

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

THE OLD FAITH AND THE NEW.

HAVE our readers noticed that there has hardly ever been in the **CHRISTIAN MONTHLY** any extracts or quotations from the pen of the minister of Plymouth Church? This is not from lack of knowledge of his writings nor from blindness to his eloquence, nor from prejudice against his denomination. The truth is that for years we have stood in doubt of the soundness of Mr. Beecher as a theologian and his safety as a guide. On the other hand we have scarcely allowed a month to pass without extracts from Mr. Spurgeon, not because he is of the same denomination as the writer, which he is not, nor because the **CHRISTIAN MONTHLY** can approve of all he says, which it cannot, but because, on the cardinal doctrines on which the Evangelical churches of the world agree, Mr. Spurgeon's teaching is eminently scriptural, solid, sensible and safe.

There are in their history and attitude as pulpit orators, many points of strong resemblance. They are both sons of ministers of the Congregational body. They both began their ministrations in obscure country parishes. By talents of a high order, by unconquerable energy, by unceasing and sleepless toil, they both fought their way to thrones, in comparison with which, in some aspects, the throne of Queen Victoria is less exalted. Mr. Spurgeon, by the common consent of

English speaking Protestants has been crowned King of the Protestant Pulpit of the old world: and by a consent, not however quite so harmonious, Mr. Beecher has been proclaimed the foremost pulpit orator of this continent. The printing press each week takes hold of the sermons of both and engraves them on something better than marble, that is *paper*, which goes forth to be read by millions of readers in both worlds. Neither of the men are content with the power at their control in their sermons, spoken or printed, but they act as Editors of Periodicals (Spurgeon of *Sword and Trowel* and Beecher of the *Christian Union*), whose pages are read by thousands who perhaps would not care to read their sermons. On civil and political questions that underlie the well being of society both these men have spoken on the side of freedom and truth with a power that shook their respective countries, and turned to their side the current of public opinion.

In the matter of Theology, however, Spurgeon and Beecher part company, as Abraham and Lot of old, Beecher taking the pleasant well-watered plains and Spurgeon keeping to the everlasting and rugged hills: and on the choice of each hangs, we see, important consequences.

Spurgeon we may call the modern apostle of DOCTRINE. Beecher is the high priest of SENTIMENT. Spurgeon's

first question is "What is true?" Finding the truth he believes it with his whole mind, heart and strength and with winning ways, gentle voice, and moistened eye he offers it, lovingly, to those who are hungering for it; but towards those that mock the truth or despise it, he turns in sublime defiance, setting down his foot, with the unmovable decision of his non-conformist forefathers on *doctrine* and dealing staggering blows with his two-edged sword which is the Word of God. "We ought to preach the Gospel" says Spurgeon, "not as our own views at all, but as the word of God. If we had been entrusted with the making of the Gospel we might have altered it to suit the taste of this modest century, but never having been employed to originate the good news but merely to repeat it we dare not step beyond the record. What we have been taught of God we teach. . . . He that hath God's word let him speak it faithfully, and he will have no need to answer gainsayers except with a "Thus Saith the Lord."

Beecher, on the other hand, as the apostle of *Sentimentalism*, asks as his first question, "Where is the beautiful?" He is therefore at constant war with Doctrine. "We talk" he says "a great deal about the doctrines of religion but the *doctrines* of the christian religion are of no more value than the doctrines of the Brahmins except in the thing they do. . . . The value of a doctrine is to be measured by what it will do as the value of an apple tree is to be estimated by the quantity of apples that it bears from year to year." And when you come to ask Beecher what he means by faith, the article that distinguishes a dead from a living church, he replies in the following misty, sentimental style; "Faith is the sense of a Person present who is transcendent over any ordinary companionship; the consciousness of an intelligent Person of a living Providence: and of the going out of

your nature to it. So that you live not by sight but by the invisible, by the supereminent Power that controls all things, not talking about it but living it, so that men see and feel that you do it, *that* is beautiful and it inspires every body with admiration." The last clause of this sentence (it inspires every body with admiration) reminds us of the story told of Dr. Blair and his colleague Dr. Erskine. In the forenoon Dr. Blair preached about virtue, and having described a perfectly virtuous man concluded in the style of Beecher as given above, "If such a man visited this earth all everywhere would bend down and do him homage." The pulpit in the afternoon belonged to Dr. Erskine who in point of doctrine stood to Blair as Spurgeon does to Beecher; and he in a very quiet way, looking in the direction of Dr. Blair's pew, said, "Such a perfectly virtuous man as was described to us this morning visited this earth, and men instead of running to do him homage, cried out "Crucify Him."

If you ask Spurgeon what Christianity is he will tell you it is a *doctrine*—the Cross of Christ, a doctrine, however that is never barren of fruit. If you ask Beecher what Christianity is he will tell you it is a *life*—a life that has no pith without the doctrine. Here are Beecher's words in a recent utterance. "I should have most serious fear for the future of religion and the church if I did not believe that religion is not a set of doctrines but a style of life and of manhood. I am certain that the beauty of the ideal of that manhood," and so on and so on.

Faith, whether old or new, must be judged by its fruit. The faith that Mr. Spurgeon holds is the faith of the Reformers, the faith of the Puritans. And its fruits lie scattered over centuries of the Church's history in deeds of heroic contendings, and martyr suffering. And with regard to Mr. Spurgeon and his place to-day, not simply

in the Baptist Church, but in Catholic Church of all Protestant denominations, we would say that he owes far more to the grand old truths he thunders from the Metropolitan Tabernacle than the truths owe to him. Had he come into to London with some "mingle mangle of modern thought," to use his own language, he would, for he is talented of a high order, be the town talk for a while and then sink out of sight; but he came with the old faith that overturned the Roman Idolatry and that awoke Europe from the sleep of the middle ages, with the old Puritan theology that made England free and that theology has made him what he is, one of the best and most benevolent men of his day and one of the greatest preachers of our age.

The faith that Beecher holds is just Beecher's faith. What it really is, it would puzzle any disciple, aye! even the master himself to say. There is in it much that is good, much that is indifferent, and much that is bad. But if we ask for its fruit, and if we take Plymouth Church, and Beecher's intimate friends and Beecher himself, as the investigating Committee has left him, an innocent man (we cheerfully grant as far as gross crimes are concerned) but of blundering and uncircumspect walk, if we get these as the fruit of this new light, then most devoutly do we pray to be saved from the new light and to walk all our days in the old light.

The Christian world needed to be startled out of its sentimental mood. What with novels in our sabbath school libraries, novels in our religious magazines, novels every where, what with "light vain, scenical, impertinent (*i.e.* beside the text) raw and undigested preaching," as old Scudder puts it, we were beginning to lose relish for old truths and sound solid doctrine. The Church's faith was coming too much to be the enticing word of men's wisdom, when God in His retributive justice from which no darkness can hide us, has

turned that wisdom unto foolishness. The Church was beginning to take its doctrines and its morality, too much from sensational novels and sentimental orators more than from the Bible, when God saw fit to lead it this past summer through an experience very like the revelation made to an old Jewish prophet, which we will here give in his own words:—

"And he brought me to the door of the court, and when I looked behold a hole in the wall. Then said he unto me, Son of man dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall behold a door. And he said unto me, Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went and saw; and behold every form of creeping things and abominable beasts and all the idols of the house of Israel portrayed upon the walls round about. And there stood before them seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel and in the midst of them stood Jaazaniah the son of Shaphan, with every man his censer in his hand, and a thick cloud of incense went up. Then said he unto me, Son of man hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark every man in the chambers of his imagery for they say, "The Lord seeth us not, the Lord hath forsaken the earth"

All which seems to say to us in the language of an "old fashioned poet."

Keep thou the beaten good old path,
Yet new and living way,
Which all the Saints have trod by faith,
With prayer night and day."

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

There are three things that ought to engage the earnest effort of the Church of Christ. One of these is the instruction of the ignorant in the great truths of the Christian religion. That this was one of the objects of our Saviour's work is plain from the prominence given to *teaching* in his own ministry

and in the ministry of those he commissioned, to work in his behalf. Let the church, therefore, use the Common Schools, Sabbath Schools, the pulpit and the press for spreading abroad in the community an intelligent knowledge of the Doctrines of Christianity. "The embalming of a body" an old writer quaintly remarks, "does not bring it to life but it keeps it from polluting the air injuring the living." Let us suppose that an intelligent acquaintance with the truths of religion does not always reach the full length of conversion. This may be so, and yet a knowledge and a belief that falls short of being a saving knowledge and a saving belief may be very helpful to the individual and useful to society for the life that now is. A knowledge of Christ, and an intellectual belief in Him, is of great account in the way of making men virtuous, though it should never reach the point of making men Christians.

But the Church should never rest content, as too often it has done, with the work of intellectual enlightenment, with the function of embalming the dead. It should aim at nothingshort of seeing, by the Almighty power of God, the dead restored to life. It should not rest satisfied with even seeing the dry bones, a greater work than embalming, brought together and covered with sinews, flesh and skin; but its preaching and its prayers should be towards the practical blessed issue of seeing the corpses made alive and set up on their feet an exceeding great *Army*, a body of living men fully equipped for the fight.

But with the work of conversion should all further efforts cease? When the dead having been brought to life is all care over the living one to cease? Plainly not. The Apostolic Epistles of the New Testament are devoted mainly to exhortations, and directions for striving after and reaching forward to a Higher Christian Life. It

is good therefore to find increased attention in our day directed to this important point. There is much written on the subject that is good, solid, wholesome truth, fitted to nourish those that feed on it. There is much written again that is dark, obscure, mystical and incapable of satisfying those minds that must have a clear understanding of truth before they commit themselves to it. While there are some things written that may seem very good, but which are not true.

The whole business of the Higher Christian Life is put into small compass by Paul in one of his terse, comprehensive sentences " *The very God of peace sanctify you wholly,*" i Thess. v. 23. In this sentence which contains the philosophy, the theology and the history of Christian perfection we see these important points.

1. Sanctification as to its *origin*. It is pre-eminently the work of God. The believer is told in the preceding verses to do several things towards making himself a better man, such as "praying without ceasing." (ver. 17) cherishing the spirit (ver. 19): giving earnest heed to the public preaching: (ver. 20), searching deeply into Christian truth (ver. 21), abstaining from all appearance of evil (ver. 22). But after all this on the part of the Christian, the main business is in the hand of God. "The very God" or rather "God himself," the Apostle prays "do this work for you." In the *Christian's Pathway and Power*, a Monthly devoted to promoting the Higher Christian Life we are glad to find much stress laid on this point that sanctification is as to its origin, and progress the special work of omnipotent power. All the industry of the farmer is of no avail without the warm beams of the sun; so all our self mortification goes for nothing without God.

2. Sanctification as to its *conditions*.

It is the God of *peace* that sanctifies. Why is He not here called God of holiness. Why God of peace? There must be peace before there can be growth. There must be peace before there can be health. A field whose fences are down and over which fighting armies come and go cannot yield a harvest to its owner in that state. A sick and fevered soldier cannot recover while he with a price on his head is being pushed from house to house by relentless officers of justice. To repair a shattered ship you must call it in from the high seas to the place of the harbor and the dock. The work of sanctification cannot begin or go on till there is peace with God. Justification, i. e. peace with God, is a necessary condition of sanctification. It is foolish therefore to set an unconverted man to the trying work of mortifying his ungovernable lusts and passions till God is at peace with him by Christ, and he at peace with God in Christ.

3. Sanctification as to its *seat*. Man consists of two parts, the spiritual and the material. The spiritual again is subdivided into two parts the intellectual man or the *Spirit*, and the emotional man or the *Soul*. The work of Sanctification extends to all these parts of man, as we see in the next clause—"your whole spirit and soul, and body." The body, its members, its powers, its instincts, its desires all undergo a purifying, elevating, ennobling change as we can see by comparing the countenance of a wicked man before and after his conversion, or the countenance of a heathen tribe and a Christian Congregation. The soul also with its feelings, desires, emotions undergoes a radical change; but the chief seat of the Holy Spirit's work is in the Spirit. Here lies the seat of Divine life in the soul and from this centre as life in the palm-trees, it spreads outwardly till the man is wholly under its influence. If this

be so how foolish all penances, and self-infliction of pain as a means of sanctification which has its true seat in the spiritual nature of man.

4. Sanctification as to its *progress*. In other parts of scripture the progress of holiness in man is compared to the growth of the body (Ephes iv. 12); to the growth of a seed (Matth xiii. 31) to the growth of a tree (Psalm i. 3); and here the same idea lies hidden. Paul gave thanks to God for the great attainments made by the Thessalonians in faith, love and hope (i Thes i. 2. 3.) but for all this he does not regard them as having reached the full stature of man-hood in Christ, for he prays that God would still carry on the work he had began till they were sanctified wholly. Hence though we ought to look and labour for rapid growth towards full stature yet, we need expect that growth only in accordance with the laws of orderly, symmetrical development imposed by the God of peace.

5. Sanctification as to its *pattern*. To sanctify in its lower sense a person or a thing is to devote them to God or his service. In this sense the tabernacle and its vessels were sanctified. But to sanctify in its higher sense is to devote a person to God to the degree that he is changed into the very image of God, who is the end of all things. "Be ye holy as I am holy" is the sum and substance of all growth in grace. Hence to sanctify wholly is to bring back to man, in every faculty and power of his soul, that image of God towards which all sanctified intelligences are rising but which they can never reach. Here we see the folly of calling any man master or if being so taken up with human excellency as to stop short of copying Christ.

6. Sanctification as to its *issue*. When a man begins to build a house he means to finish it unless powers stronger than he stop him. But inas-

much as there is no power in earth or hell higher and stronger than God it is to be expected that he will conduct this business to a successful issue. Paul says that much. "*Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it,*" ver. 14. There is no doubt that there is such a thing as "Christian Perfection" not only as to *parts*, in the sense in which the infant is perfect but as to *degree* in the sense in which the angels are perfect. The Christian from his very birth as a regenerated soul is perfect as to *parts*; but the perfection as to *degree* is the fruit of

much work on the part of God and much work on the part of the believer, just as the growth of the tree is the result of years of sunshine and rain from without and vital energy within working in mutual, and mystical harmony. Seeing these things are so let us now pray in the words of Augustine who was an ardent seeker after the Higher Christian Life. "*O Lord give me a heart to desire Thee, desiring to seek Thee, seeking to find Thee, finding to love Thee, and loving no more to offend Thee.*"

Dying Preachers.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The name of the Rev. C. C. Stewart, is familiar to readers of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY as one of our regular contributors, till he was laid aside from all work by a long sickness which ended in death, on the 19th of August. At the request of the Session his funeral sermon has been published. As many of our readers knew Mr. Stewart personally, and all of them through his articles, the sermon is now published here. Ed. C. C. M.]

Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. Hob. VI. 12.

Our text speaks of the promises. This Epistle speaks much of the promises. The Bible is full of talk about the promises. Take the promises out of the Bible, and you take out its very heart, and you leave our hearts desolate and dead without them. It was the promises that cheered the Patriarchs in their wanderings, that sustained the Prophets in their anxious waiting, that strengthened the Apostles in their teaching and preaching. Did Abraham not go out from his country and kindred, leaning upon a promise? "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Did Paul not go forth to die, leaning upon a promise?

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." The Christian is the happiest man on earth: but his full and complete happiness is not in possession; it is in prospect; his happiness is not here; it is hereafter. Here he walks not by sense but by faith. It is only by death he comes into full possession of the promised inheritance.

The text, again, speaks of *diligence*, (be not slothful,) *faith*, *patience*, as the qualities necessary in those that would inherit the promises. To lay hold of eternal life, demands care, caution, conflict, not because the gates of Heaven are closed against us, they have been opened in our behalf by Christ, but because the country between the city of Destruction and the Celestial city, is in the hands of the enemy. All the time during the rebellion in India, the gates of Lucknow were ready to fly open before its relieving army, but as the country between was in the hands of the enemy, that army could get into the city that was prepared to welcome them so joyously, only by care, courage, and hard fighting. It is only by diligence, faith and patience while living that the Christian, dying inherits the promises.

Then our text in full view of these facts gives us here, after the plain practical fashion of the Bible a very useful and important advice. Seeing perfect happiness is not in possession, but in prospect, and seeing it is an arduous business to attain to this inheritance, it sets us on a course that will greatly help us to a successful issue:—Be ye followers (imitators, copyists,) of them who by faith and patience inherit the promises.

