


THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

OWARDS this eastern city the attention of the civilized world is at present directed. The negotiations that are now going on within its walls, whatever be their issue, cannot frustrate the high destiny that nature and providence seem to have marked for a city situated mid-way between two great seas—the Black Sea and the Mediterranean—white all the year round with the sails of commerce, and mid-way also between the two great continents of Asia and Europe, full of earth's wealth.

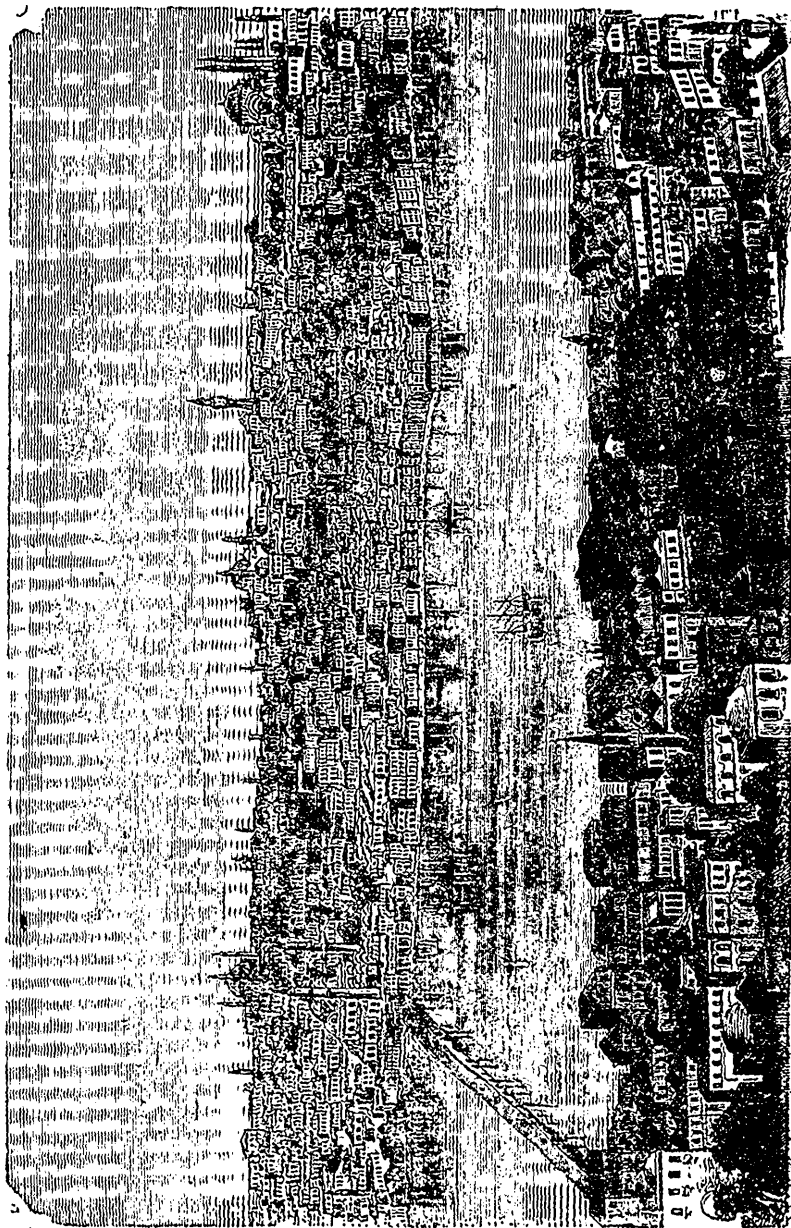
For position the city is, we believe, unequalled in the whole world, and through that position is destined yet to realize the hopes of its founder when he bestowed on it the title of "SECOND, OR NEW ROME." In the forty-first degree of latitude it is, as regards climate and productions, not unlike Naples, Madrid, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, which lie nearly on the same parallel. The Bosphorus, a winding channel of sixteen miles long, by which the waters of the Black Sea flow, with a rapid and incessant course, towards the Sea of Marmora, on which the city is built, and the Hellespont, a channel sixty miles long, through which the Sea of Marmora, by a tortuous course, seeks the Mediterranean—these two channels are the gates of Constantinople. Let these gates be shut, and Constantinople (as will be seen by our quotation below), which is easily defended on

its side towards Europe, lies secure within an enclosure which is capable of supplying all the wants and luxuries of a great city.

The harbour of Constantinople, which in some points resembles the East River, of New York, obtained in a very remote period the name of the *Golden Horn*; *golden* from the riches which every wind wafted into that capacious port, and *horn* from the curve, which may be compared to the horn of an ox, described by this off-shoot of the Bosphorus. The *horn* is 500 yards wide at its root, and at seven miles tapers into shallow and sweet water in the mouth of the Lycus. So deep is the harbour, and so little are the tides felt, that as Gibbon remarks, "the largest vessels may rest their prows against the houses while their sterns are floating in the waters."

As to the defences of this city from the attack to which it is now exposed from Russia, we quote the language of a recent writer:—

"While Turkey can continue to hold the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the two entrances to the Sea of Marmora, Constantinople can bid defiance to the Czar and his Russian hordes. Now that the Eastern question is putting on a serious aspect, and few or none can prophecy the final ending of events, the situation of Constantinople for defensive purposes becomes a matter of special interest. The Bosphorus, it will be remembered, is a winding channel only sixteen miles in length. Its defences consist of numerous batteries mounting nearly four hundred heavy guns. The greatest width of the Straits does not exceed two and a half miles, while at its narrowest part the concentrated fire of 165 guns can be brought to bear upon a hostile ship or fleet. The Dardanelles, forming a longer and wider entrance to the Sea of Marmora, is not less strongly fortified. It would be sheer madness, then, for a hostile power to think of forcing a passage either by way of the Bosphorus or Dardanelles, without first reducing the powerful batteries. It is true that they are open to an attack from the land side, but the Turk is wide awake, and Colonel Valentine Baker has already submitted a plan to render them impregnable. Reference to a map will show that the Bosphorus can only be attacked from the north by a narrow belt of land which the Sea of Marmora protects on the south and the Black Sea on the north. The land at the harbour of Buyuk Chekmege is only about nineteen miles broad, and the whole narrow strip, under Colonel Baker's plan, will be fortified by a chain of outlying works. In the same way the military engineer proposes to strengthen the approach to the Dardanelles, and a heavy line of earthworks extending across the isthmus, will connect the Chersonese with Roumelia. The isthmus is less than four miles across, and the depth of water sufficient on both sides to allow ships of war to come close in shore for the purpose of assisting in defence. When these two lines of forts are completed, Constantinople can bid defiance to an enemy from the north. If Russia has designs upon Constantinople, it is scarcely probable that an attack would be attempted from the other side of the sea of Marmora. The nearest part of Russia, the Caucasus, is 900 miles distant. The country to be traversed is utterly destitute of supplies and roads for artillery. Again, Turkey has at the present time fourteen monitors on Lake Scutari, and these would materially interfere with



CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH THE SUBURB OF GALATA.

the designs of an enemy from the south. Nor is Turkey despised as a naval power. Her marine as now constituted musters 50,000 men. Fifteen iron-clad vessels are in commission and ready for sea, two new ships are nearly completed for service, while two more are on the stocks building. The vessels in commission are wholly armed with Armstrong guns of heavy calibre."

But in the heart of Constantinople, a matter of deeper interest to the Christian, there is working a secret and mysterious power that is yet to conquer that land, and to raise the *New Rome* to a height of glory and power of which we can form no conception. For several years the missionaries of different churches have been quietly working in the city and its suburbs. In the year 1858 the Christian visitor might find at work in her school, in a narrow street in Pera, a young lady who had left her home in the west of Scotland to engage in mission work. Miss Whittet's work was among the Italian Jews, to whose children she imparted, in her own vigorous way, a good Scotch education, meaning by that a thorough drill in all the common branches of education, beginning and ending with a thorough course of instruction in the Bible and Shorter Catechism. The seed sown is now springing up, and we give here the story of the baptism of one of Miss Whittet's pupils, recorded in a recent number of a missionary paper, as a specimen of what is going on quietly in various places in the East, promising more for the elevation of Constantinople and the Turkish Empire, than all the diplomacy of Europe and the guns of Russia, though neither of these two are to be altogether despised as handmaids to the spread of the Gospel.

Mr. Tomory who, in 1858, taught along with Miss Whittet in the Italian school, but who is now an ordained missionary of the Free Church, thus writes a month or two ago, while Constantinople was full of excitement about the troubles in Bulgaria and the threats of Russia:—

"On the first Sabbath of September we admitted Esther Cohen by baptism into the visible Church of Christ. Her name is well known to the Committee, and to the various Ladies' Associations. She grew up as a pupil in the Italian Female School, and for nearly five years she was connected as a teacher with the German School, and at present she is associated with Miss Ewan in Koushondjouk, on the Bosphorus, in the Spanish School. Miss Cohen gave early indications that the truth had made an impression upon her heart, and as she attended for years our Sabbath service we watched her with prayerful interest. Two years ago she seemed deeply affected, and we expected to see her take a

stand and come out. She, indeed, made no secret of her religious views in the family-circle, and was very useful to her father on his death-bed, whom we all believed at the time as having died in faith. She repeated with great solemnity utterances of his which certainly left no doubt upon our minds that he had found Christ, and departed in peace like Simeon. But however deeply she was impressed at the time, her surroundings and other circumstances got the upper hand, and she remained other two years among her Jewish friends. Last springshe joined Miss Ewan on the Bosphorus, and being alone with her, and away from the former deterring influences, she soon recovered, and the Spirit of God blessed to her the means and the gentle influence of Miss Ewan. In a sweet spirit she said to me, on asking baptism, that hitherto her besetting sin was the *fear of man*; but now she is quite ready, come what may, to profess her Lord publicly.

" Her case, as an old pupil and a teacher of our schools, created great interest, and a large congregation of Christian friends and old Jewish pupils gathered to witness the administration of the sacred ordinance. Friends came from different suburbs—from Bebek, Haaskioy, Scutari, and other parts—and before a crowded assembly she stepped forward to confess Christ as her Lord and Saviour. Many prayers were offered in her behalf. Our text on the occasion was Ps. xlv. 10, 11: 'Hearken, O daughter, of Israel, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him.'

" Her case will greatly encourage the friends of Israel, especially the Ladies' Association, who take such a deep interest in the education of Jewish females, and many remembered her especially in their prayers. We rejoice also with our teachers, both with Misses Whittet and Ewan, who had her as a pupil, and laid the foundation, and the others who had her as a labourer under their charge. Is it not true that in due time, if we faint not, we shall reap? The truth is lying dormant in numbers of those girls. Oh that the Spirit would bring it to life, and help them to come out!"

