


THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1878.

Editorial.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CROOKED STICK.

 ONE of the chief social problems of the present time in Canada (which is sufficient justification for returning to the subject this month), and a question that must be answered in some fashion or other, is this question: "What ought to be the relation of a Christian State to the modern traffic in alcohol?" Which solution, of three possible solutions, ought to be adopted?— Shall the traffic be made *free*, shall it be *licensed*, or shall it be *forbidden*? We hear no voice, even of admirer or friend, saying that the traffic ought to be *free*. We can therefore dismiss this plan. Shall it, therefore, be *licensed*? The urgent demand of the Licensed Victuallers is to continue their license. "Bind us down," is their pathetic cry, "with chains, with heavy chains of triple steel, but we beseech you to license us!" In this land the liquor traffic is now in the dependent, depressed state of the women depicted by the prophet, when it was said that seven of them took hold of one man, saying: "We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let thy name be called on us to take away our reproach." Shall we listen to this piteous demand of the liquor traffic for State sanction and protection? Before any one says "yes" to the question, let him weigh well the words of Judge Reading, of Chicago, (shewing what is meant by *licensing*), in pronouncing sentence recently on some liquor dealers in that city who had violated the law in selling liquor to persons under the legal age:

By the law you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond, and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling, according to law you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable, no matter what wives are treated with violence, what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you or in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling,—you are licensed! You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form,—you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your own lawful profit,—you may fill it with the allurements of amusement,—you may use all arts to allure visitors,—you may skilfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages,—you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink,—and then you may supply that appetite to the full because it is lawful; you have paid for it—you have a license! You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass, you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they too can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips, but you must not let them drink,—that is unlawful. For while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say: 'Leave my son to me until the law gives you a right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends, and for the community, to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few hours of his youth, in which we can enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him.' This is something which you who now stand prisoners at the bar have not paid for,—this is not embraced in your license. For this offence the court sentences you to ten days' imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of \$75 and costs, and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid."

These are words of solemn import, considering the person, the office, and the quarter whence they come.

When Christians learn to look into this matter deeply,—when they look at the business in the light of the above awful arraignment, which is true in every line, then will the ground be taken that modern liquor-selling should stand, as we endeavoured to show last month, side by side with slavery, gambling, and other abominations, as a traffic that ought to receive no recognition from a Christian government. But if any man still persists in thinking, as many good Christian people do, that a strict license-law is the

best, let him look at the issue, immoral and absurd, in which the principle of license will ultimately land the government.

When the government undertakes to license and regulate a traffic, it ought to see that every stage in the process, from the manufacture to the ultimate sale, is done honestly and legally. Our millers have their merchant-flour inspected, even though they are not licensed; our drapers must have legal measures, and our grocers legal weights.* Now, if the liquor-traffic is to be under government license it ought to be under government inspection. A government chemist ought to be stationed with his tests in every brewery and distillery, to watch what goes into the barrel. That same government official ought to follow that barrel in its peregrinations, and watch what comes out of it. Again, the same official, with his chemical apparatus, must visit every bar to know what is put into the bottles on the shelves, and what comes out of them. Then, as the baker is forced by law to give his customer full weight of bread for the price, so surely ought an honest government to see that each buyer receive full measure of alcohol for the price he pays. All this is sufficiently absurd. Why? Because we started from the absurd premise that a Christian government ought to license traffic in distilled liquors.

If the traffic cannot be *free*, and if it must not be *licensed*, it ought to be *prohibited*. This is the conclusion to which thoughtful men are coming in Britain and America. On this important question we can now and here only make a few general and brief suggestions, as our contribution to the discussion now going on everywhere in the Dominion.

1. *Prohibition is urgently demanded on moral considerations.*—To set on foot extensive and diversified religious and philanthropic agencies, and then, in the face of these, to license the traffic in strong drink, is like building up with one hand and casting down with the other. To send forth and sustain pastors and preachers to make

* In the last government returns we find many thousand dollars paid for inspecting articles of food and milk, and many fined for breach of law. Why not inspect liquors also?

the people moral, and then license publicans to make them immoral, reminds us of a brawny caver who, to excite a laugh among a lot of youngsters, urged his ill-fed horse to draw his cart, while he easily kept the vehicle stationary by resisting on the wheel. The position of pastors who are berated for not raising public morals, while publicans are licensed for dragging them down, is like the plight in which Smollett's sailor found himself, when "a press-gang knocked him down and then told him to stand up!" Bailie Lewis, in a recent lecture, tells us how the forces of the two rival agencies are at the present time balanced in the city of Edinburgh:

Edinburgh (he said) was at present blessed with 180 ministers who, for zeal and devotion to Christian work, would favourably contrast with those of any former age. The labours of these gentlemen were supplemented by that of eighty missionaries, fifty Bible-women, thousands of Sabbath school teachers, tract distributors, and evangelists. There were in addition ragged and industrial schools, destitute sick societies, drill hall breakfasts, temperance societies by the dozen, and templar lodges by the score, and there was the noonday prayer meeting as a fitting complement to the whole. What, then, he asked, was the effect of all this? Had it been to put an end to the God-dishonouring sin of drunkenness, and emancipate the people from social and spiritual thralldom? Nay, verily. Facts stern and terrible proved the reverse. Doubtless, these agencies had done an amount of good which no one could estimate; but, however unpleasant the announcement, it was clear, as stated by the Rev. Dr. Robertson, of New Greyfriars', that our Ministers, Christians, and philanthropists were being beaten in their unequal struggle with the innumerable appliances of the drink power. How, he asked, could it be expected that 180 ministers, however eloquent and efficient, by preaching the gospel of God's grace three hours per week, could cope with 879 licensed liquor-sellers, who might be said to be pouring their shot and shell upon the doomed inhabitants for fifteen hours each day, for six days every week? There was no use shirking the question, that if the people of this country were to be saved from the miseries of the drink evil the traffic must be removed—he did not say curtailed or restricted—and that by Christians and reformers, in the exercise of faith and courage, declaring the whole counsel of God concerning it.

Such is the condition of Edinburgh, according to one of its own Bailies, where there is no manufacturing population, and where there is *puer* talent and Christian effort above most other cities. In many other cities of Britain matters are worse. With us in Canada total abstinence is favoured as a general thing by the ministers of religion, by many leading citizens, and by all the churches; the opposition of drink to religion is not so marked, nor are the issues so disastrous to the cause of morality as in Edinburgh;

but, did space permit, facts could be exhibited to show that there is no greater hindrance at present in Canada to the advancement of morality and religion than the traffic in strong drink. There is not probably a minister of the gospel in the Dominion but will say, that one of the chief forces in his district in opposition to God's work is the drink traffic, and that one of the chief causes of suspension and excommunication of members may be sought in the same quarter.

2. Our second statement is, *That prohibitory legislation, to be stable, must be based on sound moral sentiment among the people.* As water cannot rise higher than its source neither can legislation in democratic countries, like those on this side of the Atlantic, rise higher than the average public sentiment. The public sentiment is educated, at least in Ontario, the length undoubtedly of *wishing*, in a sentimental, soft kind of way, that the liquor-traffic could be got rid of without offending anybody in particular; but is it educated to the point of *willing* that this great reformation must be accomplished "though the heavens should fall?"—We doubt this. When the time came to lay open the heart of Africa, from north to south and from east to west, there could be found, everywhere, men who could wish to do the thing, or see it done, as long as it did not cost them any toil or trouble; but when Livingstone and Stanley entered on the task, *wishing* was changed into *willing*, *sentiment* into *action*. The traveller, Stanley, tells us he and his people thought it, at first, a nice thing "to go gliding down the river with a tall bank of thick woods on each side, and nothing but quietness, and a Sabbath stillness all around,—nothing to do but to paddle and sing all the way down, until they began to think it was not so bad after all. At last we came," he goes on to say, "to the cannibal lands. They asked, 'Where are you going?' 'Down the river to our country.' 'We never heard of anything being there. Where do you come from?' 'From the other sea.' 'From the other sea? there is none. Do you come from up there?' pointing to the clouds. 'No.' 'How is it we never saw or heard of anybody like you before?' 'I suppose it was owing to your own ignorance.' 'Well,

you must turn back; we can't allow you to go on.' 'I am very sorry, but I *must* go on. If you will allow us we are quite willing to pay you for leave to pass. Look!' and we showed them some fine gaudy clothes, and cowries, and beads, and polished brass wire. No; they would not have any at all, 'Go back,' they said. But the river was not going back, and all the time we were talking we went along with the current,—all the while other natives coming down—until we got into another country. The people of that place came out in their canoes. This was on the frontier of the cannibal lands. They maintained similar conversation with us. They said, "You pass us to-day without fighting, but wait till to-morrow. The king does not allow anybody to go down, and if he refuses there is nobody can stand before him." 'Well,' we said, 'if we must be killed, why, we shall be killed; but *we shall go on.*' Next day we went on as before." The temperance reformation is in some points like crossing Africa. The road is long, the jungles thick, and stout and determined is the opposition to the passage.

What is needed then, is, that the public of the Dominion, having to do with such opposition, should be educated up to Mr. Stanley's standpoint: "The river was not going back, and all the time we were talking we went along with the current. . . . *Next day we went on as before.*" What is wanted is the slow and laborious process of educating the people to this calm resolution. The work of educating is going on well. The three leading daily newspapers in the Dominion, many of the local papers, nearly all the Christian pulpits, and many temperance societies, with a great host of earnest Christian men and women, are now in the work, but it will take time and perseverance before we can shout, having crossed the Continent,—"*The sea! the sea!*"—before we can say with Stanley's black braves: "*We have drilled a hole through Africa!*"

3. *In this work of Prohibition we may look, with the blessing of God, for ultimate success.*—It is well for us that another State, famous on this account throughout the world, has gone before us in

the work of prohibition. It is no untried path we have entered upon. Now, the State of Maine is not very favourably situated for giving this problem a fair trial. It is on the Atlantic seaboard, and its broadside open to Europe; it is crossed by several great railway trunks, connecting it with the west; it is surrounded by other states, in all of which the liquor-traffic prevails; and yet, under these adverse circumstances prohibition is largely and generally successful. As opinions to the contrary are often advanced, it is well that we can here refer to a recent "address before the Maine Reform Temperance Convention, when ex-Governor Dingley took occasion to shew from statistics the progress which has been made in that State during the forty-three years since the temperance movement was inaugurated upon the basis of total prohibition. Governor Dingley has given attention to this subject because it has been announced in several journals outside of that State that there is more liquor drunk in Maine at the present time, and more drunkenness than ever before in the history of the State. In 1832 the Secretary of the Main Temperance Association collected statistics shewing the extent and effect of the liquor-traffic. The population of Maine at that time was 450,000, and there were 2,000 places where intoxicating liquors were openly sold as a beverage, with sales aggregating \$10,000,000 annually, or \$20 to each inhabitant! Last year the town agencies sold \$100,000 worth of liquor for medicinal and mechanical purposes. There are no places in the State where liquors are sold openly, and the friends of temperance estimate that the illegal and secret sale don't exceed \$500,000 a year, while the wildest enemies of the present law do not set the aggregate sales higher than \$1,000,000, less than \$2 to each inhabitant. By this estimate the sale and use of intoxicating liquors are only one-tenth as much as forty years ago, and only one-eighth what they are in the average of the remainder of the Union. The estimate made in 1832 was, that one of every forty-five of the population was accustomed to get "beastly" drunk. At the present time the most careful investigators are confident that not one out of 300 of

the population is a drunkard. Years ago the indications of intemperance were noticeable at every public gathering. Forty years ago drunkenness and bloody affrays were common at all large gatherings. Now it is not unusual for 10,000 people to assemble at a State fair, or on like public occasions, with scarcely an intoxicated person to be noticed. Throughout the rural portions of the State, embracing three-fourths of the population, drunkenness is rare; indeed, within ten years the most marked improvement has taken place in the habits of the people respecting the use of intoxicating liquors. Doubtless the law has contributed largely to bring about the present healthy sentiment of Maine, but the fact that public men of influence have advocated total abstinence has done vastly more to educate the public conscience and build up the public sentiment in favour of temperance.

