptional ebullition of the evil element which exists among us—a kind of criminal epidemic which had swept over our country—and that when it had exhausted itself things would revert back to what we had been accustomed to look upon as their normal condition; but so far from this being the case, things appear to be growing worse rather than better, and lawlessness is increasing rather than diminishing. If the almost superhuman efforts which have been put forth by both the Dominion Government and our Provincial Executive to promote emigration, have not brought a very large increase to our population of the more desirable classes, we are evidently getting our full share of the criminal and dangerous class. The time was when both life and property, both in town and country, were so nearly absolutely safe, so far as the agency of evil-disposed men was concerned, that Canadians generally scarcely thought of danger; and we looked with pity, if with no worse feeling, upon those communities in which the same degree of security was not enjoyed. Unhappily, this state of things can scarcely be said to exist among us any more. The country is full of tramps, and our towns and cities are full of burglars and thieves. The clever tricks of expert and audacious sharpers which find such frequent record in our daily newspapers show that crime has been deliberately adopted by a part of the community as a profession. In the presence of these experts in villany, means of security which formerly were amply sufficient, at the present time are absolutely useless; and the means of escape are so ample, and are so thoroughly understood by these trained criminals, that except the house-breaker or highway-man is caught in the very act, detection is next to impossible. And what is true of crime against property is also true of crime against person. The number of shocking murders committed of late is really appalling; and the outrages committed upon females, many of them mere children, strikingly illustrates the depth of debasement to which a part of the community has sunk.

The complete investigation of the causes which have produced this startling state of things, is something which few have either the ability or the leisure to attempt; and the treatment of such a subject would require volumes rather than the space allotted to a brief notice of this kind. Doubtless much of the evil which exists among us is the result of causes which have been in operation elsewhere. There is a surplus population of criminals as well as of other classes in the older communities of the world; and though our own countrymen have shown aptitude enough in learning to be adepts in crime, we may well suppose that the most skillful and audacious of our criminals have received their education elsewhere. But we must not close our eyes to the fact that we have a thoroughly criminal class growing up among ourselves. Even in our own country, with all its advantages, with its opportunities for earning an honest livelihood, and with all the means of intellectual and moral improvement which it brings within the reach of even

the humblest classes of the people, it cannot be denied that there is an essentially heathenish and satanic element growing up among us. The churches are the only hope of our country; but there is reason to believe that these scarcely touch the worst classes of society. The charge has been brought against the fashionable churches of some of the great cities of the United States—New York especially—that they are aristocratic clubs from which the poor are almost entirely excluded. Have we not gone quite far enough in the same direction? It is easier to find fault than to suggest a remedy for the evils which exist; but that some more intelligent, vigorous and successful effort must be made by the churches of this country to reach the very lowest classes of society among us if we would not have the very worst features of the history of other and older countries reproduced in our own, must be sufficiently apparent to every thoughtful and well-informed person who has given any serious attention to the subject.

On this subject we have no new theory to propound; we do not profess to have any light superior to that enjoyed by our brethren; we feel, however, in common with thousands of earnest Christians, that it is a matter which deserves the most serious and earnest attention of the very best minds of the Church. The Church of Rome has failed—it has filled the countries in which it has had the most undisputed sway with paupers and criminals; and Protestantism is on its trial—it has not so far, in this matter of reaching and elevating the lowest classes, proved an unqualified success. The Romish Church has, it is true, succeeded better than Protestantism has done in retaining some kind of hold upon these parasites of society; but unfortunately while its influence has increased their superstition, it has left them scarcely less criminal and debased than they would have been without it. Whatever degree of external submission to its authority it has been able to exact, it has left the core of the evil untouched, inasmuch as it has led them to look to the priest rather than to the Saviour, to trust in sacraments for salvation, and substitute mere formalism for the religion of the heart. Romanism is the religion of childhood at best; its highest achievement is to keep men in a state of tutelage all their lives. But even this is better than to leave them to be the sport and prey of the anarchic and turbulent elements of their nature; and while it is, as we believe, the divine mission of Protestantism to free the human mind from this appalling system of ghostly despotism, we cannot close our eyes to the danger connected with this process, beneficent and glorious as it unquestionably is—the allegiance withdrawn from the priest may not be transferred to Christ, liberty may degenerate into license, and the last state of the subject of the change be made worse than the first. The late Hugh Miller, comparing the English people with his own countrymen, said, if the Scotch—as he believed to be the fact—never rose so high by several degrees as the English people did, they never fell by several degrees as low as in some instances they fell. The superiority of the English people, in his judgment, is true alike in the imperial exaltation and unparalleled debasement of which they are capable, as it is fabulously said that the sweetest flowers when decayed have the rankest odour. May not a similar comparison be made between Protestantism and Romanism? The former has the power to elevate man almost infinitely above the highest point to which they can be raised by the latter; but we can scarcely resist the conviction, that it is capable of dropping them down to a lower level. Even superstition is to be preferred to atheism; and subjection even to an unspiritual

