

## Editorial.

### LEAGUE OF CHRISTIANS.

The Evangelical Alliance has had several interesting and important annual conferences, such as those of Geneva and Berlin, but we doubt if any of its conferences have equalled in importance that recently held in New York. The New York gathering owes its success partly to the energy of Dr. Shaff, partly to the increasing desire among the educated classes of Europe to see America, but chiefly to the conviction gaining ground among Christians, that Evangelical Protestants must henceforward present a more united front to the enemies of Christ.

That great good ought to come from such an Association is very manifest. Oppressed and persecuted Christians from remote parts of the world have invoked the friendly intercession of the Executive Council of the Alliance, and often with success. But lately, intercession through the Alliance was made with the Shah of Persia in behalf of persecuted Christians in his kingdom. Such an Association, further, elevates to a broader platform the sentiments of the different denominations. Every citizen of our Canadian Dominion has been raised to a higher platform in his patriotic sentiment by the Confederation of the British American Provinces. Each loves his own Province and feels proud of its progress and history, but it is a higher and more ennobling sentiment to feel that the whole country is his from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the frozen Ocean. It is well for a man to feel that he is a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or an Episcopalian, and it is right that his special interest should be in that branch through which he obtained a knowledge of the way of Salvation, but it enlarges a man's heart also, to feel that the whole church of Christ is his, and that the prosperity of

one branch of the Holy Catholic Church is the prosperity, in its highest sense, of his branch and of every branch thereof. It is no small good, still further secured by the Alliance, that eminent Christian thinkers should be annually brought together for the discussion of some of the living questions of the day. Scientific men have their Congresses for the discussion of Scientific and Social questions, and it is of great benefit to the higher interests of society that Christian workers and thinkers should meet occasionally to exchange thoughts on the best way of doing their Master's work. Meeting together in this way, prejudices will slowly die out, as the two neighbours were glad to shake hands, who seemed to each other in the mist, nothing less than outlandish things that could to one another bode no good; meeting in this way, the fire of thought and feeling will burn hotter, and higher, and brighter, as one and then another throws his contribution on the common hearth; and men must leave these gatherings with increased zeal to work for Christ, each in his sphere.

While these benefits, and others too, come to the Church of Christ from the Evangelical Alliance, it must be admitted that in this form Christian union has not yet risen to the height of our Master's great ideal, "that they may be one even as we are one," before which the world will stand silenced and overawed. They are two things, unity and uniformity. A mere formal, mechanical uniformity of ecclesiastical machinery is not worth contending for if it be without the Spirit of Christ, which is the vital germ of all true Christian union. That it would neither silence nor overawe the world is plain from the little influence the iron uniformity of Rome has to-day on the sceptical spirit of Europe. But a unity of living and loving brotherhood in Christ, amidst and in spite of minor differences, de-

stroying selfishness and sectarianism, filling the heart with Christ-like yearnings over the ignorant and the erring, and impelling the churches to united action for the truth, this *unity* would do more to convince gainsayers, silence scoffers, and establish doubters, than a whole library of controversial divinity. To reach the height of its great argument, the Evangelical Alliance has, as Providence prepares men's hearts, to advance yet two steps.

Fully to accomplish its work, the Alliance must assume something more of a *representative* character. Its annual meeting, as at present constituted, consists of delegates chosen from the different branches of the Alliance in Christendom. According to this arrangement, some sections of the Christian Church may be largely represented, and other sections may not be represented at all. It might happen also, although hitherto the Alliance has been free from this evil, that the whole weight of the Association might be thrown on the side of some course of action disapproved of by the leading Evangelical Churches, and yet, as the Society is at present constituted, the only remedy left for these Churches would be that adopted by Spurgeon, to withdraw from the Alliance. Let us suppose, however, that along with the representatives, sent from each local branch (some would say instead of them), there were Delegates sent from the Supreme Courts of each Evangelical Church in Christendom, then the gathering would rise at once from the position of a mere friendly, irresponsible re-union, to that of a true, ecumenical, Protestant Council, that would, among intelligent people, command far more respect and attention than any Romish ecumenical council, and in which would centre the thoughts, the hopes, and the prayers of the Protestant world. When the Provinces of British America felt that there was need of a closer union in the colonial family it was fairly open to citizens of sense and influence to meet to debate the

ground and to suggest means and modes of action. But it is clear that no matter how great the wisdom of these self-constituted gatherings, and how useful their influence, they would not have a tithe of the influence these same men would have had they met as Delegates, each holding a commission from the proper authorities of his Province. In the case of churches as in the case of the Provinces of Newfoundland and Prince Edward, there might be some that, from want of confidence in the movement, would for a time refuse to send delegates or to join the union, but, left without coercion, these would gradually abate their opposition, as did Prince Edward, and count it, were the Lord with the union, a privilege to be numbered among its members. There need not, at least not at the outset, be any dread on the part of the most sensitively orthodox to be compromised by joining in such a broad conference. It is a conference, and must be at first, to become better acquainted, to do common work, and to feel after the possibility of a closer conference. It is indeed an ecumenical, or international union committee, to feel after the prospects, possibilities, terms and conditions of that union for which Christ prayed, and after which we ought to seek even when the eye of sense sees not how it is to come.

Fully to accomplish its work, the Alliance must also assume some executive functions. There is in our practical and busy age a wise dislike to talk, talk, talk. It was an accusation, that Miall, the great Nonconformist, resented from Gladstone lately, that he, (Miall), by the questions he introduced was turning the House of Commons into a debating club. An Evangelical Alliance debating club, however profound and eloquent its discussions, will not long command the attention and respect of the Protestant world. It must cease from constantly forging implements, and begin in some practical fashion to work with them. This is

one of the things from which some shrink in fear: but is it not a fact that already the Alliance exercises to some extent executive functions? Has it not adopted a creed, the basis of its union, does it not refuse admission to those who hold error or fundamental beliefs, and does it not annually call the Protestant Churches of the world to a throne of grace, suggesting to them the days of prayer and the topics? And would not the wonderful readiness with which its call to prayer is answered, from the South Sea Islands to Greenland, and from China to British Columbia, suggest the hope that God has something yet for it to do, not simply in guiding the thought of the Church of Christ, but also its activities? One department of work invites it at this present moment.

There is every appearance that between this time and the end of this century, the efforts of the Protestant Churches in behalf of heathen countries will arise to a magnitude in some small degree becoming the work to be done. Even now the Protestant missionaries in foreign fields outnumber the missionaries of Rome. And as Protestant missionaries pour into China and India, there is much need that some central authority should map out the country and assign to each denomination its field of labour, to prevent collision and seeming opposition, which the church of Rome always uses as its instrument to confound the enquiring heathen, and to prejudice them against the true gospel of Christ. The writer of these lines will never forget a conversation with an enquiring Samaritan while our tents were pitched under the shade of the trees that embower the town of Nablous at the foot of Gerizim. Palestine is chiefly cared for by an Episcopal Mission, at the head of which is that most excellent of men—Bishop Gobat. There are missionaries, however, in the country, belonging to other Protestant denominations. This young Samaritan had come in contact with them all, and his mind was perplexed with questions

of church government, and denominational differences. Thinking that a stranger travelling through the country would give an impartial decision, he came and opened up some of his difficulties, and asked an impartial opinion as to the merits of the Episcopal controversy. What a pity, one could not but feel, that such controversies were heard close by the spot where our Saviour adjourned them to deal with a lost soul on a question of personal and practical piety. And such questions would not, at least not at the outset, perplex enquirers, whose first concern should be personal salvation and public profession, did some middle authority, at the beginning of mission work in Syria, assign not in pride, but in love, the south of Palestine to Bishop Gobat and his evangelical missionaries, and the north to the American board. Even now, without any guiding court, Protestant missionaries are, from Christian instinct as well as reflection, adopting this plan of dividing the field among them, and working so as not to come into seeming collision in the eyes of the heathen. They can in this way, which is a point of great importance, spread themselves over a larger field, and kindle in the darkness of heathenism three torches for one. And would it be an unreasonable thing to say that what is a good plan for the foreign field, might not be a bad plan for some villages and back-settlements in our Dominion, overcrowded with small congregations, and overpreached by zealous preachers, while wide settlements lie waste?

The Evangelical Alliance is a kind of prologue on a small scale of the coming drama, it is the first drops of the coming shower, it is the shadow of the coming unity for which our Lord prayed. Before the Church, however, reaches its full stature of unity of Spirit, unity of incorporation, unity of judgment, unity of design and aim, unity of desire and prayer, unity of love and affection, it must pass, in all likelihood, through discipline of conflict and suffering, and

must receive, without doubt, a much larger measure than it now has of the Spirit of Christ.

### ON EDUCATING MEN'S CONSCIENCES.

At a gathering of Christians held lately, where the aspects of the times were under discussion, one of the brethren, an eccentric man of genius and piety, startled the company by giving emphatic utterance to this statement: "Christendom wants a new creed, the very first article of which must be—*There is a hell.*" The harshness of this assertion is considerably modified when one considers that in our day there is abroad a dangerous tendency to make light of sin and crime, and to extol mercy at the expense of truth and justice. Every week brings to light social, commercial and political crimes that should consign the criminals to infamy. But lawyers, and jurymen and judges combine to shield them from justice, and writers are not wanting to excuse this, and readers are not wanting to justify the writers. This tendency to make light of sin we can easily understand when found in one who is guilty. We see it in Cain, who thought his punishment (which was really very light) altogether too heavy and out of proportion to his crime. But the loss of that sentiment of justice which was characteristic of Rome and Greece in their best days, and which we find in the best period of English history—the Puritan period—is spreading in our community beyond the lawless classes, and meeting us in men who hold municipal offices and sit in our legislative halls.

This lawless spirit is fostered by the modern sensational novel, which has rightly earned in our day the title *vinum dæmonum* (the wine of devils) given by one of the fathers to profane poetry. It fills the imagination with its fumes to such a degree that men drunk with it can hardly distinguish truth from lies, an honest man from a rogue. "It is

not, however, the lie that passeth through the mind," as one remarks, "but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it that doth hurt." And worse, therefore, than the sensational novel is that materialism that teaches that every phenomenon of mind is the result of some change in the nervous elements of the brain, and is no more to be blamed in the thief, adulterer, and murderer, than small pox, the itch or fever is to be blamed in them that are sick by them. Working strongly also in the direction of extenuating and excusing crime, is the mawkish sentimentalism, more common in America than Europe, that coddles the criminal as more sinned against than sinning, and berates society for being so cruel as to hang murderers.

In the desire, laudable enough, to educate the intellect in literature and the sciences, we have, save where the Sabbath-school, the pulpit, and the religious press speak out, almost overlooked the education of the conscience. In our desire to speak pleasant things and to prophecy smooth things, we have a tendency threatening even our pulpits, to pass over in silence as too stern for modern sensibilities, that attribute in God that hates sin and which pursues the unrepentant sinner,

"Down to that world where joy is never known."

We are all familiar with the reply of Demosthenes to the man that asked which was the first essential of oratory? Action: the second? Action: and the third, Action. We know also Augustine's paraphrase of that famous saying in his reply to the question, "Which is the first of the Christian graces? Humility: the second? Humility: and the third? Humility." The modern paraphrase, Educate, Educate, Educate, suggests, however, the question, What is to be so persistently educated? Conscience. What next? Conscience. And what next? Conscience. This was clearly Solomon's idea of a good education. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." According to the He-

brow idea of learning, the moral sense was the chief faculty, and the circle of education had that kingly faculty for its centre. From the Hebrew Scripture the Puritans drew their theory of education, and men in our day who adored intellect and made everything subservient to intellectual power are beginning now to see that the Hebrews and the Puritans were right in their educational system, and that intellect without moral principles is the very form of character that society to-day has most to fear. No education is complete, or even worth much without the education of conscience, and no nation can be stable where the moral sense is obscured or perverted. Upon the healthiness of this organ hangs our future. The light of the body politic is this eye; if this eye be clear and healthy, the whole body shall be full of light; but if the eye be evil, if it be not simply closed, but twisted or distorted, then the whole body will be full of darkness.

To maintain the conscience of the people sound, our *literature* must go back to the *old philosophy*. According to the new philosophy with which our popular literature is saturated, the "Supreme Being is," in the language of an eminent author—Dr. Hodge, "too exalted to concern himself with the trifling concerns of his creatures here on earth. He made the world and impressed upon it certain laws, and having done this He leaves the world to the guidance of these general laws. . . . The reason that one season is propitious and the earth produces her fruit in abundance, and that another is the reverse; that one year pestilence sweeps over the land, and another year is exempted from such desolation; that of two ships sailing from the same port, the one is wrecked and the other has a prosperous voyage; that the Spanish Armada was dispersed by a storm and Protestant England saved from Papal domination—that all such events are as they are, must according to this theory be referred to chance or the blind operation of natural causes. God has nothing

to do with them. He has abandoned the world to the government of physical laws, and the affairs of men to their own control." That is the philosophy of our popular worldly literature; but the old philosophy we find with the child (we have heard Sir William Hamilton tell the story of Aristotle), who on being promised an apple if he told where God was, replied, "I will give you two if you tell me where He is not." The old philosophy we find with Hagar, "Thou God seest me." We find it with Job, "There is no darkness nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." We find it in Herodotus, the father of history, that old Greek who may be called a pious historian in comparison with many modern authors in our Christian times. He delights to illustrate the dealings of Divine Providence, to exalt the glory of God, to humble human pride in a way that may put to shame men who see nothing in this world but the operation of natural law. We find this religious seriousness in the Greek tragedies, which, beyond all other human writings, approach the spirit of the Old Testament. God and His justice, slow but sure, eternal and inevitable, is the leading thought in the old Greek poetry. This is characteristic also of Roman literature in the brave days of old; but when this old philosophy gave way before the new, which (like our modern philosophy) banished God from His world and brought in the reign of chance or of iron law, then the Roman virtue began to deteriorate and the grand old people went completely to ruin.

To recover public conscience and keep it sound, our *pulpits* must hold by the *old theology*. The old theology (whose burden is, "That without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin,") we find with Abel, with Abraham, with Moses and with John the Baptist, who introduced Jesus to the Old Testament Church as "the Lamb of God" that came by the shedding of his blood to take away the sins of the world—the Surety and the Sin-bearer. Round the

doctrine of the Atonement as held in this system of theology, there cluster doctrines about law, about justice, about sin, about demerit, about the judgment to come, about heaven, about hell, that educates conscience and constitutes thereby the very best foundation on which to build a brave, serious, God-fearing, sin-hating, law-abiding nation. This was the theology which, although not so well defined in its terms as afterwards carried the martyr Church of the first centuries through its fight with imperial Rome. This was the theology that sustained Athanasias against the world, and Augustine against the Pelagians. This was the theology that awoke Europe against Papal Rome. This was the theology of the men that laid the foundation of liberty in England and of the Republic in America. The Popish countries that refused this doctrine and its corresponding doctrine—that of justification—have gone on towards anarchy and ruin as old Rome did; and the Protestant countries that by a true theology have kept in the breast of the people a “good conscience” have gone forward, and will go forward, to higher heights, unless they cast out the old theology, and with it inevitably, the good conscience, with its love of truth, its hatred of lies, and its wholesome fear of hell.

This subject of conscience we cannot better conclude than by asking our readers, before going further, to pray with us in the language of one of the old Puritan divines:—

“Thou, O Lord, that hast wonderfully planted and formed our conscience within us; that only knowest and searchest our consciences; that hast Thy chair in the heavens, and alone art able to teach our consciences and purify them; Thou which woundest and healest three thousand at one sermon; whose hand is not shortened; stretch out Thine arm and do the like in these latter times. Forgive the sins against Thee and our consciences, and the frequent checks of it and Thy Spirit. Overthrow the man of sin, that tyrant and usurper of conscience. Mollify and enlighten the obstinate consciences of Jews, Turks and Pagans. Illuminate and sanctify all Christian princes and princesses, especially our sovereign, and fill the royal treasure of her conscience full of excellent comfort; and that she may excel in conscience all other sovereigns of the earth, as she does in greatness without all comparison. Comfort the afflicted conscience, direct the doubtful and scrupulous, and remove all snares and scandals of weak consciences, which Thou hast not planted, and which Thou knowest are not for the peace of Thy Zion.”

### Living Branches.

#### THE GREATEST IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SCOTT, Plympton, Canada.

Matt. 18; 1—“Who is the Greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?”

How often in human life does the question here put to the Saviour, recur. There is a desire, more or less pronounced, in the breast of everyone who has any faith in God and hope of eternal life, to know not only that in that future there will be differences in res-

pect of rank and character, as there are, though measured by a very different standard, here. Nor are we prepared to say that the desire is wrong, though, in not a few cases, it may be vague as well as vain.

And it will be observed that the Saviour, in His reply, does not rebuke the disciples for entertaining such thoughts. He is prepared to answer their question; and He begins by first disabusing their minds of wrong im-

pressions, with which evidently these were filled. They doubtless thought of greatness after the model of this world; and that model was the furthest possible removed from all true greatness, as it was from the thought of a little child. It was needful, then, to begin with the first step of the ladder of thought. And for this purpose He called a little child unto Him, and "set him in the midst of them." How bewildered must these disciples have been! What earthly connection could that little one have with the subject before them? We believe they could see none; and therefore they would naturally dismiss all thoughts which were at that time filling their minds. They saw the little child, and they waited to see what the Saviour would make of it. And these were the words that followed—"Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

They had been discussing who should be the greatest, and forgot to ask who were those that should be admitted. That question came first; settle first of all who should be admitted into the kingdom of Heaven, and then put the question: among those thus admitted, who of them would be the greatest? Now, in the Saviour's answer, He does not deny that in the kingdom of Heaven there will be some greater than others; that all there will not be alike. Although it might be a question as to whether such a point as the one before us would ever occur to those that are within that kingdom and are great there.

