

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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## Editorial.

### CHINIQUY AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.

In 1838, just forty two years ago, Charles Chiniquy was ordained priest of the church of Rome in Lower Canada. It was not long when his acknowledged talents secured for him a foremost place among the priests of the diocese of Quebec. Endowed in a high degree with the gift of popular eloquence, he became in course of time a man of eminent power in the pulpit and on the platform. In connection with the temperance reform, and other social questions, he showed himself a true King of men, carrying the heads and hearts, and will, of vast popular gatherings as only can be done by men like Bright and Moody—two men whom he resembles in some points of bodily presence, and some habits of popular speech. While ministering at the Romish altars there were for years secret misgivings in his soul as to the beliefs and practices of his church. There is no doubt that some signs of this appeared to the sharp eyes of his ecclesiastical superiors, who saw that Charles Chiniquy was too independent, and too popular, and too much of the old Gallican type of priest to suit the men who had entered on the work of making the French church out and out ultramontane, and subservient to the Jesuits. It was therefore arranged that Chiniquy should be sent to the western prairies, where he could indulge his crotchets, and do little harm. Here he had time to think out the great questions on which Romanism and Protestantism divide and differ. The issue was that thirteen years ago he left the church of Rome, carrying with him his congregation, which to-day, in St. Anne's, Kankakee, Illinois, numbers 162 families and 958 communicants. For a dozen years he stood at his post in that remote corner of the land, enduring trials that would have sickened and discomfited any one not endowed with divine help and heroic fortitude, visiting only occasionally his native province of Quebec.

He visited the city of Quebec in 1871 in connection with the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of which he is now a minister. It would be difficult for any Protestant to enter into his feeling, as he—a suspected and scorned man—walked the streets of the city, in which he was once a proud priest and a popular favorite. The first Sabbath after his arrival was the day of the Corpus Christi procession. The old cathedral was crowded to the doors, and the ministering priests stood before the altar decked in gorgeous apparel, receiving what seemed almost divine homage from the people. Among these priests, not many years before, appeared Chiniquy, whose form was then known to all in Quebec, and whose name was a household word in the surrounding district. But how much matters are changed now! In the afternoon of the same Sabbath on which the whole city turned out to see the gorgeous priests and their proud pageantry, Chiniquy preached a sermon in French without any clerical garments, in a small building in one of the obscure streets of Quebec. It was not thought expedient to advertise the service. It was not known, therefore, much beyond the bounds of the handful of Protestants in that city. There were however present parties who watched the sermon (which was on the "Water of Life"—Christ offered to the woman of Samaria) with hostile intentions if any utterance came from his lips prejudicial to the church of Rome. There were signs of hate manifested by the crowd as the preacher walked to his lodgings that evening, but owing to the presence of friends and the police, no violence was offered. It was the early days of Christianity once more enacted before our eyes, as when Saul returned to Jerusalem a converted man, suspected and scorned by his countrymen, who raised the cry "Away with such a fellow from the earth; it is not fit that he should live;" which would have been raised in Quebec that day had Chiniquy attempted such things as he is now doing in Montreal.

Four years nearly have passed away since then, and Chiniquy, in obedience to the supreme court of the church of which he is a minister, has transferred his services from the United States to Canada, and from St. Anne's to Montreal, where he has commenced his work in circumstances of great excitement and no small danger.

The attitude of the priests towards their former brother is one of bitter and uncompromising hostility, Fa has again and again challenged them to a public discussion in their own Cathedral Church, or any where else, but not one of them dare to meet him by open and fair argument. There may be in the Province of Quebec a few priests, as there are thousands in Italy, to-day, who are weary of the yoke of Rome, all the time getting heavier on the necks of the working and secular clergy, but they are only few, if indeed they at all exist. It will be a long time, therefore, we fear ere we shall read of Montreal as we read of Jerusalem: "That a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith;" but it is otherwise with the better educated of the people.

The French people of the rural districts are very ignorant, and completely under the power of the religious teachers; it will be some time, therefore, ere the spirit of enquiry penetrates to the country parishes of Quebec. In these parts it is very probable that the life of Chiniquy might at present be indeed in grave peril. But there is a class of educated Frenchmen to be found in the cities of French Canada, whose ear Chiniquy will reach, and whose consciences he will assuredly pierce. This class has been in collision with the priesthood on political questions, and on such principles as are involved in the "Canadian Institute," and are in a measure prepared to listen to the voice of their distinguished countryman. It is in them, and in the educated youth of the large cities of Quebec that the hope of Canada is, and it is to them that Chiniquy's appeal under God must chiefly lie. Were he a young man, of the age Luther was when he began his work, Chiniquy might live to see the power of popery shaken, and considerably shattered among his countrymen; but he is now advanced in years. There can be no doubt, however, that his presence and preaching in Montreal will exercise a powerful influence on his countrymen. It must do this (1) because of his decided way of speaking as to the question at issue between popery and protestantism. He does not appeal to the history of the early church as Dollinger, nor to sentiment as Hyacinth, but like Luther, he goes directly to the word of God and men's consciences, and on their authority denounces in language vigorous and outspoken the principles and practices of the church of Rome as contrary to pure morality, political freedom, and scriptural truth. The experience of the past proves that this mode of warfare is the shortest and the best, though it may at first grate on the tender nerves and morbid sensibilities of protestants whose zeal for the truth is neither cold nor hot. It is not sufficient in the eye of Chiniquy to "lop the branches of papistry," as John Knox expressed it, but the tree must be cut down by the root. This characteristic of his preaching and lecturing cannot fail to rouse opposition, but it cannot fail to do good, "for truth like a torch, the more its shock it shines." Further, we augur well of his work among his countrymen (2) because he goes to them with the precious gospel of Salvation. Little thanks is due to a man who knocks down the old house over people's ears, and offers them nothing better to shelter them from the cold. This is not Chiniquy's way: as a preacher he is very evangelical, and as tender and winning towards enquirers after salvation as he is bold, fearless and unsparing towards the haters and corruptors of the truth. A lion in controversy, he is a lamb in conference. Strong and unmerciful in pulling down: he is skilful and wise in building up. If he takes away from his countrymen refuges of lies, he points to the God-man who is "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a strength from the storm,

a shadow from the heat when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

It is with deep interest, therefore the people will watch the progress of Chiniquy's mission. In view of the threatening attitude of Jesuitism all over the world, our patriotic as well as our Christian feelings should be enlisted in behalf of a man who carries the war into the enemies camp. His addresses and sermons may to some people sound too controversial; but before we pass judgment on this point let us consider all the circumstances of the case. "It is idle," says the late Rev. Dr. Candlish, "to affect to run down controversy, as long as there is error abroad among men. It is mere prudery to be always groaning over the symptoms of irritability which controversialists have exhibited, and bemoaning evermore their lack of a smooth and oily tongue. All honor to the champions of God's holy Word and glorious gospel, who have waxed valiant in the fight against the adversaries of both! All sympathy with them in their indignant sense of what touches the glory and insults the majesty of Him whose battles they fight; with a large allowance for the heats, into which, being but men, they may suffer their zeal to hurry them! And all thankful joy in the success with which they wield the weapons of their keen logic, their learned study, their burning eloquence, in baffling the sophistries of heresy and infidelity, and rearing an impregnable defence around the battlements on which the banner is planted, which 'God has given to them that fear Him, that it may be displayed because of the truth.'"

### Living Preachers.

#### THAT DREAD DAY.

##### I.

ITS NAME : ITS CERTAINTY : ITS MANNER.

"The day of the Lord will come."—2 Pet.iii.10.

The doctrine and practice of Judgment are of old origin. We see this solemn business on a small scale in the Garden of Eden, after man fell, when God summoned the three guilty parties before him, and pronounced sentence on each of them. "The coming Judgment" formed a leading topic in the preaching of Enoch, who preached, saying: "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon

all."—Jude xiv. 15. The last things our Saviour said, in the way of public preaching, were about this judgment-day; the signs of its coming; and the things to be done on that occasion. And the last book in the Bible speaks much of the great white throne and Him that sat on it, and the books, and the final settlement of all accounts. Let us see what Peter, who knew much of the Master's mind, says on this solemn subject, in these verses: "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the works that are therein shall be burned up," etc.

There are six things in this revela-

tion, in regard to that dread day, that deserves to be seriously pondered by us, for we must all bear our part in it:—1. The name given to this judicial transaction. 2. The certainty of its taking place. 3. The manner of its coming. 4. The changes caused by it in the framework of nature. 5. The home into which it ushers the saints. And, 6. The prison into which it sends the wicked.

I. THE NAME GIVEN TO THIS GREAT AND CLOSING EVENT OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY. "*The day of the Lord.*" The event amongst ourselves likeliest to this great day is the sitting of the Court of Assizes, for the trial of criminals. Those who were out on bail, and those who are lying in jail, must answer for their crimes,—must be tried in open court, and condemned or acquitted, according to the evidence. We call that the day or time of assizes. The day of the Lord is such a day for the whole world, when small and great must appear before the Judge of all the earth for trial, and to receive sentence. The length of the day it is impossible for us to know. It is within the power of God to hasten through the business in a day of twenty-four hours; or it may be necessary to lengthen out the trial for many days and many years; for "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." It is enough for us to know that the court will sit, whether that sitting be short or protracted, till its business is fully, fairly, finally done; not simply to the satisfaction of God, but to the satisfaction of all holy beings, and to the conviction and silencing of all the wicked for ever and ever. It is called "The day of the Lord," for reasons similar to those for which the Sabbath is called "the Lord's day." It is the day of the Lord because our Saviour is the highest and central figure of the great gathering, the Father committing all

judgment to the Son on that day. "And he hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man."—John v. 27. It is the day of the Lord, for on that day Christ finishes the work of redemption, that consists in converting sinners to the knowledge and love of the truth, in carrying them in the way of holiness through life, in raising their bodies, in openly acknowledging and acquitting them, and in crowning them with glory and honour in the sight of angels and men. It is the day of the Lord, for on this day our Lord vindicates from all charges, and clears from all mists of doubt and darkness, his dealing with the children of men, from the first day to the last. And if in heaven, where there is neither day nor night, nor temple nor Sabbath, the saints in the long ages of eternity commemorate any day, or event in the history of redemption, the day of all days, the event of all events to accupy their thoughts, will be the Lord's day,—the day which is at once the evening of time and the morning of eternity.

II. THE CERTAINTY OF THIS EVENT TAKING PLACE, is the next thought that meets us in this passage. This matter of certainty is contained in one word: "*Will come.*" "It is more," as Dean Alford remarks on this passage, "than merely 'shall come,' though no one word will give the exact force in English,—'*Shall be here; shall be upon you.*'" This peculiar way of stating the doctrine is in opposition to the doubts of the scoffers referred to in the third verse, who said, "Where is the promise of his coming?" This strong way of putting the future is, therefore, necessary, to confound and silence unbelievers, and to strengthen the weak faith of God's people. "Hope deferred leaveth the heart sick." When men see things moving on in the same unchanged

course from year to year, and hear of nothing else from generation to generation, they are apt to imagine that things will and must continue to move in the same way always and forever. "You are mistaken," Peter says, "the Lord shall be here;" or, as Paul expresses it in the Hebrews, "Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come and not tarry."—Heb. x. 37.

There are reasons of a weighty kind why he that shall come will come. He must and will come to do the work of this great day, because this day is needful, nay necessary, to justify God's wisdom, and power, and holiness, and goodness, before his creatures. Let God close up the history of this earth without a day of this kind, and he would give occasion to the adversary to rejoice over Him, and to say as Moses feared they would say, if Israel were left to perish in the wilderness, "he could not have done otherwise." A day of judgment, further, is necessary to satisfy the expectation of his own people. There is in the breast of every bad man, dim dark apprehensions amounting at times to horrible forebodings of a day of retribution: but let us suppose that wicked men can by long and deep indulgence in sin, silence this voice; the fact still remains, that those who love the Lord and serve him do look and wait and long for his second coming, and it is needful and necessary, therefore, that he should not put to shame the expectations of his poor ones. The necessity of meeting the expectations of his people is increased to the highest degree by the promise God gave of this day. This day is contained in the very first announcement of Christ's coming. The bruising of the head of the serpent is not fully accomplished till the final judgment is finished. "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God the father, when he shall have put down all rule

and all authority and power, for he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.—1 Cor. xv. 24, 25.

For the day of judgment, therefore, there is the greatest certainty. It is more certain than any future event. The sun shall cease his rising and setting, and spring shall cease to visit us. We are not sure of seeing next year, or next week. "But *he that shall come will come and will not tarry.*"

III. BUT WHAT OF THE MANNER OF HIS COMING? The manner of Christ's coming is a point with which the Church ought to be familiar. He has been coming indeed since the beginning. A great king sends an ambassador before his face, the ambassador enters the country with great pomp, as becomes the servant of a great king. But the king himself is coming. What shall the manner of his coming be? His coming is foreshadowed in the coming of his servant. Now our Lord has had occasion to come in the person of others frequently since the world began. He came to destroy the old world; to deliver his people from Egypt: he came to destroy that same people. The Lord comes in times of great revolution, he comes in storms of nature, he comes in sickness and death. But there is a final coming in which all these comings meet as types meet in the antitype. Like his other comings the last coming has these three features; his coming will be (1) *sudden* like a thief in the night. The image is striking and terrible. Picture to yourself a house in which there are comforts and luxuries. The inmates spend a happy night. They retire to rest. They are in deep sleep. A noise awakes them. The house is in possession of thieves, robbers; such men as left the man going down to Jericho half dead. There is no use to resist: everything is lost. That is a picture of the way of Christ's second

coming finds and leaves the world. But I would say to Christians as Paul said, "but ye brethren are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." His coming (2) will be *unwelcome*. Three visitors are very unwelcome to our dwellings, at night; fire, water, and thieves: but of the three the last is perhaps the most unwelcome. What an awakening from a sound sleep to find an armed man standing over your bed, and demanding your goods or your life. Such was the awakening that came on the old world: they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, till the day Noah entered the ark.