It is a natural instinct for us to copy the manners of those around us, and especially of those above us in wisdom and years. Wanting this instinct we would never learn to act or speak to any purpose. Children copy their parents and companions, poets catch the style of their favorite authors, and painters apply themselves to imitate the old masters. Alexander the Great slept with a copy of Homer under his pillow, in the footsteps of whose heroes he strove hard to follow, and Themistocles said that the victory of Miltiades over the Persians would not let him sleep, so anxious was he to imitate it. Into his service God presses this instinct of man. We are naturally copyists, he therefore gives us in Christ a perfect pattern whence to copy. It is not simply that Christ is our Prophet to teach us, our Priest to atone for us, and our King to govern us, but He is our Model to copy. "Follow me," is the beginning, middle and end of Christian discipleship. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," Phil. ii. 5. "Christ also suffered for us leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps," i Peter ii. 21. If therefore any one here to-day says in his heart, "I am ill at ease in my soul, I find in a life fashioned after this world no satisfaction, but I have heard of something better, I have here no continuing city, but I have heard of one to come. How can I find true happiness? Where lies the road to this celestial city?" To such

a question as this our reply would be in the words of the mysterious voice that came in the garden at Milan to Augustine, "*Take up and read.*" Take up the Bible and read the Life of Christ, study Him, believe in Him, love Him, hold communion with Him, copy Him as far as He can be copied, follow Him and you will get into the celestial City, you will inherit the promises.

But some will say the lesson is too high and too hard for us to learn at this stage of our schooling. Our Lord is so great and glorious, so inimitable, in His words and ways, so unapproachable in His life and character, so distant by His ascension, that to set us to copy Him is like setting a painter who knows only the first elements of his art to copy that greatest of all painting, the picture of the Transfiguration, by the greatest of painters. To help us to copy the great picture, is it not wise to allow us to copy simple scenes at the outset, and pictures that are more easily imitated. If we cannot follow the Saviour, save afar off, may we not copy his Saints. Let it be so then: our text says it may be so, and many other passages of Scripture tells us the same thing. "Be ye followers of me" Paul says. i Cor. iv. 16. Again, "Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ." i Cor. xi. 1. "Ye became followers of us and of the Lord." i. Thes. i. 6. "Ye brethren became followers of the Churches of God which in Judea are in Christ Jesus," i. Thes. ii. 14. It is lawful and useful for us to "follow the footsteps of the flock."

"Keep thou the beaten good old path
Yet new and living way,
Which all the Saints have trod by faith
With prayer night and day."

You may safely and profitably study and copy Noah as a pattern of firmness in the midst of an apostate community, Abraham as a pattern of faith amid untold discouragements; Joseph, as a pattern of prudence in high affairs; Moses, as a pattern of meek-

ness ; Job, of patience, Peter, of zeal, Paul, of courage, John, of love. In Christ's people we see refracted and reflected, as the colours in the rainbow, the divine graces which blend into a dazzling effulgence of glory in him as the seven hues of the rainbow are lost in the pure light of the sun. It is permitted us, therefore nay commanded, as an urgent duty, to read the lives of those who by faith and patience inherit the promises, to note their perfections, and to use these as a motive and a guide towards higher attainments in the divine life. Only let us beware lest we lose sight of the Master in holding communion with his servants. When we find the lives of the Saints obscuring or hiding the life of the Saviour let us remember the painter who, in a painting of the last Supper, finding that the beautiful cups on the table drew attention from the Lord of the feast, defaced them with a stroke of his brush saying " Nothing must come into competition with Him." Let the example of those who by faith and patience inherit the promises be ever to us like the finger post pointing always to something better and beyond ; or rather like the figure of Philip advancing before Nathaniel, beckoning him to follow, and ever repeating, " Come and see."

It is not difficult for you, members and office-bearers of this congregation, to make this day application to yourselves of this text and the truths it contains. Your late Pastor is, we have good reason to believe, to-day among those who inherit the promises ; among those whose full and complete happiness is in possession and not, as in our case, in prospect, to whom faith is now sight and the promises, steadfast realities. In the language of the text I would therefore say to you—" Be ye followers of him," even as he also was of Christ.

It is just four years next month since he was ordained in this church, as your

pastor. He came among you young : he came fresh from college, with college honours which he wore meekly : he came, a matter of great account in a pastor, with the close, correct, methodical habits of a disciplined student which he retained to the very last : he came with zeal and an appetite for work characteristic of young Christians : he came with a large fund of general knowledge gathered from books and experience among men, and with a good knowledge of the ancient languages so necessary in a theologian : he came with a mild disposition and a kind and gentle way that endeared him to you all, and that got for him many friends, beyond the bounds of the congregation, and among his fellow ministers ; but he came with a weak constitution, with the seeds of the disease that kept all the time gaining ground, and which, (for long dwining makes cold sheets at last) has at last carried him to his grave.

This is not the time, nor the occasion, nor the office, nor the day for unduly exalting man. The length of asking you in the language of our text to be followers of Him, I can safely go ; for " Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly, and unblameably he behaved himself among you that believe." Without, therefore, going beyond the example of Scripture or the bounds of what you all know to be reasonable, I this day urge this duty on you with all the solemnity suggested by the open grave, by which we recently stood, and where we shall soon lie, and the judgment seat before which we must soon stand.

Be ye followers of him (1.) As to his *youthful piety*. Though this idea is not expressed in the text, it is plainly implied in it. A life of diligence, faith and patience, which ends in early life as his did (for he was at his death only 32) must have begun in early youth. At the age of nine, death, the prince of preachers, entered his home and mother

and children were gathered round a father's coffin. "O eloquent just and mighty death," exclaims an eminent man, "whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, and what none hath dared, thou hast done." How many of us owe our best lessons to the sermon preached by this preacher. It was so in this case. Deprived of his earthly father, he turned to God as the guide of his youth, and putting his young hand in the hand of Infinite Wisdom he asked Him to keep his feet, to lead him on. "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," he led him on: kindly and gently he led him on through clouds and sunshine; wisely and well he brought him up, providing for him all he needed, safely and soundly he brought him through trials and temptations, and now at last mercifully he has taken him home to be with Himself. To the young of this congregation in whom your late pastor felt a deep interest I would say,—“Be, ye followers of him.” “Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.” It is good to bear the yoke in one's youth. In the season of youth before the conscience becomes scared, before the heart grows hard, before the cares of this world crowd on your back, turn, as he did, to your Father in Heaven, put your hand in His and say to Him,

*Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark and I am far from home

Lead Thou me on,

Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see

The distant scene: one step enough for me.

Be ye followers of him (2) in his *constant diligence*. God gave him talents. It is perhaps best for us not to say how many, whether one, or two or five. One thing we are sure of, he was far removed from the character of the slothful servant that hid his lord's money. He carefully improved and employed what talents God gave him. At college he was known as a close and severe student. As a pastor he was

laborious and *painful* (i. e. painstaking) as the Puritans would call it. He studied closely, carefully, critically the Word of God: earnestly, simply, faithfully from Sabbath to Sabbath he preached to you the gospel from this place, preaching often when owing to his weakness he should have been in his bed. In such bodily weakness indeed did he often preach, and so much did he suffer afterwards, that you can now, when all is over, see the point of a remark once made by him:—"when we ask people for money, they think it is the greatest thing that can be given: but I am often called to duties that feel so painful that to give money would be nothing in comparison." And then after his pastoral duties were over, and when, in kindness to himself, he should have rested, he took the pen, and through the press he spoke to thousands who never saw his face in the flesh. One of his books (Church Government) is well known to you. the other (Exegema) is written less for popular use than for scholars. By these books and by articles in the Monthly Magazines and Religious Papers of the day, though dead, he yet speaketh, calling us not only to ponder the truths he wrote, but to imitate his diligence. His close intense application, which weakened a body never strong, may have been too much. We should perhaps say it was. But seeing the motive was not money, nor earthly interests, of this fault we ought to speak gently especially since we seldom blame the soldier who scorning prudence and safety, rushes into the place in the fight where the hardest fighting is to be done. We praise rather, the warrior who despises his life in comparison with victory. And in a state of society where material interests outweigh higher interests, and where a regard to ease over rides often our sense of duty, it is better to see a man erring on the side of unworldly, unselfish toil, and wearing out his

ploughshare with work in the furrow rather than allow it to rust in the field.

You cannot follow him in his departments of usefulness: but to each in his own sphere I would say "Go and do likewise." Not that I refer to your worldly affairs, for there is ambition and competition enough among you to keep you diligent in business: but my exhortation refers to the work of the Lord. Elders of the congregation be stirred up by the death of your beloved pastor to increased diligence in your work of visiting the sick, of caring for the young, of reclaiming backsliders, of comforting mourners, of rebuking the openly vicious. Sabbath School teachers, parents, young men and maidens, old men and children, be stirred up to renewed diligence in your *salvation* work, and in your *generation* work, as old theologians express the two great departments of Christian work, saving our own souls, and saving the souls of those over whom we have any manner of influence. Slothfulness in these two things is a dangerous thing and a common thing; be not slothful, therefore, but followers of them who by *diligence* inherit the Promises. Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Be ye followers of him (3) in his *faith*. Faith is, as you have been often told, *trust in God*: but this definition covers wide ground. To trust in God is to receive His word as our rule of faith and manners; to rest on His Son as our Saviour, prophet, priest and king; to rejoice in His promises as our sure and rich inheritance. To you who have these past three years and more listened to your pastor's treatment of the word of God, I need not say how reverently he bowed his reason before the utterance of the Divine Oracle. "Thus saith the Lord" was to him an end of all controversy, taking no appeal therefrom as alas! is too little the habit of young men of keen intel-

lect and cultivated minds in our day. It is to you a matter of knowledge also how lovingly he embraced God's Son, and how calmly he rested on him. Like Mr. Standfast, that excellent pilgrim, "he loved to hear his Lord spoken of, and wherever he saw the print of his shoe in the earth, there he coveted to set his foot too. His name was to him as a civet box: yea sweeter than all perfumes. His voice was to him most sweet, and His countenance he more desired than they that love most desired the light of the sun. His word he did use to gather for his food and for antidotes against his fainting." You know also how joyfully he spoke to you of the promises and how, seeing them afar off, he embraced them and confessed that he was here only a pilgrim and a stranger. All this is known to you better than to me. But it is not so much a matter of general knowledge, (it could not be from his great weakness which kept him from seeing but a very few) how much he grew in this threefold faith during nine months in the solitude of the sick room. To show you his faith in the Bible, let me instance his plan when the startling truth first dawned on him that it was likely he should have to pass through a long and sore season of suffering, to end it might be in death. He turned carefully over the leaves of his Bible, searching out passages and noting them in his book, and in his memory, saying that on these truths he intended resting himself whatever troubles might arise. Here is one of them. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief." 1 Tim. i. 15. Shortly before he died, to a friend who came in as he was reading his Bible he remarked "I am looking over my supports."

To show you his trust in Jesus and in his promises, let me instance his wish with regard to his two infant boys

who were the delight of his heart and his only earthly wealth. Turning to their mother he gave them over to her to be to them in his place, saying, "Bring these children up for Jesus." And as the end drew near his faith grew stronger, until he expressed his surprise that he could so calmly look death in the face and feel so strong in contemplating the change that was often terrible in his eyes.

My hearers, in a world like this, in a life like ours, in such a complete change of position as death brings to us, we need faith, faith in God's word, faith in God's Son, faith in God's promises. Let us every day exercise faith. This is the way it grows strong: even as the muscles of your arm grows strong by using them. Exercise faith in God's Word, Son and Promises to-day and to-morrow, this day and the next, in small things and in great things, in the affairs of the body as well as in the affairs of the soul, and your faith will become so strong as not to stagger when it faces the pain of the sick-bed and the solemnities of the dying-hour. Be ye followers of them who through *faith* inherit the promises. "Lord increase our faith."

Be ye followers of him (4) in his *patience*. If we define faith as trust in God, we may define patience as submission to his will. This grace of patience is of high account with God, and much pains does he take with us, and much pain does he often send us, to teach us this lesson. His own Son must needs enter the school of suffering to learn a lesson the angels cannot learn in heaven. The Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through suffering. He learned obedience (the chief ingredient in which was patience) by the things that he suffered. The necessity there is that we should learn patience is one reason why there is in this world so much bodily suffering.

"The experience of God's people shows," an eminent author remarks,

"that bodily pain has a special office to perform in the work of sanctification. In the unrenewed its tendency is to exasperate; when self-inflicted its tendency is to debase and fill the soul with grovelling ideas of God and religion, and with low self-conceit. But when inflicted by God on his own children, it more than anything, teaches them their weakness and dependence, and calls upon them to submit, when submission is most difficult."

From this discipline of bodily weakness and pain your late pastor was never free from his first coming among you. But with the beginning of last winter there came a sudden and large increase of suffering. On his way to this house to preach he was arrested by God, and sent back to his home, I might say to his room, which he hardly ever left till you carried him to his grave. That room was to him a college where he learned lessons that the colleges of man do not teach. All you could see, was the wasted form of the scholar which told of weakness, weariness and pain, but you could not see the proficiency in patience that came from the schooling. In the Gethsemane to which God sent him, there was given him a bitter cup to drink. From the cup, as did his Master, he started back at first in terror and amazement, begging thrice that it might pass from him. But when he clearly understood that it was his Father's will that he should drink of it, he bowed his head, took the cup, saying, "Not my will but thine be done."

"Be ye also patient." In the affairs of every day let us exercise this grace until we become strong in it. We know not what trials may await us before we leave this earth, and it surely is a sin and an aggravation of our trouble to fret under it and rebel like an ox unbroken to the yoke. It becomes us therefore now, to-day and to-morrow, to be exercising this grace,

to be patient towards others, patient towards ourselves, patient towards the crosses of God's providence and the delays of God's promises. Be ye followers of them who by *patience* inherit the promises. "Be patient for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

As a congregation you have passed through a severe trial in the long illness of your late pastor. Had he arisen out of this illness and been enabled again to preach Christ, you would not have grudged his long absence from his pulpit, on hearing how much better he could extol the Saviour, after his illness and how much more tenderly than before he would act the part of shepherd towards you. But instead of sending His servant, after giving him such proficiency in divine learning, to labour here, He has called him to his life-work up in heaven. And now his death, for which

however, you were partly prepared, increases your burden of trial. I state a fact well known to all, when I say that towards him who is now gone from you you have acted from the very beginning and especially towards the last with great kindness and thoughtful consideration. Our Lord has said "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man, in the name of a righteous man shall receive a righteous man's reward." You have your reward in some measure already. But as to its fullness, you must wait for it,—till you hear the words "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

"I commend you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified."

Poetry.

A LIFE HISTORY.

Life was once to me like summer,
With its glitter and its smile,
I, as thoughtless as the insects,
Trifled through the little while.
All was buoyant joy within me,
All was jubilant around;
Need of Jesus then I felt not,
So I neither sought nor found.

But the summer soon was ended,
And the gloomy winter came,
All my blooming joys were blighted,
Into griefs of every name.
Still, I hoped the changing season
Would bring summer round again:
But instead the gloom grew blacker,
And I sought my Saviour then.

Yes, I sought, with cries and weeping,
But no answer was returned;
Echo flung me back my pleadings,
'Twas as if my cry were spurned.
Sore perplexed at the silence,
I more warmly did entreat;
Still the ear could catch no answer,
Save the heart's distracted heat.

Well I knew 'twas but through Jesus
That the sinner comes to God;
But with what we come to Jesus—
Ah, 'twas here I missed my road!
I was bringing Him obedience,
When I should have brought but sin;
So my knocking, though half frantic,
No admittance e'er could win.

Then I studied to know better,
What already well I knew;
And the duties that I practised,
Better still I tried to do:
Yet the darkness grew the deeper,
And the silence grew more dread;
Till I felt my case was hopeless,
And my soul among the dead.

Then I cast me, self-despairing,
On the Saviour's boundless grace;
Not a hope had I of blessing,
If he met not such a case.
And I feel that need more urgent
Scarce on earth could ever be
So I begged for one so ruined,
Mercy instant, mercy free.

