

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

## Editorial.

### A MIGHTY DIFFERENCE.

The reply that Archbishop Manning makes to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's famous pamphlet is a brief document of wonderful ability and rare judgment. The great English Statesman asserts in his pamphlet (which promises to surpass in its effects on the Protestant mind of Europe his pamphlet on the Prisons of Naples), that the infallibility of the Pope is in real and dangerous collision with the authority of our Queen. In other words Mr. Gladstone maintains that the Vatican Decrees are incompatible with full allegiance to civil rulers. Archbishop Manning, the head of the Papal Church in England, while evading this serious charge, asserts that the civil allegiance of Roman Catholics is limited in the same manner, and to the same extent in which the civil allegiance is limited to every man who believes in God, and is governed by conscience. We quote the words of the Archbishop.

"The civil allegiance of no man is unlimited; and therefore the civil allegiance of all men who believe in God or are governed by conscience, is in that sense divided. In this sense and in no other, can it be said with truth that the civil allegiance of Catholics is divided. The civil allegiance of every Christian man in England is limited by conscience, and the law of God; and the civil allegiance of Catholics is limited neither less nor more."

The marrow of the question between the statesman and the priest, between society and the Church of Rome, lies in a nut-shell, in these words we have quoted. There is a great and glorious truth, here stated by the Archbishop—that the civil allegiance of all men that believe in God is limited. One of the very first acts of the Christian Church in beginning her work at Jerusalem, was to assert this truth by setting herself in opposition to the rulers of the city. When "the rulers and elders and scribes," a kind of civil court, though subordinate to the Roman power, straitly threatened the apostles to speak thenceforward to no man in the name of Christ, what was their doctrine and their decision? The very doctrine and decision of the Arch-

bishop—"That their civil allegiance was limited by higher considerations." But Peter and John answered and said unto them, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." Again and again the Church of Christ has opposed itself to the civil ruler, and the record of bloody persecutions, graves solitary among the everlasting hills to which the persecuted fled for refuge, and tombs occupying the malefactor's corners in public burying grounds testify of the heavy penalty the Church paid for limiting her obedience. Before the diet of worms Luther enunciated the great truth of conscience being above the laws of men, and on this ground he stood in the memorable words with which he concluded his address, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, so God help me." It was the doctrine of limited obedience that Knox had in view when he uttered words equally memorable. "I am (when in the pulpit) in the place where conscience demands of me to speak the truth; the truth therefore I will speak impugn it whoso list." And that "learned and judicious divine, Mr. Richard Hooker," expresses none other doctrine in his sermon on "Civil obedience," in which he says that Kings who in the exercise of their power "exact more than they have been authorized to do, cannot in conscience bind any man unto obedience."

So far then Protestants are thoroughly at one with the Popish Church. It is when the question is started,—*What is it that limits obedience to the magistrate?* that the difference between Popery and Protestantism appears. If obedience to the magistrate is and must be limited, where, what, whence is the power that limits it? Such in a nut shell is the question that is now convulsing Germany, which is coming to the front in England, and about which we must hear a good deal in our own Dominion before this century closes.

The Popish answer to this question was wont to be "The Church." It belongs to the Church to decide how far man ought to obey Princes. But the answer given to this question is changed in the recent Vatican Decrees, and the reply of the Romish Church since July, 1870, is "The Pope." It belongs to the Pope, who is lord of the conscience of every member of his Church, to determine the limits of civil duty. There is no possibility of denying this to be the meaning of the decree of Papal Infallibility.

But what is the Protestant, or we should rather say the Christian answer to this same question? What is it that limits civil obedience on the part of every true Christian. It is not the Church, nor the Pope, nor the Bishop, nor the Presbytery, nor the Pastor, nor the Creed. It is Christ. Every Christian is under law to Christ. It is Christ and he alone that can decide how far the Christian ought to submit to the Crown, and in what circumstances it is his duty to resist and rebel. It was Christ that stood above the two Apostles when they confronted the Jewish priestly magistrates, refusing at their be-

heat to cease from preaching. When Christ's will and Cæsar's will come into collision there is for the Christian no alternative but to obey Christ, let the consequences be what they may.

Here is then the difference between Protestant and Papist. In the case of the former it is the will of Christ that limits civil obedience; in the case of the latter it is the will of an Italian priest. "Thus saith the Lord," settles to the Protestant all controversy; while to the Papist the decision rests on the *decretum est* (i. e. the will) of the Pope.

But this brings us face to face with a very important, and not very well understood question, among Protestants, the question, viz:—"How are we to find out the mind of Christ." Some will tell us that in following conscience we are listening to the voice of Christ, and that conscience therefore is the ultimate umpire when there is a conflict of authorities. There is an element of truth in this. Conscience is God's witness; and he who listens to conscience listens to the voice of God in so far as conscience is clear and capable. But is there no danger of setting up our fallible consciences as infallible guides, in which case men who rebel against the Pope sitting in Rome may bow down to a Pope sitting within their own evil breasts. Well may it be said of conscience as some one said of religion: "O, Conscience, what crimes have been committed in thy name." When the wretched fanatics of Germany rose against all civil authority, in the sixteenth century, it was on the plea their consciences would not allow them to submit to the civil law. It is plain therefore that conscience alone is not a sufficient witness as to Christ's will. Except for man's fall it would be a sufficient witness as to right or wrong, but the fall has depraved the conscience and invalidated the truthfulness of the other faculties that minister to it, so that we must look out for another witness by which to guide and gauge the decision of conscience.

The Bible is the second witness whose testimony is always necessary to regulate the decisions, even of the best informed consciences. It is to the direct, plain will of God as revealed in his Word that the Church since the days of Moses has trusted chiefly for ascertaining the path of duty. It was to the "Law and to the Testimony" our blessed Lord appealed in his conflict with the Prince of Darkness, thrice, in that spiritual combat, quoting its decision as an end of their controversy. It is therefore a generally understood maxim in all Protestant communities that the "Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and manners." Hence, also, we suppose the other maxim, that "The Bible, the Bible alone is the religion (i. e. faith and morals) of Protestants."

But there seems still something a-wanting. We know that the Bible may be misunderstood. From its blessed pages gross heresies have been extracted, and also justification for treason and rebellion. It is not therefore the Bible

alone that is our infallible guide, but the Bible as interpreted by the Holy Spirit; not the Bible as read in the sparks of our own kindling, but as read in the sunlight of that Spirit that first dictated it to holy men of old.

The infallible rule for Christians therefore is not conscience alone, nor conscience and the Bible, but CONSCIENCE, the BIBLE and the HOLY GHOST, these witnesses always agreeing in one testimony. It is here true safety lies for the individual and the nation—a conscience enlightening by the Bible and a Bible interpreted by its Author. That is an infallible tribunal, and he who abides by its decisions will walk in righteousness and truth toward God and toward society.

These three elements we find present in the reasons Peter gave for not submitting to the tyrannical decree of the Jewish Council. "*We cannot but speak.*" Here is (1) the voice of the inward witness which was like a fire in their bones while they kept silence. "To hearken unto you more than unto God." There is (2) the external revelation of God's will—His word. "The things which we have seen and heard," among which the greatest surely was (3) the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The same three elements we find also in the concluding portion of Luther's address, of which we have already given the last sentence. "Unless I am overpowered and convinced by the testimony of the Scriptures, or by other public, distinct, and obvious arguments and reasons, and unless I am thus fully satisfied respecting the passages of Scripture, which I have hitherto adduced, (*The Word*) inasmuch that my conscience is taken captive (which is the work of the *Holy Spirit*) by the word of God, I neither can nor will retract anything, well knowing that it is neither safe nor advisable to do ought in opposition to the *conscience.*" In the large commercial cities of England it is a matter of importance and nicety that all business men should keep the same time. How is this managed? In the first place, each merchant keeps in his pocket a good watch; then the city fires each day at a set time the time-gun, so that private time may be brought into uniformity with public time. But this is not enough. The city clock is regulated by electric wires that connect it with the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. It is by a process not unlike this the lives of men are kept in harmony with the law of right, which is eternal and immutable: not by surrendering into the hands of an Italian priest (who may become the tool of political parties and factions) the keeping of men's consciences and conduct; but by throwing this responsibility on each individual conscience, regulated by the Scriptures and illuminated by the Holy Spirit, under which threefold guidance alone lies infallible safety.

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### THE NOBLE SIX HUNDRED.

We come not behind any in our admiration of the six hundred who, in the cavalry charge that Tennyson has made immortal, rode into the very jaws

of death in the performance of its duty. It is out of date, however, to write now about that deed of daring.

There is another six hundred that comes not (were all things weighed and considered) behind the Crimean six hundred. It requires courage to ride into the jaws of death with cannon in front roaring and thundering ; but does it require less courage to walk, or creep by inches into the jaws of death in a dangerous calling in the absence of the stimulus that numbers and war-like excitement give the soldier ?

The six hundred of which we wish now to write are soldiers of the cross, having for their battle field the deadly climate of India, and for their foes the oldest and most elaborate form of idolatry the world has ever seen.

India, in round numbers, we may describe as 1,800 miles from north to south, and 1,500 miles at its greatest breadth from east to west, with an area of a million and a quarter square miles. This vast country is about the size of Europe with Russia left out. "Were you to travel," says one who well knew the country, "over Portugal, Spain and France ; were you then to traverse Turkey in Europe, and further to travel northward through Austria and Prussia, finishing your tour by visiting Denmark, Belgium, Holland and all the German States, you would have performed no more than a circuit of India ; or to present it in another light, were you to travel over the length and breadth of England and Wales twenty times, you would accomplish a journey of less extent than even one tour in India."

But the superficial extent of a country is a small matter in comparison with its population. Our own Dominion is more than twice the size of India, but our population is four millions, while the population of India is sixty times that number, or 240 millions.

This immense multitude, the fifth of the population of the whole earth, is divided into nearly 30 nations, speaking as many different languages. It is in fact, like Europe, a continent of nations, Bengalis, Hindostanis, Maharattas, Gujurates, etc.

In virtue of the will of that God who shapes our ends rough-hew them how we will, this teeming continent, full of men, and rich in material resources, has passed under the Dominion of our Queen. "Kingdom after kingdom," says Sir Bartle Frere, "has fallen to the British crown, some by conquest after war, some in default of heirs who could enforce the claim, some by way of punishment for misdeeds of rulers ; *but all, as it were, in spite of ourselves.* Even defeats and misfortunes helped somewhat to extend our empire." This was God's doings.

The reason why God gave to Britain such a heritage as India is now becoming plain. God gave us India that we might give India to Christ. It was long before British Statesmen understood their destiny, and the duty to which God had called them. For many years it was forbidden to send

missionaries to India. "India would be lost" (cried Mr. Worldly Wiseman and his sons who, too long, ruled the land,) "if missionaries are allowed to interfere with the religion of the natives." Many men who were not opposed to Christianity personally, but who failed to understand Christ, and who lacked faith in his power and promises, looked upon the work of the missionaries as visionary, and regarded the men as good, but weak men who did not know what they were about in seeking to change the religion of the unchangeable East. "As a system Hindooism is impenetrable and immovable." Said the wisecracks: "It has lasted two or three thousand years, and will last two or three thousand years more."

In the face of the deadly climate, and an atmosphere still more deadly; under the sneers of Government officials, and the contempt of a native population, Christian Missionaries pursued their quiet way, having fears within and fightings without.

First came the Danish Missionaries at Tranquebar early in the last century, and at Serampore towards its close. Then came Carey, Marshman and Ward, to whom belong, beyond all question, the honour of establishing in India the first Missions of the kind that now prevail, in which schools and printing press are pressed into the work as handmaids to the pulpit in making known the way of salvation. Then came German, English, Scotch, Irish, and American Missionaries, each nation and Church bringing its own individuality to bear on the work in hand. And now after a century and more of warfare in which there has been displayed qualities of planning and execution, of fighting and generalship that would glorify the army of any earthly sovereign, there are to-day in the field six hundred European Missionaries. Face to face with the 240 millions of India, Burmah and Ceylon, stand to-day a handful of men holding the fort at the rate of four missionaries to each million, which proportion would give us sixteen Protestant ministers for the whole Dominion.

This fact along with many other interesting facts we have from a Blue Book issued by the Indian Government for 1872. This report tells us that Protestant Missions are carried on in India, Burmah and Ceylon by 95 Societies, which employ six hundred and six foreign missionaries. Then the Blue Book gives us a number of figures showing us the work being done by the noble six hundred. But no statistics, the report says, can give any fair view of the good these men are doing in India. The moral tone of their preaching and their lives is recognized and felt by multitudes who disown the name of Christian. The doctrines they teach, and the duties they press home on the conscience are opening up to the Hindoo mind a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness; giving them new views of God, of sin, of eternity, of the obligations of law, and of the motives of actions. Insensibly and gradually as the child becomes a youth, and the youth a man, the masses of India are passing

upwards to a higher moral manhood—to a severer law which will ultimately lead them to the foot of the cross. "The Government of India," (concludes this interesting and valuable document) "cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by these 600 missionaries, whose blameless example, and self-denying labours are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell."

Thus at length does God bear witness in behalf of his servants by the mouth of the Government which at first doubted and despised their influence. In a document full of figures and facts it is shown that through Protestant Missionaries a mighty revolution is going on in India, whose issue even now demands and deserves the thanks of the civil rulers of that vast land. How true therefore, as applicable to India and its Christian missionaries, the words of a man who knew from painful experience what it is to be misunderstood in one's character and work, and also misrepresented and maligned! "Delight thyself in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart; commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass; and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and the judgment as the noon-day. Psalm xxxvii. 4-6.

### Stetig Breeshoek.

#### SHOES FOR PILGRIMS AND WARRIORS.

A THURSDAY EVENING HOMILY, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."—Ephesians vi. 15.

The Christian was evidently intended to be in motion, for here are shoes for his feet. His head is provided with a helmet, for he is to be thoughtful; his heart is covered with a breast-plate, for he is to be a man of feeling; his whole nature is protected by a shield, for he is called to endurance and caution; but that he is to be active is certain, for a sword is provided for his hand to use, and sandals with which his feet are to be shod. To suppose that a Christian is to be motionless as a post, and inanimate as a stone, or

merely pensive as a weeping-willow, and passive as a reed shaken by the wind, is altogether a mistake. God worketh in us, and his grace is the great motive power which secures our salvation; but he does not so work in us as to chloroform us into unconscious submission, or engineer us into mechanical motion, but he arouses all our activities by working in us "to will and to do of his good pleasure." Grace imparts healthy life, and life rejoices in activity. The Lord never intended his people to be automats to be worked by clock-work, or statues cold and dead, but he meant them to have life, to have it more abundantly, and in the power of that life to be full of energy. It is true he makes us lie down in green pastures, but equally certain is it that he leads us onward beside the still waters. A true believer

is an active person; he has feet, and uses them.