But (3.) His coming will be *glorious*. Comparing this passage with other passages, we gather that these will be the leading steps in this royal progress. In all the majesty of His glorified state, He will leave His throne for a time, attended by all the hosts of heaven, and surrounded by a light above the brightness of the sun. Sitting on the clouds, and surrounded by His angels, our Lord will remain in the air, in view of this earth, so that all can see the amazing sight. So glorious will be the sight, that human nature, in its present frail state, could not bear the majesty in which Christ will then be seen. "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."—Rev. i. 7. Then the trumpet shall sound, and at its thrilling blast the dead shall rise and the living shall be changed. Then the vast company will be separated into two distinct bands; the righteous caught up in the clouds it would seem, and the wicked left on this earth. Then the books will be opened; the book of God's scripture as the *rule* of God's judgment, and the book of God's *remembrance* as the *evidence* of men's deeds. Sentence will be pronounced on the righteous and on the wicked; and then comes the

destruction of this earth. "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

But this fourth point, viz., "the changes in the framework of nature on the occasion of this day," must be left for next month. Our meditations let us at present close by saying or singing the following magnificent hymn, which has been brought to its exquisite perfection of thought and language by having in it the ripe experience of three Christian poets, John Cennick (1752), Charles Wesley (1758), and Martin Madan (1760):—

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain:  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumphs of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty:  
Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away:  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment, come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear!

Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;  
The new Heaven and earth t'inherit,  
Take Thy pining exiles home:  
All creation  
Trajails, groans, and bids Thee come!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
O, come quickly!  
Everlasting God, come down!



### OUR LITTLE WORDS.

Alas ! 'tis hard for us to tell  
 What little words may do ;  
 Our little words, I fear we fail,  
 To pay attention to ;  
 What power they have to cure, to kill,  
 To stir up strife or make it still,  
 What power they have for good or ill,  
 We'd wonder if we knew.

Our weighty words, we nicely weigh,  
 Again, again, review,  
 Lest they mean more than we would say,  
 And so mischief ensue ;  
 But little words receive no care,  
 We talk them off to all that hear,  
 At home, abroad, or anywhere,  
 Ne'er thinking what they do.

And yet, our words great and small  
 Summed up, 'twould make us stare,  
 To see how large a part of all  
 Our small words truly are ;  
 And were all their results reviewed,  
 The harm they've done as well as good,  
 We'd scarce believe they really could  
 Have done so large a share.

Ah yes ! these little words of ours  
 A wond'rous magic have,  
 To sweeten life in trying hours  
 And make the timid brave,  
 To cheer a heart and dry a tear,  
 Inspire a hope and calm a fear,  
 To strew with blossoms all the year,  
 Our pathway to the grave.

The flower that shrinks with cowering head,  
 From tempests drenching through,  
 Yet springs with ardent blushing blade  
 To catch its drops of dew ;



Thus many a heart in life's domain,  
Imbibes more vigour for the strain  
From drops of comfort, than the rain  
That wit and learning brew.

So little words, e'en lightly said,  
Are not without effect;  
And many a heart requires their aid  
In hardship and neglect;  
And little words when winged by prayer,  
We know, are potent everywhere,  
To warm, to comfort in despair,  
To lighten or direct.

Then Christian mind thy little words,  
Amid both peace and strife,  
For lancets may, as well as swords,  
Preserve or take a life;  
And mind, no matter where or when,  
Thy little words do good to men,  
Thus will thy path be always plain,  
Thy words with blessings rife.

No false profession make, be true,  
Have salt within thy heart,  
Then will thy words be seasoned too,  
Without deceitful art;  
So will thy little words be blest,  
So will no influence run to waste,  
So will thy light be manifest,  
And good to all impart.

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### A CRY OF A WEARY HEART.

Lord, I am weary,  
Weary of this heavy weight of sin,  
Weary of this warfare, too, within:  
I am very weary.

Lord, I am weary,  
Weary of this ever broken rest,  
As a wanderer bird without a nest:  
I am very weary,

Lord, I am weary,  
Weary of life's battle, scarce begun,  
Weary of the race not yet half run:  
I am very weary.

Lord, I am weary,  
 Weary of these many doubts and fears,  
 Weary of these sighs, and groans, and tears:  
 I am truly weary.

Lord, I am weary,  
 But if thou wilt only be my guest,  
 Evermore to dwell within my breast.  
 I'll no more be weary,

Lord, I am weary,  
 But if thy sun's rays upon me shine,  
 If thy people's joy be always mine.  
 I'll ne'er again be weary.

Lord I am weary,  
 But if Thou wilt be my guide and stay,  
 Ever guarding me along life's way,  
 I'll no more be weary.

Lord, I am weary,  
 Fill Thou my soul with heavenly love,  
 Give me the sure hope of rest above,  
 Then I'll work though weary.

Lord, I am weary,  
 But my earthly toil will soon be done,  
 Then I'll mount and sing above the sun,  
 I'll no more be weary.

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### FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

BY W. R. BOWEN.

Two fierce theological disputants  
 Were warring with words one day,  
 As to which of the two, faith or good works,  
 Were really the better way.  
 They talked from the morning until high noon,  
 From noontime until night,  
 The longer they talked, the more each believed  
 Himself alone to be right.

They came at last to a river broad,  
 And the boatman rowed them o'er;  
 But their tongues kept wagging of faith and works  
 'Till they reached the other shore.  
 As they stepped from off the boat to the land,  
 The old boatman scratched his head,  
 And thus to the heated disputants  
 These words of wisdom he said:

"You were talking of faith and of works, I think,  
 As you crossed the river wide;  
 "I'll give you *my* views on the case;" and pushed  
 His boat far out on the tide.  
 Then taking an oar, on the right of his boat,  
 He pulled as if outward bound;  
 But the boat, instead of going ahead,  
 Kept going right round and round.

"That's *faith alone*—see how it works:  
 Now wait till I try once more;"  
 And then on the other side of his boat  
 He rowed with the other oar;  
 But the boat kept going round and round,  
 Though in the opposite way.  
 "That oar is *good works*. Which one of the two  
 Is best for our theme, would you say?"

"But wait just a moment; I'll try again."  
 Then grasping an oar in each hand,  
 He pulled on them *both* with hearty good will,  
 And his boat shot quickly to land.  
 "Use both oars together, if you would succeed,  
 Nor stop to dispute any more;  
 And faith *with* good works in harmony joined,  
 Will land you on heaven's bright shore."

### THE LAME BOY.

My mother has five loving sons,  
 With strength in every limb; "  
 But the dearest of her darling ones,  
 Is my lame brother Jem."

"Then, does your mother's kindly heart  
 Not feel for all the same?"

"Why, sir, Jem has the largest part;  
 'Tis just because he's lame."

"We never grudge to have it so,  
 Indeed t'would be a shame;  
 Our mother loves us all, we know,  
 Him most, because he's lame.

"Last Sabbath, when we gathered round  
 The hearth for evening prayer;  
 And Jem, his usual place had found  
 Beside our mother's chair.

"They sang the hymn from one same book,  
From the same Bible read ;  
His hand clasped hers with loving look,  
The while she softly said ;

"Dear boys, you know God's loving care,  
Is over all the same—  
O'er glorious sun, and glittering star,  
And glow-worm's tiny flame.

"But from His glory-throne above,  
He stooped to save the *lost* :  
God's love is like your mother's love,  
Most given, where needed most.

"'Twas the *lost* sheep our Shepherd found,  
The *hungry* He doth feed ;  
His tender mercies most abound  
Where there is deepest need.

"Stripped, wounded, bleeding, *lost*, was man ;  
Helpless, half dead he lay,  
Till came the Good Samaritan  
To help him on his way.

"The wine and oil were freely shed,  
The gaping wounds were bound ;  
But powerless still, like to the dead,  
He lay upon the ground.

"He would not leave him perishing  
There by the highway side ;  
So in his arms he lifted him,  
And walked that he might ride.

"Such wondrous love Christ's heart did fill,  
And now in Heaven above,  
He loves and saves poor sinners still,  
Because they need His love.' "

S. G.

## Christian Thought.

### THE PAPAL POLICY OF SEDI- TION.

Mr. Gladstone accuses the Papacy of requiring from its adherents an obedience so extensive and so absolute, as seriously to imperil, if not to render altogether impossible, their obedience to the laws of their own country. The Vatican does not at present preach universal rebellion, but by means of the last Council it has sown the seeds of it, and is now waiting to let them grow and ripen. By means of those two decrees, of the Infallibility of the Pope and of the unlimited and absolute obedience which the faithful owe him, the mine is being charged which, if only it finds propitious time and favourable circumstances, is to blow into the air the whole edifice of modern society.

To prove that we are not speaking at random, and that we are not making unfounded accusations, we will adduce two or three practical examples which enable us to point out most clearly the irreconcilable opposition which exists between the Papacy and the whole mass of modern laws.

In order that the force of these examples may be more clearly felt, we choose them from among ourselves, for there is no country in which it is more impossible than in Italy to be at the same time a good Catholic and a good citizen.

I. It is clear that every man owes to his country the help of his arm and his counsel. The electing therefore, of deputies fitted to take care of its interest, or the accepting of that office if designated for it by our fellow-citizens, is rather a duty than a right. Now it is notorious that the Pope, on the occasion of the recent general elections, forbade all good Catholics to take part

in them or to accept the office if they should be elected; in other words, the Pope forbade his faithful servants to serve their country in that, its time of need; commanding them to ignore the most elementary duties of a citizen towards his country. Could there be a more conspicuous instance of the truth of the accusation brought by Mr. Gladstone against the Papacy—*i.e.*, that the obedience due from Roman Catholics to the Pope is at variance with that which they owe to the laws of their country?

II. If there is a thing which the Popes have condemned repeatedly as diabolical and contrary to the true faith, it is that liberty of conscience which, at the present time, by God's grace, we enjoy. Here opposition between the laws of the Pope and those of the State is of constant occurrence, and no one has more reason to know it than we Evangelicals. The civil law imposes on the good Catholic the duty of respect and toleration for his Evangelical neighbour. The priest, on the contrary, inculcates towards him hatred, contempt, and continual persecution. Wherever the priest reigns, the poor Evangelicals are driven from their families, hated by those dearest to them, deprived of their legitimate earnings, and consequently of their bread, insulted and injured in every possible manner. There is no bad treatment of which the priest does not approve if the Evangelicals are the objects of it. The ancient Papal laws—according to which, to kill a Protestant was not only an excusable, but even a meritorious action—have never been abrogated. No Roman Catholic theologian would dare to condemn them. A proof that it is so is to be found in the fact that the massacre of Barletta

(of which the recent death of poor Giannini has reminded us) has never been condemned by any authoritative utterance of the Romish Church; and in this case we may well apply the proverb, "Silence gives consent." Thus, then, the matter stands. The laws not only of Italy, but of all civilized nations, proclaim now the equality of different forms of worship; but the Roman Catholics, far from obeying these laws, must desire, and, if occasion offers, promote their abolition by all means, lawful and unlawful. And this is what they call obedience!

III. One more example, and we have done. Since the 1st of January, 1866, a law has been in force in Italy which orders that every marriage should be celebrated before the civil magistrate. This law in no way forbids the religious ceremony—it simply makes no mention of it; thereby implying that it may be celebrated to any extent. Instead of inviting Catholics to obey this law, the Pope has continually condemned it, and the priests are always inculcating disobedience to it. The consequence is that we have in Italy hundreds of thousands of families which are illegitimate in the eye of the law, with a proportionate number of children who can be called nothing else than bastards, many of whom, one or other of their parents having died, cannot be legitimized by any power in the world. This most unhappy state of things is all the work of the priests, and all the fruit of that disobedience to the civil law which has been inculcated by the Vatican.

We might go on for a long time, but these three conspicuous examples are more than enough to prove the little value which attaches to the denials of Mr. Gladstone's charges which proceed from the Vatican. If the illustrious statesman had had before his eyes in his own country facts such as those which occur every day in Italy,

he would, perhaps, have thought it needless to prove things which are as clear as the light of day; but in England Roman Catholicism acts with extreme prudence—it wears a mask of liberalism and religiousness, which attracts many. Mr. Gladstone has raised a corner of this mask, and it has been sufficient to carry confusion into the enemy's camp. Let us hope that England will learn from this to keep faithful to its old and noble Protestantism.

## UNIVERSALISM.

### THE WORD ETERNAL.

An important question hinges on the interpretation of the Greek word, *aion*. Universalists claim that it is not correctly translated in our Bible. It means duration of time, a period of time, time. Sometimes it means world, dispensation, generation. Age or world is the meaning given to it by the Universalists. All lexicographers worthy of the name agree that it means duration as long as the surrounding circumstances will permit. Unless limited by some circumstance by which it is connected, it means eternal. Universalists claim that, unless some connected circumstance shew that it means eternal it means limited duration. This is the point at issue between us. The only way to learn the meaning of words is to ascertain the ideas which those using them intend to convey. When the Greeks wished to convey the idea contained in our word Time, they used the word *chronos*, from which our word chronology is derived. For age, they used *æhlikia*; for world, *kosmos*; for generation, *genea*. When *aion* was used for any of these words, it was out of its ordinary acceptation. If the Greeks had any ideas of eternal duration it must have been in

connection with their gods. The epithet applied by Homer to the gods, invariably translated immortal or everlasting, was a derivative of the word *aion*. The Scotch word *aye*, found in Rouse's version of the Psalms, is likewise derived from this word; it invariably means everlasting. Out of the ninety-four times that *aion* is used in the New Testament, sixty-six without doubt mean endless duration. The remaining number are indefinite. The word *aionos*, a derivative of the word *aion*, is used sixty-four times in the New Testament. In fifty-one out of that number it is used in speaking of the happiness of the righteous, seven times in describing the punishment of the wicked, and two in speaking of God and his glory. The remaining four are of a miscellaneous character. In the fifty-three cases in which it is used in speaking of God and his glory, and of the happiness of the righteous, none will deny that it means everlasting. Is there any good reason why we should give the word a different meaning, in the seven cases where it is used in describing the punishment of the wicked? But Universalists argue that, because punishment is necessarily finite, that this adjective, when used to qualify it, must mean finite duration. The question under discussion is the duration of punishment, and they assume it to be finite without proof.