Then at once the peace of pardon,
 Did my sinking soul restore ;
 And the love sprung up spontaneous
 Which I could not force before.
 When I took the place of sinner,
 And at mercy's footstool lay,
 Jesus took His place of Saviour,
 And at once put sin away.

Ah, 'tis ruinous to cover
 Filthy sores with rags more foul ;
 Let us strip them bare before Him,
 That His grace may make us whole.
 He delights in showing mercy,
 To a sinner owning sin ;
 But the soul that seeks by doing
 Not a smile shall ever win.

COME, COME, COME.

Come to the blood-stained tree
 The Victim bleeding lies ;
 God sets the sinner free,
 Since Christ a ransom dies.
 The Spirit will apply
 His blood to cleanse thy stains.
 Oh ! burdened soul, draw nigh,
 For none can come in vain.

Come, Come, Come.

Dark though thy guilt appear,
 And deep the crimson dye,
 There's boundless mercy here,
 And Jesus bids thee fly.
 Oh ! do not doubt his word ;
 There's pardon full and free,
 For justice smote the Lord,
 And sheathes her sword for thee.

Come, Come, Come.

Look not within for peace—
 Within there's nought to cheer ;
 Look up and find release
 From sin, and self, and fear.
 If gloom thy soul ensroud,
 If tears faith's eyes be dim
 If doubts around thee crowd,
 Come, tell them all to Him.

Come, Come, Come.

Rest to the weary soul
 An aching breast is given :
 Balm makes the wounded whole,
 Love fills the heart with heaven.
 For thee, dear soul, for thee,
 These priceless joys were bought
 Accept the mercy free
 That Christ to earth has brought.

Come, Come, Come.

Come with the ransomed train,
 The Saviour's advent sing ;
 Rejoice, the lamb was slain .
 Adore He comes as King.

And soon before his face
 We'll praise in heaven above ;
 Triumphant in His grace,
 Enraptured with His love.
 Come, Come, Come.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

There is sunlight on the hill-top,
 There is sunlight on the sea ;
 And the golden beams are sleeping
 On the soft and verdant lea :
 But a richer light is filling
 All the chambers of my heart,
 For Thou art there, my Saviour,
 And 'tis sunlight where Thou art.

Thou hast whisper'd Thy forgiveness
 In the secret of my soul :
 "Be of good comfort, daughter,
 For I have made thee whole."
 The "fowler's snare is broken,"
 And loosed my captive wing,
 And shall the bird be silent
 Which thou hast taught to sing ?

In the dust leave my sackcloth,
 As the garb of other days,
 For Thou "girdest me with gladness,
 And Thou rebost me with praise."
 And to that home of glory
 Thy love hath won for me,
 In heart and mind ascending,
 My spirit follows Thee.

Choose Thou for me my portion—
 My bitter and my sweet ;
 The cup Thy hand doth mix me,
 I will drink it at thy feet ;
 While I'm waiting for that moment,
 The brightest and the best ;
 When Thou shalt stoop to lift me
 From Thy footstool to Thy breast.

Oh ! ye who sit in darkness,
 Ever mourning for your sin,
 Open the windows of your soul,
 Let the warm sunshine in ;
 Ev'ry ray was purchased for you,
 By the matchless love of One
 Who has suffer'd in the shadow,
 That you might see the sun !

Lord Jesus! Thou hast bought me,
 And my life, my all, is Thine ;
 Let the lamp Thy love hath lighted,
 To Thy praise and glory shine ;
 A beacon 'mid the darkness,
 Pointing upward where Thou art ;
 The smile of whose forgiveness,
 Is the sunlight of my heart !

ELLEN H. WILLIS.

—London Christian.

**“WHO LOVED ME, AND GAVE
HIMSELF FOR ME.”**

Gal. II. 20.

Tune—“There is a gate that stands ajar.”

There is a love that passeth all
The love of friend or mother;
’Tis love embracing great or small,
’Tis love beyond all other.

Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
For poor, lost sinners, e’en for me;
For me, for me—
For sinners e’en for me,

It was that love which brought Christ down,
His happy home forsaking,
To bear the just Jehovah’s frown,
Our sins upon him taking.

Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
To bear the weight of sin for me.
For me, for me—
To bear my sins for me.

It was that love that made Him die
A death by God accursed,
That those far off should be brought nigh,
To look on him they pierced.

Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
To die a death accurs’d for me:
For me, for me—
A death accurs’d for me.

It was that love that made a way
That I might get to heaven
And thus by faith may I this day
Know all my sins forgiven.

Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
That made a way to heaven for me:
For me, for me—
A way to heaven for me.

’Tis through that love that Jesus now
For us is interceding;
The sovereign Lord to whom all bow
The sinner’s cause is pleading.

Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
To intercede in heaven for me:
For me, for me—
To intercede for me.

’Tis through that love I hope to stand
When from the dust awaking,
In spotless robes at His right hand
My place appointed taking

Oh love of Christ, how full! how free!
To make a home in heaven for me:
For me, for me—
A home prepared for me,

M. A. S.

June 19.

“IF THOU HADST BEEN HERE.”

Then, said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if Thou
hadst been here, my brother had not died.—John
11. 21.

She did not turn with her sad half reproach,
Unto the friends who sought to comfort her.
Methinks their steps had sped on many a willing
errand.

And some with thoughtful care, performed the
household tasks,

Which in that grief-struck home lay all undone.
Heart-guided hands, ye may be rough and brown,
But in your helpful pity does true cunning lie.
And some had watched with her beside the bed
Where Life and Death were sternly waging strife
And when the conflict o’er, and the great stillness
came,

Those kindly ones had closed the sightless eyes
And laid the hands upon the quiet breast;
Each active office done, they softly came,
Not with low, measured words most properly
doled out.

Ah! no, but with quick, silent tears they wept
with her.

Grief often turns impatient at a word.
Or, where the arrow hides the gentlest touch
Of speech may sting the wound.
They had done what they could. Full well she
knew

That in their gift the boon of life lay not.
They, too, must sometimes lay as cold as he;
They, straightened for the grave. But there
was One.

Before whose holy presence Death stood still,
And laid his weapon down. And to her Lord
The touching message went, “Ho whom thou
lov’st is sick.”

Then through the slow, sad days she watched for
Him.

His angel-herald, Death was sent before.
She could not know how His heart groaned for
her?

For him who “slep” What yearning pity
Urged His footsteps on to break Death’s sleep.
Thus, thus, we meet the Master with our griefs,
And sorrowing, fall before Him murmuring low,
“Lord, if thou hadst been here.”

Is He not here? What other voice than His
Can bid the winds and waves of doubt “be still?”
And breathe, upon the tumult of unrest His bless-
ed peace?

Is He not here, upholding with his strong and
tender arm.
When heart and flesh doth fail.
Surely our Lord draws ever nearer when His
people mourn.

The heart that groaned at Bethany’s low grave,
Beats with warm, tender sympathy e’en now;
In our affliction, He is afflicted still.
Jesus, we come to meet thee by the way,
And looking up in tearful thankfulness,
We bless Thee that Thou wast, that Thou art
here

L. W. B.

Christian Life.

PAIN, ITS RELATION TO WORSHIP.

[With this paper has come to us a note from its esteemed author in which he says:—"On purpose I have not named the parties from whom I have quoted as I do not wish even by implication to be the means of circulating such literature. Such literature I am sorry to find is widely read, and its tendency is the direction of the denial of future punishment, and the assertion of the human soul." We think it right to give these sentences from our contributors letter to explain the references in the paper. Ed. C. C. M.]

What a scething pot the world now is, old land marks are being found out and shaken. And too often men confound their own rebound for the moving of the marks in question. In the hot haste and hurry of the present age, the thought that comes is supposed to be new. It has been picked up by the way. Men have stumbled over it, and they knew not that it has been before, perchance a differently shaped pebble, or stone but the same recurring substance after all.

Who will look back upon the past are not all things become new? Who will plunge into the depth of our consciousness, are not all things revealed and lying naked and open to our grasp? The age of darkness and of fear has gone. We live in the light, is the constant recurring cry. Pain and sorrow there is in the world, but what, say some, have we to do with these things in the worship of our God. Not much, perhaps, but let us see.

That there is *pain* in the world cannot be denied. The experience of every one bears witness to the fact. But that the world should be under the care of God, whom we recognise as a being infinite in love as in wisdom and yet pain remains in it, is, I think,

one of those puzzles that ought to perplex speculative and reflective minds. And perhaps it does although we do not hear much about it, unless it be from such as are inclined to deny the existence of a supremely wise and good Being.

We can understand the force of the argument in the hands of such persons. But we do not very well see, how one, reverentially believing in the power and presence of a great first cause, and admitting the fact, that under His care and government, and without contradicting the quality of goodness, inherent on Him, there still exists pain in the world, can, holding such opinions, say that the God of love whom they worship is the God who governs the world. We know full well how such things are sought to be accounted for, and by what means the fact in question is proved to be avoidance of God's goodness. And we have every possible sympathy with such a line of thought. But that does not meet the point at issue as to why there should be pain at all. We know, it might be replied, that it is needful as a discipline of life; that but for pain, man would perpetually run the risk of injury to life and limb. And that therefore pain to him is both healthful and safe.

We grant that if he knew better how to avoid danger, and was not too lazy to do so, there would be little or no need for pain. Nay, that just in proportion as he avoided evil, he would be saved from pain. But if he provoked evil or had evil within him, we do not see how in the nature of the case he can be, or that it were good for him to be exempted from pain. The question before us is not one of origin but of fact, that where evil is, there must of necessity be pain. We imagine none can deny this point.

But mark how it may be reasoned upon. If pain is necessarily connected in some way with evil, and evil the furthest possible removed from God, the pain also must of necessity be far from him also. And therefore the nearer, we get to God, and the more we become like him, the less we shall have of pain, because the less we shall have of evil. And if worship be a coming near to God, then what of pain can there be in it? In what, in the worship, or in the coming, or in either? Is pain ever outside of us? The origin and cause may be, but pain itself is always within.

"It is a miserable ignorance" (so says one of the teachers of the people) "of the happy worship, in which God would have his human creatures engaged, that prescribes a physical pain and privation." And we verily believe that it is so. But who ever prescribed it? We know sometimes that the Doctor prescribes his potions and his pills, and that these are not always pleasant. But whoever thought of our Father in heaven "prescribing" pain. That would not be very loving or kind. And yet whatever we might think about the Physician, we know that he is not unkind because he so prescribes for us. And why should we think other of our Father in heaven, even if it were so?

But, it is replied the state which requires such things is not a happy state. Is it therefore not religious or worshipful? And why is it not a happy state? Is it the physicians fault, our error, or the state of the disease in which we are? If we would be cured at all who is our best friend? Can any state be happy where disease is? We do not ask if any diseased person might not be happy? For many might be insane enough through the force of the disease to think so. But if we would think aright, that state is the happiest possible to us, who are diseased and sinful, that has

the removal of the disease in process, however much of pain it might cost us. The evil gone, pain ceases, but while it lasts pain must last too. It would neither be wise nor kind otherways.

But worship is not a removal of the evil. What is it then? Is it but a thanksgiving for pain removed? Then there can be no worship for the sorrowful. They must cease to be such before they may worship. In a word worship is a thing for heaven, not for earth, or on earth at all. But worship gives no pain, nor does physic always, for it sometimes relieves from pain. But is it not a means, or one of the conditions of the cure that completes itself in a higher state? Whatever it may be then, now, it has to contend with evil, or it is not for us, and if we say there is no "pain and privation prescribed" in it, so we may say of the doctor's drugs, yet they may not work their cure without both "pain and privation." But the pain was not in the drug, well suppose it was not, was the physician so ignorant as not to know that it would produce pain? That might be, but it is not true of our Father in heaven. A worship from which pain is cast out, is the worship of the sinless, it is not for us, it may be ours, but not yet. Worship for us now has the joy of hope in it, and the gladness of thanks. But while we have sin, we must supplicate and therefore suffer pain. It is painful confusion, and worse than nonsense to talk otherways.

It may be a "delusion" to say that such things are "prescribed," but it is a fact that they occur notwithstanding. Be the cause what it may, human "ignorance" or "wilful perversion," no one can entertain wrong notions and yet not encounter pains physical as well as moral in consequence. And if the object of such statements be, as is manifest, to do away with the idea of physical consequences in the shape

of pain, then the writer is manifestly dissociating one part of our nature from the other, and under guise of a manifest misstatement removing a consequence that most certainly must come. The happiest relationship of life, between parent and child unless in a perfect and a sinless state, which this is not, necessarily involve much of pain, and pain that does not terminate with the mind but reaches the body also. And it is utterly impossible to suppose such a child, full of faults, attaining to its true place in respect of the father unless through suffering, and that suffering, while no pleasure to the father, yet may involve a pleasure, seeing that for the sake of being what he ought to his father, he undergoes all that suffering. There is no true access to the father otherwise, and when we place God, in the place of the father as we ought, then it takes the place of worship, not wrapt up in it, but in the case of repentant and sinful creatures necessarily accompanying it. Pain is not worship, but as sinful creatures, we may not worship truly, and never feel pain.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

An Autobiography of last century: being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan as narrated by himself.

[Translated for the Christian Monthly.]

CONCLUDING SECTION.—CHAP. II.

[Wherein there is contained a narrative of my experience from March to September, 1743.]

I then spread the black catalogue of my sins before the Lord. The very sight of it would have rent my heart were it not that it was harder than the nether millstone, and it should have humbled my pride as low as the dust. O the sight was a shameful

sight! A sight sufficient both to rend the heart and humble the soul.

O blessed Jesus! who endured shame and reproach on the cross for my sake, O! blessed Lord, who had thy heart melted like wax in thy bosom for the hardness of my heart. O blessed Jesus! who bore the burden of my sins on the cross; a burden that would both sink me into and keep me for ever in the lowest hell. I have now come to Thee, the special reason of this day's fasting, is to lay hold of the free and gracious offer of Christ, promising to be an all-sufficient God unto me; and this in a covenant way.

I have read the outward call in Thy word, and I feel the working of Thy Spirit within making my heart willing to embrace Thee; therefore in thine own strength I will go forward.

O eternal Jehovah! King of kings and Lord of lords: the great Creator of heaven and earth, that keepeth covenant and mercy, even thou alone art God, and all the hosts of heaven worship Thee. All the tribes of the earth are in Thy presence as nothing and vanity. They are counted as the small dust of the balance, Lo! these are part of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him, the heavens are not clean in Thy sight; and Thou chargest the angels with folly, how much less man that is a worm.

What is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the Son of man that Thou visitest him? O Lord Thou hast created all Thy creatures to declare Thy power and wisdom! and Thou art manifesting Thy providence in the beautiful order of Thy glorious government over all things. But it is man alone of all Thy creatures in this lower world Thou hast made capable of worshipping Thee; for Thou hast created him in Thine own image and given to him a reasonable soul.

Thou didst graciously entere into a covenant of life with him, and with his seed (in him) upon condition of perfect

obedience to Thy holy law, and Thou didst give him strength to fulfil his part of the covenant, threatening to punish him by death on the first act of disobedience, and man being left to the freedom of his own will, fell by his iniquity; and hath cast himself and all his seed into the depth of sin and misery from which it is impossible for them in their own strength to arise.

And now Thou great and terrible King! I am here before Thee one of this guilty race. I confess that I have sinned in Adam my covenant head; and that I have lost Thy glorious image and in its stead I have received the image of the devil, I have also lost my knowledge of Thee and of Thy will.

Darkness and ignorance have spread over my understanding, and my original righteousness also I have lost, for I was shapen in iniquity and born in sin; with, as it were, a chain of guilt woven around my neck. And as for the holiness that was within me it fled away and my heart became a pit of corruption full of all uncleanness. There is also in my heart a fountain of wickedness that seems never to be empty, I am now an enemy to Thee in mind, yea, enmity which will not accept of peace when it is offered. All the powers of my soul are now so much disordered that I cannot think of Thee for a moment without having my unsubdued thoughts rushing forth thinking of the devil, of the world and the flesh. O Lord I am in myself a despairing creature, I perceive the sword of Thy justice turning every way keeping me from the tree of life; and I am now fully convinced that neither man nor angel can help me.