Now, he who marches meets with stones, or if as a warrior he dashes into the thick of the conflict, he is assailed with weapons, and therefore he needs to be shod suitably, to meet his perils. The active and energetic Christian meets with temptations which do not happen to others. Idle persons can scarcely be said to be in danger—they are a stage beyond that, and are already overcome; Satan scarcely needs to tempt them, they rather tempt him, and are a fermenting mass, in which sin multiplies exceedingly, a decaying body around which the vultures of vice are sure to gather; but earnest laborious believers are sure to be assailed, even as fruit-bearing trees are certain to be visited by the birds. Satan cannot bear a man who serves God earnestly, he does damage to the arch-enemy's dominions, and therefore he must be incessantly assailed. The prince of darkness will try, if he can, to injure the good man's character, to break his communion with God, to spoil the simplicity of his faith, to make him proud of what he is doing, or to make him despair of success. In some way or other he will, if possible, bruise the worker's heel, or trip him up, or lame him altogether. Because of all these dangers infinite mercy has provided gospel shoes for the believer's feet, shoes of the best kind, such as only those warriors wear who serve the Lord of Hosts.

We shall at this time first examine the shoes provided for the Christian, and then try them on.

I. Our first duty is to EXAMINE THE SHOES, which are provided for us by our Captain, and in doing so we are delighted to find that *they come from a blessed Maker*, for the feet of the believers are to be shod with a divine preparation. Many preparations and inventions are used for protecting feet, but this is a preparation in which in-

finite skill has been displayed, and the same wisdom put forth as in the gospel, which is the masterpiece of God. Every portion of the gospel is from God, and all the influence which makes it a gospel of peace is his, and we are therefore thankful to find that we are to wear "the preparation of the gospel of peace." It were not meet that he who is helmeted with divine salvation should be shod with a mere human production; having begun in the Spirit, it would be strange to be made perfect in the flesh. We would not be like the image of the monarch's dream whose head was gold and whose feet were clay. We rejoice that all the pieces of armour which compose our panoply come forth from the celestial Armourer, whose productions are without a flaw.

We are glad to find that *the shoes are made of excellent material*, for they are composed of the "preparation of the gospel of peace;" and what better material can there be than the gospel—the gospel of peace, and that peace which grows out of the gospel? This is what is meant. We believe in a gospel which was formed in the purpose of God from all eternity, designed with infinite wisdom, wrought out at an enormous expense, costing nothing less than the blood of Jesus, brought home by infinite power, even by the might of the Holy Spirit; a gospel full of blessings, anyone of which would outweigh a world in price; a gospel as free as it is full, a gospel everlasting and immutable, a gospel of which we can never think too much, whose praises we can never exaggerate! It is from this choice gospel that its choicest essence is taken, namely, its peace; and from this peace those sandals are prepared with which a man may tread on the lion and the adder, yea, and on the fierce burning coals of malice, slander, and persecution. What better shoes can our souls require?

What matchless material for girding



the pilgrim's foot is that which is here mentioned, namely, the peace which comes from the gospel, the preparation of heart and life, which springs of a full knowledge, reception, and experience of the gospel in our souls! What does it mean? It means, first, that a *sense of perfect peace with God* is the grandest thing in all the world to travel through life with. Let a man know that his sins are forgiven him for Christ's name's sake, that he is reconciled to God by the death of his Son, and that between him and God there is no ground of difference—what a joyful pilgrim he becomes! When we know that as the Lord looks on us his glance is full of infinite, undivided affection, that he sees us in Jesus Christ as cleansed from every speck of sin, and as "accepted in the beloved," that by virtue of a complete atonement we are for ever reconciled to God, then do we march through life without fear, booted and basked for all the exigencies of the way; yea, ready to plunge through fire and water, thorn and thistle, brake and briar, without fear. A man at peace with God dreads neither the ills of life nor the terrors of death; poverty, sickness, persecution, pain have lost their sting when sin is pardoned. What is there a man needs to fear when he knows that in no affliction will there be any trace of the judicial anger of God, but all will come from a Father's hand, and work his lasting good? Goliath had greaves of brass upon his legs, but he is better armed who wears a full assurance of peace with God through the gospel; he shall tread down his enemies, and crush them as grapes in the wine-press. His stores shall be iron and brass, and shod with them he shall stand upon the high places of the earth, and his feet shall not slip. Achilles received a deadly wound in the heel, but no arrow can pierce the heel of the man whose foot is sandalled with reconciliation by atoning blood. Many

a warrior has fainted on the march and dropped from the ranks exhausted, but no weariness of the way can happen to the man who is upheld by the eternal God, for his strength shall daily be renewed.

The preparation of the gospel of peace here mentioned must be understood to comprehend more than the legal peace of justification by faith: if we would enjoy the fullest comfort of the well-shod pilgrim we must have the exceeding peace which springs from intimate, undisturbed communion with God. We should pray not only to feel that we have been brought out of our natural enmity into peace with God, so as to be no more culprits but children, but also to dwell in the full joy of our new relationship. It is a sweet thing for a child of God to feel that he is so acting that his heavenly Father has no reason for walking contrary to him. You know right well that as a child of God you will not be condemned and cast away as an alien, but you also know that as a child you may greatly displease your Father, and render it needful for him to frown upon you and visit you with stripes; now this you should with the utmost diligence and prayerfulness labour to prevent. There are times when the Lord of pilgrims hides his face from them in sore displeasure, and then it is very hard travelling. Life is "a great and terrible wilderness" when the Lord's presence is withdrawn. The more a man loves the Lord the more does he suffer when there is a temporary suspension of happy communion between his soul and heaven, and he cannot be happy again till he knows that he is fully restored to the paternal favor. Oh, child of God, you will very soon have your feet torn with the briars of the way if you do not abide in fellowship with God. When Adam had lost his oneness with God he found out that he was naked, and so will you if you lose your communion with Jesus.

Where before you dashed onward as with a charmed life, treading the world and all its cares beneath your feet, you will find yourself pierced with many sorrows, bleeding with acute griefs, scratched, torn, lacerated with trials, losses, crosses and annoyances endless. If we continue in the love of Jesus, pleasing him in all things, jealously watching and carefully observing his will, our mind will be kept by the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and our road to heaven will be a pleasant one: it may indeed be very rough in itself and in the judgment of others, but it will be so smoothed to us by the peace which reigns within that we shall glory in infirmity, exult in suffering, and triumph in distress, knowing that the Lord is with us, and no harm can come unto us. Thus you see that the peace which comes of justification, and the fuller peace which arises from enjoying the love of God, are a grand preparation for our life's journey, a shoe for the foot unrivalled in excellence.

It is also a grand sandal for a pilgrim's foot when the gospel of peace has fully conformed his mind to the Lord's will. Some children of God are not at peace with God because they do not fully acquiesce in the divine purposes; to them the pilgrim path must be a painful one, for nothing can please them, their mortified self-will creates swarms of vexations for them; but to hearts which have crucified self, and yielded all to the will of God, the most thorny paths are pleasant. He who can say concerning all things, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," is shod for all ways and weathers, and may march on undismayed. Fully conformed to the divine will, saints are invulnerable and invincible, "none shall be weary nor stumble among them, neither shall the latchet of their shoes be broken."

"They bled by nothing here below,  
Appoint their journey and they go;

Through joy or grief they march the same,  
Triumphant still in Jesu's name."

Surely it is when the heart is completely with God that the true beauty of the Christian character is seen. Then is it that the heavenly Bridegroom cries out, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter." Then, too, the church in her tribulation becomes bright and glorious like her Lord, of whom we read, "His feet are like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." Shod with perfect delight in the will of the Lord, we are able to surmount all the difficulties and trials of the way, for it becomes sweet to suffer when we see that it is the will of God. Resignation is good, but perfect acquiescence is better, and happy, thrice happy is the man who feels it. No silver sandals were ever so precious, no buskins of golden mail adorned with precious stones were so glorious to look upon as a mind moulded to the divine will, perfectly in tune with the mind of the Lord most High.

The preparation of the gospel of peace, you thus see, is, in many aspects, the fittest help for our journey to the promised land, and he who has his feet shod with it need not fear the flinty ways, the craggy rocks, or the thorny defiles.

But the gospel of peace has another side to it, for it not only brings us peace with God, but it inspires us with *Peace towards ourselves*. Civil war is the worst of war, and for a man to be at discord with himself is the worst of strife; the worst peril of Christian pilgrimage is that which arises from the pilgrim's own self, and if he be ill at ease within himself, his course cannot be a happy one. The prayer of the evening hymn is very suggestive,

"That with the world, *myself*, and Thee,  
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be."

It is a most needful matter to have peace at home. It is a cruel case for a man when his own heart condemns

him: to whom shall he look for a defence when his own conscience indicts him, and all his faculties turn king's evidence against him? It is to be feared that many believers habitually do that which they would not like to be questioned upon by the rule of the word of God; they have to close their eyes to many passages of scripture, or else they would be uneasy in their consciences. Brethren, this makes wretched travelling; it is like walking through a wood with naked feet. If you cannot satisfy your own heart that you are right, you are in a sad case indeed, and the sooner matters are altered the better. But if a man can say, before the living God, "I know that what I am about to do is right, and whatever comes of it, I have a pure motive, and the Lord's sanction to sustain me in it," then he proceeds to action with a nimble tread. Such a pilgrim is girt for roughest ways, and will hold on joyfully to the end. Rest of conscience shoes us right well, but a question as to the rightness of our procedure makes us barefooted. Come what may, if we order our ways with reverent regard to the Lord's commands, we shall be able to confront the future with serenity, for we shall not have to accuse ourselves of bringing ourselves into trouble by sin, or losing our joys by indulging in forbidden things. When the believer falls into any trouble through having been zealous for God, then may he spread his complaint before God, with the full expectation that he will bring him out of all his difficulties, for is it not written, "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord, not one of his steps shall slide?" Oh, to walk in such a way that your conscience is void of offence both towards God and towards man; then integrity and uprightness will preserve you, and your goings will be established. "He keepeth the feet of the saints." "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in thy ways. They shall

bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

While travelling through the mazes of life, another form of the preparation of the gospel of peace will be of essential service to us, namely, peace with *our fellow men*. The gospel of peace leads us into the closest bonds of amity with our fellow-believers, although, alas, it is not always possible to prevent offences arising, even with the best of them. If we cannot make all our brethren amiable we are at least to be at peace on our side, and, if we succeed in this, no great disagreement can arise, for it always needs two to make a quarrel. It is well to go to bed every night, feeling I have no difference in my soul with any one of the members of Christ's body, I wish well to every one, and love them all in my heart. This would enable us to travel in right royal style over fields which now are often stony with controversy, and thorny with prejudice. Theological conflicts, and ecclesiastical squabbles would utterly disappear if we were shod with the true spirit of the gospel of peace. An unwillingness to think hardly of any Christian brother is a sandal most easy to the foot, protecting it from many a thorn. Wear it in the church, wear it in all holy service, wear it in all intercourse with Christian men, and you will find your way amongst the brethren greatly smoothed; you will win their love and esteem ere long, and avoid a world of jealousy and opposition which would otherwise have impeded your course.

It is well to travel girt with this shoe of peace *with all mankind*. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceable with all men." It is barely possible, but aim at it, and if you do not perfectly succeed try again. Unconverted men will not love your religion, for they are carnal; that you cannot help, but you must love them, carnal as they are, and by degrees you may win them to love both you and

your Lord. If they will not live peaceably with you, yet give them your love, and live peaceably with them. Be not easily provoked, bear and forbear, forgive and love on, return good for evil, seek to benefit even the most unthankful, and you will travel to heaven in the pleasantest possible manner. Hatred, and envy, and persecution may come, but a loving spirit materially blunts their edge, and oftentimes inherits the promise, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." If you have to feel, "Now I am going this part of the journey with the view of avenging a wrong," you will not journey pleasantly or safely; but if from the depths of your soul you can say, "When Christ made peace with God for me, he made peace between me and my bitterest foe," you will march on like a hero. Travel through the world as a sincere philanthropist, with your feet shod with love to all of woman born, and your course will be happy and honourable. God grant us that loving spirit which comes of free grace, and is the work of the Holy Spirit, for that is a mystic sandal which gives wings to the feet, and lightens a weary road.

Having thus described these gospel shoes, I should like to say that the feet of our Lord and Master were sandalled in this manner. He was the king of pilgrims, and to him the way was even rougher than it can be to us; but these were the shoes he wore, and having worn them he counsels us to put on the like. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," saith he. Evermore while he dwelt in this world he was in fellowship with God; he could truly say, "I came not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me. He that sent me is with me. I am not alone, because the Father is with me." Ever did he seek the good of his chosen, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved

them to the end." And as for his enemies, he had only prayers and tears for them; he was at peace with all above, around, and within him. That peaceableness of his, that wonderful serenity, was one of the marvellous points in his character. You never find him worried, disturbed, flustered. No, that is our infirmity, because we put our shoes off and are taken by surprise, but his feet were always shod: he dwelt in perfect peace, and therefore he was the grandest pilgrim and the noblest worker. We cannot need to be better shod than our Lord was; let us sandal our hearts with his peace, and we shall be royally prepared for our journey.

I may add that these shoes are such as will last all our journey through. We feel most comfortable in our old shoes, for they fit the foot so well, but they will wear out at last: these shoes of my text are old, yet ever new, and are like those which Israel wore in the wilderness, of which it is said, "Thy foot did not swell, neither did thy shoes wax old upon thee." The everlasting gospel yields us everlasting peace. The good news from heaven never grows stale, neither will the peace which it brings ever become like the Gibeonites "old shoes and clouted." The man who wears the preparation of the gospel of peace was comforted by it when he was young, and it still cheers him in his later days; it made him a good traveller when he first set out, and it will protect his last footsteps when he crosses the river Jordan, and climbs the celestial hills.

Friends, are ye all thus booted for your life-journey? See ye well to it.