Western Asia, the cradle of the human race, and the birth-place of the Christian religion, is once more missionary ground; once more it is becoming a battle-field for the soldiers of the Cross, in the very seat of their ancient victories. In the course of events Constantinople will become the centre of operations in the coming conflict, and the capital of a new empire. The Golden Horn which, in the picture accompanying this article, separates Galata from the great city, showing only a few ships, will then outstrip New York's golden horn in the abundance of its shipping; across the Bosphorous Anglo-Saxon architects will soon be found building bridges for the railways connecting London with Calcutta; and the Mosque of St. Sophia, which, in the wood-cut, lifts its great dome above the other buildings, will once more echo the praises of Him whose name, in spite of the jealousy of Mohammedans, is still under mysterious symbols legible on the walls of this venerable pile—the oldest and the grandest of the ancient Christian churches.

THE VOICE OF PUBLIC CALAMITIES.

THE fire in one of the theatres of Brooklyn, which, in a few hours, converted the gay building into a mass of blackened ruins, and sent with awful suddenness over three hundred souls to the judgment seat of God, is an event of no ordinary kind. It is an event that will henceforth rank with such public calamities as the fires of Santiago and Chicago.

The Pulpit and the Religious Press of the land have shown wisdom, and good feeling, in refusing to make this calamity a text whereon to hang homilies in regard to the character of theatres in general, and the foolishness of frequenting them. There is a time and a season for every thing, and there ought to be a time and a text to speak of the evil of theatres, but it is not now. The voice of the Brooklyn fire is a voice of much louder range than to be confined to theatrical things, or theatre-going people. The voice of that fire cries aloud to every city and town and village in the United States and in our Dominion. If, according to Shakespeare, there are "tongues in trees, books in brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing" God has created, it is surely not God's intention that there should be neither tongue, nor sermon, nor book, nor good in the sudden summons away from earth of so many people in this mysterious providence, at such a time, in such a place, in such a way. We have not heard the whole lesson of the voice, though that is certainly a part of it, when we have widened, like the Romans of old, the outlets or *vomitories* of our places of public resort, and narrowed the inlets of fire. The true range of meaning of sudden and awful public calamities Christ gives in his remark on the fate of the men on whom the tower of Siloam fell, and of the men who were so cruelly slain by Pilate, while they were in the very act of sacrificing. There was a lesson in these public events—not a lesson of uncharitable denunciation as if these men were notorious sinners, nor a lesson of self-complacent exaltation as if the men that escaped were better than those that perished. That was not the lesson. Nor was it a lesson for architects to build

their towers better in future, nor a lesson for people to stand from under leaning towers, nor a lesson for people to cease provoking the anger of great men. None of these things. It did not need falling towers and streets runuing with blood to teach lessons of such simple and ordinary meaning. A teacher like God needs not have recourse to means so terrible to produce ends comparatively so trivial. The lesson taught by the tower of Siloam and the sword of Pilate to the Jewish nation and especially to Jerusalem, was the grand lesson that sounded through the ministry of John and the ministry of Jesus—*Repent or Perish*. The falling tower, and the flashing sword, were shadows of coming events, shadows of what would happen to Jerusalem, unless it repented, shadows of the sword of Titus which came against the city at a time when the city was crowded with sacrificers, shadows of the crumbling walls which buried under them a thousand for every one of eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell. "These men" Jesus in substance said, "are not signal examples of Divine vengeance, as ye suppose; they are not better nor worse than the men who are now around me: but they and their fate are typical of what is coming on the city and nation unless *ye repent*." And further than that—for God hath great breadth, variety, we may say multiplicity, of meaning, in his symbolical providential acts—the sudden, complete, destruction of the men on whom the tower fell, and of the men whose blood was shed, "manifestly points unrepentant sinners" (as one of our most judicious commentators remarks,) "to a *perdition, future, personal, remediless*." "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The nation did not repent, the city did not repent, and both nation and city perished exactly as this symbolical judgment foretold, under falling walls, and beneath relentless swords that regarded neither Sabbath nor sanctuary. It is true that there are in our day no Daniels to read for us the handwriting that appears at intervals in awful mystery on our walls, to startle men wrapped in pleasure or too intent on gain. We have no *living voice* now to which we must listen as the voice of God opening up to us the dark riddles of his providence; but we have the *written Word*, "whereunto we do well that we take heed,

as unto a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts." If that Word tells us the unchangeable principles on which God governs nations, whether Jew or Gentile, as it undoubtedly does, then assuredly, by the light of these principles we can read some at least of the sentences written in letters of lurid fire on the walls of Brooklyn.

It is one of the great principles of the Bible that there is no continuance of national prosperity, nor even of national existence, except on a basis of strict morality and pure religion. When a nation departs from God and gives itself over to the worship of Self, for these are the two poles between which there is no middle resting-place, then its glory is departed, and nothing but the patience of God lies between it and the inglorious fate of empires and republics that have sunk into anarchy and ruin in the days that are past, through the growth of wealth, irreligion, and luxury. It is as clear as noon-day, therefore, that if the religion and morals represented by the theatres of the United States (we do not say that the theatre that was visited by this awful calamity was better or worse than the rest), if the religion and morals of the American stage become the religion and morals of the American Republic, then will this inevitably lead to the swift decline and fall of the Republic. Let it once happen, which may God in mercy avert, that the Brooklyn theatre in its actors and spectators—let us say the best of their class—becomes a type and symbol of the American State, then undoubtedly, the conflagration that has clothed in sorrow an entire city, is only a type and symbol, on a small scale, of the ultimate fate of the United States, its cities, its public buildings, just as the ruin wrought by Siloam and Pilate was a type and symbol on a small scale of the fate of the Jews and Jerusalem. "Let us not be deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever men sow that shall they also reap; for he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." That is the abstract principle by which must stand, or fall, every kingdom and republic under the sun. The flesh and death,

the spirit and life, are conjoined by a chain as inflexible as the chain that links causes and consequences in the material world. The condition in which the United States stand at this moment (on the very brink of a crisis more terrible than the recent civil war), is there before the nation in a parable of fire on the heights of Brooklyn; and the sight is impressing on thoughtful men the conviction that nothing can save the Republic from anarchy and chaos, but a return to the Puritanism, (the opposite pole of the Parisian theatre on which the theatres of the States are modelled,) which laid the foundation of the United States, in these two maxims—the negative and the positive of the same thought, “He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth;” but, “the chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever.”

“It pleases God,” as Thomas Adams writes in 1623, the same day on which happened a terrible public calamity in London, “to make fearful comments on His own texts. The argument which is audible (in Scripture) in the morning becomes before night visible (in providence). His holy pen has long since written with ink; now His hand of justice expounds it in characters of blood. There was only a conditional menace, ‘so shall it be;’ here a terrible remonstrance, ‘so it is.’ Sure he did not mean it for a nine days’ wonder. Their sudden departure out of the world must not so suddenly depart from the memory of the world. Woe to that soul that shall take so slight a notice of so extraordinary a judgment. We do not say, they perished: charity forbid it. *We pass no sentence on them, but let us take warning by them.* The remarkableness should not be neglected; for the time, the place, the number, the manner. Yet still we conclude not this was for the transgression of the dead; but this we are sure of, it is meant for the admonition of the living. Now the holy fear of God keep us in the ways of faith and obedience, that the preparation of death may never prevent our preparation to die. And yet, still, after our best endeavour ‘from sudden death, good Lord deliver us all.’” Amen.

Living Preachers.

WORK! FOR THE MASTER'S COMING.

BY MR. MOODY.



FAITH is the work of the mind, and work is the outward sign of faith. Some people talk about dead faith; but if faith is dead it ought to be buried, and so got out of the way. If it is dead it is not the faith of the Gospel, the faith which saves the soul; that true faith must work.

In the fifteenth chapter of John, verses four and five, Christ says, "Abide in Me and I in you; he that abideth in Me and I in him bringeth forth much fruit." A good apple tree cannot help bringing forth apples; it does not have to try to do it; so it is with those who abide in Christ; they continually bring forth fruit. Now abiding does not mean three or four weeks of special service, but 365 days in a year of work for Christ. I hear people saying, "What shall I do now these meetings are about to close? I am afraid I shall go back to my old lukewarm condition." What you want is to abide in Christ, and then you will never go back. If this spirit of revival ever goes out of me I want to die right away; it seems to me that life would not be worth having without it. In the primitive days, we read there were added unto the Church daily such as should be saved, and so it ought to be now. Let me give you a text that will help you about this matter; it is in 1 Timothy, iii. 15: "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." If you are going to abide in Christ you must know something about Him, who he is, and what he is; study His Word, and find out what He has said, for in the next verse we find, "All Scripture is by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Now, along with this, take the 22d verse of the 1st chapter of James, "But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only." There has been no lack of hearers in Chicago; attentive hearers too. I have not seen many of you asleep. Now what power there would be in the Church in Chicago if there were as many doers as hearers of the Word. I have a serious charge to make against you. You come to the meetings steadily and listen well, and as soon as

the sermon is over nine out of every ten of you get your hats, and gather up your shawls, and start for home as soon as ever you can, without lifting a finger to help any one into the Kingdom of God. You have been in the church ten, fifteen, twenty, perhaps forty years; but, when I ask some of you to speak to that inquirer who sits weeping at your side, you say, "Oh, dear no, Mr. Moody, I can't do it; I don't know how; I haven't the ability." Now I think you have been hearers long enough; it is time for you to go to work; if you have listened as you ought, you can work. You say, "I have not the strength; I have not the wisdom; I have not the ability." Very well, God has all these things, and if you ask Him for them He will give them to you for His work.