The Saviour plainly teaches us that the entrance qualification, fully carried out, is what will constitute greatness in the kingdom of Heaven. That qualification demands—first, that we should be converted; second, that we should be so converted that we will become as little children; third, that just as that character is developed, so shall we be great in the kingdom of Heaven. Thus the Saviour says, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same

is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven." Let us, then, prayerfully consider the Saviour's answer to the question thus put, in the three steps thus suggested:

1. *We must be converted in order to enter the kingdom of Heaven.*

Observe, first of all, that the Saviour is speaking, not to the multitude, but to his own disciples, who had forsaken all to follow Him. So that by conversion, as applied to them, he cannot really mean the giving of themselves unto him; that they had done already. They were His, and He claimed them as His own, and yet he addresses them in the most personal manner possible—"Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." They were the followers of Christ, and yet they had need of being converted! What can the Saviour mean? Is it possible to be a follower of Christ, and yet not see the kingdom of Heaven? Does not the Saviour's language imply such a possibility? How else can we construe the words before us, so as to exclude such an idea? Or is there a sense in which a man may be a follower of Christ, and yet not be saved by Him unto life eternal? We admit that all who followed Christ in the flesh did not thereby, through Him, inherit life eternal. The personal and outward observance of every precept and law does not, for that reason, admit a man into the kingdom of Heaven, although it may entitle him to be enrolled as His follower and a member of His Church. A turning away from the evil of our way is certainly demanded, but if our thoughts and feelings are not turned as well as our feet, we are not converted in the sense in which the Saviour uses that word. These disciples of His, though they had left all to follow Him, yet had not left their former thoughts and feelings behind them. Thoughts of greatness such as those which they held, while as yet they were members of the world, and not followers of Christ, still possessed them. And while these were

there, progress, except in the direction in which they would lead, was evidently impossible. As a man cannot, by any effort of his own, transcend his own idea, so all the greatness that ever these disciples could attain to, must be measured by the kingdom to which they belonged. They might be great in the measure of their own thoughts and the direction in which they led, but if these went out only to the world, and the things of it, they could only be great in that world, and could not, for that reason, have part or lot in the kingdom of Heaven, which was not of this world. If, therefore, they would be great in the kingdom of Heaven—if, indeed, they would enter it at all—they must turn from such thoughts, and in that sense be converted. They must leave off thinking of greatness as they see it in this world, and feel after something other and different than that which they had hitherto been thinking of, if they would enter or be great in the kingdom of Heaven. The words of our Saviour are emphatic: "Except ye be converted, \* \* \* ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

Granting, then, the necessity of conversion in respect of thought and feeling, as well as outward conduct, we might ask—as, perchance, these disciples of old did, or would have done, if the Saviour had not, by his answer, precluded the need of it—the nature and the form of the change that was required in order to obtain admission as well as greatness in the kingdom of Heaven. This constitutes the second thing necessary to the admission and greatness in the kingdom of Heaven:

2. *That we must be so converted as to "become as little children."*

Now observe, the Saviour does not say to them that they must become little children—that is not in the power of any one to accomplish. They cannot, when old or matured, become again young. The old may adopt the habits and the dress, as well as the language of youth, and then the sense of incongruity

becomes so great that we feel not only the folly but the wickedness of such a course. The Saviour cannot mean that the grown man or woman, in any formal sense, is to become a little child. He who is the author of all wisdom could not teach such folly. We are not to become children, but to be as children. It is true, in a very significant sense, we can never be other than we are; that to attempt to be another is a misdemeanour and a crime in the sight of all true law and right-thinking, and that even a bare imitation carries with it a germ of reproach that requires only to be developed to become a forgery and a crime. We exhort the young to follow the example of the old, but we do not mean that they are to ape their conduct or mimic their way or manner. We never think of them as other than young, but that the example of the old, in a given case, is to be the guide or model upon which they are to shape their own. In like manner we conceive that the exhortation before us just means that in all our wisdom and manhood, the little child is the model upon which these are to be shaped; the plan upon which the palace is to be built; the model after which the grander dimensions of the man is to be formed and wrought out. And the nearer the construction approaches the model or plan, it is by that much the more perfect; so that the nearer we are in all the comparable features of our manhood to that of the little child, the greater will we be in the kingdom of Heaven.

The field thus opened up to us is a wide one. But we are not left to wander at will over the whole subject. The Saviour confines our attention to one of the cardinal virtues of the Christian character, that of humanity: "Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."

Now it will be observed, that in respect of the humility of the child, it is not self-conscious. It knows not that it is humble. It practices no humility.



It labours not after it in any sense whatsoever. But how seldom, if ever, is this the case with any other. We humble ourselves and know we do it. And the very convulsion of feeling within mars the effect of its outward appearance. We are conscious of a sense of hypocrisy, and can scarcely help feeling that others must be more or less conscious of it also. And such a state of mind leads us into solitude. It does not, as in the case of the child, give us rest in whatever society we may be cast, or circumstances in which we may be placed. We are not great in being superior, or even equal to our position, but little in having to flee from it. Had we in being humble, the happy frame of the child, how noble and great might we not be. True greatness fills all things, and is conscious of everything *but* itself. And at this point, as at many others, extremes meet; the unconscious child is the nearest possible approach to the All-conscious Father of all. His very greatness knows no humility. He is above all things, and through all things, and in all, the embodiment of all true humility, and, alike to all, great or little, even as the little child. Let us strive to be like that child, and the more shall we be like our Father in Heaven. And if nearest to Him then the greatest.

But observe still further, that in the little child there is no feeling of self-abnegation present. It does not seek to deny itself. There is no miserable striving after being other than itself. A feeling, that is ever apt to blight and distort whatever of true greatness may be present in the grown person. The child is itself always, and feels no unseemliness in being so. Nor do others discern any. It denies not itself, for self is not felt by it. Conceive then of such a character, superadded to a matured intellect and a warm heart, and you have a greatness that is seldom seen on earth; a greatness, in the conception of which, as we approach it, we grow great. A state of mind in which alone

all the powers of our nature may be used to the best possible advantage. For in such a state there is no possible distraction. And instead of provoking the jealousy and opposition of others, it enlists their sympathy and co-operation. And all become, willingly tributary or helpful to them in gaining whatever right object, however high and holy, which they may have set their heart upon, or be labouring after. And are not all these things sources of power and consequent greatness, that few, if any, on this side of time can ever attain to. But in another world, where right lies as the foundation of all things, and love reigns as the rule, how great must those be who are thus like a little child.

Besides all this, consider further, the perfect restfulness and self-composure, with the untiring life and energy, which we find in a little child. And combine all this with the fearless abandonment, that may be called rashness by those of riper years, but which, nevertheless, calls forth the sympathies and enlists the observation and the exertions of others, for the protection and safety of the little one, and then think of how much power such an one, of even ordinary capacity, must have to accomplish work and to become great. And add to all this, the further thought, the sweet, clinging, aid-invoking, practical recognition of the superiority of those greater, older, and wiser than itself, and we have the portraiture of a character, the stepping stones to which are laid so low, that the veriest child may ascend them, and as it climbs towards the summit, finds itself in the presence of the Eternal Himself; likest Him, the nearest and therefore the greatest there. Hence, how simple! How true! How profound! Our Saviour's answer to the question: "Who is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Thus are we brought to the third thought suggested.

3. *That just as the child-like character is developed, so shall we be great in the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Such seems the plain and obvious teaching of our Lord. And he seems to us to be perfectly conscious of the fact, that however great posterity may declare such a character to be, such greatness is not presently felt in the kingdoms of this world. The transparently simple and honest statesman, who keeps nothing covered, and who lays no plan, which is purposely hid from the eye of anyone, is not the model of our great men at court. They must often work in the dark, were it for no other purpose, than, that their plans might be matured and the purpose which they have in view gained. They cannot as a child speak out their purpose, and tell their plans, before their accomplishment. They must work alone, or if in concert, only with those who are in the secret with them. The secret depth of their purpose, and the far off end which they seek to reach, are not like the little child's, or like our Father's, open to all who can comprehend them. They invite, not all that will, to understand and know, but only those select few to whom they reveal their object and design, or as much of it as they may think fit, or as may be understood, for their own purpose, to those to whom they reveal them. They do not—as our Father in Heaven, with all the profound secrets that fill, earth, air, and water—lay them all open, and aid everyone, as they would, and as they are able to understand them all.

The child-like greatness in this respect is not such as can be apprehended here. It ascends into a higher region of things; a state or condition of things in which one is not jealous of the other, nor need fear our neighbour in the expression of every thought; the rule of whose life is a happy brotherhood, that forever loves others better than themselves. In a state of things such as we believe Heaven to be, the more of the child-like character we have in us here, the greater will we be there; and therefore, the more of the child we now possess, the better will we be prepared for the great hereafter.

Besides, observe how the child is of

necessity a centre and a link, binding others to itself, and employing them to promote its present interests and future welfare. And, take this fact in connection with what we know of the kingdom of Heaven, in the loving, intimate relationship which each one bears to the other, and we can easily conceive, how that the one, who possesses this character in the greatest perfection, must contribute more than any other, to the loving unity and essential oneness of the heavenly. As they must necessarily be centres, converging the interests of others on themselves, and in return, filling these others with the most pleasing emotions that can fill a human breast. And therefore, contributing more to the happiness of Heaven than any other one character which we can suppose.

And when we add to this thought, the intensely reflective character—not in its subjective but in its objective character—of the humble child, that all the while speaks of others rather than itself—even when speaking of itself—that radiates another glory rather than its own, we see how it must indeed be great, the very greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. And all the more great, when we think further, that such a character does not itself, and tempts none other, to project obstacles in its path, that shall come between it and the object of its glory. In this we see, not only an unobstructed way up to the supreme glory, and through which that glory may shine upon it in all its beauty and fulness, but we see also, a united wish as well as effort, that nothing should come between such a child and his God. Is it then possible, in the nature of the case, to suppose a character greater than this? Truly, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;" "And whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

We close with but one remark. Let us from the subject mark and admire the wisdom of the divine plan of redemption, that demands of us a total surrender of ourselves if we would be the

Lord's, to become in his hands simple and docile as a little child. We must have a new nature as well as a new name—wholly the Lord's or not his at

all. If you would then be saved, you must give yourself now and forever to the Lord.



#### WITH CHRIST FOR EVER.

Shall we dwell with Christ for ever,  
Shall we see Him face to face?  
Shall we hear His voice, and never  
Wander from his sweet embrace!

Yes, we'll dwell with Christ for ever,  
The glorious Christ, the precious Christ  
for ever,  
Dwell in light and peace, and never,  
Wander from His sweet embrace.

No more unbelief to cloud us,  
No more tears to dim the eye,  
No more darkness to enshroud us,  
In our happy home on high.

Yes, we'll dwell, &c.

Gone will be the thought of sinning,  
Gone the subtle tempter's snare,  
Satan conquered, Jesus reigning,  
Holy, blissful resting there.

Yes, we'll dwell, &c.

At the Conqueror's feet we'll gladly  
Lay our weary burdens down;  
Bid farewell to watching sadly,  
And receive a harp and crown.

Yes, we'll dwell, &c.

Then be patient 'mid thy sorrow,  
Onward boldly in the strife;  
Rest not till the glorious morrow,  
Wait the dawn of endless life.

Yes, we'll dwell, &c.

REV. D. E. McNAB,  
*Saltcoats.*

#### THE SCAPEGOAT.

"And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness."—*Lev. xvi. 21, 22.*

"John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—*John i. 29.*

The morning has dawned o'er the dwellings of  
Israel,  
And each is astir with the first break of day;  
The Priest, and the Levite, men, women, and  
children,  
To the house of their God are all wending  
their way.

And each one remembers the guilty transgression  
Of that holy law they've been taught to revere;  
But each one rejoices with solemn thanksgiving,  
That now the great day of Atonement is here.

And soon the High Priest in his snow-white  
apparel,  
Is seen entering in to the most holy place,  
Where the glorious Shekinah, the light of  
Jehovah,  
O'ershadows the mercy-seat, fills every space.

He confesses his sin, and the sins of the people,  
And makes an atonement with sprinkling of  
blood;  
The sweet-smelling incense goes up from the altar,  
And Israel's assured of acceptance with God.

But when the great work of atonement is over,  
The nation's transgression in sorrow confessed,  
One symbol remains of the Lord's own appoint-  
ment,  
To set every sin-laden conscience at rest.

The scapegoat is brought in the sight of the  
people,  
The horns of the priest are both laid on its  
head,  
As the guilt of the nation is slowly acknowledged,  
The scapegoat stands ready to bear it instead.

The sins of a nation, unmeasured, unnumbered,  
What a load of iniquity's symbolised there!  
But though 'tis too much e'er to be compre-  
hended,  
It is not too great for the scapegoat to bear.

Away to the wilderness now it is hurried,  
And Israel is gazing with earnest delight,  
For Jehovah the Lord thus is plainly revealing  
That He has removed all their guilt from His  
sight.

Away to the wilderness, there in the silence,  
There in the darkness to languish and die,  
Not a friendly hand near it, to guide or to cheer it,  
Not one living creature who'll list to its cry.

There all alone it shall carry its burden,  
The load of transgression thus placed on its head,  
Till its short career over, its mission is ended,  
The sin-laden scapegoat of Israel is dead.

Sweet symbol of Jesus, His work of Redemption,  
How plainly 'tis brought to our memory thus ;  
For He bears the load of a lost world's wrong-  
doing,  
He is the Scapegoat provided for us.

Alone in a wilderness, sorrowful, weary,  
Forsaken by God, and deserted by men,  
Willingly suffering instead of the sinner,  
The Scapegoat was bearing our punishment  
then.

Sinner, if feeling thy wickedness pressing,  
Thou goest by faith to our Scapegoat above,  
Thou shalt find Him *thy Saviour*, your guilt dis-  
appearing,  
Shall be freely forgiven through Christ's bound-  
less love.

E. H. S.

—*Cottager and Artizan.*

## DOMESTIC CHANGES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH GRAHAM.

"Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest."  
—MICII. II. 10.

I long for my heavenly home,  
Far away from all sorrow and care,  
It is sad to journey alone,  
When so many dear lov'd ones are there.

My mother has gone to her rest,  
She left us one bright autumn day,  
We cross'd her pale hands on her breast,  
As her spirit pass'd *gently away*.

We laid her beneath the green sod,  
And a stone marks the spot where she lies,  
But her spirit has gone to her God,  
She is praising Him up in the skies.

My dear little sister is there,  
She left us in beauty's bright bloom,  
When the bud was just coming to view,  
We carried her forth to the tomb.

Methinks that I see her above,  
Amid the bright angel choir,  
Adoring Immanuel's love,  
And tuning her voice to the lyre.

My brother, my fondest and best, [hours,  
That I played with in childhood's bright  
When we wander'd in search of a nest,  
And gathered the sweet-smelling flowers.

God took him away from my side,  
One sweet early morning in June,

The angel of death laid him low,  
And we bore him away to the tomb.

I have other dear loved ones above,  
Who made earth look so joyous and bright,  
God call'd them away in His love,  
And carried them forth from my sight.

I am weary with travelling alone,  
My feet with the journey are sore,  
Oh carry me up to the home,  
For I long to be with them once more.

## ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Ah, what wind like blast of fire  
Thus sways my inmost soul in ire ?  
Turning my thoughts e'en upside down  
I' th' centre of a heart of stone.  
Is it that seated by my door  
At the evening's stilly hour,  
I sucked in a flying star  
That thither travelled from afar—  
Ign'rant it hid in my base breast,  
And now would out with wild unrest ?  
Or is't that eating of my honey,  
Golden as e'er is golden money ;  
While I devour'd the comb rich-dropping ;  
Queen-bee and all, there interloping,  
I too devoured ?

Nor stars, nor bees,  
Have ever stung, or broke my ease.  
O blessed Book ! Most holy chart  
Hast thou aye been within my heart :  
Thou all its lurking-places shewest,  
And all its dark recesses knowest,  
And all the mazes intricate  
Where'er Desire retreating sate.  
Ah, how rarely skilled art thou  
Byways to track and turnings show,  
And all Sin's foldings hid below.

The Heavenly Power which built my heart  
To know it has alone the art.

God does not only *see* those that are  
*now* the enemies of his church, and set  
himself against them, but he *foresees*  
those that will be so ; and lets them  
know, by his word, that he is *against*  
*them* too ; and yet, is pleased to make  
use of them to serve his own purposes,  
for the glory of his own name. Ezek.  
xxxviii.—*Matthew Henry.*

The church is secured, even when it  
is corrupt, because God will secure his  
own honour. Ezek. xx.—*Matthew*  
*Henry.*

## Christian Thought.

### ASPECTS OF THE TIMES ; OR, DOES CHRISTENDOM BELIEVE IN CHRIST ?

BY THE REV. W. N. SRATHAM.