II. We now come to our second business: LET US TRY ON THESE SHOES.

Here our joy is great to find that *they fit perfectly*, and need no tugging and straining to draw them on. By a miracle more strange than magic, the preparation of the gospel of peace suits every foot, whether it be that of a babe

in grace, or a strong man in Christ Jesus. No man can travel well, much less engage in battle successfully, unless his dress is comfortable, especially that part of it which relates to the feet, and here we have the grand advantage that no foot was ever uneasy when once it had put on this shoe. Mephibosheths who have been lame in both feet even from their birth have found this shoe work miracles, and cause them to leap as harts upon the mountains. The gospel of peace helps all our infirmities, heals all the wounds of our old sins, and suits itself to all our tender places. Whatever the weakness may be, the gospel provides for it; whatever the distress, its peace relieves it. Other shoes have their pinching places, but he that wears the preparation of the gospel of peace shall know no straitness of spirit, for the gospel gives rest to our minds. Real gospel, really believed, means real peace. That which disturbs us is something alien to the spirit of the gospel, but the spirit of Christ is the spirit of peace. Who would not wear such a shoe?

The preparation of the gospel of peace is a wonderful shoe for *giving its wearer a firm foothold*. Surely it was of this shoe that Habakkuk sung when he said, "The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hind's feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places." When persons are on slippery rocks, or dangerous eminences, where a fall would be fatal, it is well to be so shod that the feet can get grip and hold. Nothing aids a man to stand fast in the Lord like the peace of the gospel. Many professors are very soon thrown over; they are attacked with doctrinal error, and they yield readily; they are assailed by temptation, and their feet go from under them; but the man who has perfect peace with God, and who relies upon the Most High, shall never be moved, for the Lord upholdeth him.

His shoes have driven themselves into eternal verities, and hold like anchors. Tell him the atonement is not true, preach up to him the bloodless neology of modern thought, and he ridicules the ineffectual attempt, because he knows whom he has believed, and feels a heavenly peace within flowing from the substitutionary sacrifice. Tell him that the doctrines of grace are a mistake, that salvation is all of free will and man's merit; and he says, "Nay, but I know better. I know the doctrines of sovereign grace to be true by experience; I know I am God's chosen; I know that I am called, I know that I am justified, for I know that I have peace with God, as the result of all these." You cannot move him an inch, his creed is interwoven with his personal consciousness, and there is no arguing him out of it. In these days of scepticism, when no man seems to have any resting place, it is well to be so shod that you can and do stand on the truth, and cannot be blown about like thistledown in the breeze.

The shoe of our text is equally famous for its *suitability for marching* in the ways of daily duty. Soldiers have little time for contemplating the comfort of their shoes, or their fitness for mere standing; for they have daily marchings to perform. We, too, have our marchings, and as far as some of us are concerned they are no mere parades, but heavy marches, involving stern toil and protracted effort. A soul at perfect peace with God is in a fit state for the severest movements. A sense of pardoned sin, and reconciliation with God, fits us for anything and everything. When the burden of sin is gone all other burdens are light. Since we are no longer on the road to hell the roughest places of our pilgrimage do not distress us. In every sphere a heart at perfect peace with God is the soundest preparation for progress, and the surest support under trials. Try on these shoes, my brethren, and

see if they do not enable you to run without weariness, and without fainting. All earth can find their like, they are unrivalled, they make men like the angels, to whom duty is delight.

These gospel shoes are also an effectual preservative from all the ordinary roughnesses of the road of life, although to most of us it is far from smooth. He who expects to find a grassy walk all the way to heaven well mown and rolled, or looks for a highway levelled by a steam-roller, will be sorrowfully mistaken. The way is rugged, like the goat-tracks of Engedi, and oftentimes so narrow and so far on high that the eagle's eye cannot discern it; the blood of former pilgrims stains the way to glory; yet from all perils to our feet the preparation of the gospel of peace will guard us, from fears within and fightings without gospel peace will surely deliver us. Perhaps we are more vexed with little trials than with great ones, certainly we bear them with far less equanimity; but a peaceful heart protects alike from tiny thorns and terrible rocks. Everyday vexations as well as extraordinary tribulations we shall bear cheerfully when the peace of God keeps our heart and mind.

Beloved, this shoe is also good for climbing. Do you ever practise the holy art of spiritual climbing, God's blessed Spirit leading the way? Do you ever climb Mount Tabor to be transfigured with your Master? Have you watched with him one hour, and seen his conflict and his victory? Have you ever looked from Pisgah's glorious heights upon the goodly land and Lebanon, anticipating the glory to be revealed? Has your spirit ever been away there alone in mysterious communings with God upon the Hermons? I trust you know what climbing work means, and that you have enjoyed rapt ecstatic fellowship with Jesus Christ; but of this I am sure, you can never

mount on high if your feet are not shod with the peace of God. Unshod with these sacred sandals, there is no climbing. Only those who delight themselves in the Lord God shall ascend the hill of the Lord and stand in his holy place.

The heart prepared by peace with God is shod suitably for running as well as climbing. There are periods when all our energies must be put forth, and we must rush forward at the heroic pace, for at certain passages in life's campaign things must be carried by storm, and every faculty must dash forward at its swiftest speed. We cannot at all times keep up the swiftness, which, nevertheless, is occasionally required of us, but the man for a push and a dash is he whose soul abides in peace. Troubled in heart our foot is blistered, our knee is weak, and our movements are painfully slow, but the joy of the Lord is our strength, and in the power of it we become like Asahel, fleet of foot as a young roe. Try on these shoes, my limping brother! What say you?

Lastly, this shoe is good for fighting; and that I gather from Paul having put it among the armour. In the old style, fighting meant hand to hand and foot to foot, and then it was needful for the feet to be well protected, and indeed so well covered over as to be useful in assault, for the warriors spurred with their feet as well as smote with their hands, and many a foe was placed hors de combat with a heavy kick. Christian men are expected to fight with their feet in the battle against sin and Satan, indeed they must fight with all their powers and faculties. That grand promise has been given us, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." What a tread we will give him when we once have the opportunity! We shall need to have our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace to break that old dragon's

head, and grind his snares to powder, and, God helping us, we shall do it. Our covenant-head has trampled on the old serpent, and so shall all his members.

Let this suffice concerning these shoes; but a serious question suggests itself to me. Are there not some of you who have to travel to eternity, and yet have no shoes for the journey? How can the unconverted man hope to reach heaven when he has no shoe to his foot? How will he bear the

troubles of life, the temptations of the flesh, and the trials of death? I pray you unconverted ones look at yourselves; and at the way, and see how impossible it is for you to accomplish the journey unless you go to Jesus and obtain from him the grace which will make you pilgrims to glory. Go, I pray you, and find peace in him, and then your life-journey shall be happy and safe, and the end eternal joy, for your feet will be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.



### CHRIST OUR ALL AND ALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN, "JUST AS I AM."

I need no other plea,  
 With which to approach my God,  
 Than His own mercy, boundless, free,  
 Through Christ on man bestowed;  
 A Father's love, a Father's care,  
 Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest  
 Than the one High Priest above:  
 His intercession ne'er has ceased  
 Since I first knew His love;  
 Through that my faith shall never fail.  
 Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear  
 In which to pour my prayer;  
 My great High Priest is ever near,  
 On Him I cast my care;  
 To Him, Him only, I confess,  
 Who only can absolve and bless.

I need no prayers to saints,  
 Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines;  
 Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,  
 Yet still sore burdened, pines;  
 Christ's service yields my soul delight,  
 Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book  
 To guide my steps to Heaven,  
 Than that on which I daily look,  
 By God's own Spirit given;  
 And this, when He illumes our eyes,  
 "Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no priestly mass,  
 No purgatorial fires  
 My soul to anneal, my guilt to efface,  
 When this brief life expires;  
 Christ died my eternal life to win,  
 His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,  
 I urge no other claim;  
 Than His imputed righteousness;  
 In Him complete I am;  
 Heaven's portals at that word fly wide  
 No passport do I need beside.

### THE THREE CALLS.

#### FIRST CALL.

"Oh! slumberer, 'rouse thee! Despise not the truth  
 Give, give thy Creator the days of thy youth—  
 Why standest thou idle? The day breaketh, see!  
 The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee!"

REPLY—"Sweetest Spirit, by thy power,  
 Grant me yet another hour;  
 Earthly pleasures I would prove,  
 Earthly joy and earthly love—  
 Scarcely yet hath dawned the day—  
 Sweetest Spirit, wait, I pray!"

#### SECOND CALL (Sixth and Ninth Hours.)

"Oh! loiterer, 'rouse thee! the morn wears apace,  
 Then squander no longer thy moments of grace;  
 But haste, while there's time—with thy master agree.  
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee!"

REPLY—"Gentle Spirit, prithee stay;  
 Brightly beams the early day,  
 Let me linger in these bowers,  
 God shall have my noontide hours—  
 Chide me not for my delay—  
 Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray!"



## THIRD CALL (Eleventh Hour.)

"Oh, Sinner, arouse thee, thy morning has past,  
 Already the shadows are lengthening fast;  
 Escape for thy life! from the dark mountain flee:  
 The Lord of the vineyard yet waiteth for thee!"

REPLY—"Spirit, cease thy mournful lay—  
 Leave me to myself, I pray,  
 Earth hath flung her spell around me,  
 Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me,  
 Whon the sun his path hath trod,  
 Spirit, THEN I'll turn to God."

Hark! borne on the breeze is the bell's solemn toll  
 'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul,  
 Of a soul that despised the deep teachings of truth,  
 And gave to the world the last hours of its youth.  
 The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings are o'er;  
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting NO MORE.

## WHICH IS YOUR CHOICE?

It is good to have riches, if with them is given,  
 A heart to serve God, in their stewardship well,  
 But I'd rather tramp, begging, half-starving to Heaven,  
 Than rolling in riches, ride softly to Hell.

It is good to have genius in art or in story,  
 If grace corresponding the Maker bestow;  
 But I'd rather as rushlight light sinners to glory,  
 Than sunlike with brightness lure sinners to woe.

It is good when a subject deserving, though simple,  
 Receives kingly gifts, a magnificent share;  
 But I'd rather keep door in God's lowliest temple,  
 Than be petted by princes, and die in despair.

It is good to be famed, if with this satisfaction,  
 The fame make us happy and none other sad,  
 But I'd rather know of my single good action,  
 Than nations should fame me for many ones bad.

It is good to have power and a princely position,  
 When God has bestowed them and wisdom on one;  
 But I'd rather serve God in a peasant's condition,  
 Than crowned by the devil, preside on a throne.

It is good to have courage, when banded oppression  
 Would force us to slavery, bereavement, and pains,  
 But I'd rather the triumph o'er one evil passion,  
 Than conquer a nation and bind it in chains.

It is good when life's highway is prosperous and even,  
 And safe from affliction we peacefully dwell,  
 But I'd rather God's spear-point shall raise me to Heaven,  
 Than Beelzebub's bosom convey me to Hell.

*Owen Sound.*

A. N.

### PISGAH VIEWS.

When Isreal's seed reached Moab's plains,  
 Beside the Jordan's flood,  
 Beyond which lay their wand'rings' end—  
 The promised land—the good;  
 Most urgently their leader prayed  
 The Lord that He would let  
 Him with them pass o'er, and at length on the shore  
 Of Canaan his foot set.

'Twas natural that after he  
 Had forty years them led,  
 Their suff'rings shared while wand'ring in  
 That wilderness so dread;  
 And had so often been by griefs,  
 And cares, and fears oppressed,  
 Should most strongly wish the way's end to reach,  
 And share with them their rest.

His pleading was in vain, for he  
 The Lord had honoured not  
 At Meribah, when he the rock  
 Twice in his fury smote.  
 Yet, promised him the Lord, in love,  
 That he the glorious land  
 From afar should see, although on it he  
 Should not a moment stand.

Then, Moses, when the Lord him bade  
 Go up to Pisgah's top,  
 Climbed cheerfully the rugged steep,  
 Without a staff or prop.  
 Though six score years he'd seen, he still  
 Unconquered was by time;  
 He was as strong-limbed, and of sight as undimmed,  
 As he was in his prime.

From that lone height, the Lord him showed  
 A beauteous scene below—  
 Mounts, vales, woods, cities, fields and floods—  
 Far as his glance could go.

Moses, o'erjoyed, saw where the vine  
 God had from Egypt brought,  
 Was soon to take root, although his own foot  
 Was ne'er to touch the spot.

Here, often to His own a glimpse  
 The Lord pleased to impart,  
 Of glory which their portion shall  
 Be when they hence depart,  
 At times, so dazzled are they by  
 The brightness of its rays,  
 That they cry, "Lord, stay thine hand, I thee pray,  
 I'm but an earthen vase."

We're wont to say that Moses-like  
 They've had a Pisgah view—  
 But truly a wide difference  
 There is between the two;  
 Moses, from far, beheld the ground  
 His foot was ne'er to press,  
 A glimpse have they of the bliss which, one day,  
 They shall in full possess.

The bride rejoices when she sees,  
 Far off, her future home,  
 But hopes for joy still greater when  
 To it she shall have come.  
 So, greatly joy Christ's own when He  
 Reveals here to faith's eye,  
 But a passing glance of th' inheritance  
 Awaiting them on high.

O Lord! midst all our suff'rings here,  
 Our toils, griefs, doubts, and fears,  
 Enable us th' unseen to view,  
 And not that which appears.  
 And when to all things here below,  
 A length we've bid farewell,  
 Our lot may it be, in glory with thee,  
 For evermore to dwell.

*Metis, Que.*

T. F.

NOTES.—"The vine God had from Egypt brought."—See Psalm lxxx., 8-16. "Lord, stay Thine hand."—An eminent Christian had once such a clear view of future glory, that he was heard exclaiming, "Lord, stay Thine hand! It is more than I can bear; Thy servant is but a clay vessel." "The bride rejoices."—The Union between Christ and His Church is in many passages of Scripture represented under the figure of the marriage relationship. But further, Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, says of believers that they are married to Christ (Romans vii., 4); to the Corinthian converts he says: "I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." (2 Corinth. xi., 2.) "Our lot may it be."—"Thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." Daniel xii., 13.

## Christian Thought.

WHAT HAS INFIDELITY DONE ?

(*Boston Christian.*)

Scepticism, infidelity, false religion, and no religion at all, have had time enough and opportunity enough to do something besides boast, and ought ere this, to be able to show some substantial results; some progress that could be cited as proof of the utility of such teachings and the excellence of such inspirations. Infidelity has long railed at Christianity;—let it plead now its own cause. What has it ever done for the world, even in the realm of material benefits? What countries has it discovered? What lands has it settled? What governments has it established? What cities has it builded? What inventions has it produced? What poets has it inspired? What missionaries has it sent forth? What savages has it civilized? What schools has it established? What colleges has it founded? What hospitals has it erected? What charities has it fostered? What statesmen, orators, and patriots, and examples, and heroes, has it produced?

