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OUTLINES OF A SERMON.

By EDITOR

Preached in Queen's Road Chapel, Sunday evening,
January 7, 1877.

"I will praise thee, O Lord."—Psalm lx. 1.

I believe in One God, who is infinite in all his perfections—Almighty, Eternal, Benevolent, Good, and the Redeemer of the world. If I believe in Him I must praise Him, I cannot help it. There is no god ^{but} Jehovah. The worshippers of nature, of reason, of idols, do not praise their gods. Men may fear and pray to false gods, but they never praise them.

1. Let us look upon the works of His hands. See the lofty mountains, the undulating plains, the smiling valleys. Listen to the crash of the thunder, the roar of ocean, the music of the storm, and the whisper of the evening breeze. His hand is stretched out over all. It reared the cloud-capped hills, and mountains covered with eternal snow—spread the green carpet beneath our feet, and the star-bespangled heavens above our heads, hollowed out the deep of the far-sounding ocean, setting bounds to its restless waves. His hand painted all the beauties in nature, and liberally supplies every living thing with what is fitting and good. As we stand in the grand cathedral of nature listening to the loud anthem of its ten thousand voices, singing, "The hand that made us is Divine; we gladly unite and cry, I will praise Thee, O Lord." But hearken, the Eternal takes counsel with Himself and says, "Let us make man in our own image." He shall be a creature of superior excellence, adorned with reason and understanding, having dominion over the works of our hands, lord of creation, and supremely happy, covered with glory and honour." Join, ye earth-born children, in the songs of the first-born sons of God, and with the morning stars, as they shout for joy. Help us, ye angels, and praise-skilled arch-angels, to laud His power, and goodness, and wisdom, and love.

2. But, again, the Eternal takes counsel with Himself. Man is in a state of rebellion, sinful, lost, helpless. The beauty of Eden is withering, and the storm of justice is gathering, and ready to fall upon his guilty head. The Lord says, "We will go down

and save, this arm shall bring salvation. Thou, my Beloved Son, the brightness of My glory, shall be made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death. The guilt of yonder apostate race shall be laid on Thee. I give Thee for a covenant to the people." 'Tis done—the ransom's paid. There is a jubilee in heaven; the battle's fought; the victory is won; the conqueror of hell and the grave has returned. Listen to the song of the heavenly hosts—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in." Ye redeemed of Adam's race, praise God for a finished creation, but more loudly praise for finished redemption.

3. Turn over but a few pages of personal history, and see what cause for praise we shall find there, that we were born in a Christian land, of Christian parents, free from the slavery of vice and superstition, born again into the family of heaven and walking in communion with God, sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise and the blood-mark of Calvary on our souls, our faces Zionward, our names in the Lamb's book of life, a foretaste of heaven granted while we are yet on the earth. Think of these things, and say, have we not reason to exclaim, "I will praise Thee, O Lord?"

Glance at the records of but one short year—the year that is past. Are they not full of proofs of God's love and personal regards for us. Contrast our state with that of many others.

Yonder the scourge of war is felt, desolating once happy homes.

Yonder two millions of human beings are without shelter or sufficient clothing in the cold winter night.

Yonder the pit has closed on husbands, fathers, and sons.

Yonder hundreds have perished in the flames.

Yonder the floods have swept away thousands.

Yonder famine is preying on tens of thousands. Death has visited that home, sickness another, dire misfortune another.

There there are weeping widows and starving orphans.

Here, then, are smiling faces, happy women, unbroken family circles—and the necessaries, if not the luxuries of life. No destroying floods have swept

over our island home. No storms swept our shores. We are all here to-night rejoicing, if not in the loving kindness of the Lord, at least, in this tender mercies and forbearances.

4. Mr. Moody said at the commencement of his evangelistic services in London, "Let us praise God for what He is going to do." We may praise Him this evening for what He is going to do for us this year; He will do great things for us. Each breath we draw is His gift. He measures out to us every moment of our time, and every blessing we enjoy is from His hand. He has been faithful in the past, and will be faithful in the future.

What is He going to do for some of you this year? To save you from the guilt and power of your sins, and to put a new song in your mouth, even praises to your God; to go before us in the wilderness journey as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night; to whisper in our ears, "This is the way, walk ye in it"; and to fill our cup to overflowing. "They bread shall be given, thy water shall be sure." Then let the offering of praise be as constant as the receiving of mercies.

5. When the last page of life's history has been read, we shall see all, and praise for all—for our crosses, disappointments, bereavements; for sickness, pain, persecution; for the finger of scorn; and the tongue of slander, for our daily discipline as well as our daily bread; for the Word of Life, the blood of atonement, the meetness for heaven, and for the stream of mercies that has followed all the way. When we see all, and "look o'er life's finished story," we shall know how unerring, wise, and kind our Father was, and from our grateful hearts the song of praise shall ascend for all.

6. But, when we stand amid the unclouded splendour of heaven, with the white-robed multitudes bearing the victor's palm and wearing the crown of life, how we shall praise God. All praise Him then. The pilgrim bands of holy apostles, martyrs, saints, and angels. Your sainted father, and loved mother, and the child you lost in its infancy. How loud and long and sweet the song must be, "like the voice of many waters, and as the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

My friends, we too shall join in that eternal song—

"Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And immortality endures."

Let us begin to praise Him now. We cannot at once develop into musicians. We are at school on this earth, preparing for our eternal destiny. We have much to learn, and the time is short. Let our watchword for this year be, "I will praise Thee, O God." The sweet hour of prayer is precious, and meditation upon the Word of truth is precious. So is the communion saint; but to the devout soul praise is more precious than all.

God delights in the praises of His children, and there

is no way in which we can more successfully promote His glory nor win sinners to His service. A Christian who has no psalm of praise is a contradiction and a stumbling block. There is something radically wrong in the heart that seldom or never praises God. In one part of the Arctic Regions, where the sun is hidden for months, we are told that all nature seems sad; the birds forget to sing; even children seldom smile; but when they expect its reappearance, the inhabitants climb the highest mountains, and at the first reflection of its gleam, clap their hands and sing hymns of praise. Too many professing Christians live in the valley, and seldom climb the mountain of communion with God. Oh get into the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and you, too, will sing aloud for joy, and others will take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus.

Unfaithfulness in this has been a great hindrance to the Gospel; too little praise has been mingled with our prayers, and confessions, and complaints, so that men of the world have come to look upon religion as a gloomy thing, and its professors as unhappy. Their opinion is erroneous, but we have helped to give it them.

Let us roll away this reproach, and let our life this year be one ceaseless song of praise.

Praise Him with every dawning morning, when the shades of evening fall, and in the midnight darkness in the family, and in the assembly of Christian saints—in the valley of humiliation, on the bed of sickness, and by the closing grave.

Do I address any who never felt moved to praise God? Why, how can you be insensible of His goodness? How can you be silent, while all nature vocal with His praise? Have you nothing to praise Him for? Should you not thank Him that you are out of hell; that the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places: for the smallest spark of grace, and the faintest hope of heaven? Who could stand up and say, "I have no cause for thanksgiving"? Not one here, not one in the universe. Strange that so many fail to praise the bountiful Giver of their yearly, daily, hourly mercies. How easy for Him to withhold them? Then, how should we feel. Let us not provoke Him by our ingratitude, or by withholding the small tribute we can bring of heartfelt praise,

"For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies.
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild.
Father unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given.
Graces human and Divine
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise."

LIFE'S LESSON.

Let us strive,
While we live,
Worthy things to do and give;
Striving still,
With good-will,
Empty granaries to fill;
For what we sow
We surely grow,
Though the harvest may be slow.

SHALL WE GIVE SMILES OR FROWNS ?

HOW few of us reflect how little it takes to make one happy or unhappy ! A smile, a tear, a frown, may do it. It takes but a moment of time, but the result of that smile or frown may shape the future course of the one on whom it is bestowed.

There is a little ragged boy trying to get an honest living selling small wares. Do not answer him harshly. You may deeno buying with a smile as easily as with a frown. He may have become almost disheartened; but "Try again," seems to be whispered in his ear, and he approaches you fearful of a denial. Give him a smile, help him if possible, for it may be the turning-point of his life. On such a simple act has hung the destiny of many a child. Many a one who has sold candy or shoe-strings, at the corner of the street, has become famous in the church, as well as in the world.

A child has broken its doll's head or arm. Say a pitying word; if you cannot then stop to repair it. It is a double grief to the little one if no word or look of sympathy is given. The child could exclaim, "He might have said, oh!" as a little one did who was turned off by a heedless father, who said, "Well, well, run away now," when his child told him, with tears, of some little grief.

See that young girl, without parents or friends in the city, to guide or counsel her. Kindly inquire after her; if she attends church or the Sabbath-school. Take her to your own place of worship; introduce her to the Sabbath-school class. If she needs suitable clothing, help her in as delicate a manner as possible, that she may not feel that it is common charity that she receives. By so doing, you may place her feet in the pathway of eternal happiness.

Happy and blessed are they who dispense smiles instead of frowns.—*Home Guardian*.

THE PRODIGAL.

THE story of the prodigal son is familiar to every Biblical reader. In fact, to every intelligent person, be he Bible scholar or not. The enthusiastic welcome given to the returned erring one, the killing of the fatted calf to celebrate the event, the joyous reunion of family and friends of the reclaimed one, is all familiar. It acquires no stretch of imagination to picture such a scene as must have occurred, for where is the parent whose heart has not been made to rejoice over the return, the happy finding, the restoration of some juvenile face and form, lost, perhaps, for only a few short hours? How many more, too, have exclaimed, in the fulness of a heart overflowing with gladness, "Thank God," when, by a seeming providential interposition, some loved one has been turned aside from wickedness and sin, from worldly frivolity and dissipation, and been started on that happy road which leads to permanent reform, thence to worldly happiness, and finally to Heaven. What wonder then that even angels above, or the Master Himself should rejoice when an unfortunate drunkard is reformed to re-assume "the godlike attitude of man," before his fellow-man! Good men and true have fallen, but when they arise again and renew life's battle in sober earnest, they merit and receive, that meed of praise so well deserved from honest hearts. The really good men of society stand ready to receive them, ready to encourage and to sustain them, ready to assist and advise them, "Tis only the half-blind worldlings who are ready to sneer at their reform struggles.—*Temperance World*.