"The world knew Him not. . . His  
own received Him not."—John I., 10, 11.

We have been startled lately by the appearance of a school of thought in England, similar to the same school in Germany, who seem bent upon casting all the contumely they can upon Christianity. One of the latest *brochures* is to the effect—Are we Christians? Do we still believe in Christ? The answer given, alas! without much manifest sadness, is, No! We are not much surprised at this latest development of the new Pyrrhonist party who, from asking, with their prototype, Pilate, What is truth? have come to the dogmatic position of declaring what is not truth. Matthew Arnold has prepared us for this *denouement* of infidelity by such poems as that terrible one which, describing the first influences of Christianity on the times of the sated Roman, conducts us to the conclusion that the grand old faith which it would have been such a joy to believe in once is dead and defunct now—the stars shining on the resurrectionless grave of the Redeemer, and none being able to save his brothers' souls. Perhaps what I may call the sensationalism of modern paganism can no further go than this; and it is certainly something to know that the galvanic force of cultivated infidelity has given the strongest shock to our dearest spiritual hopes and instincts that it possibly can.

But the question remains, What ought to be the influence of all this upon the Christian Church itself? That it should awaken indignation is certainly not surprising when the hopes and joys of millions are based upon the once crucified and now risen Saviour. That it should awaken earnest consideration of the old and awful dilemma—"If we

forsake the Saviour, to whom shall we go?"—is natural enough, considering that our critics have no Gospel of salvation for the world at all. But I am bold to think that it should awaken other feelings as well as these. We should be supremely anxious to consider, not whether Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of men—these doctrines we all earnestly hold—but whether Christendom believes in Christ in the sense of seeking that living union with Him by which each of us may be changed into the same image, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Let us look at the way in which the matter is put by St. John in the text. The world knew him not! Why? Was it because of the unsatisfactory nature of His claims, or the *characteristics of His life*? The Church received Him not! Was it from absence of Scriptural proof of His Messianic claims, or from insufficiency of attestation thereof in His words and works; or was it because the Church had separated religion from morals, and become a proud ecclesiastical corporation—a mere Ritualistic ceremonialism—a body of tradition—a creed without any conscience or heart in it at all? We need not put different ideas into the words Church or World. The world, in the sense in which the word is used in our text, is the same world always and everywhere. It is the self-satisfied, greedy, mammon-loving, sin-apologetic world—the world guarded, like the Nineveh palace gates, by the two huge gods of Custom and Fashion—the world, which will tolerate anything but the eccentricities of genius, and the inspiration of truth. We shall understand these words better if we remember that the vices of Judæan society were not their vices alone. His own received Him not; the Jews rejected Him; but the world also—the great outlying world of public interest, and public opinion, and public estimate—

knew Him not. The moral sense was overloaded in the Jew with ecclesiastical pride and tradition; and the moral sense in the Gentile was maimed and degraded by power-worshipping, placeloving, amusement-seeking, wealth-glorifying Romans. Thus Christ was thought and spoken of as altogether antagonistic to the weal alike of the Church and the world. The light that was in men—the conscience—was darkened; and how great was that darkness! Christ came to brush the dust off the eternal laws of God, and to reveal the true—always; that which was true from the foundation of the world, and will be true for ever. And the world knew Him not; had not the eye to see, the heart to appreciate Him. We can all unite in the condemnation of that age, and can fix upon Hebrew and Roman alike infidelity to truth; but it is of much more importance to us, in the England of to-day, to ask ourselves if we know Him; if, coming to us, we have welcomed Him as our Saviour and King.

I. *Do we receive Christ as a Saviour?* Do we really wish to be saved? I do not use the word solely in its narrow sense of deliverance from penalty and doom. A true aspect, I admit; but not the only one. For the most intense selfishness of which our natures are capable may be condensed into the conventional idea of being rescued from punishment. A man may flee to Christ for deliverance from *that*, and be as much inclined to make a god of this world as before. "If we have been reconciled to God by His death," says the apostle, "how much more shall we be saved by His life?" Yes; the risen, ever-living Lord, filling us with His life, will save us indeed. For to be saved is to have the life of God—to have the new birth into the world of righteousness, purity, and truth. How many there are, so-called Christians, who are as much as ever the slaves of world-estimates of things as they were before! Still, perhaps, under the dominion of

personal pride, selfish greed, and custom, and tradition, they have never entered the Saviour's kingdom of truth, and life and liberty. The life, and *not* the creed, is the test of whether a man is a saved man. Salvation, oh! what a beautiful thing it is! To be saved is to be like Christ. How many who know His words and His doctrines do not know the heart of them—know Him! How many a child whom theologians might confuse and stagger with their arguments is nearer the kingdom of heaven than some of us are! How wonderful a lesson it was to those first disciples—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven!" Who has not known hot, angry, furious bigots, who had everything of Christianity but its spirit, and who, knowing all the Gospel, knew *not* Christ! What the world wants to convert them is saved men—men who cast off iniquity, impurity, and unrighteousness, as Christ did—men who are self-luminous, who shine, and who glorify God in their body and spirit, which are His. Do we, then, desire a Saviour? Do we wish in conscience and in character to be saved?

II. *Do we receive Christ as the Son of God?* Yes, we may say, we do. St. John describes Him as the Logos. The battle concerning His Deity was fought out between the followers of Athanasius and Arius in the fourth century, and the Doctrine of the Christian Church has been one of almost unvarying tendency since then. True. Let us listen to the Churchman as he repeats the Nicene Creed: "Very God of very God, begotten, not made; being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made." Let us listen to the orthodox Dissenter: "They believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was both the Son of Man and the Son of God, partaking fully and truly of human nature, though without sin. Equal with the Father, and the express image of His Person." We all admit this

—the basis of our faith is laid in this. Still, I repeat my question, Do we believe in Him as the Son of God? For what is belief? Is it assent to propositions? Is it intellectual perfectness of conception? Is it axiomatic, like the propositions of Euclid? If so, it is Rationalism—clear and startling Rationalism—which portions of the religious press condemn with as much fierceness as they would murder and adultery. You know full well, brethren, that belief is a thing of the conscience, the heart, and the whole inner man. It is more than a mental conception—it is a living trust in the Lord and Saviour. It is the belief in Christ as the express image of God. If we believe Him to be the Son of God, how terrible mere custom and respectable worldlings will be to us! We shall see that *they* crucified Him. If we believe him to be the Son of God, how beautiful the character of God will be to us! how sure we shall be that He is not indiscriminate in His judgments—hard, and unfeeling, and cold! If we believe Him to be the Son of God, how vain and pernicious will all priestcraft be to us when we feel that he that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father, and he that hath been made one with Christ needeth no earthly medium of approach! and if we believe him to be the Son of God, how hollow will all these sophistries of scepticism be which cast doubt upon the future glories of immortality! To know Him as the Son of God is to know that sooner should the stars fall from their places than that one jot or one tittle of His Word should fail.

III. *Do we receive Christ as an Interpreter?* Christ was an interpreter. He let in light upon those dark problems of life which are occupying men to-day. In Him was YEA! He expounded the positive side of Divine action. If we would but take the trouble to study present-day problems in the light of His life and His cross, we should not find men saying the Gospel was an old story of what took place 1,800 years

ago; that the force of its early enthusiasm is spent; its adaptability to the wants of men gone. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but we are so infidel at heart that we will not believe in that inspiration which—though it is different in nature and degree—is still vouchsafed to Christian men. The present age is pining for happiness—sighing in a maudlin sort of way for a secular paradise. Christ said, "You cannot will happiness; it is a growth, not a gift. I cannot give it to you apart from moral conditions. Blessed are the pure at heart, the peace-makers, the persecuted! Your deepest joys are connected with struggle, trial, conquest; these work the faculties of your soul up to highest pitches of blessedness. Your happiness consists in doing the will of God, though you know it not." Men knew Him not. The poor soon fell off from Him; they would have liked the easy virtue of indignation—liked to destroy the words Master and Ruler, and to denounce the rich and the great as the sole causes of their wrongs. What a pitch of hate He could have worked the slaves and subjects of that age to! The rich fell off from Him; they did not care to have the sense of accountability quickened into such intense activity; they hated to be told that a man's life consisted not in the abundance of things that he possessed. Christ interpreted sorrow, and showed men its angel face and its holy use. Christ interpreted sin, and showed how that it was a disease of heart and will common to all classes, to all types of character, and to all ages of men—that its fires might glow as fiercely beneath a Pharisee's punctiliousness as a harlot's prodigality. Christ interpreted human life; showed that it was a discipline, a schooling, a heavenly training, and not the holiday gaiety of a thoughtless joy. Men did not know Him; did not understand that, though He was a man of sorrow, yet the happiest heart in Palestine was His own, and that His joy might be theirs—a joy which no

man could rob them of. Are we, in this present day, wiser than they? Do we believe that forgiveness, pity, sacrifice, are godlike, and that to lose our lives for others' good is better than to save them for our own selfish ends? If we do not, though we preach about Him and hear about Him, we do not know Him. I say Christ was an interpreter. He showed how different in degree and guilt human sinfulness is—how he that knows not God's will in highest ways shall be beaten with few stripes—how the darkness of the future sorrow is graduated as well as the joy of heavenly things. Many of our gloomiest doubts and hardest difficulties come from rejecting Christ's own interpretation of the will of God and the life of men.

IV. *Do we know Him as a Reconciler?* Yes, a Reconciler first, of course, to God, but also to each other and ourselves. What shall we say, brethren, of the harassing national divisions, and the family enmities, and those personal minor divisions in our heart's kingdom! Harmony is the law of the entire universe—of the spiritual as well as the material world. Disharmony is wrong and misery. In the study of sociology—more popular now than of old—witness the recent article in the *Contemporary Magazine*—how much are we all discovered to be governed nationally and individually by antipathies rather than sympathies! Race is still placed by some as an excuse for division; witness all that is admitted about antagonism between Latin, Teuton, and Celt. It is thought nothing strange that brother nations should be in conflict with each other, and that nations divided by a narrow frith should still abhor each other. Nay, to come home, think of the divisions existent in many Christian families. Old sores still flow on without the Divine healing. Wills are sometimes made by so-called Christian men with the signature of the testator to injustice and unkindness. Should we do we sing the hymns of Keble, Faber, Watts and Doddridge; but

last week may have witnessed the letter of a sister unanswered, or the brother who has injured us unforgiven! And, concerning ourselves, what disorders there are! Whole days spoiled because temper is sour or sullen, and the desire and the conscience in constant war. All the time we think we know the Reconciler. Alas! what a grim parody it all is of piety! Peace on earth and goodwill to men translated nationally into combustibles and iron-clads, and personally into family feuds and inward guerilla warfare. Let us not blame the Gospel, let us blame ourselves; for we know only as much of Christ and Christianity as we embody in our lives; and we know not Christ at all unless we are forbearing and forgiving as our Divine Lord was, and, as followers of God, manifest to the world that we walk in love; as Christ also loved us and gave Himself for us.

V. *Do we know Him as an Inspirer?* We cannot really know a great mind without some affinities, and without endeavors to catch the same spirit. The Jews kept away from Christ because He was unceremonial, unconventional. He was an inspiring Christ, not a mere Church-founding one. Men resented this. The Jews were dismayed, horrified, alarmed. What monstrous iniquity was this! He actually ate and drank with publicans and sinners! What freedom of thought can equal this? He did not teach as the Scribes did! What human healthfulness lived in His habits! He did not join the grim Essenes or Ascetics; He did not dress as a prophet, as John the Baptist did. What opposition His whole course of teaching manifested to the priesthood, for He dared to speak against their pretensions and tyrannies. What a mere spiritualisation of the Sabbath! He did not keep, they said, the Sabbath-day. This man is impertinent enough to cross our purposes! He dares to set at naught our traditions and opinions! Let us away with Him! Let us crucify Him! But He was the resurrection



and the life to one that loved Him, and believed on Him with the heart. His truth was new birth to the Magdalen and to the publican, and to multitudes of hearts unversed in the subtleties of the Mishna or the Gemara. Blessed Lord Jesus, the humble and the faithful *knew* Thee then, and know Thee now! Yes; and may we know Thee too, as a new-creating Saviour, renewing our nature at the roots, but bringing out our individualities of character, sanctifying our special temperaments, and keeping us in the unity of the Spirit, the bond

of peace, and righteousness of life! Most of all, O Saviour, let us know Thee in Thy cross; know Thee by the abiding faith which keeps us near the broken heart; remembering that Thou didst so love us as to lay down thy life a sacrifice for us in the great atonement; and that, through the power of the Holy Ghost, Thou canst now fill us each and all with Thine own Spirit, that we may have "*the mind of Christ.*" May God command His blessing. Amen.

### Christian Life.

#### "THE CAPTAIN UP ABOVE."

A SAILOR'S STORY.

From the *Tract Magazine*.

"Art thou asleep, lad?"

So spoke a tall, rough-looking seaman, as he bent over the form of a boy who was standing, with his forehead resting upon his folded arms, against the bulwarks of a ship. It was a starlight night, but there was rather a strong breeze and a heavy sea; and the vessel plunged and rolled as she scudded along under her scanty allotment of canvas.

"Art thou asleep, lad?"

The boy sprang up, and even in the dim light his questioner could perceive the traces of tears upon his cheeks.

"Nay, Owen, never be downcast!" he said kindly; "all must go right in the end; for the Great Captain is over all!"

"But all does *not* go right," answered the boy, in a choking voice. "As far as I can see, all is wrong, wrong, wrong; and nobody to care for us—gainsay it if you can, Jack Longley!"

"I do gainsay it. God has not forgotten either you or me because we are far from shore in an outward-bound ship. He sent you here, and He'll manage all for you, if you'll only trust to Him; but you needn't be thinking

you'll understand His management always."

The sailor paused, and the boy turned his face away with an impatient gesture.

"Listen to me, Owen," and Jack laid his huge hand upon his young companion's shoulder. "I saw a queer thing once—all wheels and rollers and bright steel rods: it was in a printing office in Liverpool that I saw it. I walked round and round it; but for the dear life of me I couldn't see the use of all them cogs and twists and doublings. By-and-by they set it a-working; and then it was a marvel to see the long roll of white paper go in at one end, and come out at the other, printed on both sides, cut, and edged—just a perfect newspaper. I stood there a time, spell-bound like, watching it; but I left all the wiser for my gazing. God's dealings are pretty much like that printing press, I guess—fairly beyond the comprehension of simple folks like us; but perfect in the outworking, ne'ertheless."

The speaker stopped short, surprised at his own eloquence. John Longley, or "Long Jack," as his messmates generally called him, was the steadiest man on board the good ship "*Catalina.*" He was known as one of the "religious scrt," but his ready good-humour, his

quick eye and strong hand, his iron frame, which could do half his comrade's work as well as his own at a pinch, had won for him and his religion respect instead of sneers. But he never was heard to "preach;" he was too shy, and had an overstrained idea of his own unworthiness. Whatever his opinions were, he had hitherto kept them to himself; and Owen, who was an apprentice lad on his first voyage, had hardly noticed that Long Jack was in any way different from the blustering, godless men who were such a terror to the timid, home-sick boy.

Owen's father had been a sailor, and, after his death, it had seemed the natural thing for his son to go to sea, that he might in future years help his mother and little sisters by his earnings. He had looked forward to this voyage with keen delight; he had always lived beside the sea, and knew all about a sailor's life, he thought. But, poor boy! he did not know how sorely he would long for his mother's face, for the sound of a home-voice, for one kindly word to cheer him amidst his hard and constant work, instead of the rough ordering, the brutal speech, the ready blow, which were showered on him daily. At home he had knelt to pray, and had called the great God his "Father;" but now, where could he pray? how could he believe? The sense of the sin and the misery of his life weighed heavily on him; he was fast getting as wicked as the rest of the crew, and it was in a moment of remorse, and almost despair, that Long Jack's unlooked-for sympathy had drawn his wild, passionate words from his lips. He was angry with himself the moment after he had uttered them; but, as Jack went on to speak so simply and gently about God's dealings with mankind, Owen's bitterness and wrath melted away, and tears—which were different, indeed, from the scalding drops he had shed before—stole softly down his cheeks.

"It is hard to believe that God Almighty cares a pin about us," he said,

presently; "for things happen so contrariwise to what I should think would be His will."

"That's true enough," answered Jack; "but good comes out of all, if we could only see it. If you care to listen, I'll spin you a bit of a yarn. 'Tis nigh upon an hour before our watch'll be over."

"Ay, do. Long Jack, you're a brick!" exclaimed a gruff voice behind them, which made Owen start; and one of the crew, a careless, laughing "ne'er-do-well," flung himself down on a coil of rope by their side.

Jack Longley looked a little put out of countenance. Owen had been all the audience he had bargained for; but he plucked up his courage as he said, "You knew David Burn, yourself, Bill; and I was only going to tell this youngster about him a bit."

"Yes, I knew him. I sailed with him a voyage all the way to China and back, and he used to preach to me, and talk to me, and reprove and admonish me, as he called it; but never a morsel of good it did me, as ye're witness this day. I was sorry when I heard the poor chap was lost, though; for I don't think there was a soul aboard, captain, man, and boy, but liked him, in spite of his fads and fancies."