What is the record of infidelity with all her boasts of wisdom and of power? Can she name a Columbus, or a Livingstone? A Bacon or a Galileo? A Shakespeare or a Milton? A Fulton or a Morse? A Whitefield or a Wesley? Where are her Penns and her Washingtons?—her pilgrim fathers and her patriot sires? Where is her Plymouth Rock, around which nations stand uncovered?—her sacred tombs where her martyrs' ashes repose? What has infidelity *done*? Where are her cities, her empires, her conquests, her triumphs, her works of art, her discoveries in science? Has she written

poems? Who has read them? Has she chanted hymns? Who has sung them.

"Infidelity has no hymn books, sings no hymns, enjoys no visions of a better life than this. Christians sing of an eternal home. They lift their eyes to the heavenly hills, whence cometh their help. They exult in prospect of a certain inheritance where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death are never known. But the infidel cannot frame a hymn of praise about his vague nowhere! Non-existence invites no song, stirs no affection, enlarges no capacity of the soul. What a poor miserable theory is that which opens no bright hereafter, claims no life and joy beyond the grave; and instead of praises and thanksgivings, utters nothing better than murmurs and criticisms from the cradle to the grave!"

The great doers in history have been men of great faith in God; men whose eyes have been anointed to see invisible things, and behold eternal glories. Compared with them, infidels with all their boasting are as ciphers in the world—their unbelief a mere negation, their hearts without inspiration, their legions a routed rabble, without guide or head, without aim and hope, mere camp-followers in the great warfare of life. After faith has fought the battle, infidelity comes and claims the spoils. After faith has founded an asylum for the oppressed, infidelity comes and struts through it, and boasts of her liberty. After faith has constructed a society, infidelity digs, and roots, and decays, and rots, and burns, and tears down the fairest creations of faith and hope and love. After faith has planted the tree and produced the apple, infidelity gnaws a

hole in the middle, eats out its heart, and claims it as a home. Faith builds; infidelity destroys. Faith plants; infidelity uproots. The Bible fully believed and obeyed would make any community happy, prosperous, and peaceful; infidelity carried to its legitimate conclusions, would break up families, subvert society, blast civilization, paralyze industry, and ruin the world. And if infidelity is worthless in life, what is it in death? What martyr names can it record? What death triumphs can it celebrate? What light plays above the skeptic's tomb? What glory lights the great and glad beyond? Near the end of his days, the profligate Byron wrote:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruit of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone."

Near the close of his life Paul wrote, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day." Which is the better, the infidel's despair or the Christian's hope? Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God serve him. But if Baal then serve him.

### PETER'S QUESTION.

BY BISHOP CUMMINS.

Peter's question is abroad in the world to-day, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" it is the burthen of many a wearied soul; of unnumbered human hearts. We are all sufferers from the consequences of sin. It is an idle speculation to ask how and why these evils have come upon us; it is sufficient that they stare us in the face. The human soul is a sad wreck of

what it was when it came fresh from the hands of its Creator. Our hearts are sick by reason of the sin that is around us; our lives are unsound; our homes are full of evil. We see it in the very shadows upon the faces of children. Our greatest, most imperative want is a cure for this awful disease. How can the ruin be repaired, the fragments of this once grand building be placed together? We stand like the Israelites before the rock in the wilderness, asking who shall strike it that the water may gush out, and slake the thirst of our souls. The air is filled with farewells to the dying and wailings for the dead. We are all asking for light, for knowledge, for guidance, for hope, for comfort and peace. To whom shall we go? Two opposing systems chiefly demand the attention of the present age, one an infallible science, the other an infallible Church. Infallible science, or Positivism, rejects all that is supernatural or beyond the reach of human reason or natural laws. Its advocates say this is the age in which physical science has just reached its full manhood, when science is our only guide to truth. They tell us this Cosmos has been self-developed by evolution, and that man is descended from the reptile or the worm, or from floating atoms. Like Democritus, many centuries ago they say that mind is but the perfection of matter, and that when the man dies the mind also perishes. It would be useless to attempt here to discuss all the teachings of this infallible science; it would require a lifetime. The task of doing so lies with others; it is the duty of the pulpit to fortify the faith of believers against the results of this system. How does it satisfy his cravings to be released from the blighting effects of sin? Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us God is a law, so, instead of our children clasping their little hands and saying "Our Father,"

they may clasp their hands and kneel to an unknown God. We ask them about the life beyond the grave but they give us no hope; all is black, cheerless, hopeless despair. John Stuart Mill, that wonderful logician and statesman, who loved his wife with such a wonderful intensity of affection, was unable to write over her grave a single word indicating a hope of ever meeting her in another world. The system which Spencer, Mill, Tyndall, and others have erected may be a grand imposing structure, but it is a palace of ice; it is unlike that great city, the holy Jerusalem, the twelve gates of which are twelve pearls, the streets of pure gold, which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. We come now to the other system which claims an infallible Church, and demands a blind, unreasoning submission to its authority. We must not investigate for ourselves. Believe the Church; don't go to the Bible for authority, but to the priests; they will interpret everything for you. A man cannot believe in this system without denying his reason. They say that Christ's love is communicated to the Church as to a vast reservoir, from which the priests convey it in channels to the people. There is not a particle of authority in God's word for this so-called apostolical system. It is a baseless fabric of human invention. Christ did not delegate His saving power to human hands or to any corporation, nor is the Holy Ghost to be communicated by the power of man. The Church has never been made a reservoir, nor the priesthood constituted the channel through which God's love is meted out to men. There is but one reservoir that we may go to, and the priests have no right to stand between Christ and the sinner. "If any man thirst," says Christ, "let him come to Me;" not to

the Church, not to the minister or the priest, but to Him who is the chief corner-stone of the Gospel. Who compose this infallible Church! Frail, fallible, sinful men, requiring themselves to be regenerated, washed from the stains of sin. "Through the Church to Christ" is the teaching of this infallible authority; "through Christ to the Church" is the sum of the doctrines held by all evangelical denominations. "Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." A monarch once asked a philosopher the question, What is God? The philosopher, after one day's consideration, asked for another day, and then for a second and a third. When, at the end of the third day, the monarch's question was repeated, the philosopher said, "The more I ask myself the question, the less do I feel able to answer it." Modern philosophy is in the same quandary. Ask Christ the question, and he says "God is a spirit." Ask Him as to His fatherhood, and He clasps His hands in the prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." Ask Him, as did the disciples, "Show us the Father," and He says, "I and my Father are one." Ask Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, if a man die shall he live again? They cannot answer, but Christ says, "I am the resurrection and the life." Borne down and wearied by the weight of your sins, you ask modern philosophy if there is rest for you beyond the grave. John Stuart Mill could not look forward to such a rest; he could hear no sound of heavenly music bursting on his ears. But Christ says to the tired sinner, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The immortal spirit panting for food is told, "I am the bread of life." Men and brethren, we have never before looked each other in the face. We have all the same sin-burdened hearts and guilty souls craving for life

and comfort, for purity and rest. What is all nature to us without Christ? The only light in nature is reflected from the face of Christ. What is philosophy to us without Christ? What is human progress, civilization, our business, our homes, our lives, without Christ? Any reforms in the Church to-day must come but in one way. We must build on no other foundation than that upon which it was established eighteen centuries ago; other foundation can no man lay. The bright flag that floats

over our camp must be emblazoned but with one name. It is not the name of justice; it is not benevolence, nor philanthropy, nor science, nor politics; it is not the Church, nor the Mother of Christ, nor the Apostles. It is the name of Christ himself, the great Head of the Church. It is Christ first, Christ last, Christ to the end; the only priest, the only sacrifice, the only hope of the Church. The crown that has been placed on other brows must be taken back, and Christ crowned Lord of all.

### Christian Life.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. WILLIAM GOODELL.

FIRST AMERICAN MISSIONARY TO CON-  
STANTINOPLE.

On the wall before me hangs the photograph of "The Bible Translators," Drs. Goodell, Schauffler, and Riggs. Ah, how many pleasant memories cluster around the dear, earnest face of Dr. William Goodell, the central figure in the picture. There was a magnetic influence, an inspiration in his very presence, that fascinated and charmed all who met him.

It was due to his naturally buoyant temperament, his perennial cheerfulness, his warm sympathies, united with his deep love to his Saviour, whose spirit he possessed in an eminent degree, that he had so much influence in the sphere where he labored. In his intercourse with those "who sat in darkness," his gentle, persuasive, and tender appeals were irresistible.

At the age of fifteen he went from his home, sixty miles on foot, with his trunk on his back, to Phillip's Academy in Andover. In 1817 he graduated a Dartmouth College, and

after pursuing a three years' course at the Theological Seminary, Andover, he was in 1820 accepted as a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and devoted some months to raising funds in the New England, Middle, and South-western States, visiting the Cherokee and Choctaw Missions.

He showed his originality in little things of every day life. As he was on his agency he chanced to go into the counting room of a wealthy merchant, who looked up as he entered the door. He did not say good morning or asked him to be seated, but abruptly said, "Humph! A beggar I suppose." "No," said Dr. Goodell, buoyantly, nothing daunted, "not a beggar, but a collector; I am informed you have some of my Lord's money in your hands, and I have come to collect a portion of the interest." "Nothing for you," was the surly reply. "Very well. I will go and tell my Master what you say. He is very patient and long-suffering," and left him. The next morning the merchant sent him two hundred dollars.

He was one day conversing with a Cherokee Indian girl in an elegant

drawing-room, when two or three fashionable ladies were ushered in. They evinced much surprise to see this poor Indian girl in familiar conversation with Dr. Goodell, which the doctor observing, said in the most cheering manner, "Ladies, shall I have the pleasure of introducing you to a King's daughter? A daughter of the King of kings!"

In 1831 he went as a missionary to Constantinople, commencing his labors with the Armenians, and afterwards other nationalities. He was a pioneer in that field, and had to encounter many fiery trials, but he went forward resolute in his purposes of "doing good."

After he had finished his Arabic translation of the whole Bible, he held a service for a few intelligent Armenians, where he explained to them the Scriptures, permitting them to ask questions.

In a letter he says, "I have often thought of that beautiful passage in Jeremiah, 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.' They swallow the truth by whole mouthfuls, like those who have been long famishing. Those who take notes do it for the purpose of communicating to others what they hear from us. They gather up the fragments and retail them; and as retailers, nobody in Constantinople carries on a brisker trade than they do. And the water they drink for their own refreshment becomes in them a 'well of living water,' springing up for refreshment of all their neighbours and friends."

In a letter from Constantinople, October 18, 1835, he describes an interesting conversation he had with Arab Ogloo, an Armenian, of fourscore and ten years, who lived in one of the villages on the banks of the beautiful Bosphorus, "His limbs shake," he says, "like those of one afflicted with

the palsy, and he cannot even take his coffee without drawing his knees up near his chin and grasping the cup between them with both hands. He knows he cannot live here long, and asks many questions about the other world with a serious and tender spirit. He inquired the meaning of 'our conversation and citizenship being in heaven.' I told him that during the Greek revolution many respectable families fled to Malta, lived there years, made no plans for permanent residence there, did not intermarry or amalgamate with the people, but were a clan by themselves. They were interested in the affairs of Greece, read everything published about the state of things there, laid out their money for houses and lands, made preparations to remove there with their families, hailed as a brother everyone who was a friend to Greece, and rejoiced in all the good news they heard from that country. They traded with it. They lived in Malta, but *their citizenship was in Greece*. All could say, 'That is my country; that is my home.' Just so should our citizenship be in heaven. And may we always dwell on heaven with a thousand times more interest and delight than they ever did on Greece."

Dr. Goodell used to say, "I have no idea of going to heaven crying." No one who has ever known him can forget his loud, hearty, ringing laugh. His room mate in the Andover Theological Seminary was Dr. Daniel Temple, who was naturally grave and sedate, and was afterwards a missionary to Malta. Mr. Temple once wrote to him:

"Dear brother Goodell, pardon me, but I think you laugh rather too much.

Yours, with Christian affection,

DANIEL TEMPLE."

Responding at once, Dr. Goodell wrote:



"Dear brother Temple, pardon me, but I am obliged to laugh for two.

Yours, fraternally,

"WILLIAM GOODELL."

In a letter dated July 23, 1862, he writes, "Dr. Hamlin is 'faint yet pursuing,' and is hoping to consume the apathy of the Turk by the all-consuming fire of his own spirit." He lived to see the enterprise for which his friend labored accomplished, and that moral lighthouse, Robert College, gleams out to-day a shining record of faith and prayer to the eyes of all nations as their vessels cut the waters of the Bosphorus.—*American Messenger*.

### GOOD FRUIT.

Unfriendly critics look with doubt upon Jewish converts to Christianity, and listen with incredulity when we speak of them becoming, in their turn, useful ministers of the Gospel to the Gentiles. Yet many instances could be given. One has recently been brought in an interesting manner under our notice. In the *Jewish Herald* for 1859, p. 86, there is an account of the baptism, at Dalston, London, by the Rev. John Wilkinson, of a young Pole, who had been sent to England by his relatives to escape the conscription. At Brigg, in Lincolnshire, he met with Christian kindness, and was for the first time taught of Jesus. There Mr. Wilkinson met with him, and after removing his difficulties and giving him further instruction, the young convert gave his heart and life to Christ and His service. It is interesting now to recall some of the words he then spoke in his account of his religious history. He said: "On my arrival in Hull I had only twelve or fourteen shillings left, did not know a single individual, neither could I speak one word of the English language. While standing

in the market place, in this desolate state, scarcely knowing what to do, a Jew, a fellow-countryman, passed by me, and when I spoke to him, he said he would just take his work home to his master, then return to me, and take me with him to his lodging. When I reached his lodging, I found that his landlady came from the same part of Poland as myself, and knew me well. I was persuaded to spend my few shillings upon a box, but not having been accustomed to this sort of life, it did not answer; so I left Hull for Brigg, and obtained employment as a tailor, at very small wages. It was soon known in the town that a young Pole had come to live there, but it was not known for some time that I was a Hebrew; this I tried to keep a strict secret, lest I should suffer persecution. There worked in the same shop a young man who was a follower of the Lord Jesus: he asked me if I should like to accompany him to the Sabbath School, and as I did not know what sort of a place it was, I went. It was here I first heard the name of Jesus as the Saviour of the world. I became a scholar in the lowest class, by God's blessing on the kindness of friends soon passed on to the top class, and have since become a teacher. Amongst the friends connected with the school, the Misses B. have, by their Christian kindness, laid me under obligations to them for life. They invited me to their house, but for some time I dare not tell them I was a Jew. One night, however, they asked if I should like a Polish Bible, for they feared I might lose my native language. I could not read Polish, I could only read Hebrew, so that I felt embarrassed, and remained silent. They saw me look sad, and urged me to tell them the cause, so I resolved that they should know all about it; and when they were altogether, I told them, through a flood of tears, that I