Mr. Spurgeon was sending out some men from his college, and in reply to one of them who complained of his weakness, he said, "Yes, I know you are weak, but there are a good many of you." Now, if we could get all the weak ones in the Kingdom of Christ at work for Him, the result would be beyond reckoning, there are so many of them. Moses once went to Pharaoh and said: "If you don't let the people go I will bring up frogs upon you." "Frogs!" said Pharaoh, "do you think I am afraid of those little things?" But when they came Pharaoh had enough of them. There were frogs in the parlour, and frogs in the bedroom, frogs jumping up on the dining-table and into the beds, frogs in the kneading-troughs, so that you could not make a loaf of bread without a frog in the middle of it. Nothing but frogs, there were so many of them! In one respect I wish that believers were like the frogs of Egypt—that is, that they should go everywhere. If you do as well as you hear, you will be all right: but the hearer and not the doer of the Word, says James, in this same chapter, "Is like a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." But the man who is "not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the Word, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

In the second chapter of Titus, at the fourteenth verse, we read of Jesus Christ "who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." But you are afraid of being odd and peculiar, and the result is you are just the most wretched people in the world. You are not willing to be what Christ wants you to be, and nothing that you do seems to prosper, because you do it merely out of a sense of duty. You must be willing to be one of Christ's peculiar people; you must be zealous. I am willing to make a pilgrimage round the world if I could find a church all com-

posed of peculiar people. What a power such a church would be. When God has any peculiar work to do, He calls a peculiar person to do it. There was Elijah, who carried round the keys of Heaven with him, one of the most peculiar of men. There was Daniel. I have no doubt the scholars and scientific men of Babylon thought him the most peculiar man they had ever seen. Moses was the most peculiar man in all Egypt. God wants his people to be peculiar; but that is just the thing the Church don't want. They are afraid of the world, and of the worldly people in the Church. But no man is fit to do any work for God till he gets to be peculiar. Take the first verse of the third chapter of Titus, "Put them in mind to be * * * ready to every good work." If these ministers had every one of them members ready for every good work, what a power each Church would be. If you are not ready, get ready. Have you done nothing but try to save your own soul? What do you suppose God converted you for? If it had only been to save yourself, He would have taken you out of the world at once. In the eighth verse of this chapter Titus tells those who have believed to be careful to maintain good works. Some people bring the charge against us that we preach all the time, Believe, Believe; but if we have believed in Christ and partaken of His spirit we shall be careful to maintain good works; we cannot help working then. I want to say to those young converts, maintain the Church. One of them was saying the other day that he could get along without joining the Church, that Mr. Moody did not belong to any church. Now I want to say that the first thing I did after I was converted was to try to get into the Church. They would not have me because they thought I was not converted; but I tried again and again, till I got in. Don't stand outside of the church and throw stones at it; if it is cold go in and warm it up.

If you see anything that is doing good to a perishing world, that is one of the things to be maintained. Some people are like a bundle of shavings; set them on fire and they make a great blaze, but after a little there is no fire, no ashes, no anything. They go around and work a year in one Sunday-school and a year in another, but never hold on anywhere until they have gained an influence and become a power. Ten thousand such Christians are not worth one steady, faithful worker, who takes hold and holds on year after year, and never lets go until his mission is accomplished. I want no more revival Christians, no more Sunday Christians, but Christians who will hold right on. The man that does one thing is a terrible man. Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. There is one more thing I want to notice, and

that is, be sure your motive is right. In Colossians iii. 17, Paul says: "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." It will not do to work in the name of the Methodist Church, or the Presbyterian Church, or to build up any denomination. When you have got through it amounts to nothing, but if you do it in the name of Christ there is power and value in it. I was once attending the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Detroit, where I heard Judge Olds, from Columbus, relate his experience, which I shall never forget. When the war broke out he took some interest in the soldiers, but when his only son left him and went into the army, he became very much interested, and gave a great deal of time, days and weeks together, to the soldiers who passed through Columbus. After a while he thought it was taking too much time from his business, and resolved to give his time to that work. He went down to the office one morning, when he had an important case coming on, and pretty soon he saw a poor boy in blue coming in at the door. People had got in the habit of sending soldiers to Judge Olds, because he was always kind to them. The Judge went on writing without noticing the soldier until he pulled out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket and laid it on the desk. The Judge glanced at it, and saw that it was in the handwriting of his son. Then he seized it, and read: "This young man belongs to my company; he is sick, and is going home; if he comes to you, do everything you can for him, for Charley's sake." When the Judge read that he forgot all about his resolutions, left his important case, ran out and got a carriage, and took the poor fellow to his house, put him into Charley's room, nursed and took care of him until he was well enough to start on his journey again, and then took him to the train, put him in a comfortable place, and sent him on to his mother. "I did that for the sake of my son," said the Judge; "for Charley's sake; but what do you suppose our Father in heaven would do for the sake of His Son for those who are in trouble and need His help?"

Poetry.

THE DOOMED MAN.

"Ephraim is joined to his idols, *let him alone.*"—HOSEA.

THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below,
Like Eden, may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

O where is this mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost!

How far may we go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair ?

An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called TO-DAY, repent!
And harden not your heart."

CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

M. M. M., IN "CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER."

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you,"—1 PETER v. 7.

Oh! why do you carry your burden alone,
That burden so heavy to bear?
Why under its weight do you labour and groan,
When Jesus is saying in tenderest tone,
"My child, cast on Me every care?"

Go tell all your troubles, He'll give you relief,
Whenever on him you depend;
This blest "Man of sorrows acquainted with grief,"
To the cries of His children will never be deaf,
If only in faith they ascend.

When sickness or pain shall distress, He will heal,
Or else give you strength to endure;
For our Saviour who suffered will tenderly deal
With His own stricken children, if they will but kneel.
And ask this Physician to cure.

Then go to Him always whatever befall,
If sickness, or sorrow, or care,
If pain should disturb you, or sin, tell Him all,
At the foot of the cross humbly, trustingly fall,
And leave every burden right there.

"THE ONE TALENT."

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
 With the Giver's known intent
 That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
 Every farthing at my hand;
 When I in his presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
 When I hear my humble name,
 And cannot repay His claim!

Some will double what they hold;
 Others add to it ten-fold,
 And pay back in shining gold.

Lord, Oh teach me what to do!
 Make me faithful, make me true,
 And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
 Something now to do for Thee!
 Thou who hast done all for me!

Christian Thought.

PREACHING:—A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION.



HERE is a mode of preaching the gospel at the present day, exceedingly popular, but which we regard as defective in its appropriate influences. It consists in addressing the imagination with lively imagery or highly-wrought pictures, and endeavouring to awaken the emotions and affections through this, rather than through the reason, by the majesty of tenderness and truth. We object to this mode of sermonising, because it awakens essentially the same class of emotions that are awakened by the drama and romance; and, therefore, though the truth may be clearly exhibited, it fails to produce its legitimate gospel effect. In other words, while it awakens great interest, moves the sympathies, starts the tear, even agitates the hearer, it does not deeply or permanently affect the conscience and devotional affections. It rather pleases than benefits. It excites, but yields little Christian nutriment. As a tragedy seldom improves the morals, so this picturesque, enchanting preaching seldom strengthens the Christian

graces. The result lodges in the imagination and taste, awakening admiration, rather than the conscience and heart of the hearer, on the general principle that the capacity or tendency of the mind most active in the production of a sermon is usually the most affected in hearing it.

Reinhard, formerly court preacher at Dresden, in his "Letters and Confessions," translated from the German, has happily expressed this thought, together with others associated with it, alike deserving the consideration of the ambassador of Christ, and those who listen to his instructions:—

"He who banishes instruction from the pulpit, and attempts to reduce every thing to the excitement of emotion, robs the ministerial office of a great part of its usefulness, and deprives the great mass of the people of almost every opportunity for the enlargement and correction of their religious knowledge. Moreover, I must absolutely deny the possibility of a man's exciting religious feeling and rendering it salutary and productive of exalted effects, otherwise than by commencing with convincing instruction, and *taking the way through the intellect to the heart.* All his efforts to raise emotion by operating upon the imagination, will result in inflaming it, and enkindling a wild-fire which can prove of no advantage to genuine piety, and may positively injure it. A religious emotion, to be salutary and improving, and in a rational and profitable manner effect the exaltation of the mind, must be founded upon a lively perception of important truths vividly represented. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive of a discourse, which shall in reality take hold of, awaken, and inspire the man, and prepare the way for, and raise, the emotions of the heart, without instruction. Now as this instruction will produce the most effect, if delivered with clearness and proper arrangement, it is impossible to see why strict method should not be combined with the object of affecting the heart.

"While you are meditating upon the subject, then, some one will say, let every thing be arranged in its proper place; but when you come to write it out, and dress up this skeleton with skin and flesh, carefully conceal the various parts from the audience addressed, and then their eyes will not discover a skeleton without spirit and life.

"Let me tarry awhile at the image which lies at the foundation of this remark. Nature does, indeed, cover up the bony fabric of a beautiful body with tender parts of various kinds, and thereby impart to it those powerful charms by which it allures the beholder; but does she, in so doing, reduce it to a mass of flesh, and make it impossible for us any longer to distinguish its single parts and members, discover their relation

to each other, or point out their joints? On the other hand, is not this bony fabric, which constitutes the firm basis of the whole, so completely visible, that one can readily see where each member begins and ends, and how they are all connected together; and is it not this appropriate and natural compactness, and these regular proportions, which render a beautiful form so pleasing? Now, to continue the image employed, a discourse, the whole organization and the skeleton of whose thoughts are concealed by the manner in which it is written out, and the language in which it is clothed, will not constitute a beautiful body, full of life and motion; but can be looked upon as nothing more than an unformed and helpless mass of flesh, which cannot be made into any thing, or be reckoned among any known class of forms. This, indeed, is the impression which such discourses ordinarily leave behind them. One who listens to them, hears much that is beautiful, but he cannot tell definitely in what it consists, and is unable to reduce it to any clear and distinct shape. I cannot persuade myself that such discourses ever accomplish any good."

DOCTRINAL PREACHING.

BY W. W. HAYDEN.

THE following very just and sensible observations concerning "doctrinal preaching," I chanced to read not long since in *The Universalist*, of Boston, and have transcribed them for publication, to give them wider circulation.

"The gospel can not be preached without doctrinal statements. Sensible people do not expect it to be done. Hearts imbued with the Spirit of Christ feast on the doctrine of Christ, and gather new strength for duty and trial as they treasure the truth. But somehow or other an unaccountable prejudice has made headway in the church against doctrinal preaching. It is, however, a mere prejudice, the offspring of thoughtlessness, and should not deter any minister from holding forth the Word of Life as he understands it.

"Rhetorical splurges on moral questions should not be allowed to take the place of bold, faithful descriptions of human guilt and danger; nor should scientific lectures displace the exposition of the sacred text. The age of 'itching ears' has come. Young men and maidens frown the moment the preacher launches into theology. Their frown is sometimes potent. Its influence too often reaches the pulpit, and he whose face should be flint to defend the right, feels strange misgivings when visions of coming remonstrances flit before his imagination. It is laudable to

wish to please. He who does not please can scarcely hope to profit his hearers. Such reasoning leads to compromises, and these to further concessions, until the glow of manhood fails, and spiritual independence succumbs to the imperious mandates of worldly prudence. And then indeed is the pulpit muzzled. The preacher reflects the mind of the people. He fears to do otherwise; unpalatable truths are shut out; the gospel is mutilated. Instead of the sincere 'milk of the word' to nourish babes in Christ, or the 'strong meat' for those whose spiritual senses are exercised so as to need it, the juiceless husks of human learning, or the tinsel of rhetoric, or the flowers of a beautiful style, are dealt out to souls amissing for the bread of life. There is too much of this in the church. It is laying waste the fairest fields of the Lord's heritage.