and superstitious priesthood is not so bad as subjection to the flesh and the devil. Almost any kind of religion is to be preferred to no religion at all ; and the special danger of Protestant communities is, that an element should spring up within them that has not even the semblance of any religion whatever.

#### THE UNSETTLED STATE OF THE WORLD.

The present outlook is not particularly assuring as to the continued peace of the world. The relations of the United States with Spain are anything but cordial ; and it is not impossible that Cuba may before many months become the scene of a sanguinary struggle. The state of things on the Mexican border is such, it is said, as would make a war with that country on the part of the United States, popular in Texas. And, moreover, it is affirmed by some who claim to be well informed that the exigencies of the Republican party requires a war, this being the only way in which it can effectually regain its prestige, confirm its hold on public confidence, and renew its lease of power. In Europe, France is ill at ease ; like a chained tiger, peaceable from necessity rather than choice ; nursing its wrath and keeping it warm against the day of vengeance which it is waiting for with ill-disguised impatience. Prussia, between the Papacy on the one hand and France on the other, is between two fires. Besides, the position which she has already acquired and the aggressive policy which she has adopted makes her the object of envy and suspicion among her neighbours. Her diplomatic wisdom, and the strength of her right arm, constitute her only security. Russia seems to be pushing forward with more than her wonted energy, preparation for the movement of large masses of troops at an early day. The emissaries of the papacy are plotting everywhere for the humiliation of Italy, and the restoration of the states of the Church. Spain, in addition to her own civil war which is still raging, and the bloody struggle which is going on in Cuba, is talking in a way that sounds very much like war with the United States. In Africa the Ashantees are behaving themselves so badly that there seems to be some danger of England having to administer some further chastisement to them. If wars and fightings come from the lusts which war in our members, human nature, with all its boasted advancement, appears to be at present just about what it has been in past ages—as lusting and turbulent as ever. It is only a merciful Providence that prevents the nations from devouring one another. But He who has given the sea its bounds that it cannot pass, has set limits to the rage of man. The same voice which stilled the waves of the sea subdueth the tumult of the people. It is pleasant, too, to recollect that amid all the changes and apparent confusion of human history the purposes of God are always going forward, and that whether the affairs of the world wear an encouraging or a threatening aspect, every event that transpires is contributory to the ultimate and universal triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth.

#### THE MILD WINTER.

The beautifully poetic sentiment, that "Providence tempers the breeze to the shorn lamb," has been strikingly illustrated by the mildness of the present winter. It has been an invaluable boon to many thousands of poor people. It has been a long time since Canadian farmers were ploughing before on New Year's day ; and longer still since a steamboat excursion took place on that day on Lake Ontario. But both of these things took place

on the first day of 1876. Probably some hundreds of acres of land were turned over with the plough in the Province of Ontario on that and the following two or three days; and the Kingstonians made a New Year's pleasure trip, in the steamer Pierpont, from their city to Cape Vincent, in the State of New York. Science of course can have no connection between the hardness of the times, the large numbers of suffering poor, and the mitigated rigors of the winter: but faith is keener-eyed, and possesses greater length of vision, and in all this it sees an additional argument in favour of the goodness of God.