was by birth a Hebrew. The ladies wept with me, and told me they would treat me as kindly as ever, which greatly comforted me. Like followers of the Lord Jesus, they soon pointed me to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and tried to prove to me that Jesus is the promised Messiah. Other Christian friends were also very kind to me. In course of time, the Rev. John Wilkinson, whom my friends had talked about as a great friend of the Jews, came to Brigg to give a lecture on the conversion of the Jews. I met him at the railway station, made myself known to him, and he further extended to me the Hebrew Scripture, and cleared away many of my difficulties, and has kindly written to me several letters since. The prayerful concern of Christian friends for my salvation has not been in vain, for the Lord has been pleased to show me the way of salvation through Christ Jesus; and now, when I look back, I can see that it was the hand of God that led me, for when I was in darkness, He brought me to see the Light of the Gospel, which is Jesus Christ; and now, by the help of God, I would confess Him before the world as the Messiah and my own Saviour. I trust it will ever be my delight to do His will. In the course of a few weeks, I expect to sail with many Christian friends to New Zealand, and ask an interest in the prayers of this congregation, that I may have grace to adorn my Christian profession, and ever keep looking for the mercy of God unto eternal life

through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now, after fifteen years, we find this convert a well-known Christian minister in Australia, with a new church at Bathurst. Three columns of the *Western Independent*, of July 31st, are devoted to an account of the opening services. The church accommodates 400 persons, and has been erected at a cost of £1,732. The services were participated in by several influential ministers and gentlemen. At the meeting held in the evening, addresses were given by Mr. Halliday, Mayor of Bathurst; J. R. Fairfax, son of Mr. John Fairfax, of the Sydney *Morning Herald*; Revs. Canon Smith, Dr. Geekie, T. Johnson, and J. Graham, of Sydney. And in the course of his address Mr. Graham thus referred to our dear brother, the pastor, Rev. S. I. Green: "He congratulated the congregation that they had secured so staunch, so loving, and so kind a man as Mr. Green as their pastor; one who never feared contamination from sin, but who would sit down in the very midst of it, if thereby he could reach and reclaim a fallen brother; and they all wished from the bottom of their hearts that God would bless his labours, and that his people would relieve him from all worldly cares possible, lest his delicate and sensitive nature should sink and die before his holy mission were accomplished." We heartily wish Mr. Green God-speed in his work, and trust that friends here and in Australia will soon relieve the new edifice from the burden of debt.

J. MILLER.

### Christian Work.

#### CANADA.

There is no Christian enterprise in Canada at present, more important than the work of giving the gospel by

primer, press, and pulpit, to the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada. On the success of this work hangs not simply spiritual issues, as in the ordinary cases, but issues civil and political.

social and material, affecting Catholics and Protestants for this generation and for generations yet unborn. The Rev. Charles Chiniquy understands this matter better than any man in Canada. He knows Popery in its height, and in its depths; and he knows Protestantism in its height and in its shades, and thus speaks of the business at the recent annual meeting (the 36th) of the French Canadian Missionary Society. "It seems to me at times," said Mr. Chiniquy, "that God would not let him go to his grave until he had seen the downfall of Popery in Lower Canada. The signs of the times showed that the fetters on his enslaved fellow-countrymen would be broken. Fifty years ago he had visited the Plains of Abraham for the first time, and had wept because of the victory won by the British over his countrymen at that place. He then could not understand the reason of it, but he knew well now. It was to conquer Canada for Christ. That was left in our hands to do. It was a more glorious conquest than that won on the bloody day when Quebec was taken. We must not count the cost; but, with Christ as our captain, go forth and not give up till the battle is won. Previous to the meeting he had had a vision. In it he saw that a poor, illy-clad girl was knocking at his door, crying for admission, that she was starving, the while the cold was fast freezing her blood. He tried to open the door, but could not find the key. He tried to find it, but could not, while the child called to him to haste or she would die. Then a voice told him to take his gold watch and with it unlock the door. He tried, and to his surprise the watch fitted the lock, and the door opened and he clasped to his bosom the child who was his sister, who had been lost to him many years ago. He then placed the watch on the collection plate, saying that it might be instrumental in saving some

soul to Christ, and after his vision he could not keep it."

The work of the society, as reported at this meeting, seems to carry one back to the early days of Christianity in Palestine. As with the early Christians, so in Canada the conflict is not with heathenism, but with a corrupt church. As then, so now the work is carried on in obscurity, and in apparent feebleness, but wisely and persistently; more in the fashion of sappers and miners than in the open equal-handed contest of the pitched battle. As in the early days of Christian mission, so now in the Province of Quebec; the friends of truth sow the seed in this centre and in that, believing that like leaven hid in the meal, the truth will work towards the surface and the circumference in process of time. To people who have studied the history of Christianity, and who have noted the great issues that have come from small beginnings, will read with interest these statements following, made in the annual report:

Rev. Mr. Cote, from Saguenay, reports that although encouraged in the work, he had been recently met with most determined and bitter opposition from the Romish priests in that section; they had from the pulpit denounced him, and warned their people not to admit him into their houses, or to hear him preach, and yet they could not hinder their people from both receiving him kindly, and often coming to hear him preach the gospel. The people say that the bitterness of their priests only lessens their confidence in them. Chicoutimi, the centre of his field of labor, has a church, a day-school containing 20 scholars, of whom six are Roman Catholics, also a Sunday-school with about the same number of children. There are twelve Protestant families, about fifty persons attend preaching, twelve of whom are members of the church. Grand Bay station contains twelve

Protestant families, twenty people attend our preaching, eight of these are members of the church. Lake St. John's station has eight Protestant families, thirty persons attend preaching, but no church at this station. At present they were endeavoring to establish a Protestant school.

Rev. Joseph Vessot, of Joliette, reports that during the past year he had been able to minister to the spiritual wants of from thirty to forty persons, who had regularly attended the public services. There are now in Joliette twelve Protestant families, numbering sixty-three persons; of these seventeen are members of the church, eighteen children attend the Sunday-school, partly directed by Mrs. Gilmour and myself, and fourteen the day school, under the care of Miss Lucas, highly qualified for teaching and holding a model diploma from the McGill Norman School of Montreal.

Rev. Mr. Vernon, of Montreal, reports that—"The church in this city has suffered greatly from removals, and other causes have tended to weaken the cause, yet thirty or forty members continue faithful to the Lord, and still adhere to our church. The congregation usually varies from fifty to two hundred, the people being dispersed in all parts of the city, and some outside of it. When the weather is cold or stormy, the attendance at the public service is not large. About thirty children attend the Sunday-school.

Rev. R. P. Duclos, of St. Hyacinthe, reports that—"The year has been marked by considerable increase both in the congregation, the Church and the district school. The Church has been regularly organized, and the meetings were well attended, and it is no uncommon thing to see from ten to thirty Roman Catholics present. There are twenty-five members and a congregation of about seventy-five. Young girls have been taken from the

nunnery in this town and placed under his care, and are now being taught in the school."

Rev. J. Mathieu, of Grenville, reports that there are forty-five families connected with his station, and that regular services are held at Grenville and Belle River with congregations of forty and twenty-five respectively. Two members had been added to the church at Grenville during the year. The largest number of pupils at the mission was forty-three, twenty-one being children of Roman Catholics, fifteen of Protestants, and seven of converts. The largest number of children at the Sabbath-school was twenty.

We cordially commend this society to the sympathy and liberality of our readers. In sustaining the hands of these men, we are in reality defending our own heritage of civil and religious liberty, which can never be safe with Jesuitism Supreme in the Province of Quebec.

#### ENGLAND.

It was once said that all the roads in the world led to Rome. That may be said of London in our day. But if roads end there, so also do they start from there. Who can estimate the influence for good and evil that radiates from the capital of the British Empire, to all the ends of the earth. Here is a remarkable instance of the power one good man can exercise. We give the story in his own words, somewhat abridged, as we find it in the *Sword and Trowel*, for January:—

"For twenty years Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster have issued one of my sermons weekly without cessation; indeed, they have done more, for the number published has been five for every month of the twenty years, and has now reached 1,200. In the *Baptist Messenger* a sermon has been inserted every month during the same

time, making 240 more; 34 in addition have appeared in three volumes of the *Pulpit Library*, and 16 in *Types and Emblems*. I do not feel that I may allow the twenty years to close without a few words of thanksgiving. The fear of being thought egotistical does not so much affect me as the graver danger of being ungratefully silent. I am inexpressibly thankful to the God of infinite love, and if I did not give my thanks expression, the boards of my pulpit might well cry out against me. Life has been spared, strength has been continued, and power to interest the people has been afforded, together with higher and more spiritual blessings, whose preciousness and number must of necessity move the heart of any man who is the recipient of them, if he be not utterly graceless. 'The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'

"Before I had ever entered a pulpit, the thought had occurred to me that I should one day preach sermons which would be printed. While reading the penny sermons of Joseph Irons, which were great favourites with me, I conceived in my heart that one day I should have a penny pulpit of my own. The dream has come to pass. In the year 1854 several of my sermons appeared in Mr. Paul's *Penny Pulpit*, and in the *Baptist Messenger*, but they were not regularly reported. There was, however, so good a demand for them, that the notion of occasional publication was indulged, but with no idea of continuance week by week for a lengthened period; that came to pass as a development and a growth. With much fear and trembling my consent was given to the proposal of my present worthy publishers to commence the regular weekly publication of a sermon. We began with the sermon for January 7, 1855, upon the text, 'I am the Lord, I change not,' (Mal. iii. 6), and now after twenty years it is a glad thing to be able to say, 'having

obtained help of God I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great.' How many *Penny Pulpits* have been set up and pulled down in the course of these twenty years it would be hard to tell; certainly, very many attempts have been made to publish weekly the sermons of most eminent men, and they have all run to their end with more or less rapidity, in some cases through the preacher's ill-health or death, but in several others, to my knowledge, from an insufficient sale. Perhaps the discourses were too good: the public evidently did not think them too interesting. Those who know what dull reading sermons are usually supposed to be, will count that man happy who has for a score of years been favoured with a circle of willing supporters, who not only purchase, but actually *read* his discourses. I am more astonished at the fact than any other man can possibly be, and I see no other reason for it but this—the sermons contain the gospel, preached in plain language, and this is precisely what multitudes need beyond anything else. The gospel, ever fresh and ever new, has held my vast congregation together these many long years, and the same power has kept around me a host of readers. 'Whosoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together.' A French farmer, when accused of witchcraft by his neighbours, because his crops were so large, exhibited his industrious sons, his laborious ox, his spade, and his plough, as the only witchcraft which he had used, and, under the divine blessing, I can only ascribe the continued acceptableness of the sermons to the gospel which they contain, and the plainness of the speech in which that gospel is uttered.

"The first seven volumes were printed in small type, and the sermons formed only eight pages, but the abolition of the paper duty enabled the publishers to give a more readable

type and twelve pages of matter. This has been better in every way, and marks an epoch in the history of the sermons, for their name was at about the same period changed from the 'New Park Street' to the 'Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit,' and their sale was largely increased. Constant habit enables the preacher to give generally the same amount of matter on each occasion, the very slight variation almost surprises himself; from forty to forty-five minutes speaking exactly fills the space, and saves the labour of additions, and the still more difficult task of cutting down. The earlier sermons, owing to my constant wanderings abroad, received scarcely any revision, and consequently they abound in colloquialisms, and other offences, very venial in extempore discourse, but scarcely tolerable in print; the later specimens are more carefully corrected, and the work of revision has been a very useful exercise to me, supplying in great measure that training in correct language which is obtained by those who write their productions before they deliver them. The labour has been far greater than some suppose, and has usually occupied the best hours of Monday, and involved the burning of no inconsiderable portion of midnight oil. Feeling that I had a constituency well deserving my best efforts, I have never grudged the hours, though often the brain has been wearied, and the pleasure has hardened into a task.

"Our place of meeting at New Park Street only sufficed us for six weeks after the publication of the 'Pulpit,' and the platform at Exeter Hall was occupied till June of the same year, when, the chapel having been enlarged, the congregation returned to its own abode, to be there crowded, inconvenienced, and almost suffocated for another twelve months, till at last in June, 1856, Exeter Hall was again occupied in the evening and the chapel

in the morning. This arrangement continued till, in October, 1856, the great hall in Surrey Gardens was by a remarkable providence prepared for our use. This was indeed so, for its main use and benefit to any one in any sense, until it was turned into an hospital, was connected with our occupation of it. Even at this distance of time I dare not trust myself to write upon the deadly horror which passed over my soul during the calamitous panic which brought to a speedy end the first service in that place: but God marvellously overruled the sad event for his own glory, leading vast numbers of all ranks to besiege the edifice, and crowd it continually. So far as the printed sermons were concerned, it opened for them a far wider door than before. At the Surrey Gardens the assembly gathered in undiminished numbers till December, 1859, when, owing to the resolution of the directors of the gardens to open them on the Lord's day for music, we refused to contribute to their funds by hiring their hall, and left the place to pay a third visit to Exeter Hall; not however, without deep regret at the loss of so convenient a meeting-place, where thousands had found the Saviour. At Exeter Hall the services were continued till April, 1861, when the funds having been gathered, the Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened, free of debt, and there the congregation has continued ever since, with the slight intermission of an excursion to the Agricultural Hall during necessary repairs. From a few hundreds the audience has grown to 6,000, and the sermons issued weekly have increased proportionably.

"Several sermons in the series have attained a remarkable circulation, but probably the principal one is that upon Baptismal Regeneration. It was delivered with the full expectation that the sale of the sermons would receive very serious injury; in fact, I men-

tioned to one of the publishers that I was about to destroy it at a single blow, but that the blow must be struck, cost what it might, for the burden of the Lord lay heavy upon me, and I must deliver my soul. I deliberately counted the cost, and reckoned upon the loss of many an ardent friend and helper, and I expected the assaults of clever and angry foes. I was not mistaken in other respects, but in the matter of the sermons I was altogether out of my reckoning, for they increased greatly in sale at once. That fact was not in any degree to me a test of the right or wrong of my action; I should have felt as well content in heart as I am now as to the rightness of my course had the publication ceased in consequence; but still it was satisfactory to find that though speaking out might lose a man some friends, it secured him many others, and if it overturned his influence in one direction, it would be compensated elsewhere. No truth is more sure than this, that the path of duty is to be followed thoroughly if peace of mind is to be enjoyed. Results are not to be looked at; we are to keep our conscience clear, come what may, and all considerations of influence and public estimation are to be light as feathers in the scale. In minor matters as well as more important concerns I have spoken my mind fearlessly, and brought down objurgations and anathemas innumerable, but I in nowise regret it, and shall not swerve from the use of outspoken speech in the future, any more than in the past. I would scorn to retain a single adherent by such silence as would leave him under misapprehension. After all, men love plain speech.