HOME COURTESIES.

A WRITER in *Harper's Bazaar* makes some excellent remarks concerning courtesy at home. Please listen, good people of the home circle. The placing of the arm-chair in a warm place for mamma, running for a footstool for auntie, hunting up papa's spectacles, and a score of little loving deeds, show unsuppressed and loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling, "Thank you, dear"—if papa's, "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So, if mother's spoon of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act, and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favours, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family. The boys, with inward pride of their father's courteous demeanour, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless. In the home where courtesy prevails, it seems to meet you on the very threshold. You feel the kindly we come on entering. No rude eyes scorn your dress; no angry voices are heard upstairs; no sullen children are sent from the room. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable, yet indescribable.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

MRS. H. B. BEEGLE.

There are beautiful things in this valley below,

Which God for our pleasure has given;

There are flowers, all blooming, and fountains that flow,

There are joys which the blessings of childhood bestow,

But more blessed the words of the Saviour, when He

Said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

VICTORY IN DEATH.

BY REV. JAMES YEAMES.

IN one of the houses in Cow's-place, Bethnal Green, the court which occupied the site of the present Wesleyan Chapel, lived a Jewess. She had lost one eye, and her favourite imprecation was, that God would destroy the sight of the remaining organ. Falling ill, she sent for the lady from the chapel. Miss McCarthy went, but on proposing prayer the woman would not hear of it. A little delay was purposely made before the next visit, but the woman's anxiety increased, and she sent again. The visitor went this time, and prayed without asking permission. The woman listened most attentively, but said, "You know I don't believe in that Jesus." Repeated visits were made, light broke in upon the darkness, the veil was rent from the heart, and the Jewess received Christ, the Hope of Israel, as her Saviour. A marvellous change was evidenced. The blaspheming fury was now mild, patient, and happy. The Jews offered to remove her to their hospital, and to generously befriend her, if she would give up Christianity and her Gentile husband. But she refused. Her husband brought in an infidel neighbour, that he might see the wondrous change that had been wrought. "Well," said the sceptic, "there must be something in this religion after all!"

The hour of death drew nigh. "Shall we send for the watchers?" said someone, referring to a custom among the Jews of appointing certain persons to watch the departure of the soul from the body. "No," said the woman, lifting her feeble arm, "there's my watcher! Christ is my watcher!" And then she began to sing,

"The Lion of Judah hath broke every chain,

He'll give us the victory again and again!"

And so singing she died. And the soul of the believing Jewess passed into the presence of the Lamb of God, who is the Lion of the tribe of Judah.—*From "Life in London Alleys."*

JOSHUA'S FAREWELL.

BY T. T. HEADLEY.

THE eventful life of the great leader was drawing to a close. Since the distribution of the land, he had enjoyed for many years that rest which was a foretaste of his eternal rest. His last blessing and fatherly advice, which he gave to the trans-Jordan tribes, as he dismissed them to their inheritance, had in it a tone of prophecy of future rest; and now, as the infirmities of age reminded him that he would soon be gathered to his fathers, he called all "the elders, judges, officers, and heads" together, and, after reminding them that he was "old and stricken in age," he gave them a short address that breathes the very atmosphere of heaven, on the threshold of which he is standing. He then assembled all the tribes at Shechem, and, after recounting the past mercies of God, exhorted them to cleave unto Him; and taking a stone, set it up as a pillar to stand as a witness between them and him, for all time, that they swore to "obey and serve the Lord God."

He then dismissed them to their inheritance. His work on earth was done. No more with his flashing spear will he lead his gallant host to the onset and to victory; no more will the shouts of the people greet his coming; no more will he gather round him the elders of Israel in solemn council. He has assembled and dismissed them for the last time—and turns back to his home to die. There is something inexpressibly sad, as well as grand and majestic, in thus calmly calling the tribes together to hear his last words, receive his last solemn charge, and take his final farewell of them. Equally sublime is his serene bearing, perfect resignation, and lofty faith. The Samaritans, who had no record of any of the Jewish heroes after Moses, except Joshua, were accustomed to point out the place of his sepulchre; but the Mussulmen, who reverence him next to Moses, declare it is on the Giant's Hill that overlooks the Bosphorus; and there they have actually erected a magnificent tomb to him, worthy of Mahomet himself. Jews and infidels both claim him, which shows what power he wielded, and how widespread was his influence.

Of his bravery and ability as a general we have abundant evidence. That he was possessed of indomitable energy and activity is clearly shown in the forced marches he made on Gibeon, and afterwards on the allied kings encamped at the waters of Merom. He was cautious in his preparation, prompt and rapid in his movements, and terrible as a thunderbolt in his onset—three prime qualities in a great general. But his moral qualities were still more illustrious. Of unswerving integrity, single-hearted, and possessing strong affections, he never fails or falters from first to last. Though a young man when in the wilderness, he never was contaminated by either the fear or passions of the multitude. The vast erampment might roar like the sea around Moses, and the shouts of the infuriated populace drown every note of remonstrance: he always stood firm beside his great leader. He might be stoned to death and trampled under foot, but his heart would never swerve from its attachment or its duty. As we go over the meagre narration of his actions, we unavoidably become impressed with the loftiness of his character. He rises by his own inherent greatness far above all who surround him. But his crowning glory was his unwavering attachment and fidelity to his God. No act of disobedience mars his bright career. No rebuke from Heaven makes us mourn for his downfall or forgetfulness of duty. The noble language he utters has been the motto of his life: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Moses and Joshua stand amid human history peerless and unmatched. God had chosen many instruments, and some illustrious ones to carry out His plans; but on none has He placed such exalted honours as on these two men. They belong not merely to the Bible and the Jews, but to the race. Other names become dim with time, while theirs will grow brighter with every succeeding age. Joshua was the Jesus of the Jewish nation, while Jesus is the Joshua of the world."—*From "Sacred Heroes and Martyrs."*

"That is a false humility which, acknowledging itself unworthy of the gifts of God, dares not confidently expect them. True humility consists in a deep view of our utter unworthiness, and in an absolute abandonment to God, without the slightest doubt that he will do the greatest things in us."

MEETING AT THE TOP.

NORMAN Macleod tells the following story of the members of two rival Scottish sects:

"I mind," said David, "two neighbours of ours, and ye'll mind them too, gudewife; that was Johnnie Horton and Andrew Gebbie. The one was a keen Burgher, and the t'ither was an Anti-Burgher. Baith lived in the same house, though at different ends, and it was the bargain that each should keep his ain side of the house aye well thatched. But they happened to dispute so keenly about the principles of their kirks, that at last they quarrelled and did'nt speak at a'. So one day, after this, as they were on the roof, thatching, each on his ain side, they reached the top, and looked over face to face. What could they do? They could na flee. So at last Andrew took off his Kilmarnock cap, and scratching his head, said:—'Johnnie, you and me, I think, has been very foolish to dispute as we hae done about our kirks, until we hae almost forgot His will about ourselves; and so we hae fought so bitterly for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever is wrang, it is perfectly certain that it can never be right to be uncivil, unneighbourly, unkind; in fact, to hate one another. Na, na, that's the devil's work, and no God's. Noo it strikes me, that it's wi' the kirk, as wi' this house. Ye are working on one side, and me on t'ither, but if we only do our work well, we will meet at the top at last.—*Gie us your han', auld neighbour.*'"

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

SOCRATES, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, learned to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

We could go on, and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, I am too old to learn.

AFFLICTIONS.

THE physician attacks the disease, and not the patient; his object is to cure him whom he causes to suffer. It is thus that God, whose mercy is infinite, chastises us only to bring us into the way of salvation, or to confirm our course in it. You are not angry with your physician, when he applies the cautery or the knife to your gangrened limb; on the contrary, you can scarcely find language adequate to the expression of your gratitude; you keep repeating that he has saved your life by preventing the disease from spreading, and you pay him liberally for his attentions. Yet you murmur against the Lord, who tries us only for our good; and you are unwilling to acknowledge that the afflictions with which He visits us, are the only means capable of restoring health to our souls, or of securing the continuance of it, when it is restored to us.

HOME LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. R. M'CARTY.

"If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts this jewel lies,
 And they are fools that roam.
 The world has nothing to bestow ;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home."

THERE is a great deal of sweetness in life, if we only live as we should. It is the misfortune of too many that they pass by the true sources of human joy, and look for their happiness just where it is not to be found.

The real happiness of life is not in fame and riches, but in home life ; and this is made up of little words and acts.

There is no word spoken in any language, around which cluster such a multitude of sweet affections, endearing thoughts, and holy memories, as gather about that one word, *home*. We need only speak it, and it carries our thoughts away to some other spot, possibly to some other land across the sea, more swiftly than the lightning's flash. There is some place which we once called "home," and which of all places we loved most and best. We have not forgotten that place—we never can.

The dream of the home of our youth is a very common experience. When the physical senses are locked up in sleep, the soul seems to have holiday ; and, as if exulting in its freedom, it roams wildly everywhere. We are transported back to our childhood days again, and experience all that we once enjoyed. We wander over the grassy mead, we climb the rugged hillside, and listen to the murmuring brooklet, whose rippling waters spoke a strange language to us in the sunny hours of childhood.

And then in our dreams there come back to us, like angelic visitants from the better land, the friends of former days. We hear the songs which gladdened our early days ; we catch the smile on a mother's face, and lean for support on a father's strong arm.

We awake out of our dreams. The vision has departed as the rainbow from the cloud. Life's realities are upon us, and we say it was only a dream. But so it is—in our reveries by day, as in our dreams by night, not least nor last in the mind are the memories of home.

In our life-journey we often meet those who are, or have been, deprived of all these sweet memories. They were homeless ; death had made them orphans, or drunkenness had turned home into Pandemonium, or jarring strifes had banished every hope of domestic bliss. Who does not pity the man or woman whose experience of life fails to include all that is implied in the word *home*? They are like the blind, who never saw the light of this beautiful world. If we compare life to the Temple Solomon built, then home is its "holy of holies." Into this holy of holies they have never been permitted to enter. We pity them for what they have lost in life—home life.