"His 'fads and fancies' stood him in better stead, Bill, than our common sense, I'm thinking. He used to talk to me too, and told me the evil of the life I was leading; but little I heeded him at first. However, here's the story:

"We were bound for Liverpool from Rio, with a cargo of hides and rare woods, and all the while we were in the tropics there was scarcely wind enough to fan a feather. How the skipper did go on, to be sure! He was a violent man, if ever there was one. He'd some share in the vessel, I think, and was mighty anxious to get home speedily. He abused the men awful, and went on in such a way, that I wondered then, and have often wondered since, why

they didn't mutiny. They worked his will, however, but they did it with a bad grace—all but David. He was never out of temper, but always as willing and civil as if the captain had been a lady, instead of the biggest bully that ever wore a 'wrap-rascal.' We couldn't understand it, and only laughed at him when he said he bore all for the sake of the Great Captain up above."

Jack touched his cap with his forefinger as he spoke.

"One day, when we'd been out about six weeks, crawling along on a sea like oil, the breeze came. It was right aft, and we made the most of it, and went over the water like a swallow. The captain was in a mighty good humour, and, after prancing about on deck a while, he went below to drink a glass to our good speed; so the cabin-boy told us, as he came up from putting the grog on the table. Two or three hours the wind stood fair and steady, then it began to freshen and grow gusty, and presently we saw we must shorten sail. The skipper was called, and we noticed at once that he was in liquor. He snapped out his words like rifle-shots, and bid lots of things to be done at once.

"The jib was set; it was an old sail, and the force of the gale split it up a bit. 'That sail must be sewn!' thundered the skipper.

"The water was dashing right over the bowsprit as the ship plunged into the trough of the sea. Just as he spoke a big wave washed into her bows with a force which would have swept off a dozen men.

"'Sir,' said the mate, 'tis risk of life to cobble up the sail in weather like this. We had better——'

"'Are you captain, or am I?' shouted the skipper. 'Keep your coward opinion to yourself till you're asked for it. Jack Longley and David Burn, lay out on the jibboom, and lace together that rent with an end of twine.'

"He spoke slowly and loudly, though his face was white with passion. I

looked at David. 'Will you go?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said he, quite cheerful-like; 'tis my duty; and if I'm washed overboard, 'tis no concern of mine. If my work is done on earth, God knows I'm ready to go to His kingdom in heaven.'

"Those were his very words, youngster. I've thought about them too often to forget them; and as he said them he looked straight into my eyes and smiled.

"'Life or death, Jack; all's one to him as knows that God loves him.'

"'Haven't ye found the needle and twine yet, ye lazy, cowardly brutes?' halloed the captain through the storm. 'Out with you!'

"We tied a rope round our waists, and did his bidding, crawling out as well as we could in the teeth of the sea, which came bursting over us, hissing and roaring like a live thing. I was frightened, I don't deny; but as for David, you'd ha' thought he was in his mammy's parlour to look at him, so easy and happy was he. They say that in the face of death one's life comes like a flash back to the memory. It may be so to some; but to me came only a sort of horror and stupid bewilderment. Another moment, and I might be in that leaping mass of water; in another ten I might be dead, and have passed into the dim unknown land about which I had thought so little. I looked at David's face. He caught my eye, and shouted something; but I could not make out the words through all the horrible din of the gale. We laced up the sail, badly enough, but as well as it was possible to do it, and turned to fight our way back. How the ship pitched! I've been in many a storm, but I never felt worse motion than that. A great wave came and beat the breath nearly out of my body, as the boom cut through it, and I clung with all my strength to the slippery wood. When I looked again, dashing the brine from my eyes—David was gone!"

"'Poor fellow!' ejaculated Bill, tak-

ing his pipe from between his lips, and knocking the ashes out against his horny hand.

"Nay, rather, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' as is written in David's own little testament, which I have now. He tried in his lifetime to coax us to sail under Christ's flag; but we heeded him not a whit. His death saved my soul, praised be God! and took him to his Father's kingdom, as he said. So, comrades, was it not well for him to die?"

Neither Bill nor Owen answered him. The latter was learning the lesson for which Long Jack was "spinning his yarn:" Good out of evil, and trial, and death!

"Did you see nothing of him, Jack?" asked Bill, after a minute's silence. "Could nothing be done for him?"

"Nothing in such a sea as that. 'Twould ha' been madness to dream of lowering a boat. We flung ropes towards where we saw him battling amongst the waves; but he never could catch them—that round his waist had run through the lashing as he fell, and now it only tangled round him. But it didn't matter much; nought could save him short of a miracle. He swam like a duck towards us for a while, and the crew shouted and rushed about like mad things. It's an awful thing to stand and see a fellow creature drown two boats' length from your arms; but then I only seemed to remember what he said—'Life or death; 'tis all one to him that knows that God loves him.' If was not death to him—only just steering into port—safe for evermore."

"And the captain—was he sorry?" asked Bill.

"Ah, that captain—God pardon him!—the sail ripped out again, and he ordered two more men to lay out on the sprit and lace it up. I saw the mate step forward, and a moment after the halliards ran through the block, and the jib blew away down the wind, beyond the need of lacing or the risking of men's lives."

"It was well done of him," said Bill, emphatically. "That skipper would have warmed him, I guess, if he had spied him with the tail of his eye."

"Did the mate let it go on purpose, then?" asked Owen, timidly.

"Just that," answered Long Jack. "He cut the halliards as it might be there"—and he pointed to where the ropes crossed the dark sky above their heads; "and 'twas the best thing he could do."

"You've made me all creepy with your melancholy talk, Jack," said Bill, raising himself. "I shall be seeing and hearing ghosts to-night."

"Don't joke, comrade," said Jack, "God only knows the right of the facts about ghosts. I know that David won't come back unless he can do some good to somebody; and I don't expect to see him until I, too, shall reach the port where he rides at anchor. Please God, I'll never forget him, or the Saviour whom he made me know. And I want to say to this youngster here that I'll take him by the hand, and try to be to him what David could have been had he been aboard us on this voyage. I take shame to myself for keeping silence so long. 'Tis not much I can do, for I'm not like him; but there's plenty of grace to be had for the asking."

Six months afterwards the "Catalina" was beating up the Nore. A few hours more, and she would be safe in the docks. Long Jack stood on her decks busily coiling ropes, and by his side was Owen.

"You're thinking of your mother?" said the sailor bluntly, glancing at the boy's countenance.

"Yes. It's grand to be home again!"

"You said to me once that there was nobody to care for us aboard ship—d'ye think so now?"

"No; for Jack, you have taught me to set my compass by David's chart. I know now that, ashore or afloat, the Great Captain is above, and takes heed even of me."

"It's fairly wonderful," said Jack, using a favourite phrase of his, "fairly wonderful to think how much of God's goodness and love and beauty there is in the world, if one would only open one's eyes to see it. The trees beyond there, and the green grass, look all the better for the voyage we've come; and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you and I thought heaven a long sight more beautiful than the angels do, because we've been through earth's trouble and toil. Good out of evil again, lad, ye see."

And Owen answered his smile. His heart was glad; for he was in "sight of home."

#### REV. ROBERT WOOD KYLE.

The following biography from the Sunday at Home, by the Rev. Ed. Steane, D.D., Hon. Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, will be read with interest in connection with the recent gathering in New York:

The Evangelical Alliance, while yet in its provisional form, was not only hindered by the fears and sinister predictions of many good but timid men, but it had also to encounter the opposition of some of great repute and high position in the Church. Of these the most eminent was Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. He published, in different forms and repeated editions, his "Thoughts on the Proposed Evangelical Alliance," in which he assailed the embryo institution by what he deemed formidable, if not unanswerable, arguments. He went even further than this. It happened that amongst his clergy there was one who, before the Alliance was projected, had shown himself, in various ways, an earnest and active advocate of union among all evangelical Christians. Naturally, he entered warmly into the measures that were adopted to promote its formation; and became not only a member of the committee provisionally formed in Dublin for this purpose, but also one of its honorary

secretaries, and lent the full weight of his activity and influence to the development of its principles and constitution. To this conduct his diocesan took exception. He expostulated and reasoned, and ultimately laid his episcopal command upon him, either to withdraw from the Alliance, or to submit to expulsion from the diocese. A correspondence ensued between them, which was afterwards published. The clergyman, conscious of loyalty to his church, and fortified by the opinion of Sir John Dodson, the Queen's Advocate-General, in a case submitted to him, that his connection with the Provisional Committee of the proposed Evangelical Alliance had in no way contravened the canons, constitution, statutes, or laws of the Church of England, or subjected him to ecclesiastical censure, respectfully remonstrated with the archbishop. In the correspondence the clergyman replied to the reasonings of the archbishop; and, after unavailing remonstrances, protested against the unenacted arbitrary exercise of authority. The archbishop, however, had from the first made up his mind to insist upon unqualified submission and obedience. This appeared to be such an infringement of the liberty of individual conscience, and so illegal and unjustifiable a stretch of irresponsible power on the part of his diocesan, that he resolved rather to lay down his curacy and quit the diocese. Other than this, he felt that he had no alternative; and although both the maintenance of his family and his prospects in the Church were imperilled by the step, it was calmly and deliberately taken; and the

#### REV. ROBERT WOOD KYLE

became a martyr to the cause of Christian union; or, as Mr. James of Birmingham used to describe him, "the proto-martyr of the Evangelical Alliance."

When he left Donnybrook, from the curacy of which he was thus taken, he went forth not knowing whither his steps might be led, or what might be

the effect of his removal, under the frown of the archbishop. In the autumn of that year, however, the great Conference of 1846 was held in London, and, as was natural, he determined to attend it, and take an avowed and active part in the formation of the Alliance. About the same time he heard of a small but united band of Christian people, who had erected a church in Guernsey, and were wanting a pastor; and, acting on advice that had been given him, he offered himself as a candidate. After a little while he received the appointment. Trinity church was opened for public worship on New Year's Day, 1847, when he preached the first sermon in it. He was in a very impaired state of health at the time; and perhaps his great weakness, giving a pathetic and tender tone to his sermon, and producing manifest sympathy in the little congregation (only about one hundred and fifty persons), tended to make it the more impressive. He had not advanced far in his sermon before the attention of all was riveted, both by his earnest and solemn manner and by the thoughts to which he was giving utterance. While he was referring to the blessings the new year had brought with it, one of the congregation exclaimed heartily, "He himself is the best blessing of all."

He grew in the respect and affection of his new flock, and slowly, though with evident and steady advance, secured the confidence and reverential love of all its members. As his health returned he devised and carried into effect many plans, both of parochial and general usefulness.

He was very diligent in a mode of pastoral instruction less common, it is apprehended, now than it used to be, by which, when conducted systematically, and with careful adaptation to the age and capacity of the catechumens, is likely to prove of immense advantage. I refer to the practice of catechising the children and young people. In this he was thought to exhibit much skill, and to have been remarkably successful.

It was not unnatural that an Irish Protestant clergyman should entertain a deeply-fixed aversion to popery; and in proportion to his abhorrence of that system of idolatrous worship and priestly domination, was the strong detestation that he both felt and manifested of the semi-popish rites and vestments, now become so prevalent, and the doctrines of confession, priestly absolution, and the objective personal presence of Christ in the consecrated elements of the Lord's Supper. These he held to be an utter abomination, and he regarded their introduction into the Church of England as the certain precursor of her inevitable downfall; nor can there be a doubt that it acted strongly, among other motives inducing him to seek closer fellowship with evangelical Christians of other communions, by whom Protestant truth is retained in its integrity. Whenever he wrote or spoke on the subject it was with an indignant feeling at what he deemed the treachery of the party who, under pretence of returning to primitive church doctrines, were sapping the very foundations of their own establishment.

Under a somewhat cold exterior and manners not always attractive Mr. Kyle carried a true Irish heart. It took some time to gain his confidence, and so assure yourself of his sympathy as to put you at ease with him. But when the first difficulty was surmounted, and you began to see the real but hitherto hidden man, you soon felt the glow of his genial nature. His friendships accordingly, when once formed, were formed for a permanency. He loved his friends; those who gave him their confidence, and showed in their intercourse with him that they understood his peculiarities, and were willing to tolerate them for the sake of those deeper qualities of his generous character which their judgment recognised—these he took to his heart, and encircled in undying friendship.

It was a modification of this statement that showed itself in his strong

attachment to his native land. "No person," he said to a friend, "can truly value the other land in which his lot is cast, unless he be able to love his own country still better. The fly cares not whether he settles on the columns of St. Peter's or on the posts of a farmyard gate. The prisoned eagle, if he can break his chain, soars to the crags of his native eyrie." On another occasion, when listening to the songs in which a young Swiss girl pours forth her lament for the mountains and chalets of her native land, the tears trickled, and he could make no reply to those who enquired if he did not admire the rich warbling tones of the singer, overpowered by the strength of his emotions. But afterwards he remarked, "You were not mistaken as to the effect of that sweet song, for natural feeling may be subdued, but not eradicated. My native mountains are as dear to me as to any of those who ever sickened at the sound of the *Ranza des Valchus*; but I never regretted leaving, nor would I return to them on the only terms by which that pleasure could be purchased."

Nor were the warmth and glow of his affections the only qualities that bespoke his Irish extraction. He possessed an active and versatile imagination, and a good deal of ready Irish wit. Here is an illustration of the former. Going one day to attend a meeting, the object of which was the promotion of union among Christians, in company with a friend, the latter said to him playfully, "Don't forget to take the Rainbow in your pocket"—alluding to the frequency with which he used that natural phenomenon, with its distinct yet blended colours, for the purpose of illustration. In the course of his speech at the meeting, turning to his friend, he said, "My friend told me to bring the Rainbow in my pocket. It is true I have often used that beautiful object to illustrate diversity in union, and union in diversity; but there is one Rainbow I have not before pressed into the service; that

Rainbow is 'round about the throne,' and it is of one colour, 'in sight like unto an emerald.' And so our diversities will there be merged in one hue—*Love without a shade.*"

I may class together his love of poetry, of music, and of gardening, for they are all characteristics of a mind at once refined by culture and naturally gifted with a certain elegance and delicacy of taste. In the cultivation of his garden he not only found a grateful recreation, but an intellectual delight, and most of his leisure time was spent in it. He indulged occasionally in poetic composition; but his mind was pathetic rather than sprightly, and his effusions were more remarkable for sensibility and pensiveness than for the activities of a vigorous fancy or the coruscations of a jubilant gladness. Music would oftener make him sad than joyous, and awaken serious thought rather than buoyant emotion. The readiness and graceful ease with which he could express his reflections in poetic numbers was shown one evening when a young lady was delighting a party of friends at his house by singing the song which begins with the line—

"Dream on, young hearts—dream on,  
dream on."

When she had finished he said to her, "Would you sing another verse if you had it?" "Oh yes, if you will write it," was the reply. "Then there it is," he rejoined, having written it with his pencil while she was singing:

"Oh, dream not on! a heavenly voice  
Sounds in the slumberer's ear;  
Soon shall thy soul for aye rejoice,  
Or thrill with hopeless fear.

Awake, thou sleeper! from the dead  
Thou lifeless spirit rise; [spread,  
Turn from the dreams which round thee  
A faded paradise.

Awake, arise! Before the gl'ams  
Of future glory play;  
Then change the meteor flash of dreams  
For endless, fadeless day."

Mr. Kyle never laboured in another sphere. A strong mutual attachment

between himself and his flock bound him to Guernsey. A pastor's ministrations could not be more highly prized; and he seems never to have wished for a change. At length, however, not without many premonitory apprehensions of its approach, the great change drew on which was for ever to remove him from the ministrations of earth to the nobler service of the skies. On Sunday, the 7th of April, 1850, he preached for the last time, but without knowing it, in Trinity Church. The next day he embarked on board the mail packet for Southampton, and pursued his journey to London. Already in an impaired state of health, he soon became seriously ill. This final event quickly followed in a sudden and most unexpected manner. The 30th day of the same month was the last of his life. He retired to his chamber between ten and eleven o'clock, and soon fell asleep; but in two hours after the summons came. He had risen, it is supposed, to get some whey which stood on the mantle-shelf, when he was heard to groan heavily and, at the same moment, to sink to the floor. Before his wife could reach him, his spirit had taken its flight. He had already entered upon the rest of the redeemed.

I have spoken of his love of poetry. He is the author of several favourite hymns to be found in different collections, and especially in one compiled and published by his friend, the Rev. G. L. Yate, vicar of Wrockwardine, Salop, to whom he had been curate.

**A NEW HEART.**—A little boy in South London tried to make a prayer of his own. He was only seven years old when he heard in the Sunday-school that Jesus Christ was always pleased to hear the prayers of children, so he went home and told his mother and asked her to teach him how to pray; but she could not, so on retiring to rest he fell upon his knees and said, "Oh, Lord, I should

The following, entitled "The Pilgrim," was sung in Trinity Church, with singular appropriateness, the Sunday after the announcement of his departure to join the host of the ransomed in glory. The tone of ardent piety and heavenly-mindedness which breathes through its plaintive and beautiful stanzas justifies me in closing with it my sketch of its author:

"Oh! tell me not of earthly joys,  
Nor seek to chain my spirit here;  
My wealth transcends these gaudy toys,  
My home is in a higher sphere.  
I cannot stay to cull the flowers,  
The fading flowers of guilty earth,  
Nor banquet in the Upas bowers  
Of indolence and godless mirth.