When speaking of the happiness of the righteous they use the adjective to qualify the noun. When speaking of the punishment of the wicked, they use the noun to qualify the adjective. Their system of grammar, as you will observe, is as flexible as their system of religion.

The phrase, "*Eis tous aionas ton aionon*," translated "for ever and ever!" is used eighteen times in the New Testament. Fifteen times of that number when describing the glories and perfections of God. Once

in describing the happiness of the righteous. Once of the punishment of the Devil, the Beast and the false prophet in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; and once of the punishment of the finally impenitent. You will see that the evidence is eight times as strong as the happiness of God and his Saints is not eternal, as that the punishment of the wicked is not eternal. Here I would remark that the phrase translated for ever and ever is a very strong one.

As I have already remarked, the Greeks used an adjective derived from *aion* when speaking of the duration of their gods. Our Universalist friends very justly and properly remark, that the derivative is never stronger and generally of less force than the word from which it is derived. Here we have not only the stronger term used, but put in the plural and squared when describing the punishment of the wicked. No stronger expression can be found in the Greek language, or, as far as I am aware, in any other language than is here used to express the duration of the punishment of the finally impenitent.

To what conclusions are we brought from our brief consideration of this subject? Is the punishment of the wicked is not everlasting, the happiness of the righteous is not everlasting. If Universalism be true, neither Heaven, the Throne of God, nor the great Jehovah can be eternal, as the same language is used in expressing the duration of them all. If universalism be true, Justice ceases to be an attribute of Jehovah, as he makes no distinction between the righteous and the wicked. It is said that when Romulus, the first King of Rome, became so tyrannical and cruel that his subjects could no longer tolerate him, they put him to death, then deified, believing, that though too wicked to live on earth he was fit to reign in heaven. According to the Univer-

salist's teaching the divine administration would be similar. When men become too wicked to live on earth, He admits them into His presence to live with Him for ever in Heaven. God is thus robbed of some of his essential attributes, and without those attributes his intelligent creatures cannot adore and worship him as God. If we adopt such views, what barrier is there between us and atheism? We are far from believing that Universalists generally, or any great proportion of them, can be justly charged with holding atheistical opinions; but many, indeed, most minds, are so constituted that they cannot adopt such opinions and stop short of the results we have pointed out. Universalism then is the high-road to atheism. The system of Christianity has been well compared to an arch. If one stone be removed the whole fabric must fall. Remove this doctrine from the Christian system and it must fall. In conclusion, I would earnestly entreat my readers, especially the young, to give this subject earnest prayerful consideration. Seek not, I beseech you, to make a league with Death and a covenant with Hell. For, saith the Lord, your league with death shall not stand, and your covenant with Hell shall be disannulled. Though Universalism can give no solid ground on which to build our hopes of Salvation, Christ has opened up a way of escape from that doom, which, (unless God is mocking us with empty threats,) awaits the finally impenitent. Rejoice, therefore, to know that though the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, the righteous, (and you, each of you, may be in that number,) shall go into life eternal.

## TO WHOM WILL YOU GO?

The season of sorrow will come! What will you do then? To whom will you turn for consolation? To your gay companions? They will desert you. To the remembrance of past pleasure? It will torture you. To the world you have idolized? It has no balm for a wounded heart. To the God whose love you have slighted? Will you not fear to look at Him in affliction, whom in prosperity, you have insulted and deserted? Would not one hour of a Christian's consolations—one smile of a Saviour's love—be then felt to be worth all the gratifications this world ever gave?

The hour of death will come? What will you do then? When the world is giving away under your feet—eternity opening on your view—your body tortured with pain or sinking in decay—your soul hovering on the brink of a dark and fearful abyss unillumed by one ray of light from heaven, down which it dare not look, yet must plunge into its blackness of darkness for ever—what would you then not give for such feelings as animated the pious Leighton; Illness attacked him, and he rejoiced, as, "from the shaking of the prison doors he was led to hope that some of these brisk blasts would throw them open, and give him the release he coveted."

The day of judgment will come! And what will you do then?

The ages of eternity will come! And what a thought! Eternal woe! Too horrible to think of! What will it be to endure! The idea is dreadful! What will be the reality! What a home for eternity! And yet will you prefer Satan to God as a master, and hell to heaven as a home?



## Christian Work.

### FROM THE WYNDY TO THE WOODS.

II

But I did not finish about Maggie May. Recently I went to visit her beautiful home at Embro, an old Highland Settlement; found she liked to sit beside Grandpa, and make believe at patching a quilt. When Grandpa came in the evening from his office, she ran to get him his slippers, and chatted away to him on the occurrences of the day. Her Auntie, partly to tease, partly to test the child's real affection, suggested—"Miss Bilbrough might perhaps bring Grandfather, and take away Maggie." She immediately went to consult her own Grandpa, and was greatly reassured by his strong assertion "that not even a regiment of soldiers should take Maggie away."

I am sure you would like to see these two in their Canadian homes, but as that is impossible, the next best thing would be to see their photographs, which Mrs. Blaikie could show you. When I hear their sweet voices singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Hold the fort," "There is a gate," I am reminded of the happy season I spent in your Saturday noon hour of prayer, when Mr. Robertson exhibited so many of the children's clocks.

If you are not tired of Canadian stories, I will tell you another about Freddy. That was not his real name, but his adopted mother gave it to him, that he might seem more like her own. He and Grandfather were playmates in the Edinburgh Home; now there is 500 miles between them—Freddy lives at Omemee, (the Indian name for pigeon), where Miss Gildard and I

found him the petted darling of a childless home. There was a slight bruise on his fair, rosy, cheek, and again and again we were told how it happened. Santa Claus had brought him a hand sleigh on Christmas Eve; Freddy was most eager for a ride, and set off with his papa, but not knowing how to keep his seat properly had a tumble the very first thing. However he soon got accustomed to it, and spends hours sliding down a little snow bank in the garden. He is warmly clad in overcoat with capote, fur cap, mittens, and mocassins. Children have such happy times in these bright Canadian winters, so much sliding and skating, sleighing and snowballing; and what is very curious despite the thermometer often being below zero, I have never seen any chilblains!

My friend was so pleased with her visit to Omemee that she put her thoughts into verse, and I have copied them for you. And now dear children, I must not tell you any more stories at present; but if you will get acquainted with some of the little ones in the Edinburgh Home, I promise to tell you how they get on in this Canadian land. Is it not a happy joyous work to "set these little solitary ones in families?"

### PROTESTANTISM AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Before Mr. Chiniqy left for Illinois, to make arrangements for transferring his home to Montreal, there was a meeting held in Cote street church of his countrymen who sympathise with him, and are ready to unite under his pastoral care in forming a French

Congregation. The meeting was successful beyond expectation. Says the *Witness*:—"Long before eight o'clock the Lecture Room of the Cote Street Church was well filled, and still the people poured in. Rev. Mr. Chiniquy stood near the door, and greeted each one as he or she passed by with a cordial shake of the hand, and words of comfort and encouragement. He appeared to know nearly every one by name, and those entering seemed to cherish his lightest word. His converts, about 250 in number, were nearly all present, and were composed of almost every class in society. Nearly every one of them possessed faces betokening much intelligence and energy. The room was very handsomely decorated with banners, flags and mottoes, while at one side of it there was a table loaded down with everything to tempt the appetite, and decorated with natural flowers. Quite a number of the ladies of the church were present, as well as the gentlemen, who most exerted themselves for Mr. Chiniquy's protection when likely to be mobbed. Altogether, a more pleasing scene, or a larger group of pleasant, earnest faces, is seldom to be obtained. A posse of policemen were at the door during the evening, but there being none but those before enumerated present, their active service were not required. There could not have been less than seven hundred persons in the room, many of whom were unable to obtain seats.

The following resolutions were then proposed, seconded and spoken to as follows:—1st resolution—"Being convinced that the Church of Rome is not the true Church of Jesus Christ, we solemnly abjure the errors with which it has nourished us until the present." Mr. Bechard, in moving this resolution, said, that he was from Putnam, Connecticut, United States, and had been converted under Mr. Chiniquy's preaching a few months ago. At that place there were now forty French Can-

adian Protestants. They had been insulted, maltreated, and on one occasion attempts were made by the Catholics of that town to drown himself. Their rule was eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, but he had learned since his conversion to love and not to curse his persecutors. The priests' avarice caused many desertions from the ranks of their followers.

Mr. Disidi, who in seconding the resolution was loudly applauded, said that he was a native of Rome. The events of 1848 had already caused him to reflect. Italy then had just broken her chains, and had gained her liberty from Austria.

The Pope, instead of taking the Gospel, and saying I must not shed innocent blood, called to his aid the bayonets of foreigners; Rome was taken by assault, and he walked through blood, and again ascended his throne. He filled Rome's prisons, and caused the death of a large number of poor victims. The Pope's religion being only a murderous one, there could be no blame cast upon any one for leaving it.

2nd resolution—"We consider the Holy Scripture to be the only infallible guide of faith and action, and we will read it for ourselves, not under the direction of the Pope, who calls himself infallible, but of the Holy Spirit, whom Christ has given to all who ask."

Mr. Gaudry said, in moving this resolution, that in the Bible man learns his own importance, duties and rights, and in it finds remedies for all evils, consolation for all trials, and light for all clouds. He hoped that the time would soon come when the word of God would be the compass guiding this country.

3rd resolution—"We hereby agree to put forth every effort to spread the Gospel among those who speak our language in Canada."

Mr. Etienne moved this resolution, saying that on Easter Day, 1863, he had resolved to abandon the Church of Rome. His village in France was visit-

ed by Capuchin monks, who were there known as beggars and vagabonds, and to lead disreputable lives. The cure was asked not to receive them, but denied the request, and immediately a large number of Catholics refused to attend church.

Ten years after, a beautiful and virtuous woman was engaged to work in the presbytery for the cure. He made criminal propositions to her, and upon manifesting her horror of such a proposal, said, "When you confess I will absolve." Finally, overcome by the temptations, the poor woman yielded, and her husband hearing of it, went to the presbytery to punish the cure, but the latter, by his plausibility, completely changed the poor man's object, and offered him a glass of wine as a token of peace. The man took, it, and died that day. It was poisoned. Mr. Etienne added, after hearing Mr. Chiniquy, he had asked Jesus Christ to pardon his sins, and felt He had done so.

Mr. Chaumot seconded the resolution.

4th resolution—"We bless God for having sent amongst us Father Chiniquy, and hope to retain in Canada, for a long time, this courageous and eloquent advocate of the double cause so dear to us,—freedom of speech and the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Sar, in seconding the resolution, said that the Church of Rome was perfidious and cruel, and wherever she had the power would shed the blood of those who would not remain chained to the feet of her insolent head, the Pope. The priests unable to reply to Father Chiniquy, had excited against him their most fanatical slaves.

All the foregoing resolutions were submitted to the audience and unanimously carried amidst enthusiastic applause.

#### BAPTISM.

The sacred rite of baptism was then

administered by Mr. Chiniquy to an infant, whose parents had recently been converted from Romanism under his preaching. The occasion was a most interesting and solemn one. The choir then sang the beautiful hymn, "Blessed is this new born."

Rev. Mr. Doudiet made a very able address, in which he spoke of the heroism which would induce men to die rather than yield, and warned the new converts to beware of reaction, for their astonishment at having believed so much, might lead them into unbelief. They should keep the Gospel as their guide, and believe in Christ, who would sustain them until death.

Rev. Mr. Lafleur thanked Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, now working with them, after having worked against them. Mr. Chiniquy then did not tell his people directly to harm the Protestants, but said, "If you were mowing a field and saw a snake, what would you do?" This inspired their actions.

Rev. Mr. Chiniquy was the next speaker, and was received with the most enthusiastic applause. He said he had seen the power and goodness of God more manifest in his work here than ever before, and could say with the apostle that he was not ashamed of the Gospel, which by its attractions had led so many to accept Jesus Christ. Some persons thought that much ground would be lost by his leaving at this time, when the work showed most encouraging results; but he assured them he was not the power which produced such happy results, but that same power would remain amongst them, and the work continue to progress in their hands. On his return he hoped to find them still faithful and firm. He exhorted them not to entertain hard or angry feelings to those whom they had left, but to press forward in the good work, serving God, praying to Him, and not feeling ashamed of the cause they had espoused.

He gave them his blessing, and thanked them for their kindness towards him. He had never met with friends possessing such warm hearts as those Canadians, French and Italians, who were associated with him in his work here. He would remind them that time was flying and that all were hastening to the grave, and exhorted them to energetic labour for Christ. There was something which told him that he would not die till he had seen the Church of Rome destroyed, and the priests converted to the Gospel. He tendered his hearty thanks to those who had so willingly and bravely protected him, including the police.

#### MR. MOODY IN LONDON.

The Agricultural Hall in Islington used for several years by the Rev. J. Thain Davidson for meetings of the working classes, has been fitted up for Mr. Moody's work. In the body of the hall 12,000 new chairs have been placed, to reinforce 2000 already belonging to the establishment, in addition to room for 2000 on forms. The platform at the west end is arranged in steps, that will seat 1200 persons. In the centre of the north side is the platform for the choir, organized by Mr. Joseph Proudman, of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, and for Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The accommodation here is for 220. The eastern platform is fitted with 900 seats, and in the south gallery are 3000 chairs. The addition gives a total of 21,320, not including the west and east end galleries, each capable of containing 600 more. The lighting of the hall is effected by means of large gas chandeliers, hanging from the roof, aided by lines of gas jets along the sides, straight save at the centres, where they rise in three semicircular arches. The acoustic properties of the hall are greatly aided by an immense sounding-board

over the speaker's platform. Mr. A. O. Charles, of the Home for Little Boys, is acting as manager at the hall, assisted by a number of stewards, known by their wands.