A home consists usually of husband and wife ; or, to use words still more replete with meaning, *father* and *mother*, as owners or governors, and children, who are its crown of joy. And this is not the invention of human society, but it has its origin in Divine law. This is the foundation of all society and of all government. In the very beginning of time mankind were set into families ; and when the world became peopled, they went forth from a home altar to multiply, replenish, and subdue the earth. God created the world in love. He redeemed it in love. And so He has made love, in its highest sense, the great law of the universe. The love which gave your heart a new life and bound you in cords not designed to be broken to another, was planted in your heart by Him who declared Himself to be Love. And when St. Paul would use a forcible illustration of the love which there is between Christ and his Church, he compares it to the human love between husband and wife.

What, let us ask, would this life be without that reigning principle? The warm, gushing love of child, sister, wife, husband, parent, or friend, throws over life a peculiar radiance. The impulse which brings together those who were once strangers to each other, and in a very holy sense makes them one, is that which gives to life in this world its chief value.

This affection, which binds us into families, is a Divine gift to our hearts ; and when it completely takes possession of the heart, it not only lifts us into a new life, but into a better life. We always have hope for those who have learned to love.

It is no uncommon thing for people to speak lightly of those very sacred things, and to regard the formation of their matrimonial alliances as mere accidents of their being. But who does not know that there is no one thing which so materially affects society and the general destiny of mankind as this? Home life is the secret of the nation's life. A homeless nation has no substantial basis—no beginning of government. Hence it is said, "He setteth the solitary in families." God binds on us the duty of mutual aid and of mutual forbearance, while He has so constituted us that we shall attract each other.

Like does not always attract like ; but, as in the elements with which the chemist deals, the unlikes attract, and thus a sort of equilibrium is preserved, so the unlikes in human life. The weak are often taken care of by the strong, and the despondent are upheld and encouraged by the hopeful. In no one thing is that great law of the universe, "unity in diversity," seen more distinctly than in this sphere of our being. No two persons are exactly alike, and yet all are alike.

Home is not always what it should be, for several reasons : First, because there are too many alliances which have no other foundation than family wealth, or convenience, or passion ; and all this violates the spirit of the institution of marriage.

If persons are thrown together by any cause—however remote from the true spirit and design of marriage—then what shall be done? We answer : Study each other, cultivate heart-life, bear each other's burdens ; and those who seem to be unfitted for each other may yet find in those very points of diversity the footsteps of Divinity shaping their ends—a Providence leading them even into the fields which their youthful fancy once pictured.

But how common it is in these days for people to fly from themselves to others for redress, to forego the powers which they have within themselves, and resort to the civil courts, and thus profane what God in the beginning made holy. The true way for all is to accept life as they find it. It may sometimes be hard ; then "endure hardness as good soldiers." Let it be a discipline of goodness, and in the end they will thank God for what seemed to be even an ill in life. Husbands and wives may separate, but only as a necessary step to protect life or preserve honour.

But "home" includes more than walls and land and government. It implies another side—one of brightness and innocence. The home not blessed with childhood is robbed of one of its chief delights. They are its music, its life, its central charms. They may cause labour and anxiety, and often the bitterest disappointment and sorrow ; and yet all these can be borne with, and must be. They come of the sin which has tainted our nature. We can only wait and pity and pray.

God gives and takes away. But what a joy to every true heart is the gift of innocent, beautiful childhood ! How much of promise and of hope there is in the advent of a sweet babe in the household ! That look of dependence, that clinging love, how they mould us ! How much of genuine culture we have received in educating a young mind and heart ! How strangely hopeful to witness the opening of the faculties of the mind as some sweet flower unfolds to the spring or summer sun !

"Home is where the heart is." The walls may be unfrescoed and unhung with pictures, the floors may be uncarpeted ; no gilded halls, no blaze of mirrors, no signs of wealth may greet us ; yet it is "home," because hearts loving and true are there. It is a world within a world. Affection, tenderness, attention in little things, all centre there ; and, by virtue of these, it becomes, in a large degree, a compensation for the thousand woes to which we poor mortals are heir.

The family is a Divine institution. It is first in order ; it existed before any other. All mere civil government exists to protect us in our homes. The army and the navy are only the outer household guard. Hence, home should be first in our thoughts and affections. How to get a home, how to keep it, how to make it the most attractive spot on earth, should be a constant study.

GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

FEBRUARY 4 Morning. JESUS IN GALILEE. (Matt. iv. 12-25). This event took place after the scene referred to in John iv. 43-46. Jesus came first to Nazareth, on which visit see Matt. xiii. 53. He then went to Upper Galilee, by the way of sea, or lake, called by St. John the Sea of Tiberias (chapter xxxi. 1). Capernaum was situated on the west of that lake. Its site has recently been found, and is marked by a few ruins. It was on the borders of the country assigned to Zebulon and Naphtali (Josh. xix. 10-32), and near to the extreme north of the land, so that the prophecy of Isa. ix. 1, 2 was thus in part fulfilled, for the Saviour of the world now came very near to the Gentiles who lived beyond. Think (1) of *their condition*—"They sat in darkness." 2. Of *their visitation*, "They saw a great light," as yet, however, but dimly. Here (verse 17), a new period in Christ's ministry began—the preaching of repentance. That preaching is still continued by His ministers (Acts ii. 38). Repentance is the first step of a return to God, and cannot be dispensed with.

On the shore of this sea Jesus called two fishermen (verse 18), and said unto them, "Follow me." Observe, 1. Who they were—Peter and Andrew. 2. What they were to do—to become His immediate followers or disciples. 3. What they were to be made—fishers of men—i.e.—ministers of the Gospel, by the net of which they were to draw men out of the dead sea of this world into the sea of God's mercy. 4. What they did—"they left all," etc. Those whom Jesus calls must be willing to give up worldly prospects, temporal possessions, and even dearest friends (see Matt. x. 28-31). Two others, James and John, were called in like manner, and afterwards (Matt. x. 2-4), these four, with eight others, were designated the twelve apostles. Obeying the first call, they received a second.

Jesus went through Upper Galilee (verses 22-25), and, as a travelling Rabbi, preached in the synagogues, and performed many miracles. Multitudes followed Him, and no wonder. He was never perhaps more popular than now. There was a synagogue in every moderate sized town, and in Jerusalem from four to five hundred. The worship consisted in reading the Scriptures, and prayer, as in Christian churches now.

Afternoon. ELIJAH AND AHAB. (1 Kings xviii. 1-16). In this passage we have—1. *The command to Elijah.* He could not go without God's commission. 2. *The character of Obadiah.* He feared the Lord; he hid the Lord's prophets in a cave; and he was obedient to the request of the king, being governor of his house. 3. *The meeting of Elijah and Obadiah.* The latter was told to go and tell his master, "Behold Elijah is here," but he was afraid to do so, lest Elijah should be carried away, and then Ahab would slay Obadiah. He pleaded his youthful piety (verses 12, 13). Learn P-salm cxxx. 43. But he was reassured, and went (verse 16) Fear God; esteem His servants; be not afraid of the frowns of men, and no one shall do you any real harm.

Feb. 11. Morning. THE BLESSED LIFE (Matt. v. 1-14.—These verses comprise part I. of the Sermon on the Mount,—the central point of Christ's ministry in Galilee. The mount is supposed by some to have been, what is now called the Horns of Hattin, seven miles from Capernaum; others think it was Mount Tabor, which was but a little further. The Rabbin always sat when teaching. The disciples of Jesus formed an inner circle round him, the multitude stood beyond. That all might hear, "He opened His mouth"—spoke aloud; and the first word He uttered was "Happy," or "Blessed." And He gave nine benedictions,—on humility (verse 3) on sorrow for sin (verse 4), on meekness (verse 5) on earnest desires after goodness (verse 6), on mercy to others (verse 7), on purity of heart (verse 8), on peace-making (verse 9), on suffering for righteousness' sake (verse 10), on bearing persecution for His sake. But they are usually spoken of as seven, the two last being one, and the first the sum of them all. This is the blessed life, and they who possess it are—1. *The salt of the earth,* but must take heed not to lose their saltness, for salt that has no savour is deemed worthless. 2. *The light of the world;* but they must not hide their light behind a bushel measure but let it shine, as a candle in a candlestick, or as a city set on a hill—an allusion, perhaps, to the city of Safed, visible from the

mount where Christ sat. In each beatitude the blessing corresponds with the character,—as, for example, the poor in spirit become rich in the possession of the kingdom of God.

Afternoon. ELIJAH AND BAAL'S PROPHETS. (1 Kings xviii. 17-29). "Art thou here, thou troubler of Israel?" said Ahab to Elijah; but Elijah threw back his words. (Verses 17, 18). He then called upon him to gather the 450 prophets of Baal upon Carmel, a mountain ridge which runs N.W. into the Mediterranean, the loftiest peak of which is 1800 feet above the level of the sea. Here the solitary prophet met and encountered the votaries of Baal. The spot has been identified as the abrupt rocky height of el-Mohraka—i.e., "the burned place." Van de Velde. "Sy. & Pal" 1, p. 320. Elijah proposed that the god himself should decide, to which all agreed. The god who answered by fire, coming down upon the sacrifice, should be acknowledged as the true God. (See Lev. ix.) Baal's priests built their altar and slew the bullock, and said, O Baal, hear us! but there was "no attention," though they limped round the altar, and, as their custom was, cut themselves until the blood came. Elijah treated them with ridicule, which lies especially in the words *for he is a god*; and called on them to cry aloud as if a god could be so wrapped up in work or in sleep that he could not regard his earnest worshippers. Verse 21 is to be committed to memory. How many are now halting between two opinions,—whether to serve the world or Jehovah! Decide the matter at once.