The pilgrim's staff, the pilgrim's scrip,  
Support and feed me as I go:  
In the pure waves I bathe my lip,  
From yonder smitten rock which flow.  
Then marvel not, I cannot stay  
To drink of earth's polluted streams;  
These fountains nerve me for my way,  
And Bethlehem's Star my pole-star beams.

I go to join the loved, the lost—  
Not lost, not lost, but gone before;  
I go to join the heavenly host  
Encamped on Jordan's farther shore.  
The Father of the faithful there  
Waits to embrace His ransomed son,  
And saints and angels songs prepare  
To greet me when my race is run.

And One, the loveliest, the best,  
Slain for my sin, yet still my Friend,  
Points to the scar upon His breast  
To woo me to my journey's end.  
No more entreat, no more delay  
The way-worn pilgrim from his home;  
My Saviour calls, I must away!  
Jesus, my God, I come! I come!"

be very much obliged to you if you would give me a new heart."

This beautiful little prayer the blessed Jesus heard, and gave him a new heart and taught him to love Him; and the little boy found out that He had said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."



## Christian Work.

CANADA. —The editor of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY will never forget a visit he once paid to the Pointe-aux-Tremble Mission Schools, some nine miles below Montreal, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It was pleasing to see the nice, well trimmed walks, the flowers, the order within, and the cleanliness, but the feature that struck him as most memorable, was the acquaintance the children showed with the Bible, and especially with those doctrines in God's Word that strike at the root of Popery. One from the Province of Ontario could not listen to these French children traversing Palestine with Jesus, and telling of his words and work so intelligently, without feeling glad for what he heard, but also sad at heart to think of the ignorance of the Word of God, as compared with those French children, that prevails among many children in our Protestant Province. Our interest in the work of the French Canadian Missionary Society excited by that visit was greatly quickened by a few days spent by Lt. Col. Haultain in the Chatsworth Manse; and as far as the influence of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY extends, it will be given cheerfully, to awaken and cherish from time to time our readers' interest in the blessed work of that Society, of which we have from these sources, and other personal knowledge. Let us direct our readers' kind attention to a few extracts from the last number of the Society's Journal, which has just reached us:—

"The work of Colportage, Education and Evangelization engaged in by this Society during the past third of a century, becomes every year more important as the power of the church of Rome and the French Canadian population increase. The moderate Gallican views of the clergy as they are well remembered by their Protestant neighbours of forty years ago have generally given

place to Jesuitism with its Mariolatry, relic worship and intolerance, while in the Legislature and Councils of the Dominion the church of Rome exercises a most potent influence. In 1763 the French Canadians numbered about 60,000, now increased to a million they form a third of the Dominion population. If Romanism thus grows in power, and its French Canadian adherents continue to double in number as they have done every quarter of a century, how sad the prospect for the progress of Christ's Kingdom and the eternal interests of the people, as well as for the prosperity and liberties of our country.

"Is it not true wisdom to realize these considerations and meet them as Christians and patriots? Many will doubtless make light of them, unmindful of the ruin and bloodshed which invariably page the history of countries where Papacy is paramount; others may be disposed to fold hands discouraged at the gigantic power of the church of Rome, as well as at the apathy and disunion among the professed friends of Christ; but His true followers inspired with the promises of God and strong in the power of His might will the more pray and labour. Looking at His spiritual Jericho, they will only be exercised to follow the commands of the Lord, sure of success, even if the agency be as unlikely in the view of unbelief, as the blasts of ram's horns and walking round its walls were fitted to destroy ancient Jericho. They will believe that the outpouring of the Holy Spirit can unite the Lord's people, even as in Ezekiel's vision the sticks of Judah and Ephraim were made one in His hand."

The Colportage Department is of equal importance with the Schools, and we admire the wisdom of the plan by which the Society proposes to raise from the hardy sons of manual toil, a band of Colporteurs specially trained for the

work. This is the step to which we refer and which we will watch with deep interest.

"The Committee have long regretted the difficulty of obtaining suitable Colporteurs from among the French Canadian converts, these being limited chiefly to students for the Ministry during part of their summer vacation, and that only until ordained. It is felt that their services, valuable as they are, cannot overtake the requirements of the work, and that additional labourers must be obtained from among a class not fitted by education for the higher work of the ministry, and who would regard the Colportage as a permanent sphere of duty. Impressed with these considerations, the Committee passed the following resolution:—

"That it is desirable that an effort be made to train up Colporteurs from among the working and agricultural class, who should be willing to devote a portion of their time whether for some months yearly or for the whole period for a few years. That the Committee agree to receive any such persons of approved piety, zeal, and intelligence, at Pointe-aux-Trembles, and give them gratuitously a course of training in the doctrines of religion and the Romish controversy—to which subjects such training will be confined. That the Rev. Charles A. Tammé be requested to undertake such a class. That an appeal be made to the French Canadian converts living here and in the United States as to their duty to labour for the evangelization of their fellow-countrymen still in the darkness of Romanism."

The following extracts from the Journals of the Colporteurs show us the self-denial and courage, and patience demanded in this work. They show us also how the truth is working secretly below the surface.

**SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.**—In O—, there is a very interesting family, the father and children listen to my reading with much attention. One of the oldest asked me for a Bible, with marginal references, to see what it said about salvation. Last Sabbath four new faces were seen at our meeting.

**TRIALS, A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.**—I went into a house and offered the Bible, when the master, a tall stout man, grinding his teeth and doubling his fist, said, "I see you are a seller of bad books, and

in league with the Devil, leave this at once." I remained quite silent, when seeing my smiling countenance, he became calm. I then read several passages and sold him some "Messengers." I left thanking God that he had delivered me from the threatened violence.

**BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.**—I entered a house of respectable appearance and offered my books, but no one spoke. At last I asked them yes or no if they wanted any. The father went into another room and bringing an old tattered book gave it to me. On the first page of the Testament I read, "lent by E. Tanner at Belle Riviere 1854." "There," said he, "is all that remains of it. Twice have the priests tried to burn it, and twice have I snatched it from the fire." Here is a man who does not profess to be a Protestant, but he reads the Testament day after day, and I am assured that he puts it in practice. Here is a fruit of the work. The same man asked for four Testaments which he has advantageously placed. I have been able to visit all those to whom he lent them.

**SOWING WITH TEARS.**—At T— I had a meeting at which three Roman Catholics were present and very attentive. At A— there is much bigotry. Both there and at H— I was ordered out of several houses, and in some cases the dogs were sent after me, but they did not prevent several parties from buying Testaments. Oh! there is much to be done, may God grant that we may labour with more zeal.

**SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.**—At — I was invited by M— to visit him, when he showed me a thick bundle of written sheets, divided into two columns, one headed "version of Martin," the other "version of the Archbishop of Quebec." I counted 497 pages. Mr F. passes whole nights comparing the two Testaments. I asked him what was the result of his labours. "Wait," he said. Let us wait and may God enlighten all who, like him, search to know the truth.

**PERSECUTION.**—At St. A., I was repulsed in several houses, but in one, the master told me the priest had preached the preceding Sunday, that the sellers of bad books should be chased out of the houses with clubs, but that he could not approve of such treatment. He then asked me to sit down, and we had a long conversation about religion. I spoke at length of Jesus, the only way to Heaven, and of free salvation through Him. "Ah!" said the man, "it is easy to see the priests deceive us the better to rob us." I told him in order to assure himself of the true road, he should possess the Gospel, and at the close he bought a Testament.

**GROUING FOR TRUTH AMIDST DARKNESS.**—Near A., I called upon an interesting family,

to whom I offered the Word of God. They replied they could not read very well, but would like to know about the book, which their priest spoke so badly of. "Our priest you see," said the father, "wants to make money out of every thing. He is now collecting for the Infant Jesus (L'enfant Jésus), but the Infant Jesus does not eat, nor drink, for he is in Heaven, and is it not shocking, to ask money, oats and pork for him? Sir, we would like to know the true religion which really saves, for ours is all money. When the child comes into the world, we must pay to have it baptized, and afterwards it is continually money, money." I replied by reading those portions of the Bible which teach what we must do to be saved, and by telling them that it was in studying it, we could alone be happy. They listened with great attention.

UNITED STATES.—The one great event of the past month in the United States was the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York. Within our limited space it would be impossible to give even an outline of its proceedings. Inasmuch, however, as Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, goes in a few words to the very heart of the question of Christian union we give, in brief, his words, with only this question—From Christ's prayer "that they may be one, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," does it not follow that the unity of the denominations must yet assume some visible form to the extent, at least, of challenging the attention of the world which needs visible proof?

Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, said:—That the unity of the Church may be viewed in three different aspects, and first in regard to the Church as consisting of scattered believers throughout the world. There is no difference of opinion as regards the unity in Christ; there was a difference of opinion as to what constituted the unity. Every believer is in Christ, not only by the conscious renewing and indwelling of the Holy Ghost, but by the voluntary act of accepting Christ in his life. From this follows, no matter who he is or what he is, he is in the Church. (Cheers.) Just as much in unity with the Church as the hand is with the body. This was only simple, plain, every-day Gospel truth.

We seem isolated beings here, but we are as really one as this body is one. There is no more common reproach than that Christians are divided. But they were one in faith and one in creed. All believed in the Apostles' creed. More than this, every Christian Church on earth—historical church—believes in the six doctrines of the first Ecumenical Council. Where was the Christian who did not bow his knee to Christ? In believing in Christ we believe that He died for us, that He rose again for us, and that without His sanctifying power we are unable to enjoy the influences of the Divine Spirit. We are one in faith; of course there is diversity. So long as we know only in part we cannot always believe the same way. (Cheers.) In the second place we are not only one in faith, but we are one in the inner life. Let an anatomist place his ear to the heart of any human being and he will find the same mystic murmurs there. Let any man place his ear to any Christian's heart and he will find that heart beating the same way. (Applause.) The religious experience of the people of God before the flood was the same as the experience of Christians now. Where can be found more suitable language for our present experience than the language of David and Isaiah? We cannot help giving the right hand of fellowship to a man whom we recognize as a Christian; and if we recognize him as that we must acknowledge him in all the relations of life. (Cheers.) It is inevitable, from the very nature of Christian life, that there should be organization. Christians are spiritually united in one body; outwardly they are so too; for every Christian is nominally and by right a member of every Christian Church. (Loud cheers.) The terms of Christian union are the terms of salvation. No Church has a right to demand more to enter a Church than Christ demands to enter heaven. The Church is also one because it is subject to one tribunal. The third aspect of the question deals with the fact that the differ-

ent organizations divide themselves into denominational churches. What was the duty of those churches? First, recognition. If we have a right to acknowledge a man as a Christian we have also the right to acknowledge the Church. For a Church is a body of men who are Christians. A Christian is a Christian wherever he goes. It is regarded, too, that Christians should acknowledge one of the other that the sacraments and ordinances of one Church should be valid in the eyes of the other. So if ordination is, as the Romanists hold, the communication of supernatural grace, then none are ordained who have not received this. But if this is, as Protestants believe, that a call to the ministry is a call of the Holy Ghost, and that no Church can make a minister any more than it can make a Christian, then that is the true ordination. (Loud cheers.) I know there is a theory contrary to this; but if nothing external makes a man a Christian, there is nothing external that makes a man a minister. The duty and mission of each Church is to promote the progress of Christianity throughout the world. If all denominational bodies are thus bound to recognize the sacraments and ordinances of each church, then the whole evangelical Church throughout the world would appear to man as it does to God, one sacramental host all devoted to one grand object. (Loud cheers.)

ENGLAND.—Among the agencies in the home field there is one which held its fifty-fourth anniversary in Finsbury Chapel this last month—"The Home Missionary Society." It was established in 1819, with the design of evangelizing the "unenlightened inhabitants of the towns and villages of Great Britain, by the preaching of the gospel, the distribution of religious tracts, and the establishment of prayer meetings and Sunday-schools, with the formation of Christian churches, and every other scriptural method for the accomplishment of this important object." The report for the

year gave a very cheering account of the mission. In Cambridgeshire and in Sussex there have been numbers of cases of conversion, and an evident revival of religion in various places. The society, besides a number of other agents, have 130 Home Mission pastors and ninety lay-agents. The Earl of Shaftesbury spoke of the good accomplished by this mission, and expressed much thankfulness to God for the blessing which had rested on its labours during the past year, and at some length referred to what he regarded as one of the chief recommendations of the mission, its aggressive character. He said, "The time has passed for us to sit still in our rooms, and for ministers to sit in their pulpits content so long as there is a nice congregation to come and listen. There is an active enemy abroad, armed with all the power of Satan, and we will see whether we, armed with all the power of the Saviour, are not more than a match for him ten thousand times over. I like the whole aggressive character of the mission. We must be no longer in starch and buckram; we have been in them too long; and in the meanwhile what enormous advances have been made upon the strongholds. We must recover these. I entreat you to persevere in the course you have begun, and never to cease for a moment."

FRANCE.—From the Paris correspondence of the *True Catholic* we abridge as follows:—

Of the degree to which the clouds have returned in this nineteenth century, of which we boast so loudly, judge by the one fact of the revived pilgrimages. We smile sadly to think of Mecca and all the fanaticism of those who are spell-bound by the talisman of the false Prophet; but that they who bear the name of the true Prophet of God should be so degraded is indeed passing strange. Yet the very sound in England of a resurrection of the "Canterbury Pilgrimage" in honour of St. Thomas may temper the wonder with which Britons

hear of Lourdes, La Salette, and Paray-le-Monial. Not only Englishmen, but Italians, are watching, not without anxiety, events occurring in France. Well may spectators observe with curiosity the vertigo which has seized on certain minds, urging toward mystic pilgrimage not only ignorant populations, but functionaries, judges, officers, and deputies!

These pilgrimages of the devotees are, however, something more than merely religious and superstitious. They are designed to intermeddle with politics, both foreign and domestic. At first even Italy might smile almost with pity at the pious eccentricities of her neighbours, but when the pilgrims of Paray-le-Monial begin to ask for the re-establishment of the Pope-King—in other words for the ejection of Victor Emmanuel and his Government from the new capital—the imperial city is not unmoved by emotions of another order. The preaching of a new crusade, aiming to deliver, not Jerusalem from the Saracen, but Rome from the Italian, has created an excitement in the Eternal City. The provocations, insults, and menaces addressed to her by fanatical pilgrims are not without effect. So says the Roman correspondent of the *Débats*.

The clerical leaders have summoned to their aid lay patrons and lady patronesses, to swell the numbers of those who join in these politico-religious demonstrations. The latter, specially, are rewarded by the privilege of carrying gaily decorated banners blessed by the priests, but planned and wrought by themselves with consummate taste, each fair designer rivalling her neighbour in the production of the most artistic grouping of forms and colours to beautify these sacred emblems. From one specimen of the prayers presented by the leaders and their followers, the whole spirit of the enterprise may be gathered. The "Sacred heart of Jesus" is the expression that marks the invention—half-clerical, half-political—by

which many women and some men are being inveigled: "Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer thee all the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in union with those intentions for which thou dost unceasingly offer thyself on our altars. I offer them in particular in order to obtain the overthrow of the godless revolution that threatens thy Vicar, fills Christendom with desolation, and gives over France, weakened and humbled, a prey to her enemies."

Take as another symptom of the present reaction the following fact. The *Opinion* of Antwerp is the authority. In the Sainte-Elizabeth Hospital, Lourdes, water was substituted for the medicine prescribed for one of the patients, and now, with the sisters in attendance, this water has become a universal specific. All the superior officials bow very humbly before these ladies, submitting, with some rare exceptions, without a murmuring word, to their sovereign authority.

Is this too sad? Let the reader turn, then, to a fact of another order, and see that even in this first estate the power of the Gospel of Christ sometimes manifests itself—the light shines into the darkness. Let the following veritable history be read and pondered; it tells of one now actively engaged in a work of blessing amongst the poor in one of the poorest districts of Paris. Romanist by birth and education, she joined in early youth the order of St. Vincent de Paul, in which for fifteen years she was a devoted sister. Her great intelligence and strength of character gained for her the respect of the Lady Superior, who granted her more liberty than is usual in the community. Her work was in the hospital of the sisterhood, and consisted chiefly in preparing medicine for the sick, by which circumstance she was thrown into frequent intercourse with the doctor. It was known that he was a Protestant, and the sister, in her ardour to gain one proselyte, discussed religious subjects with him, and told

her superior how sure she was of winning his soul. The doctor presented to her a (Catholic) copy of the Bible. She began to read it, was struck by the difference between the *whole Bible* and those parts of it she had seen in the Prayer-book of her order. She became unhappy, spoke to her superior, whom she regarded with much affection, and was by her sent to the spiritual chief of the order, in the district, which included some 18,000 members of the community. He did not condescend to argue or explain, but at once summoned her to give up the Bible and promise never to read it again. Conscience and common sense revolted. She could not submit to his requirement that she should give up a book which he himself, by the rules of his order, was enjoined to read daily. Her resolve was taken. The one path alone open to her was to quit the sisterhood in which she was so valued, and in which were those she best loved, and to go forth into the unknown world. Early the next morning she left the convent, never to enter it again. The entrance of God's Word brought light to her understanding and to her heart, and now she is devoting her energies to publish amongst a dark Romish population the joyous tidings that have filled her own soul with a happiness before unknown. The spot where this lady is now engaged, in a neighbourhood dear to her heart by early association and affection, is the scene of an important and interesting work, about which the readers of the *True Catholic* may some day know more; the length of this letter forbids a more extended reference to it at present. For the same reason the commentaries on the other estates of this land, which have been briefly glanced at, must await a more convenient season.