The perfect order which is maintained throughout the services speaks well for the completeness of the organization, and is very helpful both to the comfort and success of the meetings.

The comments of the secular press have been very fair and respectful, and there has been no disposition shown to be censorious or even hypocritical. The orderly conduct of the services, though attended by such vast crowds, has disarmed hostile criticism, and the press has contented itself with giving sketches of the crowds, the speaker, and the singer.

This immense building, seated for 15,000 people, and affording standing room for some thousands more, is often full to overflowing, while thousands were turned away from the doors.

Mr. Moody's address was well suited to the occasion. Having read part of 1 Cor. i., he said: "One thing he had feared in coming to London was, that many would be led to trust in the arm of flesh, and in great meetings, to the risk of having their eyes turned away from God. Those who had come to the meeting expecting to hear a new gospel would be disappointed, for he had the same old story to tell which the numerous ministers he saw before him had preached to them in their churches and chapels. One thing which the passage he had read taught them was, that God would do his own work in his own way; and another was, that he would choose his own instruments wherewith to do it. The passage showed that the weak, the foolish, the base, the despised, and things that are not, were used by God in order 'that no flesh should glory in his presence.' God's way of delivering the children of Israel was not as man's way would have been, neither was the

building of his ark as man would have set about it. In the eyes of the world, those who would work for Christ, and who would be used by God for the accomplishment of his purposes, must be content to be the laughing-stocks of their day. They must be willing to be fools for Christ's sake. All through the Bible did not they who were used as God's instruments seem absurd and foolish in the eyes of the world? There were the taking of Jericho through the blowing of the rams' horns, the prodigies wrought by Samson with the jawbone of an ass, the feeding of Elijah by the ravens—these were all contemptible in the eyes of men, but nevertheless they were God's ways of bringing about the fulfilment of his designs. In more modern times there was John Bunyan, the despised tinker, in whom the devil found his match, who was chosen by God to write the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." Similar God could use the weak things of London to do his work. It was not good preachers that were wanted, for probably at no time had London possessed so many great preachers as now. The belief of every individual Christian should be, not that 'God *can* use me,' but 'He *will* use me.' What was wanted was that they should be out-and-out on the Lord's side, with heart and brain on fire for the Lord, and ready to use every power and every member for his service. He often wondered why God did not take his work on earth away from men and give it to the angels, who would be glad to do it. But God was the same God, and as ready and willing to give the power from on high now, as in the days of Elisha and St. Paul. He was always more willing to bless than we to receive the blessing, and he exhorted his hearers to keep close to Christ, to be faithful, and preach Him in season and out of season, for what London and the whole world wanted was more of Christ and Him crucified."

## ITALY.

The progress of the gospel movement is very considerable. Did your pages allow of it, I could cite dozens of detailed instances of Church extension, consolidation, and enlargement, any one of which ten years ago would have sufficed as the substance of an interesting communication. In connection with all the various efforts of individuals and churches, I hear of striking conversions through the reading of tracts and the perusal of Bibles up and down the country, which have been curiously obtained. All the churches, more or less, report the addition of seven to ten members, and as many catechumens under instruction, and the upspringing of neighboring village stations. Schools and excellently edited Evangelical journals are everywhere established. Unions of our Christian youth, on an undenominational basis have sprung up in all the larger towns, and are in correspondence with one another. Better halls are secured, and many old places of Roman Catholic worship have been purchased. Regular and larger contributions are rendered as the fruit of a growing and more intelligent piety, and a more thorough organization. A greater number of priests have become obedient to the faith, and the whole evangelical work has assumed visibility and standing, and gained the respect of the powers that be.

I cannot but testify my satisfaction with the prodigious advance made during the last few years, so that cases of persecution become daily rarer, and many other hindrances are gradually lessening. The friends of Italian evangelization have every reason to be gratified, and to expect yet greater results in the near future.

As a matter of duty I ought also to say that among the native Christians of Italy connected with the various denominations, an excellent spirit reigns.

Here and there, of course, there are combative Christians, men of war from their youth; but they constitute the very small minority, and with an outpouring from on high they would be carried away as by a flood in the common sympathy and Christian fellowship of the vast majority of Italian Evangelicals. Most of the appreciable bitterness is imported by foreign friends of one or another denomination, who still insist upon their way as the only good and true way to bless this country. This, however, is but as dust in the balance. The various Churches are learning to respect one another. There is less trenching on each other's territory, and a better understanding of the difficulties common to all. There is felt to be no need for Ephraim to vex Judah, nor Judah Ephraim, for there is much land to be possessed, and room for a larger number of tribes than have yet entered in. So that, even apart from a revival, for which many hearts are longing, I shall be surprised if soon there is not a congress of workers, and an adoption by all of the best and most practical plans in every department of Italian evangelization.

### THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.

The Reformed Church is a degree less agitated since the Rationalists are convinced, by the cancelling of their elections as illegal, that the Government regards the Synod as the true representative of official Protestantism. They perceive that the people whom they have endeavoured to gain by the unfairest of means cannot long be kept in ignorance as to the true state of things, and they are evidently intimidated in some quarters. It is a matter of rejoicing to see the pure orthodox truth, too often frozen up into a block of ice, receiving some of those beams which cause it to flow in living streams.

Pastor after pastor are leaving their semi-rationalism, controversial tendencies, and polemical strife for a higher reach of heavenly ambition and loving action; and in some places Roman Catholics and Rationalists who have attended the meetings for furthering the attainment of a higher Christian life, have come out confounded, saying there is *reality* here!

### MEETINGS OF THE REV. R. W. M'ALL

are increasingly frequented, and are bringing forth evident fruit. The following letter from Professor Rosseeuw, St. Hilaire, will show how much this work is appreciated, not only by the working men who frequent them, but also by those of a higher class of mind who have had opportunity to become acquainted with it: "I am happy to record my testimony in favour of a work with which every Christian in France ought to account it a privilege to associate himself, in rendering to its excellent founder, the Rev. R. W. M'All, the tribute of gratitude and affection. As a humble but devoted fellow-labourer during more than a year in this blessed work, to which it has pleased God to grant a success surpassing all that we had ventured to hope for, it is possible that I am so placed as to be able more fully than many others to appreciate the ever-growing sympathy with which simple Gospel appeals are received among our people—a people so easy to attract, so difficult to hold steadfast. That which astonishes me in this work, which no one could have ventured to imagine possible before our disasters, but which has found hearts prepared to respond to its appeals, is not its success, nor its extension, but its permanence. Not that we delude ourselves by building too much upon the results already realized. While seeing these listeners so intent, so sympathetic, drinking in so eagerly the words addressed to them, we have need often

to remember that, among all these grains, so largely spread, a large portion will be stifled among the thorns or trodden under foot by the passers-by." The report for 1874 shows in the eleven stations in Paris a weekly attendance of about 2,000 adults and 1,600 children, which during the year give an aggregate of 160,487. Bible-classes are added to the usual meetings wherever the need begins to be felt, classes for teaching English, and young women's classes. Books, tracts, Scripture portions, and the whole Bible are increasingly in demand. It is contemplated commencing similar meetings in other cities, stimulated by the example of what can be done in Paris.

#### DECAY OF IDOLATRY IN INDIA.

"Many shall run to and fro," said Daniel, "and knowledge shall be increased." And to a very remarkable extent, has this statement been verified in India during the past fifty years, not only as regards secular knowledge, but spiritual also. To meet with people who have not heard something of Christ's religion is comparatively rare in this district. As regards the masses of the people, their knowledge of it is very crude and incorrect, but for the Hindoos to know that there is a religion beyond their own is a point gained. The strong and bitter prejudice, to which existed against Christians is gradually giving way. Even now we often meet with the most absurd rumours as regards our religious observances. For instance, one man told us that he heard they that who became Christians were plunged beneath the water until they said they could see Jesus. In another place, we heard that a piece of meat, beef, was forced into their mouths. That such rumours should be got up and circulated by interested parties is only natural, but they will be exploded. Readers of

our books are increasing, and the truth will prevail. Indeed, it is really astonishing how the leaven is already at work in the heathen mind. One man asked for the 'Destroyer of Delusion,' that he might be able to answer the Brahmins. "The Jewel Mine of Salvation," as well as other tracts, were often asked for by name. Questions, too, about the Scriptures were frequently proposed, showing that they had been read. One man, referring to Gen. i. 26, inquired whom God spoke to, and how many gods there were? He referred to Cain and Abel, and asked who there was after Abel's death to kill Cain; to the great events and changes, and inquired whether they indicated that the world was approaching its end; to the prayer of Jesus on the cross, and said that the Hindoos believed He was calling upon Seeb; references which showed that the Scriptures must have been read, and their truths exercising the mind. In some places the people were so anxious to possess copies of the Gospels that they gladly purchased them for the nominal prices we put upon them. Great numbers of people avowed their disbelief in their shastres—their gods and goddesses—and expressed it as their opinion that in the end Christianity would prevail. A merchant that I met with told me that in Dhenkanal, and other native states, crowds of people had given up idol worship. "Let," said one man, "Government only give the order to have all the temples and images destroyed, and then the people will become Christians." Other incidents might be referred to, all indicating that the entrance of God's Word "giveth light," but this is unnecessary.

The Gospel has been more extensively proclaimed in Orissa during the last cold season than in most former years; and it is gratifying to add that, in those places that for the first time

welcomed the messengers of good tidings, it was found that the tract and the Gospel had penetrated before the Missionary and Native preacher. Everywhere, too, the testimony is the same: the Gospel has been heard with more than ordinary attention; fewer objections have been made, except by those whose craft is in danger; and on the part of those who preach the Word there has been a deeper feeling that the time should not be spent in refuting the thousand errors and absurdities of Hindooism, but in tenderly and affectionately setting forth the love and grace of Christ. There is also on the part of those who hear an increasing desire to know what we can tell them on this all-important theme. Not long ago a Native preacher offered a tract to a man who had been listening with great attention to the Gospel message: the title—"Jaganath Tested,"—is a very taking one with the people, and the tract is very popular. On perceiving what the subject was he said, "Jaganath Tested! well I don't care much about that. I have tested Jaganath, and know pretty well what he is—nothing but a piece of wood. Give me one that explains about Jesus Christ."

#### TURKEY.

A visit paid by the Rev. Mr. Crane to the Central Turkey mission, his former field of labour, affords him an opportunity of drawing an interesting contrast between the missionary work as it was nearly a quarter of a century ago and as it is now. Then the missionary was a pioneer, laying foundations and clearing away the rubbish of error. The Bible, recently placed into the hands of the people, created earnest inquiry and sharp discussions. Companies of inquirers, some of them captious, but most of them serious, would gather around the missionary at all hours, often far into the night.

Preaching services were held on the Sabbath in private houses, or under the shade of trees, before buildings for worship were granted by the authorities. In those days the missionary was mainly a preacher and expounder of the Scriptures, and what ever work of this kind was done was performed by him. Now the aspects of the work have completely changed. In Central Turkey there are 26 organized churches, with some 2,500 members and audiences amounting in the aggregate to 5,000 or 6,000 steady attendants, and in the Sunday-schools there is an equally large attendance. Besides there are some 40 out-stations, where small congregations are struggling up into organization and self-support. The people are aroused on the subject of education. Advanced schools are called for, and some of the young men go abroad to England or America to pursue their studies. The missionary is now become a superintendent and educator. He has to deal with churches and communities, rather than with individuals and little audiences, as at the first. He labours through the native pastors and helpers, whom he educates and counsels, and through the churches and church unions, which require his advice. Through his experience and educational activity he makes other men aggressive.

#### SYRIA.

For many years it has been a noticeable fact in connection with the admissions into the mission churches in Syria, that the applicants were almost all men. Now this has changed; more women than men are coming forward to profess their faith in Christ. The change began to appear at the very time when the women in our home churches commenced their special work for women in heathen lands. Is there no connection between the two?



## BIBLICAL REVERIES.

### TWO HIGHWAYS TO THE CROSS.

Anxious souls reach the cross of Christ by various paths. The lines which lead to the Saviour are numerous as the light-rays which point to the sun. Those who direct inquirers need not be discouraged though, after presenting the truth in several forms, no progress appears to have been made. The cross is approached by innumerable narrow paths, as well as by wide highways, and it is impossible to predict which will be used. An unfamiliar text of Scripture sometimes opens up a plain path to the person of Christ. One of the less common methods of stating the gospel may meet the mood of a particular inquirer, when the stereotyped illustrations have been tried in vain. All the texts which have been used as avenues to the cross were ranged in order, they would form a striking commentary on the variety of experience in conversion, and on the omnipresence of Christ in the Scriptures.

But while this will prevent those who guide inquirers being readily discouraged, they will naturally incline to those modes of stating the truth which have been most successful. The passages of Scripture which may most hopefully be brought before an inquirer's mind are of two classes. The one emphasizes His work, the other His person.

In the first series, He is described as the sinner's Substitute, and the doctrine is unfolded in each text in more or less detail. Thus, "He was

wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with his stripes we are healed." This portion of prophecy was being read by the Ethiopian when Philip the evangelist overtook him in the desert. He was perplexed, and asked of whom the prophet wrote. Philip began at the same Scripture, and preached to him, Jesus. A better theme he could not have found; for the prophecy described Jesus suffering in the room of the guilty. Before the inquirer was left to pursue his journey he was able to say, 'Jesus bare my sins in his own body on the tree.' In a New Testament text, the doctrine of Christ's substitution is stated more fully: 'He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteous of God in Him.' As a substitute, Jesus obeyed the law in the sinner's room. That is the *active* element in His obedience. His endurance of the penalty of the broken law, which reached its culminating point in the agony of the cross, was its *passive* element. The two together compose the 'imputed righteousness of Christ.' The one, as some one has said, is the warp, the other the woof, of the robe wherewith Jesus clothes those who come to Him.