Feb. 18. Morning. THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL. (Matt. v. 17-24, 38-48). "Think not" means "imagine not; do not suppose," etc. Christ came not to set aside the teaching of the law, or of the prophets, for both were good, but to fulfil the types of the former and to enforce the precepts of the latter; and Himself to be the great Prophet to whom all other prophets pointed, and to ratify their words. In Him, and by Him, the whole of the Old Testament teaching was made perfect. The *jot* is the smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet; the *tittle* a still smaller mark. Not the least part of the law can be annulled (ver. 18). To break one of the least commandments, and to teach others to do it, will endanger our position in the kingdom of heaven. There are degrees of honour and glory in that kingdom; and a breach of a jot or tittle of the law will lessen our reward, if it does not exclude us from the kingdom altogether (ver. 19). Jesus made the law more rigid, by requiring a superior righteousness (ver. 20). He taught us not only that we must not kill, but that we must not be unjustly angry, or call our brother by opprobrious names. The word *raca* means "empty head," or to "spit out." The word *fool* means a hopeless fool, or an atheist. Hell here does not mean Hades, or Sheol, but the abode of lost spirits (ver. 22). Whilst indulging a wrong feeling against anyone, we have no right to pray (ver. 22-24). The lesson passes on to ver. 33-48. Here we are taught,—1. *Not to resist evil.* 2. *To be generous to others.* 3. *To love our enemies.* Thus, while our religion exceeds that of the Pharisees and of the heathen, and should make us like to our Heavenly Father, so that, as Christians we shall be perfect, even as He is perfect. Perfectness is to be our ultimate aim. Learn John i. 17.

Afternoon. ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE. (1 Kings xviii. 30-46) No answer came from Baal; now came Elijah's turn. An altar had some time before been built on Mount Carmel by Jehovah, perhaps by pious Israelites after the division of the kingdom. This altar Elijah rebuilt, for it was now in ruins (chapter xiv. 10). He then prepared his sacrifice, etc., and poured four pails (kads) of water upon it, to preclude the possibility of suspicion. But where did he get the water? Not from the sea, for it was too far off, nor yet from the Kishon, for that was dried up. Van de Velde found near the spot a covered well, in which there were, doubtless, an abundant supply. Elijah prayed (verses 36, 37), and Jehovah answered him. The fire was not a natural flash of lightning, but came directly from God Himself. Then the people led on their faces, and said, "Jehovah is God," that is, the true God (verses 38, 39). Learn verse 24, and mark Elijah's confidence. He risked everything on God's promise.

The people were full of enthusiasm, and Elijah took the opportunity to fall upon the prophets of Baal (verse 40). He then called on Ahab, who was a witness of this scene, to hasten home, as he knew that rain was coming (verse 41). Ahab went to refresh himself; Elijah stopped to pray. He could not at that spot see the Mediterranean, so he sent his servant to a height where it was in full view, and told him

to look toward the horizon. Seven times he looked, and then saw a small cloud. It was the harbinger of the rain (verse 43, 44). Ahab rode in his chariot, which was waiting for him, to Jezreel, a distance of fourteen miles. Had he delayed, the wheels would soon have been impeded by mud. Endowed with supernatural strength, Elijah ran before him; thus showing himself a faithful subject—an enemy to idolatry, but a real friend to the King. (Verse 44—46).

Feb. 25. *Morning. GIVING AND PRAYING.* (Matt. vi. 1—15). We are here taught—1. How to give alms (1—4), not to obtain human applause; not sounding our trumpet to attract attention—the hypocritical Pharisees did this; but in secret, without noise, not counting the money from the right hand to the left, and only seeking our reward from God. 2. How to pray (verse 5—15). We must not pray to be seen of men; but in retirement, avowing all display. Nor must we use vain repetitions, or much speaking, like people who are garrulous, as the word means. A few humble petitions are given in the Lord's Prayer, to show that all our wants may be expressed in these words. This prayer contains—a preface, "Our Father," &c.; seven petitions, and a conclusion. The seven petitions are divided into three, and four, the first having reference to God—"Thy name"; "Thy kingdom"; "Thy will";—the second to ourselves: "Our daily bread"; "our debts"; "our temptations"—those to which we are liable, "our evil"—or that to which we are exposed. Some think the latter means the evil one—Satan. The conclusion or doxology ascribes everything—the kingdom, the power, the glory, to God for ever. On one petition Jesus dwells, telling us that if we do not forgive others our heavenly Father will not forgive us. Learn Phil. iv. 6—a text which breathes the spirit of this prayer.

Afternoon. ELIJAH AT HOREB. (1 Kings xix. 1—18. Jezebel was full of wrath, and threatened to take the life of Elijah. He fled to Beersheba, Birsheba, on the extreme south of Canaan (Gen. xxi. 31), and thence a day further into the desert to hold communion with God. Here he was alone, and he sat down under a juniper-tree, a species of broom which affords a good shelter from wind and the sun. He wished to die, and in his distress fell asleep. An angel awoke him, and he saw at his head a bread-cake baked on red hot stones (a favourite article of food with the Bedouins to this day), and a cruse of water. He ate and drank, and then slept again. The angel awoke him a second time, and bade him take more food, for he had a long journey before him. He was to go to Horeb, the Mount of God, a distance of 200 miles. (Ex. iii. 1.) He wandered forty days (see Ex. xxxiv. 28; Matt. iv. 1—2), a great trial to his faith (comp. Num. xii. 3). Then God appeared to him in the cove (Ex. xxviii. 22), and asked, not in reproach, but to bring out his answer, "What doest thou here?" and to his complaint God replied (1) by showing to him His control over all nature, and (2) by explaining His design. God was not in the earthquake, etc., etc., but in a soft, gentle, rustling wind, the still small voice.

He was not a God of terrible judgment, but of mercy and long suffering. Elijah then must go back to the desert of Damascus, and there anoint Hazael to be king over Israel, etc., and he is assured, for his encouragement, that he is not alone, as he supposed, for that there were 7000 who had not bowed their head to Baal. (Learn Job xxiii. 6.)

"HEART STOCK IN IT."

A COUNTRY WOMAN was recently called to leave a home, in the building and beautifying of which she had expended much time and thought, as well as money. As she turned away from it, with tearful eyes, she said to a friend, "Ah, I have a good deal of heart stock in that house." This is just what is wanted for all our churches and church enterprises—more heart stock. We never feel a very deep interest in that which costs us little or nothing.

The captive Israelite by the rivers of Babylon "wept" when he "remembered Zion," and all the holy service he had enjoyed there. Hear his passionate outburst, when asked to sing a song of Zion for his masters: "How shall we sing the song of Zion in a strange land?"

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning! If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Let everyone who would value God's cause more highly, put into it a good deal of heart stock.—*Baptist Teacher.*

THE BIBLE.—A writer thus describes the sacred volume: "As the skilful player on an organ useth one stop after another, now evoking the shrillness of the reed, now the mellowness of the flute, now the vibrations of the harp, now the clear ringing of the clarionet, and now the heavy swell of the diapason, so did the Spirit of God in the preparation of one book, for all men and for all time, make use of all the varied accomplishments and faculties of human kind—the learning of Moses, the shepherd songs and royal minstrelsy of David, Solomon's regots of solid gold, the condensed expressions of eternal wisdom—Isaiah's burning prophecy, Jeremy's plaintive elegies, the nervous eloquence of Paul, love's gentle soliloquies in the person of John, and the sublime visions of the apocalypse—the thunderings, and voices, and earthquakes—forming out of them all one *holograph*—the one incomparable, harmonious book of the world."

THINGS THAT YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY FOR.—For hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer; for refusing to kick a fallen man; for being kind to the distressed; for being patient to all; for doing good to all men; for walking uprightly before God; for lending to the Lord; for laying up treasure in heaven; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for speaking evil of no man; for being courteous to all.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF NEGLECT.

A SERMON BY THE REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D.

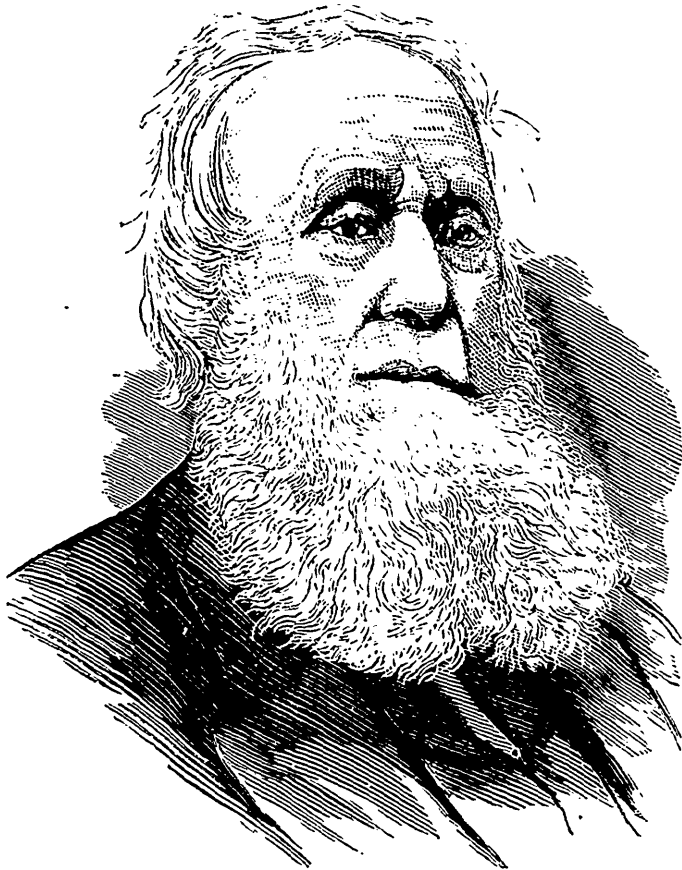
"I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding: And lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instructions. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep, so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." - PROV. xxiv. 30-34.