SPAIN.—The correspondent of the above paper thus writes:—

In the midst of the madness of the people, it is a great deal to say that the door of the Gospel is as open as ever in

Spain. Whilst the Government is busy preparing its measures for the consolidation of religious liberty, for the secularizing of cemeteries, for the disendowment of the Romish Church, for the spread of education free from priestly influence, the only fear is lest a sudden overthrow should interfere with so good a programme, and throw the country back into the bondage of barbarism. The fires of persecution might serve a useful purpose, purifying the existing Church; but whilst God sends liberty, and such abundant liberty, it is our duty to value it and make the best use of so priceless a boon. Speaking of Madrid, we see the people sadly too thoughtless about these things, and in the main only careful about the pleasures and indulgences of the hour. The spending of the people on any Sunday afternoon and evening, in simple diversion, in concerts and theatres, in bull-fights and circus, in costumes and equipages, is prodigious. It is the worship of the idol, Pleasure, which rules in Spain, and herein she does but imitate neighbouring nations.

But wherever the truth is proclaimed, people will listen. An interesting effort has been put forth this summer by an English Christian labourer, who each Sunday afternoon, takes his stand in one of the chief places of public resort in Madrid, the park of the Retiro, and there, upon a little erection which serves as pulpit, preaches to the passers-by. It is the first time that stated open-air preaching has been tried here, and notwithstanding the usual auguries of ill-success, our brother has seen on every occasion a goodly company, who have listened with attention, whilst others have turned away in mockery or scorn. The public authorities, when applied to for permission, granted it immediately in written form. The observations of the crowds on these occasions are instructive. Last Sunday, many for the first time had pressed home upon their consciences the day appointed in which God will judge the world in righteousness, and therewith the resurrection;

and when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, precisely as at Athens, "some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." On other occasions some have not only promised to come again, but have inquired on the spot the way of salvation. Of most who hear, it may safely be said they would never have thought of entering one of our places of worship. Thus the practicability and the utility of open-air preaching has been fairly demonstrated in Spain, and that with all the disadvantage of a foreigner's speech and the prejudice against a foreigner's person. That the example should be followed by the Spanish pastor, is hardly to be expected; for, to face a mocking crowd requires a combination of courage and meekness not commonly possessed.

ITALY.—Signor Allesandro Gavazzi, in introducing his report of Rome, at the recent meeting of his Synod, thus writes:—

"There is no doubt that our Free Church treads the right way, by doing her work zealously, and yet quietly, and in almost concealment. I know this to be the surest way to secure God's favours; and for myself I court exclusively such kind of approbation from my heavenly Master. However, it appears to me that men have a subordinate right to see our good works, in order to appreciate us as the faithful stewards of the Lord, and being found so, to encourage us with their prayers, their friendship, and their help. This is the only reason why I trust my poor ink to paper, to meet the request for information on the part of my friends about the condition of our Free Church in Rome.

"The difficulties inherent to all missions, and especially among Roman Catholics, and in a country like Italy, make conversions slow and almost imperceptible to Protestant eyes; and yet, in my firm belief and long experience, they are the best and surest of all. I dislike, nay, I abhor, the so-called conversions in a block, or by sovereign will, or by

civil laws, which to me appear generally a rank hypocrisy, and nothing else. Those who have regard to such charlatanies may enjoy multitudes of masked formalists, but will never obtain a solid flock of true believers. I therefore prefer to proceed slowly in our proselytism, in order to be well assured as to their real conversion, and their constancy in the new life. However, we must be thankful to God, who, in little more than two years, by golden tokens of his encouraging assistance, has crowned our humble labours in old Papal Rome even beyond our most sanguine expectations.

"The regular congregation around the Lord's table numbers now seventy-seven communicants, with twelve catechumens; while among the hearers about two score more are aspiring, and are trained by their zealous pastor, to become one day the partakers of the Lord's body.

"We also gather together in this place, previous to the morning service, the finest Sunday-school in Rome. It has been in existence since 1871, but it has now assumed the regular proportions of the best Sunday-school among our Protestant brethren abroad. I mean to say that we gave here the first example of classes and of monitors, being perhaps the only denomination that could do so just now, with full justice to the cause. The reason why is very simple and without pretence. Having in the place four distinct rooms, which serve for our day-schools, we are able to divide the classes, and keep them separate from each other, thus avoiding noise and confusion; while our sound proselytism of two years' standing affords us a good many willing teachers, both male and female, ready to spend their talents to nourish these tender plants of Jesus. The average of children is generally three hundred, sometimes even more; and more it will be in future from the recruits of our daily schools.

"These facts I have mentioned to give a faint idea of our doings here without pretending that they are greater than other's. My only scope is to bear evidence that we are not the least in

Rome, although we are more intent to do the work allotted to us than to parade it before our foreign visitors. I do not dwell on details, however eagerly wished for, because I think it more serious and manly to confine the narrative to the general outline of the services done by our Free Church in Rome. May God be praised for his assistance to us! And let our sympathizers join us in thanking Him for the outpouring of his blessings on our humble instrumentality."

**AFRICA.**—Stranger than Fiction.—Missionary literature is declared to be always dull and commonplace; but if a novelist were to sketch the history of a slave boy, who was bartered first for a horse, and returned as an unfair exchange, and on two subsequent occasions was bartered for rum and tobacco; whose spirit was then so broken that he tried to commit suicide; who was afterwards sold to Portuguese traders, rescued by an English vessel, converted to Christianity, educated, and ultimately ordained, and was consecrated a Bishop; such a tale as that could not fail to be acceptable to the readers of a sensational literature.

If he drew still more largely on his fancy, and declared that the parents from whom the slave had been wrenched in his childhood, he met again after a separation of twenty-five years; that his heathen relatives received from him their first knowledge of Christian truth, and that his mother died under the roof of her son's Episcopal residence, it would be said, perhaps, that fancy had exceeded the limits of probability. And yet this is a simple story in barest outline of the Bishop of the Niger country.

Edjai, a Yoruban lad, was seized by a Mohammedan gang in 1821; he went through the vicissitudes detailed above, until he found himself on board H.M.S. "Myrmidon," free, and petted by officers and crew; he was baptized in 1825 "Samuel Crowther," the name of a

well-known London clergyman. Educated in the Church Missionary Society's Institution at Fourah Bay, he was ordained in 1843, and accompanied Mr. Townsend to Abbeokata.

There, in the country whence he had been dragged into slavery, he found his mother and sisters, and was the means of bringing them into the church. Yet, fourteen years later, in 1867, he founded the Mission in the Niger country. Here, as in ancient times, the Missionary Bishop has confronted heathen monarchs and told them of their error. The Bishop (for Mr. Crowther was consecrated Bishop of the Niger in 1864) has more than once been seized, and his life imperilled. The slave trade, cannibalism, polygamy, the ignorance of heathen, the fanaticism of Mohammedans, these are the obstacles against which he has had to contend.

In 1867 a substantial church was built at a place called "Onitsha;" at the same time the daughter of an influential chief resolved to be baptized in spite of the remonstrances of her friends. These two events raised the jealousy of the heathen to fever heat; the Christians were fined, and with the fine a female slave was purchased and dragged two miles to the river side, and there sacrificed to the gods to atone for the sins which had tolerated Christianity in the land. When the passions of the people were thus roused, Bishop Crowther demanded an audience of the king. He showed how much better a subject he was himself as a Christian than he would have been had he remained a heathen. The king at first relented so far as to order all Christians out of the land, guaranteeing to them a safe exit, but this edict was cancelled, and toleration was established.

This work, now carried on by a native Bishop, and nine native clergymen, is strictly an indigenous Mission; in this respect it is unique among Anglican Missions. Not a single European has a share in it. There is a difficult future before it, but the obstacles al-



ready surmounted give promise for the future, and prove the capacity of the African for self-government and self-support.

## Practical Papers.

### WAITING.

BY A CANADIAN PASTOR.

The late Dr. Kitto, in one of his books, gives this touching note of personal experience. "Thirty years ago, before the Lord caused me to wander from my father's house, and from my native place, I put my mark upon this passage in Isaiah—'I am the Lord: they shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Of the many books I now possess, the Bible that bears that mark is the only one of them all that belonged to me at that time. It now lies before me; and I find that, although the hair which was then dark as night, has meanwhile become 'a sable silvered,' the ink which marked this text has grown into intensity of blackness as the time advanced, corresponding with, and in fact recording, the growing intensity of the conviction, that 'they shall not be ashamed that wait for Thee.' I believed it then; but I know it now; and I can write *probatum est*, with my whole heart, over against the symbol which that mark is to me, of my ancient faith.

"They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Looking back through the long period that has passed since I set my mark to these words—a period which forms the best and brightest, as well as the most trying and conflicting of all men's lives—it is a joy to be able to say, 'I have waited for Thee, and have not been ashamed. Under many perilous circumstances, in many most trying scenes, amid faintings within and fears without, and under sorrows that rend the heart, and troubles that crush it down, I have waited for Thee; and lo, I stand this day as one not ashamed.'"

There are few things in connection with the children of God so frequently mentioned in Scripture as WAITING.

Waiting on the Lord. And there are few to which so many and so great promises are given. What is it then to wait on the Lord? and why should we seek to exemplify this grace, and abound in this exercise of soul?

#### LET US TRY TO DEFINE IT.

In one view of it *Waiting* is the same as Faith. Thus the Psalmist says, "O my God, I *trust* in Thee; let me not be ashamed,—yea, let none that *wait* on Thee be ashamed." There, the terms "trust," and "wait," are evidently equivalent. In another view of it, waiting is an *effect* of faith. Perhaps, most properly, waiting may be called a form of faith, or, one of the most fruitful manifestations of faith.

Waiting, is depending on God with expectation. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him." It is trusting in God, and in His word, with a quiet assurance that what He hath promised, He is able to perform, and *shall perform it*. It is staying the mind upon God in times of difficulty and darkness, waiting with patient hope until He makes the light to arise. It is resting in God under the burden of undeserved reproach or misconstruction, content to leave our cause with Him until He "brings forth our righteousness as the light, and our judgment as the noonday." Waiting, is the consent of faith to our entire dependence on God, and the habitual action of faith in looking up to God, with the hope and expectation that all He hath spoken shall be fulfilled.

Confidence in God, then, a simple, hearty trust in Him, seems to be the first great element in waiting. And then, expectation, quiet, patient and assured, leading us to look up to God,

seems to be the second great element. These two specially, in their combination, seem to form the grace.

It seems a simple and easy thing thus to wait on God, confidently and expectingly: and yet it is no mean trial of faith; and, if we are to judge from Scripture, this waiting is counted a great thing by God Himself. To wait patiently upon the Lord day after day, and year after year, in suspense, in darkness it may be, or in affliction or humiliation, until He manifests His promised care and sympathy and love, to trust in the assured conviction that he will do so, whatever may be the adverse signs; this is a trial of faith precious in God's sight; a tribute rendered to His truth and faithfulness held by God in high esteem, and sure of his abundant recompense.

The spirit of habitual dependence on God, is opposed to our natural pride and self-confidence, and thus it receives little honour or praise from any except from God Himself. But yet, to nourish and strengthen such a habit of mind, is needful to complete that character which ought to distinguish every true Christian. May we not then propose for a very serious consideration this enquiry? viz., whether our failure or shortcoming in other Christian graces, may not be traced to the want of such a spirit of mind? Are our shortcomings in diligence in every good work, faithfulness to Christ before the world, gentleness and long-suffering under the petty annoyances of daily life, and meekness and heavenly-mindedness, not to be traced to our lack of that spirit of habitual dependence, and of quiet, patient waiting on the Lord? And may we not also trace to the very same source, our small measure of that joy and peace which are our heritage? "Thou keepeth him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."

LET US NOW ILLUSTRATE.

Waiting, describes in one comprehensive word the life of faith of the Patriarchs of old. When Jacob was about to

die in Egypt he gathered his sons together to hear his last words. With a last effort of expiring strength the dying saint is raised up in his bed, and, by the inspiration of the Almighty, tells the young men what shall befall them in the last days. Beginning with the eldest born, the first six are mentioned in order, and then—wary with the exertion—a short pause ensues, during which the dying Patriarch raises his dim eye to heaven, and says,—“I have waited for thy salvation, O Jehovah,” and when he had “made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed,” and died, died in faith. What a description of their life Jacob gives—“I have waited for thy salvation”—“These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.” How that describes a life of waiting on the Lord. Thus was it that He tried His saints of old, and they were strong in faith, giving glory to God. They all died in faith, waiting still.

So also at the coming of Christ, we have but a few transient glimpses of the Church of God then. At that time God had His witnesses in Israel. They were not found among the great, or the learned, or the noble. They were a few lowly individuals, overlaid and hidden amidst the surrounding mass of worldliness. There was the great Simeon, of whom it is said, “that he waited for the consolation of Israel.” And Anna, who served God day and night in the temple, and who, when she had seen the child Jesus, gave thanks to God, and went and spake of Him to her own circle in Jerusalem, of whom all we know is, that “they looked” or waited, for redemption. Still, the Lord's people were a waiting people.

It is so still, under the gospel. We are to have “our loins girt, and our lamps burning, and be like those that wait for their Lord.” To the saints at Thessalonica the apostle says, “The

Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." To those at Corinth, he says, "Ye come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ:" as if that frame of mind was the crown of all their gifts and graces. God has much laid up in store for them that fear Him; and He would have us all to live by faith, looking for the blessed hope, and with patient expectation waiting for it.

Thus, however, is the more general aspect, waiting being an essential exercise of the faith of the gospel, which has respect to great things in the future, partially revealed, and set before us as objects of hope. As matter of individual concern, waiting refers to the habit of constant dependence on the Lord, of constant looking to Him, and of constant readiness for Him, which it becomes all His true people to cherish and exemplify.

Of such a spirit we have a memorable example in David, which a few incidents in his history may illustrate. During the time he fled for his life from the wrath of the king, one day David and his men were concealed from the close pursuit of Saul in the dark, inner recess of one of the large caverns which abound in the mountains of Judah. To their astonishment, they saw king Saul come alone to the mouth of the cave, and quietly compose himself to the usual short noonday rest. While they themselves were screened in the inner darkness, they could observe distinctly every movement of the king. "Now," David's men began to think, "now was the opportunity of vengeance for great wrongs." So they whispered eagerly to their leader, "Behold the day of which the Lord said unto thee, behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thy hand." Was David's faith to fail in this trial? Was he to forget his habit of constant dependence, and of constant looking to the Lord? Was he to seek to hasten God's purpose by a crime, and take vengeance into his own hand? The temp-

tation was very urgent, but he overcame. "The Lord forbid,"—he whispered back—"that I should do this thing." And then, pleading with king Saul, he refers matters between them wholly to God, saying, "The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, wickedness proceedeth from the wicked; but mine hand shall not be upon thee." He was content to do right, to leave results to God, waiting upon Him.

So, when labouring under unjust reproach and condemnation, his resort was still to God. In the seventh Psalm, written concerning "the words of Cush the Benjamite," it would seem that some grievous charges had been uttered against him, which had aroused king Saul to a renewed pursuit after his life. To an upright man there is nothing harder to bear than a burden of unjust reproach, or false accusation; and nothing which so strongly tempts to impatience, to the hasty and angry vindication. It is very natural for a man to turn upon a calumniator, and seek to vindicate his own good name, and disgrace the false accuser. Such seems to have been the trials endured by David once and again. Under such a trial this Psalm was penned. And here again we see how his soul waited on the Lord, deriving strength and comfort in the exercise. "O Lord my God, in thee do I put my trust." is the opening word. Then, before God, he asserts his integrity. "Judge me, O Lord, according to my righteousness." Staying his mind upon Him, he says, "My defence is of God, who saveth the upright in heart."—Or as he says at another time, "I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever, and I will wait on Thy name; for it is good before Thy saints."

We can see in David the habit of constant dependence upon God, and the habit of constant looking to Him. When he fled before Saul, it was a trial of years. But he waited for God's time

and way of enlargement. This habit of mind kept him from lifting up his own hand against king Saul, though once and again he had him in his power. He trusted in God, and he could afford to wait for Him. This was his strength and comfort in all his troubles. Thus, in his wilderness Psalms, we find him often seeking to stir himself up to a more patient waiting on God. "Why art thou cast down, my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? Hope in God: for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Or again. "Truly my soul waiteth upon God, from Him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock, and my salvation; He is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved." And, from his own experience, David exhorts all God's children, saying, "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

What a sad contrast we find in king Saul. The transgression for which he was rejected, was a shortcoming in this very matter of patient waiting on God. At a time when the Philistines had invaded the land, the king waited for Samuel, who had set seven days as the time within which he should come. The hearts of the people who were with Saul melted because of the Philistines, and they began to steal away in fear, until only six hundred men remained; and still Samuel came not. It was a hard trial for Saul; and yet, one to which it was very needful to subject him. Could he so trust in the Lord as to obey the command given by His prophet? Could he wait, with the great conviction that God's time and way was best? Ah! no. Saul's heart failed him. So he ventured to offer up the sacrifices, and no sooner had he made an end than Samuel came. King Saul might have known that God, by His prophet, could point out his way, and provide the means of deliverance. There was no right excuse for his unbelieving haste. Then Samuel said: "Thou hast

done foolishly; thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which He commanded thee. But now thy kingdom shall not continue; the Lord hath sought Him a man after His own heart."