The texts which unfold the substitution appeal to the sense of guilt which oppresses an inquirer. They silence the spoken or unspoken fear that there can be no escape from the punishment threatened in the saying, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." They show that forgiveness is not in-

consistent with divine justice; that the pardon with God bestows in mercy upon the sinner is bestowed in justice to His well-beloved Son, who accepted and discharged the sinner's obligations. Rightly said an old woman to one who asked the ground of her hope for eternity, "I rely on the justice of God;" adding, when her reply excited surprise, "Justice, not to me, but to my substitute."

When one who is burdened with a sense of sin realizes the fact of Christ's substitution, the threshold of a new life is reached. The problem, "how shall I be just with God?" is on the eve of solution. Simply because it is otherwise occupied than in self-inspection; the soul does not stumble on the perplexing question, "what is faith?" It trusts Christ, it may be, without any feeling of effort, learns what faith is *after* it has been exercised, and recognises itself as believing from the consciousness of an inward change. Light struggles through the gloom. The heavy-laden clouds which darkened the sky are rent asunder. The conscience is disburdened:—

"Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,  
Upon the shameful tree.  
Have paid the laws full price.  
And purchased peace for me,

"Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me;  
No righteousness avails  
Save that which is of Thee."

In the second series of texts, Christ's personality is alone presented to the sinner's eye. No doubt the person and work cannot be dissociated. In comprehending either, both must be taken into account; but the texts about to be quoted differ from those already referred to in making no mention of Christ's finished work, while concentrating attention on His person. "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that

cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." These are our Lord's own words. He makes no mention of His work. He does not explain how he will fulfil His promises. He simply attracts men to Himself, and asks them to trust Him to work out their salvation. Even the chosen disciples were not distinctly aware that He was to die as a sacrifice for sin. It is not probable that they understood *how* forgiveness and the righteousness of God were consistent. They committed themselves wholly to Christ, and were content. It was enough for them that He had said, "Come unto me." They knew that he would not disappoint them. They doubted neither His power nor His willingness to save, nor His holiness and righteousness to save with the righteous holy salvation. They lived long by faith in His person before they understood the plan of salvation in its details. The expositions of the gospel with which they were familiar were of the simplest kind. Their life's centre was a personal Saviour. To Him they were loyal. In Him they lived and moved. Many of their thoughts were errors, and their minds were clouded with ignorance; but their faith was firmly fixed on Him who said, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." They could give no other vindication of the hope which was in them then. "We know in whom we have believed, and we are persuaded that he is able to keep that which we have committed to Him."

The utterances with which they were most familiar pointed directly to Jesus as the object of faith. They appeal very touchingly to the sense of lowliness which is inseparable from the conviction of sin. They soothe it by disclosing a person who is able to give the soul rest. If an inquirer is haunted by the fear that Christ will reject him, can better words be chosen

to reassure him than those which Christ used in His invitations? "Come all ye that labour and are heavy laden;" "him that cometh I will in no wise cast out!" The words are all-embracing and universal. They leave no room to doubt Christ's willingness to save. They shatter every plea for distrusting or keeping back from Him.

But very often, when an enquirer is urged to accept Christ's offer and trust Him, he states a difficulty,—“I do not know what coming to Christ is;” or, “I fear I am coming in a wrong way.” This difficulty arises partly from the common but mistaken notion that faith is a very complicated act of the soul, and that, ere it can be performed, its nature must be carefully studied. This notion should be discouraged as much as possible. Faith is not at all complex. It doesn't require to be analyzed. It is one of the simplest acts of the soul, and differs in nothing from trust. It is never excited by the study of its own nature, but by a contemplation of its object. If the soul resists the morbid tendency to watch its own processes and feelings, and persists in looking outwards to the person of Christ, it is likely that soon the question, “what is faith?” will be fully answered.

Texts of the former class, as, ‘He was wounded for our transgressions,’ frequently raise in an inquirer's mind, questions as to the extent of the atonement. He asks, “was He wounded and bruised for me?” “Did He die for me?” It appears to him, that unless these questions can be answered in the affirmative, he has no warrant to appropriate the atone-

ment. But in this he is mistaken. The atonement must be received on the ground of the offer of the gospel, before its particular reference is understood. An inquirer who is met by this difficulty may be directed to some text of the second class. He can be assured that Jesus will accept him. The promise can be quoted, ‘I will in no wise cast out.’ When that is regarded as a sufficient warrant for trusting the person of Christ, then the sinner is made certain that Jesus died for him in particular, and says with confidence, “He loved me and gave Himself for me.”

Perhaps no text has played a more important part in the history of souls than, “him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” It is so simple. It exalts Jesus only as the object of faith. It may be tried with good hope when other representations of the gospel have failed. And when believers doubt their union to Christ, and their past experience seems to be a delusion, it falls on the ear like good news from a far country. On its authority Christ is again trusted, and the peace which passes understanding is renewed. It has often been used as Christ's staff in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. “For all I have preached or written.” says James Durham, “there is but one Scripture I can remember or dare grip to. Tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it: “*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?*” His friend replied, “you may indeed depend upon it, though you had a thousand salvations at hazard.” A gleam of joy lighted up the soul of the dying saint as he passed into eternity. T. C.

## Race and Opinions.

LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.—This institution has now been in active operation for nearly a year and a-half, and the results have fully justified the expectations of its founders. It has been shown that disease can be combated and removed without the aid of alcoholic liquors. If this principle were only to become universally recognized and acted upon, one of the greatest hindrances to temperance reform would be removed out of the way.

A "WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR UNITED CHRISTIAN WORK" was formed in response to Mr. Moody's appeal to the Christian women of Dublin to come out as united workers for Christ, and seek to continue the meetings for women, and use any other evangelistic efforts for which, in God's providence, opportunities might arise. In forming this Association, the objects contemplated were:—1. United prayer; 2. Increased study of the Word of God; 3. Training of young believers for the service of Christ; 4. The more entire surrender and consecration by Christian women of themselves, their time, abilities, and influence, to the service of Christ. It was believed that the faithful carrying out of these objects could not but result in earnest united work; and blessing from the Lord. That this was no vain expectation was fully proved by reports given at the first quarterly meeting of the association, held last week in the Friends' Meeting-house, kindly lent for the occasion, and very largely attended. After the request for prayer, portions of Scripture were considered conversationally with reference to our great Example in work for God. Reports of work were then given,

first in Gospel and Bible-class meetings in the city and suburbs, five of which have lately commenced; that in Kingstown, connected with the Young Women's Christian Association, is prospering, and was greatly blessed during the recent revival.

WHAT THE JEWS SAY OF THEMSELVES.—It is indeed inconceivable to us, when the matter is regarded in its absolute and not in its relative aspect, that the Jews of England manifest so little interest in the Land of our Past. It is true that we have long ceased to dwell in it, in any considerable numbers. Our nationality is in effect destroyed. Our throne is crushed. Our independence as a people exists no longer. We have, like other races, cast our lots with the nations whither our sires were long ago scattered, and to which in effect we belong. And yet, unlike other races exiled from their original territory, we have preserved a distinctive embodiment. We have not become absorbed with other races. We present to the world and to history the singular and unprecedented spectacle of a people fulfilling patriotically every duty of a citizenship in the land of our birth, fused with our fellow-countrymen in every service and duty of the State, and yet preserving a certain idiosyncrasy so pronounced, that if the Banner of the Millennium were raised and the Trumpet of Messianic Redemption sounded, our people, be they Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, Persians, Tunisians, Chinese, would gather together to resume the nationality which will be one day surely be restored. What other race in the world presents this remarkable ethnological and physiological characteristic

—a characteristic which is quite an anomaly and almost a paradox? The ancient boundaries, the seat of Empire, the history of the great Indo-Germanic race which gave languages to almost every state of civilized Europe are scarcely known, if known at all. Who can trace to his home and origin the Fin of the North, the Magyar and Basque of the South, the wandering Zingaro? Who can now separate the Frank from the Gaul in France, the Etruscan from the Umbrian, or the Vandal in Italy, the Kelt from the Norman, the Dane or the Saxon in the motley population of this our native land?—*Editorial in Jewish Chronicle.*

A LIBRARY OF SACRED WORKS AT JERUSALEM.—We learn that efforts are being made to establish a library at Jerusalem for the purpose of encouraging the pursuit of knowledge among the youths of the Holy City. *Habazeth*, a contemporary journal published at Jerusalem, contains a long statement in reference to this subject. A meeting has been held at which the Chairman made a very fervent and eloquent speech, from which we learn that about three years ago, Rabbi Heschel Levy of Volozen in Russia, urged his coreligionists in Jerusalem to establish a collection of Hebrew books. The idea was well received in the Holy City.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

DEAN ALFORD.—A short time since a friend much in sympathy with his Christian teaching and broad liberal views visited his grave, which is not, as you may have supposed, within the Cathedral, but in the open graveyard, according to his own desire, that "having lived amongst the people, he wished to be buried with the people." Upon his tomb is a Latin inscription, which after his death was found written in his pocket-book. Its free translation is to this effect: "An inn (or lodging-house) journeying to Jerusalem."

THE DEATH-RATE.—A gospel address in the evening concluded the first week's labour in Birmingham—a week long to be remembered by thousands in this large town. It is a solemn thought that the death-rate in Birmingham for a great many weeks has run from 30 to 40 per 1000. At this rate, 450 of those assembled at any one meeting in that hall may be appointed to death this year—may never see its close! May the living lay it to heart!

DAY OF SMALL THINGS.—Mr. Sankey gave a touching reminiscence of his first days in England—how about nineteen months ago they had landed at Liverpool, passed on to York, had their first prayer meeting with *four* at it, next day *five*, and a few more the next. As I looked round at that great company now gathered, what thought could I have but, What hath God wrought? Yet some deep hostility is at work here. I know you always believe this to be the best sign of the strength of the work; and how could Satan be silent or at peace when so large a prey is being wrested from him?

ROME AND PROTESTANTISM.—The number of Protestant places of worship within the walls of Rome is constantly increasing. Trinity Church, which was recently dedicated, was built by the Evangelical party in the Church of England at a cost of about £8,000. It will accommodate 300 persons. An American Episcopal Church, capable of holding nearly 1,000 auditors, is being built near the railway station. Both of these are designed for the use of English-speaking visitors and residents. The Waldensians have bought a palace at a cost of £12,000, in which to hold services. The Free Church of Italy has in Rome several preaching-places. The Baptist Missionary Society of England employs a Missionary, the Rev. Jas. Wall, who has a church of sixty members, called "The Aposto-

lic Church of Jesus Christ in Rome." The English Methodists have a mission under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Pigott. The American Methodist Episcopal Church has a mission under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Vernon. The American Baptists conduct day and night schools, which are under the control of the Rev. W. C. Van Meter. Dr. Taylor, of the Southern Baptist Church of the United States, is stationed at Rome to superintend its missions in the capital and the provinces. He and his associates have opened a large place of worship in Rome, and have formed church at Bari, Bologna, Modena, Civita Vecchia, and Milan. An American Union Church works among the Italian soldiers. A Young Men's Christian Association has been started by it. Altogether it has been estimated that the sum of £100,000 has been spent upon the Protestant churches and missions in the capital of Italy.—*Weekly Review.*

THE REV. A. BOST, of Geneva, has just died at the house of his son, the Rev. John Bost, of Laforce. He was the last survivor of the band of young men who were at once the fruits and the instruments of the great revival of religion which took place on the Continent in the early part of this century. With Drs. C. Malan, Merle d'Aubigne, Gaussen, and others, M. Bost took a very active part in the evangelization of the Continent, having visited as a missionary almost every part of France and Switzerland, as well as various districts of Germany and Italy. He was the author of several important works of religious history and controversy, and was also the composer of many of the hymns now sung in the French churches, several of which have been adapted to English words, and are to be found in most of our hymn-books. Six of his sons are at present ministers in various parts of the Continent.

THE little steamer "Ellengowan" has commenced her missionary service along the New Guinea coast, and the islands between New Guinea and Australia. The connection between the European missionaries at Cape York and the Polynesian teachers employed in the mission is now more regularly kept up. The natives so dreaded by shipwrecked sailors continue friendly. As yet there have been no conversions.

In a series of tables analyzing the contributions made in Great Britain for foreign missions during 1873, Canon Robertson makes a total of £1,032,176, not including income from investment, balances or foreign receipts. Of this sum £319,000 was contributed to Church of England societies of an Evangelical type, and £308,517 to Nonconformist societies; £127,634 to those supported by High Church and Low Church, and £132,264 to societies in which Nonconformists are united with Episcopalians. The Scotch and Irish societies supplied £133,321, while the amount raised by the Roman Catholics was £11,786.

THE Evangelical Missionary Society of Bale, Switzerland, has determined to push its missionary work in Africa into the kingdom of Ashantee, and has appointed three students of the Missionary College for this work.

As a memorial to the late Canon Kingsley, it has been determined to enlarge and improve the parish church at Eversley, and to erect a chapel in the outlying hamlet of Bramshill, where Mr. Kingsley for some years held a service in a small schoolroom.