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#### ULTRAMONTANISM.

We had a great deal of stupid nonsense in a certain class of newspapers about what they call Ultramontanism; and we doubt not many of our readers are curious to know what this thing is. In plain words it means the Roman Catholic Church. Formerly it meant what might be called the High Church party in that Church—that party which posited the infallibility claimed by that body in the Pope, in opposition to the more liberal views held by the Cisalpine or Gaulican party, which held that it was only to be found in the church distributively, or in a general council. But this latter party has no existence in the Church of Rome at present. Ultramontanism has swallowed up everything else, and become co-extensive with the Romish Church. Let us not deceive ourselves by looking upon that as a mere party in the Church which in fact constitutes all that is left of it. Of the dangerous character of this thing, emphatically called Ultramontanism, and its utter incompatibility with either civil or religious liberty there can be no doubt; but let it not be supposed that this dangerous element constitutes a mere fractional part of that communion, when, in fact, it constitutes both its body and soul. The sooner newspaper writers get into the habit of calling things by their right names the better; especially in dealing with this mystery of iniquity. If this hideous product of the Dark Ages is to be handled as it deserves, the manipulators must take off their gloves.

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#### RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

TEN THOUSAND MILES BY LAND AND SEA. By Rev. W. W. Ross.  
Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

Next to the pleasure of visiting in person places famed in song and story, is that of conversing with an intelligent and conscientious traveller who *has* visited them. This pleasure will be enjoyed by all who read Mr. Ross' charming volume. During a year of enforced abstinence from ministerial duty owing to impaired health, Mr. Ross made the "overland trip" to California, returning home by way of the Isthmus of Panama. A close observer of men and things, and possessing rare descriptive powers, Mr. Ross has produced one of the most delightful volumes for a leisure hour that we have met with. Not only does it afford vivid pen-and-ink descriptions of some of the grandest scenery in the world, but it is packed full of information, presented in a racy, attractive style that holds the reader's attention. We had intended to make several extracts, but found it difficult to make a choice. To our readers we venture two bits of advice in regard to this volume: 1. Buy it; 2. Read it.

## KIND WORDS.

FROM many letters received from ministers and others we make a few extracts. A brother from Nova Scotia writes: "We are well pleased with the magazine. In fact, some who read it (as they borrow my copy), prefer it to any other for spiritual food and for family reading." Another, on an Indian mission, writes: "I shall run more than \$200 in debt this year, but cannot afford to do without 'Earnest Christianity.'"

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

FROM a great many kind notices by our brethren of the press, we make a few extracts:—

The first number of the fourth volume of this excellent magazine is now before us, and the matter throughout proves that the title is no misnomer. Every article in this handsome 64 page magazine breathes of Earnest Christianity, and certainly it is not a "Zeal without knowledge." Such a publication will be hailed by every advocate of unequivocal, earnest, masculine Christianity.—*Observer, Port Perry.*

This publication is a religious one, is non-sectarian in its objects, and is thoroughly worthy the confidence of the Christian public. We cordially recommend EARNEST CHRISTIANITY to our readers as a sound, evangelical, Christian magazine.—*Uxbridge Journal.*

The initial number of EARNEST CHRISTIANITY for 1876 has been received, and it gives promise of being a publication worthy of increased favour and extensive support.—*Kingston Whig.*

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY, for January has been received, and is replete with very interesting and instructive religious reading matter. Under the able management of Rev. A. Sutherland, this magazine has become one of the best in Ontario, and should be well patronized.—*Clinton New Era.*

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY should be a welcome visitor at every fireside.  
*Star, Goderich.*

We can recommend EARNEST CHRISTIANITY as worthy of a prominent place on the table of every family.—*Weekly Dispatch, St. Thomas.*