Therefore I must certainly perish unless thine own right hand will help me, but let Thy great name be glorified who from all eternity perceived this misery, and in thine infinite love provided a fit remedy in laying help on One Mighty to save, even Thine own eternal Son the Lord Jesus Christ,

with whom Thou didst enter into an everlasting covenant in the name and in behalf of Thy elect people that he might redeem and save them by taking their nature upon Him and in satisfying divine justice in their room, and in magnifying the law which they have broken.

Glory be to Thy great name for revealing this covenant to Adam in *paradise*, (viz., that the seed of the woman would bruise the head of the serpent). And now, O Lord, Thou hast revealed this covenant in the everlasting Gospel by giving free and full assurance to every one that would lay hold of it, according to Thy terms, *i.e.* by rejecting their own righteousness and by laying hold of the free and gracious covenant as it is now revealed in Christ, and by placing all their trust in his righteousness for justification, the same shall have life and salvation.

And in the preached gospel I am called to the fellowship of Christ the Captain of salvation.

Therefore in obedience to Thy divine command, and Thine offer as my warrant, I a poor sinner lay hold of the covenant for life and salvation, believing in Christ crucified the Captain as he is offered and revealed unto me as my Great High Priest. He who by offering up of Himself atoned for sin and brought in everlasting righteousness for poor sinners. Because of this I hope I shall have Himself and His righteousness as my portion, and in Him and through Him, that God will be my God to make me happy both here and in eternity. And now O my God, to-day in this place, I renew my baptismal vows, and deny the devil, the world and the flesh, and I call everything around me to witness that I will in the strength of Thy grace disannul all my covenants with death and hell, I shall have no other Lord but Thee, and I believe Thou shalt drive away any other false God that will attempt to sit on Thy throne in my

heart, for Thou Thyself hast said iniquity shall not have fellowship with thee on the throne of the heart. And since Thou hast consented in Thy marvellous grace to become my husband, I now give Thee my hand that I will be for Thee alone, and not for another all the days of my life upon earth, until I am brought home to Thyself. I also turn from all my sins, but especially from all my beloved sins. O my God! I turn from yielding obedience to the authority of Satan, neither will I yield to the will nor to the desires of the flesh, I refuse to put my trust in anything in this lower world, for all my riches are treasured up in Thee.

Now, O my God! by Thy grace, I receive this covenant "as all my salvation and all my desire." And as I perceive, that Thou art out of Christ a consuming fire to every one that meets Thee, therefore I choose God in Christ as my God and portion for time and eternity. Nevertheless I have not chosen Thee, but Thou hast chosen me; and as the effect of Thy choosing me, I have chosen Thee: for it was the language of my heart in time past, depart from me for I desire not the knowledge of Thy ways. I call heaven and earth to witness that I believe in the glorious and honourable Trinity. I receive God the Father to be my Father, and God the Son to be my Saviour, and God the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier.

O my covenant God in Christ! On this day I agree with all my heart with this glorious way of salvation through Jesus Christ. And Thou who art acquainted with every one's heart, Thou knowest what is in my heart, for I cannot declare its secret motions by words; but as this plan is so wonderful, surpassing the thoughts of angels and men, yet my soul says this covenant is well ordered and sure in all things. It is in conformity with Thy glory, honour and wisdom. All the

divine attributes are satisfied in this surety. O it is a suitable covenant for me!

I want the tongue of angels to proclaim the beauty and excellence of the Lord Jesus, the head of the covenant in whom "all the promises of God are yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us:" 2 Cor. i, 20. O! it is marvellous to think of Thy justice; before, ready to destroy me; now pacified; and turned to be my friend. Thou art just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. O Lord! Thou art aware that my soul says more in favour of Thy covenant than my tongue can express. Thou hast Thyself declared the Lord Jesus is Thy beloved Son in whom Thou art well pleased. And although I had as many souls as there are hairs on my head, I would trust them all to his perfect righteousness, for I never had any rest till I threw my guilty soul into the embrace of Thy love and mercy.

O Lord! accept of the thoughts of my heart; and again, O Lord! I am in this place accepting Thy law and the conditions of Thy covenant, and I specially concur in that part of it which entirely and for ever excludes boasting, and will not suffer any one to boast in Thy presence. O send Thy Holy Spirit to me! that it may work all things needed in me and for me, that my self-esteem be brought low to the dust; then I will be glad and rejoice. Now O my God, and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, and my Father who art in heaven: since Thou hast made such rich provision for me, I give up myself to Thee, to be Thine obedient child, to take Thy rebuke with patience, and at Thy hand will take trial and loss, because I know this will work for my good. Now beloved Son of God, and my only Saviour, I call heaven and earth to witness, that I receive Thee in all Thy offices, I receive Thee alone as my prophet, that I may be taught and directed by Thy word

and Spirit, that I may cast aside my own and this world's wisdom, and I take Thee alone as my Priest and King for time and eternity; and I will never forsake Thee, come what may.

What makes me so confident is the unchangeableness of Thy love, because those Thou hast loved, Thou lovest them unto the end.

O God the Holy Spirit! I receive Thee as my sanctifier, (as my) guide and comforter. Thou art welcome into my heart, shouldst Thou come as a spirit of judgment, *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.* O come and destroy my strong lusts, and my corruptions, do not spare any of them.

O glorious Trinity! the three persons in one Godhead! I am in this place consecrating myself and all that I possess to Thee a willing sacrifice. And as I have in time past yielded my members as servants to unrighteousness and uncleanness; so now I yield them servants to righteousness unto holiness, and my will which was very rebellious, I now entirely yield to Thy holy and blessed will, and my dark mind that it may be enlightened by Thy Holy Spirit, that I may know these things freely given to me by God, and to help my memory to remember Thy precious truths that I may meditate upon Thy law day and night, and to make my affections that are earthly and carnal, spiritual.

And I give up unto Thee my heart, which is deceitful above all things, sinful and unclean. O make it as Thou wouldst have it to be! Make it tender and holy, and easily inclined to that which is good. Open, O all ye doors of my soul, that the King of Glory may enter in to dwell there for ever. O Lord search (Thou) every corner of this rebellious heart, and banish therefrom every enemy, that Thyself may occupy its highest throne: set Thou Thyself up its gates, and keep the key that none can enter in without Thy

order. Watch over the city, otherwise my watching is in vain.

O Lord accept of this offering, and send Thy Holy Spirit to consecrate my soul and body a temple for Thyself, since Thou hast declared in Thy word that Thy will is even my sanctification. O! let Thy will be done. O Lord! I appeal to Thyself seeing Thou art an eye witness of me that this is my soul's desire; and I ascribe all the glory of this desire to Thy Holy Spirit, who caused my heart by Thy grace to be Thine entirely.

O Eternal Jehovah! Father, Son and Holy Ghost! I confess this day that Thou art the Lord my God: and I believe Thou hast avowed me as one of Thy peculiar people, to hear Thy voice, and Thy statutes, and Thy judgments to do them.

I call heaven and earth to witness that I seek to be saved alone in the way of free grace. I make all my promises in the strength of Christ. I do not rely on my promises to Thee; but on Thy promises to me.

O blessed Jesus! Thou art a surety of this covenant from all eternity, and in the fulness of time Thou art a surety for the fulfilment of it in Thy elect people, by the aid of Thy Holy Spirit; therefore I believe that Thou art my surety also. Glory be to Thee, O Father of my Lord Jesus Christ! to whom from this day henceforth I shall call my Father for Thine eternal electing love, revealed in the fulness of time by sending Thine Eternal Son to the world to save sinners, especially me. Glory to Thee, O God the Son! for Thy love in saving me the chief of sinners. Glory to Thee, O God the Spirit, who came into this world to apply this purchased redemption to sinners, Glory be to Thy name who by Thy mighty power stopped my career, when I was with swift steps hastening down into hell: Thou hast caused me to return, and made me willing in the day of Thy power as on this day.

Glory to Thee for the sweet fellowship of the Holy Spirit I enjoyed this day. This day was set apart for fasting, but Thou hast turned it to be a day of feasting. Let my soul rejoice in the Lord and in his goodness, for he hath satisfied me with the fatness of His house. I do not seek to be satisfied for anything I have received or enjoyed; my soul is crying for more. O Lord continue this desire, and let it never be satisfied lest I forget Thee; neither permit me to be in want lest I sin in gleaning ears in other fields, and not in the field of this kind friend. O! let me not for ever turn away from following Thee, should I be persecuted or cast into prison for Thy sake, O! let my people be Thy people, &c. Glory to Thy holy name for revealing Thy will in the Bible. I thank Thee that my lot has fallen in this land where Thy salvation is known, and that I had christian parents who educated me.

I praise Thee, that I am content with the portion Thou hast bestowed upon me of the good things of this life. I have Thyself as my portion, therefore I cannot be in want. I have all Thy divine attributes upon my side to make me happy in time and in eternity.

O my covenant God! all things are from Thee; and it is of Thine own I have offered Thee this day. For I am

Thine by creation and redemption; therefore I beseech Thee for the sake of Christ, accept with pleasure of this offering, and forgive all that is amiss in this transaction. I believe that every thing Thou hast done for me, and in me, at this time and in times past is ratified in heaven from all eternity, and is resting on an unmoveable foundation, and is firmer by far than the covenant of works became, it is founded on a better promise that cannot be broken.

O my God! save me from taking the least encouragement to sin, because of the steadfastness of Thy covenant. O grant that it will be to me rather a fountain of comfort which will not forsake me all the days of my life, nor at the hour of my death. That I may rejoice in Him as my covenant God in Christ, both in time and throughout the ages of eternity: and in concluding the matter I agree with the whole covenant, and I here subscribe to it with my hand, my heart, and my soul. God is indeed true in the record he has given us of His Son, and I set my seal to it that in Him and nowhere else there is eternal life.

In the cave of
the rock the
6th day of
Aug., 1743.

DUGALD BUCHANAN.

Christian Thought.

PRAISE.

By N. McK.

FOURTH.—The practice of exercising ourselves in the praise of God has a tendency to incite in us a desire to know more and more of His character and works.

By a law of our mental constitution, we should be incited to seek to know more and more of God, did we once begin heartily to take part in His praise.

We should feel anxious to ascertain whether a more extensive acquaintance with Him would sustain our admiration of his character, and our love to Him for His mercy and grace. By the operation of a mental law analogous to the law of reaction in natural philosophy, our minds would be stirred up by the practice of praising God to seek a larger knowledge of him—to study the manifestations which He makes of him-

self in creation and in providence, and the revelation which He makes of Himself in His blessed word. It is not simply for the delight which it affords God to hear His rational creatures praise Him, that He enjoins on them this duty; but also for the salutary influence which He knows it will exert on themselves. He Himself is the noblest object of thought and the highest object of knowledge. Our knowledge of lower things should be used by us as preparatory and helpful to the acquisition of a knowledge of God. To enlarge our knowledge of nature, natural laws, and creatures that have no moral faculties will not secure the proper and full development of our minds; for such a knowledge can have no direct influence for good on our own moral powers. The study of the natural sciences results in a moral and lasting benefit only in so far as it leads us up to God, or assists us in acquiring a more comprehensive view of His wisdom, goodness and power. Hence it is that religion and religious ordinances are necessary to secure the development of our power in symmetry and beauty. They bring our minds into contact with God, a being whose person, character and works afford scope and exercise, not only for our intellects, but also for our affections. Thus the exercises of praise, when engaged in with the spirit and the understanding, bring us to set our minds on God, and incite us to seek to know more and more about Him.

Praise Him therefore ye that know Him; and seek to know more and more about Him, that you may praise Him more heartily and more fervently. And by pursuing this course your knowledge and your exercises of praise will act and react on one another, confirming you more and more in the faith, and making you more and more cordial in the observance of the outward ordinances of God's worship.

FIFTH.—The practice of engaging in the praise of God has a tendency to make us forsake sin and grow in holiness.

This observation arises naturally out of the preceding or is involved in it. To be bent on engaging in the praise of God leads to a more extensive knowledge of Him; and a law or susceptibility of our nature makes us acquire more or less readily something of the character of the object of our knowledge, and of our habitual contemplation. The object or objects of our habitual contemplation will inevitably exert an influence on our consciences, wills and affections. If the objects of our habitual contemplation are inanimate matter, or creatures that have no moral nature, our intimacy with them will deaden our consciences and affections; if they are beings of polluted natures our minds will participate more or less in the pollution; but if they are intelligent, moral and holy beings, our intimacy with them will exert an ennobling and sanctifying influence on us. This principle is involved in the scriptural proverb, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is on the same principle that the idolatry of the heathen world, both in ancient and modern times, has exerted such a demoralizing influence on its votaries. Many of the false gods were supposed to be beings of lusts and passions, and unto whom degrading indulgences were acceptable. On the same principle infidelity and atheism exert a baneful influence on man. The principle acts either for good or for evil, according to the nature of the source of the influence. By this principle Christian fellowship and a growing acquaintance with God, exert a sanctifying and ennobling influence upon us. But to praise Him leads to a growing acquaintance with Him, and a growing acquaintance with Him produces a sanctifying effect on our souls. We cannot long and intelligently praise Him for His excellence without striving to imitate those excellences according to our measure.

Ye therefore that hunger and thirst after righteousness and that long to be holy, be much engaged in the work of praising God. Praise Him for His excellences. Praise Him for His mercy. Praise Him for sending His beloved Son to seek and to save the lost. For by thus engaging intelligently in the praise of God you will greatly promote your own sanctification.

SIXTH.—God gives His blessing to those that praise Him; like prayer, praise brings down the divine blessing.

In one view of it praise is an expression of gratitude. Praise, as has already been said, is a proof of our appreciation of God's character and of His loving kindness; and to those who appreciate His character and value His favours, He will dispense more and more of His blessings. God often withholds blessings from us because we have not thanked and praised Him for past favours. Praise is acceptable to Him, and He promises to manifest His kindness to those who engage in it. He says, "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the most High; and call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Again, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me, and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

Would we therefore enjoy the favours of God? Are there blessings which we need and which we wish to obtain? When we pray let us praise and thank Him for the blessings which we have already received, and then may we expect confidently to obtain those which we ask. Let us stir up our sense of gratitude, and mortify the murmuring and discontented spirit. Murmuring and discontentment ill become us. We have been very unworthy, still God has acted kindly towards us; we have rebelled, still He has bestowed on us many favours.

"We with our fathers sinned have,
And of iniquity
Too long have we the workers been:
We have done wickedly."

And yet we are the recipients of many mercies. Let us therefore praise Him, for His love, for the plan of redemption, for the mission of Jesus. Let us approach Him in Christ and sound His praises; and then may we expect rich blessings.

SEVENTH.—Praise must be offered to God in the name of Jesus, and with the aid of the Holy Spirit.

The mediation of Jesus is the only channel through which we may expect to find acceptance with God,—the righteousness of Jesus is the only ground on which God can look with approbation on our services—our prayers, our praises, our obedience. Jesus is the way, the truth and the life. No man can come to the Father, either to sue for mercy or to offer praises, but by the Son. As the ceremonial offerings of the people, under the Mosaic economy, must be presented in the temple service by the priests, so must the spiritual offerings of believers under the Gospel dispensation be presented by Jesus Christ, the High Priest of our profession, who hath entered into the temple not made with hands, there to appear in the presence of God for us. He that endeavours to approach God without a Mediator will find himself in a sad mistake, and meet with a grievous disappointment. We need a Priest now to mediate between us and God, yet not a human priest like the priests of Rome. We need Jesus; and apart from Him neither will our prayers or praises be acceptable to God.

We need also the Holy Ghost to guide us in our service of praise to God. But Jesus has promised to give the Holy Spirit to those who come unto God by him. He will give them the Spirit to lead them into the truth, to comfort them, to enlighten them, and to aid them in all religious exercises. Thus trusting in Jesus and relying in the aid of the Holy Spirit, men ought to exercise themselves in the becoming and

comely duty of rendering praise to God. In reverence and humility let the voice of praise and thanksgiving to God be lifted up. "Great is the Lord and greatly is He to be praised, His greatness is unsearchable." "Praise Him all ye people, laud Him all ye nations; for His merciful kindness is towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth forever."

EIGHTH.—The exercises of praise promote heavenly-mindedness; and they are an excellent drill and apprenticeship preparatory to the never-ending praises and hallelujahs of the upper sanctuary.

