

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

COLPORTAGE IN ONTARIO AND THE NORTH-WEST.

IN the very first number that was issued of the *Canada Christian Monthly*, in 1873, the reader will see an article on "*Colportage in Canada*." In that article occurs the following sentences :

"*The Religious Book and Tract Society*" of Toronto has done good in the past, and is now in a prosperous condition; but its work is only half done till it establishes a system of *Colportage* that shall embrace every township in the Province of Ontario. In Nova Scotia, a system of *Colportage* is now in operation; and in the Province of Quebec, such a work has been carried on for years, and with such blessed effects, among the Roman Catholics, as eternity alone can fully disclose. Scotland is occupied by *Colporteurs* from the Solway Frith to John O'Groat's: the system is spreading in England, over the northern counties, and slowly stretching towards the centre and south. . . . With the danger to which our young are exposed, by unwholesome literature, staring us in the face; with the example of other countries inviting us to proceed; it surely cannot be that the Province of Ontario must admit, by its doing nothing, that it lacks heads to devise a system of *Colportage*, and hearts to carry it on."

It will soon be six years since these words were penned. Whether they had anything to do with the event we are now glad

to welcome we cannot pretend to say; but, anyway, it gives us great gladness to see that at length the "Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society" can see their way clear to enter on this great and good work.

In the *Bi-Monthly Reporter* for October, the following announcement is made, more important to the welfare of the land by far than many of the agencies, movements, and undertakings that are heralded daily by our Secular Press, and which, as far as we know, has taken as yet no notice whatever of the philanthropic and Christian enterprise. The announcement (which should call forth the prayers and liberality of all the Evangelical Churches) is as follows:—

"For a long time it has been laid on the hearts of the Board of Directors that we should do more in the way of Colportage than we are doing. That as a religious Tract and Book Society, we should not only keep Tracts and Books for sale, and the supply of grants to applicants, but that we should actually distribute and put in circulation ourselves these means for good. But to the doing of this, there has been an effectual barrier, namely, the want of money. While our funds were just barely sufficient for our tract work, and the work of Colportage we were doing on the Welland Canal, the Board could not feel justified in extending it to other needy districts, districts from which the Macedonian cry came again and again, 'come over and help us.' In May last, however, it was brought to the knowledge of the Board, that the friends of Colportage in Britain had nobly and generously assisted the work in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in answer to an appeal by the Rev. A McBean, Secretary of the Halifax society. This was so encouraging, that the Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, volunteered to make an appeal of the same character, which met with the approval of the Board, and he was duly commissioned to do so, and we are happy to state that he has been successful,—very successful, considering the time of year he was able to be in Britain. The Religious Tract Society of London has given a handsome donation to this work, also the National Scottish Bible Society of Scotland, and many Christian friends in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Paisley. Many who had they been at home, would have embraced the opportunity of helping in this work, as a great privilege bestowed on them, may yet give when it comes to their knowledge that it is being undertaken in earnest, and is being pushed forward with zeal. The committee appointed at last Board meeting will lose no time in making plans and in setting on foot operations. And it is our hope that before long we shall have such reports from our Colporteurs, as shall cheer our hearts, and fire us with new inspiration."

From the father-land this enterprise is to receive aid in *money* and in *books*.

The *National Bible Society of Scotland* promises ten pounds each (\$50) for six colporteurs, and the *London Religious Tract Society* offers a grant of Books to the value of seven hundred dol-

lars. But where are the men? We were almost inclined to say that a good colporteur, like a good poet, must be *born* to his business, or else he cannot be *made* to it. In this country, especially needs he peculiar qualifications. He must be able to bear, while footing it in the open air, the great heat of our summer and the great cold of our winter; he must fight his way through the rural districts, beset with the prejudices that years have nourished, against "Yankee Book Peddlers;" he will meet with thousands of church-members who would buy any wild, wicked and spicy book, but "who have more religious books than they find time to read," which is probably quite true. He will meet with men who are so much of this that earth they will read nothing but newspapers; and also men who think that they are so near heaven that they will read nothing but the Bible. The Colporteur must be a man of tact, and knowledge of the world, and love for souls, and without greed for money or greed for greatness, or greed for spreading himself on platforms, or airing himself in pulpits. He will be willing to preach as his Master did, to two and three, willing to whisper the truth, to show it, to argue for it, to suffer for it, and to live it, as well as to sell it. Then by degrees, as the man and the mission become known to the rural population, they will welcome him to their homes and their hearts. The little children will run to greet him and rejoice over a sight of the books and the pictures as a miser over his hidden treasure. He will in time have the joy of seeing on the shelf of the farm-house, side by side, with "Chase's Receipt Book," copies of *Bible Pictures for our Pets*; *Ten Steps in the Narrow Way—a Book for Girls*; *The Realm of the Ice King—a Book for Boys*; and *The Leisure Hour*; *The Sunday at Home*; *Howe's Works*, books for the father and the mother.