4. *In the efforts to emancipate our Dominion from the liquor-traffic, our main dependence, under God, must be on Christian agencies of the Evangelical churches.*—It was the gospel of Christ, in its beneficent sway, that abolished the slave-trade. It was the Christian spirit in Prussia, since the consolidation of the German Empire, that swept away the gambling-hells of Baden-Baden and other German watering-places. It is the Christian spirit of Britain that has kept the law for legalizing vice (in force in Paris) from spreading beyond British garrison-towns. It is the Christian spirit of Puritan England, speaking in such men as Bright and Gladstone, that has kept at this critical and trying time England from yet another attempt to fight for Islamism,—whatever it may do for its *own interests*. It was the keen Christian foresight of Knox, who cried out that the axe must be laid to the root of the tree that saved his country from the hopeless task of trying to reform the Church of Rome. To the evangelical churches of the Dominion, its pastors, its members, must the country look for the spirit, and the perseverance, and the wisdom, and the love that is to win in the great conflict with strong drink.

The evangelical churches of this land constitute the heart of

the social system. It is well known that as long as the heart beats strongly, and continues to send constantly warm and healthful blood through the system, the extremities retain their natural heat; but when the action of the heart becomes feeble, and when the blood deteriorates, the loss of vital vigor shews itself first in the extremities. It is well to protect these members from the cold by wrapping them in cloth; but it is better far to generate in the heart such vigorous health as render such protection unnecessary.

Now, we fear, that the inroads of drink and drunkenness on our social constitution must be regarded as a token of *failing vigor* in the social heart, and of *deterioration* in the religious convictions of the people. The alarming prevalence of intemperance is not simply a disease on the surface, it is a symptom also of disease in the seat of life. Did an intense religious faith, did a pure conscience, did a high ideal of morality, permeate society as its life-blood, then though the rivers of the country ran liquor there would be little drinking and no drunkenness. There was a time in the history of Scotland when a man could stand on a lofty eminence in the south country and say truthfully that within the range of his vision, filled with farm-houses and hamlets, there was not a house without family worship, nor a person that was a sabbath-breaker, nor a profane swearer. In these days did drunkenness abound? Was there need of agitation for an Act of Parliament to abolish the manufacture and sale of strong drink? No, truly. For the heart of society was sound. The prevailing power then was, "Love out of a pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned." But when *religion* began to lose its purity and power in the valleys and cities of Scotland, then *drink* and drunkenness began to assert their supremacy. It is so everywhere. As the house of David waxes stronger and stronger the house of Saul waxes weaker and weaker: and, (the converse of the process, which is the process in many a place to-day,) as the house of David waxes weaker and weaker the house of Saul waxes stronger and stronger.

It is well to invoke the strong arm of the law, if thereby we

can stay the progress of intemperance (as necessary is it to invoke its help in the townships and cities of our Dominion as indeed in the prairies of the Saskatchewan) but our main dependence must ever be on the still small voice of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is well to use the iron glove of parliaments, pains and penalties; but it is best to rely on the great moral agency, on the silk glove of moral suasion, gospel conversion, and lives spent in the presence of God, in daily view of the Cross of Christ, and under the influence of the Spirit of holiness, righteousness and temperance. It is well to protect the extremities growing cold with the symptoms of threatening dissolution, but it is best to arrest the progress of weakness by infusing energy and vigor into the vital functions. Thus, then, are we thrown back on "the foolishness of preaching" as the great instrumentality by which intemperance and other evils are to be driven from the earth, and by which a reign of righteousness is, at length to be set up in this sinful world. *"O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain. O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice, with strength lift it up, be not afraid, say unto the cities of Judah, BEHOLD YOUR GOD."*

Living Preachers.

THE SURRENDER TO INFIDELITY—A REPLY TO HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A SERMON PREACHED BY JUSTIN D. FULTON, D.D.

"Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him who formed it, Why didst thou make me thus?"—Rom. ix. 20.



HE surrender to infidelity by the so-called Christian minister is the most alarming feature of the hour. There seems to be a race on the part of many to see who shall first desert God and His Word, and by so doing win the favor of the world. The sentiments of Universalists, who claim that God is too good to condemn

any one to eternal punishment, and of Romanists, who claim that through purgatorial fire all will be fitted for heaven, are at the present time in high favor, while the old and tried foundations are being deserted and the truths of Revelation are claimed to be exploded by the "crucial tests of modern scholarship." Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in an interview reported in the *New York Herald*, January 20, 1878, says: "I doubt whether in the days of the Old Testament, or in the Jewish mind at the time of our Saviour, the sharp, metaphysically accurate idea of time and duration existed. I believe that what they meant by eternal was a vague and nebulous period of time, and that it was not used in a sharp, scientific sense, but in a poetic, or rather in a generalizing sense; just as we say a hundred when we only mean many, or as we say forever when we simply mean long periods of time." The folly of such an utterance, to call it by no worse name, needs but a moment's consideration to make it apparent. It is a sword that cuts both ways. If *forever* means nothing regarding hell, it means no more when used in reference to heaven. It snaps the cable of hope, and permits the voyager to eternity to drift on an unexplored sea amid storms and currents, without a chart and without a compass. It is strange that hearers in such a congregation do not arise and use the language of the women who looked into the open sepulchre, saying: "They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid Him." Such utterances unship the rudder of hope, dispel the power of revelation, and change light to gloom. It seems surprising that Christian ministers will consent to yield to Satan and take part in this proceeding. Nothing, since Eve doubted God, and gave ear to the lying serpent, has been more astounding or foolhardy.

MAN SITTING IN JUDGMENT ON GOD.

Shall man sit in judgment on God? Man, weak, narrow, short-sighted, who appeared yesterday and will disappear from the stage of action to-morrow, in his blindness, if not madness, attempts to weigh the declarations of Almighty God, and in his pride sets this one regarding eternal punishment aside, and permits this one that gives a hope of heaven to stand! "Who art thou, O vain man, that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him who formed it, Why didst Thou make me thus?" Paul cherished a conception in his heart of the infinite right of God to rule, and that He held it not with man's consent or permission, but as His own prerogative, and is under no obligation to explain it. As he said to Moses so he speaks to all, saying: "I will have mercy on whom-

soever I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whomsoever I will have compassion." So then it is not of him who walks, nor of him who runs, but of God who shows mercy. "Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why didst Thou make me thus? Has not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor? And what if God, willing to show forth His wrath and make known His power, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction; and that He might make known the riches of His glory on vessels of mercy, which He had before prepared for glory; whom He also called, even as not from among the Jews only, but also from among the Gentiles?" This is the language of a Sovereign. This Being I worship. Never since the prophet Elijah came unto all the people and said, "How long halt ye between two opinions?—if the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him," has there been a better time to take one's stand on the side of the Lord. As when Moses came down from the top of Mount Sinai, where he had been in converse with the Supreme, he found the people shouting, dancing and singing before the golden calf, and filled with surprise and dismay, he stood in the gate of the camp, and said, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me;" so is it meet that the true heroes and loyal soldiers of our Lord Jesus Christ should declare: I have no new gospel to preach; no explanations to make. The Word of God stands the same. These men who doubt it will suffer because of it, and their name shall be blotted out of God's book. The air is full of doubt. Religion, in the estimation of many, is but little better than a play, and preaching is little more than a business. In the home, in the sanctuary and in the Sabbath-school, this terrible feature confronts us. Men run wild with infidelity, as if doubting revelation destroyed it, and as if rebellion against God annihilated Him. God's ways have never been submitted to men. They are high above us as are the stars. We may point to them, and declare them, but need not explain them. The battle that is raging all along the line will do good. It will clear the air. It will reveal the characteristics of our so-called Christianity. It will declare whether men believe in God or seek to be pleasers of themselves. It is not surprising that some have spoken out again who have for years been accustomed to throw a tub to this whale of infidelity. There is special need to

STAND UP FOR THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

Not in sorrow, not in anger, but in love to souls and in loyalty to

Christ do I call your attention to a few remarkable statements contained in a corrected copy of a sermon preached by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth pulpit. Were I to keep silence I should serve his error. In replying I hope to help forward the truth. He says: "It seems very strange to very many men that the human race were created on a scale so vast and with so little provision for their development." These words are misleading. The human race was created, as described in Genesis i. 27, 28, with every inducement and possibility to development. This no one knows better than the author of the utterance given above. Now, I do not come here as an apologist for God. If there is anything that degrades the pulpit, that belittles ministers, it is, this seeming fear that Jehovah will lose popular favor; hence this surrender to error, and this trying to keep in with the devil. There are two kinds of ministers. One finds his gospel in what men like; he voices the average sentiment of the hour. Another and a better kind finds out what man needs, and brings from God the balm of Gilead and the message of life, regardless as to whether men, ruined and lost, will bear or forbear. For one, I believe in the God of the Bible and in the Bible of God. I have no desire to argue as to the truth of Revelation. My commission reads: "Go preach to every creature, and whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be damned." Sinners may believe in Christ and be saved. They may reject Christ and be lost. There is but one thing that damns, and that is sin; but one power that can save, and that is the power of faith in Christ. Again, we read: "It is said in the catechism that our first parents were created righteous; that they fell from their original state, and that their posterity fell with them. Science teaches us that the human race sprang, I will not say how far back, but certainly as far back as the savage condition. This is the modern testimony of science, and it is not contradicted by the catechism. So far the catechism and science agree." To me it is of very little importance what the catechism teaches. There are a great variety of catechisms. As a minister I have to do with the Bible, and not with man-made catechisms. In this case the catechism communicates a Bible truth, and so is valuable. Better, however, let God speak, as He does in Genesis i. 27, where it reads: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them. And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." The story of man's fall is given in Genesis iii., in which Satan is described as tempting Eve, who ate the forbidden

fruit and died a spiritual death, and gave to Adam, who ate also. When their eyes were opened and they saw their nakedness, and when they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden at the cool of day they hid themselves. They were afraid of God. Only the righteous can live in His presence. The sinner is exposed to "wrath which is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness, because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God manifested it to them." This truth is illustrated by the conduct of Adam and Eve in the garden. Then came ruin upon the race. If science tells this story it tells the truth. If it gives any other version of the origin of the race it tells a falsehood.