Drill prepares the soldier for the contests of the battle field. By his apprenticeship the mechanic acquires skill and dexterity in his trade. The recitations and the competitions of the school and the college prepare the divine for the pulpit and the lawyer for the bar. In no department of human activity may we expect our sons to succeed unless they go through a proper course of preparatory training. Who would expect that a man without any previous training or practice could assist a band of musicians at a public entertainment? How strange then the infatuation with which men hope to get to heaven and to be able to take part in its devout and holy services while they refuse or neglect to make any preparation or to acquire that heavenly-mindedness which would give them a relish for the unceasing praises of the Redeemer above.

In the words of Baxter, let me say, "Be much in the angelic work of praise. As the most heavenly spirits will have the most heavenly employment, so the more heavenly the employment the more will it make the spirit heavenly. Hence the work of praising God being the most heavenly work, is likely to raise us to the most heavenly temper. This is the work of the saints and angels in heaven, and it will be an everlasting work. Preaching and prayer and sacraments shall cease in heaven, but praise and thanksgivings, and triumphant expressions of love and joy shall abide for

ever. The liveliest emblem of heaven that I know of on earth, is when the people of God, in the deep sense of His excellency and bounty, from hearts abounding with love and joy, join together both with heart and voice in the cheerful and melodious singing of His praises. Little do we know how much we wrong ourselves by shutting out of our prayers the praises of God, or allowing them so narrow a place as we usually do, while we are copious enough with our confessions and petitions. O christian, I entreat thee remember this. Let praise have a large place in thy duties. Keep ready at hand matter to feed thy praise as well as matter for confession and petition. To this end study the excellencies and the goodness of the Lord as often as thy necessities and vileness. Study the mercies which thou hast received or which are promised as often as thou studiest the sins thou hast committed. Praise the Lord for He is good. Sing praises unto His name for it is pleasant."

But what shall we say to those who have no time, nor heart, nor inclination for the work of praising God? What shall we say to those who, from day to day, sit at well loaded tables, eat and depart like so many irrational animals, without a word of praise or thanks to God? to those who tumble into godless beds, from night to night, without any acknowledgment of the preserving care and the abundant goodness of God? to those to whom the Sabbath is a weariness, and who, instead of praising God, profane His name in vulgar oaths? Do you expect to go to heaven and to spend unceasing ages praising God? Then by what strange metamorphosis do you expect to be made to relish hereafter, that for which you have no heart nor relish now? You preparing for heaven!! surely not: it were an offence to common sense as well as to the Bible to say that you are, in your present condition. If there be in the world of spirits a place in which the praise of God is not heard

it must be your destination, unless by the grace of God you get a new heart and a right spirit, while you are spared at His footstool. Be wise now, and ask

Him to give you such a heart, a heart to appreciate His mercy and to excite you to praise Him. He is kind and merciful, and ready to answer prayer.

Christian Work.

MISS MACPHERSON'S WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

The following letter written by Miss McPherson before leaving England, tells our readers of the onward progress of the work among the little ones. Day by day we have attended to the work He has given us to do; watching the dying mother, who since her widowhood has parted with all, piece by piece, to feed her seven fatherless children; our joy to be able to take entire care of the three youngest, and helping the others. Her end is peace, being a king's daughter, going from her desolate chamber as a conqueror to her mansion in glory. During these two months of close working and constant waiting on the Lord in prayer, we have been daily cheered by the many hearts of our sisters in Jesus who have been burdened to have a few bricks in our new training Home, and the richer brethren and sisters who have enabled us to rescue and fill up our country Home, once more.

As the children are constantly increasing around each Home in Canada, the family wants do not diminish. We are thankful to see from our books that there is an increased response from Canadians in money and material, and a deepening interest in our missionary longings for the spread of gospel blessings wherever our children go, through the agencies of our evangelistic brethren and sisters, distribution of tracts, and books, and the visits of our fellow-workers among

hundreds of families every year. My desire to see more small Homes opened to shelter the destitute and friendless in our large cities is being accomplished.

Many a minister and missionary are often at their wit's end in being able to show to the dying father or mother that their Christianity has a practical out-come, and would be glad to offer a home and a Christ-like care of their little ones, shielding the orphans till started in life; whilst, on the other hand, hundreds of women are idle, but longing to show forth to others the great love Jesus has given to them. May the past year of wondrous blessing in Scotland result in a greater increase of horny-handed labourers; not only of preachers and singers, but artizan, missionary workers and spinning women, well-instructed scribes willing to sow beside all waters, caring not whether they be hewers of wood or Bezaleels of constructive powers.

In conclusion once more, beloved fellow-workers, whether by money, garments, or prayer, let us follow these 2,400 precious souls, and ask our Father to take back from them many a lean-hearted, single-eyed labourer, that shall go speedily to the millions who have never heard the wondrous story of redeeming love. Soon we shall all swell the glad chorus of praise, giving Him all the glory for permitting us to deny ourselves for His dear sake.

Not only is this effort made among the children, but other mission

work is joyfully taken hold by our voluntary helpers, one of whom writes, July, 1874, from the home in Spital-fields :

While we are joyfully working for our Lord among the toiling masses of this East-end of London, He is ever giving us fresh cause to praise Him for His unceasing faithfulness and love. Not a few of those attending the Bible classes, as well as others who had casually come in and heard the words of life, have been led to accept Christ as their Saviour, and are now rejoicing in His love. Oh that we who are servants of Christ, while rejoicing over the sheaves which the labourers are being honored to reap in Scotland and in other parts, may see to it that our sickles are sharpened by constant communion with our Master, and go forth to gather in from the fields white already to harvest around our own doors a large harvest for Jesus! In the lodging-houses, where vice and sin in every form are rampant, it is only the voice of the Master in our ears, saying, "I am the Almighty God," that gives one hope of seeing fruit: but w His promise, "My presence shall go with thee," we go forth, and he cheers us by showing us ever and anon some trophy of his redeeming power. One not long ago rescued by divine grace "out of the depths," and now in Canada working for Jesus, and owned of Him, writing the other day referring to his new home, says, "I am very happy to say that my lot has not been cast where there is as much temptation to sin; but if it had, I know in whom I am trusting, that He is able to keep me wherever I may be. And this is my experience, that the more I rely on Jesus as my strength, the less effect the world, the flesh, and Satan have on me. . . . Within the last few days I have been able to rejoice, for the Lord has blest me and my labours, and I have seen several young men

converted in our rooms; and I have much hopes that by and by we shall see many more saved, for it gives us courage to persevere and wait patiently on the Lord when we see our labour owned and blest by God. I thank God for the wonderful grace He is giving His servants in Scotland, and I pray that you may have some of the shower in London, and especially at the dear old Refuge among the poor lost ones of those dreadful streets. May you and the other dear workers be bold in approaching the throne of grace, and ask large things; for our God is a liberal giver."

Will our brethren and sisters in Christ plead earnestly that from those dens many more may be taken up and washed in the blood of Jesus, to go forth to witness for Him? But "the field is *the world*," and while the Lord permits us to occupy here, some of our fellow-workers have been led to give themselves to service for the same cause in the foreign field. One of them is now at Paris preparing to go out to Central Africa, and while engaged with his studies, is giving what time he can to spreading the glad tidings amongst the careless masses of the French capital. On Saturday evenings a few Christian workers meet there for prayer, and their special cry just now is that France may taste something of the blessings now being showered on the north of England and Scotland. Let us bear them up too before the Lord, asking that among the pleasure-seeking followers of the god of this world and the darkened devotees of popery, their testimony for Jesus may be abundantly blessed. From one who has already gone out to the African field we hear that from the country of the Bapedis, to whom he was carrying the gospel, missionaries are for the time excluded by the determined opposition of the chief. Finding it impossible to overcome this, he has left three catechists on the bord-

ers of that country, where they will work for the Master, and wait till He opens a door of entrance for them. Two of them hope to cross the Limpopo this month to visit some of the northern tribes, where the gospel has never yet been preached, and one of which tribes is said to keep the seventh day as a day of rest. Our prayer is that the Lord Himself will be the opener up of their way, and give them good success. The work is one: and whether our post be in the thickly-populated capitals of Europe, among the Canadian homesteads, or among the tribes of Africa, let us bear one another's burdens before the Lord, and do all for His glory.

Among the little match-box makers and others around our own doors, whom we gather in on Sunday evenings to tell them of Jesus, many a teacher's heart has of late been cheered by the blessings the Lord has given, and many a child now sings with a beaming face that tells out its truth, "Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him." One or two who have been called away have borne sweet testimony on their dying beds to the love of their dear Saviour, while many others are showing by their lives the reality of the change, and amidst much to oppose are living for Jesus in their own homes. How great the trials some have to endure from ungodly relatives and neighbours, many of us may little know; but the good Shepherd, whose they are, knows it all, and to His care we commit them each one.

J. T.

Canadian friends, shall we let English brothers and sisters not only bear the heaviest part of the burden, but carry it all—cannot you share it in some way? Christ's little ones are needing homes. Can you not offer food and shelter, even to such as

Annie and Ernie, so touchingly described by a fellow labourer.

"MOTHER IS THIS THE DAY FOR BREAD."

"Seeing is believing," an old proverb says. Oh friends, how forcibly one felt this morning seeing is *realizing*! Will you "come and see?" Shall we leave the Refuge together that has befriended so many an uncared-for, homeless one, and is now sheltering little "Annie?" She has to see a dying mother; so, with a little hand in ours, we trace these East-end streets. A lesson by the wayside teaches our hearts, coming through that pale wee lassie of five with—

"As a little child relies
On a care beyond its own,
Knows it's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir one's step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide."

These are the words and desires that rise as we watch the little one so trustingly being led.

But as we near the familiar court, she seems to lead us; and then, rushing in at a small entrance, she clambers a narrow stair. Following her closely, we are in time to see the mother's embrace, as she murmurs, "My darling child!" She is very ill. Consumption has almost landed her in the mansions above: for she knows whom she has believed, and is not afraid to go; "only waiting" the Master's call to depart, and be at rest. With what thankfulness she speaks of the Home her Annie has found! "Oh, do give dear Miss McPherson my blessing, and tell her I *know* she will be a mother to my child, and I can die happy—quite satisfied for her. She will be brought up in the fear of God." But there is a little one of two that is on the mother's heart. How she pleads that he may be rescued also! "They can only be growing up bad in this dreadful place." Even Annie (not

much better herself a fortnight ago) seems to take up the burden, as she cries—"Oh, mother, Ernie is just like a little black sweep. I wish he wasn't out in the streets." Presently she slips down the stair, and we hear her say to her big brother of twenty—"Alfred, why can't you wash Ernie's face? I'm sure you're big enough." Perhaps he would say, "That's women's work."

And ah, isn't it? Thank God, there are women to whom it is true joy to tend those pinched, neglected little ones, and who long to rescue many such babies from certain ruin. But the gold and the silver that should aid them—where is it? Will not this heart-rending story call it forth? Just listen as that mother of seven tells us her sore struggle. The father, who she fondly says, "never found a fault with wife or children," called away; their weekly £3 gone; all had to be pawned; the better neighbour left; and still they were *starving*.

Oh, friends, that word would stir your hearts, if you knew the meaning of it—if you had "*gone through it yourself*." Some days nothing all day. A little relief comes with the parish allowance; but many a morning those hungry voices ask—"Mother, is this the day for bread?" Hear in fancy your loved and cherished little ones asking this, and you will feel for that mother's heart. She recalls one day that she left them crying for bread; but she left one with them—the children's Friend. He quieted them; and when after two hours the mother returned, she found them sleeping. "But, oh, she said, "that sight just broke my heart, so starved they looked—even the baby in Lizzie's arms—all just like little skeletons! I couldn't help it; I just sat down and wept." Only with tears could we listen to such a tale. No other response would come as we took in the picture; and it did not mend our sorrow when she added, "There

were thousands such as them." Oh, the *intense* longing that her voice could reach those drawing rooms yonder! Will not the echo of it, coming in this form, cause some, not in imagination merely, but in reality, to "come and see?" Climb the dark stair, and hear for yourself these melting stories which will fill your heart with pity, and not leave you wondering what will interest next. What a privilege, yea, high honour, it is to be allowed to take messages for Jesus! It was stated lately in a crowded gathering of six thousand, as the misery of the poor was dwelt on, that "if God were to ask the angels in heaven if any were willing to spend fifty or a hundred years down here to befriend some little shoeless, homeless boy, for whom no Christian was caring, to tell him of Jesus, and lead him to heaven, why, in three minutes," were the burning words, "I don't believe there'd be an angel left within the pearly gates."

M. M. C.

WORK AMONG THE THIEVES OF LONDON.

The following is from the lips of a London missionary as given in Mr. Weyland's "Evening Hours":—"One evening a wretched-looking youth of sixteen came in here by himself. Young as he was, the criminal expression peculiar to confirmed thieves was strongly marked in his countenance, while the closely-cropped hair told that he had recently been discharged from prison. Upon my inquiring his reason for coming to me, he replied, 'I've been a tryin' to grab summut all day, and haven't had no chance, and I'm hungry. Do please, master, do some thing for me.' And then the following conversation took place between us:

"'What's your name?'"

"'Tom Pullings.'"

"'That's an alias.'"

“Well, then, it's Robert Wilson.’

“That's another lie; you must tell the truth to me.’

“He hesitated, and then told his right name; so I continued the dialogue by inquiring:

“How long have you been living upon the cross (living by theft)?’

“Three years; ever since I have been in London.’

“Why did you come to London?’

“Cos' my poor mother died, and I was miserable, and thought I could get lots of work up here.’

“I see that you have been in prison—why don't you try and get an honest living?’

“I've been locked up five times, and I can't get no work; and I can't help grabbing things when I sees 'em.’

“How old was your mother?’

“About forty.’

“Was she good to you?’

“Wasn't she? that's all! But she is gone, poor thing, she has!’

“Did she hear you say your prayers?’

“Oh yes, when I was a little un.’

“Can you remember her chair at the fireside, how she dressed, and things she used to say to you?’

“Yes, I does,’ he replied, as the tears started into his eyes and trickled down his cheeks; and there was a choking in his throat as he exclaimed, ‘oh, don't talk about my poor mother—she is dead, she is;’ and then he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed again.

“I sat silent for some minutes, all but mingling my tears with his, for I saw that the depth of his nature had been touched, and the one sacred emotion, which had survived three years of depravity in London—love to his lost mother—had been revived, and that this gave hope of recovery to virtue.

“Taking out my net purse, I let him see a sovereign at one end and some silver at the other, and laid it upon the desk.

“I looked at him with pity, and said, ‘the great God in heaven is the “Father to the fatherless,” and he hears the prayer of the poor and needy when they cry unto Him. Now stand up and hold your hand over my purse, as though you were stealing it.’ He did so, and I told him to look up and say after me, ‘my Father in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.’ He did so, with a tremulous voice, and I requested him to say it again; and then, with tears, but with energy, he prayed again, still holding his hand over the purse, ‘lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.’

“I then left the room, and did not return for quite five minutes. He was seated in the same position, his eyes swollen with crying, but the hard criminal expression had left his countenance. Addressing him abruptly, I enquired:

“How is it that you have not gone? Why do you stay here?’

“I couldn't go,’ he replied; I was thinking of my poor mother.’

“But you told me that you could not help grabbing things; and didn't you see my purse there?’

“I couldn't touch it, sir. I cannot pray and steal too. O, my poor mother!’

“After some further conversation I gave him relief for the night, and in the morning secured his admission into a refuge for outcast boys. He behaved well for several months, and gave evidence of holy desires. He left, upon employment being obtained for him, and he continued for more than a year in well doing. About that time he wrote to his relations, one of whom obtained his admission into a business house in his native town in Yorkshire, and he is now married and in prosperous circumstances.”

COLPORTAGE.

The work of Colportage is spreading. The churches of Britain are seeing more and more the necessity of using this instrument, for the spread of the truth. "The modern press" said a speaker lately at a public meeting in Belfast, "is the modern tower of Babel. It aspires that its top may reach heaven. He therefore who will subdue the world, must first subdue the press. They who will conquer the world for Christ, must first conquer the world of literature in His name. Let us in faith cover our country with our agencies (colportage) as with a net-work of electric wires, and look for power from on high to give effect to the Divine truth." The *British Messenger* in a recent issue thus speaks of colportage. "The word colporteur, as some of our readers know, is French: meaning in that language simply a hawk; but it has become Christianized, because in France first the hawk's work was Christianized by the employment of pious men, to carry about through the country boxes of Bibles, tracts, and other good books for sale. The plan was productive of such good effects in spreading Bible truth in districts of France where no Protestant minister could have found access, that it was adopted some time ago with necessary modifications in North America."