The church needs doctrine. Without it she will perish, in spite of wealth and numbers and culture. We do not mean disputes and wranglings, but doctrine. What God says of man, of sin, and of the devil, must be repeated and enforced. The office and mission of Christ must be explained and defended. The work of the Holy Ghost as it relates to the penitent, the seeker, and the believer, must be kept before the mind. The dread realities of a just retribution must be held up for warning and reproof. Can he be faithful who speaks lightly of these things? Can the church prosper where they are distasteful? Will not God hold both ministers and people to account, if truth falls in the streets, because the flippant outcry against doctrinal preaching has been raised?"

Kindred to this was the remark of the Methodist preacher that "we must preach doctrine more, and not read short moral essays."

It is certainly gratifying to know that there is an occasional voice, coming from different sources, sounding the note of warning against the too common tendency of the present time to disparage doctrinal preaching. True, we would hardly expect a Universalist to insist upon "faithful descriptions of human guilt and *danger*," to enforce "what God says of *the devil*," or to hold up "the *dread* realities of a just retribution as a warning" against sin; but it is worth while to notice the suggestions coming from that source. The gospel is not a vague sentimentalism that affects not a man's principle or conscience, but a system of stubborn facts, precepts, promises, principles, and threatenings, which must be heartily received and carefully observed, if we would meet with divine acceptance. It is the policy of union meetings to suppress doctrinal differences, lest the harmony of the meeting be disturbed. This is the best, and perhaps the only defence of weak positions; but they that are strong need no such defence. They rejoice in the truth, and delight to make it known.

Christian Life.

A FRAGMENT ABOUT ROWLAND HILL.

BY V. J. CHARLESWORTH.



EW names are more widely known throughout Christendom than that of Rowland Hill, who was called to be a preacher when evangelical religion was but little prized by the ordained ministers of the National Church. Many of them were grossly negligent of their sacred duties, and the immorality of others was a standing disgrace. The people were kept in gross ignorance of the vital doctrines of Christianity, and their conduct was scarcely influenced for good by the teachers appointed by the State; their social condition was deplorable to the last degree. Mr. Hill's advent was thus most opportune, and the Great Head of the church made him the instrument of accomplishing a most important mission.

A man of simple faith and unaffected piety, despising cant on the one hand, and guarding against that questionable pietism on the other, which shrinks from revealing itself by a frank avowal, Mr. Hill found the fields "white unto harvest," and brought all the energies of his redeemed manhood to bear upon the work to which he had received an indisputable call. He was a living man, and living men must speak; he was intensely earnest, and earnestness is never dumb. From the moment of his conversion to the latest hour of his life he despised that coward reticence by which many Christians, otherwise estimable, hide their light under a bushel and weaken the testimony to the grace of God. Not that he obtruded his piety by pharisaic boasting or the glib use of an unctuous phraseology. The language of his lips had full commerce with the emotions of his heart, and the testimony of his ministry was the faithful index to his saintly character.

He stated the range within which his own teaching was confined when, on examining a young man for the ministry, he said, "Well, the gospel is a good milch cow, she gives plenty of milk. I never write my sermons. I first give a pull at justification, then a plug at adoption, and afterwards a bit at sanctification; and so, in one way or the other, I fill my pail with gospel milk."

The success of his ministry is sufficient evidence, we think, that such

preaching commands the divine approval. Ministers may moralize till they are dumb, but casuistry never saved a soul from death; they may philosophize till the "crack of doom," but theory never won a soul to Christ. The people may be beguiled into the profession of religion by the subtle sophistries of a rationalistic theology, the fascinating enchantments of an ornate ritual, and the beauties of an artistic symbolism; but a profession is of no value unless it be the exponent of an inner life. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

He was an extemporaneous preacher, and delivered, on an average, three hundred and fifty sermons a year for a period of sixty-six years. In speaking of the custom of reading sermons, he once said, "If a minister, after having duly considered the leading truth of his text, would but venture, under the divine blessing, to enforce the subject from the natural ability which God may have given him, he would find his heart animated by the subject, and preaching would soon be his daily delight."

Doubtless his sermons often lacked method, but this must not be attributed to his inability to arrange his thoughts in logical order. He knew that no sinner was ever savingly impressed by a sermon, considered as a whole, but by some striking thought, or pointed appeal, unpremeditated, perhaps, by the preacher, and not forming a necessary part of the discourse. "Some of you may think," he said to his audience at Surrey chapel on one occasion, "that I am preaching a rambling sermon; but oh, if I should be able to reach the heart of some poor rambling sinner, I'm sure you'll forgive me." And then he went on to say, "Sinner, you may ramble from Christ, but we will ramble after you and try to bring you back into the fold."

At the moment these words were being uttered a pick-pocket entered the chapel, and his conversion was traced to the impression then produced. When one of his congregation remarked to him, "Mr. Hill, you have taken us from Dan to Beersheba in your sermon to-day," he very coolly replied, "Never mind, my friend, it's all holy ground."

There is no doubt Mr. Hill describes himself in his "Village Dialogues," when depicting Mr. Lovegood. "If by the sprightliness of his imagination he excited a smile of approbation without the least degree of levity, he knew how very soon afterwards to excite a tear. His preaching was, at times, like the sun, brilliant, and even if intervening clouds intercepted its bright rays, yet still the warmth was felt, and its fertilizing effects were evident. His sentiments were elevated and pure. If he descended, it was like the swallow, just to dip the tip of his wing in the stream and again ascend. After he had taken his text he would, for a

time, stick to it, and give it a just and correct interpretation; though afterwards, from the warmth and animated frame of his mind, he would branch out so as to surprise his hearers by a brilliancy of thought peculiar to himself. His severer hearers would blame him for his eccentricities, and call him a rambling preacher, though still he was correct in his divinity, and well-intentioned in his design; and in all his ramblings he was ever sure to keep upon holy ground."

All his talents were consecrated at the throne of grace, and he maintained the vigour of his spiritual life by prayer. It was the potent factor in the success of his grand life-work, as it is the secret of all true success in the work and warfare of the kingdom. The men who have revolutionized society by their heroic deeds in the cause of God have been mighty through the inspiration of prayer. Paul and Luther, Wesley and Whitefield, and the noble army of martyrs became bold to dare and strong to do because they were men of prayer.

Rowland Hill became so familiar with the art of prayer that he was only conscious of a few intervals during the day when his heart was not drawn up to God in its exercise. He said on one occasion, "I like ejaculatory prayer; it reaches heaven before the devil can get a shot at it." He was a living embodiment of Montgomery's charming hymn, and had, indeed, proved that

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath."

Charged with a divine commission, he "went everywhere preaching the gospel." He wanted no episcopal sanction for the limits of his ministry when his Master had prescribed "all the world" as his sphere of service. The system which confines the preaching of the gospel to consecrated walls, and sacrifices usefulness to propriety, is not according to the mind of Christ. He was not like a parish water-cart, which may spend itself within well-defined limits; he must rather be compared to those aerial reservoirs, the clouds, which recognise no parochial boundary in their beneficent mission. He used to say, "I always conceived that in preaching through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, I stuck close to my parish."

As his preaching engagements necessarily caused him so travel extensively in various directions, he availed himself in his earlier days of his carriage. A rigid Sabbatarian once resorted to a very questionable expedient of rebuking Mr. Hill, and sent in a request for prayer. According to his usual custom Mr. Hill took up this request to read aloud before offering prayer. He began, "The prayers of this congregation are

desired——” Having proceeded thus far, he exclaimed, “Umph ! ‘for—’ umph ! well I suppose I must finish what I have begun, ‘for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday !” Any ordinary man would have been disconcerted, but he looked up very coolly and said, “If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into the vestry after the service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage.” When his nephew asked him if this story were true, he replied, “Aye, that it is, true enough. You know I could not call him a donkey in plain terms.”

With a soul fired with zeal, he brought his natural talent for wit and humour to bear upon his work. An intimate friend of Cowper he felt with him—

“’Tis pitiful

To court a grin when you should woo a soul ;

To break a jest when pity should inspire

Pathetic inspiration ; and to address

The skittish fancy with facetious tales

When sent with God’s commission to the heart.”

It is true that he resorted to many novel artifices to catch the popular ear ; but it was done with such consummate skill that they never diverted attention from his grand aim. He once commenced a sermon by shouting “Matches ! matches ! matches !” and then he went on to say, “You wonder at my text, but this morning, while I was engaged in my study, the devil whispered to me, ‘Ah, Rowland, your zeal is indeed noble, and how indefatigably you labour for the salvation of souls.’ At that very moment a man passed under my window, crying matches very lustily, and conscience said to me, ‘Rowland, you never laboured to save souls with half the zeal this man does to sell matches.’” With this introduction, he proceeded with his sermon, and the attention gained at the commencement, was held to the close.

Sheridan once remarked, “I go to hear Rowland Hill because his ideas come red-hot from the heart ;” and it was the opinion of Robert Hall “that no man has ever drawn, since the days of our Saviour, such sublime images from nature.”

In writing to his nephew, Mr. Hill said, “It is better to feed the appetite of the hungry, than to tickle the fancies of the whimsical. This breed of preachers are apt soon to preach themselves out of breath, and come to nothing. May you and I never be the retailers of such whipt-syllabub divinity ; better keep a cook-shop to satisfy the *craving* appetite,

than a confectioner's shop to regale the *depraved* appetite of the dainty. Good brown bread preaching is best after all."

Many of the stories told of Mr. Hill lacked the one essential element of truth. The inventive faculty of his enemies was very largely exercised, but their inventions only increased his popularity, and left his good name untarnished. The traditional reputation which he acquired never touched the integrity of his character, and his sincerity was so apparent that few, if any, really believed him capable of saying and doing many things with which he was charged. The story of his eventful career cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader.

Christian Work.

THE MORAVIAN MISSION IN TIBET.

COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.



IN the southern slopes of the principal chain of the Western Himalayas in North India, and somewhat south of Cashmere, there lies the Tibetan village of Kyelang. It is situated in the province of Lahoul, which is one of the two Tibetan provinces under British rule.

Lahoul is a valley about fifty miles in length, and about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, with a population, according to the last census, of 5970. The entrance to this valley from the south is by the way of the Rotang Pass, 13,000 feet high, and from the north by a pass 16,500 feet high. The snow-line is at an elevation of 17,000 feet, and some of the highest peaks are 22,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Owing to the great elevation of Lahoul, there are no trees to adorn the mountain slopes or the valley, save a few pencil cedars, birch, willows, and poplars. Flowers are numerous and beautiful, and flourish at the height of 16,000 feet. Wild roses, of which there are nineteen varieties, cover the slopes in the month of July. Yellow, red, and white ones are also to be found in the fields and hedgerows.

On an average here in winter the amount of snow exceeds that of Germany, whilst under the direct rays of the sun in summer the heat is intense. In autumn the weather is charming. Snow generally begins to

fall about the first week in January, and the country remains covered till the end of April or beginning of May. It then disappears from the northern slopes, whilst the inhabitants on the southern slopes hasten the thaw by throwing ashes on the snow. The soil is cultivated, and produces wheat, barley, potatoes, turnips, lettuces, etc. In summer, plenty of merchants may be seen passing through the valley on their way from India to Yarkand, with tea, sugar, and spice. Merchants also from Yarkand may also be seen making their way to India. Mussulmen on their way to Mecca for a two or three years' pilgrimage also pass through Lahoul.