"It would not be seemly for me to tell of the scores of persons who have informed me of their being led to faith in Jesus by single sermons which appear in the twenty volumes, but there are discourses among them of which I

may say, without exaggeration, that the Holy Spirit blessed them to the conversion of hundreds; and long after their delivery fresh instances of their usefulness come to light, and are still being brought under our notice. Seldom does a day pass, and certainly never a week, for some years past, without letters from all sorts of places, even at the utmost ends of the earth, declaring the salvation of souls by the means of one or other of the sermons. The price is so small that the sermons are readily procured, and in wonderful condescension the Lord sends the Holy Spirit to work through them. To God be all the glory.

"Many singular things have happened in connection with their publication, but the most of them have escaped my memory; the following, however, I may mention. One brother whose name I must not mention, purchased and gave away no less than 250,000 copies. He had volumes bound in the best style, and presented to every crowned head in Europe. He gave copies containing twelve sermons to all the students of the universities, and to all the members of the two houses of parliament, and he even commenced the work of distributing volumes to the principal householders in the towns of Ireland. May the good results of his laborious seed-sowing be seen many days hence; the self-denial with which this brother saved the expense from a very limited income, and worked personally in the distribution, was beyond all praise; but praise was evaded and observation dreaded by him; the work was done without his left hand knowing what his right hand did.

"In the first days of our publishing, a city merchant advertised them in all sorts of papers, offering to supply them from his own office. He thus sold large quantities to persons who might otherwise never have heard of them. He was not a Baptist, but

held the views of the Society of Friends. It was very long before I knew who he was, and I trust he will pardon me for here mentioning a deed for which I shall ever feel grateful to him."

"By my permission, the sermons were printed *as advertisements* in several of the Australian papers: one gentleman spending week by week a sum which we scarcely dare to mention, lest it should not be believed. By this means they were read far away in the bush, and never were results more manifest, for numbers of letters were received in answer to the enquiry as to whether the advertisements should be continued, all bearing testimony to the good accomplished by their being inserted in the newspapers. A selection of these letters was sent to me, and made my heart leap for joy, for they detailed conversions marvellous indeed. Besides these, many epistles come to us of like character, showing that the rough dwellers in the wilds were glad to find in their secular paper the best of all news, the story of pardon bought with blood.

"In America, the sale of the edition published there was extremely large, and I believe that it still continues, but dozens of religious papers appropriate the sermons bodily, and therefore it is quite impossible to tell where they go, or rather where they do not go. Of translations the Dutch have been most plentiful, making large volumes. An edition of two volumes of selected sermons has been circulated in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope among the Dutch settlers of that region. In German there are three noble volumes, besides many smaller ones. German publishers, with the exception of Mr. Oncken, of Hamburg, seldom have the courtesy to send the author a copy, and I have picked up in divers places sermons bearing the date from Baden, Basel, Carlsruhe,

Ludwigsburg, and so on. How many therefore, may have been sold in Germany I am unable to compute. In French several new volumes have appeared. In Welsh and Italian one volume each. In Sweden a handsome edition in four volumes has been largely circulated, and the translator informed me of the conversion of some of noble and even royal birth through their perusal. Besides these there are single sermons in Spanish, Gaelic, Danish, Russ, Maori, Telugu, and some other tongues, and permission has been sought and gladly given for the production of a volume in the language of Hungary. For all these opportunities of speaking to the different races of mankind, I cannot but be thankful to God, neither can I refrain from asking the prayers of God's people that the gospel thus widely scattered may not be in vain."

"Brethren in the ministry will best be able to judge the mental wear and tear involved in printing one sermon a week, and they will best sympathise in the overflowing gratitude which reviews twenty years of sermons, and magnifies the God of grace for help so long continued. 'The quarry of Holy Scripture is inexhaustible. I seem hardly to have begun to work in it; but the selection of the next block, and the consideration as to how to work it into form, are matters not so easy as some think. Those who count preaching and its needful preparations to be slight matters have never occupied a pulpit continuously month after month, or they would know better. Chief of all is the responsibility which the preaching of the Word involves; I do not wish to feel this less heavily, rather would I fain feel it more, but it enters largely into the account of a minister's life-work, and tells upon him more than any other part of his mission. Let those preach lightly who dare do so, to me it is the burden of the Lord, — joyfully carried as grace is given,



but still a burden which at times crushes my whole manhood into the dust of humiliation, and occasionally, when ill-health unites with the mental strain, into depression and anguish of heart."

"However, let no man mistake me. I would sooner have my work to do than any other under the sun. Preaching Jesus Christ is sweet work, joyful work, heavenly work. Whitefield used to call his pulpit his throne, and those who know the bliss of forgetting everything besides the glorious, all-absorbing topic of Christ crucified, will bear witness that the term was aptly used. It is a bath in the waters of Paradise to preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Scarcely is it possible for a man, this side the grave, to be nearer heaven than is a preacher when his Master's presence bears him right away from every care and thought, save the one business in hand, and that the greatest that ever occupied a creature's mind and heart. No tongue can tell the amount of happiness which I have enjoyed in delivering these twenty years of sermons, and so, gentle reader, forgive me if I have wearied you with this grateful record, for I could not refrain from inviting others to aid me in praising my gracious Master. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

Mr. Moody continues his work in England after the same calm, strong fashion, and with increasing success as far as crowds (and something more than crowds) testify. Of the work in Manchester, an Episcopal clergyman thus writes the *London Christian*.

"One of the most noteworthy features in the movement has been the Sunday morning meeting for workers. Three Sundays running I have made my way into the Free Trade Hall, to his meeting; and I must say it was

a sight which I could scarcely realize, to see—on these bitterly cold, dark, foggy mornings: the streets all frozen, and walking almost dangerous—to see the people stealing by twos and threes, and by fours and fives, out of the back streets and courts, making their way to a religious service! And still more strange was the sight, when long before eight, the hour for commencing, one saw that vast hall and its galleries crowded in every part!"

"The inquiry meetings, too, were not a little remarkable. One pictured them in imagination as scenes of great excitement—crying and shouting—groaning and wailing. On the contrary, in those to which I went, I witnessed nothing whatever of the sort. All was calm and sober. The inquirers, who towards the end of the movement came to the inquiry-room by hundreds, sat each one talking quietly to some Christian minister or lay worker, or kneeling with them in prayer, and then retiring noiselessly, one after another, from the room. One could not resist the conviction that the work here, too, was real, and that the more we had of such meetings the better."

In Sheffield great good has been done. This town is full of infidel artizans, there being one street, pointed out once to me by a friend during a visit in 1867, in which there was not then one church-going family. In this city there was a special service for those who are not in the habit of attending any place of worship. Admission by ticket. It was evident that the greatest part of the audience consisted of the class whom it was desired to reach. In order to reach as large a number of persons as possible, a meeting for women was announced at three o'clock, and a meeting for men at 7.30, but the Hall was crowded to excess long before three o'clock, and the streets outside were thronged with thousands who were unable to

obtain admission. Mr. Moody announced that he would preach in the parish churchyard, which is only a few minutes' walk from the Albert Hall, and in the very centre of the town. Very soon there was an immense crowd of probably not less than 10,000 persons gathered round the large raised tombstone, which served Mr. Moody for a pulpit; Mr. Sankey remained in the Albert Hall, which was quite full; so that altogether they had the largest number of persons as yet reached by them in this country at any one time. It was most impressive to see that very vast crowd of human beings listening with breathless interest, as the speaker pressed one appeal after another home to his hearers, using the solemn associations by which they were surrounded, with telling effect.

The men's meeting commenced an hour before the time announced, as the hall was crowded to excess at that time. The thousands outside the hall who could not get admission were gathered into groups, and addressed by several ministers in the open air, and Mr. Henry Drummond conducted another meeting in the Temperance Hall. The day will, we believe, be remembered by hundreds, as the day of their new birth into the kingdom of God.

While these pages are passing through the press, Mr. Moody is in Liverpool, for which visit special preparation has been made, as one can see by a few statements from the circular signed by 85 ministers of various denominations.

"After full deliberation, and in view of all the circumstances of the case, it was unanimously resolved to proceed with the erection of a large wooden structure capable of holding about 8000 persons. This course was deemed necessary in consequence of the large numbers who have come together in other places, and it is not unreason-

able to anticipate a similar interest will be felt here.

"The plan and specifications have been carefully revised and approved by the architects, Mr. T. D. Barry and Mr. W. Parslow; and the contract has been made with Messrs. Haigh & Co. to erect and remove the building after two months use for the sum of £3,390. The site is in Victoria-street, immediately behind the Municipal Offices, and is held on a nominal rent from Her Majesty's Board of Works.

"It is intended to hold meetings in this Central Hall for preaching the Gospel every evening in the week, and on Sundays at such hours as will not interfere with the morning and evening services of divine worship in the town. We hope and confidently expect that a great blessing will attend this effort, but we would point out that such will only be in answer to the earnest and united supplications of God's people."

#### FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom*, after showing the dark side of things in France, gives us a glimpse of one bright spot in the sombre picture:—

But now we turn to the hopeful side. The little cloud of blessing we described last month is rapidly enlarging. True warmth, light, and holiness are springing up in various places.

Montmeyran has for many years been a privileged place, where the Gospel has been in the National Church from time immemorial, and degree of life, which has kept it free from party spirit, has shed a little radiance around. It is a few miles from Valence, in the Drome. There is no little spiritual warmth and tendency to revival in many districts

the Drome, and of the Ardeche and Haute Loire. Fifty-two pastors of various denominations, and from many parts of France, assembled; hospitality was open-handed. Meetings were crowded, especially in the evening when the church overflowed with 1,500. "These four days entirely devoted to the study of the Bible, prayer, self-examination, and thanksgiving," writes Matthieu Lelievre (in the *Evangeliste*), "will leave in our religious experience indelible traces. We declare without exaggerating, that we never saw or experienced in our past life anything to be compared with what God wrought in these assemblies. We were not there to study sanctification, but to receive it; not to find an abstraction, but a living God. The Bible had its pre-eminent and right place. There was no light binding up of an unsearched wound. The Holy Spirit produced humiliation in our hearts. Silent, quiet tears flowed at the feet of Jesus. Sins were confessed openly. Pastors humbled themselves before their brethren, and one, in the name of others, made confession to God, and implored his grace. The secrets of many hearts were revealed. Scenes such as were probably witnessed in the upper room at Jerusalem took place. The birth of life was passing over souls, and giving them life. We have rarely seen meetings where such a spirit of prayer was poured forth, times of silent prayer were peculiarly blessed. Before the close, many stood up to testify to the glorious change wrought in their experience." "The Lord sent his Holy Spirit," says Pastor Farjat: "not an influence, nor a measure of the Spirit, but Himself; and He brought to our remembrance the things of Christ, and made to each one of us a personal application of them, giving us the principle of a new life—viz., 'all from God and all to God.'" Every journal has correspondence giving an account of these

wonderful days, at the close of which Pastor Theodore Monod, who presided, received imposition of hands for the special work of an evangelist, which he has accepted from the *Mission interieure*. The will of God having been clearly manifested, he had consented to relinquish his church in Paris to devote himself to itinerating. He has already received many calls from various churches to visit them.

### PERSIA.

The Rev. Robert Bruce mentions a remarkable instance of the intolerance of the Mohammedan priesthood manifested towards agents of the American mission. Two had been sent to Yezd as Bible colporteurs and preachers. One was an Armenian convert, the other a Nestorian. In Yezd, as we learn from Sir Frederick Goldsmid's "Telegraph and Travel"—a very interesting book—there are probably 40,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps, one-eighth may be Parsees and non-Mohammedans. In it there are about fifty mosques. From this place the brethren had to fly by night, in danger of their lives. From another source we hear of a religious persecution which broke out at Tabriz, where a Mohammedan convert was bastinadoed by order of the Persian governor until his flesh hung in shreds and his toe-nails dropped off. Upon due representation, however, being made, by order of the Shah, the poor creature was released, and is doing good service as a colporteur in the American mission. These are terrible incidents to record, yet there is reason to believe that there is a disintegration of Mohammedanism going on in Persia, there being numbers who do not admit the authority of the Koran, and among them there are increasing opportunities for making known the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. During the

recent summer, owing to the failure of Mrs. Bruce's health, Mr. Bruce has been compelled to take refuge from the heat of Julfa in the hill country. He selected a place in Charmahal, called Siruk. It may be of interest to many to furnish the following glimpse of missionary life in the hills of Persia :

"June 26.—Were most hospitably received by Mohammed Hussan Khan, nephew of my friend of Siruk. As head of the family and richer than his uncle, he took us in. Chelmien is just three miles distant from Chumasman, where we were entertained in a similar manner last year by Haji Baba. My wife had a small, comfortable upstairs room to herself in the men's court, while I occupied the large room downstairs. After breakfast, some of the women of the family crept out of their prison to see her ; and my host, a most good-natured fellow, could hardly contain himself at seeing a number of women, though closely veiled, presuming to crawl along the front of the upper storey of the men's court, on their way to my wife's room. They were his own wife and sister-in-law and cousins, but he told me he did not think women's feet had ever trodden that court before. At dusk they took my wife up to sit with them on the roof, and told her they would not dare to sit there if she was not with them. In the evening we took our dinner together under an open balcony, in the upper storey, and quite a crowd collected on the opposite side to see the wonder of a man who had any claim to respectability dining with his wife. . . . Our summer retreat does not resemble Brighton or Scarborough in the least. It is a long barn of mud walls raised on the top of stables, divided into five black dens except rooms, each with a shaky door, and no windows—two best set apart for saloon and bed-room, of mud walls and roofs of boughs of trees thickly painted with soot, for there is no

chimney. A Persian village is a square mass of mud walls, with flat roofs, over which the villagers walk from one house to another, sending down showers of mud and soot on everything which the room contains. A long verandah fortunately runs along in front of this charming suite of apartments, erected on rough mud pillars, with lots of birds'-nests over head, and innumerable fleas under foot. I am by nature sour,—the fleas do not like me, and I do not like them, so we are quits ; but my wife and three of the servants are miserable martyrs to them. My wife is fond of wild sports, and always devotes half an hour to this amusement at night, and is successful enough to capture nearly twenty-five head of game every night, and about fifteen more by day ; still they do not decrease. We both have fortunately brought new bedsteads with us, but the poor servants have to sleep on the ground, separated from us by a curtain ; and we hear one and another, from time to time during the night, start to his feet, and in a frenzy dash his clothes about in the hopes of frightening his tormentors away, and then compose himself again to be—eaten. With these charms, our lodgings have what are not drawbacks. They look out on a lovely green plain, backed by noble mountains, with snow on them on the right hand, skirted by a beautiful grove of poplars, with a nice stream flowing through it, and on the left by a fine green threshing-floor, which presents a most lively aspect all day ; some twenty pairs of little oxen all day treading out the corn, as David found them, some 3,000 years ago, doing in the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite."—*Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

#### INDIA.

The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account of the

work of the Rev. George Kerry and his wife:—This concluding notice, perhaps the most suggestive and instructive I have made this week, was to a mission-house and schools under the Rev. George Kerry and Mrs. Kerry, and I think that I have been able to view the educational system in all its phases and characteristics. The mission-house is a fine building, but in the very heart of a dense native community. Mr. Kerry has 250 boys, day scholars; Mrs. Kerry 50 girls, boarders, varying in age from five years to fifteen; in this case all children of Christian parents. The lads, heathen and Christian alike, assemble at ten in the morning and hear a portion of the Holy Scriptures read in English, and, before leaving in the evening, they hear the same verses read in Bengalee, with a short prayer, in each case asking God's blessing on their parents and themselves, as well as upon all the people of the land, and all in authority, from the Queen to the humblest magistrate, but avoiding everything at all having the appearance of controversy or reflecting on native faiths. A contrary course in this last particular would at once, I presume, empty the school. But there is no mincing about the actual teaching of Christianity. Mr. Kerry says, "I am not here to make scholars, but to make Christians, and while I intrude nothing, neither will I hide anything."