Now, does that seem a very hard sentence for a venial fault? But yet that impatient haste of king Saul just revealed his lack of that faith in God which was so specially required of him, as the captain of Israel. Like the flash of light through some chink or cranny, it was a revelation of his inner self. Just as some little incident of daily life may make it abundantly plain with respect to some of us, that we are destitute of a true faith.

"Thou hast done foolishly," said the prophet to Saul. For, when the Lord undertakes our cause, it is a folly to be in trouble about the issue; to be over-concerned about our safety, or fair fame, as if all depended on ourselves. It is a folly in every case to disobey God's command. He enjoins, "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him." A greater folly now, than in the time of king Saul. For, we have now the pledge of God's unspeakable love in Christ; and an impatient fretfulness, or distrust of His care, sympathy, or love, is now more inexcusable than ever. Can we not meet the rising of such a spirit with the unanswerable question, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" And can we not say, as a matter of assured faith, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." It becomes us now to cherish a spirit of habitual waiting on the Lord.

Such a spirit is the index of a well-disciplined soul. It is the patient, long waiting, that tries the spirit of the soldier. There is seldom a lack of courage in the rude hosts of barbarians; and in the rush of the fierce onset, or in the heat of the battle, they may seem equal

to the best. It is only a thorough discipline which can imbue them with the soldierly qualities of patient obedience and endurance. Just as it was with our own countrymen at Waterloo. The whole of that long summer's day they waited patiently under a storm of hurtling shot which tore their ranks, waited on the word of their general who ruled the fight. It was the triumph of perfect discipline which made all these brave men depend so implicitly on the word and will of one, so that not a foot was advanced till he gave the word.

So it is with the soldiers of Christ. We must look to Him, the Captain of our salvation, *always*. A fretful impatience and haste is the index of an undisciplined soul. We may have sufficient courage to bear us well through some great trial. But the Lord may appoint us a post where waiting on Him is the special duty assigned to us. We have to endure the strife of evil tongues, the trial of daily contradiction and reproach, or the daily fretting conflict with a hasty temper, and an unsubdued will. And are we then to forget where our strength lies? Are we to cease looking up, waiting on the Lord? Do we need His grace less in these things than in those we call great? O let us see that we *wait* on the Lord with hearty trust and quiet expectation, waiting habitually, that we may be "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation. Among whom, let us shine as lights in the world."

## REAPING.

Br A. N.

"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth more labourers into his harvest."  
—LUKE X. 2.

The slopes of Samaria, yellow with heavy crops, and here and there a few struggling reapers striving with their abundance, turns the Saviour's thoughts to the great field of the world, burdened

with its living crop of human beings. This was the field in which the seventy were appointed to labour, and, in preparation for which, their Master was pleased to instruct them.

Wielders of the sickle, binders and bearers of sheaves, are still the great want of the Christian Church. We remark:—

(1). It is to God, by prayer, that the Church is still to look for her supply of ministers.

Although it is the duty of the Church to confer on her pastors a liberal education, still the true minister of the Gospel must be, after all, God made. It is God that leads him to a personal acquaintance with the way of salvation:—for how can he lead others in a road which he himself has not travelled? It is God that gives the preacher a true insight into the spiritual meaning of His Word, and fits him by nature and grace to be a successful labourer. It is God that lays the burden of souls upon his conscience, so that he cries, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" It is God that links his heart in the bonds of love and pity, to the hearts of others, and makes their salvation an essential condition of his own happiness. It is therefore a wise care of the Church to see that her ministers are God-sent, and, while it is her duty to take the oversight of their training, that they may be, as to human learning, efficient workmen, she is not justified in imposing such conditions as shall shut out any God-sent labourer from the field. Let the Church take the prayer taught in our text afresh to her heart, and cry fervently, "Lord, send forth labourers to the harvest." Did she wrestle night and day for this mercy, is there not reason to believe that God would speedily respond to her prayers, and salute her on all sides with the cry, "Here am I, send me!" Then might the heavy and wasting grain of many neglected fields, be speedily gathered into sheaves ready to be borne with joy to the Master's garner.

We remark :—

(2). The duty of prayer for our own individual success as labourers in that harvest.

If prayer can bring more labourers into the field, may it not give the labourers already at work, more success? "Prayer wins the battle," said Luther. "Give me Scotland, or else I die," was the prayer of John Knox. An hour on the mount of God makes the face of the labourer shine. Prayer gives eloquence to the stammering lips. Prayer makes the minister of God "a flame of fire." Even Paul and Apollos without prayer, were Samsons shorn of their strength. Whitefield, R. M. M'Cheyne, and all the successful reapers of modern times, spent many hours in this blessed exercise. Then pray, O reaper, and when thou prayest withhold not thy sickle from the wheat.

Returning a third time to the prayer of our text, we find involved in it another lesson.

(3). The duty of increased effort on the part of the labourers already at work.

Since the urgency of the case requires more help, may not the labourers already in the field naturally infer, that increased zeal is befitting on their part? They are to concentrate their forces, they are to make the work of the Lord their own, and, nurtured by prayer and strong in the might of the Spirit, bare their arms to the work. In season, and out of season—on the highway, in the market-place,—all times, and all places when occasion offers, are to be esteemed by them suitable for the gathering of sheaves.

There is a fourth lesson taught in the prayer of our Lord, viz :—

(4). Encouragement to labourers to pray and reap.

It is true that the first look of the seventy at their field of labour would be discouraging. Was not that great living mass of humanity permeated by a bitter enmity against the doctrine and person of their Lord? Did not a new-

born desire of curiosity or selfishness, draw crowds together to see his miracles, or to feed upon the loaves and fishes? Did not the leaders of public opinion treat their Master's mission with contempt? Was not the power of Rome itself built on a foundation of heathenism; and would it not crush them, the teachers of Christianity, as movers of sedition? They, simple fishermen, had little room to hope for tolerance, less for sympathy, still less for acceptance of their message.

But it was not to the field of labour that our Lord taught them to look for encouragement, it was in a totally different direction. It was to their prayer, and to Him to whom it was directed. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest." In looking at their field of labour, there was fainting of heart; in looking to the Lord by prayer, there was hope and strength; yea, it transformed the very difficulties of their mission into a stimulus. All things were possible for God; and infallible success was before them, on the conditions of earnest labour and believing prayer.

This encouragement is still open to the Christian Church. The great field of the world is not yet reaped; there yet remains much wheat to gather. The old spirit of infidelity, though in a different form, still obstructs her path, but a successful issue is certain. In the prayer of our text, there is ample encouragement. Let the Church still continue to pray and hope in her God.

### MISSIONS.

By W. G.

Many years have now elapsed since I heard in Glasgow the Rev. John Williams, who subsequently became "the Martyr of Eromanga," preach on the text, "Have respect unto the covenant, for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The topic seemed almost prophetic of the sealing of his testimony with his blood in after time. Who can tell what results in time and in eternity will accrue

from setting apart such men to missionary work? It is well to be reminded from time to time of the greatness, the difficulty, and the glory of missionary enterprise.

Since the time that the prize essays were published on Missions, by Dr. Harris, Dr. Hamilton of Leeds, and Dr. McFarlane, a great impulse has been given to Missions, very similar to what was given on the Sabbath question by the many essays which appeared in Britain on that subject on one occasion. The spread of the Gospel is a matter of intensest interest to the Divine Father, Son, and Spirit. Did not the Father send His Son that He might be "the Prince of Missionaries," and that He might seek and save that which was lost? Did not the Great Redeemer personally declare the glad tidings in Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, and did not the Holy Spirit select the men to go forth from Antioch? Let the young

be early taught, therefore, to take a deep interest in this work, for they will be coming forward by-and-bye to take the place of the fathers, both in church and in state, and there is need that there be breathed for them the prayer put up by Moses the man of God, for himself and the congregation of Israel, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

If Sydney Smith could sneer at the consecration of Carey, let us remember that his was a consecration which the hands of a whole bench of bishops could not have conferred, a consecration which was got from the dew of the morn descending on him, and from the Spirit of Christ working within him. "Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

### Christian Travellers.

#### BURMAH.

##### VISIT TO MANDELAY.

"We spent a few hours at Prome," writes Mrs. M. B. Ingalls, "and had a refreshing visit with the Mission families. We left Rangoon on the Sabbath day, and in the midst of such confusion that we had no farewell prayers, and but few of the 'God speed you.' At Prome, our friends gathered around their table, and we were commended to the care of our 'King of kings,' and not until then did we really feel that we had started on our mission of light to the people of darkness. The next day we anchored at one of their stations, and spent an hour in prayer with the Christians. To me it was a precious hour. The tall brother there held my hand in a firm grasp; eye met eye. 'Eighteen years ago, you were a heathen, I remember.' 'Yes,' he replied; 'but thank God,

through the merits of Christ I am now your Christian brother and a child of the eternal God.' I placed my hand on his slightly silvered head, and oh, the memories of that moment! This man was once our carpenter, and while my husband was busy in zayat and public preaching, this man came under my care. He was a very strong Buddhist, and when my visitors left I used to hasten off to the carpenter, when we had long readings and earnest conversations. Days passed, and we talked and read so much that the honest man said his work must be *job work*. After our work was done, Mr. Kincaid took him to Prome; and there the man read, heard, and worked, and soon we had the joy to hear of his conversion, and next of his faithful preaching among the people. Years have passed; my beloved one has gone; Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid are away; but I

live to grasp the hand of this Christian brother, and as we go on our way, this man prays for us. The sowing and reaping time will soon be past, and then all shall rejoice together.

"We have now, Dec. 24, come in sight of the golden city, and shall soon cast our anchor. Since we have been in the king's country, we have had many opportunities for distributing books, and we trust this seed will not be lost. We see a great contrast in these towns and cities. The houses are bad, the streets rough, and the people coarsely clad.

#### THE GOLDEN CITY.

"We landed here on Christmas Day, and had a very rough way of three miles in a bullock-cart, but were cordially met by Rev. Mr. Marks, who had invited us to his house. As a pioneer, he is a chaplain and missionary of the S.P.G. Society. The king has given him the title of 'his English priest,' and he is on the most friendly terms with the royal family. He is a great favourite, but he is not certain how much of this friendship may be extended to a future associate, or to any other missionary. He has a large school of boys, who have been gathered from all classes, and the Bible is read and explained to the pupils. Our Burman Bible and tracts are in constant use, and from time to time Mr. Marks has distributed many books among the people. The king has given him funds for the erection of a fine English church, and has paid for five school buildings and a splendid residence. The church has not yet been made over to the S.P.G. Society; and it is a question whether Bishop Millman will be willing to consecrate this church, which by any freak of the king may be converted to the use of his majesty. Mr. Marks is a hard-working man, and is doing all he can to create a respect for the Christian religion; but the king is a strong Buddhist, and from all we hear no more inclined to the Christian religion than former kings. At a distance, the erection of a church, buildings for a school, and a house for a missionary, comes to our

ears as an answer to the thousands of prayers which have gone up from God's people; but when we hear of the king's great political policy, and see that his friendship only extends to Mr. Marks as a private person, then we feel that the great and glorious day of freedom has not come to Upper Burmah.

"While we see all this, we have reason to rejoice that the name of Christ is held up, and the leaves of salvation are scattered among the people who are held in the chains of his golden faced majesty.

#### A VISIT TO THE QUEEN.

"When we first came, we found it was very important to have paid a visit to the first queen: for wherever we went they were sure to inquire if we had seen any of the 'golden faces' and if they had been a little friendly before, their manner was changed at once. The king gave an order for our admission to the first queen, and the wife of one of the ministers took us; but her majesty said she had not received the royal order, and so we returned. A few days after we procured another order and went. Soon after our cart had reached the palace gate of the queen's entrance, there came a Shan princess, with a hundred followers, and costly presents of pickled tea; so we were obliged to wait in our cart from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m., and then were taken in. We passed through a small dirty gate of the post-stockade, which encloses the king's grounds, and came into a narrow court-yard, which led to an arched way of the queen's building. There we passed a half-naked Burman sentinel, who said the royal order had been given, and then we came to twelve men who were seated with drawn swords. They were dressed in dirty scarlet, and had their heads covered with a strange cap. They were not allowed to speak, so we passed them in silence; and then came to another court-yard which was broad but very filthy, and furnished with old broken bedsteads. At the end of this we crossed a small bridge, and then came to the steps of the queen's



palace. There we were obliged to conform to the custom of taking off our shoes, and then went up the old brick steps which led to narrow enclosed passages of the ladies' palaces. The pavement was covered with sand, filth, and rubbish, and oh! the sight into the side passages and the court where we walked. The old couches were filled with half-dressed vulgar girls, and every now and then there passed some of these pulling and catching one another, as we never saw among rude school-girls at home. After passing through, I should think, six such passages, we came to the one which led to the palace door. There our three native women were told to wait, and our presents were arranged on salvers, after the custom of the court. When all had been well inspected, we started. I carried the English Bible with Queen Victoria's autograph. This was put up in a white satin case, with large yellow tassels, and placed on a glass stand covered with a mat. Miss Evans carried the Burman Bible on a red and gilt salver, and the wife of the minister took our other Burman books. We were ushered into the reception-hall by a principal maid, and told to sit down on the floor to wait the entrance of her majesty.

#### THE RECEPTION.

"The king's daughter came in, and looked at our clothes and examined our books. She was a bright, pretty girl of eighteen. She had fine ear ornaments, and her neck was covered with a diamond necklace and some other costly jewels. We had a little conversation about our books, and she laughed about the 'death on the cross.' The court ladies were most curious about our dress, and tried to put on our gloves; but all at once there was a stir, and a prostration of figures, and her majesty came down the golden steps, and seated herself upon the platform throne. She asked one of her maids of honour where we were from (though she knew before), and when I answered in Burman she seemed pleased, and turning to me, asked how

old I was, and the age of Miss Evans, where we were stopping, etc. Our presents were then sent up to her. She examined the satin-cased book, and when she asked about it I told her it was Queen Victoria's Bible, and that I had been requested by some friends to bring it with the translation in Burman, and that I had brought other good books for her acceptance. She turned over the books and read a little. I told her they were about the eternal God, and said a few other words. She took up the Burman Bible, and ran her fingers over the edge, which was not gilt. It was red, and being quite new, her fingers were soiled, and I expected some words of disgust, if not the 'dust of the sacred volume,'—for she is a niece of him who once dashed Judson's book to the ground; but she only looked a smile of ridicule, and calling for her golden cup, washed her fingers. She asked me if I was a nun, what I taught, how long I intended to remain in the golden city, and if I was acquainted with the Roman Catholic bishop. As there was a little pause, I asked permission to take the Burman Bible, and I read a few verses of the first chapter of Genesis. They were a little pleased with my reading, but I knew the subject was not interesting to them, and so I sent it back with strong praises of the blessed book; and then I took another opportunity to tell them that in my own place I taught the people about the creation of the world and a Saviour for men. The Queen smiled a smile of scorn, and replied, 'This is not the Burman doctrine.'

#### THE RECEPTION CONCLUDED.

"I then asked permission for my Bible women and girls to come in, which was granted; and she said a few words to them, and about them. Then she put up her hand before her mouth and whispered something to one who, we learned, was an inferior queen, and the lady left the room. She soon returned with two papers of presents, which her majesty sent to us; and then the queen came down the steps, and, after the Burman

court custom, left without any look or salutations. Two of the ladies who spoke English said we must come again, but I do not think this came from her majesty. As soon as the queen left the room,

the place was in great confusion, and as we could not talk, we left the hall. We went to make a way for our work here, and now we leave it in the hands of God.

### Children's Treasury.

#### THE HOTTENTOT'S DISTRESS AND DELIVERANCE.

Among the Hottentots in South Africa there is a station of the Basle Mission, called Beersheba. A Hottentot lived there named Jacob, to whom, some years ago, the following circumstance occurred:—

The Hottentots, generally speaking, are fond of visiting, and if they had railroads in their country, very likely they would often be from home. But as things are it amounts to much the same thing, for being obliged to travel with oxen, at a slow pace, they are so much longer absent when they go to a distance.

Jacob once went with his wife and children to visit a friend a long way off, and after making a stay of several weeks, began to think of returning. But the dry season had set in, and as his road lay through the desert, people advised him not to travel just yet, for fear of his suffering from thirst. However, he would not listen to their advice, but saddled his oxen, exclaiming, "Onward, in God's name!" Yet these were only lip-spoken words, for Jacob had become a careless man, and in reality he was not trusting in God, but in three springs that he knew of in the desert, which were seldom without water. But his misplaced confidence was soon to be put to shame.

The party arrived in the evening at the first spring, but not a drop of water was to be found in it; everything was as dry and hard as a stone. They were therefore obliged to drink what remained in their calabashes (or bottles),

which some friends had given them on the way, and then wrapping themselves up, lay down to sleep. They did not, however, enjoy their rest, for a sensation of thirst made them anxious to continue their journey. Jacob was quite confident that he should find water at the second spring. Yet again he was mistaken, for when they reached it, he found the spring quite dried up. Thousands of footprints were to be seen about the place. The oxen of the wandering Hottentot had once quenched their thirst there. The ostrich, the giraffe, the hyana, the gnu, and the wild goat, had also drunk there, and had left marks of their footsteps in the sand. Thirsty zebras had made the last search for water with their hoofs beneath the sand, but in vain. And now all was silent.