It now seems probable that the next meeting of the Evangelical Alliance will be held in Edinburgh. The religious fermentation in Germany and Switzerland is so great that it hardly seems wise to have the meeting there. Rome and Jerusalem do not yet seem to be ready.—*N. Y. Independent.*

BOSSUET AND MANNING.—In January, 1682, was published Bossuet's celebrated sermon on the liberties of the Gallican Church. Three points in it, he thought, might "wound the Romans,"—viz. (we quote from his own letter to Cardinal d'Estrees), "the independence of the temporality of kings, episcopal jurisdiction as held direct from Jesus Christ, and the authority of councils." "Nothing," added Bossuet, "can be more offensive than the *Ultramontane opinion*." What a gulf between the Eagle of Meaux and the pervert Manning! The first article in "The Declaration of the Clergy of France concerning Ecclesiastical Power," may well be quoted at the present moment. Having stated that "St. Peter and his successors, Vicars of Jesus Christ, and the whole Church herself have only received power of God in things spiritual, and pertaining to eternal salvation, not in things civil or temporal . . ." the article proceeds thus:—"Therefore kings and princes are in nowise subjected by God's appointment to any ecclesiastical power in temporal things; neither can the authority of the Keys of the Church directly or indirectly depose them, or their subjects be dispensed from the obedience and fidelity of their oaths to the same; and this doctrine we affirm to be necessary for the maintenance of public peace, no less profitable to the Church than to the State, and to be everywhere and in every way observed as agreeable to the Word of God, to the tradition of the fathers, and the example of the saints." This declaration was signed by the thirty-four archbishops and bishops, and also the thirty-four deputies who formed the Assembly, on March 19, 1682. It was afterwards presented to the King, registered by the parliament, and confirmed by royal edict. Bossuet and the Bishop of Tournai drew

up the famous *Quatre Articles*, and they both rejected the infallibility of the Pope.—*Record*.

It appears from the police records of Providence and Newport, the two principal cities of Rhode Island, that the prohibitory law of that State has had the effect to noticeably diminish the arrests for drunkenness. In Providence, which by annexation has increased its population during the year by 15,000, the number of arrests for drunkenness for January, 1875, under prohibition, was 68 less than in January, 1874, under license, with the smaller population. Such a "failure" on the part of prohibition is decidedly encouraging. In Newport also, with the exception of a single month, the police records show a steady decrease of arrests for drunkenness for six months, from July, 1874, under the new prohibitory law, the aggregate number being 72 less than for a corresponding period the previous year under license.—*Advocate*.

MOODY'S PERFECT NATURALNESS.—He has something to say, and he says it—says it as simply and directly to thirteen thousand people as to thirteen. He has nothing of the impudence into which some speakers are betrayed when they try to be easy and unconventional; but he talks in a perfectly unconstrained and straightforward way, just as he would talk to half-a-dozen old friends at his fireside. The effect of this is very intelligible. You no more think of criticising him than of criticising a man that you meet in the street, and who tells you the shortest way to a railway station. I can criticise most preachers and speakers; I criticised Dr. Guthrie, though I was either laughing or crying the greater part of the time that I was listening to him; but somehow I did not think of criticising Mr. Moody till I had got home. Generally there seemed nothing to criticise; once or

twice, in the simplest and most in-artistic manner, he said things which at the moment he said them I felt were of the kind to give a popular speaker a great triumph, but his whole manner threw me out of the critical attitude. Some men force you to be critical. It is impossible to take a single coin from them without ringing it on the table, and looking to see whether it is properly "milled." From first to last, they provoke "watchful jealousy." It is clear that they are taking a great deal of trouble with their sentences; it is disrespectful not to examine their work. It is

clear, too, that they are giving you their best thoughts, their best arguments, and their best illustrations, and they show them to you just as a collector of gems shows you his last triumphant acquisition. It is impossible—it is almost insulting—not to criticise. When a speech or sermon is plainly a work of art, criticism is inevitable. It is not necessary for any one to paint pictures, to sing songs, or to deliver artistic addresses; but if a man insists on being an artist, and lets you know it, he forces upon you a critical examination of his performance.

### Christian Miscellany.

#### STARTLING DREAM; OR,

#### "ARE YOU AT PEACE WITH GOD?"

[The editor would suggest that before reading this true story following, which comes to him from an esteemed contributor in Scotland, the reader should turn to the book of Job, and read Eliphaz' account (chap. iv) of his dream.]

Although I am not superstitious as regards dreams in general, yet I cannot help regarding some dreams as pregnant with salutary instruction, if not with ominous warnings and admonitions, calculated to shed a beneficial influence over the whole tenor of a man's life. I have had strange dreams in my day, many of which no doubt took their shape and mould from some abnormal state of my bodily functions, and of which I could give no coherent account when I awoke. Nevertheless, I consider dreams as strange, mysterious, and somewhat unaccountable phenomena, and the condition favourable to them as the nearest approximation to that of absolute death, that could well be conceived. A man stretched on his bed sound asleep, is as insensible

to all his surroundings as if he were actually dead. It would appear to matter little with him whether he be in a cabin or in a palace, enveloped in light or in darkness. His ears are deaf to the most fascinating and melodious strains of music, or the narration of the most marvelous and thrilling intelligence. The richest gem on earth may glitter before his eye, or the most magnificent picture, or work of art, be held up before his face, and yet he regards both with stolid indifference, just as if he were at the time, to all intents and purposes, *absolutely dead*. And yet at that moment he may be running for his life, with the fleetness of a deer, leaping over fence and stile; or with the provoking tardiness of a sloth, by reason of paralytic limbs, escaping the fury and onslaught of some ferocious wild animal; or from the officers of justice for some imaginary infraction of law. At one time he may imagine himself to be some eminent man to whom much deference is paid, and at another think himself looked upon as a suspicious character, watched by the



police, and dogged and insulted by the multitude. He may be panting and struggling in superhuman efforts to elude the pursuit of his imaginary enemies, by the most intricate and tortuous lanes and by-ways, and over unparalleled impediments; and notwithstanding all this, he appears to the beholder as if he were *absolutely dead!*

How strange! How near the resemblance is to death! Is the dreamer "*a child of God in Christ Jesus?*" If he be so, I have no fear of him but that his deportment will correspond with the *character* of such an one, even in his dreams; for it is a characteristic element in dreams, at least according to my experience, that *character* goes a great length in shaping and moulding even these. And it is furthermore within my experience that when I was a slave to *Satan*, my dreams were *satanic*, but after I was by the grace of God brought to experience somewhat of the "*liberty of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus,*" my dreams were accordingly changed, and I now in them humbly and reverentially listen, lest peradventure I may hear "*the still small voice*" of my Maker, whispering in mine ear something concerning His own good will towards me, as one listeneth to the mellifluous tones of an *Æolian harp* when breathed upon by the sweet evening breeze! "God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man in slumbering upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their destruction."—Job xxxiii. 14-16.

It was in 1851 that a dear brother was lying on his death-bed in the last stage of consumption. The day prior to his death I sat beside him, when he said pathetically, "O! James, pray for me!" I replied, sorrowfully, as I was then a stranger to God, that I dared not pray for myself, far less for another; but recommended him to put

his whole trust in Jesus Christ, the friend and Saviour of sinners, and that by the grace of God, through faith in Him, he might obtain the pardon of his sins, and the salvation of his soul. On the following morning he breathed his last. Several months thereafter, and while the pressure and anxieties consequent on the management of worldly affairs, had left little room in my waking moments to think much of my departed brother, I dreamed the following dream: I imagined that I stood alone close to the sea-shore, in the evening twilight. The sea appeared calm, but grimly overshadowed by dark portentous clouds. Whilst meditating for a few seconds on the peculiar strangeness and solitude of my situation, and "*wondering who this meeting planned,*" my eye was suddenly arrested by a small dark speck at some distance seaward, which appeared to have generated there, and to have assumed a boat-like shape as it gradually approached me. It was, indeed, to my surprise, a tiny, oarless and rudderless boat or yawl, containing one person—it was my dear departed brother! He appeared to make a sign with his hand, but never spoke, and I was attracted forward, and took my seat beside him, fully conscious and alive to the fact that I was influenced by some mysterious, external irresistible power. The yawl instantly moved off, and was soon out of sight of land. Meanwhile the night became intensely dark, and a hurricane arose and raged with fearful violence; the waves assumed the appearance of great mountain ridges, and to weird flashes of lightning succeeded terrific peals of thunder, and torrents of rain. I thought that each moment was my last on earth! The yawl with its two occupants meanwhile struggled on bravely, now deep in the hollow of the waves, again high up leaping on their foamy crests. The darkness was penetrated now and again by the lightning's

lurid glare, imparting an aspect of grim terror to the angry deep. A weird thought flashed across my mind, that I was a great sinner; that I was surrounded by terrific signs of God's wrath and displeasure, and was about to perish forever, without a hiding-place from the storm, or covert from the tempest. When my agony was at its utmost intensity, I rejoiced to observe a steady clear light in the distance. The yawl, drawn by an invisible power, made straight towards it. The storm gradually abated, and I soon found myself close to the shore. A tall dark figure like a watchman stood on the pier. He stretched out his hand and conducted me to the landing, and thus addressed me, "ARE YOU AT PEACE WITH GOD?" The question was *thrilling, overpowering, piercing to the quick*. I instantly fell on my back to the ground, as if by a shock of electricity, *thrice* repeating aloud the momentous words, At peace with God! At peace with God!! At peace with God!!! with all the agony of expiring terror and despair. Tremblingly, and suffused with perspiration, I instantly awoke from sleep, and by divine grace to a new life, and gratefully praised God that it was only a *dream!*

Although it is now many years since I dreamed the above, it still haunts me as a weird, importunate and irrepresible monitor, and has aroused within me a more vivid and enduring sense of *real danger*, than all the sermons I ever had the privilege of hearing, and I have heard the eminent preachers of my day; but without their preaching I could not have thus dreamed.

The above was rendered into metre immediately after its occurrence:—

One night as on my bed I lay,  
Worn and faint by the toils of day,  
My limbs I did with care dispose,  
To taste the sweet of calm repose.

I dreamed I on the sea-shore stood  
At e'en, in calm and placid mood;  
The sky on sea looks angry down—  
The sea reflects in rippling frown.

With gaze intense the sea I scanned,  
And wondered who this meeting planned'  
When suddenly a yawl I saw  
Like a living thing toward me draw.

It was indeed weird, small and frail,  
With neither rudder, oar nor sail;  
One figure only in it sat,  
Gaunt, spare, in dark cloak and hat.

He made a motion with his hand  
Which drew me as 'twere a magic wand;  
I sat beside him in the yawl,  
Though scant of room, it was so small!

With sudden jerk it moved away,  
And I was soon midst fog and spray;  
No land was seen on either side,  
And I must then my fate abide.

The night became intensely dark,  
Boding mishap to our frail barque;  
Fierce rolled the waves like mountains high,  
And peals of thunder rent the sky.

The gallant skiff with fury sped  
As if by wicked demons led;  
Now down a gulf as if at rest,  
Next leaping on the billow's crest.

A fearful terror on me seized,  
Methought 'twas God I had displeased;  
That for my sins I now must die;  
That day of reckoning now was nigh!

Whilst thus on ocean I was tossed,  
And thought *I was for ever lost*;  
On shore I saw a beacon light,  
To me it was a welcome sight.

Thereto the yawl seemed now impelled,  
The roaring billows soon were quelled;  
Whilst lightning's flash and thunder's peal  
Had spent their fury with the gale.

The boat did now approach the shore,  
Where watchman stood us both before,  
He seized me gently by the hand,  
And brought me safely to the land!

"ARE YOU," said he, "AT PEACE WITH GOD?"  
Holding, the while, a threatening rod!  
Quick, as if by electric shock,  
I fell by this dread staggering stroke.

Three times these words I did repeat,  
Three times I mourned my sinful state;  
At third I did from sleep awake,  
And praised my God for Jesus' sake!

*Inverness.*

—J. C.

## HAPPINESS OF A GLORIFIED SPIRIT

Would you know where I am? I am at home, in my father's house, in the mansions prepared for me there. I am where I would be, where I have long wished to be. No longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbour. My working time is done, and I am resting; my sowing time is done, and I am reaping. My joy is as the joy of harvest. Would you know how it is with me? I am perfect in holiness—grace is swallowed up in glory—the topstone of the building is brought forth. Would you know what I am doing? I see God. I see Him as He is! not as through a glass darkly, but face to face; and the light in transforming, it makes me like Him. I am in the sweet enjoyment of my blessed Redeemer! my head and husband! whom my soul loved, and for whose sake I was willing to part with all. I am here bathing myself at the spring-tide of heavenly pleasures and joys unutterable, and therefore weep not for me! I am here keeping a perpetual Sabbath—what this is, judge by your short Sabbaths. I am here singing hallelujahs incessantly to Him who sits upon the throne—I rest not day nor night from praising Him! Would you know what company I have? Blessed company, better than the best on earth. Here are holy angels, and “the spirits of just men made perfect.” I am set down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God! with blessed Paul, Peter, and John, and all the Saints! and here I met with many of my old acquaintances, that I fasted and prayed with, who went before me hither. And lastly, will you know how long this is to continue? It is a garland that never withers, a crown of glory that fades not away. After millions of millions of ages it will be as fresh as it is now. And therefore weep not for me!—*Matthew Henry.*

## “BUT AS THOU WILT.”

Should any man say, “I asked for a blessing that was plainly promised but did not obtain it,” I should then say: “Are you equally clear that the obtaining of it would be for your good? “Yes,” say you, “it would make me comfortable.” Just so; but is it for your good to be comfortable? “And it would get me out of my difficulty.” But may it not be for your lasting good to be in the difficulty, and may there not be something in the world a great deal higher for you and for me than merely to be comfortable and to get out of difficulty? “Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,” was the prayer of the man who had more power in prayer than all of us put together—“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.” We must always put that in.—*Spurgeon.*

## THE GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

As some young men, who had been quickened to engage in Gospel labour, through the recent evangelical efforts that have been put forth in Great Britain, were one day holding a meeting, a band of Gipsies came strolling past. Attracted by the singing, they drew near to listen. The Spirit of God attended the living word; the message was sent home to one heart, and the Gipsy fortune-teller became an humble believer in Jesus.