Let me finish with Mr. Kerry's big school by saying that in the course of a long supervision of ten years the missionary never yet struck a boy. And then, you know, the girls are all young ladies. If you came here and laid your hand on the head of a girl of fourteen, it would be an unpardonable insult. The dress is scanty, showing every movement of the body; but no liberty, even in appearance, can be taken with a respectable native girl. It is all very well to talk about

an Englishman's house being his castle, but a Hindu girl's chair, however humble it may be, is her castle too, and a castle so guarded that it cannot be even approached without danger. You may see a little group of, say, five girls around one pan of rice, dipping in their right-hand fingers—never the left—in the place of knives and forks, but rarely, indeed, do you hear a word of dispute or anger. Their temper seems to be imperturbable. They smile, and laugh, and talk, but seldom quarrel. Their play, for the main part, is talk, or laughter or singing, and Mrs. Kerry gives them short hymns which tell of that great event which, enacted eighteen centuries away in the dark past, still moves the best feelings and impulses of the most civilized of existing races. They sing even when alone—and there is no hypocrisy in the matter, for such independent little jades I never saw anywhere—of "the Good Shepherd who gave his life for his sheep." They begin school at six in the morning, and leave for an hour or so, after reading the Bible and singing and praying at ten; and they do sing with a will, and in some cases with rare sweetness. I was surprised at their reading, verse by verse, of the Scriptures, in the Bengalee vernacular. The good missionary and his wife had few words to correct, though they had to correct one now and then; and how "nicely" they read, how solemnly, and with what an evident sense that what they were reading was the Word of God! I never saw the like in England, and I think I have not been in a few English towns as long as twenty-four hours without visiting one school or more. The girls dress in the native garb, only it must be perfectly clean; eat as they eat at home, only with stern though kind injunctions that nothing shall even savour of impurity. Their house is never entered, or, I fancy, approached by a European, unless it is

Mrs. Kerry or some friend with her. They cook, and eat, and play in a little commonwealth all their own, rising in the morning about five, to wash, and bathe, and eat, and then sing their morning hymn of praise to the Creator and Preserver of men. Mrs. Kerry teaches them "reading, writing, counting," and needlework, and I fear she is even vicious enough to take a notice of them in after life, and interest herself in all their matronly hopes and fears. Such are these schools, of which I could tell a much longer story. It is the trusting in of "the little leaven." I shall not affect to even suggest where the work will end. Some of the girls taught in this school are among the best of the native Zenana teachers, and many more of them have made good Christian wives and intelligent mothers. This is the good work, and it never ceases.

### Practical Papers.

#### NO NIGHT THERE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"There shall be no night there."

A single fact told in simple language in regard to a distant and strange land conveys to an intelligent hearer more meaning than many pages of word-painting. Tell a man who has given some attention to climates and plants that in such a country the orange tree flourishes, and straightway he can from that fact infer many other facts, such as the absence of winter and the presence of much sunshine and warm rains. So when we are told that in our future home beyond the river of death there is no night, we can from that fact gather with considerable certainty other facts of interest deeper and deeper each year to us as we draw near and still nearer that happy land we hope to see ere long.

*There shall be no night there.* No night! Then heaven is not to be on this earth. Such a world cannot belong to our system of things, for God has told that "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and win-

ter, and *day and night* shall not cease." The succession of day and night is an essential feature of our earth's economy, ceasing only, it would seem, with its existence. But if we ascend to any of the other worlds belonging to our solar system, many of them surpassing our earth in size and beauty, we find in nearly all of these, indications that the law that gives us day and night gives it also to them. They have their moons and their rings to give light in the night. To reach therefore a country where there is no night we must leave behind us our earthly and our solar system; we must, as Paul did, in his revelation, and as Jesus did in his ascension, pass through the cloudy heavens where birds fly and vapour floats through the starry heavens, where planets revolve and stars twinkle, and cease not our upward progress till we reach the third heavens, the centre of countless worlds, the habitation of the King of Kings, where he dwells "in the light which no man (flesh and blood) can approach unto: whom no man hath seen or can see." In that celestial centre there is no revolution of seasons, no succession of day and night; "They need no lamp, neither light of the sun: for the Lord giveth them light."

*No night!* Then there is no idle time, or any *cessation of work* in heaven. From the constitution and course of nature here, it behoves man each day to cease for several hours from labour. "The sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth." No matter how busy the season, the plough, while the darkness continues, lies idle in the furrow, and the ripe grain, however threatening the weather, must wait the coming of the morning to be gathered into the barn. The dark night comes down on the ocean, and the ship nearing a dangerous coast, must slacken sail and wait for the day. Over the city, instinct with life like a busy humming hive, night comes down, and the creaking of machinery, the thumping of its engines, and the roar of its traffic, sink into silence till day returns. The night is therefore a hindrance to continued application, and a barrier in the way of unremitting prosecution of a task to its final issue. But in heaven there is no night to break in on the work of the redeemed. "They shall serve Him day and night in His temple." What that service is, we may not be able now to understand, except negatively: but whatever be the mission or task, it is clear that its prosecution suffers no delay from the intervention of night. The course of the Saints in glory, in the path of service, is like the course of the sun, which, without stopping to rest, runs continuously on its errand of life and light.

*No night!* Then there can be no weariness. To this earth, and its inhabitants, night is a great boon. Toiling in the field the "hireling desireth the shadow," glad when its increasing length tells that his days work is done. Wearied with mental toil and long hours at pen-work, the scholar gladly lays his head on the pillow when night comes, to court "tired nature's sweet

restorer—balmy sleep." To the sick and the weary what greater boon is there than that sleep which God is said to give to his own beloved ones? But all this is so, because of our weakness and imperfection. Night and sleep are such priceless things, because man's constitution is too weak and imperfect to do without that season of repose. It is an imperfection in our watches and clocks that they need to be wound up each night. A watch that needs winding only once a week, is more excellent than one that needs winding every night; and better still would be the watch which would run unwearied for a year; whereas a watch that would need no winding at all, would be such a piece of mechanism as can never be seen under the mechanical laws that govern this world at present. It is our imperfection, as seen in our weakness and weariness, that renders night a necessity here. But are we not safe in concluding that where there is no night, there is therefore no weariness. If men became weary in their work in heaven, God would even there give his beloved night and sleep; but as he tells us that there is no night there, we can with certainty conclude that there is therefore no weariness, no weariness of the work, nor weariness in it. Oh! what a precious boon to work on forever without weariness! Our work for our Master here is, by reason of the weakness of our frame, much hindered and sadly marred. On the Mount of Transfiguration the disciples slept: they did the same in the Garden of Gethsemane. The missionary at his desk, hurrying on the translation of the Scriptures for the sake of multitudes who every day are passing by death and wickedness out of their reach, must lay down his pen with weariness, and relapse for seven or eight hours each night into a state of death-like idleness, till the morn rouses him to renew his fragmentary work—a necessary but hurtful

hindrance to the work, which has no place in that land where there is no night, and where the servant serves the Master "*day and night in his temple.*"

*No night there!* Then, there can not be doubts, despondency, or sorrow there. When darkness settles down on the landscape, it is with difficulty the benighted traveller makes out the way. He stumbles, he strays, he startles even in safe and smooth places; but real dangers and dangerous realities come with the night; "Thou makest darkness and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth." Night is therefore used in Scripture as an emblem of soul sorrows, spiritual perplexity, and mental despondency. "Weeping endures for the night but joy comes in the morning." For the deepest distress into which the Christian falls there is no fitter image than darkness, and the night. "Who is among you" says the Prophet, "that feareth the Lord; that obeyeth the voice of his servant that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." And Bunyan, who knew better than most men what spiritual perplexity and despondency meant, used the

*darkness* of the valley of the shadow of death as the fittest earthly emblem of doubts and despondency. "The pathway here was so dark that oft-times when he lifted up his foot to go forward he knew not where nor upon what he would set it next." But in heaven there is no night. The mysteries of creation which now perplex students of nature receive in heaven, their solution; the dark problems of providence that perplex the student of history are there unfolded. It is not at rare intervals, as on earth, but ceaselessly and forever that the burden of the song is in these words: "*As for God, his way is perfect.*" In that light that is never once interrupted by night, in that day that is never once obscured by shadows, there is no error to cloud the judgment, no sin to distress the conscience, no sickness to depress the spirits, no bereavement to darken inner chambers of the heart; none of these things, but eternal sunshine on all the faculties, on all the capacities, and on all the activities of the Redeemed, for there is *no night there.* "O, send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me: Let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacles."

### Christian Miscellany.

#### BABY'S LAST LOOK.

Weak, helpless, like some bruised weed

On stormy ocean cast,

Our dying babe looked its last love

While struggling with the blast;

And speechless sorrow in the eye

Declared our baby-boy must die.

O poor weak bairn, so young and frail,

Yet skilled in sorrow's lore!

O eyes, to us so taught to speak

Of grief unknown before!

To look such speechless pain indeed

As makes the heart for ever bleed.



Sweet, suffering babe ! what brought thee here ?

O wherefore didst thou come ?

Was it that Christ, through thy young grief,

Would gently lure us home ?

That through a faith of sorrow born,

Our earth-bound souls to heaven might turn ?

O holy Lord ! so oft forgot,

Whose light all darkness flies,

Must Thy mute sorrow thus seek us,

And weep through baby's eyes ?

That we through our own child may see

Again thy speechless agony ?

O suffering babe ! so frail and fair !

Though numbered with the dead,

We have the light of thy sweet eyes,

Although thy face hath fled ;

And still we see thee fair indeed,

Though through a light which makes us bleed.

W. P. B.

### PROVIDENCE AND A PRISON.

In the year 1677, the Rev. Andrew Gifford, grandfather of the eminent Dr. Gifford, of London, was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Broadmead, Bristol. After enduring great persecution for about seven years, he was, in January, 1684, apprehended while preaching, and committed to prison. Before the services on that occasion commenced, he had, as he supposed, adopted every prudent precaution. His son, Mr. Emmanuel Gifford, was stationed on the watch, to give the alarm on the approach of informers; but in consequence of his sitting on the ground a few minutes to rest, his frieze coat was so firmly frozen to it, that he could not rise without cutting off the skirts, and was consequently prevented from giving the alarm in time. The Kingswood colliers, a truly remarkable class of men in the neighbourhood, of whom the reader has heard in connection

with Whitefield and Wesley, hearing that Mr. Gifford was taken, collected in great numbers, and coming to him with clubs and other rural weapons, offered to rescue him. But, while he was grateful for their kind attentions, he declined their services, on the principle, that though he thought he might rightly do all in his power to prevent his being seized, yet, being now actually taken, and that by legal authority, he thought it right to submit to the law of the land, and leave his cause with God, who, he doubted not, would order all for the best.

On his being brought before the magistrates, his mittimus was immediately made out; but, on his representing that he had some affairs of importance to settle, and that the state of his wife's health demanded his special attention, he was allowed three days on his parole of honour that he would then surrender himself. But be-

fore that period had expired, the officers seized him, and hurried him off to Gloucester jail, late at night, regardless of the clemency of the magistrates, or the inclemency of the season. He entered the jail just as the chimes played at midnight, and this circumstance was remarkably overruled for good.

While he was in prison, he with Mr. Fownes, another Baptist pastor in Bristol, and other ministers, regularly worshipped with their fellow-prisoners; and a great reformation was wrought, especially among the felons. In the meantime, to prevent his preaching any more in public, his enemies procured an order from court, by means of the Duke of York, afterwards the "sweet natured" James the Second, to confine him there for life. but the Lord rendered all their designs unsuccessful, and taught them that wherein they dealt proudly He was above them, and could take the wise in their own craftiness. When the six months mentioned in the mitimus was expired, Mr. Gifford requested the jailor to dismiss him: who answered that it was not usual to open the gates at midnight. He replied, that they were opened to let him in, and therefore they ought to be opened to let him out. Having been secretly apprised of the design of his enemies to detain him, he strengthened his demand by a well-known powerful argument, and so great was its potency, that the gates were actually opened for his discharge as the chimes were playing at twelve o'clock at night, the very hour at which he had been admitted. This was, indeed, providence working by human agency. Within six hours an express arrived from London, with an order to confine him for life! Thus his having been hurried to prison before the expiration of his parole, was the occasion of his timely liberation. This was his last imprisonment!

"Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O Lord God of Israel, the Saviour!"

### SUGGESTIVE PARAGRAPHS.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! when the blind Christian begins to see again! when the deaf Christian begins to hear again! when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more hunger; thirsty men no more thirst; weeping men no more weep; dying men no more die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them unto me, and I will pour them upon their stupendous theme of the soul's disenfranchisement! O the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting, *Free? FREE!*

A maiden went out in early morn to gather flowers: and she said, "These are only buds, and I will not gather them till the sun has opened their petals." At noon she went into the same garden, and found those same buds all wilted in the sun. She deplored her folly, and next day gathered her nosegay early. Thus God often calls his loveliest children home ere they are blighted by sin and sorrow.

Whatever rouses the moral nature, whether it be danger or suffering, or the approach of death, banishes unbelief in a moment.