THIS SURRENDER EXCUSELESS.

There is no excuse for the surrender. Our first parents were worthy of God's workmanship. They were created in the image of God. They possessed every faculty of mind, body and soul in perfection. The supposition that man became what he is to-day after ages of development is the sheerest bosh, and no one knows it better than the student of history. Man in the early ages—in poetry, in art, in architecture, in skilled mechanism, in great conceptions, as revealed by the monuments left of his genius—was in advance of anything we have to-day. Mankind was not thrown on this continent in myriads, nor on any other continent. The race began in a pair and grew. This continent was peopled by individuals. They did not come in swarms, as flies or locusts, that spring as a surprise to desolate, destroy and die. Strange utterances here meet us. This is one of them: "It is said that there is a revelation from God, but we should expect if God has made a revelation to the nascent race, that he would have told them how they are made, what connection there is between their faculties, and what relation they sustain to the whole world outside of them; but they went on propagating one thousand, two thousand, three thousand years, without receiving information." This declaration fills me with amazement. Had an infidel uttered it I might have passed it by. Coming from such a source it deserves to be noticed. The utterance contains a misstatement of fact. On reading it I felt to sympathize with a Methodist who hearing an infidel denying the atonement, shouted out, "Thank God, that's a lie!" We know that God had the gospel preached to Adam and Eve. Abel preached it to Cain, and was slain. Noah was a preacher of righteousness before the tide-wave of wrath swept the race into eternity; and as soon as the flood was past, and the race again began to people the world,

the truth was proclaimed by angels and by men. Abram, Isaac and Jacob kept the testimony before the people. Then came Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, prophets, priests and kings, all along to Christ's time. For, from the creation of the world, His invisible things are clearly seen, being perceived by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse. Then the preacher builds up a terrible picture. He describes all the living host as doomed to death and hell; he ignores the warnings given and the trophies of redeeming grace, and intimates that during three-fourths of the history of man "the race was without an altar, or a church, or an authorized priest, a revelation, or anything but the light of nature."

MAN NEVER WITHOUT LIGHT.

The race never was in that condition one moment. For ever since time began, and man became a sentient being, the voice of God has sounded forth to all, and man has been made conscious of his need of a Saviour, as is seen by the temples built, the altars reared, and by the sacrifices offered up. The worst passage is yet to come. He says: "If now you tell me that this great mass of men, because they had not the knowledge of God, went to heaven, I say that the inroad of such a vast amount of mud swept into heaven would be destructive of its purity, and I cannot accept that view." The trouble is, when a man begins wrong he keeps wrong. It is true, nevertheless, that as in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. Christ stoned for Adam's transgression, and offers redemption to all who have sinned. Those who die in unconscious infancy anywhere and at any time are saved by the atonement of Christ. Hence they come, and have been coming for ages and ages, from the North and South, from the East and West, from the wilds of Tartary and Africa, from the steppe of Siberia, and the sunny plains of Italy. The number of the redeemed is so great that no man can number them. They are washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb.

A SOLEMN OATH.

"If, on the other hand," says the preacher, "you say that they went to hell, then you make an infidel of me; for I do swear, by the Lord Jesus Christ, by His groans, by His tears, and by the wounds in His hands and in His side, that I will never let go of the truth that the nature of God is to suffer for others rather than to make them suffer. If I lose everything else, I will stand on the sovereign idea that God so

loved the world that He gave His own Son to die for it rather than it should die." Is this language meaningless, or is it Universalism? Is it designed to mislead? The story is told of a negro who heard his minister preach in such a way that, do what he would, he was sure to be damned, and so he resolved to take to the woods. This utterance declares that all cannot go to heaven, and that the residue must not be sent to hell at the peril of making an infidel of the preacher. What is to become of sinners? Does he declare for purgatorial fire, or for an undefined scheme of restoration, or for annihilation? The language is indefinite. It is a fog bank. It is a delusion and a snare. "Tell me that back of Christ there is a God who for unnumbered centuries has gone on creating men and women, and sweeping them like dead flies—nay, like living ones—into hell, is to ask me to worship a being as much worse than the conception of any mediæval devil as can be imagined; but I will not worship the devil, though he should come dressed in royal robes and sit on the throne of Jehovah. I will not worship cruelty. I will worship love that sacrifices itself for the good of those that err, and that is as patient with them as a mother is with a sick child. With every power of my being will I worship a God of love such as that." My friends, God does not need a guardian. He is supreme. The insult to Jehovah is found in the intimation: "Moreover, the Lord answered Job and said, Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct Him? He that reproveth God let him answer it." A man with a Bible within reach, to picture God as dealing with human beings in the way described, makes a terrible mistake. I would not like to run his risk, nor to wear into the presence of the throne the blood of souls which must stain his garments.

A gallant ship, well built and well manned, has its prow pointed toward the El Dorado. It is given out that whoever sails in this ship, though they come from pest-smitten hovels, from damp and dingy cellars, or from the garrets of the poor, they shall be assured of a home, of wealth and of happiness, in the country beyond the sea. The poor, the sad, the smitten come. They are about to embark; they are to leave squalor for comfort, hunger for food, poverty for plenty. Just then a man well known, who claims to have seen the country at least by the eye of faith, rails against the proposition, calls the maker of it a tyrant, and discourages those who were to seek help from making the attempt. The many refuse to act, and so are left behind to suffer and to die. The illustration does injustice to the fact. Here is a better portraiture of the

truth: "God, who in many parts and in many ways, spoke of old to the fathers by the prophets, in these last days spoke to us by His Son, whom He appointed heir of all things, by whom He also made the world, who being made the brightness of His glory and the impress of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by himself made a cleansing of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, from henceforth expecting until His enemies be made His footstool." That is the God back of our Lord Jesus Christ. "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might have everlasting life.

NO SIN IN HEAVEN.

The truth of the existence of heaven has been sounding out all along the centuries. There is nothing hidden, nothing covered. God cannot look upon sin with allowance. He has purer eyes than to behold iniquity. The man who sins dies. He dies to God's love. He dies to his nobler self. The distinctions between right and wrong are as eternal as God himself. This truth the preacher felt. It flashed on him. It spoke through him when he said, "The relation between sin and retribution belongs not to the mere temporal condition of things; it inheres in the Divine constitution, and is for all eternity." Amen, say God's children everywhere. It is because of this we have hope. It is because of the barrier of God's purpose against letting sin invade heaven that there is any heaven in our thought or hope. "The prospect for any man who goes out of this life resolute in sin may well make him tremble and may well make us tremble for him."

Sad are we that he should have spoken what follows: "But it is not true—the Scripture does not teach it, and the whole sense of human justice revolts at it—that for the myriads who have been swept out of this life without the light and knowledge of Divine love there is reserved an eternity of suffering." Who says that it is true? God declares that the soul that sinneth it shall die. Sin is an act. It is the result of choice. It is because that the sinner knew better than he did that he is punished. It is because none of the lost were righteous—not one—that they are lost. None of them sought God. "They are all gone out of His way. They are together become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good, not so much as one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips, whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are

swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes." Such is a description of the lost.

Hell is not full of innocents. Sinners suffer the wrath of an angry God—not innocents. The intimation that all the lost are in this garden of the Lord, and are to have some chances beside those which they have on earth, and that they are to go up through other schools than those of time, does injustice to the truth of revelation and of common sense. Hell is the prison-house of the damned, created for the devil and his angels. In the words of our Lord concerning Dives in Hell, there is between hell and heaven an impassable barrier; there can be no passing from the one to the other locality.

Again, there is nothing in suffering calculated to redeem a man. The man given to lust suffers the most excruciating agony, with the full knowledge that his pain is directly caused by his sin, but after the paroxysm of suffering is over he goes again to his transgression and to his shame. The same truth is seen every day among those who suffer. Go to yonder prison. If any are helped and blessed it is not because of what they suffer, but because of what Christ suffered for them. Sin brings forth evil. Crime begets crime. Men who are bad go on from bad to worse. What makes sin in a child so terrible?—it will not grow less, but greater and greater as the years run on. It is difficult to get a man hardened in sin to yield. The hope of this world is largely with the young.

THE DREAM OF PURGATORIAL FIRE.

This dream of purgatorial fire has cursed the earth. It kept thousands in sin because they delighted in it, and caused them to will their property to the Church of Rome after death because of the assurance that there would be, through somebody else's prayers, a way out of hell. They gave their possessions to the Church when they could enjoy them no more. After having refused to surrender to Christ, and having continued in rebellion so long as it was in their power to sin, they pushed on in mad rebellion against God. If salvation for souls is infinite, the Word of God misleads that says, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "For if we willingly sin, after having received the knowledge of the truth, there no longer remains a sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and a fiery indignation which will devour the adversary." "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." There is not in Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation,

any support for this Popish lie—that there is a way out of hell—whether it goes by the name of Restorationism or Purgatory. Our Lord and Saviour, in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, emphasizes this truth: “And when the Son of Man shall come in His glory and all the angels with Him, then will He sit on His throne of glory. And before him shall be gathered all the nations; and He will divide them one from another as the shepherd divides the sheep from the goats. And He will set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left; then will the King say to those on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world. Then will he say also to those on the left hand, Depart from Me, accursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.”

This teaches that heaven, the home of God, is the Christian's inheritance, and that hell, the place prepared for the devil and his angels, is to be the future abode of the sinner. These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life.

Having now reviewed in brief some of the more misleading portions of the discourse under consideration, let us briefly consider a few reasons why it is not well to reply against God, and why the thing formed should not say to Him who formed it, “Why didst Thou make me thus?”

1. *Because the Gospel does no harm.*—It never invites to a worse, but always to a better life. It never drags down, it always builds up. It calls the sinner away from sin, which is sure to produce death, to a life of holiness, which is ever the prelude to a state of happiness. That invitation to a better life we press upon the attention of those who are still aliens to God. Love presses its claim and exerts its constraining power.