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY is eminently a magazine for Christian homes, and contains many leading articles and selections of interest. It has just entered on its fourth year of publication, its success having been far beyond the expectations of its promoters, and now occupies a strong position in the confidence and support of the churches.—*Strathroy Age.*

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY contains a rich variety of matter, doctrinal and experimental, with home readings, notes on current events, missionary work, temperance, &c., &c. It is worthy a place in every Christian home.—*Bowmanville Observer.*

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY is in every sense of the word a "magazine for Christian homes;" no Christian family should be without it.—*Bruce Reporter.*



## MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter.....2nd, 8.36 p.m. | Last Quarter .....16th, 11.38 p.m.  
 Full Moon .....9th, 02.9 p.m. | New Moon.....25th, 1.3 a.m.

1	Tu	Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy.— <i>Lev.</i> xix. 2.
2	W	The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.—1 <i>John</i> i. 7.
3	Th	He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.— <i>Ps.</i> cxxx. 8. [xxxvi. 25.
4	F	Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean.— <i>Ezek.</i>
5	S	There shall be a fountain opened . . for sin and for uncleanness.— <i>Zech.</i> [xiii. 1.
6	S	I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the
7	M	Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 <i>Thess.</i> v. 22. [Lord.— <i>Ps.</i> cxvii. 1.
8	Tu	Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you.— <i>James</i> iv. 8.
9	W	He that loveth not knoweth not God.—1 <i>John</i> iv. 8.
10	Th	Let us not love in word . . . but in deed and in truth.—1 <i>John</i> iii. 18.
11	F	He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.—1 <i>John</i> iv. 16.
12	S	Perfect love casteth out fear.—1 <i>John</i> iv. 18.
13	S	My soul longeth . . for the courts of the Lord.— <i>Ps.</i> lxxxiv. 2.
14	M	What must I do to be saved.— <i>Acts</i> xvi. 30.
15	Tu	Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.— <i>Acts</i> xvi. 31.
16	W	Being justified by faith we have peace with God.— <i>Rom.</i> v. 1.
17	Th	God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world.— <i>John</i> iii. 17.
18	F	Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.— <i>Acts</i>
19	S	Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.— <i>Is.</i> lv. 1. [ii. 21.
20	S	How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.— <i>Ps.</i> lxxxiv. 1.
21	M	Ye must be born again.— <i>John</i> iii. 7.
22	Tu	If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.—2 <i>Cor.</i> v. 17.
23	W	God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.—2 <i>Cor.</i> v. 19.
24	Th	By grace are ye saved through faith.— <i>Eph.</i> ii. 8.
25	F	If God be for us, who can be against us?— <i>Rom.</i> viii. 31.
26	S	The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.— <i>Rom.</i> viii. 26
27	S	Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.— <i>Ps.</i> lxxxiv. 4.
28	M	It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.— <i>Ps.</i> xcii. 1.
29	Tu	The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.— <i>Ps.</i> xxxvii. 23.

## Oh, to be Nothing, Nothing.

R. Geo. HALLS, Halifax,



Fino,



Da Capo,



1.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 Only to lie at His feet,  
 A broken and emptied vessel,  
 For the Master's use made meet.  
 Emptied that He might fill me,  
 As to His service I go,  
 Broken, that so unhindered,  
 His life through me might flow.

2.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 An arrow hid in His hand—  
 A messenger at His gateway  
 Only waiting His command.  
 Only an instrument ready,  
 For Him to use at His will,  
 And should He not require me,  
 To wait there willing still.

3.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 Though painful the humbling be,  
 So low in the sight of others,  
 Who may now be praising me ;  
 Rather be nothing, nothing,  
 To Him their voices be raised,  
 Who is the fountain of blessing,  
 Who only is meet to be praised.

4.

Thine may I be, Thine only,  
 Till called by Thee to share  
 The glorious heavenly mansions  
 Thou art gone on before to prepare.  
 My heart and spirit are yearning,  
 My Jesus to see face to face.  
 Unloosened tongue to praise Him,  
 For heights and depths of grace.