Not long after some young men visited the band, and as it happened, came to the new convert, to “have their fortunes told.” Yes, she could tell their fortunes; she had the best fortune-book in the world. So, taking from her basket, where she had formerly kept her charms and trinkets, a New Testament, she opened at the Gospel of John, and read “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

The young men were filled with confusion. This was a fortune to which they had given but little thought. The shaft has gone to its mark. They went away, seriously to seek and to find the pearl of great price—that fortune more precious than all earth's hoarded wealth.

Thus God owns his living word—that word as mighty to convict and convert to-day as in the ages past. "In the morning sow my seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whither shall prosper either this or that, or whither they both shall be alike good."

#### SOME DEATHBED WORDS OF A CONVERTED PRIEST OF ROME.

"Satan blinded my eyes; but he could not have done that but for my own unbelief—the evil heart of unbelief departing from the living God."

"Only think! the Lord Jesus would not rest without unworthy me. He bought me by His own blood, and sought me with His own free Spirit, and sent all these dear ones to help in search."

"I dare not deny His grace. He came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief, chief, chief; and I can do nothing but just lie down at His feet, and let Him cover me with His blood, and load me with His loving gifts."

#### A SIGHT FOR EVERY ONE.

About fourteen years ago in a village of Aberdeenshire, a young woman was brought under deep conviction of sin, and was openly weeping and crying for mercy. Some of her companions asked her if it was anything that had been said or done at the meeting that put her in such a state. "Oh, no," she replied; "I did not see them, nor hear the speakers; I saw naething but *my ain sins, an' God lookin' at me.*"

#### WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

When a telescope is directed to some distant landscape, it enables us to see what we could not otherwise have seen; it does not enable us to see anything which has not a real existence in the prospect before us. It does not present to the eye any illusive imagery; neither is that a fanciful and fictitious scene which it throws open to our contemplation. The natural eye saw nothing but blue land stretching along to a distant horizon. By the aid of the glass, there bursts upon it a charming variety of fields and woods, and spires and villages. Yet who would say that the glass added one feature to this assemblage? It discovers nothing to us which is not there; nor, out of that portion of the book of nature which we are employed in contemplating, does it bring into view a single character which is not really and previously inscribed upon it. And so of the Spirit. He does not add a single truth or a single character to the book of revelation. He enables the spiritual man to see; but the spectacle which he lays open is uniform and immutable. It is the word of God, which is ever the same; and he whom the Spirit of God has enabled to look to the Bible with a clear and affecting discernment sees no phantom passing before him, but amid all the visionary extravagance with which he is charged, can for every one article of his faith, and every one duty of his practice, make his triumphant appeal to the law and to the testimony.—*Chalmers.*

#### DIGGING UNDER.

Speaking of "undermining the foundations of religion," the *Watchman and Reflector* says: "When we build our churches by fairs; sweep off great debts by men hired, at a great price, to manipulate an audience under cir-

cumstances of tremendous pressure ; sustain public worship by the sensationalism of the pulpit, or the artistic attractions of the choir ; fill up our Sabbath schools by picnics and prizes ; raise money for the various benevolent objects in all sorts of ways, we are weakening the legitimate motive that should govern us, and which it is the very purpose of God to develop within us, and without which the religion we would sustain is not worth sustaining—viz: the simple sense of duty."

### DIRECT PRAYER.

One of the most touching and effective prayers in its influence on a congregation, was offered some years ago by a Welsh member of my church in Ohio, U.S. In his native land this man had been a preacher, and was well able to expound the word in that singular language. The English language was too much for him. His heart was all right, and he took a deep interest in the church. Every one loved to hear him pray. There was in his prayers so much blood and earnestness, and unction, and strong faith, that no one felt like smiling at his mistakes. One Sabbath evening when our church was filled and a deep solemnity rested on the congregation, I called on our Welsh brother to lead us in prayer. The poor man for a moment seemed to be abashed, and to fear that he could not offer such a prayer as the occasion demanded. But he went to work. He floundered among the polysyllables and made several mistakes, of which he was aware at once. Regarded, perhaps, as a literary effort, a cold-blooded infidel might have pronounced it a failure. He stopped a moment and sobbed audibly and frantically, but earnestly cried out, "O God, Thou knowest. I can't express it, but, without further preliminaries, we went salvation."

There were few eyes in that assembly that were not moistened, or hearts that were not melted, or souls that were not quickened, by that straight shot aimed directly at the mercy-seat.—*E. B. Raffensperger.*

### NOT ENOUGH OF CHRIST IN THE SERMON.

A minister in one of our large cities had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the special benefit of an influential member of his congregation, who was well-known to be of an infidel turn of mind.

The sinner listened unmoved to well-turned sentences and the earnest appeals ; his heart was unaffected. On his return from church, he saw a tear trembling in the eyes of his little daughter whom he tenderly loved, and inquired the cause. The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sabbath school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ, my child ?"

"Why, she said he had come down from heaven and died for poor me!" and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers, as in the simplicity of childhood, she added, "Father, should I not love one who has loved me ?"

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done, and he retired, to give vent to his own feelings in a silent but penitent prayer. That evening found him at the praying circle, where, with brokenness of spirit he asked the prayers of God's people. When he came to relate his Christian experience, he gave this incident, and closed his narration by saying, "Under God, I owe my conversion to a little child, who first con-

vinced me by her artless simplicity, that I ought to love one who has so loved me."

#### FOUR GREAT BLESSINGS.

By separating the chaff from the wheat, we have these *four* great blessings left :—

#### THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT.

"The strongest argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian; the man filled with the spirit of Christ. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living Church, which itself is walking in new life, and drawing life from Him who hath overcome death. Before such arguments, ancient Rome herself, the mightiest empire of the world, and the most hostile to Christianity could not stand. Let us live in like manner, and then, though hell should have a short-lived triumph, eventually must be fulfilled what St. Augustine says, "Love is the fulfilling of the truth."—*Professor Christlieb.*

1st. Christians have learned to love one another and work together for one common object—the salvation of souls.

2d. A great quickening of the divine life in the souls of believers. We have learned to pray more, to watch more closely, to work more earnestly for God.

3d. Many souls have been converted of whom there is no doubt. Their works bear witness that they are born of God,

4th. Vast numbers have heard the word, who, although they have not yet found the Lord, may be led to think, to believe, to praise God for His Salvation.

#### FOR THE AGED.

The following hymn, before unpublished, was composed by the late Charlotte Elliott. (author of "Just as I am.") during a night of great suffering, in her eightieth year. She gave it, the night after she wrote it, to a relative, who has found the hymn to prove a comfort to so many aged Christians, that she desired its publication in the *Sunday at Home*:

Is life's evening long and dreary?  
Gone the treasures once possessed?  
Is thy spirit faint and weary?  
Dost thou long to be at rest?  
On this sweet promise fix thy sight:  
"At evening time it shall be light."

"Light is sown" for thee, and gladness,  
Even in this vale of tears;  
Soon shall pass the night of sadness;  
Grief will fly when morn appears:  
Still to faith's strong illum'd sight,  
"At evening time it shall be light."

Look not on the ills around thee,  
Earth grows darker every hour;  
Let not crime's increase confound thee,  
Limited is Satan's power.  
Look on to regions pure and bright:  
"At evening time it shall be light."

Dwell not on the growing weakness  
 That precedes thy frame's decay ;  
 Rise above depressing sickness,  
 Catch the dawn's approaching ray.  
 Faith can discern the Day Star bright :  
 " At evening time it shall be light."

See thy Saviour bending o'er thee,  
 Even to old age the same.  
 Set life's one chief end before thee,  
 Still to glorify His name :  
 While on Himself is fixed thy sight,  
 " At evening time it shall be light."

### Children's Treasury.

#### "MA PROMISED ME."

Dear little lambs ! They were trotting down to breakfast one morning full of chatter ; their merry little voices heard farther than they supposed, and their childish words sank deeper than they intended !

"Phœbe!" said her little brother, five years old, who had been out the previous evening with his mother, "what do you think? Ma promised me that when the summer comes she'll give me a nice big ship, to sail on real water! won't that be jolly?" "Phœbe" is a rosy-faced, laughing little lassie of four, who is so eager to talk fast that she scarcely takes time to speak plainly. "Ye-ye-yes, Gershom! 'tw-'tw-twill be very jolly! but d' you know Ma promised me if I'm quite good, and-and-and don't cry at all when bed-time comes for a whole month, she'd give me a-a-a lovely box of bricks, such a beauty! Ma promised me that!"

Now Mamma happened to be without hearing, though out of sight, and she said to herself, I must certainly keep those promises, for see how the dear pets count upon them: it would never do to disappoint their confiding expectation that I shall be true to my

word! And then she looked up and breathed a prayer: "Father, unseen but ever near, help me thus to trust THEE, and confidently look for the fulfilment of Thy every promise! If I feel thus to my little ones, how much more dost Thou to Thine! Help me to grasp Thy promises as these babes grasp mine; for hast Thou said, and shalt Thou not do it? Hast Thou spoken, and shalt Thou not make it good?"

Dear friend, who may read these lines, have you grasped *this* promise, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved;" or this; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" or this; "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." If you have, are you rejoicing in hope of the glory of God as these children rejoiced in their promised treasures? They were glad and felt rich, not because they had the things, but because they had the promise of one they could trust. Can you not trust God? Think a little? He meant what He said when He gave these promises. He is well able to fulfil them. He is perfectly willing to fulfil them. Willing! Why, has not Jesus Christ died in your stead, in order that He might

be able to save you from eternal death. "He died, the Just One," instead of us, the unjust. Can you *help* trusting to the promises of One who has given *such* a proof of His love to you? Oh, trust God and be happy, and go on your way "filled with peace and joy in believing," saying, "*God has promised me eternal life!*"

### HOW LONG IT TAKES TO MAKE A SLICE OF BREAD.

"Oh, I'm so hungry," cried Johnny, running in from play; "give me some bread and butter quick, mother!" "The bread is baking, so you must be patient," said mother. Johnny waited two minutes, and then asked if it was not done. "No," answered mother, "not quite yet." "It seems to take a long while to make a slice of bread," said Johnny.

"Perhaps you don't know, Johnny, how long that it does take," said his mother.

"How long?" asked the little boy.

"The loaf was begun in the spring"—Johnny opened his eyes wide—"it was doing all summer; it could not be finished till the autumn."

Johnny was glad it was autumn, if it took all that while; for so long a time to a hungry little boy was rather discouraging. "Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said mother. "The farmer dropped his seeds in the ground in April," she went on to say, partly to make waiting-time shorter, and more perhaps to drop a good seed by the wayside; "but the farmer could not make them grow. All the men in the world could not make a grain of wheat, much less could all the men in the world make a stalk of wheat grow. An ingenious man could make something that looked like wheat. Indeed you often see ladies bonnets trimmed with sprays

of wheat made by the milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference."

"Put them in the ground and see," said Johnny.

"That would certainly decide. The make-believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life within them, and God only gives life. The farmer, then, neither makes the corn, nor makes the corn grow; but he drops it into the ground and covers it up (that is his part), and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is He who sets mother earth nursing it with her warm juices. He sends the rain, He bids the sun to shine. He makes it spring up, first the tender shoot, and then the blades; and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather to set up the stalks, throw out the leaves, and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving, the grain grows no faster. God does not hurry his work; He does all things well."

By this time Johnny lost all his impatience. He was thinking. "Well," he said at last, "that's why we pray to God 'Give us this day our daily bread. Before now, I thought it was you mother, that gave us daily bread; now I see it is God. We should not have a slice, if it weren't for God, should we, mother?"—*Child at Home.*

### THE GOSPEL ON A TOMBSTONE.

On the tomb of Dr. John Conder, in Bunhill Fields, London, is this inscription:

I have sinned,	I have repented,
I have trusted,	I have loved,
I rest,	I shall rise,

And, through the grace of Christ, however unworthy, I shall reign.



## PAPA'S LETTER.

FOR THE YOUNG.

I was sitting in the study,  
Writing letters, when I heard,  
"P'ease, dear mamma, Bridget told me  
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,  
Want some ozzer fmg to do,  
Writng letters, is 'ou, mamma?  
Tan't I w'ite a letter too?

"Not now, d'arling, mamma's busy;  
Run and play with kitty now."  
"No, no, mamma, me w'ite letter,  
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait  
As his sweet eyes searched my face--  
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,  
Form of childish witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded  
As I slowly shook my head.  
Till I said, I'll make a letter  
Of you, darling boy, instead.

So I parted back the tresses  
From his forehead high and white,  
And a stamp in sport I pasted  
Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,  
Go away and bear good news."  
And I smiled as down the staircase  
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried  
Down to Bridget in his glee.  
"Mamma's w'iting lots of letters;  
I'se a letter, Bridget—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,  
As once more he climbed the stair,  
Reached his little cap and tippet,  
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,  
 No one saw the golden hair  
 As it floated o'er his shoulders,  
 On the crisp October air

Down the street the baby hastened,  
 Till he reached the office door.  
 "I'se a letter, Mr. Postman :  
 Is there room for any more ?

" Cause dis letter's doin' to papa  
 Papa lives with God, 'ou know :  
 Mamma sent me for a letter ;  
 Does 'ou fink 'at I can go ? "

But the clerk in wonder answered,  
 " Not to-day my little man."  
 " Deés I'll find a nozzer office,  
 'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him ;  
 But the pleading face was gone,  
 And the little feet were hastening,  
 By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,  
 People fled to left and right,  
 As a pair of maddened horses  
 At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—  
 No one saw the golden hair,  
 Till a voice of frightened sweetness  
 Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only  
 Stood the beauteous vision there ;  
 Then the little face lay lifeless,  
 Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,  
 Brushed away the curls of gold,  
 Saw the stamp upon the forehead,  
 Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,  
 Showing where a hoof had trod :  
 But the little life was ended ;

" Papa's letter " was with God.—*Pacific Baptist.*

## SPRING-TIME.

The Spring has come again !  
 Once more the robins and the bluebirds sing,  
 The winds are softer with the breath they bring  
     Across the sea, and all the plain  
 Puts on a delicate vail of tender green  
 Where the warm glances of the sun has been.