IN the New Testament we read that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In the passage before us we find an individual reaping on earth, or the fields of an individual producing what he had not sowed. There is no contradiction in these two passages. In the first, the great doctrine of retribution is set forth under the analogy which exists between the character which men voluntarily form for themselves in this life and their future destiny, and the fixed relation which does obtain between the kind of grain which the husbandman sows and reaps. No man sows wheat with the expectation of reaping oats or barley. On the other hand, he expects that each of his fields, if it returns him anything, will yield him the specific kind of grain which he has sown upon it. Just such a fixed relation, we are informed, will obtain between moral character and immortal destiny, between moral conduct and the state of the soul hereafter. In the text, another and different aspect of immortal destiny is set before us by another and different figure of speech. The husbandman not only reaps what he sows, but if he neglects the proper cultivation of his fields, they will yield him what he did not sow, to wit, a destructive harvest of thorns, thistles, and weeds. So in respect to moral character. Whenever there is a neglect to cultivate with watchful care, and wakeful diligence, the virtues of truth, goodness, temperance, and purity, there will be a luxurious development in the character and the life of evil principles, poisonous sentiments, and noxious habits. Fields left uncultivated produce, spontaneously, nothing good—nothing but the wild vine and the weed. Fences and hedges uncared for rot of themselves—are prostrated by the winds, or broken down by unruly cattle. So mind, in which there is not a careful cultivation of the virtues, becomes not only void of goodness, but as luxuriantly fruitful of error, corrupt sentiments, vicious principles, and habits. The object of the present discourse is an elucidation of the thought here presented, to wit, the ruinous results of neglecting the great Salvation of God.

The general principle of God's eternal government over the destiny of His rational offspring is this: nothing of permanent value comes to man but through great painstaking on his part. All our interests, temporal and spiritual, are endangered, and almost equally so from two causes—violent wrong-

doing on the one hand, and simple neglect on the other. I shall speak on the present occasion of the imperilment of these interests from the cause last named. A. and B. both lost their lives, A. from an act of violence intentionally self-inflicted, and B. from a thoughtless neglect of the known means of self-preservation, when his life was imperilled. Which will be regarded as most guilty in the sight of God it would be difficult to determine. Yet with men A. is remembered as the suicide, and B. as a compassionated sufferer who lost his life by a stroke of Providence. C. and D. each lost his fortune, the one through reckless dissipation, and the other by carelessly neglecting the means which Providence had put in his power to render it secure. With men, C. is held as an excuseless criminal, and D. as suffering from the inflictions of an overruling Providence. In God's balances both are subjects of common reprobation. E. and F. lived without God in the world, and died without hope. The former was an open scoffer at sacred things, and led a life of vice and crime. The latter had adorned his character with all the decencies of well-ordered society, and yet neglected the great salvation. In God's estimation, each alike is a self-destroyer. In the one case, remediless destruction is just as certain to follow as in the other. The loss of the soul's immortal interest is equally inevitable in both cases. Men may spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not, and thus perish through perverted activity; or they may waste time in idleness, and thus pine away in poverty and want. The same principle holdsequaly in regard to the interests of the soul.

In elucidating this great subject, let us first of all turn our attention to some analogous facts which everywhere meet us in the world of nature and of mind. Let us suppose that all cultivation of the earth should cease on the part of all its inhabitants. What would the certain result be? The speedy extermination of the whole of the human race from off the face of the globe, and that for want of provisions to meet their necessities. The reason for this result would not be this—that nature would cease to be productive, and luxuriantly so. All nature is in a state of perpetual activity, and must produce something. The real cause would be this Nature, in the case supposed, would not produce that which is adapted to the wants of man. The spontaneous productions of nature are adapted to the wants of the brute, and would perpetuate upon the surface of the earth a numerous progeny of the irrational creation. Not so with the human race. Cultivated nature, and that only, yields those productions necessary to the wants of man. Even the savage must obtain his food by labour, and then prepare it by labour, before he can partake of it. Much more is this true of a man in a civilised state. Nature originates those productions adapted to man's wants in this state only through assiduous



THE REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D.

From a Photograph published by F. E. Longley.

and painstaking cultivation. In carrying this process forward also to a successful issue, there is and must be a perpetual warfare with that tendency in nature to originate and exhaust its powers of productiveness upon the wild vine, the thorn, the thistle, and the weed. Nature's cultivated productions also, even when brought to their highest perfection, can be perpetuated in this state but by the most assiduous care. All of our perfected vines, fruit trees, vegetables, and grains come under the law of degeneracy and extinction as soon as they are subject to neglect. How soon would all our habitations become tenanted if the breaches resulting from this universal tendency to decay and dissolution were not repaired! How soon would all our wealth become corrupted, and our garments moth-eaten, and iron and gold and silver cankered, if they were not carefully guarded against such universal tendencies! All our productive machinery, also, would not only rust and rot where it is, but would remain utterly unproductive if simply neglected. We must harness and guide our steeds and carriages, or they will carry us no whither. We must handle our knives and forks, and spoons and cups, or they will convey no food to our mouths. The engine will lead no train along the track unless the steam is applied, and the engineer directs the course. The winds and the waves will dash the vessel upon some rock-bound coast, and not wait it to the desired haven, unless the commandant takes his observations, and consults his chart, and the pilot stands fast at the wheel. The principle is universal throughout the wide domain of external nature, that the attainment of real good is immutably conditioned on intelligent foresight, watchful diligence, and painstaking care and labour, and that neglect is as destructive in its results as violence.

Shall we suppose that a principle which holds so universally in the domain of external nature does not hold equally in that of mind? We must carefully cultivate nature, or it will yield no fruits adapted to the wants of external life. Should we not infer from this that the fruits of knowledge, goodness, and well-being will not be induced in mind, but by assiduous care and ever-wakeful cultivation. The uncultivated garden produces nothing but weeds. Will the neglected mind spontaneously adorn itself with the beauties and graces of virtue and goodness? Will it become luxuriant in anything but ignorance and vice? The neglected field becomes a wild waste of brambles, thistles, and weeds. What, then, shall be the character and destiny of neglected mind?

Let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to the facts of the case. What is man physically? On what conditions can he become strong and healthy? Wholesome food and drink are the first condition, and vigorous exercise the next. Without either the system becomes not only weak, but the victim of disease and early dissolution. If we will not exercise our physical powers so that they may become strong and healthy, the vital forces will so act as to generate weakness and disease. The intellect follows the same law. To possess an intelligence strong and vigorous, the mental powers must be habituated to reading, to study, to contemplation, and to the endurance of the weight of great thoughts. Let the development of the intellectual powers be simply neglected for the first twenty or thirty years of life, and the capacity for solid thinking, and for the appreciation of the beauties and excellencies of thought, dies out in the mind, and it will become fruitful only of thoughts trifling, low, grovelling, and debased, just as your garden, left without careful cultivation, will become fruitful only of weeds. So a mind, educated to an appreciation of the beautiful, the true, and the good, in thought, in speech, in nature, and in art, becomes also instinct with emotions of a corresponding character. A mind not thus educated, not only remains void of such feelings, but becomes the abode of vulgar and debasing emotions and sentiments. So in the formation of good principles and habits. If an individual does not carefully cherish good principles and habits by the assiduous practice of useful industry and habits of temperance and purity, his mind will spontaneously educate itself to a state of fixed subjection—to evil principles and bad habits. Some form of activity the mind will take on for itself. If we give a right direction to its activities, in our experience we shall reap the happy fruits of truth and goodness. If we simply neglect to do this, then the mind will of itself take on a lawless form of activity, which will land the soul in destruction and perdition.

Let us now turn our thoughts to the formation of moral and religious principles and habits. Let us suppose that a man utterly repudiates the serious consideration of religion, wholly neglects the study, and even the reading of the Scrip-

tures, and suspends all attendance upon Christian duties, and ordinances of every kind. At first thought, we should suppose that such a man would have no fixed religious principles or sentiments. This will be far from being the case, however. This man will have a system of belief relatively to God, duty, probation, and immortality. Human thinking cannot confine itself to the circle of the present and the visible. It must ascend to the invisible, the eternal, and the infinite. The certain result of a neglect to improve the light vouchsafed will be, that nothing but the seeds of error will germinate in the mind under such circumstances. The man will have many opinions, but none of them will be true. Serious thought, earnest and honest research, a careful study of the chart of existence, and that only will lead to a correct knowledge of the truth and of the way of life. If it was the fixed purpose of the mind to form none but false principles and opinions on the subject of religion, it could not be more certain of such a result, than by neglecting earnest, sober, and honest inquiry, and leaving its religious convictions to be determined by the conflictive thoughts which will then spontaneously arise in the heart, and float into it from the world around.

The same holds equally of the formation of religious character and habits. The Christian virtues are not native in the human heart. They are exotic, and can be introduced there but by transplantation. Simple neglect will render their non-appearance just as certain there, as the non-planting of your garden will insure the absence in it of the cultivated vine and vegetable. The grace of pardon, and the gift of life in Christ, descends to the mind but through the avenue of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." No man, until he thinks on his ways, ever repents of sin, and turns his feet unto God's testimonies. A thoughtless mind never entrusts its immortal interests to Him who alone is mighty to save. The man who neglects giving thought to the fact of sin, and to his need of redemption from it, is just as certain of dying in his sins, as if it was the fixed aim of his life to meet death in no other state. So also when the seeds of virtue and of the Christian life have begun to germinate in the heart, they can no more be developed to full maturity without watchful cultivation, than the seeds in your garden will blossom on to full productiveness if left to be choked by weeds, and trodden down, and rooted up by the swine.

My hearer, what do you think of heaven? What does the Bible say of it? Must not the mind somehow attain to a ripened meetness for it before it can attain admittance there? Do you see any rational connection between a thoughtless and religiously neglectful life, and the attainment of a meetness for that kingdom of light and purity? One other aspect of this subject should not be overlooked in this connection. Persons in health, as we well know, may destroy themselves by taking poison, or by the use of other means of self-destruction; while those who are already affected with a deadly disease, may occasion their own death by neglecting the use of known sovereign remedies. Now man, as a sinner, has already received a fatal stroke from the hand of the second death. If the effects of sin in him are not remedied, the certain result is the loss of the soul. The Gospel is the only possible remedy for sin, and Christ the only Saviour from its death penalty, and death tendencies. The question also whether the sinner shall receive the grace of Christ depends upon the free choice of the creature. The creature therefore need do no more to ensure his death than simply to neglect this great salvation. Such neglect leaves the soul still under the death penalty, in the first instance, and imparts additional force to all the death tendencies already operating in it, and that with fatal power in the next. I need not dwell longer upon this subject, and will conclude with a few brief reflections.

When men think of their own sins, or the sins of others, they very commonly, let me say, in the first instance, take into the account only their acts of open and positive violations of the law of duty. Here we meet with but a very small part of human criminality. Men are not so guilty in the sight of God for what they do, as for what they neglect to do. In the presence of the revelations of God, duty, and immortality, who can estimate the criminality involved in a disregard of the infinite interests and responsibilities which they unveil to our supreme regard? Any temporal wrongs done to self, or to a fellow creature, are of comparatively little account, when weighed in the balance against such criminality as that.