2. *Because God is better and wiser than man.*—He loves as man never could love. He plans with a wisdom which it is not possible to improve upon. Hence, if man goes down to hell, it is because inclination, appetite, lust, and the rule of a carnal heart, outweigh the constraining power of the love of Christ and the inducements to lead a better life.

3. *Because man is in danger.*—He is without Christ, without hope. Broad is the road that leads to death, and thousands walk therein. Narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it. Our mission is to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and to invite them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and to be saved.

4. *Sinners are in peril.*—Two families in frail tenements, founded on the sand, lived beside the sounding sea. A bulk-head, also resting on sand, was between them and a restless ocean. A storm came up. It

sounded like reverberating thunder. It lashed the sea into foam and lifted the waters into mighty and threatening billows. Night came on. The storm increased. The women and children trembled and asked to be removed to a place of safety. The men went out, looked into the face of the maddened sky and came back, saying, "There is no danger." There was danger. It increased every moment. It was heard in the tempest. It was seen in the rising waves. At last the men went to seek for help. It was too late. The waves still higher. The storm blew fiercer. The floods arose and swept over the frail support, and houses and inhabitants were whelmed in the waves of the sea.

Another and fiercer storm, dear sinner, is on your track. Jesus Christ offers to save you. Accept Him and live, and be not foolhardy, "O man," whoever thou art, and "reply against God."

Poetry.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF JESUS.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

Oh the preciousness of Jesus !
 How it passeth human thought ;
 How it resteth like a sunbeam
 On each soul that he hath bought !

All that sorrow holds most sacred,
 Records of a vanished joy—
 Lock of hair or faded flower,
 Tiny frock or baby toy ;

All round which love twines her tendrils—
 Letters from some far-off land,
 Baby lips' first lisp of "Mother,"
 Smile of welcome, clasp of hand ;

All that wealth hath ever purchased,
 All that pleasure deems most fair—
 Marble statue, gilded palace,
 Costly gem, or picture rare ;—

These are precious, and earth's children
Deem them to be "preciousness,"
Till they know that love of Jesus
That outweigheth earthly bliss;

Till they grasp that thought stupendous,
Awfully yet strangely sweet,
How the Lord of earth and heaven
Trode this life with weary feet,

Drank the bitter cup of sorrow,
Knew temptation's darkest hour,
Wrestled with the Prince of Darkness,
Died to save us from his power,

Burst the grave, and rose triumphant
Over death, and hell, and sin,
Opened wide the gates of glory,
That we all may enter in.

Love triumphant, love redeeming,
Love that loved ere time began!
Precious blood, love's holiest ransom
To redeem a fallen man!

Come and buy, thou child of pleasure!
Here's a priceless pearl for thee;
Buy it without gold or silver,
Wear it through eternity.

Ye who cling to earth's affections,
This the never-changing Friend;
One who died because He loved thee,
One who loves thee to the end.

Cling to Him, ye sorrow-stricken,
He has balm for every grief;
Surely He, "the Man of Sorrows,"
Knoweth how to give relief!

Unto all earth's weary children
He these tender words address'd,
"Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Come, and I will give you rest."

Source of every earthly comfort,
Crown of every heavenly bliss!
Earth holds much that we deem precious,
Jesus, Thou art *preciousness!*

—The Christian.

THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

The Pastor sits in his easy chair,
 With the Bible upon his knee;
 From gold to purple the clouds in the west
 Are changing momentarily;
 The shadows lie in the valleys below,
 And hide in the curtain's fold,
 And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
 "I remember the days of old."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
 The pastor's memories are;
 No day that is gone was shadowless,
 No night was without its star;
 But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
 The portion of his cup,—
 "The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
 "In love hath bound us up."

Fleet flies his thought over many a field
 Of stubble and snow and bloom,
 And now it trips through a festival,
 And now it halts at a tomb;
 Young faces smile in his reverie
 Of those that are young no more,
 And voices are heard that only come
 With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first, with fear
 And faltering lips, he stood
 To speak in the sacred place the Word
 To the waiting multitude;
 He walks again to the house of God,
 With the voice of joy and praise,
 With many whose feet long time have pressed
 Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,
 And joins in the homely chat;
 He stands in the shop of the artisan,
 He sits where the Master sat—
 At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.
 But who to-day are the poor,
 And who are rich? ask him who keeps
 The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
 With the merry children's din;
 He hears their shout at the Christmas tide
 When Santa Claus stalks in.

Once more he lists while the camp-fire roars
On the distant mountain-side;
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook
Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
To the altar slowly move,
And the solemn words are said that seal
The sacrament of love.
Anon at the font he meets once more
The tremulous youthful pair,
With a white-robed cherub crowing response
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels again;
Again the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far look
Steals into the steadfast eyes;
And now the burden of hearts that break
Lies heavy upon his own—
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry
And the mother's desolate moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
Are the days that are no more,
So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float
With the winds from a far-off shore.
For the pastor has learned what meaneth the word
That is given him to keep—
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

It is not in vain that he has trod
This lonely and toilsome way,
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day;
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road.

—*The Rev. Washington Gladden in Harper's Magazine.*

Christian Thought.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP; OR STORING FOR THE LORD.



THE subject of Christian Stewardship is one which is apt to be overlooked by many who profess to be disciples of Christ, and yet fidelity in this matter is closely identified with the spiritual prosperity and growth in grace of the children of God. Few men are better able to speak from personal experience on such a subject than Mr. George Muller of Bristol.

The following Report of an Address by him upon "Systematic Giving on Scriptural principles," with comments thereon, is taken from *Times of Blessing*, of 18th May, 1876:

Mr. Muller began by adverting to the necessity of Christians being regulated in this matter of giving, as in everything else—by the will of God. He then went on to say we are not to be influenced to give by mere feeling or emotion, or by the powerful appeal of a charity sermon, although certainly it will be better to give under such an impulse than not to give at all; but if we neglect the will of the Lord in the matter of our contributions, the result will be there will be comparatively little done. I say it advise?; (said he) for I have seen a good deal of this in the fifty years in which I have been going out and in among Christians. There will be comparatively little done if we do not act on scriptural grounds,—if we only give way to excitement and feeling,—and ere we are aware our little brief life will have passed away. The Lord makes us His stewards, and it is as His stewards we should act in this matter. Specially should we have this consideration before us: "The love of Christ constrains us." Always let us look at Jesus becoming poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. With this always before us, we should be influenced by this wondrous love of the Lord Jesus to us. If I am asked what is the scriptural principle on which we should act in this matter, I would direct your attention to 1 Cor. xvi. 2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." All of you know the circumstances in which this advice and commandment were given by the Apostle Paul to the church at Corinth. It was on the occasion of a collection that was being made for the poor saints in

Judea. Now, it is quite true that this injunction was given under peculiar circumstances; but I judge it as to the *principle*, that holds good up to the present day. On the first day of the week—the Lord's day—we should seek, among other things, to get a blessing to our souls, by considering how good have been His dealings to us in temporal affairs, and by laying aside accordingly for the poor, or for the Lord's work. But one may say, "I do not know how I may have prospered till I take stock at the end of the year." True we may not know it exactly; but every good man of business knows, somehow, how he has been prospering. If you have not such a knowledge, I question whether you are acting properly as a business man. But suppose you do not know exactly, yet according to the judgment you are able to form, so contribute. If, when the balance of your books is struck, you find you have prospered to a greater extent than you had supposed, you will then have it in your power to make up the deficiency. In most cases, persons with a regular income know how much they can afford. But where there is a difficulty, just do according to the best of your judgment.

RULE OF GIVING.

But it may be asked, "What proportion ought I to give?" Nothing can be laid down as a rule. Under the old dispensation, it was one-tenth of all that was earned from the produce of the land, or from other sources. But under the present dispensation no such commandment is given.* It is left to ourselves, because God delights to have His children acting as constrained by His love. He wants to have the service of love—the service of freedom. It should be the constraint of love. We should give joyfully. He delights in the cheerful giver. But whilst no express commandment is given, let us take heed lest we should give less than the Israelites did. Let us take heed, with the full revelation which God has made of Himself as our Father, and with the love of Christ to constrain us, let us see to it that we walk influenced by that precious love of Christ, and consider everything that we have as not our own. Let us see that we do not do less than Jacob did, under the influence of the first dawn-

* We differ here from Mr. Muller. It is true there is no explicit command given to Christians on this point. Nor is there on the subject of the Sabbath. It is not necessary. From the beginning, as the foundation of revealed religion, four things were established. That God should get (1) the whole heart, (2) the tenth of the income, (3) the seventh of the time, and (4) the first-born of the sons. These God claims to the end of the world. And as continent after continent is opening up to Christ we can perceive that the world cannot be converted until these four great principles are practically honoured by the Church. On these points the reader is referred to previous volumes of the Christian Monthly.—ED. C.C.M.

ing of spiritual life. If we contribute less than we ought to do, it will tend to poverty. That is sure; I say so deliberately. I have seen again and again, times without number, individuals who could not get on in business, because they refrained from giving,—because they lived for themselves. They retained the money they had made, and therefore their business did not prosper. The Lord could not entrust *them* with means as stewards, as otherwise He would have done. If we would not wish *our* lives to pass away without doing good, let us so act as to be in accordance with the mind of the Lord in this matter.

THIS GIVING PLEASANT.

While no command is given as to the proportion, yet it is desirable, on account of our weakness and infirmity, and of the love of money, to fix on some definite amount. Better fix on the smallest amount, in order to give systematically as the Lord prospers us, than to fix none at all.* Whether it be a tenth, a fifth, a third,—whatever it may be—let us decide as children in the fear of the Lord, and then, having decided,—gladly, joyfully *do it*. What will be the result? We shall find how true is that word, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” We shall find it so helpful, so beneficial every way, that we shall be glad to take a step forward and do more, and then another, and another. Nay, more than this, God will entrust us with more and more to give for Him. There is no conception what the carrying out of this principle would produce,—“Act as the Lord’s steward’s.” As it is at present, all that is done by the Church of Christ is a mere trifle, compared with what would be done if this principle were carried out.” Take a man who earns five dollars a week: if he were to give one-twentieth part, there would be twenty-five cents a week for the Lord. Go on to those who have a larger income, and how great would be the amount that would be produced! I knew a servant of the Lord who began acting on this principle with an income of \$600 a year; and how God honoured that man, so much so, that in his lifetime he was enabled to give away more than \$150,000. He was not a man in business,—a simple servant of Christ. Because God pros-

*We cannot help noticing here, that what we believe prevents many a one from making this definite resolution is, that they are ashamed to own to themselves how little comparatively, they are doing for the Lord. They are ashamed to make even the mental resolution, “I will give this year \$ to the cause of God, and for the help of the needy;” while they may be very well aware, that if at the end of the year, all they have given should be added up, it would come to no more than that sum. They therefore make no resolution, and take no account of what they have given, thus altogether ignoring their position as stewards.

pered him, he gave the more. Then God prospered him still further; and the more he prospered the more he gave,—more and more. And so it has always been. “Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over,” is a precept and a promise of spiritual things under the present dispensation. Oh, beloved in Christ, let us carry it out! In every way, just as we act faithfully, so does He deal with us.