The province is not heavily taxed, but the natives are frequently compelled to leave their work and act as carriers for travellers, for which they receive pay according to a tariff fixed by Government.

One of the noblemen of the place dispenses justice in the Queen's name, and the English officer in whose district Lahoul lies comes once a year to attend to the more important trials and criminal cases.

A remarkable custom, common among Tibetans, is the marriage of one woman to several men of one family. The eldest son chooses a wife, who, with all her children, becomes the property of the other sons of the family. The evils attendant on this custom are perhaps greater than those which necessarily accompany polygamy, which also is practised in Tibet. We are glad, however, to say that prejudice in its favour is being gradually undermined by the growing feeling of objection to the custom on the part of the younger sons.

LANGUAGE.

The principal language in Lahoul is Tibetan. It is simple in its construction, and deficient in grammatical forms. The alphabet contains thirty letters. Although Lahoul is but small, there are several languages spoken within its borders. On the north, Tibetan is the language of young and old, whilst in the centre, and towards the south, the people speak Bunan, Tinan, and a language related to Hindostani.

RELIGION.

The inhabitants of Lahoul, with the exception of just a few villages, are Buddhists, or rather Lamaists, as they recognize as their head the chief Lama at Lhassa.

According to the last census there were no less than one hundred priests or lamas, and seventy nuns in Lahoul. These lamas, who are supposed by the common people to be invested with extraordinary power, belong to these three great treasures, viz. : "Buddha, religious books, and

the priests." Some live in monasteries, others work in the roads and in the fields. Some are married, whilst others live in a state of celibacy. They are consulted by the common people as to the exact time, after the breaking up of the snow, that the land should be tilled; they are supposed to be able to discover springs, produce rain, and drive away demons. In the winter, the most of them resort to the monasteries for the purpose of performing their religious ceremonies.

The learning of the lamas in Lahoul is not of the most profound character. Reading and writing, and the ability to recite portions of their religious books, are their chief acquirements.

They manage to get through a wonderful amount of prayers—or at least of recitals of the same prayers—which they say, however, not by steam, but by water-mills. Every lama may be seen carrying his little prayer-mill; and the more pious he is, the more frequently he may be seen turning his mill.

The Buddhism here is not unlike the Buddhism of India and China, except that it has rather a higher moral tone. Their code of morals are—first, Thou shalt not kill any living thing; second, Thou shalt not take what is not given to thee; third, Thou shalt not commit adultery; fourth, Thou shalt not speak evil of another; fifth, Thou shalt not talk nonsense; sixth, Thou shalt not slander; seventh, Thou shalt not covet; eighth, Thou shalt not plan injury; ninth, Thou shalt not lie; tenth, Thou shalt not entertain heretical ideas. When the chief lama comes into the province from Lhassa, he is supposed to shed blessings all around. As giving is considered to be a great act of merit on the part of the giver, the common people load such a visitor with numerous gifts. Not wishing, however, to burden himself with these articles, the lama arranges a sale by auction, and the donors gladly buy their own gifts at a high price.

Nearly every place in the district is supposed to be haunted by evil spirits, and the natives beat drums, and make all kinds of strange noises in order to get rid of them as they think.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MISSION WORK IN TIBET.

The work was commenced in Lahoul in the year 1855 by two brethren who had studied for some time at Berlin. These brethren were commissioned to proceed by way of Western Tibet into Mongolia. After making an unsuccessful attempt to get it through, they resolved to try and reach it through India. This they did, but no sooner had they passed through Lahoul and Ladak than, on reaching the borders of Chinese Tibet, they were stopped. The Chinese authorities refused them wood, water,

food of every kind, and carriers. Thereupon they separated, and each tried to penetrate the country alone. All efforts, however, were fruitless, and both returned to Kotghur. Shortly after this they settled as near the boundary as possible, and Lahoul was selected as the field of their Missionary labours. They have now two stations—one at Kyelang, and the other at Poo, twelve day's journey south-east of the village of Kyelang.

As soon as the novelty of Gospel preaching had worn off, the people manifested indifference to it. Some remarked, "That is all in our books;" others, "The end is the same only your way leading to it differ from ours." Even the lamas themselves were at first very zealous in teaching the missionaries, but when they better understood the object of their coming amongst them, they too became indifferent, and gradually withdrew themselves from them. Undaunted, however, by the coldness, manifested towards them, the missionaries persevered in their object, preaching the Gospel to all that they could reach. In the villages and monasteries, in conversation with individuals, and to larger companies the Gospel is preached, and tracts and books printed at Kyelang during the winter are distributed far and wide amongst those who are able to read them. Large numbers are constantly sent from Kyelang to Darjeeling, where many Tibetans are found travelling to and from their own country. Thus, whilst the missionaries are prevented from going beyond the province of Lahoul, the Word of God is carried into regions far beyond. Christian publications have been taken by pilgrims and traders into regions beyond Lhassa; and the message that there is salvation in none but Jesus is now known in Tibet, outside the Chinese Empire.

After several years of labour, without any manifest result, the baptism of the first converts—father and son—took place in the year 1865. And at the close of 1873 there were twenty-three converts at the two stations, and three candidates for baptism. The waning trust of the people in their own faith is more and more apparent, and it is only their fear of the lamas, and of the noblemen, which keeps them from breaking free from their spiritual bondage. The lamas notice this change in the people, and strain every nerve to undermine the influence of the missionaries and to stop the work. On several occasions the people have requested the lamas publicly to prove the truth of their assertions that Buddhism is true and Christianity false, but, though often promised, the discussion has not yet taken place.

A poor lama, who was occasionally employed as messenger and carrier to and from Simla, began to be interested in Gospel truth, read

diligently the Word of God, and pondered over its contents. He was regarded with suspicion by his fellow lamas, and being one day present at a feast, he was thrown from the flat roof of a house, and there killed outright, and the corpse was immediately burnt.

As it was in winter, when Lahoul is entirely shut off from the outer world, a judicial inquiry into the matter was impossible.

At Poo, in 1871, there appeared a lama from that city who had met with a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel whilst on a pilgrimage. He had read it with deep interest, and came to Poo to learn more of the truths it contained. He made rapid progress in divine knowledge, and was subsequently baptized. His talents are now turned to good account in connexion with the printing-press at Kyelang. Thus, by God's blessing, a work has been begun amongst the priesthood of Buddha, which gives us great hopes of the future.

Some time ago we commenced a school. Subsequently the new Government schools were built, and the Brethren had the entire charge of them, both in Kyelang and the neighbourhood. Whilst the Government provides for the secular education of the boys, they are allowed to attend to their moral and religious training. School teachers have been raised up from their midst who have become schoolmasters in the neighborhood. The missionaries visit these schools as frequently as possible, and once a year the tutors come to Kyelang for further instruction. One of these teachers has been baptized, another had inscribed over the door of his school-room, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Pupils speak at their own homes of what they learnt concerning Christ, and both they and their teachers are abandoning many superstitious observances, inasmuch that the lamas are beginning to regard the schools as dangerous. A girls' school has also been commenced, and not without success. The Lord in various ways is now manifestly blessing mission work away in this distant part of His vineyard, but the progress is very slow, and the need of patience very great.

JAPAN; ITS STATISTICS AND PROSPECTS.

From a new and highly valuable book just now issued by Harper and Bro's of New York, entitled "The Mikado's Empire;" written by William E. Griffis, late of the Imperial University, of Tokio, Japan, we make the following quotation of statistics. We shall have much to say of the volume from which we quote at an early date. We predict that it will be

recognized as the most valuable work on Japan in the English language.

Japan has three imperial cities; 72 Ken; 86 Provinces; 717 Departments (Kori); 6,862 City Parishes (Ku); 70,443 Rural Parishes (Mura); 12,535 Towns; 7,107,841 Houses; 128,123 Shinto Shrines; and 98,914 Buddhist Temples. The number of Shinto officials is 76,119; of Buddhist *religious*, 207,669 (students and families); of nuns and priestesses 9,826. The total population is 33,900,675 souls.

There is room for curious inquiry or philosophizing on the disparity in the number of males and females in some classes as shown herein. There are :—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Farmers	8,004,014	6,866,412	14,870,426
Artisans	521,295	180,121	701,416
Merchants	819,782	489,409	1,309,191
Miscellaneous	1,218,266	911,256	2,129,522

This also is a suggestive table :—

	Males.	Females.
Maimed, blind, deaf, dumb, etc.	63,759	37,828
Criminals in prison	2,311	119
Criminals in penal settlements	962	26
At hard labour	2,726	320

The railway from Yokohama to Tokio, eighteen miles long, carried in 1873, 1,435,656 passengers, and in 1874, 1,592,814 passengers. In 1874-5 there were but nine money letters stolen, out of an aggregate of registered and ordinary letters of 16,996,602; and of 47,480 known to contain money.

Of one hundred and twenty-three Japanese sovereigns, nine have been women. The Foreign language school, in which students learn English or other languages, contains six hundred students and twenty-five foreign teachers. There are fifty-three thousand students in the vernacular elementary schools; or one for every six hundred persons in the empire. Nearly 3,000,000 youths of both sexes are in the schools.

To show the power possessed by the Government over the people, it is enough to say that the whereabouts of ninety-nine hundredths of all the citizen during any given twenty-four hours can be told with great certainty. The increase of newspapers, are shown by the mail reports, between 1873-4 was 411 per cent., "a fact which speaks volumes for the progress of civilization." There are ten daily newspapers in the capital, and two hundred publications in the empire.

The following are the concluding words of Mr. Griffis's exceedingly interesting and valuable work :

"A new sun is rising in Japan. In 1870 there were not ten Protestant Christians in the empire. There are now (May 1876) ten churches, with a membership of eight hundred souls. Gently, but resistlessly, Christianity is leavening the nation. In the next century the native word *inaka* (rustic, boor,) will mean 'heathen.' With those forces that centre in pure Christianity, and under that Almighty Providence Who raises up one nation and casts down another, I cherish the firm hope that Japan will in time, take and hold her equal place among the foremost nations of the world, and that, in the onward march of civilization which follows the sun, the Sun-land may lead the nations of Asia that are now appearing in the theatre of universal history."

Practical Papers.

THE GOLDEN KEY, WITH ENCOURAGEMENTS FOR USING IT

BY THE REV. DAVID WINTERS, WESTMINSTER CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PRAYER.

"PRAY without ceasing."—(1 Thess. v. 17.)

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live."

HART.

"Prayer is a retirement from earth, to attend on God, and hold correspondence with Him that dwells in heaven. The things of the world, therefore, must be commanded to stand by for a season, and to abide at the foot of the mount, while we walk up higher, to offer up our sacrifices, as Abraham did, and to meet our God."