There are many young men in Canada, who, by their talents and education, are not exactly fitted to take up the work of public preaching, but who would make admirable Colporteurs. It ought to be impressed on people who are converted,—and who are anxious to serve their Lord, that *preaching* is only one of seven ways of

serving Him mentioned by Paul. "Having then gifts, differing according to the grace given to us, whether (1) prophecy (preaching), let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith, (2) or ministry (lower ministrations of alms, food, etc.), let us wait on our ministering; or he that (3) teacheth (in families, schools or colleges), on teaching; or he that (4) that exhorteth (passing words of cheer, guidance or rebuke—colporteur), on exhortation; or he that (5) giveth (business men, who have as their special gift to keep the machinery of manufacture and commerce going), let him do it with simplicity; he that (6) ruleth (church elders), with diligence; and he that (7) sheweth mercy (visiting the sick and getting homes for ragged children), with cheerfulness." Thus does the great Apostle mete out work to men and women, to every body, so that all need not aspire to the office of "bishop," which is indeed a perilous position to many. We trust, therefore, that when matters are ready, and the call is issued for heroes to mount the breach in the back woods and prairies, with books for bayonets, and gospels for guns, the number wanted will offer themselves from the churches and Christian Associations of Ontario. If not, the conclusion will be forced on people that there is something "rotten in the state of Denmark."

Living Preachers.

THE GATES OF HELL.

BY DR. TALMAGE, BROOKLYN, U.S.A.

[In one of the past volumes of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY the reader will find a sermon by Dr. Talmage, on "*The Gates of Pearl*." It would be a happy thing for us if we had nothing to talk about but gates of pearl. There is, alas! wickedness, "The Gates of Hell" blocking the path to the gates of pearl. On this latter subject we wish our readers to hear what Dr. Talmage has to say after surveying these horrid gates in his midnight explorations in New York. We are aware that many find fault with Dr. Talmage for speaking so plainly on such subjects. Let us hear him in his own defence, and then let us read his sermon before we condemn him:—

"I have as much amusement as any man of my profession can afford to indulge in at any one time in seeing some of the clerical reformers of this day mount their war-

charger, dig in their spears, and with glittering lance dash down upon the iniquities of cities that have been three or four thousand years dead. They will corner an old sinner of twenty or thirty centuries ago and scalp him, and hang him, and cut him to pieces, and then say:—'Oh, what great things have been done!' With amazing prowess they throw sulphur at Sodom, and fire at Gomorrah, and worms at Herod, and pitch Jezebel off the wall; but they wipe off their gold spectacles, and put on their best kid gloves, and unroll their morocco covered sermons, and look bashful when they begin to speak about the sins of our day, as though it were a shame to mention them. The hypocrites! They are afraid of the libertines or those in their churches who drink too much. Better, I say, clear out all our audiences, from the pulpit to storm door, until no one is left but the sexton, and he waiting merely to lock up, than to have the pulpit afraid of the pew. One thing I like about a big church is that if a dozen people get mad and go out you don't know they are gone till the next year."

The policy of silence and soft sentiments has been tried for a long time; it is well, therefore, occasionally to meet a preacher who seems to understand, literally, the directions God gave, once, to a preacher:—"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet; and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." Isa. lvii. 1.—Ed. C. C. M.]