THIS GIVING OBLIGATORY UPON ALL.

The precept in this verse is, “On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store.” There is a temptation for the poor to look to some few in the church to do all that is required. They say, “These are rich; they can bear the burden; they can take the expense on themselves.” But this precept does not refer simply to the rich in this world’s goods; not even to them and to the middle class; but to the very poorest of the poor. There are none so poor, but, at some time or other, they may have a cent to give as God may prosper them. The poorest of the poor may give a cent on the Lord’s day. If they do the Lord will make it up. I knew a poor cripple woman who cultivated a very little piece of ground with potatoes. She determined one day with herself she would now give a cent a week to the Lord’s work, and so she did. The Lord prospered her little crop of potatoes, and next year she would give four cents per week; and the Lord prospered her more abundantly. At the end of the first year her property was about fifty dollars; at the end of the next, about seventy-five dollars. She now resolved she would give two cents a day, instead of a cent a week as at first. Thus she went on and on, and the Lord prospered her more and more, till she was able to give twelve cents a day. When she now took stock in her little way, she found she had \$150 to \$200. Still the Lord prospered her, so that she had now about \$750 of value in potatoes, pigs, etc. Then she gave thirty cents per day. That was years ago; and now I have reason to believe she is in possession of several thousand dollars.

THIS GIVING ADVANTAGEOUS.

Now, just let us act according to this principle, and it will be seen that, as to this life, we are no losers; and as to spiritual things, I cannot tell you what it will produce. There is nothing to hinder why we should not act thus. If it be found at the end of the year in which we resolved to give a tenth, that we have prospered more than we expected, let us increase the *proportion*. As to the *method* of carrying this out, it can be

in two ways, either literally, in a little box set aside for the purpose, or we can keep an account in a little pass-book for the purpose. Then out of this store we shall be able to give to the poor and to the Lord's cause. And what will be the result? There will be nothing more of what we hear so much now—"I have so many calls." There will always be a little in store which does not belong to us. Joyfully will the brother and sister in Christ go to that store to take out of it as the Master requires. Then your lives will become so pleasant! This leads me to say, with reference to a remark I have many a time heard, "I wish I could give up business, and give myself to spiritual work." Are you sure you are called to do so? If you were to continue as you are, and to act on this principle, you would find how sweet life would be, sustaining by your business the work of the Lord, as well as helping the poor and feeble who would gladly work if they could. Then, indeed, should life become pleasant, and you should find how true it is, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Christian Life.

DR. DUFF, OR THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

BY THE EDITOR.



NY tourist who has explored thoroughly the wild and picturesque scenery of Scotland, cannot be ignorant of the valley of the Tay and the Tummel, and the Pass of Killiecrankie. If the traveller wishes to see the country to advantage let him choose a bright week in July on which to start on foot from Perth, the "fair city," with his staff and his knapsack. The road winds at first through an open beautiful country, rich in fertile fields and princely mansions. On Leaving Scone to the left, with its sombre walls and historic memories of kings and coronations, the road encounters, in Birnam Hill, rising to a height of 1500 feet above the sea, the outlying sentry, scarred with quarries of roofing slate, of the Grampians, the mountain rampart of the Highlands. The magnificent gate by which the highlands are entered at Dunkeld will forever live in the memory of the tourist, resembling some of the passes in the Lehigh Valley, with which American tourists

are familiar. The rent in the lofty mountain by which the Tay emerges to the Lowlands, and through which the tourist gains admission to the country beyond, was at its first formation, no doubt, rugged and ragged; but woods in which the larch and the pine predominate, have clothed over the jagged rocks with a mantle of beauty. No sooner has the traveller passed through this grand entrance along the banks of the Tay, whose course is not disturbed by a single ripple in the passage of the mountain barrier, (like the conversion of some Christians), than he finds himself in a wide valley or *strath*, which after some miles parts into two valleys or *glens*, of narrower dimensions. Following the narrower glen of the two, (that one through which flows the Tummel), the tourist arrives in the Parish of Moulin, situated where the river Garry, after rushing in foam through the Pass of Killiecrankie, joins the Tummel. To this remote and romantic Highland glen came, towards the end of last century, the Rev. Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, in the company of Mr. James Haldane. The minister of the Parish, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, a young man of marked ability and good acquirement, but a total stranger to evangelical religion, learned from the lips of Mr. Simeon the Gospel of salvation as it is in Christ,*—just such a change as came over Dr. Chalmers, in Kilmany, at his conversion, and, through him, over his parish, came over Mr. Stewart and the parish of Moulin. The whole district was aroused, and the Moulin awakening became thenceforward an important factor, under God, in that revival of religion in Scotland, now we fear on the wane, which reached its height in the struggle of the Church of Scotland (from 1833 to 1843) to be free.

Among the parishioners of Moulin who were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, at this time, was a Mr. Duff, the tenant of the old farm-house of *Auchnahyle*. As is always the case, his experimental knowledge of Christ led Mr. Duff to take an interest in Christ's kingdom, and in foreign missions. To his children, one of whom was Alexander, born April 25th, 1806, he spoke of Christ and of Christian work, and gave them information as to the spread of that kingdom among the heathen.

* Mr. Charles Simeon, to whom Scotland owes so much, was at this point of our history an earnest and evangelical minister of the Episcopal Church, in the university town of Cambridge. On a tour through Scotland, in company with Mr. Haldane, he spent two nights in the manse of Moulin. Two discourses on the Communion-Sabbath, with a table-service, was his work in public; and a few remarks made to Mr. Stewart as they parted in retiring on Sabbath night, rivetted that day's impression on the mind of the young Scotch pastor to whom was then revealed the Gospel in all its glory, of which he was a zealous apostle in Moulin, then in Dingwall, and last in Edinburgh.

“Into a general knowledge of the objects and progress of modern missions,” says Dr. Duff after his father’s death, “I was initiated from my earliest youth by my late revered father, whose Catholic spirit rejoiced in tracing the triumph of the Gospel in different lands, and in connection with the different branches of the Christian church. Pictures of Jugger-naut, and other heathen idols, he was wont to exhibit, accompanying the exhibition with copious explanations well fitted to create a feeling of horror towards idolatry, and of compassion towards the poor blinded idolators, and intermixing the whole with statements of the love of Jesus.” In that romantic parish, having before his eyes the everlasting hills, and in his ears the roar of the Garry and the Tummel, rushing to the peaceful Tay over their rocky and precipitous beds, having for his teacher in religion and missions a pious father, and having for his theology that system of evangelical truth (to which he clung tenaciously till the last), that is ever old and ever new, the future missionary was prepared for his life-work on the banks of the Ganges.

The religious impressions received at the fireside of the farm of Auchnahyle, and the interest in missions there begun in his heart, were fostered into vigour and fanned into a flame in the University to which he went, a lad in his teens, with a hundred dollars in his pocket. In that University—St. Andrews—Dr. Chalmers became, in 1824, Professor of Moral Philosophy, and in a series of lectures in the Town Hall of the ancient city he “popularized the history and objects of missions, and rendered that one of the most fashionable themes which had been nauseated before.” In the meantime the Spirit of God was gently blowing on the dry bones of the Presbyterianism of Scotland. The men who, in the General Assembly of 1796, voted down Foreign Missions, as untimely or unnecessary, were gradually dying out, and were being succeeded in the parishes of Scotland by men who were quickened in the great revivals of 1810 and 1812, and who, under the leadership of Andrew Thompson, Henry Grey, and Robert Gordon, were fighting in pulpits and Church courts the battle of evangelism against formalism. A revived church is always a missionary church. As soon, therefore, as the pulses of Scotland’s church began to beat with a new life, its eye began to look towards heathen countries for their salvation. In 1825, while Alexander Duff was sitting at the feet of Thomas Chalmers in St. Andrews, the General Assembly in Edinburgh adopted unanimously a resolution to begin foreign missions in India, and ordered a collection to be made for that purpose. Out of more than 900 parish churches, and fifty-five

chapels-of-ease, collections were made in no more than fifty-nine parish churches and sixteen chapels, and the contributions in 1826 amounted to about \$1,500 in donations, and \$450 in congregational collections, or about \$2,000 in all.* The money was in hand, but where was the missionary? Alexander Duff had received license to preach the Gospel, but he shrunk abashed from the great undertaking to which the Church called him, till an interview with Dr. Chalmers strengthened his faltering heart, and on the 12th of August, 1829, the Church of Scotland's first missionary to the heathen was ordained, in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers preaching the sermon, and giving the parting address to the young missionary.

In July, 1829, Mr. Duff was married to Miss Drysdale, of Edinburgh, and about the middle of October they sailed in the *Lady Holland*, East Indiaman, but

"On India's long expecting strand
Her sails were never furled."

On the night of 13th February, 1830, she struck on the desolate and uninhabited Dassen Island, 30 miles to the north of Cape Town. The passengers and crew escaped to land, but the vessel became a total wreck, and Mr. Duff lost his library of 800 volumes, with all his manuscripts. As he walked disconsolate along the beach, he picked up a volume saved from the sea and sand by its stout leather cover. This was a copy of the Bible, the parting gift of kind friends. In the incident he saw a parable which cheered him, and taught him, as he himself used to tell, many useful lessons. Thus do "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose."

How critical the time was when Mr. Duff arrived, and how well fitted he was by education, training, and Divine grace, to meet the emergency, is well stated in an editorial in the *London Times* on the death of the eminent missionary:

"Dr. Duff happened to enter on his work in Bengal at a time when an intellectual movement had begun among the Hindoos which threatened to assume an atheistic form. So early as 1817 the Hindoo College had been established by three men so very different, as David Hare, an uneducated but philanthropic watchmaker; Sir E. Hyde East, the Chief Justice; and Rammohun Roy. So near was the last to Christianity that he withdrew from the management, while the Orthodox Hindoos dreaded instinctively the divorce which the other

* As a remarkable instance of the growth of liberality in these churches, we note here the contribution last year (1877) to Foreign Missions of the two churches (divided in 1843) that formed the Church of Scotland in 1826. Established Church of Scotland, \$95,000: Free Church, \$255,000. Total, \$350,000, as against \$2,000 in 1826.

two had brought about between education and faith of any kind. The Government inclined to the support only of those Mohammedan and Sanscrit Colleges which Warren Hastings had established in Calcutta, and Jonathan Duncan in Benares, for political and purely scholarly reasons. Every year saw additions to the number of educated natives who thirsted for English and all that its literature could give them. It was into such a society that the young Scottish missionary came, fresh from Hunter and Chalmers at St. Andrew's, determined to make the English language to India all, in faith and intellect, that Greek and Latin had proved to be to Europe in the Renaissance and Reformation. Having securely established his college and educational system, Duff, as a Christian missionary, challenged the members of the Hindoo College to meet him. A series of lectures on natural and revealed religion, followed by debates, created an excitement which led even the Governor-General to satisfy himself that there was no political danger. Young Bengal was still eager for the contest, which ended in its two most prominent leaders coming over to Christianity. One of these, the Rev. Dr. Bannerjea, is still an honored Orientalist. The other, the Rev. Gopce Nath Nundy, became a martyr at Allahabad in 1857. Among the mass of the English reading Hindoos 'Tom Paine' lost the influence which had for a time been supreme."