WATTS.

"In every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer."

YOUNG.

"In the absence of sun, the mild and peaceful radiance of the moon enlivens our path. Let devotion spread a cheering light over your darkest hours. 'The Queen of Night,' says Bowdler, 'unveils its full beauty, when the hours of joy and lustre have passed away, pouring, as it were, a holy light through the damps and darkness of adversity.' Thus will constant prayer cheer the darkest season of affliction."

BICKERSTETH.

"The best means of keeping near to God, is the closet. Here the battle is won or lost."

PAYSON.

"In this valley of sorrow and strife,
Prayer shall rise with my earliest breath;
It shall mix in the business of life,
And soften the struggles of death."

CUNNINGHAM.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. When shall I come and appear before God?"

"Prayer is the most secret intercourse of the soul with God; and as it were, the conversation of one heart with another."
DR. A. CLARE.

"A little girl, about four years of age, being asked, 'Why do you pray to God?' replied, 'Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him.' 'But how do you know He hears you?' Putting the little hand to her heart, she said, 'I know He does, because there is something *here* that tells me so.'"



OUR Lord spoke a parable to this end: That "men ought always to pray and not to faint;" and yet there are those who still ask, in unbelief, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto the Lord?" We are told that, because God's purposes are unchangeable, it is useless to pray; prayer cannot change the unchangeable One. It is true, that the Lord changes not, and that whatever He does in time, whether in providence or in grace, He purposed from eternity to do; but this is just the very reason why His people can pray to Him with confidence, for when God ordains an end He ordains the means by which that end shall certainly be secured. The latter is as much a part of His purpose as is the former. Now, prayer falls right into the line of His purposes; for he has ordained that it shall always be the means whereby His children shall obtain the blessings promised them in the covenant of grace. He has immutably determined that every humble, earnest, believing prayer of a righteous man, for things agreeable to His will, shall be heard, accepted and answered, in His time and manner. An earnest, believing spirit of prayer is the gift of God, and is a part of His plan for the obtaining of the end prayed for. Prayer is the forerunner of coming blessings. It is the chain which binds the soul to God, and brings down the promised mercies to us.

The power of prayer is seen in the remarkable answers vouchsafed to the petitions of the faithful all along the ages. The scriptures are full of them. I can, however, at present, advert to only three examples from the word of God. One of these is the prayer of Moses, on behalf of the Israelites, when God declared that He would destroy them, because they had made and worshipped an idol. In the absence of Moses, while he was up in the mountain with God, receiving the law, which he was to give to the people, they made a golden calf, built an altar before it, pro-

claimed a feast, offered burnt offerings, and brought peace-offerings to it, and said, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." "And the Lord said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiff-necked people; now, therefore, let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may destroy them; and I will make of thee a great nation. And Moses besought the Lord his God, and said, Lord, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power, and with a mighty hand? Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, and say, for mischief did he He bring them out, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people. Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it forever."

This is the prayer of Moses. And what did God do? Why, He was not able to withstand the pleading of His servant. Moses took hold of the strength of the Lord, and rebellious Israel was saved; for we read, "And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto the people."

Another remarkable example of the power of prayer occurs in the history of Elijah. Israel had apostatized from Jehovah, and had adopted the worship of Baal. Elijah had called upon them, in the name of Jehovah, to abandon their idolatry and to return to the Lord, but they still persisted in the worship of idols. He then cried for the righteous retribution of heaven upon them, in order that they might learn what an evil and bitter thing it is for a people to forsake God. He prayed that it might not rain, and God shut up the heavens so that for the space of three years and six months not a drop of rain or dew fell upon the land.

But you will perhaps say, Elijah was a prophet; he was one of God's princes; I cannot hope for such success in prayer. Then hear how the apostle James deals with your unbelief:—"Elias was a man of like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

One other illustration of the power of prayer from scripture. Herod, the king, stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church. He

killed James, the brother of John, with the edge of the sword. And because he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further, to take Peter also. Peter was therefore thrown into prison. Herod intended after Easter to bring him forth to the people. But the disciples had already proved the omnipotence of prayer, and "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." And what was the result? Why, when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keeper before the door kept the prison; suddenly the angel of the Lord entered the prison, filling it with light. He called upon Peter to arise. His chains fell off. He sprang to his feet, and followed the angel through one ward and then through another, till they came to the iron gate of the prison, which flew open before them of its own accord. They passed on together through one street, Peter all the while supposing that it was only a vision. But when the angel had left him, and he was come to himself, he hastened to the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together praying. Peter knocked at the door of the gate. A damsel ran to hearken. She recognized the voice of Peter, and forthwith ran back to tell that Peter was actually at the gate. They told her she was mad. But when she constantly affirmed that it was even so, they said, "It is his angel," or, as we would say, "his ghost." "But Peter continued knocking, and when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished." Where, now, are our philosophers with their prayer-gauges? Prayer, which has always been the secret of the church's power, brought Peter out of prison. Strong walls, and iron gates, and bolts, and bars, and dungeons, and chains, and soldiers, are no insurmountable barriers to the power of prayer.

I will now turn from the Scriptures to give a few instances of the omnipotence of prayer, taken from the lives of God's people in modern times.

On a certain occasion a messenger was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He hastened to the sick-bed, and found his friend at the point of death. He bent over him in sorrow, and sobbing, gave utterance to his grief in a loud exclamation of anguish. It roused Melancthon from his stupor. He looked into the face of Luther, and said, "O Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the quick response. Turning around, he fell upon his knees, and for upwards of an hour he wrestled with God for the recovery of Melancthon. He went from his

knees to the bed, and took his friend by the hand. Again he said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me go in peace?" "No, no, Philip," said Luther, "we cannot spare you from the field of labour yet." He then ordered some soup for the sick man. When pressed to take it he declined, saying again, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. He then added, "Philip, if you don't take this soup, I will excommunicate you." He took it. From that hour he began to mend. He soon regained his wonted strength, and for many years laboured in the glorious cause of the Reformation. When Luther returned home, he told his wife with overflowing joy, "God gave me back my brother, Melancthon, in direct answer to prayer."

A spy, who was sent to watch Luther, followed him to a hotel in which he was to lodge for the night. He occupied a room adjoining the one in which the Reformer slept. He told his employer the next day that Luther prayed nearly all night, and that he could never conquer a man who prayed so earnestly.

Lattimer used to beseech God for three things: that he might be enabled to continue faithful and to maintain the truth until death; that the gospel might be given to all England, and that the life of Elizabeth might be spared until the Reformation was established. His prayers were answered.

It is said of bloody Queen Mary that she dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies in Europe. And well she might, for Knox was a man who in prayer prevailed as a prince with God. He used to fall upon the ground and cry, "O God, give me Scotland or I die." And God gave him Scotland. In his garden was a place to which he used to resort for prayer. One evening he and a few of his friends were in that place praying earnestly for help from heaven. Suddenly Knox sprang to his feet, and said, "Relief has come! relief has come." He felt sure that relief had come in answer to prayer, but he knew not yet in what way. Soon tidings came of the death of the Queen.

A widowed mother who walked with God had an only son, a child of her vows and her prayers. He entered college, passed through the prescribed course of study, and graduated honourably and with an excellent moral character, but without a change of heart. She ordered the furniture of his apartments to be removed to a room in an adjacent theological seminary, saying that he was to enter it at the opening of the next session. Some of her friends thought she must be unduly excited, and remonstrated with her. But the furniture was sent, and the young man

went to his home. The mother prayed for his immediate conversion. Soon a revival began in the church of which she was a member. Her son was among the first converts. He made a profession of his faith in Christ, united with the church, entered the seminary, and became a useful, honoured, and learned minister of the gospel. God honoured the faith of that praying mother.

An eminent Episcopal clergyman with whom I am acquainted, related once in my hearing the following incident:—A young man who was his fellow-student in the theological seminary, had a brother who was an officer in the army, and a man of excellent moral character, and possessed of many estimable qualities; but he was an unconverted man. He came to visit his brother in the seminary. The young man determined to speak to him on the subject of his personal salvation. He did so. With all the dignity of his person and his official position, he confronted his younger brother, and said, What is there wrong in me? What have I done? Mention a single blemish in my life. What change do you wish to see in me? The young man was confounded. He knew not what to say. But he determined to try the power of prayer. The officer soon left for Florida, where he was to spend the winter in camp. His wife, who was also unconverted, went to Rhode Island to spend the winter at the house of her brother-in-law, who was a clergyman. The prayers of the young man in the seminary followed them both. A revival began in the church of which her brother-in-law was pastor. She was one of the first subjects of that saving work of grace. Her brother-in-law advised her to unite with the church at once, but she declined to do so until she should acquaint her husband with what had taken place, as neither had ever, since their marriage, taken any important step without the hearty consent of the other. She wrote him. But meanwhile he had become troubled in his mind. At first he knew not the cause of his unrest. He borrowed a Bible from a fellow-soldier and read it. Deep conviction of sin followed. He sought forgiveness, and obtained it through the blood of the cross. He wrote his wife to inform her of his happy change. Their letters passed each other on the way. Each at last reached its destination, and about the same time husband and wife were made happy by the news of their mutual union of hearts in the love of Christ. The prayer of the young man prevailed with God, and brought the blessing down upon them both.

Child of God, pray on for the conversion of your relatives and friends, who are out of the ark of salvation! Though they be proud, and stout-hearted, and self-satisfied, pray on. God is Almighty, and the

prayer of faith secures the gracious interposition of His power. Do not be discouraged if the answer does not come at once. Pray on, and wait upon the Lord, for His mercy is worth waiting for. Pray on till the answer comes, or you die with the prayer upon your lips. Think of what prayer has done. By prayer Abraham healed Abimelech; Joshua arrested the sun in the heaven; Hannah obtained Samuel from the Lord; Asa put to flight a million of Arabians; Hezekiah secured the destruction of the Assyrian army; Esther saved her people from ruin; the disciples obtained the descent of the Spirit; and Paul and Silas shook the prison at Philippi.

Prayer is the power that moves the arm which moves the universe. It is the key which opens the treasury of heaven. "It is weakness going to Infinite Power for aid. It is emptiness going to Infinite Fulness for supply." Pray on, for praying breath was never spent in vain.

THREE SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

(ABRIDGED FROM BUNYAN.)

FELLOW-SINNER, hast thou not heard of the necessity of coming to Christ, and of the willingness of Christ to receive thee? Hast thou not heard of the end of all those who come not, and of the blessing that they shall have who indeed do come? Put thyself now upon this serious inquiry—"Have I indeed come to Jesus Christ?" Thou art now invited to come; and if thou shalt yet refuse, thy judgment will be greater, and thy condemnation more fearful,

Perhaps thou sayest—"But I hope I have come." It is well if it prove so. But lest thou shouldst deceive thyself, and so fall unawares into hell, let us examine a little.