Matthew xvi. 18—"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

"It is only ten o'clock," said the officer as we got into the carriage for the midnight exploration, "and it is too early, for the theatres have not yet dismissed." The places of iniquity are not in full blast till the people have time to arrive from the theatres. So we loitered on and the officer told the driver to stop on the street where is one of the costliest gambling-houses of the city. Coming up in front all seemed dark; the blinds were down; the door was guarded. We were admitted and found around one table eight or ten men in mid-life and well dressed. All was going on in silence save the noise of the rattling chips on the gaming table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other. There was something awfully solemn in the silence, the intense gaze, the suppressed emotion. No one looked up. They had money in the rapids. Some of them may have seen horses and carriages and home and family rushing down into the vortex. Some of these men come in by private key, some by careful introduction, some are taken in by the patrons of the establishment. A young man put his money down on the roulette table, and lost; put more money down, and lost. Then he felt in all his pockets for more money, but found none, and severely silent he turned his back and passed out. While we sat there men lost their property and souls. Merciless place. Not once in all the years of that gambling-house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers. When men have their property wrung out of them they go out, some to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen to repair their fortunes, some to the suicide's revolver—all of

them down. It is estimated that every day in Christendom \$80,000,000 pass from hand to hand through gambling, or \$128,100,000,000 every year.

BAD BOOKS AND NOVELETTES.

"But," I said, "it is eleven o'clock, and we must be off," and our carriage rolled on toward the gates of hell. Who shall describe them? They are burnished until they sparkle in the gaslight; they are mighty, and set in sockets of deep and dreadful masonry; they are high, so that those inside may not climb over; they are heavy, but swing easily in to let those in who would be destroyed. I went in, and I am here this morning to sketch them. We did not stand looking at the outside. I shall tell you what these gates are made of.

Gate the First—Impure literature. A great deal of the bad literature is not gripped of the law, but it is in your parlors and your libraries. Some of your children read it at night after they retire—the gas-burner swinging as near as possible to the pillow. Much of this literature is under the title of scientific information. It is appalling that men and women who might get from their family physician all the useful information needed, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through accursed literature under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, be not deceived by the title "merciful work." Nine-tenths of such books come hot from the lost world. Then there are the novelettes flung over the land by the million. No one systematically reads the average novelette of the day and keeps either integrity or virtue. Oh, this is a wide gate of hell! There are a million men and women in the United States to-day reading themselves into hell. Scour your house to-day to find whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor table. One bad book or picture may do the work for eternity.

DISSOLUTE DANCING.

Gate the Second—The dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes. You know what postures and figures are suggested by the devil. They who glide in the dissolute dances glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter and wilder and wilder, until, with the speed of lightning, they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell is so wide that it swings across the Axminster of many

a fashionable parlor and across the ball-room of the summer watering-place. You have no right to take any attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music.

Gate the Third—Indiscreet attire. The attire of women for the last few years has been beautiful, but there are those who always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and the indiscreet. I am told there is a fashion to come from Paris shocking to all righteousness. I charge Christian women neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil. Perhaps no one else will dare tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to boldness of womanly attire.

RUM'S RAVAGES.

Gate the Fourth—Alcoholic Beverages. In our midnight exploration we found that all the sins of wickedness were done under the enchantment of the wine cup. That was what the waiter carried on the platter; that was what glowed on the table; that flushed the cheeks of the patrons who came in; that staggered the steps of the patrons as they went out. The wine cup is the patron of impurity. Nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go intoxicated—the mental and spiritual abolished, the brute ascendant. Tell me a young man drinks and I know the whole story. No man ever runs drunkenness alone. That is a carrion-crow that travels in a flock. In other words the wine cup unbalances and dethrone's one better judgment, and leaves him a prey to all the evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul. There is not a place of sin in the United States to-day but finds its chief abettor in the chalices of inebriacy. The court that licences the sale of strong drink licenses gambling, licences libertinism, licences diseases, licences death, licences all crimes, all sufferings, all disasters, all woes. It is the legislatures and courts that swing wide open this grinding, roaring, stupendous gate of the lost.

THE FIRE ESCAPES.