Man's material frame is adapted to his inward nature. His upward look and speaking eye are the outlet to the soul. As the soul grows nobler it lets itself be seen more distinctly, even through features that have sprung from the dust of the ground. It thins and makes transparent evermore its walls of clay. There is a straggle of the inner life to assimilate the outer form to itself, which is prophetic of something coming. — *Rev. John Ker.*

Every song soothes and uplifts. It is just possible that at times a song is as good as a prayer. Indeed a song of the pure kind recognized in Scripture is akin to petition, which it is also in the spirit of thanksgiving. The "sweet singer of Israel" wedded his sincerest prayers to melody, and

wafted them upward on the night air from his throbbing heart.

Wilmot the infidel, when dying, laid his trembling, emaciated hand upon the Sacred Volume, and exclaimed solemnly, and with unwonted energy, "The only objection against the book is a bad life!"

There is no coming at the fair haven of eternal glory without sailing through the narrow strait of repentance.

The highest obedience in the spiritual life is to be able always and in all things to say, "Thy will be done."

He who receives a good turn should never forget, he who does one should never remember it.

The human soul, like the water of the salt sea, becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky.

## Children's Treasury.

### SHADOWS.

The clouds hang heavy round my way,  
I cannot see;

But through the darkness I believe  
God leadeth me:

'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His,  
While all is dim;

To close my weary, aching eyes,  
And follow Him.

Through many a thorny path He leads  
My tired feet;

Through many a path of tears I go:  
But it is sweet

To know that He is close to me,  
My God, my Guide:

He leadeth me, and so I walk  
Quite satisfied.

To blind my eyes, He may reveal  
No light at all;

But while I lean on His strong arm,  
I cannot fall.

*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

## POLITE CHILDREN.

"Thank you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he was requested to bring.

"Thank you, Bridget," said the little fellow a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbor. "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quite reply.

This was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill manners of their children, I always wish to ask: "Have you always treated them with politeness?" I once knew a man, considered quite a gentleman in society, who would speak to his children in a manner that a well instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children.

## THE CAPTAIN AND THE JEW,

A pious sailor went as one of the crew of a passenger steamer, down the river to the sea. Over the ocean hung a heavy, threatening fog. They went forward into it. Near the chimney, a youth was shivering, evidently in great anxiety. After awhile, he asked a sailor,—

"Shall we have a storm?"

"Do not allow yourself to be anxious, since the Lord knows in what condition we are; and 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'"

With these words he turned away to work. Years passed, and the sailor had become a captain. On one of his voyages, a well-dressed gentleman drew near him, with the question,—

"Shall we have a good voyage, captain?"

"That no captain can tell, but He who holds the water in the hollow of his hand, and measures the heaven with a span."

"Thanks, captain; it delights me to hear you come quickly to the main point. You remind me of a sailor who spoke encouragingly to me on my first voyage."

"What did he say?"

"I was terrified at the rough waves and he told me, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' I was then a Jew, so the text was not unknown to me; but I could not call God my father. Yet the sailor was, I plainly felt, quiet and happy as a child on his father's knee. First, I wondered what could give a man such confidence; then I prayed and sought for it, and am now a Christian, and a missionary to my own people. Let me give you my card."

"How long is it since you were on the high seas?"

"Seventeen years?"

"Would you know the sailor, if you saw him?"

"O, certainly, I have thought of him so often!"

"He stands before you now."

"Impossible, captain! He was a common sailor."

"Is not yours a more remarkable change? You were a Jew, and are now a Christian and a missionary. Why, then, in seventeen years time, should not a sailor become a captain?"

## THE THISTLE IN THE HEART.

"I've comed again, mamma," said little Lillie White, softly, peeping into

the chamber where Mrs. White sat writing letters. "Lillie couldn't help it, mamma."

"And what is the matter with my little girl this time?" Laying by her pen when she had written the sentence out, she extended a hand to the little girl, adding, "You haven't got another thistle in your finger, have you?"

"No, mamma, my finger is almost well, but something keeps stinging in my bosom. You needn't take off my dress mamma: you couldn't see it—it's deep. I know what it is—it's naughty, wicked hate. I hate Genia Marsh; she's never good to any of us. But her aunt in New York sends her the prettiest things! Now she has sent a blue dress, and a doll all dressed in white and pink. She brought 'em to me, and she said, 'You can't have such

pretty things, Lillie White.' Then the hate stung me harder than the thistle a little while ago. Won't you take this out, too, mamma?"

"Only Jesus can take out a sting like that," said Lillie's mother very gently, her arm about her darling. "Go directly to your chamber, dear, and kneel down and tell the dear Jesus all your trouble, and ask him for just the help you need."

The little girl slipped from her embrace and left the room. A little while after she was seen walking in the garden talking to her poor, soiled dolly, and kissing its face as lovingly as Genia Marsh could have kissed her bran new one. By-and-by she raised her bright and smiling face to the window, and seeing her mother looking down called out, "The thistle is gone."

## A Fortnight in Galilee.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### OUR GUARD THROUGH GALILEE.

It is a very unsafe country for the traveller between Nazareth and the sea of Galilee. "This evening," write Bonar and McCheyne, in 1839, "we heard that a party of Bedouins had come down upon the little village of Mijdel, on the border of the Lake of Galilee, and plundered the villagers of all their goods and cattle." Such things are constantly occurring, which makes it advisable for travellers (especially if there are suspicions of any Bedouins being abroad) to secure the protection of a soldier or two for the journey. It was our lot to secure the protection of an officer in a squadron of irregular Turkish cavalry, who resides in Nazareth. We were struck with his splendid figure, manly bear-

ing, courteous manners, and especially, with his intelligent looks and talk. On enquiry of our dragoman, I was told that this was the Mohammed who accompanied De Saulcy in his adventurous journey round the Dead Sea, in 1850-1, and of whom he says, "I have enlisted a fine brave fellow, an Arab by birth. . . . He knows every corner of the country we propose to traverse, speaks Arabic with perfect purity, and I sometimes ask myself when chatting with him, whether I am talking to a soldier or a scholar." It was not long when Mohammed gave proof of his courage and fidelity. Travelling in the dark towards Samaria, De Saulcy's company was about being attacked by a band of robbers, when the quick eye of the soldier discovered one of the band stealthily approaching. He cries "Aich ente?"

(Who goes there?) A silence. "Aich ente, ya kelb?" (Who goes there, you dogs?) The same silence again, broken immediately this time by the explosion of Mohammed's gun, accompanied by the usual form of malediction. On the shot being fired, a dark form rose up, and tried to run off, but fell again heavily to the earth without uttering a groan. Other dark forms fled rapidly towards the mountain. Mohammed rides up to the man he has just slain, compels his horse to touch him with his foot, and comes back quietly. "Aich kan?" said De Sauley to him, (What's the matter?) "Hono mat," (He is dead!) "Allah akbar!" (God is great!) "Nestaad-jel!" (Let us make haste.) Such is De Sauley's own account of this affair, but Mohammed never referred to it. On one occasion some one asked him if the sword he carried had ever drawn blood. "Yes," he replied with a quiet smile, "I have used it in killing sheep when camping out."

This man was our constant attendant, and faithful guard for six days. He gained the respect, I might almost say affection of some in our company. Old Paul, the Maltese dragoman of Mr. Astor's party, who travelled with us through Galilee, was so overcome with love to the soldier, that he took his silver watch from his own pocket and put it on the neck of Mohammed, when he left us between Acre and Tyre. It was interesting to chat with him; he had been guide on the other side of Jordan, to a member of the Bonaparte family, a few years after he had accompanied De Sauley. From that Bonaparte he received as a gift, the silver-mounted revolver he carried in his belt. He brought him to Paris where he spent a winter, and from which he returned with a pension of two francs a day for life. The evening he left us he sat alone with me in our tent for quite a time. I asked him if he would read the New Testament, if I would

make a present of it to him in Arabic. He said that certainly he would. I then asked what his opinion was, frankly, of the Christian religion. He said;—When I was in Paris, I looked into these things a little, and this much I could see that the Protestant religion in its simplicity and freedom, from images in its churches, is nearer the truth than the church of Rome. Wishing to reach more important points, I asked what he thought of Jesus Christ, the prophet of Christianity. He replied, that he could not but esteem him as one of God's true servants, ranking in his eyes equal with Moses. I knew we were now approaching solemn and searching things, and after a long pause, I asked if he knew what our opinion was of Christ's death. He said he would like to hear me explain it. I told him I could not explain it until I knew what he thought about *sin*, "He said sin was hateful to God, that all men were sinners, that he knew well that he was a sinner, and that God must often feel displeased with him. Then, how do you hope to be forgiven and received unto God's favour? was the next question. God is great, was his reply, and can forgive me, if I repent. Thus, at length, did we reach the marrow of all theology, and the testing question of all religions, how a man can be just with God. To show him that his ground was not safe, I pressed him with the encouragement that would be given to sin and rebellion, if God dealt too easily with sinners. You are a soldier, I urged on him, and you know the value of discipline, and would ask you to consider for a little the evil consequence that would come to an army or a kingdom did a general or a king forgive the crimes of their soldiers, or their subjects, simply on their saying they were sorry for what they had done. "That is true, very true," he replied; "but only true of men and human governments.

It is not true of God ; for God is great, and he can do what men could not safely do. He can pardon sin in his infinite mercy and power, without asking punishment of the sinner, or of anybody else in his stead." From this ground I could not drive him. "God is great," was his constant reply, "and is not bound by the ways of men." There was no use to reason out this point with him ; for this is not so much a question of *reason*, but as a question of *revelation*. I asked him, in parting, to read carefully for himself the Jewish Scriptures, which he acknowledged to be divine, and that he would find in them a clear statement in regard to the point on which we had disputed. He said he would. He bade us farewell that night, as he said he intended to be in the saddle and away before day-light next day. The above conversation I do not profess to give in the exact words used. But the substance of our talk made too deep an impression on me ever to be effaced ; showing me, by the mouth of a devout Moslem, the necessity of clear views on the justice and holiness of God, before men can understand the cross of Christ. It is good for preachers and teachers to dwell on the love and the pity of God ; but if we keep his justice and holiness in the background, how can we meet the objections of Moslems, Rationalists, and Unitarians, (all agreed on this point,) that there is no need Christ should die for the sins of his people.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TRUE CROSS AND THE FALSE.

On our way to the Sea of Galilee, we turned aside to visit Cana, the scene of our Lord's first miracle. They showed us waterpots, in which we felt little interest, from doubt as to their being genuine ; but there could be little doubt as to the genuineness

of the spring whose water was turned into wine. The village is small, and the people poor ; but it is easy to perceive that this spot was one of great beauty and wealth the night of that memorable marriage. And surely it speaks much in behalf of the sobriety of the district, that such a miracle was performed there by our Lord ; while it is a sad reflection on our country and social habits, that we cannot conceive it possible that at a marriage-feast in our land our Redeemer could do what he did in Cana. In this little village the key-note of the Christian dispensation was given to the world : as (1) a dispensation of mercy, turning water, not into blood as in Egypt, but into the best wine (whatever that is), typical of that new wine that Christ promises to drink with his disciples in the kingdom above ; as (2) a religion at peace with all innocent mirth and social gatherings of friendship ; as (3) a religion that ratifies, honours, and exalts marriage, and recognizes the Christian household (in which the Lord is a welcome guest, and from whose hand comes its joys), as the true foundation of a living church and a prosperous state. Thus it is that Cana is held in everlasting remembrance, while great cities have gone down to oblivion.

But we hasten forward over a rough, rocky path, and through a hilly country, poorly tilled, when we reach, in early noon, what is called the Mount of Beatitudes, supposed on good grounds to be the spot whence Christ preached the sermon recorded largely by Matthew, and more briefly by Luke. This spot answers all the requirements of the scene, as described by Luke, in his usual style of sparkling, vivid, detailed narrative. It is (1) near to the plain on which stood Capernaum, to which place Christ retired after preaching that sermon (Luke vii. 1). It is (2) in a spot suitable for a gathering of all Galilee,

from the sea-coast of Tyre and Sidon, from Decapolis and beyond Jordan, and from Judea and Jerusalem, lying indeed near enough to the great road from Egypt to Damascus for convenience, and remote enough for privacy. It (3) answers the fact mentioned in Luke, that Christ came down from a hill, and found the immense crowd waiting him on a "level place."

Let me ask of you, kind reader, to turn to that sermon, as recorded by Matthew v-vii, and to note the burden of its blessed teaching. It tells Jews and Gentiles that Christ's kingdom is not of this world; that his weapons of warfare are not *carnal*, but *spiritual*; and that the meek, and the persecuted, and the peacemakers, are to be the conquerors of the earth. There was perhaps never a time in the history of Christ's Church when these truths were so completely forgotten as in the days of the Crusades, when people lost kingdoms, and shed streams of blood, to win, with carnal weapons, an empty sepulchre. And it looks like one of those startling coincidences we often meet with in history that the last battle of the Crusaders, in which they lost themselves, their cause, and Palestine, in one terrific overthrow, was fought on the very hill from which Christ laid down those principles of love, humility, and meekness, which the Crusaders trampled under foot.

It was on the fifth of July, 1187, the battle of Hattin was fought. Saladin enraged by the conduct of Raynold, Lord of Kerak (who contrary to treaty robbed a Moslem caravan, and insulted Mahomet,) poured his troops like a flood into Galilee by the north end of its Lake, to attack the Christian Army which had lain encamped for five weeks, waiting for him. The Christian Army was led by the King of Jerusalem, a weak brainless man of such base renown that his dear brother said on his

being made King "since they have made *him* a King, surely they would have made *me* a God." During one terrible day of heat, and thirst, and blood, the Christian army bore the assaults of Saladin: a night scarcely less terrible passed; and next day the awful work of destruction was completed. There you see the last vestiges of the once renowned Christian host, huddled together (round the wooden cross carried by the Bishop of Lydda,) on the horn of the hill on which the blessed Master spent the night in prayer before preaching his sermon; while down in that plain where the sermon was preached, the victorious Moslems are waiting to finish their work like lions roaring for their prey. Three times they charge up the hill and at last they seize it, and made prisoners of what remained of the 2,000 Knights and their troops, or drove them headlong to death down that steep cliff to the north looking towards Hermon. The cross, the real cross as these men believed, fell into the hands of the enemy never more to be seen! but it is not so, the real cross still exists in a new race of Crusaders. We call them Missionaries that are carrying the true cross into the heart of this land, setting it up on the shores of the Bosphorus, amid the solitudes of Lebanon and in the villages of Galilee, slowly and painfully bringing into reality the words of Jesus, when he said on that hill overlooking the sea of Galilee and the plain of Genesaret: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you: do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."