It was only four years of Indian life and work that was allowed to the youthful evangelist, when one of the terrible diseases of that climate—Indian dysentery—laid him low, and forced his return to his native land. Having only seen the moral degradation and miseries of India without being allowed to do much for its relief, his spirit was deeply stirred, when he returned to his native land, in behalf of the poor Hindoos, and in his address before the General Assembly of 1835, he moved the hearts of his hearers by his impetuous, pathetic eloquence, as the trees are moved by the wind. Twenty thousand copies of this address were put in circulation within a few months, and if the \$2,000 for foreign missions of 1826 have become \$350,000 in less than fifty years, it was largely owing to Dr. Duff's addresses and appeals. Thus did it happen that India's temporary loss was its solid and permanent gain.

After a sojourn of four years in Britain, during which he addressed seventy-one Presbyteries, and hundreds of congregations, Dr. Duff (the title of Doctor of Divinity was conferred in 1835, by Marischal College, Aberdeen,) returned to India, arriving in 1840, without the perils of his first voyage.

That Dr. Duff's efforts were mainly *educational* was not, as we sometimes see stated, entirely his own idea and choice. His plan of operation was sketched for him by Dr. Inglis, (father of the present President of the Court of Session,) and his Committee on Foreign Missions. "It would be desirable," said Dr. Inglis, in the report in 1825, "to establish, in the first instance, one central seminary of education, with branch-schools in the surrounding country for behalf of the children of the native

population, under the charge of a head-master, who ought to be an ordained minister of our National Church . . . that the head-master ought to embrace opportunities, as they occur, to recommend the gospel of Christ to the faith and acceptance of those to whom he finds access."

There lies in that sentence the germ that Dr. Duff planted in the soil of India, and which now fills the land with schools giving instruction in the Bible, a great tree under the shadow of which the youth of India have found shelter from an infidelity as baneful as their idolatry. The process of planting the germ, of watering it, and watching it, is thus described by the writer already quoted:

"A detailed study of all the conditions of native and English society, and a visit to the venerable Carey, convinced Duff that the Baptist and Anglican Missions had failed to move Hindoo thought, just because they were distant from the capital. At once, acting on his own responsibility, Duff took the one step which insured his future success. He opened his college in a native house in the great Chitpore road, which is the centre of Calcutta native life. He owed his first pupils—who were only five in number—to Raja Rammohun Roy, the originator of the Brahma movement now identified with Keshub Chunder Sen. He resolved that the English language should be the medium of instruction, and for the first time in Bengal he taught on that intellectual system which Bell, Lancaster, and Wood were only then popularizing in England and Scotland. He had to train his own assistants, while he humbled himself to the drudgery of even the elementary branches.

Soon the news spread that a new English teacher had appeared, whose enthusiasm and success carried all before them, and a second school hastily run up in the courtyard was filled. Still, not only the English officials and merchants, but missionaries of the old school kept aloof. One even denounced the novelty as likely to deluge the city with infidels. After a year's work the resolute teacher publicly invited the residents to examine the results. The spectators were amazed—among them Lord William Bentinck himself, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Archdeacon Corrie, who became Bishop of Madras. Afterwards, in a farewell address, the Governor-General pointed to the General Assembly's celebrated institution as "a model of missionary effort," which, even in its early years, had produced "unparalleled results." Every visitor to the city, from the interior and other countries of the East, was taken to what was then a wonderful sight, so that Sir Charles Trevelyan remarked, it formed the nucleus of many a similar college. Not only so, but the system has been adopted by the other churches ever since, as by far the best means of meeting the ancient civilizations of the East, and raising a body of native Christian teachers and ministers to successfully evangelize their peoples."

And, further still, has the tree planted in 1830 extended its benignant influence. When in England in 1853, Dr. Duff and Mr. J. C. Marshman, C. S. I., gave such evidence before a Parliamentary Committee as resulted in "grants in aid" being thenceforth given to all efficient schools and colleges, while missionaries sit with natives and government officials as members of the senates which regulate the whole *curriculum* of studies, and text-books, and grant degrees.

Christian Work.

INDIA.



JOINT meeting was recently held at Kensington, of the London and Baptist Missionary Societies, on the subject of Christian Missions in India. J. Tritton, Esq., in the chair. The Baptist Society are wishing to meet with four men of attainment and experience, willing to consecrate their lives to India.

The Rev. Dr. Mullens, Secretary of the London Missionary Society, dwelt, in encouraging terms, upon the indirect influences of Christian Missions in India. No one who had carefully studied the matter for a long series of years could help feeling that the history of Missions in India was the history of steady and continual progress. And yet it was all a lesson of patience. From Germany, the United States, Norway, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland, and even Nova Scotia, Missionaries belonging to thirty-five different societies had been sent for service to Christ in that country, and with rare exceptions they all laboured side by side in unity, love, and peace. Looking to the fact that 400,000 converts had been added to the Church within the lifetime of one individual, what would the results be in another century, and yet another? The past increase had been in ratio, moreover. Whereas in 1852 there were 22,000 Church members, in 1862 the number was 49,688, while in 1872 it had increased to 78,494.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

Mr. Richard Corfield, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the North of Spain, describes the pleasure he had at Palencia, in hearing the Bible expounded by a young workman.

It would seem that some four years back a copy of the Scriptures, left by a colporteur, came into the hands of this young man, and truly the blessing that has attended the seed thus sown is marvellous. Without any superior education, and much less any theological light, the young man in question has learned the whole plan of salvation from the Bible, his studied care being to call together his friends and relations to hear the glad tidings therein revealed. When I tell you that his address was surprisingly eloquent and simple, that gives but a very poor explanation of his power, which to us seemed as if revealed directly to his mind and heart by the power of the Spirit of God.

BIBLES IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

One of the colporteurs who has lately come into the field, a man of good and sober judgment, says of the Russians, they are only very partially acquainted with the Scriptures; they cling to many superstitious notions and customs, but generally they are *very devout*, and a scoffer is very rarely to be found among them.

On one occasion an officer in one of the camps encouraged his men to buy, telling them they were beautiful and useful books. The soldiers complained they had no money; "I will tell you what," the officer said; "let seven men in each company pay ten kopecks each; that will suffice for each company to have its own Bible. The book shall be the property of the company; it shall rest with us, and march with us; we will take care of it, and we will read it together." The advice was gratefully accepted and carried out.

NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

The first meeting of directors for the current year was held in Glasgow. It was reported that during 1877 forty-one new auxiliaries and twenty-one parochial associations had been organized. The circulation had been 335,101 copies and parts of Scripture, being 26,774 copies more than in 1876. The income also showed a decided advance. The directors authorized their agent at Yokohama to proceed with the printing of a portion of Scripture in Japanese, and also to arrange for the production of a Gospel in the same language in raised type for the blind, of whom there are said to be at least 50,000 in Japan. The China issues for 1877 had been 13,805, chiefly portions. It was agreed to accept a new colporteur for Holland. Reports were received from Spain, Russia, India, Chili, Brazil, and Canada.

CHINA.

The arrangement by which the Society now supplies the agents of the Chinese Inland Mission with Scriptures for sale is beginning to bear fruit. Under date 27th May, 1877, Mr. Cranston, of Han-kow, writes to Dr. Williamson:—

"I am most thankful for your offer to supply tracts and Bibles to the members of our Inland Mission for use in itinerating journeys. In travelling through Sigan to Lanchow during the winter I went through every street of every city during the 500 miles route, and not one bookshop could I find; while on account of their scarcity, the books to be seen were generally old and dirty. The great desire for our books and tracts necessitated a limited sale in every place, as our

stock was small. We sold them at about two-thirds of their value, which was too low. At Lanchow there were several bookshops; and here was exhibited the greatest desire for our books, and, apparently a willingness to pay anything to obtain them. While conversing at a teashop about the works of Jesus a man of Jewish countenance repeated the miracles in St. Mark's Gospel, with the details of name and place. On questioning him he told me he had bought a copy the day before, and had read it through the same night. I wish that some of your subscribers at home could have seen the knot of people in every second or third shop along a busy street listening to one of their number reading to them from a Gospel or tract just obtained from the foreigner, who was the first to bring them to them, and who would have had to leave them without anything to recall the message they had heard, but for the kindness of Bible and Tract Societies."

The Society's colporteurs have now circulated very nearly 8,000 copies or portions of Scripture among the Russian troops, and almost wholly by sale. It is touching to hear of the eagerness with which the men receive the Book, and the tenacity with which they cling to it.

In Courland and Livonia, in the north of Russia, there are now hundreds of Turkish prisoners, to whom Mr. Dworkowicz has been authorized to supply Gospels in their own tongue, so far as readers may be found among them.

The cost of this extraordinary colportage is by no means covered by the donations as yet received.

PERILS AMONG ROBBERS IN CANTON PROVINCE.

Mr. Preston, in company with an American Missionary and Consular chaplain, took a journey into the interior of the Canton Province, for the purpose of distributing New Testaments and tracts, and preaching to the people. The journey occupied fourteen days, and extended over a distance of 240 miles. At most of the places the people received them kindly, but on passing through a ravine they were captured by banditti, stripped of nearly all their clothing, and robbed of their horses and other property. Having led them away three or four miles among the mountains, repeatedly threatening their lives, the robbers took them into a remote valley, and re-searched their persons, to ascertain that nothing valuable remained in their possession, and then returning to each of the missionaries a coat, marched off, leaving them to find their way as best they could. On arriving at the town from which they had started in the morning, the Missionaries were kindly provided with food and lodging, and with equal kindness and generosity were helped onward by officials and others to their homes in Canton.

PRESERVATION OF PROTESTANTS IN THE WAR
DISTRICTS OF TURKEY.