"But," you say, "tell us how these gates swing out to allow the escape of the penitent." I reply, but very few escape. Out of a thousand that go in nine hundred and ninety-nine perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Would you introduce her among your acquaintances? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while she pushed on the inside of that gate, trying to get out? You would not. You

write poetry over her sorrows and weep over her misfortune, but help her you never will. There is not one person out of 5,000 that has come so near to the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ as to dare to help one of these fallen souls. Are there no ways of escape? Oh, yes; three or four. One is the sewing-girls' garret, dingy, cold, hunger-blasted. Another is the street that leads to the East River, at midnight, the end of the city wharf. The moon shining down on the water makes it look so smooth that she wonders if it is deep enough. It is; no boatman near to hear the plunge, no watchman to pick her out before she sinks the third time. Another way of escape is by the curve of the Hudson River Railroad at the point where the engineer of the lightning expresstrain can't see more than a hundred rods ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle down brakes, but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death. Will not God forgive? Yes, but man will not; woman will not; society will not; the Church says it will, but will not. Our work must be prevention rather than cure. It is not so much that I may persuade one that has fallen to crawl up as to warn those who are going too near the edges.

THE EFFECTS OF HIS SERMONS.

But what is the use of these sermons? I say—much, everywhere. I am greatly obliged to you, gentlemen of the press, who have fairly reported what I say on these occasions, to the press of this city and New York and other prominent cities. I thank you for the almost universal fairness with which you have presented what I have had to say. But, of course, among the educated journalists who sit at these tables, and who have been sitting here for four or five years, there will be a fool or two that don't understand his business. But that ought not to discourage the great newspaper press, or the profession which carries on the great enterprises of the literature of the day.

I thank, also, those who have by letters cheered me in this work. Letters have been coming to me from all parts of the country, about one out of a hundred condemnatory. One I got yesterday from a man who said he thought my sermons would do great damage as they would arouse suspicion in many families as to where the head of the family spent his evenings. I was sorry the letter was anonymous. If I had known whom it was from I would have written to that man's wife telling her to put a detective on her husband's track, for I know right well he was going to bad places.

THE FINAL BATTLE.

You say there is nothing to do away with these iniquities ; you cannot resist them. Stupid man, what does my text say ? " The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." These gates shall be prostrated. The Bible utters its denunciation against sin, but the piety of to-day is such a namby-pamby sort of thing you can't even quote the Scripture without making somebody restless. As long as this holy imbecility reigns sin will laugh us to scorn. Now, allusion to sin must be in a tone apologetic ! I put my foot down on all the conventional rhetoric on this subject and tell you plainly that unless you give up your sin your doom is sealed. In the besiegment of the gates of hell we want no soft sentimentalists, but men who are willing to give and take hard knocks. The gates of Gaza were carried off, the gates of Thebes were battered down, the gates of Babylon were destroyed and the gates of hell shall be prostrated. A Christianized printing-press shall be rolled up as the chief battering-ram and there will be a long line of aroused pulpits which shall be the assailing fortresses, and God's red-hot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest. Then the sappers and the miners will lay the train beneath the foundations of sin and at just the right time the Lord, who leads the fray, will cry " Down with the gates," and the explosion beneath will be answered by all the trumpets of God on high celebrating the universal victory.

GOD WILL FORGIVE.

There may be in this house one wanderer who would like to have a word calling her back, and I can't sit down till I have uttered that word. I know that God will have mercy on the wanderer who would like to come back to the Lord of infinite love. One cold Christmas night a poor girl left her father's house. She was attracted by the warmth and light of a church one night years after and entered. The minister was preaching of Him who was wounded for her transgressions and bruised for her iniquities. She went out and returned to her old home. If her mother was glad to get her back God was glad to get her back. There she lay dying, and just before the moment of her departure she wept and prayed that the mercy of God would alight upon her soul. And there she lay upon the bosom of her pardoning Jesus. So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

Poetry.

DISCONTENT.

DOWN in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy;
Was resting near this buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my humble self,
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup,
Just here where you are growing."

—Sarah O. Jewett, in "Play Days."

WORK FOR ALL.

“Go ye also into the vineyard.”

WHEN morning seeks the eastern sky
And sows, with rosy fingers,
Her seeds of light o'er this fair earth,
Where heaven's dew still lingers.
Arise, and enter in, O youth!
The vineyard of thy Saviour,
Give Him thy love, thy hope, thy truth,
Thy whole long day of labour.

And when at noon the sun pours down
His fiercest beams upon us;
When earth beneath our feet is brown,
And heaven is brazen o'er us.
Arise! O man, and seek at length
The vineyard of thy Saviour,
Give Him thy love, thy zeal, thy strength,
Thy half-a-day of labour.