We all have in ourselves strong tendencies towards sinful acts, and visible evils. We have, also, still stronger ten-

dencies to neglect what is requisite to our highest good. Against both these tendencies every wise man will be watchfully cautious. But from the second we have far most to fear. The evils towards which the former incline are open, and we are naturally startled as we approach the brink towards which they conduct us. The effects of the latter class, though equally destructive, are not so visible, and consequently not so apt to excite alarm. The man that is tempted to introduce poison into his system, knows beforehand the results, and shrinks back appalled from them. The man, on the other hand, who simply neglects a needful remedy for an existing disease, flatters himself that no evil will result because that none are visible, while death may be as certain a result in one instance as in the other. So in regard to the interests of the soul's eternity. If you or I, hearer, fail of heaven, it will not be so much through what we do, as through what we neglect to do. The Lord preserve us from that evil and bitter thing, sin, and that in all its forms, but especially from that one form to which we are most exposed, neglecting the great salvation.

BECALMED IN THE DOLDRUMS.

BY MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.

"YES, miss, it ain't the best of weather sartainly, but I've seen a deal worse than this in my day, ay, a deal worse, a deal worse!" and old Jack Lyle gave the collar of his warm pea-jacket a hitch up about his neck, not because he felt cold, for he was well sheltered from the blast, but because he was thinking of those stormy nights at sea, when he had to reef topsails in a stiff gale.

I used occasionally to slip out on observing signs of stormy weather, and, well muffled up in warm wraps, seek out honest old Jack, one of our coastguardsmen, who was sure to be at his post beside the two cannons, sitting on the wooden bench in the niche in the Castle wall, keeping a bright look-out for any vessels that might be making for the harbour, or any strangers that had lost their reckoning. If allowed to have his own way, Jack would spin any amount of yarns, the coming storm seeming to suit his temper, rousing his generally quiet nature to fever pitch.

"A night like this makes me think of storms, miss, do you say? Well, now, begging of your pardon for being so bold as to contradict a lady, it's just the very contrary way. Here have I been sitting with the gale getting up by little and little, howling away among the trees at my back, enough to deafen us, and though the spray of the waves has been showing higher than I've seen this year yet, I ha'n't once thought o' a storm, no, not for one moment of time. Them sort o' things go by contraries, they does, in a seaman's mind, for I tell you, miss, I've been thinking o' the craft that are mayhap lying becalmed at the line, every hand whistling for a whiff of wind to carry them safe through the doldrums. Perhaps it was the sight of you, miss, coming round the corner by the Castle Green, that set me thinking of one time we was becalmed there, for you always does put me in mind of a young lady that sailed with us one trip. Ay, you've jist the very cut o' her jib from heel to head, though I wouldn't like to hear of you acting as she did, for she was the means of causing much sorrow to more than one heart; but only, pore thing, she did suffer for it in the end, and I do think, repeated of it sincerely. She had too kind of a heart of her own, not to do it, even though I had no way of finding out for sartain."

It was not a difficult matter to get Jack to tell about this fellow-voyager of his, for if he liked anything better than another it was spinning a yarn when a good listener was beside him, one who unclouded by experience how to put in the proper exclamations of delight, amusement, surprise, and horror at the sight and proper moments.

"She was as trim and pretty a little craft of a lass as ever I should wish to see," proceeded Jack Lyle, without further ceremony; "and more than we thought so, that day when she came aboard of the May Queen, Captain Anderson, bound from Liverpool for Victoria. Ever so many of her friends came aboard to see her off, one or two tall brothers and a little sister or two, and a lady in mourning we took to be her mother along with several girl friends. There wasn't the usual sniffing and crying as is often the case at such times, for d'ye see it came out the young lady was going out to be married, and so in course, as you may suppose, her young lady friends were looking upon her as a bride that was to be, wishing

themselves mayhap in her shoes themselves. I didn't wonder they made a fuss about her, for we sailors thought her something beyond the common on account of it, and every one of us aboard, from the captain to the cabin-boy, was extra gracious and civil to her, more by token Captain Anderson happened to be a bachelor. I chanced to be carrying in some of the passengers' luggage to the saloon, where I came upon the captain and the lady I took to be the girl's mother; she was asking him to look after her, and, says she, with a sob in her throat, 'It is a great trial to part with her, dear girl, but he is such a worthy good fellow she is going out to, that I give her up to him without a moment's hesitation.' The captain, he made some polite kind of a speech in reply, ending with a joke to cheer the poor old thing, that he hoped he'd have the pleasure of bringing her back again along with her husband, when he had made an extra large 'pile.' Well, we sailed at last, and I must say, Miss Alice, as we all got to call her, kept up her favour aboard with one and all. The mates were right down devoted to her, and at her wish they got up all sorts of acting and concerts and dances, at which Miss Alice insisted all the steerage passengers should be present, to keep them cheery as she said. That wasn't all she did for them; she had a day-school for the youngsters, and a class on Sundays for any that cared to come, and more than one of us would creep close to the little awning and lie listening to the pretty stories she told out of the Bible, and to the sweet hymns they sung. I don't know if the captain got it into his mind that the officers were losing their heads altogether about her, leastways he couldn't help seeing the second and third mates, being single men, were in a fair way to do it. As for the chief, though he was a married man, and had ever so many youngsters at home, he was just as attentive, and nobody wondered at it either, for she was just as pretty a coaxing little lady as ever stepped a deck. Well, as I was saying, the captain he began to hang more about her, and in course the mates had to keep their distance, and what was more, though he often took his grog freer than was good for him, and generally had to be helped to his bunk of a night after all the lady passengers had gone off to their cabins, he became as sober a man as you'd wish to see. Old Ned, the sailmaker, and my own chum, Tom Hardy, who had sailed more than one voyage with him, and knew him well, said it wouldn't last, and kept advising that the grog should be locked away from him afore we reached the lines, hinting that we might look out for squalls of a different kind than we wanted if it wasn't done. Howsomever, the line was passed, and what was more, though we lay becalmed a week, the captain was as right as a toast, so far as the drink was concerned, though the mates did look as dull as lead at him for keeping Miss Alice all to himself; and what was more, Miss Alice seemed to be very pleased to have it so. Ah, there was a deal of mischief worked that week we lay becalmed in the doldrums. And yet, if you caught her alone, her pretty face would wear a half-scared, half-sad look in it, and I couldn't help fancying she must be thinking of that honest fellow her mother had spoken about, who was waiting for her, counting the days and hours, mayhap, till she came. But I will say, when the captain was in his sober moments, as he was at this present time, he could make himself as agreeable as any man that ever lived. He was in the prime of life, handsome, and had a deal of head knowledge, and knew when to tot out his learning to please the passengers, so you may be sure he tried to show himself off in his best colours afore Miss Alice, poor pretty dear. Then, jist a week or two before we sighted land, the captain got fonder and fonder. He left the mates to work the ship as they pleased, and if they'd set a course for Timbuctoo, he'd not have troubled his head for a moment. So long as he could moon about with Miss Alice, he didn't care a button for the ship and all aboard, nor where we were bound to. As for Miss Alice, she seemed to have been bewitched, for she never tried now to hide that she had neither eyes nor ears for nobody but the captain. The second mate was like a man beside himself with vexation, and more than once I've come upon him when no one else was nigh at hand, sighing his very heart out of him. We were very good friends, he and I, and when I made bold to say a word to cheer him, he says to me, 'I'd not mind it a bit, Jack, if he was worthy of her, but how long is this sober fit to last? She's as good as told me she means to throw the other fellow over, and marry the captain whenever we land. It's thinking what she'll have to suffer that makes me wild.' He must have warned her of the captain's true cha-

acter, and what's more, she must have told what he had said, though it wasn't like her sweet temper to make mischief; but howsoever, the captain's face was changed to the second mate, and they had used to be good friends too, and pulled well together. Well, we landed early in the morning, about two o'clock, and the captain he orders out his boat, and away he and Miss Alice go ashore, and make tracks for the consul's office, and we heard afterwards they were married then and there, the proper authorities being got out of bed to perform the ceremony, the captain paying more than double fees, as you may well believe. It was the chief mate had to break the news to the gentleman when he came aboard, hand over hand, as happy like as a king, to claim his bride. Then, when the mate had told him how it really was, he handed him a packet, which was the money he had sent home for her passage. I never was so vexed for a human being in my life as I was for that young fellow, and I didn't wonder that any mother was proud to hand her daughter over to such a man; he took it so manful, though it was well seen his heart was in his mouth. When the chief mate said there were some boxes of his aboard that he'd see was safely sent ashore if he knew the address, he thanked him, and, says he, 'I'll wait in the hotel for them; I'd like to start for home immediately.' But at the word 'home' his tongue seemed to stick to the roof of his mouth, and he nigh had staggered, but the mate he gave his hand a hard twist, and hurried him into the boat, which was the kindest thing he could do. I was sent ashore in charge of the boxes, and I never see'd such a change as had come over that young fellow in my life, only through it all it was plainly seen that he was trying to keep up manful still. After the boxes had been safely stowed, and I was rubbing the heat from my face, he says to me with a kind of laugh, 'I dare say you know all about the fine trick your captain has played me. Many a man here would put a bullet through his brain, but I hope he'll keep out of my way. I'm glad he had the sense not to face me.'

"She ain't got her sorrows to seek, sir," says I, 'poor pretty dear,' thinking as how it would cheer him to hear she might have been happier with him. 'There's no accountin' for them sort o' things, and the long voyage gives the devil time to work lots o' mischief.'

"Well," says he, 'I can't curse them; there ain't no good in that. I even hope she'll be happy. I blame myself for it all; I should have gone home for her, but I was ill with fever and ague, and when she heard it she said she'd come if I said the word, and I telegraphed, Yes. 'There's no knowing what a man may do when his blood's up, so I keep on hoping he'll keep out of my way.' Then, as if to escape from his gloomy thoughts, he asked, quite cheery-like, if I had a wife at home, and when I told him I had a little lass only a few months old, he pulled something out of his breast-pocket and put it in my hand, and, says he, 'There, that will help to buy her wedding-gown; who knows. It's part of the money I sent for her passage a year ago, when I expected to go home for her, and he's had the bad taste to return it.'