The safety of mission helpers and other Protestants who were supposed to have perished when Eski Zagra was destroyed, has been confirmed, and has occasioned great joy to the Christians of Constantinople.

Mr. Dwight says:—"I presume you have heard of the safety of the Merichleri Protestants and of the Eski Zagra preacher. All these were accounted slain, but God has kept them for other work. I doubt not they will find plenty to do among the thousands of refugees within the Russian lines. The teacher of the Samakov girl's school, Stomata, has also reported herself safe and well at Sistov. There has been a special Providence to watch over the Protestant Christians in this country."

Mr. Pierce says that the Koords destroyed all the villages on the Alashgerd plain but two, and *those two were largely Protestant*. The Lord has marvellously saved Bulgarian Protestants from death this year. The Adrianople preacher writes that a Bulgarian brother in that city was arrested, at the instance of some Turks who live near his home, at the foot of the Balkans. The Turks testified that they had seen this man with arms in his hands ranging the country. But the Turkish captain of the guard at Adrianople, to whom the man was brought, learned who he was, and replied, "Your story cannot be true. There is a mistake somewhere. This man hasn't done any wrong—he is a Protestant!" and the brother was released at once.

A Samakov boy, who had been out selling books, was stopped in a Turkish village and carried before the authorities, who found out that he was a Protestant, and let him go, saying that "he was all right." The by-standers remarked, that "probably many Bulgarians would become Protestants, so as to escape arrest!"

The Turks have an impression that the Protestants are good people. This probably accounts for the escapes of some of them.

Mr. House tells an amusing story of a Bulgarian Protestant from Samakov, who was going over the mountains in company with a Moslem neighbor, and was talking with him of religion. The Turk was interested in what he said, and an idea suddenly struck him. "Have any Moslems become Protestants?" he asked. "Yes," said the Bulgarian. "Then stop talking to me of your religion, or I'll have to become a Protestant too," said the Turk. "Stop, I tell you. I shall have to kill you, if you don't stop talking!"

THE BIBLE IN CENTRAL TURKEY.

At Beilan, says Dr. Bliss, we saw a few of the Protestant brethren who are holding the truth in love and seeking to win others to Christ. We were especially interested in the preacher and his family, and two graduates of the Aintab Female Boarding School, now teachers at Beilan. A little "salt" and a little "light" are doing their appropriate work among the people who dwell in that beautiful "pass." Our second day's journey was only five hours, but one of exceeding interest. The scenery was very rich and varied. We had a fine view of the Antioch plain and lake. The city itself was hardly discernible, but its situation was easily distinguished. We stopped for the night at one of a cluster of khans. While waiting for our evening meal I took out my writing apparatus and began a letter. I had written but a single sentence when a young man approached and asked some questions. I at once laid aside my writing and entered into conversation with him. I found that he was an Armenian from Beilan. In reply to my question as to whether he could read he said, "I can read very little." I at once took out one of the Gospels in Turkish in the Armenian character and handed it to him. He took it and began to read quite slowly. After a time I asked him if he did not wish to buy it. He assented, and, inquiring the price, took out the money and paid for it. As he turned to leave I said to him, "Have you no friends in this place who would like to obtain for themselves a book similar to the one you have bought?" "I will see," he replied, and went out. Soon two other young men came and asked for the Testament and paid for two. Not long after others came and bought three more, making six copies in all.

Passing along the northern border of the Antioch plains the next day we rode through several Turkish and Koordish villages with dwellings made of reeds with thatched roofs. At one a woman made bold to come up to us and ask whence we came. When told that some of us were from Stamboul, she was eager to know the news from the war. A little conversation revealed the fact that her husband and son had gone to the war and no news had come from them. From another house a brother, from another a son, making ten individuals out of a small cluster of houses. The following day a Koord, a tall, straight, athletic man, with a keen, intelligent eye and open countenance, overtook our company as I was walking, leading my horse. Entering into conversation with him, I found that from each of ten villages near by from ten to

fifteen men had gone to the war. He said that if the government needed them to protect their religion and save it from loss, every man would go even if their fields were left entirely to the women to cultivate. As we walked on together I asked this man also if he could read. He replied that he could. I handed him a Gospel in Osmanlee-Turkish. He took it and read a little, but said that he would get his hadja to read it to him and his neighbors. He seemed so much interested in the book that I told him that he might keep it. He thanked me very heartily, and immediately drew out of a package he had with him a large amount of the thin wafer-like bread used in this region, and handed it to me in return for the book. We parted at this point, he to go to his village on the mountain side with a portion of the New Testament in his pocket, and we to pass on our way with the prayer to God that His blessing might rest upon the seed sown by the way-side, and cause it to spring up and bear abundant fruit.

BURNING IDOLS IN NORTHERN CHINA.

Mr. Sprague and Dr. Porter have recently taken a Mission tour of about fifty miles to Yu-cho. They mention the case of a convert at Swei-chuan desirous of church fellowship, who burnt his thirteen idols and ancestral tables. It is at this place that Feng, the native helper, resides.

Dr. Porter says,—“When Feng made inquiring intimations as to what should be done about the idols and tablets, the man was all ready. He un-hung the pictures from the central room, called the ancestral hall, and brought them all to me, with eight most sacred ancestral tables, the resting-places of the souls (as Dr. Legge reads) of the ancestors of the house. I was strongly tempted to keep some of them as curiosities, but was a little afraid it might not be understood. So I said, as mildly as I could, but with intense gladness in my heart, “Now you shall make a grand confession of your new faith.”

So we took the paper gods, the kitchen god, the god of wealth and the god of mercy, and made a pile in the centre of the little court. The tablets were of fine hard wood and I was afraid they would not burn easily. The man got a wisp of lighted straw, and with a stout heart set the fire a-going. He brought some kindling too, and at last the tablets fairly caught.

The paper gods were painted heavily, and bright lurid flames crept

up slowly through the smoke. At length the paper and wood burned fiercely, and we had a grand bonfire. I was afraid the tablets might not be burned enough, but we all stirred them into the hottest flame, until they were all but consumed to ashes.

What a sight that was for a hot July sunset scene! A man in his own court, with his family about him, with hosts of friends and neighbours in the court or standing on the roofs and walls all around, quietly setting fire to his guardian deities, the shrines of his own parents and ancestors! I confess to an exultant feeling as I saw the calm determination of the father, and as I heard the low mutterings of horror or deprecation from the by-standers. What a grand witness to the new faith of the man! I suppose that village never saw a like scene. Perhaps few others would have dared to act so openly.

When nothing but charcoal was left of the once worshipped gods, the man merely said, "Well, those tablets cost money when erected." I said, "And how much richer are you without them? Surely there is joy in heaven among the angels on your account to-day."

Twenty thousand people, perhaps, will be startled into some sort of thought by the testimony of this one man!

THE OPEN DOORS IN GALATIA AND CAPPADOCIA.

The Epistle to the Galatians should give Bible readers a deep interest in the present Christian movement in the City of Angora, the capital of Galatia. In our December number we gave particulars of the religious awakening in this city and in Cappadocia.

We now learn from Mr. Bartlett, of Cæsarea, that thus far the work looks encouraging. Though the movement began largely from political and worldly motives, it bids fair to prove a work of much interest. There were before some eight or ten open Protestants in Angora: many were already convinced of the truth, and only waiting an opportunity to declare their convictions, hence there is hope that the work may prove permanent and aggressive. The English Vice-consul is very much interested in it, and contributes towards it both by his influence and pecuniary aid.

A house for a school and worship have been secured, and, as a temporary arrangement, a teacher and a preacher have been sent there from Cæsarea. The means for their support, however, is needed so that they may have to be removed.

The Armenian Bishop in Angora has, however, been giving a little trouble. After separating himself from the Armenian Church, he began to claim for himself a recognition as "Episcopus" of the Protestants, but now for the present he has given up that claim. *The Gospel may now be freely preached in Angora*, and at present there is no fear of persecution.

Angora is a very worldly city, and the truth can hardly be expected to make very rapid progress at first, but Istanos, a large town eighteen miles beyond Angora, presents a very hopeful work. In the out-stations it is also generally encouraging, but great suffering exists among the poor on account of the war, cruel taxes, and shameful tyranny in collecting them. God's judgments are abroad in the land, and people are learning righteousness.

NYANZA MISSION—RECEPTION BY KING MTESA.

Letters have been received from Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson to August 27th last. Lieut. Smith encloses two letters which he had received from King Mtesa, written by the negro boy Dallington, who was left with Mtesa by Mr. Stanley. They are addressed to "*My dear friend wite men,*" and urge them to come quickly. Messengers were also sent to guide the party.

Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson accordingly left Kagehyi, at the southern end of the Lake on the 25th June, in the *Daisy*. They made for the island Ukara, thirty miles north on Stanley's map. Mistaking, from its dulcet tones, the native war-cry for a peaceful invitation, they attempted to land. Providentially a rock suddenly appeared as they were nearing the shore, and the boat was shoved off to avoid striking, whereupon the natives attacked with stones and poisoned arrows. Lieut. Smith received a severe injury in the left eye, and Mr. Wilson was struck by a poisoned arrow, but not seriously hurt.

They then made straight across the lake for Uganda, and reached Murchison Bay on the 26th. They reached the capital, which appears to be called Rubago, on July 2nd. The King received them with great cordiality and state. The letters from the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Society were then read, and translated into Kisuahili by the boy Dallington. When the passage was read in the Society's letter in which a reference is made to our Lord, the king ordered a salute to be fired, which was explained to be for joy at the mention of the name of Jesus. At a sub-

sequent private interview, the king made particular inquiries whether the Missionaries had brought the Book, the Bible.

On July 28th, Mr. Wilson writes again that everything continued most encouraging. A service was held at the palace every Sunday morning, the king himself translating into Kiganda everything read and said for the benefit of those who do not understand Kiswahili.

Lieutenant Smith left Mr. Wilson at Uganda on the 30th July, and recrossed the Lake to Kagehyi, where Mr. O'Neil had remained. Much preparation was still necessary before transporting all their baggage, etc., to Uganda, but they hoped to be there at the end of October.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

It appears from a letter written about twelve months since from Zanzibar, by Bishop Steere, of the Universities' Mission, that the lad Dallington referred to in Mr. Wilson's letter from King Mtesa's town, as having done good service in spreading a knowledge of the name of Christ, was at one time a scholar of the Mission, and not a very promising one. The Bishop quotes the following very interesting letter from the boy: 'Nantagala, April 28, 1876.—My dear Bishop,—Let thy heart be turned to thy servant, and let me have favour in thy sight; therefore send me Swahili prayers, and send one big black Bible. I want slates, board, chalk, that I may teach the Waganda the way of God. I been teach them already, but I want you to send me Sitala Sundi, that he may help me in the work of God. Oh! my Lord, pray for me. Oh! ye boys, pray for me. And if thou refuse to send Sitala Sudi, send John Swedi. Your honour to the Queen, and my honour to you.—J. SCOPION, *alias* DALLINGTON MAFTAA. I am translating the Bible to Mtesa, son of Suna, King of Uganda. I was with Henry M. Stanley, together with Robert Firuzi: but Robert is gone with Stanley, but I being stop [*i.e.*, am staying] in Uganda translating the Bible." The Bishop adds: "I shall, of course, send him what I can, and I am sure we shall all pray for him."