And when at eve the western sun
With level rays declineth;
And thou, O weary, aged one,
The strength of man resigneth.
O haste, arise! and give thy Lord
Thy little hour of labour;
Give Him thy fame, thy gold, thy word,
And seek to serve thy neighbour.

Ye slothful souls who say ye love,
Yet serve not God nor neighbour;
But, like to John and Peter, ye
Are fain to dwell on Tabor.
Arouse, arise! the Master calls,
Serve Him by zealous labour;
Soon night shall come, and ye shall sleep,
And wake to bide on Tabor.

But, if ye still refuse to do
The word the Lord hath spoken,
The night shall come, the morn shall break,
Your night shall be unbroken.
Oh, day of woe! Oh, day of fear!
Oh, day of dire disaster;
When, trembling, quaking, ye shall hear
Your sentence from the Master.

Christian Life.

GEORGE MOORE, OR THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT AND PHILANTHROPIST.

(CONDENSED FROM THE "FAMILY TREASURY.")

IT is not said that George Moore read the story of Whittington in his childhood, or was moved by any mysterious whisper to aspire to be mayor of London; but there could not be a more complete parallel. The son of a Cumberland statesman or yeoman, he saw, at a very early age, that the family acres could not support five children, of whom he was only the third, nor furnish the scope after which his energies were already inarticulately craving. His education, so far as school was concerned, was decidedly limited. A teacher, distinguished for drinking whiskey and imitating the notes of the blackbird, thumped into him a rough knowledge of the rudiments of English at six-and-sixpence a quarter, to which one quarter more, under a better master, was added. The expense in this case was eight shillings; but the money was well spent, for the boy made discovery of his ignorance. Bathing in the Ellen, climbing the peel-towers after jackdaws' nests, wrestling on the village green, riding a blind mare, barebacked, after John Peel's hounds, were the school-boy's recreations. Already the portentous energy which led men ere long to compare George Moore to Napoleon, or to a lion, or to an eagle, or to anything combining strength and swiftness, was apparent. Vigorous and well-developed, he had earned two shillings a day—a man's wages—before he was twelve years old, and had resolved that he must go forth from the hamlet of Mealsgate and the parish of Torpenhow to earn more. Of all possible trades, he chose, or was put into, the least likely. The occupation of a soldier, an engineer, a sailor would have suited Moore's big bones and hard muscles; but Mr. Messenger of Wigton happened to need an apprentice, and he became a draper at the age of fourteen.

The home which he left finally at this early age was one of industry and virtue and affection. His mother had died when George was only six, leaving him, we may suppose, the precious heritage of her prayers. At least, the narrative gives no other sign of any religious influence brought

to bear on him at this time. Religion was at as low an ebb as education in Cumberland when this century began. His father and sister were very unwilling to part with him, and his own affection for them and home was then and always very strong; but go he must. 'The world must be won, and he must begin. It is a marvel of preventing grace that the lad's life at Wigton did not ruin him utterly. The arrangement made by his step-mother was that he should sleep at his employer's, and get his meals at the public-house. There he quickly learned to gamble, playing for high stakes with ræen. At length his employer discovered his habits, and nailed down the window by which George was accustomed to let himself in after midnight. It was at five o'clock on the morning of the 24th of December that he found himself shut out. By performing feats of climbing worthy of a burglar, poor George got into his bedroom; and there he lay all through Christmas Day, quite still, but passing through a hurricane of remorse and shame. A new leaf was turned. He resolved never again to disgrace his father's name, nor grieve his honest heart. Although he was a stranger to vital religion, both in theory and practice, until long after this time, he had, he says, a distinct conviction of the efficacy of prayer; and it would seem that the cries of that night of agony were answered in his preservation thenceforward from the temptations of drink and play. He found lodgings in the house of Nanny Graves, a worthy, motherly woman, gave all his energies to business and self-improvement, and kept the wolf from the door of his dissipated master by finding money to meet the demands of travellers. A banker in this way got to know the lad's value, and begged his services for a few days. He sent him all the way to Dumfries on horse-back, with several hundreds of pounds in his pocket, to give to a certain cattle-dealer. Moore not only discharged his commission safely, but helped the dealer to drive his cattle home across the sands of the Solway.