So old, yet ever new,  
 Is the sweet music of the morning hour,  
 The growing leafage and the budding flower,  
     Yet patient Nature, read by few,  
 Will come each year with bird, and leaf, and bloom,  
 To teach of life renewed beyond the tomb.

How wonderful the spell  
 Wrought in the silent, snowy solitude !  
 How changed the aspect of the field and wood,  
     And even the lowliest dell !  
 And can we doubt that this renewing power  
 Will wake the soul as Spring has waked the flower ?

Oh, ye with vision dim !  
 Unheeding, in your narrow worldly ways,  
 The precious lessons of these April days,  
     Ye lose the charm of matin hymn,  
 The finest beauty of the flower ye miss,  
 When hints of heavenly life come not in this.

But ye of keener sight  
 Live in the gladness of a faith so clear  
 That love Divine transfigures all things here ;  
     Even the wrong subserves the right,  
 Trust finds in darkest hours a coming dawn,  
 And sees through all things " God's truth marching on ! "

## STOP AND WEIGH.

One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M's store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

" Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, " I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts, and that's the young villian

that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

" John," said Mr. M., " did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs ?"

" No sir," was the ready reply.

" You lie, you little villian," said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

" Now, look here," said John. " If you had taken the trouble to weigh

your nutmegs you would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you."

"Yes sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that aint a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to "weigh things," before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

### LEARNING TO COUNT.

"Now, boys, you want to be men some day, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you mean to do when you grow up?"

"I mean to be a sailor, sir."

"I'm going to be a grocer."

"And I a butcher."

"I mean to help mother, sir," was the shrill cry of one of the tiniest of all the little crew.

"That's right," said I, "never forget your mother; always try to help her. But if you are to be all these things—grocers, butchers, and all that sort of thing—you must first of all learn a great deal, and none of you will get on very well if you are not able to count quickly and reckon correctly. If you mean to be good and successful men of business you must have your heart right and your head clear. Give your heart to Jesus Christ, and he will keep it right and true. Always be sober, and your heads won't get muddled, as some people's are. Now, suppose we take a lesson in counting as far up as ten; and to help you remember the figures, I will give you a rhyme for every one. Then to make you more firm in your Band of Hope principles,

the rhymes will be about teetotalism. Say then after me:

"Number one, the beer-shop shun.

Number two, nor drink nor brew.

Number three, a teetotaler be.

Number four, keep drink from the door.

Number five, abstain and thrive.

Number six, a teetotal fix.

Number seven, be to temperance given.

Number eight, don't be caught by the bait.

Number nine, a mocker is wine.

Number ten, be teetotal then."

### COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

George came into the house one day all dripping wet. His mother, as she saw him, exclaimed:

"Why George, my son, how came you so wet?"

"Why, mother, one of the boys said I 'darn't jump into the creek,' and I tell you I am not to be dared."

Now was it courage that led George to do that? Some boys would say it was; and that he was a brave and courageous boy. But no, George was a coward; and that was a very cowardly act. He well knew that it was wrong for him to jump into the creek with his clothes on, but he was afraid the other boys should laugh at him if he should stand and be dared.

Edward came strutting up to James, and, putting his fist in his face said: "Strike that if you dare!" just to see if he could not get him into a quarrel. Now which would show the most real courage, for James to give him a hit and have a brutal fight, and both get hurt, or to say, as he did: "Edward, if you want a quarrel, you have come to the wrong boy. I never fight because it is wrong. You call me a coward, if you will, but I will show you that I have courage enough not to be tempted, by your ridicule, to do what

I know is wrong?" That was brave and courageous.

A good definition of courage is "*not to be afraid to do what is right, but to be afraid to do what is wrong.*" The stories of Daniel and his three friends, and of Joseph, give us fine examples of those who possessed true courage; who were not afraid to do what is right, and who were afraid to do what is wrong.—*Congregationalist.*

### THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible? Is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try and secure the best ends by the best means. He

must keep on the look out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot; and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. One is my Master, even Christ. I work under His direction. He is reguilar; and where He is Master, all goes right."

"One is my Master, even Christ," repeated the young man slowly and seriously. Everybody who puts himself sincerely under His leadership, wins at last.

## A Foray into Galilee.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### FOREST SCENERY, ON THE TOP OF TABOR.

We were glad to leave the filth and heat of Tiberias, for the open country, seeing now in a clearer light than ever before the force of Cowper's contrast: "Man made the city; God made the country;" and justifying with all our heart the choice of the Bedouins, who prefer the open tent to the close dwellings of filthy townspeople.

We head our horses for Mount Tabor, which is some fifteen miles to the south-west. For an hour or two our path is up, up, up, along a dry water-course, with bare rocks on the right hand and on the left. But the morning is cool, the sun is behind us, our horses are fresh, and the views, as we look back, new at each stage of the ascent, are constantly shifting and enlarging; and so we journey on, heedless of the exertion of climbing. Now we have gained the upland, and feel that we are well rewarded for our toil. The country on to the foot of Tabor looks different from anything

we have yet seen in Palestine. It is woodland or forest; but very different indeed from the forests of Ontario. The timber is mostly oak and karobah. Instead of growing closely and thickly, as with us, these trees stand widely apart, leaving here and there green glades, which open occasionally into such wide clearings as are called "rides" in old English forests. The appearance of the country resembles the woodland scenery of Manitoba, as I have read of it and heard it described. To travel through such a country was truly delightful. The verdure was refreshing to the eye; and the shade of the wide-spreading oaks was grateful to the head, as the Syrian sun, from a cloudless sky, poured down on us his fierce beams at noon. Here and there we see sheep and goats grazing, and cattle resting under the wide-spreading trees. The ground in many places is thick with the fruit of the karobah tree, (the husks which the swine did eat—Luke xv.) but there are no swine to be seen, though one of these ragged shepherds might well pass for the prodigal son. Linnets, finches, and larks were among the branches, but they had ceased their morning song before we had ceased climbing our steep ascent. Mr. Finn, late English consul at Jerusalem, says in his book, "*Byeways in Palestine*:" "We were entering the gay woodland, and reached the top of a hill when the sun rose at our left hand, and the glory of that moment surpassed all common power of description. Crowds of linnets and finches burst suddenly into song; the crested larks rose into the merry blue sky, with the sunlight gleaming on their plump and speckled breasts; the wood-pigeons were not silent: but all, in harmonious concert, did their best to praise the blessed Creator." Forests such as this one to the north of Tabor were once to be seen even south of Jerusalem, where the country is now

treeless and shrubless. It is popularly said, that "once upon a time a man of Jerusalem went to reside at Hebron, where he sojourned for many years, undergoing many trials, which ended in the loss of his eye-sight. In extreme old age he resolved upon returning to his native city. When he reached the Convent of Mar Elias, half-way between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the weather being hot, he took off his turban, to rest it on the saddle before him. 'Oh, our father,' said his sons, who were walking by his side, 'why art thou uncovering the bareness of thy head?' 'It is,' replied he, 'that I may enjoy the coolness of the trees that I remember to have seen by the road-side all the way hence to Jerusalem.' They assured him that not a tree was to be seen in any direction, right or left. 'Is it so,' said he, 'then turn back, my sons, and let me die where I have lived so long. Jerusalem is no longer what it was.'" War, bad government, and the wastefulness of ignorant men, have stripped southern Palestine of its timber. Unless there is a change of government, the forests of Galilee, (three of them of great size,) will undergo the same fate. During the excavation of the Suez Canal, shiploads of charcoal went from the ports of Galilee and the creeks between Acre and Beyroot to Egypt, and whole districts were stripped of their timber.

What strange buildings are these in this solitary spot? The building on the hill with square towers on the corners is a castle, and that building in the vale below was a khan or inn for the accomodation of travellers, fitted up in the usual oriental style with vaults, magazines, and rooms for the protection of merchandize, but no person ventures to stay there for a night for fear of the Arabs, who are prowling about in this valley, whose mouth opens on the Jordan and its

lawless tribes. On Monday of each week there is a great fair held here, when thousands gather from all parts of the country bringing, as W. M. Thomson tells us, cotton from Nablous, barley and wheat, and Indian corn from the plain of Jezreel; horses, donkeys, cattle, and flocks from Gilead, and Bashan. The pedler is here with his trinkets, the tailor with his garments, the shoemaker with shoes, the farrier is there to shoe your horse, and the saddler to mend your saddle, but none remains over night. Some return to their homes or seek shelter for the night in the neighbouring villages.

There at last is Tabor. Of all the pictures I have ever seen of Tabor no two have ever been alike, nor any single view quite like that one presented to us in the mellow light of the setting sun. Tabor is a conical hill rising in the eastern end of the plain of Jezreel, to the height of a thousand feet above the plains, like a high mound cast up in sport by the ancient giants from the level ground. Such being its character and position, some look at it from the south side where it looks bare and broken: some again view it from the north where it is covered with woods to the very top: from the east side it looks as if it had two summits, whereas the view from the west shows it as a sharp peak. The root of the word has thoroughly puzzled scholars, but he would not probably be far wrong who would seek the name of the hill in its shape and situation as we find it in the old Celtic and Sanskrit roots, signifying the "great mound." \* It is indeed the great mound of Galilee standing out on the wide plain as a landmark and

a great natural curiosity. There is a path for horses right to the top; the path is steep and would be dangerous to any horses but the horses of the country, which are cautious and very surefooted. We are looking northwards as we ascend, and get from our winding path among the scraggy oak and terebinth trees, beautiful vistas of the Lebanon range sloping downwards from Hermon towards Tabor.

We at last gain the summit. Let us feast our eyes on the prospect before us. Some have said that three seas can be seen from the top of Tabor, the Dead Sea, Mediterranean, and the sea of Galilee. It is not possible to see the first of these three, although the dark blue haze that gathers over the salt sea cauldron might be mistaken for its waters. The other two seas are visible with the valley of the Jordan, the land of Gilead beyond the plain of Jezreel, the rich dales and vales of Galilee, and the ridge of Carmel. It is the general opinion of persons competent to judge, that the panorama spread before the spectator standing on Tabor includes as great a variety of objects of natural beauty and historic interest as can be seen from any position in the Holy Land which would seem to justify the Rabbinic saying, that the temple should of right have been on Tabor, had not an express revelation assigned it to Mount Moriah. The only regret that mingles with the joy of standing there is that arising from the shortness of one's stay. It would indeed repay the traveller to take his tent with him, and see from Tabor the sun in the evening sinking into the great sea, and rising again in the morning from the great desert. Travellers who have passed the night on the top, tell us that in the morning they found their canvas drenched as with rain from the dew of Tabor: what must therefore the dew of Hermon be?

\* "Tum" in Celtic means a mound. *Tumulus* a hillock in Latin, is no doubt a diminutive from this root, *tum*. To this let us add "*mhor*" large, great, and we have *Tumhor*, which is just *Tabor*, "the great mound."

The summit of the hill is flat in some spots, as if it had been levelled by the hand of man, and embraces a circuit of half-an-hour's walk. In a country devoted, as Syria once was, to the worship of Baal, the top of Tabor must have attracted at an early period the priests of that fire-god whose rites were celebrated on hill tops (1 Kings xviii. 20) and, failing this, on the roofs of houses (Jer. xxxii. 29). Who can doubt but from the top of this hill the fires of Baal gleamed at an early age. That this idolatrous worship lingered here for centuries seems probable from the words of Hosea, who charges the priests of Israel with being to the people "a net spread upon Tabor" (Hosea v. 1). Till this very day the mountain is considered sacred. In the monastic ages Tabor was crowded with hermits. The early pilgrims could not regard their pilgrimage as complete until they had honoured Tabor with their presence and their prayers. On the afternoon on which we arrived we found before us there, some priests from Nazareth who were engaged saying mass at the altar they have erected on the summit. An American traveller, Professor Hackett, tells us that on his visit some ten years ago, he met these four men who had taken up their abode in this lofty retreat. One of them, an aged priest of the Greek church, had received (as he said) in his early years an intimation in his sleep that he was to build a church on some mountain God would show him. After wandering through many countries he found this mountain on Tabor, and there he lived, collecting money from pilgrims for his church, which was built after his death.

The common opinion that Tabor was the scene of the Transfiguration is without foundation in fact. There is evidence that in the time of our Saviour there were buildings on Tabor, and probably a garrison of Roman soldiers. We see now, on the top, the

remains of ancient foundations of old walls, of arches, of towers, of bastions and of gateways. There are also the remains of many cisterns, all of which are now so broken that they cannot contain any water. All these things indicate the presence of a town. The scene of the Transfiguration we must, therefore, seek some other where, very likely on the shoulder of the gigantic Hermon, which more truly than Tabor, was "a high mountain apart."

It is drawing towards evening, and with difficulty we withdraw ourselves from a spot of which we could speak almost in the language of Peter—"It is good for us to be here." Leading our horses we walked down lingering, in the cool evening, on this spot and on that, to contemplate the glorious *panorama* that lay beneath our feet, "a most pleasant mountainous country," as Bunyan says of Immanuel's land seen from the house called Beautiful, "a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains very delectable to behold." But conspicuous in the landscape, always meeting the eye and fixing it, was Hermon, which seemed the counterpart of Tabor, and his brother sentinel over the land. How fitting, therefore, the language of the Psalmist, "The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them; the north and the south thou hast created them. Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name." Psalm lxxxix. 11, 12. "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name;" these hills from which flared out on the heathen landscape the fires of Baal, the north speaking to the south, and the south in flames answering back the north, these very summits shall be consecrated to Jehovah, and all the land lying between. When shall this be?