"It was ten bright gold pieces, and they did come in handy to buy my little lass's wedding things when she was married. I've lived long enough in the world, Miss, to see that no one who goes off the straight path of duty but suffers for it sooner or later. It came sooner to Miss Alice, poor, pretty, little dear, for the honeymoon month was scarcely over—and what a bright, happy month it seemed to be to her—when the captain he went back to his old ways, and was twice as bad as he ever was before, just because of the stress he had put on himself. It was a weary voyage to us all, more especially to Miss Alice, though she did everything in her power to get him back into the right path. She must have got to love him uncommon well, and so, that he was, there was days when he seemed to feel it, and even the second mate got to be sorry for him in the end. I will say the mates, one and all, did their best for him; but let me tell you, once a man lets drink get the better of him, he can't get out of its grip in a hurry. Ned, the sailmaker, and Tom Hardy warned us how it was sure to be, and so it came to pass that whenever we got into the hot latitudes, the captain became mad, and we were forced to put him into irons. Even then his wife, pretty dear, would have nursed him, but the chief mate forbade it, and I may say she was kept a close prisoner in her cabin in case she would get hurt by going near him. It was a sad home coming for her, and even her mother, who came aboard to meet her, and one brother, hadn't an unkind word to say to her. When she was safely off to her home, the

mates and doctors arranged to take the captain ashore to a lunatic asylum, and when the irons had been taken off his ankles, and when the mate had turned his back a minute, the captain makes a bolt up the cabin companion stairs to the poop, and before anyone could stop him, he jumped overboard. We did our best to save him, the second mate jumping in after him at the risk of his life, but it was all no use, for he went down like a shot. And yet we were sorry, and not one said 'sarve him right,' for only keep the drink away, and he was as nice a man and as good a captain as I ever sailed under. Ah, Miss, drink has been a rock on which many a good man, and woman, too, has been wrecked, and we all need to pray to Almighty God constant to keep us from that temptation a most agen any other."

The yarn was ended, and just in time, for there shot across the horizon a lurid gleam; then came the sound of the boom of a cannon, and Jack hurried away to rouse his comrades, to be in readiness for what might happen.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Soft, through the rich illumined pannels,
All down the aisle the sunlight rams,
And sets in red and purple stains.

And mid this glory from the skies,
We hear the organ-voice arise,
Its wings the waking spirit tries.

It flutters, but it cannot soar.
O! heavenly music, let us pour
Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.

All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no choice,
Hearts that complain, hearts that rejoice,
Find thee their all-revealing voice.

All, all the soul's unuttered thoughts
Thou bearest on thy mighty wings
Up, up until the arched roof rings:
Now soft—as when for Israel's king,
Young David swept his sweet harpstring;
Now loud—as angels antheming.

O! tell what myriad heads are bent,
O! tell what myriad hearts repent.
He will look down: He will relent.

It dies. The last low strain departs.
With deep "Amen" the warm tear starts.
The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

A PRESIDENT AND A LITTLE BIRD.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, walking one day with his secretary, stopped at a little shrub and looked into it; then stooped and put his hand down through the twigs and leaves, as if to take something out. His secretary said to him:

"What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Why," said he, "here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I'm trying to put it back again."

That is the spirit which should move and animate us in the higher circle of humanity. Many a little child has fallen from its nest. Let us put them back again. Is not this what Christ is doing?—putting the little birds back into their nests?

Children want to be loved. Let them see that you love them, even though sometimes you rebuke. Children have their sorrows; sympathise with them. The loss of a toy may to a child be as great a grief as the loss of an empire to Napoleon. They find it hard to resist temptation; help them. Tell them how; encourage them when they do resist.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers.*

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Moderato

J. R. M.

1 When our earth - ly life is end - ed And our earth - ly mis - sion done, We shall go a -

cross the riv - er At the set - ting of life's sun, And in God's ca - les - tial man - sions,

Cloth'd in garments strangely fair, We shall meet those gone be - fore us, We shall know each o - ther there!

2 Yes, we'll meet them in the city
That is just across the strand,
And our hearts shall leap with rapture
When we take them by the hand.
Oh, how sweet shall be the meeting,
Faithful words can ne'er declare,
We shall know the bliss of heaven,
When we meet each other there!

3 Do not tell us that our lov'd ones
Lose their earthly mem'ries quite,
When they sing among the angels
In the heavenly mansions bright.
Oh, I know that we shall know them,
Tho' the angel robes they wear,
When they bid us welcome over,
We shall know our lov'd ones there!

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY REV. JOHN THOMAS

"And the Lord said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah?"—1 Kings xix. 11—13.

GOD was in that voice! Yes, Elijah, there is thy God! He comes not as thou thoughtest He would come—in storm, in earthquake, in fire—not in some form more terrible and disturbing than these. He comes in sweet and gentle words, in tender whisper, bringing soothing peace—rest with Him, in Him, to the trembling heart. He comes in gentle love, a voice still and small, when thou art ready for His tender loving friendship. There must be first the storm, the earthquake, and the fire—that thou mightest lose all hope in thyself, and be filled with the solemn consciousness of His Almighty grandeur, glory, and power; and that thou mightest know how small and weak and helpless thou art beside Him. And, when thou hast no self, no hope in anything thou hast or art, then He will come, not as the mighty majesty who fills all worlds with the glory of His name; not as a mighty Judge, nor One who will reprove in fierce wrath and indignation, but in the calm silence of thy waiting, empty heart He (God) will come to meet thy lowliness, thy nothingness, with quiet gentleness—the gentleness which in its very peace and stillness will proclaim His presence more than storm and earthquake and fire. So comes Elijah forth with bowed head, with muffled face, to meet Jehovah, and to stand before Him.

I think Elijah felt and knew in his day very much what God's servants feel and know to-day. True, he had miracle and supernatural manifestation, but they symbolised what revelation and experience teach us now. How many of us have had mistaken estimates of God and His kingdom. How often we have misjudged, harshly judged our Lord, our Master, our FATHER. How often we have murmured that our labour has been for nought and in vain, have said in spirit, "I have

been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts," but of what avail? for Israel, for the Church, for sinners, still forsake the covenant of the Lord, still throw down His altars, still hold back from serving Him, and my very faithfulness to God brings me into sorrow and trouble. How often have we "judged the Lord by feeble sense," and in the folly of our human wisdom charged Him, or His providence, or else His choice of servant, with all that we deem to be failure. Or, in other aspects of our lives, how we have mourned and murmured under the mysterious dispensations that hedge us around and overshadow us with trial, and pain, and sorrow. And God has called us away into some long lonely wilderness, away from all things, and every one away into solitude and silence, and when no one was near, no one, not pastor, nor brother, nor friend, has He not left us alone? The rushing wind came, and there was no God! The earthquake rumbled under us, and the earth trembled and shook, and there was no God! The fire came, awful, scorching, withering, as the blast of death, and there was no God! O, it has been fearful, the blackness of darkness, the storm of terror, the overthrow of all things, the fierce fire of terrible searching, and no God in it all! And we were brought low, down to the dust, at the bottom of the cave, and we hid our faces in the thick darkness, and then, and then a voice came to us, a still small voice, piercing with unutterable sweetness the dreadful stillness of our lonely sorrow and woe, thrilling through our soul, calming the storm of passion, melting the ice of despair, soothing the pain of fear, and bringing quietness and peace to the heart. And thus God had come! God had come down to us, and in a still small voice had given us rest! It is God's way. So God had led Elijah away to Horeb, the place of the unconsumed burning bush, and the place of the law's dreadful enrollment, and taught him that He was not in wild storm and upheavings and fire, that these things, the cares and sorrows and burdens, the fierce afflictions and the terrible tossings, these were not the chariot of God; but calm and quiet, and sweet precious restful revelations brought in them God, and He brings perfect peace.

Learn we the lesson too, my readers. Our God comes to us in peace, not in anger and storm. When our bark is tossed by angry billows, and deluged by descending torrents, it is God whose whisper comes softly to our heart, distinct as our own thoughts, saying, "It is I; be not afraid." The place

of fear is where God is not. But where He is, is rest and quiet and calm. But we never learn this as we may learn it, till we have been up some lonely Horeb, and there have found by the dread teaching of experience what is His way, and how His way is ever wisest, ever best. And it is when we know the precious truth for ourselves that we can understand how God can see results when we can see nothing. 'Tis then when we have heard "the still small voice" that we learn to be content to serve, to sow, to labour as He bids, and, fainting not, wait while we labour for that "due time" when we shall reap.

Then, too, we learn the precious truth that others of whom we knew nothing are faithful to God and truth, it may be through our work. Elijah was now fitted for renewed labour. No more we find him giving way to hopelessness and despondency. So bravely, nobly, did he labour on for God amid the seeming hopelessness around him, that at last God gave him rest; and passing by the gloomy portals of grim death, He brought His servant to the heavenly mansions in the chariot of angels.

May God so sanctify to us all the darker dispensations of His providence, that we may be thereby prepared to meet Him in the "STILL SMALL VOICE."—From "The High Places of the Bible." (Longley. 3s. 6d.)

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ONE of the best magazines for young men is *The Argonaut* (a), the fourth half-yearly volume of which is before us. Dr. Gladstone, its able editor, has freighted his bark with the costliest of good things, and substantial withal. Exhaustive scientific treatises, educational and political notes, contemporaneous social events, biographical articles, travellers' reminiscences, and high-class fiction, all find an appropriate place, and we can heartily recommend the magazine as a whole.

Next on our list is *The Voyage of Life* (b), an Allegory, by a Sea Captain, one of the Transit of Venus Expedition. Written after the similitude of the "Pilgrim's Progress," it is a very readable and interesting book. The varied incidents of a homeward voyage are ingeniously used as texts for many effective homilies. If the author had been a little more catholic, and a little less dogmatic, the volume would have been improved.

We have next the fourth and cheaper edition of *The Life of Rev. Alfred Cookman* (c), of whom Dr. Punshon says, in his introduction, "I have never met with one who so well realised my ideal of complete devotedness." An earnest, prayerful, perusal of this loving recital of a good and truly great life would do us all good.