In 1825, by which time he was eighteen, George Moore felt that Wigton could not hold him; only in London could he find room. His father resisted, but the son's will was iron. Yet his heart was tender enough. It was a pathetic parting. "The father græt and the son græt, one against the other. At last Nanny Graves could stand it no longer. 'What gars ye greet that way?' she said to John Moore; 'depend upon't yer son'll either be a great nowt or a great soomat!'" A bachelor uncle had given him £100, to be his when he attained his majority, and a hair-trunk adorned with brass nails, on the possession of which he entered at once. With this trunk, and with £30 in his pocket, he set forth in search

of fortune. As the coach was to start at five in the morning from Carlisle, the young adventurer slept the night before at the Gray Goat Inn in that city. (The name is worth remembering for sake of one of the many strange incidents of the story). Two days later he got his first view of the million-peopled city from Highgate Hill. Starting at once, with high hopes and no small conceit of his own value, to search for a situation, he had his mettle tested by failure after failure day after day for a fortnight. After having travelled over London from end to end in vain, he called at Swan and Edgar's, and was told that Messrs. Flint, Ray, and Co., of Soho Square, had inquired if any one knew where he was. He went to Soho Square, and found that Mr. Ray, himself a Cumberland statesman's son, had heard about him, and wished to befriend him. He was forthwith engaged at £30 a year.

He only earned one year's salary there; but several memorable things belong to these first twelve months in London. He commended himself to all about him by readiness to do whatever was to be done. He found that his ignorance and ungainliness were against him, and resolutely set himself to remedy these defects. About six months after coming to London, he one day "saw a bright little girl come tripping into the warehouse," and was told she was Mr. Ray's daughter. Thereupon he announced his fixed determination that she should be his wife, and brought on himself the loud ridicule of his companions; but fifteen years afterwards the laugh was on his side. Another time, being sent with goods on approbation to the house of a lady of title, he sold her twenty pounds worth, and gave a receipt for twenty-one pounds. The lady came to Soho Square, and denounced George Moore as a thief. The case certainly looked bad; but he cross-questioned Lady Conyngham as to the money she had had that morning, how much she had given to the baker, how much to the grocer, and how much she had left, proving, on her own testimony, that she could not have given him more than twenty pounds. He must have made an error in her bill. "Providentially, I all at once recollected that I had taken down a memorandum of the articles sold. I produced this, and found that I had received the money according to this memorandum, and not according to the receipted bill which I had left with the lady. Knowing my innocence, I boldly asserted the fact. My employer was satisfied." Nevertheless the lady left the place in a rage, loudly declaring that "the boy was a thief!" But when her temper had time to cool, she relented and justified him.

It was a narrow escape: a young man employed in a neighbouring

warehouse had lately been hanged on a similar charge. George Moore determined rather to break stones on the roadside than remain in the retail trade. His employer and companions urged him to stay, but his mind was made up; he would not risk his neck, nor, what he valued more, his fair reputation for integrity, by serving behind a counter. He never forgot the lesson he had been so sharply taught of the value of minute arithmetical accuracy; but, while requiring this of those who served him, his experience always moved him to give an offender "one chance more."

Mr. Ray found Moore a place in a wholesale lace house, the head of which, Mr. Fisher, another Cumberland man, seems to have set himself to "knock the conceit out of" his young employee by constant ridicule of his provincial slowness and ungainliness. He succeeded, with George's assistance. The young men with whom he was now associated were "principally well-to-do people's sons, well-educated, well-mannered, and well-conducted;" and young Moore, being of a sensitive nature, and thoroughly ashamed of his ignorance, never rested till he got abreast of his companions. He eagerly spent the leisure allowed by shorter hours in improving himself at a night school; and in after years was never weary of telling that without the discipline of these eighteen months he could not have succeeded as he did.

When he began to understand the opportunities and the requirements of London, George wrote home, urging his father to give William a better education, and to send him up. This was done, and his younger brother placed in a retail situation. He had not, however, the exuberant health of George, and the fine disposition of the future philanthropist was called out admirably. William had often parcels to deliver at considerable distances after the hour of closing, and the work oppressed him. George, whose work was over by that hour, put on an old coat and carried them for him.