1. If thou hast come, *what hast thou come away from?*—What hast thou left behind? Hast thou left behind thy darling sins—thy vain pleasures and companions—thy pride and love of the world—thy own righteousness and self-pleasing? Take heed. If these things be in thy heart and life, why shouldst thou imagine thou art yet come to Jesus Christ?

2. Tell me, I pray thee, *what moved thee to "come?"* Men do not usually come or go, before they have a cause that moveth them thereto. All men by sin are under wrath, and are warned to flee from it unto Christ; yet alas! alas! but few flee. And why? Because they do not believe their condition is such as it is; *they do not believe what God tells*

them about it. So it is not a man's being under wrath, but a man's believing it, that will move him to come to Christ. We have a famous illustration of "coming," in the case of the four lepers, of whom we read in 2 Kings vii. The famine was sore. There was no bread where they were. Being half dead already, they said one to another—"Why sit we here until we die? Now, therefore, come let us go into the camp of the Syrians." They believed death awaited them where they were, and therefore they fled for their lives. Thus it is with those who in truth come to Jesus Christ. Death is before them; they see and feel it, and therefore they come of necessity. They are forced by the sense of being utterly and everlastingly undone, if they find not safety in him. But it is an easier thing to persuade a man in good health to go to a physician for a cure, than it is to persuade a man, who sees not his soul-disease, to come to Christ. Why should he go to him? "The whole have no need of a physician." The pitcher that is full, can hold no more. Why, then, should it go to the fountain?

3. Once more, let me ask thee, *what hast thou seen in Christ Jesus to allure thee to forsake all the world to come to him?* What comeliness and beauty hast thou seen in him? Is he lovelier to thee than ten thousand? And what hast thou found in him? He that cometh to him, finds rest for his soul. Hast thou found this rest in Christ? He that cometh to him, finds reconciliation in him; for "God was in Christ reconciling the World to himself." He that cometh to him, finds him a fountain of grace for the pardon of every sin. He that cometh to him, finds virtue in him; so that if thou do but touch him *by faith*, life—eternal life—is forthwith conveyed into thy soul. It makes one wake as out of the sleep of natural death, into the newness of spiritual life." What more shall I say? He that cometh to Jesus Christ, finds in him rest, peace, delight, heaven, glory, and eternal life.

Now, sinner, be advised! Ask thy heart again, saying—"Am I come to Jesus Christ?" for on this one question—"AM I COME, OR AM I NOT COME?"—hangs heaven or hell, as to thee. If thou canst say, in deed and in truth, "*I am come to Jesus Christ—he is mine, and I am his,*" happy, happy, happy art thou! If thou hast really come to him, and received him as thy Saviour, (John i. 12.) thou art an adopted child of God, and Jesus has gone to prepare a place for thee. Thou art the object of a "love that passeth knowledge;" and whilst thou art passing on through the wilderness, from the gate of hell, where thou wast, to the gate of heaven, where thou art going, God hath strewed thy path with promises, as with flowers from his own paradise. The sweet gales of His

Spirit shall refresh thee—the kisses of His love shall cheer thee—His gracious words, dropping like honey-comb, shall comfort thy soul; yea, the bright beams of his countenance shall shine upon thee, till thou meet Him with fulness of joy in glory!

Christian Miscellany.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

IT was not enough for the healing of the serpent-bitten Israelites, that the brazen serpent had been lifted up by their leader at the command of God. It had to be looked at. No looking, no living. Yet, their deliverance from death was not the less the work and the gift of God. So, though Christ has been "lifted up from the earth," that will profit the sinner nothing unless he believes in Him. Yet, though he is saved through faith, he is not the less saved by grace. The law of faith excludes boasting.

It was not essential that the bitten one should see the serpent of brass so distinctly as to be able to mark all the points of resemblance between it and the creature which it represented. In some instances, on account of distance from it, age, or the effects of the poison, he might see only a pole with something on it, standing between him and the sky. But if he looked at it, that was enough. So, the sinner may know but little about Christ. But if he simply "receive, and rest on Him alone for salvation," all is well.

It was not essential for the bitten one to make a laughing-stock of the brazen serpent, in order to die. If he simply refrained from looking at it, however reverently he might speak of it, he would most certainly die. So, for a man to be lost for ever, it is not essential that he be an infidel, or grossly immoral. If he simply refrain from believing in Jesus—if he "neglect so great salvation"—treat it as a matter of no importance, however moral he may be, however amiable he may be, however great a profession of religion he may make, nothing else is needed. Far more perish by the latter way, than by the former.

If a bitten one purposed looking at the brazen serpent, but did no more, he would certainly perish. So it shall be with the sinner, who

only intends to believe on the Lord Jesus. There is great truth in the quaint saying, "Hell is payed with good intentions." Putting off to another day, is the most successful of all the ways whereby the devil draws souls down to hell.

A MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY.

THE Rev. Wm. Reid says:—"An able and devoted missionary labouring in a district comprehending 300 families and thirty dram-shops—that is, one dram-shop to every ten families—says in a letter to the writer:—"From more than two and a half years' experience in missionary work, I feel convinced that until the Church uses all her influence for the entire removal of the drink traffic, she is doing little better than wasting money in supporting me as a missionary." In this same town a certain congregation has provided a church and a school, and two devoted missionaries, for one of the lower districts; while a leading member of another congregation of the same denomination has fitted up in that same district, at the expense of several hundreds of pounds, a shop for the sale of liquors, and which is capable of accommodating a greater number of persons than the mission chapel; nor is it necessary to say which of them is most numerously frequented. Now, what can a missionary do among such people? He finds the native depravity of the soul tenfold intensified, the conscience seared, the hope of improvement well-nigh extinct, everything that might enoble prostrate before a monster appetite. He may expostulate, and warn, and instruct; and even where he for a little succeeds, another visit to the dram-shop, and all impressions are effaced."

A HEATHEN KING, who had been for years confirmed in the sin of drunkenness by the evil practices of white men on the Sandwich Islands, had been led to forsake the dreadful habit. He said lately to a Missionary, "Suppose you put four thousand dollars in one hand, and a glass of rum in the other. You say, 'You drink this rum, I give you four thousand dollars.' I no drink it. You say you kill me, I no drink it." Poor fellow! the rum would soon have killed him, if he had not given it up. It has killed multitudes of the heathen, particularly in the West Indies and West Africa, where it has been a terrible enemy to the Missionary and his work.

TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

Oh! Christian mothers in this Christian land,
 Whose little children gather at your knee
 Morning and eve for prayer, how full of love
 And thought your care for them, that they may be
 Kept safe and free from harm, and out of sight
 And sound of evil things. How frequently
 You bring them to the throne of grace, and pray
 That God would ever guide those little feet
 In safest paths, and lead them to His fold,
 That they may surely be the little lambs
 Of the Good Shepherd.

• Happy, happy they
 Who are thus blessed! But do you ever think
 Of those poor little ones, for whom, alas!
 No mother's heart doth melt with tenderness?—
 Orphans, or worse, brought up in haunts of crime,
 Hungry and wretched, taught to steal and sin,
 Turned out at earliest dawn to seek their bread;
 Who only hear the awful name of God
 Mingled too often with some dreadful oath,
 And ne'er were told by gentle mothers' lips
 The sweet "old story" of a Saviour's love.
 And yet for these He died, and over them
 His heart is yearning with the tenderest love.

Oh! who will go as messengers from Him,
 To gather in these poor neglected ones?
 Thank God, there are kind hearts, warm with His love,
 Who, at His call, go forth to seek the lambs
 Lost in the wilderness, and bring them home,
 Showing them love such as they knew not of;
 Clothing and feeding them, and teaching them
 By honest toil to earn their bread; and more—
 Telling of One who careth for them all,
 And loved them so He gave His only Son
 To die, to save them from eternal death,
 And from their sin, and lead them to the land
 Where sin and suffering are for ever o'er.

Oh! mothers, give your sympathy, your prayers,
 And of your means as God hath prospered you,
 To aid this work of rescuing souls for Him;
 And tell your children, when you look upon
 Their little faces, bright with happiness
 And fair home sunshine, of the destitute
 Brothers and sisters in our Father's sight,
 That they may early learn to think and feel
 For others, and may realize the truth,
 "More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."

WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

THROUGH the kindness of Dr. Patterson, Green Hill, N. S., we are enabled to give the following incident in the life of the late Rev. John Campbell, one of the Pioneers of Presbyterianism in the Maritime Provinces.

In his early labours he met with many incidents, some ludicrous, some serious and some even dangerous. We shall give one which he regarded as the most remarkable deliverance from death, which he experienced during his life. It occurred a year or two after his ordination.

He had been engaged to assist the late Rev. Mr. Patrick at his communion in Merigomish, in the month of March. The winter had been stormy and the snow lay heavy on the ground. He proceeded thither by way of Antigonish, travelling as usual on horseback. He reached that place the first day, and spent the night at Rev. Mr. Trotter's. At that time there were only two routes thence to Merigomish, the one by the post road round the Gulf shore, the other over the Antigonish mountains. The latter was over steep hills, the road extremely rough, but it was at least ten miles shorter, and this circumstance induced many travellers to prefer it, as they could generally accomplish the distance in a shorter time and with less fatigue to their horses than they could by the other. Mr. Campbell was led to choose this route on this occasion, and the next morning started after breakfast. He had, however, not proceeded far on his journey till snow commenced falling. Not anticipating danger, he still pressed onward, but the snow continued even more heavily than at first, and the wind rose, till he was involved in a regular snow storm. He was by this time too far on to think of turning back, or at all events, he was so accustomed to go through with what he undertook, that he thought only of going forward. The road having been but little travelled was somewhat deep and difficult even at starting, but as the snow continued it became worse, and worse; ere long he found it impossible to continue riding, and he was obliged to dismount, take the bridle in his hand and go ahead, tramping the snow before the horse. On the most level spots the snow was deep, so that this involved an amount of toil, which those only who have tried to go any distance in deep snow or storm, can understand; but then came bank after bank, in which for a time his horse would sink, so that it required great exertions on the part of both to extricate him. Thus he continued all day, and night came upon him when little more than half of his journey had been accomplished. There were very few settlers on the mountain, and owing to the

failure of crops for some years, some of them had left. He had, therefore, toiled all day without meeting a place where he could obtain shelter for either himself or his horse.

About half way across is a deep valley, where the road made a long and rather steep descent on the one side, to mount by as long and steep an ascent on the other. Night came upon him as he reached this place, and the storm was scarcely, if at all, abated. The strength of both himself and horse was by this time nearly gone. He managed, however, to descend the valley, but on attempting to ascend the other side, the snow had accumulated to such a depth under the shelter of the hill, that with a few plunges, the horse got so deeply immersed in a snow bank as to be utterly helpless to extricate himself, and his owner was equally unable to do anything for his relief.