In Britain, the work was first taken up energetically by the Scottish Tract Society, under whom about 210 colporteurs are now employed over Scotland and the north of England, circulating a very large amount of pure and good

literature. The West of Scotland owes very much, in the same way (as do also England and Ireland), to the efforts of a Christian gentleman, Mr. Martin of Auchindennan.

In the south of England this mode of usefulness has been taken up more lately, under the presidency of Mr. Spurgeon, with the object, as he says, "of counteracting the mischievous effects produced by an immense sale of trashy and impure literature;" also as "an efficient Home Missionary Work adapted to the wants of the country." There are as yet comparatively few colporteurs in England; but the work is already proved to be fitted for success, by the reception given to the pious men, by the increasing number of books sold, and above all, by the evidence afforded of "souls brought to Christ, who would in some cases never have been reached by ordinary means."

Next to the results in America, perhaps nowhere does the system promise to be more useful than in Ireland. For that country it is peculiarly adapted: for there the colporteur, with his friendly words and prayers, and his uncontroversial gospel tracts, and his Douay Bible or New Testament, finds access where neither minister nor missionary would be admitted. The words of life are thus penetrating the cabins of the Munster and Connaught peasantry, quietly working good results. Some of the most intelligent friends of Ireland are convinced that it is the needed complement of all other gospel agencies there, and is itself in many respects the most hopeful agency of all.

Practical Papers.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

By REV. WM. MCKENZIE, ALMONTE.

Have faith in God: and you have a singleness of aim which shall adorn

your whole course of life with a straightforward consistency. You shall not then hold the crooked and wavering course of the man who attempts to please two masters, to serve God and

mammon. Your heart is not distracted by the fears of shame or loss, should you offend or displease the many on whose favour you build your hopes. You escape alike the tortuous meshes of mere worldly policy, and the disgraceful compliances of mere worldly interest. Before and above all these, you can see a clear path of duty which cannot lead you astray, which does not change with changing circumstances, and in which, a simple faith in God shall enable you to walk.

Have faith in God : and you lay hold on a wisdom which shall guide you right through every perplexity. How often, in our course through life, we find ourselves in circumstances where it seems hard to fix on the right path. Worldly loss may stand on one side ; an offence to a friend may stand on another ; the contempt and scorn of those with whom we desire to stand well, may appear on another ; and present profit or praise may invite us on yet another side. At the best, it is a woeful shortsightedness that can see no farther than such like narrow grounds to determine our course. Like some belated wayfarer, on a cloudy night, we are groping for our path uncertainly, and must venture on in blind peradventure. Faith in God reveals the star above, whereby we can shape our course to the right end. The simple desire to "follow the Lord fully," clears away a host of perplexities, and makes the way plain through the conflict of numberless apparently opposing interests.

Have faith in God : and you shall find yourself sustained by a strength to overcome all difficulty, and a courage to face every danger. The path of duty may be quite clear to us, or the work required may be quite plain, and yet many are found to halt and waver from the fear of apprehended difficulties and dangers. Faith in God is more concerned about the duty required, and the work to be done, than

about the consequences which may follow. The present work is ours ; the results are God's. "Speak unto the people that they go forward," was the Lord's word to Moses, when the Red Sea rolled its waves before them. But when they addressed themselves to walk according to His word, a way was opened for them even through the midst of the sea. And so shall difficulties vanish, and dangers be averted, when confronted by a simple faith. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him : and He shall bring it to pass." Faith, in every case, points out the safe path.

Have faith in God : and you shall carry peace with you in every trial through which you pass. You can then see through the trouble, and discern the hand of God guiding and overruling all ; and with a quiet heart you can rest in Him in the midst of it all. "A good man sheweth favour. Surely he shall not be moved for ever. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings ; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His heart is established, he shall not be afraid." However great may be the trouble, and though he may be helpless to avert it, he has a quiet resting place to which he can ever resort. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

Have faith in God : because in that way we are able specially to honour Him. He says, "Them that honour Me I will honour." You may think lightly of not trusting the Lord fully about matters of business, or family affairs, or any work for His cause in the world, or in the exercise of a prompt and large hearted liberality. But remember, all His words and promises about these things are certainly true, and God expects them to be received, and trusted, and acted upon before men. He looks to His

own people to honour Him in this way, and He shall return them abundant honour. By faith in God you honour Him. Thus, it is no presumption in any one to receive, and rejoice in the blessed gospel. You might as well say it is presumption in you to love God, or to keep His commandments, as to say it is presumption to receive and rest on Christ as your own Saviour. The most daring of all presumption is that of refusing the special honour to God, which He so specially claims; even the honour of being trusted by the sinner. This trust brings immediate and abundant honour, for you become the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ.

Have faith in God; because unbelief profits nothing. Caleb and Joshua alone, out of a whole generation of unbelievers, were spared to enter the promised inheritance. There are some sins which seem to profit for a season. "Covetousness profits the lover of gold for a season, by giving him the riches of earth. Gaiety profits the lover of pleasure for a season, by making him happy while the vanity lasts. But what does unbelief do for us?" It gives us no shelter, no resting-place, when passing through trouble; no strength, no comfort in any trial. It brings us no forgiveness of sin; no peace with God. It gives us no blessing, earthly or heavenly. Unbelief can do nothing for us, absolutely nothing. It can only make us miserable here, and fit us for the doom of the castaway hereafter. It wounds, but heals not; it saddens, but cannot comfort; it darkens, but brings no light. And as is the sorrow of it, so is the sin of it. For, if there is one sin more than another insulting to the blessed God, and malignant in its influence on our own souls—it is that unbelief which treats the God of truth as if He were a liar, and shuts us out from all the riches of His mercy and grace.

Brethren, have faith in God. Have

faith to trust in every word He hath spoken, and in every promise He hath made. Have faith to follow Him fully in every varying circumstance of life. And then shall you dwell under the shadow of Him who is the Almighty *now*, and then shall you be led into a wealthy place, even into the joy of your Lord, *at the last*. HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

"NOW."

("BRITISH EVANGELIST.")

There is a little word, but a very precious and very important word, constantly used in the Bible—the word "now." What, therefore, is the most important thing for us to consider? First I will call your attention to the words in Hebrews ix. 26.

1. THE "NOW" OF "CALVARY." "*Now* once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." There you see the cross, the death of Christ, connected with the word "now." Since that word was written the world has rolled on for eighteen hundred years, and still it abides in this book—"Now, in the end of the world hath He appeared." And what to do? "To put away sin." How? "By the sacrifice of Himself."

2. THE "NOW" OF RESURRECTION. Look at the fifteenth of Corinthians, and you will see a blessed "now." "Now is Christ risen from the dead." Observe, the apostle does not say, *Now was* Christ risen, but, "Now is Christ risen." Beloved friends, do you believe that? Is the resurrection of Jesus linked on so closely with the cross, and in your heart, that you can say, "Now is Christ risen from the dead?" Is it a present object with you, a present joy, a present glory, a present trust? "Now?" God's mighty work in the death and resur-

rection of Jesus is now a present thing before my soul.

We should know it as a thing this moment happening, the glory of that resurrection, the triumph over death, over hell, over Satan, the ascending up into heaven, the passing through the heavens to the throne of God; these should be as present things before our eyes. And see what it has accomplished—the purging of our sins, and the justification of the person that believes. “He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.”—the one treading as it were upon the heels of the other; the offences gone, the justification complete. He was delivered for the one—raised for the other.

3. THE “NOW” OF SALVATION. Let us read a verse that gives the application of the word “now” to the unbeliever, 2 Cor. vi. 2. “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” It is a comment on God’s words to Christ. God said to Jesus as He raised Him from the dead, “I have heard Thee in the time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured Thee.” “I have helped Thee out of the grave to begin a day of salvation: I have heard Thee from the cries of the cross to begin a time of acceptance;” and from the moment that God said these words to Christ, the time of acceptance began—the day of salvation began. So that whoever you are, however vile, or unfit, or ungodly, filthy, or corrupt, God says to that sinner, “I heard Christ, I raised Christ from the dead, I began by the resurrection of Christ, my time of accepting sinners, my day of salvation for sinners, and therefore God says, “*now*,” without preparation, without change, without amendment, without profession, resolutions, prayers; without anything, God says, “*Now* is the accepted time.”

Beloved friends, we ought to bow down to God’s voice and believe the word now. Every thought of unbelief

is contrary to God’s word “now,” every thought of preparation. If I say, I’ll be ready in five minutes, it’s a denial of the word “*now*.”

But why shouldn’t you have *salvation now*? Doesn’t God present it to you? Didn’t He say while answering His blessed Son at the moment of resurrection, “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.”

Didn’t He fling wide and far round this world that blessed word, “*Now is the day of salvation?*” I pledge myself *now* is the time when God will receive every sinner that comes to Him, that trusts in Him, that looks to Christ; but I can’t pledge myself that He will do it to-morrow.

Now is the day of salvation; to-morrow may be another day, for aught I know; to-morrow will be a day of judgment—to-morrow’s sun may rise upon an earth blackened by the fires of God’s wrath.

4. THE “NOW” OF “NO CONDEMNATION.” I invite you now to turn to a verse for the believer (Rom. viii. 1), a beautiful “now.” “There is therefore *now* no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.” The ever-present now—that now reaches on into life, and stretches forward into eternity—“There is *now* therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.” Like the eight souls in the ark, they were shut in, and the door shut and fixed by God, and while condemnation poured down from heaven upon that ark, and swelled up from beneath, surely Noah could say, “There is now no condemnation.”

And there is “*no condemnation*,” to those that are in the ark of safety—Jesus—in Christ Jesus. You can’t believe on Christ without being *in Him*; you can’t trust in Him without being *in Him*. The door into Christ is faith; faith lets you into Him, and the door is shut, and there you are *for ever*, because now never ends—“there is *now* no condemnation.”

5. THE NOW OF NEARNESS. Let us look at another "now" in Eph. ii. 13. This is a blessed "now" too. "Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." You were once afar off, but you have been made nigh to God, so nigh that you cannot be nearer. That which brings us nigh is the blood, that which keeps us nigh is Himself—Christ; that which opens the way of nearness to God is the blood, that in which we are accepted and brought near is the person of Christ. "*Now in Christ Jesus.*" It is "now" to the sinner the moment he believes.

It is glad tidings, that if I have salvation, if I have Christ, if I am redeemed by the blood of Christ, I am in Christ, and I am there forever; and because I am so safe, I ought to be walking with God, to have my place by the side of God.

6. THE "NOW" OF SONSHIP. Turn to another verse, 1. John iii. 1-3, "*Now* are we the sons of God." Can anything be more absolute? We don't wait to be sons: we have not got the hope of sonship, but the reality; we are born of God now; the future is glorious, but the present is certain. We have the future as a certainty, because of the certainty of the present; and therefore, though no one as yet has been seen as a son—though you are not like sons in appearance, though no glory shines in your face, though no clothing of light is upon you, though men can't discern the difference between the believer and unbeliever as regards appearance, though no one has ever seen a child of God as he will be by and by, for "it doth not yet appear what we shall be,"—yet when He, Christ, who is the Son of God, shall be manifested in His own glory, *then* shall we be manifested with Him in glory. The future depends on the present now, depends on being able to say, "*Now* are we the sons of God."

7. THE "NOW" OF INTERCESSION.

"*Now* to appear in the presence of God for us," Heb. ix. 24. This is our sustaining—"now" Christ is our blessed High Priest—"now." Take, beloved, that "now" with you; as believers walk with it, consider it, have it every moment of the day with you. In the time of temptation say to yourself, "Christ is *now* in the presence of God for me;" in the hour of difficulty say, "*Now* in the presence of God for me. It is a never-ending "now" a blessed "now," for our souls, again and again, as believers. So that if I be tripped up by Satan, I can say, "He is *now* in the presence of God for me." If I fail, if I do turn aside, "He is *now* in the presence of God for me." He is never there for anybody else, but always for us; it is night and day work; you can't wake a moment in the night, but you may say, "He is *now* in the presence of God for me." you can't open your eyes in the morning, but you may say, "He is *now* in the presence of God for me." Beloved friends, are not these the words of God? Are they not true words, strengthening words, comforting words? Look at the Lord Jesus now in the presence of God for you—for each, for all of you that believe.

8. THE "NOW" OF FINAL DELIVERANCE. There is one other "now," in Rom. xiii. 11: "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep, for *now* is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Observe the verse ¹ at precedes it, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." It is no use for any one to say he is expecting the Lord to come if he is not showing love to his brethren. I say, you are not expecting the Lord's coming—you may say you are, you may think you are, but you are not—for the word of God tells me, that directly the hope of the coming of the Lord dwindles away, the servant begins to smite his fellow-servants. There is no smiting of the fellow-servants till the servant says in his

heart, "My Lord delayeth his coming." And thus I believe the slumbering of the Church is shown by its divisions."

"*Now* is our salvation nearer than when we believed." It is an ever-approaching day, this day of salvation—it is drawing certainly, steadily onward, nearer and nearer; so that if you could count the days and hours of your life since you believed, you might say, by so much nearer is the day of salvation. Thus every moment as it passes, every year as it rolls round, sends us nearer to that day. It is a great object before the believer, the day of salvation—*complete salvation*.

It is not the day of judgment; he is not nearer to a throne of judgment, a place where his whole life is to be raked up and judged, but he is nearer a day of *salvation*; for Christ is coming the second time—*unto salvation*, not for wrath, for "He hath delivered us from the wrath to come."

But just as we are getting nearer our day of salvation, the ungodly sin-

ner is nearer the day of *damnation*; he can't arrest or stop its steps; the time will roll on. He may try to forget it, but he cannot stop it; he may drown the recollection of it in drink, he may be unconcerned as to what he is about, but God has stated the certainty of the day of damnation; so that the sooner the present "*now*" of salvation is accepted, the sooner the unbeliever says, "I am ready now, I am fit to be saved now, for I am born in sin, I am covered with the rags of sinfulness," the sooner he takes hold of salvation, the sooner will he too have this blessed "*now*."

"*Now* is our salvation nearer than when we believed." The day of salvation is the day of the Lord's return. We are not fully saved now, because our *bodies* are not saved; but that will be the day of entire, complete salvation—body, soul, and spirit; that salvation will be glory; so that we have the one blessed song sung—"SALVATION to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and to the LAMB."

Christian Miscellany.

WORDS IN SEASON.

I.—GEMS FROM BACON.

1. VIRTUE is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

2. The Scripture exhorteth us to possess our souls in patience. Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul.

3. Men must know, that in this theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on.

4. A man's life is not to be trifled away; it is to be offered up, and sacrificed to honourable services, public

merits, good causes, and noble adventures.

5. A cripple on the right way may beat a racer on the wrong one. Nay, the fleetest and better the racer is, who hath once missed his way, the farther he leaveth it behind.

6. There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friends but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.

7. Fame is like a river that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.

8. Great riches have sold more men than they have bought.

9. The first creature of God, in the

works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of the reason; and His sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of His Spirit.

10. Clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature.

11. The mislayer of a stone is to blame; but it is the unjust judge that it is the capital remover of landmarks. One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples.

12. I can find no space or ground that lieth vacant and unsworn in the matter of divinity; so diligent have men been, either in sowing of good seed or in sowing of tares.

13. It is not St Augustine's, nor St Ambrose's works, that will make so wise a divine as ecclesiastical history, thoroughly read and observed.

14. Divine prophecies being of the nature of their Author, with whom a thousand years are as but one day, are not fulfilled punctually at once, but have springing and germanent accomplishment through many ages, though the height of fulness of them may refer to some one age.

15. Earnest writing must not hastily be condemned; for men cannot contend coldly, and without affection, about things which they hold dear and precious.

16. The harmony of a science, supporting each part the other, is, and ought to be, the true and brief confutation and suppression of all the smaller sort of objections.

17. The night was even now; but that name is lost; it is now not *late* but *early*. Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch, and compound with this fleshly weakness for a time of perpetual rest; and I shall presently be as happy as though I had died the first hour I was born. Believe it, the sweetest Canticle is *Nunc Dimittis*.—Now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace.