The Rev. W. Brock introduces to our notice *The Minor Characters of the New Testament* (d), which, he thinks, "present a field of study, animating in its pursuit, and almost indefinite in its extent." We heartily agree with him, and trust he may be enabled to give us many more volumes, as useful, as catholic, and devout as the present, which deals only with the personal friends of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Helps to teachers are many and varied, and *The Teachers' Storehouse* (e) is not among the least. We have an impression that the editor is the painstaking author of "The Biblical Museum," and many other kindred books, but whomever he may be, he has done his work well.

A well-written and logical pamphlet is *The Cross and its Dominion* (f), and the subject of the Redemption is very ably treated; there is, however, much with which we do not agree, and the whole is spoilt to our taste by the author's egotistical introduction.

Amongst the many new books for the young, Charlotte Elizabeth's *Kindness to Animals* (g) is not the least. Charmingly written and beautifully illustrated, this little book should be read by thousands.

We are glad to see *The Evangelical Magazine* (h) in a new wrapper. It looks more sprightly, and the general contents are above its average.

(a) *The Argonaut*. Vol. IV. (Hodder).

(b) *The Voyage of Life*. By a Sea Captain. (Houghton).

(c) *The Life of Alfred Cookman*. By Dr. Ridgway. (Hodder).

(d) *The Minor Characters of the New Testament*. By the Rev. W. Brock. (Stock).

(e) *The Teacher's Storehouse*. Vol. I. (Stock).

(f) *The Cross and its Dominion*. By W. Penn. (Stock).

(g) *Kindness to Animals*. By Charlotte Elizabeth. (Partridge.)

(h) *Evangelical Magazine*. Jan. (Hodder.) 6d., monthly.

The fact that the publisher of *After Work* (i) gives twenty-four large pages of closely-printed matter (including a new tale by Miss Worboise), and several illustrations, with a coloured wrapper, for a penny, should be sufficient to induce our readers to buy a copy for themselves.

The most thrilling and improbable of romances cannot surpass in interest the story of *Charley Ross* (k), whose abduction from his home in Philadelphia has created a great sensation. The astuteness of the kidnapers, the heroic self-abnegation of the father, who refused to buy back his son (when he had the money offered him) in order that the kidnapers might not be encouraged to further outrages, and the immense public interest evinced in the case, render this book a most interesting recital.

Foremost among the volumes for the little ones stands *Little Folks* (l), and happy is the young possessor of this treasure. Nothing that could interest children seems to have been forgotten. Anecdotes about pets, amusements, rhymes, puzzle pictures, music, Sunday lessons simply told, peeps at foreign lands, poetry, prize competitions, complete and serial stories, biographical and natural history sketches, and illustrations in profusion, combine to make up one of the most enjoyable volumes of the season.

Very rarely have we seen a book so plainly setting out its sectarian bias, yet so full of true and heartfelt pity, and broad catholicity, as *James Daryll* (m). The hero is the son of godly parents, but getting into the whirl of London life, soon becomes a sceptic, and the narration of the gradual influence of a truly Christian companion on his mind, deepened by the tender solicitude and loving counsels of his sister, is truly beautiful, and a thrill of joy seems to fill the reader's heart as he hears James Daryll say, at the death bed of the friend who has been the means of his conversion, "Eric, listen, only one moment. Can you hear? If you are going—if our Father has sent for you—take with you this knowledge, I shall meet you in heaven!"

OUR NOTE BOOK.

The "Watchnight" is now an institution in most of the churches, Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Baptists alike observing the custom of watching the departure of the old year, and the ushering in of the new. In the metropolis the services in most of the churches were exceedingly well attended. In several instances multitudes were unable to obtain admittance.

The "Week of Prayer" is another institution of world-wide observance, though of recent date, and exemplifies, as its promoters seek to secure, the spirit of union among the churches. In the metropolis meetings were held in several centres. Owing to arrangements made on the supposition that the week of prayer would commence on New Year's Day, six days' services were held in the Midway Conference Hall, commencing January 1. Services were held in the morning and evening of each day, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. S. Paterson, M. D. H. W. Peplow, Dr. Edmond, D. B. Hankin, A. Carson, J. Wilkinson, Dr. Culross, J. Watson, W. J. Chapman, and Messrs. S. A. Blackwood, F. Gibson, and W. T. Paton. At Langham Hall, Great Portland-street, addresses were given by the Revs. S. Bardsley, A. McAulay, C. Stanford, Dr. McEwan, Dr. Moffat, and J. England. At the Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate-street, addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Fraser, C. H. Spurgeon, E. E. Jenkins, Marcus Ramsford, J. E. Gregory, and C. Graham. At the Y.M.C.A. Aldersgate-street, addresses were given by the Revs. R. Maguire, F. W. Macdonald, J. P. Chowd, Bishop Claughton, Dr. McKean, and H. Grattan Guinness.

The Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, author of "Praying and Working," has been nominated for the moderators'hip of the next General Assembly of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

The Evangelical Alliance, in compliance with the Emperor of Germany, will, in all probability, hold its next annual conference in Berlin.

The Congregational Year Book states the number of churches and branch churches in Great Britain and the Colonies to be 3,395, with 1,039 preaching stations and 299 evangelistic stations; ministers and missionaries, 3,295; students for the ministry, 430; native students in institutions of the London Missionary Society abroad, about 500.

A bill will be brought in by the Government at the coming session for the creation of four new bishoprics by a division of the sees of Chester, Durham, Lincoln, and Lichfield, the seats of which will be Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell, and Derby.—A memorial to the Home Secretary has been adopted in favour of a division of the diocese of Bristol and Gloucester, constituting each of these cities the head of a separate see. Dr. Benson will be bishop of the new diocese of Truro.

The inaugural meeting of a Local Preachers' Institute was held in the rooms of the Wesleyan Sunday-school Union, Ludgate-circus, on Jan. 3, Mr. J. J. Vickers presiding. There was a numerous attendance of ministers and local preachers. Dr. J. K. Aldom sketched the objects aimed at, which were twofold—literary and theological. It is proposed to teach Hebrew, Latin, Greek, mathematics, algebra, Euclid, logic, and mental philosophy. English grammar, composition, history (eccl-

(i) *After Work*. Jan. (Poole). 1d., monthly.

(k) *Charley Ross*. By his Father. (Hodder.)

(l) *Little Folks*. Vol. IV. (Cassell). 3s. 6d.

(m) *James Daryll*. By Ruth Elliott. (Allingham). 2s.

siastical and secular, and the curriculum will be taught. There will be corresponding examinations and a circulating library. Prizes will be given to the most successful students.

Dr. Ziemann, the representative in Serbia of the Manchester Evangelical Committee, who has acted as almoner of the money, blankets, clothing and food contrabuted for the relief of the suffering refugees, and who has decided to remain for some months longer and to engage in evangelistic work, sends a sad picture of the state of the country, which he says is "frightful." He appeals to the English public to fund in aid of his Orphans' Home.

Sir Titus Salt has passed away. His name was "familiar as a household word," not only as a successful manufacturer, but as a great social reformer and philanthropist. The model town of Saltaire is his monument, while it remains a permanent lesson to those who perplex themselves with the knotty question of "how to raise the masses." It is a practical exemplification of the superiority of individual effort to the wild and visionary schemes of such men as Ferguson O'Connor, and other men of the times in which Saltaire was founded. Where communistic theories failed, Titus Salt succeeded, and lived many years to see himself surrounded by a happy, healthy, sober, intelligent, and prosperous community. Though a strong and unwavering supporter of Congregationalism, he was free from the narrowness of sectarianism, and won the respect of many outside the pale of his own church. His funeral took place on January 5 and it was computed that over 100,000 spectators assembled on the route to the mausoleum at the Congregational Church at Saltaire, where his remains were deposited.

Another ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference has passed away to his rest—Dr. Stamp, whose success in circuit and district work was recognised and rewarded by the Conference of 1890, when he was elected to the presidential chair. His genial and spiritually nature endeared him to all who knew him, and though afflicted with heart disease for the last fifteen years of his life, he evidently enjoyed a serene and happy old age, until he was suddenly called away on New Year's Day, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The establishment by Messrs. McDougall and Downing, on behalf of the People's Café Company, of restaurants on strict temperance principles, while it will doubtless succeed in a commercial point of view, commends itself especially to those who desire to counteract the baneful influence of the public-houses and luncheon-bars, which allure so many of our young men. A third branch has been opened in St. Paul's-church-yard, and numerous others are contemplated, especially in those neighbourhoods in which the working-classes abound.

A pleasing feature of the times is the interest taken by employers in the well-being and comfort of their *employés*. Amongst the instances that might be given, is that of a recent gathering in one of the large show-rooms of Messrs. Ouzmann and Co., the well known house-furnishers, in Hamstead-road in connection with the Mutual Improvement Society and Literary establishment on the premises. The occasion was a lecture by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, on the "Wisdom of Aesop," which was delivered to an audience of about 500. Noteworthy, also, are the efforts of Messrs. R. R. Williams and Co., of Lime-street, who have fitted up a dining and reading room, with all the accessories, and have established a bank for loans and deposits. The result is all that could be wished. The room is well attended; the literature provided is well read; there have been no absentees without leave; sobriety has been the rule; and with one exception, all the workmen have become depositors.

God will ever keep house with the humble soul. When once they meet they never part. There is no such way to be rich, as to be poor and low in our own eyes. This is the way to enjoy His company in whom all treasures are.

"What is more delicious to a delicate self-love than to hear itself applauded for not being self-love?"

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A coloured orator at a recent camp-meeting declared that he never would sell his birthright for a nest of partridges. His allusion was to the sale which Esau made of his for pottage. Another remarked in his sermon—"I know dat de good Lord do care for de leastest ob de flock as well as de most giganticus, for me an' my old woman hab jest emerged from a most disastrous state ob health, an' are now enjoyin' a series of convalescence."

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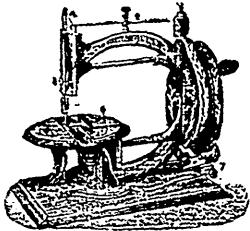
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