His case now seemed desperate. He was utterly unable to rescue his horse, and his own strength, from the toil of the day and want of food, was so nearly gone, that he could scarcely proceed farther, even if the road were passable. His only hope of safety was to find a house. And now, with what energy he could rally, leaving his horse so nearly buried in the snow bank that only his head and part of his neck were visible, he started in the hope of finding some human habitation. Hope revived as he came to a fence, and a small clearing, but following the fence he was soon filled with utter dismay, as the first view he got of the house showed all the windows out, giving too plain indications that the inhabitants had left. Now he gave himself up entirely. He had struggled all day with efforts the most fatiguing that can be conceived—there was no hope of any person passing by to relieve him, as little of his finding any house near, and if there were, he could scarcely have been able to reach it. In these circumstances he sank down in utter exhaustion of body and blank despair of mind. And then he began to think of his condition. After such storms there was no hope of that road being travelled till the melting of the snow in spring. He was to die, that was now certain, his body was to be buried in snow, and then he began to picture the finding of his body in spring, perhaps half consumed. With such thoughts a horror of thick darkness came over him. But one resource remained, and accordingly he addressed his earnest prayers for help to Him who rules the storm, and at the same time gave a loud call for help. He told us that the cry was uttered more from horror at his situation, than from any expectation of relief, but, to his amazement, the next instant he heard the bark of a dog. He used ever to give it as an example of speedy answer to prayer, and to him it was a practical demonstration that God hears the

supplications of his children, as convincing as any experiment in Professor Tynda's laboratory would be of a truth in Physical science. Such was his desperate condition at this time, that he could scarcely believe it possible that he really heard the welcome sound, but still he believed he could not be deceived. It was enough to rally his remaining strength, and he again started up and proceeded in the direction of the sound. Soon he saw a light, and soon again he reached a little hut. The door was opened by an Irishman, who looked at him with an almost startled look, and who after a little exclaimed, "what a fool you are to be out such a night as this." "Fool or not," was the reply, "I am here, and my horse is in a snow bank, and I want something to eat for myself, and some help to get him out."

The family, who were Irish Romanists, did not object to giving him the shelter he asked, but it was with difficulty he could persuade the men to go to attempt to relieve his horse. However, at his urgent solicitation, two men started with a little hay, he promising to follow as soon as he had eaten and rested a little. They had no food in the house, but potatoes and a little milk. Having partaken of this and rested a little, he started on his return to where he had left his horse, but had only proceeded a short distance when he met the men returning without his horse. "A hundred men wouldn't take that horse out of there to-night," was their exclamation. He could not, however, consent to give up the poor brute in that way, and urged them to accompany him to make another effort to extricate him. They were very unwilling to do so, but yielded to his solicitations. On arriving at the spot only the horse's head was above the snow. He had however eaten some of the hay that had been brought to him, and refreshed, he was ready to make a new effort. The storm, too, had now abated. With their united exertions, the horse was at length relieved, and he was taken to shelter for the night.

It appeared afterward that the dog was an old useless creature that usually lay about the chimney. On this occasion the man had gone out to see if the storm was abating. He came in and shut the door without observing that the dog was out, but almost immediately after heard the bark, and by this simple incident occurring just at that instant Mr. Campbell's life was saved.

The next morning he was ready to proceed on his journey, but it was hopeless for him to attempt to take his horse the rest of the way. He therefore obtained a pair of snow shoes, but in order to fasten them on his feet he was obliged to use his pocket handkerchief for one, and his neck handkerchief for the other. Fitting himself out in this way he pro-

ceeded to cross that part of the mountain still lying between him and Merigomish, and in due time reached the house of the late Joseph McDonald, Barney's River, which stood at the end of the Mountain road, where it comes out upon the Barney's River road. Here he was hospitably entertained, and arrangements were made to have his horse brought round by the gulf.—*Presbyterian Year Book for 1877.*

“HALLELUJAH, WHAT A SAVIOUR!”

THE following is another new hymn introduced by Mr. Sankey, and sung with all his accustomed pathos and power:—

“MAN of sorrows,”—what a name
For the Son of God, who came,
Rebel sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:


Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
Guilty, vile, and helpless, we:
Spotless Lamb of God was He.
“Full atonement,”—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Lifted up was He to die,
“It is finished,” was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high,
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Children's Treasury.

“THE BLUES.”

 ONCE knew a little girl who was troubled a great deal with a complaint called “the blues.” When things did not go to suit her she would often steal away into the fields or woods, and brood over her little troubles and disappointments until her round laughing face looked the very picture of despair. Now this is a very

unhappy state of mind to be in, and should not be encouraged by old or young. Let me tell you how she overcame one very severe attack.

One pleasant summer morning her mother said :

"I must go to the village to-day, and as it is going to be very warm, I must start early and leave my work until I get back."

"Oh let me go! Mayn't I go too?" exclaimed Ella and Etta to the same breath.

"No, I cannot take you both," said their mother. "If any one goes it must be Etta, for I want Ella to wash the dishes and be my nice little housekeeper.

Ella began to cry and scold, but did not succeed in changing her mother's mind. As her mother got into the carriage she said :

"I am going to buy you something to-day, Ella; now be a good girl, and obey me if you wish to please me."

"I think it is real mean!" whined Ella. "I wish I was forty miles from this old place;" and then she turned and ran to one of her old retreats to enjoy a "fit of the blues." She thought that her parents were unkind, her home unpleasant, and that she had nothing to be thankful for. She even felt vexed with the little birds, because they were singing so sweetly; but as they were happy and did not stop their warbling, she was obliged to listen, until her better nature triumphed and she thought: "I ought to be ashamed of myself for acting so when everything around me is so happy and gay. I guess I will get the work all done up nice, and show them what a little girl *can do*." Away she ran to the house, and soon commenced a lively rattling among the breakfast dishes, while she sang :

"These are the farmer's girls;
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Making the beds up stairs,
Tra la la la la la,
These are the farmer's girls."

It was a long hard job to sweep, dust, and put things to rights, but she persevered and had just finished when one of her little schoolmates came running in saying :

"Oh, I am so glad you are at home. I am going to stay all the afternoon."

They had a merry time, and when the mother and sister came home, two happy faces greeted them at the door. When Ella saw the approving smile of her mother and the nice things she had brought her, she was very happy, and thought she would never murmur again—no never! But she did!—*The Little Christian*.

REMEMBER THE BIRDS.

IN Norway there is a custom among almost all the farmers which we should like to see adopted in Canada. About Christmas time a sheaf of grain is fixed on a pole erected on every barn, for the benefit of the birds.



He would be thought a niggard indeed who would grudge or withhold this sheaf, or refuse to replace it with another when it had all been used. Our winters are as severe as those in Norway. The birds that do not migrate need our help as much. If we do not put up for them the Christ-

mas sheaf, let us all, especially the boys and girls, not forget them. When God gives us plenty, even the birds ought to be the better for our gratitude.

NAUGHTY THINK.

"MAMMA," said Kitty, "papa calls me a good little girl, and aunty does, and 'most every body; but I am not, mamma, good at all." "I am very sorry," said mamma. "So am I," said Kitty, "but I have got a very naughty think." "Naughty what?" ask mamma, "My think is naughty inside me," said Kitty. "When I was dressed to go to ride yesterday, and the carriage came and there was no room for me, I went into the house, and aunty told you I behaved very good about it. She said I didn't cry, or anything; but, mamma, I thought wicked things, and I ran up stairs and lay down and kicked and kicked and kicked, I was so—so—so mad," said Kitty. "I wished the carriage would upset and the old horses run away; that's what I mean. It was a naughty think in me." "Well, nobody knew it," said John. "Somebody *did* know it," said Kitty. "Who?" asked John. "God," answered Kitty, "He cannot call me good as aunty and papa do. Mamma, how can I be good inside?"

Kitty is not alone in asking that question. Many and many a one is asking it very sorrowfully. How can I be good inside? King David felt like Kitty, and he fell down on his knees and prayed this little prayer: "CLEANSE THOU ME FROM SECRET FAULTS." Secret faults are in some sense the worst sort of faults, because, first, they deceive others, for they are inside and nobody sees them; and then they deceive ourselves, for we are apt to think nobody will find them out, and that if they are not found out it is no matter.

Was Kitty deceived? No, she knew they were not kept secret from God, and it troubled her. And when her mother told her of King David's prayer, she prayed that little prayer for herself, and she prays it every day. "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults," she whispered in her Saviour's ear. And the Saviour hears and answers this little prayer. As she offers it, she watches over her own heart, and when a "naughty think" comes into her bosom she fights against it. She says to it "Go away, go away," and asks the Saviour to help her to resist it. Go it *does*, and sweet peace comes and nestles in her bosom instead.—*The Child's Paper.*

Book Review.

BOYS AT EASTWICK, by M. E. Griffith, author of "Leaves and Fruit."
James Bain & Son, Toronto.

This is a story of school-boy life,—school-boys seemingly American, and rather precious mischief-makers. We are initiated into Academy life at "quiet, quaint Eastwick," just at an important point in the history of that institution—the resignation of the old teacher, and the engagement of a new one. The heroes of the story are three,—Charlie Cummings, the most popular of the school; Frank Birney, a motherless boy; and Fred Rivers a cousin of Charlie's, living with his aunt Mrs. Cummings. Perhaps we should add to the list Nick Flanagan, a little obscure Irish boy.

The boys of the Academy think that the change of masters is a good opportunity for asserting their independence, and resolve to show the new teacher from the outset, that he is not to carry much authority over them. The first day's events, however, show him a firm but Christian disciplinarian, and the boys begin to despair of accomplishing much towards emancipation from the supposed tyranny. Charlie and Fred have taken the lead, and are heartily ashamed of themselves before the day closes. Frank also is involved in a mischief-making scheme, and here the contemptible character of this hero is brought out in his sneaking away ashamed to confess his fault with the other boys. The course of events goes on, and Frank is sinking deeper in trouble, until he succeeds in throwing all blame of several of his disgraceful actions on poor Nick Flanagan. Frank is soon after detected "cheating" at the examination, and little by little the whole black catalogue of his lies and deceptions is brought to light by Nick's account of his having seen Frank's doings while hidden behind the school door. With disgrace comes remorse, and Frank runs away from home. In the confusion resulting from the discovery of his absence, his sister Nellie is severely burnt by the upsetting of a lamp, and when Frank is brought home next day, he finds his sister near death. She recovers, but hobbles along on crutches ever after. This is the turning point in her brother's life, and he made a resolution to reform.

The author pays a visit to Eastwick some years after, and finds Frank Birney a clergyman, Fred Rivers the doctor, and Charlie Cummings a practising barrister in Philadelphia. Here are the concluding words of this admirable little book:—

"So, thinking of Eastwick and all its changes, the brave words of the grand apostle come to me like a refrain:

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."