II.—GEMS FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.

1. FAITH is the root of all blessings. Believe, and you shall be saved. Believe, and you must needs be sanctified. Believe, and you cannot choose but be comforted.

2. Throw all the miserable comforts of the world out of doors for rubbish, and cast yourself upon the strength of God, and upon that alone.

3. Deep disputings will yield but shallow comforts.

4. Mark the rain that falls from above; the same shower that drops out of one cloud increaseth sundry plants in a garden, and severally, according to the condition of every plant. In one stalk it makes a rose; in another a violet; diverse in a third; and sweet in all. So the Spirit works its multifarious effects in several complexions, and all according to the increase of God.

5. Sweet Saviour! should any of Thy servants love Thee better than I? Should any of Thy disciples be more obedient than I? No, Lord; for none of Thine are so much indebted to Thy passion, because none had so many sins to be forgiven. How amiable are Thy commandments, O Lord of hosts! My soul thirsteth to be the nearest of them that stand before the living God. Lord, let me love Thee as Peter did: Lord, let me love Thee more than these.

6. Every furrow in the book of Psalms is sown with such seeds (cxxxv. 3; cxlvii. 1.) I know nothing more constant to expel the sadness of the world, than to sound out the praises of God as with a trumpet; and when the heart is cast down, this will make it rebound from earth to heaven.

7. God is not extreme to mark what is done amiss in every convulsion of faith, as Psalm xxxi. 22.

8. I give God thanks, that every blessing of worldly comfort that I prayed for, the longer I was kept from it; and the more I prayed for it, I found it greater in the end.

9. What! Art thou, Moses, more merciful than God (Ps cvi. 23)? Art thou more merciful to the people than He who saves us from all evil? No. Thou art infinitely short of the loving kindness of the Lord; but He puts thy charity to the proof, to see what vehement entreaties thou wouldst make for the deliverance of the nation.

10. What comfortable orators (pleaders (are the mighty saints of God! What a safeguard it is to us all that they live among us.

11. The worthy servants of the Lord may prevail much one by one: others of the common rank had need to meet by hundreds and by thousands in great congregations, that every single man's prayer may be a drop in a shower; that while every man prays for all, all may pray for every man.

12. All that have a care to walk with God, fill their vessels more largely as soon as they rise, before they begin the work of the day, and before they lie down again at night; which is to observe what the Lord appointed in the Levitical ministry—a morning and an evening lamb to lay upon the altar. So with them that are not stark irreligious; prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the skies drop the early dew, and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great showers at certain seasons did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is the falling of the early and latter dew; but if you will increase and flourish in the works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer; choose out the seasons in your own discretion, when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in the time of harvest.

III.—BIBLE THOUGHTS.

ISA. xiv. 2, "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious peo-

ple." Hardly any verse in the Bible preaches a freer gospel, or sets forth a larger love than this. With hand and with voice God approaches the sinner, beseeching him to turn, and beckon him away from his evil courses. Those who are thus besought are "rebellious," or as the apostle expresses it, when quoting the passage (Rom. x. 21,) "disobedient," nay, "gainsaying;" they "walk in a way that is not good," they "provoke God to anger continually to His face;" yet He does not give them up nor cast them away. He pities and yearns over them, and stands entreating them all the day long. And when they will not be entreated nor hear His voice, He does not take vengeance on them, but looks on them with profoundest compassion, and utters over them the words of broken-hearted affection, "Oh, that thou had'st hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been like a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Could pardon be more free; could love be more generous; could forbearance and long-suffering be more abundant; could salvation be nearer than this?—"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

THE BAG OF BEANS.

It was a summer Sabbath evening in London, nearly half a century ago; and whilst thousands of people were streaming out of the hot and dusty city to seek their own pleasure on God's holy day, thousands more, in a wiser and surer search after happiness, were turning towards the various places of worship, those blessed houses of refreshment for the toilworn traveller to eternity.

Surrey Chapel was, as usual, filled that evening, for it was in the days of Roland Hill's ministry there, when

multitudes were brought together to hear his stirring, earnest, though often grotesque utterances. His text on this occasion, was, "Ye are not ignorant of His devices;" and after announcing it, he proceeded, in his abrupt way, as follows—"I was walking down Cheapside last week and I saw a man driving a lot of pigs. Now you all know that pigs are uncommonly queer animals to drive, for if you want them to go one way they are pretty sure to go another. But this man did not seem to have any trouble; in fact, he was not driving them at all in the ordinary way, but just walking quietly before them, whilst they came jostling and grunting after him, as eager as possible. At last he came to a narrow opening, up which he turned, the pigs following close at his heels. I was quite interested, and determined to wait till the man came out again, and then I went up to him and said, 'My good friend, you have certainly found out the secret of managing pigs, and I should like to know it, too, if you have no objection.' The man laughed, and said, 'May be you didn't see the *bag of beans* under my arm, Sir? I was taking those 'ere pigs to the slaughter house, and I knew I'd have a pretty morning's work if I didn't humour them a bit, so, as I went, I dropped a bean now and then, and that's a thing they're particularly fond of, and they scampered along to pick up the beans, never thinking that they were following me all the time as well.' And this is the way, continued the preacher, raising his voice and turning his penetrating glance upon his congregation, 'that the devil is leading you poor sinners captive at his will; he knows very well how to bait his trap for you, and I want tonight to warn you, that you may not be ignorant of his devices.'" And then, with a power that made the hearts of the people thrill with excitement, he pursued his subject. But

there was one member of his congregation who could follow him no further than those first striking words.

A young man, who had been trying the experiment of fast life in London, with the usual result of an emptied purse, and a tarnished character, was about to leave his native land for a far country, and had been persuaded by a faithful Christian friend—who amidst all his follies had never lost sight of him—to spend part of his last Sabbath evening in England in listening to Rowland Hill. He sailed for New York next day; and his friend watched anxiously for news of him. It came at last, and what joy came with it to the earnest Christian heart! "I am a changed man," he wrote; "changed through the blessing of God upon the sermon of that good man whom you invited me to hear. No, not the sermon exactly, but his opening words about the bag of beans. I wish I had heard them sooner—it would have saved a great deal of misery if I had known how the Devil was fooling me. I never thought I was following him when I was so eagerly pursuing what I called pleasure; but I see it all now; and though I have followed him long enough to lose my situation, and my good name, and the chance of making my way in dear old England, all is not lost—that good man's words stopped me *before I lost my soul*. And now, dear——, I have turned round, by the grace of God, and am following a better leader; you often told me there was real happiness in His service—*there is!* I am happier now in my poor condition—beginning life with only a few shillings in the world—than I was when I came to London with a full purse and bright prospects, for I feel that the Lord Jesus Christ is my Friend; and here, amongst strangers, I have great joy in His company, and in reading His blessed word. I had plenty of time to think about these things on

my passage out; and there was a minister on board, a good man, who was very kind to me, and when I told him my history, he cheered me up, and said that the story of the Prodigal Son was encouragement for me, and that, however far I had wandered, there was a sure pardon for me if I would turn round and come to my Father."

OUR ELDER BROTHER.

Brother, in thy day of need,
Sister, in thy night of sorrow,
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Waiting, trembling, for the morrow—
Whate'er thy burden be,
Jesus whispers, "Give it Me!"

Presses close thy cup of pain,
Evermore to make thee sip?
Seakest thou relief in vain
From the chalice at thy lip?
On the Great Physician call!
He will heal thee—tell Him all!

Spread the tempter covert snares,
Waiting that thy feet may slide?
Hedges He thy path with cares—
Walking always at thy side?
Luring but to plunge thee in
Deeper in the depths of sin?

Or do words and deeds—thine own—
Weigh thee to the very dust,
Shutting out the crown and throne—
Hiding from thy soul her trust?
Stretch thy hand; uplift thy cry!
Loving, pitying, He is nigh!

Doth some cross before thee rise,
And thou dar'st not leave it there—
Yet, to thy beclouded eyes
Looks if terrible to bear?
Ask of Him to give it thee—
LIFE and LOVE: that cross shall be!

Bows thy spirit in 'the dust,
Smitten thoughtlessly and sore—
Gathering up the broken trust,
Looking toward friends no more?
Lean on Him, thy Living Head—
All forsook Him once, and fled.

He forgave! Oh, then forgive!
Sinning, sorrowing, weary weak—
Dare we unforgiving live,
We who daily pardon seek?
Gather we about His cross—
He will give us gold for dross.

HOW MUCH WAS HE WORTH?

There is a terrible significance in the question we sometimes ask, upon the death of a wealthy man, if we only understood the real significance of the question. "How much was he worth?" we ask. And the angels might reply: "Worth? He wasn't worth anything. His money was worth something. His body is worth something, as a source of fertility to the soil. But he wasn't worth anything." So we vary the question; "Yes, but how much did he leave?" "Oh, leave?" It might be answered, "yes, I will tell you. He had houses, lots, bonds, stocks, gold, notes, merchandise, farms; and he left them all. He carried nothing with him. Naked and destitute came he into the world, and as naked and destitute he did go the way whence he came. He carried nothing; neither land, nor money; nor yet did he carry with him the blessings of the poor. He left all, he carried nothing away with him."

But his neighbor has died—a man who was not known on Change, nor in the tax list. "And what has he left?" we may say, or, perhaps, curiously ask. "Left?" He has left nothing; but he has taken much with him. He has gone to heaven laden with the blessings and gratitude of the poor, of the helpless, of the young, of the aged, of the widow, of the friendless; of those whom he, by his counsels, and his acts, and his prayers, had blessed; of those whose poverty he had relieved, whose ignorance he had enlightened, whose darkness he had dispelled, whose bodies and souls he had fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said: "He has gone up to heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hand." Happy he, whatever he may leave, or may not leave, on earth, who goes thus freighted into the other world.—*Good Words.*

THE MANSION-HOUSE AND THE VAULT.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

How few seem to think of this, and act as if death and judgment were realities! Many seem surprised at death, though in a world where sin reigns unto death. Yet some so acknowledge the fact of their being mortal, that they consider a family vault a necessary appendage to a wealthy estate; but, alas! those who build the vault are sometimes the first to inhabit it. We lately read the following narrative:—

"I once knew a rich man who determined to have a very large and beautiful house built for himself. He bought a lot of ground in a beautiful part of the city, and took great pains to have the house built in the best manner. There were many spacious rooms and wide halls. It was planned so as to be warm in winter and cool in summer. No expense was spared to have it as comfortable and complete a dwelling as could be found. No doubt, he looked forward to many years of enjoyment in this new and elegant house.

"At the same time that this large house was preparing for himself and his family, he had another built for them. And there was a great difference between the two; for the second house had but one small room for the whole family, and that room was mostly underground. It had, indeed, strong walls, and was built of marble, but it had no windows, and but one small door; and that was made of iron. Yes, these two houses were built for the same people. The one was for the *living* family, the other for the *dead*. For the small low house is the vault into which their bodies are to be placed, as one after another shall be called away from life.

"The vault was soon finished, and it was ready long before the large house. And into which of them do you think the rich owner himself went first to take up his abode? Strange as it may seem, he was ready for the vault before the fine dwelling was ready for him; and many months before the spacious rooms of the new house were fit to be inhabited, its bunder was laid in the narrow, dark, and cold apartment."

How solemn this is! yet not surprising, because death is God's just appointment for man as a sinner, and after death judgment. And who can tell the next of whom it will be said, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee?"

Are you, then, dear reader, prepared for this change? Are you at peace with God? Do you know what it is to be reconciled to God by the precious blood of Christ? We read in Scripture that Christ died for the ungodly, and that those who believe in Him shall not come into judgment, but have passed from death unto life. Depend upon it, dear reader, that death and judgment will be eternally terrible to you, unless you have taken refuge in the peace-speaking blood of Jesus. On that ground only can God accept you. By the blood of Jesus only can you escape the coming wrath or find present peace. Well may we sing—

"Happy they who trust in Jesus,
Sweet their portion is and sure:
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep his own secure.
Happy people!
Happy, though despised and poor!"

Dear reader, remember it is God's Word that declares, that, "The just shall live by faith," and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and you will find, if you are called to leave this world, and you are looking only to Jesus, and relying only on what God says, you will

be able to triumph in Christ, and say, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

When Polycarp was exhorted to swear and blaspheme Christ, in order to save his life, he replied, "Fourscore years have I served Christ, and have ever found him a good Master; how then can I blaspheme my Lord and Saviour?"

An old African negro, who had long served the Lord, when on his death-bed was visited by his friends, who lamented that he was going to die, saying, "Poor Pompey is dying." The old saint, animated with the prospect before him, said to them with much earnestness, "Don't call me *for* Pompey; I *king* Pompey."

When another was asked on his death-bed, how he found himself he answered, "I have taken my good deeds and bad deeds and thrown them together in a heap, and fled from both to Christ, and in Him I have peace."

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

The tongue is called in the Bible "an unruly evil." Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth. The God of truth, who makes the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood—it will run in such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing or the ear for smelling.

2. Do not use your tongue too much. It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand

the mind: but if the waste gate is always open, the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate, and let the streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. Never let the streams of passion move the tongue. Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, hoist the wrong gate—they let out poison instead of reason. The tongue then makes a great noise—disturbs the quiet of the neighbours, exhausts the person's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what was the benefit?

4. Look into the pond and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or, plainly, think before you speak.

5. Never put your tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion. The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great, the words of neither will reach the other, but come back with a blinding, sprinkling upon himself.

6. See that your tongue is hung true before using it. Some tongues, we have observed, are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screws of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours. Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so. Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have anything to be kept secret, keep it to yourself.—*Selected.*

NEW OR OLD.

No sunshine but hath a shadow.

CHRISTIAN beneficence takes a large sweep. That circumference cannot be small of which God is the centre.

If at any time this day I shall through frailty, forget Thee, yet Lord, I beseech Thee, do Thou in mercy remember me: make me mindful of Thee.—*Bishop Bayley.*

It is a plain truth that if a man desires to honour God, to live according to His commandments, he must trust in Him, and any one that trusts in Him must love Him.

Sin is never overcome by looking at it, but by looking away from it to Him who bore our sins—yours and mine—on the cross. The heart is never won back to God by thinking we ought to love Him, but by learning what He is—all worthy of our love.—*Staupitz.*

The transgression of sinners was not so great as the righteousness of Him who died for them; we have not committed as much sin as He wrought righteousness, who laid down His life for us, who laid it down when He pleased, and took it again when He pleased.—*Cyril.*

The ruin of multitudes has begun with a desecration of the Sabbath. They were in the sanctuary but a part of the day—then not at all—then read novels and political papers at home—then rode out, or spent the day in some saloon or refectory, in company with the unprincipled and dissipated—then drank, gamed, and revelled—then leaped over the bounds of honesty, defrauded or stole—and then—but you know the rest. And this is the downward career of thousands—these the steps by which they descended from virtue, respectability and comfort, to corruption, disgrace, and destruction.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

In Calcutta, a new plan of missionary activity has been found—open-air preaching—in which all denominations unite. It has now been carried on more than two months. The meetings have been held in Maidan,

at College Square, and at Tank Square—a fortnight in each place. Ladies attend and join in the singing, sitting on chairs around the preacher. The exercises consists of singing and two or three addresses, chiefly English, now and then in Bengali or Urdu. Two or three hundred usually attend, and listen often very attentively. There is no discussion. The hearers are, for the most part, well-dressed Babus, with some English and Eurasians.

The Calcutta Missionary Conference has issued a circular letter to the various missionary societies, asking that able English preachers be sent out to India each cold season, for the purpose of making short preaching tours and addressing the large English speaking population—European, Eurasian, and native—now to be met with in all the great cities. The three Indian Bishops, in their recent letter to Convocation, make a similar request. This mode of operation has been fostered, if not suggested, by the successful mission and labors of Professor Seelye, in his late visit to India.