Oh! what a time of great need and deep distress had come upon Jacob and his family. The little infant, whom his wife carried in her cloak, seemed at the point of death, for its tongue had already become black. The elder children cried for thirst. The oxen, broiling with heat, stretched their open nostrils toward the wind, in order, if possible, to scent water in the distance. Jacob, himself, giddy and faint, mounted his beast, and the party set off toward the third spring, on which he had set his last hope. But all was darkness in his soul. No breathing of supplication ascended from his heart, although at one time he had been in the habit of praying.

The little company rode on through the death-like stillness of the desert, without speaking a word. Every now

and then one of the childrer cried out for pain, caused by the fearful thirst. They had ridden a long distance—surely the spring could not be far off! One of the oxen had become so tired beneath the burning sun that it could go no further; and as they had now reached the shade of a solitary thorn-tree, a halt was made. Poor Jacob seemed to lose all recollection and thought. Parents and children threw themselves down under the tree, and sat there in expectation of death.

Thus were the streams of earthly comfort dried up, that the wandering soul might be brought back to the Lord, and experience His delivering power in the day of trouble (Psa. l. 15).

Whilst in the depths of his distress, all at once a ray of hope entered Jacob's heart, and he felt its life-giving power. It seemed as if a spring had opened itself there. A short text of Scripture had occurred to his mind. It was that sweet word of Jesus, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink" (John vii. 37). He had learned this text in his early days, and had often heard it from the lips of the missionaries, but he had not understood its meaning. It now became a living word, and moved and affected his heart. When it first drew his attention, Jacob thought, "This is not for me; it speaks of water which I cannot now use." But the little sentence could not be driven out of his thoughts; it returned again and again, and always said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." At last the Hottentot sprang on his knees, became cheerful in spirit, and said to his wife, "We shall get water."

Laying the dying infant on one of the oxen, and taking with him some bamboos with which to draw the water, he proceeded with a comforted heart to the third spring. On the way the same text was always uppermost. But alas! when he reached the spring it was like the other two, for not a drop of water was to be seen. Almost frantic, Jacob laid the infant on the hot ground, fell

on his knees, scratched in the sand, until he came to the rock, and was then obliged to leave off. Quite underneath, upon the rock, he found a little cool sand. Some of this he took to moisten the tongue of the little child, and to cover over its burning body. "The little one can at least die in the cool," he said, and wrapping it up in the cloak, turned in great perplexity towards the thorn-tree where his wife and children were resting.

He had ridden only a short distance, when the text again presented itself, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." "To Me—Me—Me," it seemed to say, with such emphasis, that Jacob at once alighted, kneeled down, and prayed. In his darkness of heart he had forgotten to do this, but now he came to the Lord Jesus. He begged Him for the forgiveness of his sin in setting out on his journey, not trusting in the name of the Lord, but in the springs of the desert; he prayed for deliverance from death for himself, his wife, and dear children, whom he, through his forgetfulness of God, had brought into such need and danger. And as he repeated the word "Amen," a voice seemed to say, "Come and drink!" Jacob immediately rode back to the spring, and what did he see? Something glistening among the sand, like a mirror in the sun. It was no mistake. The large hole which he had scratched he now saw full of water! His little one was the first to partake, and its languid eyes began to brighten again. After Jacob had quenched his thirst, he let the ox drink, and then, filling the bamboos, hastened back to the thorn-tree.

The joy which was felt there can be better imagined than described; and when at length they all arrived safely at Beersheba, both young and old declared how they were brought safely through the desert; nor did they ever forget that precious word of Jesus, "Come unto Me and drink."

Jacob himself especially benefited by

his painful experience. He became more humble, and whenever he was tempted to do wrong, he found strength and peace only in the Lord Jesus, the Living Fountain.

May we all remember what the Saviour once said to the woman of Samaria at the well of Sychar: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 13, 14).  
—*Herald of Mercy.*

#### MISSIONARY MUSIC.

Have you ever brought a penny to the Missionary box?

A penny which you might have spent like other little folks?

And when it falls among the rest, have you ever heard a ring,

Like a pleasant song of welcome, which the other pennies sing?

This is Missionary music, and it has a pleasant sound—

For pennies make a shilling, and shillings make a pound;

And many pounds together, the Gospel news will send,

Which tell the distant heathen, that the Saviour is their Friend.

And, oh, what joyous music is the Missionary song,

When it seems to come from every heart, and sounds from every tongue;

When happy Christian children all sing with one accord,

Of the times when realms of darkness shall be kingdoms of the Lord.

But sweetest far of all which Jesus loves to hear,

Are children's voices when they breathe a Missionary prayer;

When they bring the heart-petition to the great Redeemer's throne,

That He will choose the heathen out and take them for His own.

This is the music Jesus taught when He was here below;

This is the music Jesus loves to hear in glory now;

And many a one from distant lands, will reach His Heavenly Home,

In answer to the Children's Prayer, "O Lord, Thy kingdom come."

Then, Missionary children, let this music never cease,

Work on, work on in earnest, for the Lord, the Prince of Peace;

There is praying work, and paying work, for every heart and hand,

Till the Missionary chorus shall go forth through all the land.

—*Band of Hope.*

TRIED BY A TRACT.—A Malay merchant in the East Indies asked an American if he had any tracts he could part with. At a loss how to account for this request, he inquired, "What do you want with tracts? You cannot read a word of them." "True, but I have a use for them. Whenever one of your countrymen or an Englishman calls on me to trade, I put a tract in his way and watch him. If he reads it soberly and with interest, I infer that he will not cheat me; if he throws it aside with contempt or an oath I have no more to do with him—I cannot trust him."

THE WHOLE TRUTH.—It is said of the late John Duncan, LL.D., Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages, New College, Edinburgh, that any simple statement of the Gospel had a great attraction for him—and the simpler it was he enjoyed it the more—if it was not controversial, but the genuine utterance of the heart. The account of redemption from the lips of an African woman, a slave, impressed him deeply: he liked to repeat it in conversation; and on one occasion at a meeting for prayer he stood up and said, without further remark of his own, "I have never heard the Gospel better stated than it was put by a poor negress: 'Me die, or He die; He die, me no die.'"

"I ONLY CRIED WITH HER."—A poor widow, the mother of two children, used to call on them at the close of each day for the report of the good

they had done. One night the older hesitated in her reply to her mother's question, "What kindness have you shown?" "I don't know mother." The mother, touched with the tone of her answer, resolved to unravel the mystery, and the little sensitive thing, when reassured, went on to say—

"Going to school this morning, I found little Annie G—, who had been absent some days, crying very hard. I asked her, mother, what made her cry so,—which made her cry more, so that I could not help leaning my head on her neck, and crying too. Then her sobs grew less and less, till she told me of her little baby brother, whom she had nursed so long and loved so much, how he had sickened, growing pale and thin, writhing with pain until he died; and then they put him from her for ever.

"Mother, she told me this; and then she hid her face in her book, and cried as if her heart would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on the other page of the book, and crying too, as hard as she did. After we had cried together a long time, she hugged me and kissed me, telling me I had done her good, for I only cried with her. This is all I can tell, for I can't tell how I did her good."

GIVING.—I remember once hearing a native evangelist preaching to a congregation on the duty and blessedness of giving to the cause of God. In the course of his sermon he quoted the well-known words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Said he, "I will show you, in the twinkling of an eye, how noble and just is the doctrine taught in those words. Look here, my friends, when a man gives something to another, he holds his hand in *this* manner, does he not?" (Here the preacher held out his right hand, palm downwards, with the fingers all bent up to a central point, as if in the act of dropping his gift into something underneath.) "On the other hand, when a man receives something from another, he holds his hand in *this* manner, does he not?" (Here he held out his left hand, palm upwards and slightly bent, immediately under the right hand, as if in the act of receiving what the right hand was giving.) "Now, which of these two hands is the *higher*, and which is the *lower*? The *giving* hand is the higher, the nobler, the more blessed; while the *receiving* hand is the lower, the meaner, the less blessed. Hence, we see how very clear it is, that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

### Christian Miscellany.

#### THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

"What avails the blood of Christ?"

"It avails what mountains of good works heaped up by us, what columns of the incense of prayer curling up from our lips towards heaven, and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids could never avail. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"Helps us to cleanse ourselves perhaps?"

"No, cleanseth us."

"Furnishes the motive and the obligation for us to cleanse ourselves?"

"No, it cleanseth us."

"Cleanseth us from the desire to sin?"

"No, cleanseth us from sin itself."

"Cleanseth us from the sin of inactivity in the work of personal improvement?"

"No, from all sin."

"But did you say the blood does this?"

"Yes, the blood."

"The doctrine of Christ, you must mean?"

"No, His blood."

"His example, is it?"

"No, His blood, His blood."

Oh, what hostility the world still be-

trays toward this essential element of Christianity!

Can anything be stated more plainly in language, than the entire Word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ?

And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.—*Dr. Krummacher.*

**THE BUNDLE OF CALF-SKINS.**—A Philadelphia Quaker, who was a tanner, once dreamed that he was at a religious meeting wherein he was surprised to observe the congregation with tables before them, at which they were all pursuing their usual occupations. The merchant was busy with his books, the retailer with his goods, and the mechanic with his tools.

Indignant at such employment among persons professedly assembled for the solemn worship of God, he was about rising to administer to them a sharp reproof, when incidentally placing his hands behind him, he found a *bundle of calf-skins* suspended from his own shoulders. We may easily suppose that he deferred his exhortation, and took to himself a portion of the reproof which seemed to be implied in the dream.

If we could see the inner thoughts of all who gather for worship, the vision might be as remarkable as was this dream. Multitudes come to the house of prayer, while thoughts of worship are the farthest from their hearts. And many others, who it may be, come with good intent, find their minds wandering, like

the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth.

It is true that much of this evil may be attributed to the character of the exercises. Many people do not listen, because those who speak have really nothing to say. They sometimes turn from the lifeless discourse to inward thoughts of goodness and of God, but oftener to the outward trivialities of the life that now is. But if the word of God be preached in the spirit and power of the Holy One, men usually have something else to do, besides trifling or thinking of earthly things.

A young man, one evening, sat in his boarding house, reading a novel, while a servant of God, a short distance from him, was proclaiming in a large tent, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Much as this young man strove to engage his mind with the enchantments of fiction, his efforts failed; the words of life rang in his ears, and reached his heart; he could not banish them from his mind. Within a very brief period he was heard to confess the Lord Jesus, and shortly after entered on the ministry of the word of God.

A ship-carpenter, speaking of the preaching of a certain minister, said that under one of his sermons he could build a ship from stem to stern, but when Whitefield preached, he could not lay a single plank. The power of God will arrest the attention of the careless, and even when men put on the appearance of indifference and contempt at the faithful preaching of the word, it may be only a vain attempt to hide the secret anguish of a convicted soul.—*Boston Christian.*

### Editorial Notes.

**PERSONAL.**—Our readers will be pleased to read the following extract from a letter just received, relative to Mrs. Kennedy, from the Rev. Andrew Kennedy, London, to whom the monies received

by the Editor of the **CHRISTIAN MONTHLY** are being handed, to be remitted to Mrs. Kennedy to Scotland.—

"I duly received yours of the 16th inst. with \$30 enclosed for Mrs. Kennedy. I am

about to remit another \$100 to her, making in all \$400. I had a pleasing letter from her lately. She has decided to make her abode at Salteats, a nice west coast town which I knew of old. She has taken a new house which will not be ready till the beginning of Nov. The money we have sent will enable her in some good measure to furnish the house and begin house-keeping. A principal dependence to her will be letting lodgings to visitors in summer, but she hopes to do something with boarders in winter. I fully trust that the Lord to whom she looks in lively faith will provide for her. After remitting this hundred I have a small balance remaining, which I will keep in the bank for a short time as a nucleus for further help. I am still getting a little occasionally for her. It seems that the Lord has specially opened hearts on her behalf."

Our readers see from the above all that has been remitted to Mrs. Kennedy since she left. Before she left Canada, she received some money from several parties, but a large portion of it was taken up in paying passage in the intermediate cabin for the family. Now that the winter is drawing near, when money becomes plentiful, we would kindly suggest to congregations to do as the Canada Presbyterian congregation in Owen Sound have done—make a collection. The claims of the late Rev. Mr. Kennedy on the Protestant public of Canada to look after his family are far from being yet discharged. A few cents from each member of a congregation would be nothing to them, but might swell to something considerable in the aggregate, did pastors only suggest the matter to their people. But evil is done from want of *thought*, as much as from want of *heart*.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MRS. KENNEDY:

Brought forward..	\$47.00
Division St. Church, Owen Sound,...	17.09
Gordon Fraser,.....	1.00
F,.....	1.00

#### A QUIET TALK WITH OUR READERS.

This is the fifth visit of the "CHRISTIAN MONTHLY" to the homes of its subscribers. Editor, contributors, and subscribers are beginning, therefore, to

be better acquainted with each other. Readers see now, from personal knowledge, and not from printed prospectus, what their monthly visitor means. Its errand to their dwellings, they now understand, is not to amuse, but to instruct; not to gender strife between brethren, but to counsel peace; not "to preach up the times," which the bigger brethren of the press do so well, but (as Leighton described his work) "as a poor brother to preach up Christ Jesus and eternity." Each month it tries, kind reader, to bring to your home, in the backwoods, or in the country village, or in the busy city, something to remind you of *sin*, a load too heavy for any of you to carry, of Jesus the Lamb of God that came to take away the sin of the world; something to tell you of the progress of His cause, and the duty you owe Him as your Lord. Month after month it aims at laying down on your table, as far as means and space permit, a sermon on some subject of living interest, a page or two of Christian poetry, selections from some of the solid doctrinal writers of our day, sketches of the lives of eminent Christians, an abstract of the monthly religious news, practical papers dealing with conscience and every-day duties, stories for the young and gleanings of incident and anecdote. Something like this it was that our prospectus promised. It has been an honest endeavour on part of editor and contributors thus far to fulfil that promise.

The reception that the "CHRISTIAN MONTHLY" has received so far leaves no reasonable ground of complaint. Coldness has been shown in quarters where one would least expect it towards an attempt made in good faith to supply for the people healthy religious reading at a rate that places it within reach of the poorest settler in the backwoods. But when one considers that in a few months upwards of a thousand new names have been put on the subscription list, and that the edition is now about exhausted, there is good reason to thank God and

take courage. It is also encouraging to receive so many kind, approving letters from the various Provinces of the Dominion, and from clergymen of almost all Protestant denominations. It is impossible here to give these letters. Let it suffice to give extracts from two letters that have come to hand within the last few days. "I thank you," writes a business man from Toronto, "for your sermon in the last number—'Thy hands have made and fashioned me; give me understanding that I may learn Thy commandments.' Indeed each month is filled with choice matter, well calculated, with the blessing of God's Holy Spirit, to build up believers in the faith and in the practical duties of religion." In this same letter there was enclosed five names, with their subscriptions. "We have just printed," writes Mr. Young, of the Religious Book and Tract Society, "our new list of periodicals (I enclose a copy), in which the 'CHRISTIAN MONTHLY' holds a prominent place, and I hope the result will be seen in many subscriptions before long." To the kind, generous friends who have, with words like these, cheered us in this laborious but pleasant work we owe more than we can express.

It is intended to begin a new volume with January, 1874. Is it too much to ask readers who approve of the object and aim of the "CHRISTIAN MONTHLY" to interest themselves in its behalf to the extent of each reader getting, at least, one subscriber? This would double our subscription list for the month of January, and place this undertaking on such a footing as to yield something for the family of Mr. Kennedy, to which Canada has not yet paid its debt. The fact that the editor and contributors are working for nothing surely excuses this request of earnest and active co-operation, on the part of our readers, for the winter months. If our monthly is not needed, and if it is not fitted to do good, then let it die; but, if there is need for it, if it fills a blank in our Canadian literature, if it is fitted to increase men's

knowledge of the Bible, and urge them to the practice of its duties, then, surely, Christians cannot refuse to give us their help and their prayers.

### THE NEW VOLUME.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.—Next to the "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," by John Bunyan, and the "Confessions of Augustine," stands, in point of insight into the subtleties of the natural heart, and the work of the Spirit in one's own conversion, "From Darkness to Light," an autobiography of last century, which has never yet been translated into the English language. It is proposed to have this interesting record of a soul seeking after truth amid the dim, uncertain light of last century, when Wesley and Whitefield were abroad arousing the land, translated for the readers of the "CHRISTIAN MONTHLY."

BIBLE LANDS.—The January number of the "CHRISTIAN MONTHLY" will contain the first chapter of a "Visit to Bible Lands," by the Editor, written for Canadian readers. This subject is very interesting at present, from the number of new books being written and the scientific explorations that are being sent out to explore that land.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We have already on our list of contributors, writers whose names are well known as authors, and who are also contributors to some of the old country Magazines. They have promised to continue their services for the new volume, while we expect an addition to their ranks from other quarters.

POSTAGE.—The postage of our monthly will henceforth be charged to subscribers. To each of them it is only a mere trifle, whereas the whole amount is so heavy a sum that, as long as it is a charge on the publishing, there is little hope of being able to improve the quality of paper used.