A FINE new Church has been opened in Kokstadt, in Kaffraria, about 100 miles from Natal. Only five years ago lions and other beasts roamed over the country round Kokstadt, where churches are now rising for the worship of God.

A MARATHI Commentary on the New Testament has been published by the Bombay Tract Society. Its editor is Rev. Baba Padmanji, who also edits a Monthly Marathi periodical called "The Lamp of Truth."

Christian Miscellany.

MERCY FOR THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

IN this year's Report of the chaplain of Pentonville Prison, he gives an account of a young man who some years ago was in the condemned cell in Newgate. He had a few books at hand, and one day he glanced at a footnote in "Lady Wake's Commentary on the Gospels," which intimated "that even a murderer may look for hope and mercy," and he began an earnest searching of the Scriptures. On what was expected to be his last night he heard clearly every stroke which the erection of the scaffold required; and the tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell in the morning announced the near approach of his end. But a message of royal clemency intervened. As soon as it reached him he dropped on his knees, and devoted to God the new life given to him; and there is reason to hope (says the chaplain) that from that hour he has not swerved from his resolution. He recorded his feelings—before and at the trial, and while lying under sentence of death—in a small poem, entitled "The Agony of Murder," which was written in Pentonville Prison, and prepared for publication by the late Ordinary of Newgate, and by him dedicated to the late Alderman Wire. Copies of the book are now very scarce. The chaplain goes on to say that the reprieved young man, being in process of time transported to Western Australia, and sent there in the ship which took out Bishop Hale, discovered a conspiracy of convicts on board to mutiny, and by tact and energy was the main means of preventing the execution of the plot. Arrived at Freemantle, he was rewarded with a considerable amelioration of his condition; and eventually, at the end of twelve years, he obtained a ticket-of-leave, and, embarking in business, by literary ability and useful lectures to the rude community around, he became eminently serviceable. "He is now," says the chaplain, "with a young family, settled in a distant part of the country, and prospering; and I have had recently, as continuously before, communications from him, proving that he is holding on in the right path."

Of our gold and our silver most of us are careful, but of time, which, once lost, can never be recalled or regained, we lavish a large portion, even while we are uttering complaints of the quantity allotted to us.

RYLAND AND THE BAKER.

About the year 1759, John Ryland, senior, father of the noted Dr. Ryland, being advanced in years, resigned his pastorate of the church in Warwick, removing to Northampton, where for twenty-six years he devoted himself to the conduct of a boy's seminary or boarding-school.

It was during this period, sometime about the year 1790, that an incident occurred which so deeply impressed those present, that one of the eye-witnesses, after some thirty years, related it to a Christian friend, who, nearly forty years later, contributed it to the columns of the *Watchman and Reflector*:—

“The venerable minister, to the great regret of his friends, was, unhappily, sometimes imprudent in reference to his pecuniary expenditure, and, as the result, was not unfrequently in difficulties. He had contracted a debt with his baker and had paid it, but a second claim was made upon him for the amount. He was sure he had paid it, but unhappily could produce no receipt for the money. The baker called upon him with a public officer, and placed before his choice the immediate payment of the debt, or an immediate lodgment in prison. Two or three of his friends happened to be with him when these persons arrived and heard the protracted earnest conversation. The good man's declaration as to payment weighed nothing without the receipt, which, unhappily, seemed gone for ever. The baker and the officer at length denounced the venerable man as a hypocrite, swore at his religion, and prepared to convey him to the county jail for the debt. Here was indeed a crisis, and at its height the gray-haired minister knelt down at the table in the midst of them all and prayed:—“Oh Lord, appear for Thy servant; Thy name is blasphemed, and Thy cause is injured. Oh Lord, for Thy name's sake tell me where that receipt is;”—he paused a few moments, rose with the utmost calmness from his knees, and went direct to a closet, and opening a box there, he brought from it the document. He had never before placed such a paper in that place, nor had he the slightest idea till his prayer ascended to heaven that it was there. His enemies were confounded, while he and his friends rejoiced in the goodness of God; for it made an impression on the minds even of the ungodly, which could never be forgotten. We do not envy the man who does not believe this to have been an answer to prayer.—*Wayside.*

THERE are no sins we can be tempted to commit but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than in committing them.—*Watson.*

JACOB'S LADDER.

The following sermon, by a Yorkshire Wesleyan local preacher, will be read with interest:

1. We'st describe its length.
2. Its strength.
3. Its breadth.
4. T'way to get to it.

1. We'st describe its length. It reach't between heaven an' t'earth. Top on it alluded to th' Godhead, bottom on it to th' manhood of Jesus Christ. The Lord stood aboon it. It wor theear long before Jacob ivver saw it, an' its theear nah, an ivver will be. Yo know a ladder's made to go up the hill: that ladder seemed to open a communication between heaven and eearth.

2. Its strength. It's strong enough to bear th' weight o' th' whoocal world if they'd gooa up. The devil's tried tried hard to push it down, and his emissaries, Voltaire and t'other infidels; but they ne'er could stir it yet.

3. Its breadth. It's brooad enough for us all to gooa up together. There's no 'casion to push one another a gooin up. Some mak it sooa narrow wi election, at nobbut a two-a-three can gooa up; an' Winchester made it sooa brooad at devils wor to gooa up anole.

4. T'way to get to it. We mun inquire. We mun begin reit fair at the bottom. We mun gooa up a step ivery day, and we munnot come dahn at neet. We munnot come dahn to fetch a young woman up—there's many does do; and then shoo'l nother gooa up hersel' nor let him. We mun keep our een fixt reit fair up th' hill; we munnot look abaht us. We munnot want to hug th' world up on our back: it's too heavy—we cannot hug it. We munnot pick at one another e gooin up. We mun stick fast, or else we'st be blawn off be t'winds o' temptation. We munnot fall asleep o' th' top on it, or if we do, we'st tumble off. But if we should tumble off and break ur leg, we mun get it set, an' start reit fair at th' t' top ommost. Some's been moping abaht for years, an' nivver gett'n up a step yet—gooin abaht from one meean of grace to another, an' nivver gettin' into t' reit way. Some 'al nother go up thersels nor let others. Some parents wants to pull their childer dahn, an some childer wants to pull their parents dahn.

To increase the vigour of the mind we ought to increase the strength of the body.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of the following touching and beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved. It cannot fail to find a place in the heart of every bereaved parent:

I am all alone in my chamber now,
 And the midnight hour is near,
 And the faggot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
 Are the only sounds I hear;
 And over my soul in its solitude,
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
 For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my Father's house—
 Went home to the dear ones all—
 And softly I opened the garden gate,
 And softly the door of the hall.
 My mother came out to meet her son—
 She kissed me, and then she sighed,
 And her head fell on my neck, as she wept
 For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
 In the garden where he played;
 I shall miss him more by the fireside,
 When the flowers have all decayed.
 I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
 And the horse he used to ride:
 And they will speak with a silent speech,
 Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
 To our Father's house in the skies,
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
 Nor love no broken ties.
 We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
 And bathe in its blissful tide;
 And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
 The little boy that died.

SWEARERS WORK CHEAPLY.—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language. "He doesn't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheaply. To lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and to injure your own soul, and all for nothing; you do work cheaply—very cheaply indeed!"

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS."

Mr. Mundella, M.P., recently quoted the above as from the writings of "an Apostle," and some letters have appeared in the *Times* on the mistake. That journal on Wednesday says:—"The Rev. Moncure de Conway writes to us,—'The saying, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," for attributing which to an Apostle Mr. Mundella has been questioned by "A Rustic," is not of Scriptural but yet of Hebrew origin. It first appears in *Beraitha*, as the last *Mishna* of *Soto*, chap. ix. It is often repeated in Rabbinical books; e. g., Phinehas ben Yeir says:—"The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness, carefulness into vigorousness, vigorousness into guiltlessness, guiltlessness into abstemiousness, abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness is next to Godliness."'

Mr. N. Rowe writes:—"Others besides, 'A Rustic' and Mr. Mundella may be glad to learn that, though not the teaching of an Apostle, the words 'Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness,' occur in a sermon on dress, by John Wesley, who died in 1792." "Clericus" writes to us:—"The old proverb is not 'Cleanliness is next to godliness' but to 'goodliness,' viz.,—beauty of form, grace, elegance."

MATERIALS FOR THOUGHT.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it is a proof of a great mind.

It is one of the advantages of practical virtue that though in its course there may be first and last, yet nobody who ran it fairly ever failed.

As the sentinel, when he sees the enemies approaching, does not attempt himself to assail them, but at once gives the alarm to the commander, that he may repel their attack, so the Christian does not attempt in his own strength to fight temptation, but finds his safety in perceiving its approach, and seeking by prayer for Divine help to overcome it.—*Mason*.

THINK you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corner of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the creatures whom we crush are our judges—the moments we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us judge as they minister—and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge.

A DYING COUNSEL.

There is a peculiar interest in these words, for they were amongst the last that Dr. Patrick M'Farlan, of Greenock (Scotland), uttered. They were felt to be all the more impressive, that he was rarely known to use a figure. But, feeling that his own feet were firm on the Rock of Ages, he left this precious testimony :—

“Dig deep, and build high!” dig deep, and build high!
 It comes as a loving last good-bye,
 As a parting word from within the veil,
 For the faithful lips are growing pale,
 And their father's voice will be heard no more,
 Till they meet, in God's light, on the golden shore.

“Dig deep, and build high!” dig deep, and build high!
 For the deepening floods are surging by,
 The floods of untruth and of worldly pride:
 See that ye stand, 'mid the raging tide;
 It is only the house on the Living Rock
 That will brave unshaken the floods' rude shock.

“Dig deep, and build high!” dig deep and build high!
 From his steadfast heart, it came like the cry
 Of the captain who falls on the battle-field
 While his troops advance—his enemies yield,
 And now, though the death-wound scars his breast,
 He must cheer them on ere he goes to rest.

CAN I justly lay claim to the blessing promised to those who endure as well as suffer? With patience and constancy do I resist alike the covert allurements and the open and bold temptation? Do I remember that the tried Christian shall be the one crowned; and that the cross is but for a little while, but the crown is eternal? Is the love of Christ so strong in my heart as to give the victory over every temptation?