THE WESLEYANS AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The new president of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. Punshon, took occasion in his address, after he had been elected to the chair, to speak on the proposals which have been made for the absorption of the Methodists in the Church of England. He said:—“The longer I live the less I am disposed to call down fire from Heaven upon any; and the more I am convinced that, if we are to do the old Methodist work and to bear the old Methodist witness, we must have the kind and catholic spirit of primitive Methodism. We cannot afford to be intolerant in our treatment of intolerance. We cannot afford to trample upon pride with greater pride. We

cannot afford it, because it would neutralize our witness-bearing, fret our own souls, and bring us down from our high sphere of hallowed toil. At the same time we must maintain our self-respect; and as we are so often asked to consent to unite or be absorbed into another Church, I think the time has come when on this question of our ecclesiastical position we should give forth no uncertain sound. Do I misinterpret your mind? We believe that we are a Church of God's making. We are content with our position; we are assured of it; we have no misgivings about it; we believe it can be scripturally sustained. We have no unfriendliness towards the other churches. We do not wish to build ourselves on their ruins. It is no joy to us that there are among them irritations of feeling and lapses from faith. We should abase ourselves if we could be so small as to triumph in the troubles of others. But we will not be moved from the position in which we believe God has placed us. And the time is long gone by—we had better decisively affirm it—when we will listen to any proposals for union except on equal terms." These remarks appear to have been received favorably by the Conference.

SUGGESTIVE PARAGRAPHS.

When the sun rises there is light. Why, I do not know. There might have been light without the sun, and there might have been a sun that gave no light, but God has been pleased to put these two things together—sunrise and light. So, whenever there is prayer there is a blessing. I do not know why. There might have been prayer without a blessing, for there is in the world of wrath; and there might have been a blessing without prayer, for it is often sent to some who sought it not. But God has been pleased to

make this a rule for the government of the moral and spiritual universe, that there shall be prayer first, and then there shall be an answer to prayer.—*Spurgeon*.

Prayer requires more of the heart than of the tongue, of sighs than of words, of faith than of discourse. The eloquence of prayer consists in the fervency of the desire, in the simplicity of faith, and in the earnestness and perseverance of charity. The abundance and choice of fine thoughts, studied and vehement motions, and the order and politeness of the expressions, are things which compose a mere human harangue, not an humble and Christian prayer. Our trust and confidence ought to proceed from that which God is able to do in us, not that which we can say to God.—*Queinel*.

Moses saw the Shechinah, and it rendered his face resplendent, so that he covered it with a veil, the Jews not being able to bear the reflected light; we behold Christ, as in the glass of His Word, and (as the reflection of a very luminous object from a mirror gilds the face on which the reverberated rays fall) our faces shine too: and we veil them not, but diffuse the lustre, which, as we discover more and more of His glories in the Gospel, is continually increasing.—*Doddridge*.

Old age is not, father, the heaviest of burdens, as thou thinkest; but whoever bears it morosely he is the party who makes it so; but if he bear it without grumbling, he sometimes in this way lulls it asleep, dexterously changing its character, taking away pain and substituting pleasure, but making it pain if he is peevish.—*Alexandrides*.

Look at Jehovah in His infinite love, omnipotent power, unsearchable riches, universal dominion, unsullied holiness, eternal veracity and unspeakable glory; and then you may say, "This God is my God forever and ever, and all that He has is mine; why then am I cast down?"

Children's Treasury.

LIVING AND DEAD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

A mother sits by the glowing hearth,
And she dreams of the days that will come no
more,

When the cottage echoed with youthful mirth,
And the pattering of feet on the kitchen-floor;

When three little jackets in a row,
With three little hats hung on the wall,

And three soft voices whispered low
The prayer the mother had taught to all.

But the ruddy rays of the firelight
Creeper a floor that is silent now,
And the mother's hand in vain to-night
Reaches in search of an upturned brow;
And the three little pegs stand brown and bare,
And the mother cries, "O, but to see"

The three little jackets hanging there,
And two three fair boys who knelt by me."

But one lies under the ocean wave.

Down with the nameless dead;
And unloves in a Southern grave—
God alone knows the soldier's bed.

But the day will come when the trumpet's sound
Shall waken the dead to life again,
From the ocean wave, from the battle ground,
The mother knows, and it soothes her pain.

And what of the youth with the eye of light,
The last who clung to the mother's breast?
Better by far did he lie to-night

Dead with the twain in their peaceful rest.
Better to die in his youthful grace,
With never a blot on his fair young name,
Than live with the curse of a blotted face,
And a soul that is steeped in the dregs of shame.

And never that mother wept, I ween,
Such bitter tears for the boy who lies
Somewhere under the grasses green,

Or he who sleeps where the sea-gull flies,
As who weeps for the one Death left to her,—
Her baby-boy, who walketh now
In the ranks of the great destroyer,
With the seal of the drunkard on his brow.

ALWAYS READY.

A lady once asked Mr. Wesley,
"Supposing that you knew you were
to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow
night, how would you spend the inter-
vening time?"

"How, madam?" he replied;

"why, just as I intend to spend it
now. I should preach this evening at
Gloucester, and again at five to-mor-
row morning; after that I should ride
to Tewkesbury, and preach in the
afternoon, and meet the societies in
the evening. I should then repair to
friend Martin's house, who expects to
entertain me, converse and pray with
the family as usual, retire to my
room at ten o'clock, commend myself
to my heavenly Father, lie down to
rest, and wake up to glory."

THE HAPPY BOY.

Henry was only nine or ten years
old. He lived in the pleasant vil-
lage of W., and went to school every
day. This was nice: but each morn-
ing, before school, he had a walk of a
mile and a quarter to drive the cows
to pasture, and of a mile on his return
to school.

When school closed, he went the
same road; making, for the day, a
walk of four and a half miles.

The field where the cows fed was a
large one, of twenty or more acres;
and there were other cows in the same
inclosure.

The pasture was full of clumps of
willows; and there were low, wet places,
where the bushes cast dark shadows.

Sometimes at evening the cows
would be good, and stand waiting by
the bars; but, if the day had been
hot, they would not have finished their
evening meal; and a weary, weary,
tramp would be before him.

Sometimes Henry liked to listen to
the songs of the birds in the oak-trees
by the way, or to admire the delicate
"pussey willows," or to gather hand-
fuls of wild flowers, or scarlet leaves
for the mother or sisters; but, when
the animals loitered lazily, it seemed

as if all the cheerful birdies were sick, and he heard only the dolorous concerts of the mourning dove.

One day of unusual heat, the cows had not come to meet him. Great clouds flew past, and the sky began to look dark and threatening.

Henry took one wide, rapid, and unavailing circuit, and sped towards home—over the fence, on the street, past the guide-board, one house, a long field, another house, a little further; and then he stopped. "Why," said he to himself, "am I running home? Am I afraid? I guess I *won't* be." And he resolutely retraces his steps,—back past the house and field, and another house, and guide-board, over the bars; no familiar lowing here; away, away, amongst the willows rising far above his head, calling aloud, and then whistling to keep his courage up.

Here and there, on and around; but they will not come.

How tired and excited he was!—now looking up, as the not distant thunder began to roll; and now peering about him, and listening for his little herd.

"I say," he said to himself, "why haven't you done it before? Why don't you pray?"

How easy it is for a child to get on his knees.

Amid the thick bushes beside the path, Henry reverently knelt and asked help of Jesus.

A sound of footsteps fell on his ear; and he rose, and walked leisurely behind Spot and Beauty; for they had come ready to be driven home.

You may think it only happened so; but he thought, and thinks still, that Jesus heard and answered the prayer of a weary and discouraged little boy. He found father and mother anxious about him as he came dripping home in the storm; but he was as happy as a boy can be.

Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

BY JACOB'S WELL.

It was early in the afternoon of a hot day, when our party was told to halt. Dismounting and leaving our horses to the care of the muleteers, we made our way on foot through cornfields to what seemed a heap of rubbish in the plain. This is Jacob's well, a spot in regard to the identity of which there can be no doubt at all. But why did Jacob dig a well in the near neighbourhood of that beautiful and bountiful stream of water which runs close at hand? It is not difficult

to answer this question. It is told us in Genesis, (xxxiii., 18,) that "Jacob came to Shalem, a city of Shechem, which is in the land of Canaan, when he came from Padan-aram and pitched his tent before the city." There was, it seems, therefore a city here once, which hugged this stream on each side and drunk up no doubt every drop of the precious contents. Wherever Jacob bought his lot, it was a clear necessity to dig for water: otherwise neither he nor his cattle could live in summer. This explains the existence of a well so close to the stream, and without this explanation its existence there would be unaccountable.

There was once a house built over the mouth of the well. The building fell recently, and the rubbish gathered over the mouth, so that we could see nothing as to the inside. All we could do was to kneel down and drop a pebble through the openings between the stones, which told us very distinctly that there was water at the bottom of the well, and that the "well is deep."

Let us look around us as we sit, wearied with our journey, on the very spot in which Jesus sat, a few hours earlier in the day, on that occasion so memorable for Sychar, and so interesting to Christian readers, who never weary of the story of "Jesus and the woman of Samaria." We are at the north end of a level plain surrounded on all sides by high hills. The plain is not large, but it is rich in crops and rich in historical associations as the gathering place, in every age of their history, of the clans of Israel. Out of this valley to eastward, towards the Jordan, there is an opening. That is the road to Padan-aram, to Mesopotamia, by which Jacob came on his return from serving Laban when he bought this parcel of ground. Out of the valley to westward there is an opening towards the Great Sea. This opening to the westward is guarded by two sentinels venerable in years, great in bulk, lofty in front, and memorable in history. These sentinels are Ebal on the north side, and Gerizim on the south side. Jacob's well is right under Gerizim, the mount of blessing, and at the opening of this valley leading to the sea.

But what small building is that in an adjacent field, shining in a new coat of white-wash? That is the spot where the children of Israel deposited the bones of Joseph on obtaining possession of the promised land, (Joshua xxiv. 32), the resting place of the best son, the kindest brother, the wisest statesmen that we know of in history.

There were other bones besides his placed there on the same occasion. Stephen tells us in a sentence that has puzzled commentators, that "Joseph sent and called his father Jacob to him, and all his kindred, threescore and fifteen souls; so Jacob went down into Egypt and died, he and our fathers, and were carried over into Sychem and laid in the sepulchre that Abraham bought for a sum of money of the sons of Emmor, the father of Sychem." (Acts vii. 15, 16).

Of course the name of Abraham is a mistake in the above connection. It could not be a mistake on the part of Stephen, for he was too well informed in Jewish history, and under such influence of the Holy Spirit as to be above such a slip as to confound Jacob and Abraham on a point where the history is so clear. (Gen. xxxiii. 18, 19, 20). It could not be a mistake on the part of Luke, who was inspired. It must therefore have been a mistake on the part of one of the earliest scribes (for all the MSS have followed this one) and stands (as Calvin and Hackett suppose) for Jacob. The other difficulty lies in finding Stephen say that the patriarchs ("our fathers") were carried over into Sychem and laid in the same sepulchre with Joseph, whereas no mention is made of this fact. There is no mention of the fact, but the fact no doubt it was. We know that it was the custom in Egypt for the head of a family to dig out in the rocks a sepulchre for himself and kindred, large in proportion to his rank and wealth, and indeed, a sepulchre is shown in Egypt among the tombs of Beni-Hassan which is called the tomb of Joseph and his. If any of Joseph's brethren died before him, as no doubt was the case, he would bury them in his family vault, and his willingness to rest in Egypt himself till the Exodus is explained, probably by the fact that his vault was tenanted, and that he could rest there with his brethren till the

time of the departure from Egypt. If the bones of the patriarchs lay therefore in the same room with Joseph's bones, what more natural than they should be carried with his bones and buried with his bones in the promised land. This supposition, which is natural and probable, explains the statement of Stephen and the traditions of the Jews, to the same effect as mentioned by the Rabbins and Jerome (Lightfoot.) It is not therefore the resting place of Joseph alone we see there at the foot of the Gerizim, but the resting place of the twelve patriarchs, of the men who dug this well, the men who followed their cattle over that rich plain, the men that sold at no great distance from this spot that brother whose ashes mingle with theirs in sweet repose till the last trumpet shall shake Ebal and Gerizim.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE TOP OF GERIZIM.

The valley between Ebal and Gerizim, across which came and went the blessings and the curses from the confronting tribes, is one of the most beautiful in Palestine. We rode through this valley, keeping close to the base of Gerizim and having the stream, to which we have already referred, on our right. Nestled among the trees rose before us the white walls and minarets of Nablous, a thriving town of several thousand inhabitants, interesting to travellers from the colony of Samaritans who, slowly dying out, cling with increasing tenacity—the oldest and smallest sect in the world—to their synagogue, to their religious rites and to their five books of Moses, said to be the oldest of MSS. Their spirit to-day is that breathed by the woman that talked with Jesus by the well down yonder. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." They

showed us with pride their synagogue, their ancient rolls and the Pentateuch which no one is allowed to touch. Right through the town we went to our tents on the other side, pitched under the western wall, in a beautiful spot near the water shed, where the springs disport to different seas, surrounded by such a variety of trees as to suggest the fitness of the spot as the scene of the parable of Jotham. "Jotham went and stood on the top of Mount Gerizim, and lifted up his voice and cried and said unto them, "Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you. The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them." Judges ix. 8. It is a remarkable fact that in the valley of Shechem the trees have kept their position during all these centuries as the most prominent objects in the landscape.

We get a hasty supper, and hurry to see the sun set from the top of Gerizim. We obtained for escort a young Samaritan, who talks a little English, picked up during a visit to England, and in acting as guide to English and American travellers. He was a very interesting and amusing lad, bent on pleasing travellers by his politeness, and fleecing them by his pieces of old Samaritan Pentateuchs, which he sold dear as being rare. He was the same fellow, so he told us, who went down into Jacob's well and fished up the remains of Mr. McCheyne's Bible, which, our readers may recollect, fell in 1839 into the well, as the Scotch Ministers, sent on a mission of enquiry to the Jews, sat by the well's mouth. It is certainly a fact that parts of this Bible were afterwards recovered (if memory is not at fault), by Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn, for I saw the fragments in the hands of a speaker on the platform of Canonmill's Hall, Edinburgh, and the veritable hero of the descent and recovery now

stood in our presence. From him we obtained more information about the interior of Jacob's well than from all the books we had read.

We are at length on the top of Gerizim. Some of the Students of Edinburgh University, during my attendance, took to climbing hills in the summer months, labouring under what might be called, "mountains on the brain." A kind of Alpine Club, we climbed the highest mountains in Scotland, and did really obtain views of untold magnificence in the comparatively clear weather of July and August. The view from Gerizim, not unlike in some respects, is of less extent than the view from Ben Nevis. To the South rolled away in billowy ridges the hill country of Judea, whence we had come, but there was no point of interest visible in that direction. To the West the Mediterranean lay in perfect stillness, like a sea of glass. To the North the snowy top of Hermon, gleams in the silken light like a crown on the head of the old man," (which in his Arabic name) sitting there in regal glory, unmoved amid the wreck of empires that fought for supremacy at his feet. But the point of chief interest to us was the deep gorge of the river Jabbok, running from the land of Gilead straight into the Jordan, down which pass probably, came Abraham, and certainly Jacob, on their first entrance into the promised land. That Jabbok Valley is therefore really the connecting link between the east and the west. Down

that valley came the new nation, in the loins of Abraham and Jacob; the new religion, which has gone on spreading till in its westward course it has penetrated the passes of our Rocky Mountains to the Pacific sea-board.

Before the sun sets we have time and light to examine the strange ruins on the brow of the hill, said to be the ruins of the Samaritan Temple. A few days before our visit the Samaritan colony kept the Passover on the top of this mountain. Black with recent smoke was the sunken oven in which the lambs were roasted. A thousand years with the Lord is as one day, for the hour, it seems, has not yet come, (though now from the fewness of the Samaritans, it cannot be many years distant,) when the Samaritans shall no longer in Gerizim worship the Father. And we ask here the question without venturing to answer it. Shall the cessation of Samaritan worship on Gerizim be contemporaneous with the cessation of Jewish unbelief? The Samaritans, now scarcely 150 souls, shall cease looking to Gerizim not until they cease to exist; but the Jews, now over 7,000,000 shall cease looking to Jerusalem when they begin to exist. It is, however, a blessing that the Gentiles are not left in darkness until, in the development of God's purposes, these events—the extinction of the Samaritans, and the conversion of the Jews, date a new era: for "the hour cometh, and *now is*," Christ said, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

Editorial Postscript.

We wish our readers to understand that the 15th day of the month may be regarded as the day of our publication. We have been often ahead of time, but this month we are behind somewhat, for which we crave the indulgence of our friends.