Few words must tell the story of the next thirteen years, those from one-and-twenty to four-and-thirty. They were filled up, Sunday and Saturday, and night as well as day, with one spell of tremendous work. Thirteen years without a single holiday! But at the end of them he had attained a position of great business success. His firm employed him as a traveller, first in town, then in the provinces, and he astonished everybody by the force, swiftness, and results of his work. With grand health, and the faculty of sleeping when and where and just so long as he wished, he did the work of two men. He drove into every market-town of Eng-

land, and compelled men to buy whether they would or not. There must have been a remarkable power about those big, brown, steady eyes of his, showing tenderness as well as energy and utter singleness, a power which nobody could resist. A dozen travellers might be seen in a commercial-room helping the young Napoleon, of whom they were all proud, to make up his goods when he was in haste to be off to fresh ground. If he found that a rival had got to any place before him, he wasted no time in trying to glean after him, but rushed off to the next town, and had it quickly swept, so that no man could get an order in it for the next three months. Everything that could be done by accuracy, despatch, resolution, and intuitive perception of character, was done by George Moore. A rival firm, finding it could not stand against the young lion, offered him £500 a-year to leave Fisher's and travel for it; but the immense salary, treble what he was earning, could not tempt him. The young man of twenty-three said he would accept a partnership, but nothing less. The fight went on, and soon Mr. Groucock had to come to his terms.

The change of position seemed to reveal yet greater resources of force. Brain and muscle were worked at high pressure; difficulties before which most men give way were turned into the stepping-stones to higher successes; and in 1840 he led to the altar the Miss Ray on whom he had set his heart a few months after coming to London, a raw country lad! He tells us that this fixed purpose, romantic and even foolish as it seemed, had a good influence over him during these years of various temptation; certainly he had as good reward at the end as Jacob had in Rachel.

Besides making some admirable remarks of his own, the biographer gives us, about 1850 and onwards, judicious extracts from George Moore's journal, revealing his profound dissatisfaction with wealth, or even with benevolent works, as a portion, and his craving after true rest for his soul. No date of conversion is given; but we are made aware, in sufficiently plain terms, that about this time the man whose career we have followed so far with wonder and respect "passed from death unto life." He was long in darkness. In 1844, when crossing the Atlantic, he made it a rule to "read at least six chapters of the Bible the first thing after breakfast." Yet in 1850, when he was laid aside for three months with a worn-out brain, he was still groping after light.

"It was not until I gave up travelling that I regularly went to any church; and then I attended the ministry of the Rev. Daniel Moore. For the first time I felt my conscience pricked. About this period my brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Ray, died suddenly. This was a great blow.

I felt that in the midst of life we are in death. But the Spirit of God was not in me. I had no peace of conscience. God wrestled with me, and sorely afflicted me. When I was at St. Bee's, in 1850, I gave up all hopes of ever being well again, and I then for the first time felt my danger."

As soon as his distress became so urgent as to force him into a simpler and more direct faith, the light broke like a summer dawn. Here is the crisis of comfort and strength, if not of life, in his soul:—

"I am determined, for the future, not to perplex my mind with seeking for some extraordinary impressions, signs, or tokens of the new birth. I BELIEVE THE GOSPEL. I LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. I receive with confidence the promise, that 'he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' The new birth must be a change of mind, from ungodliness to belief in and worship of God, through our blessed Mediator."

Henceforth it was day, if not yet high noon. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new." Among George Moore's old things there was so much of purity, integrity, and benevolence, that the change was not conspicuous to every eye at first; but the great rule held as true in his case as in any other. The new things were such as these:—First, he made earnest, watchful endeavour after his own growth in grace. Secondly, he now took up fresh forms of well-doing distinctively Christian, such as the establishment of daily prayer in his premises at Bow Churchyard and Nottingham, and other means for the spiritual welfare of those under him; a reformatory for discharged prisoners; the City Mission; the Bible Society; the Midnight Mission; the visiting of the sick poor, with a thought of scarlet fever and small-pox; Bible readings in his splendid new mansion at Kensington, at which he gathered his personal friends—these continued for seventeen years, and were blessed to several,* colportage and mission work in Cumberland; secretly helping poor persons—students and ministers among the number—in the most effective and delicate ways; and many, many such works, truly good. And lastly, whatever he did now he did for Christ's sake, and as Christ's servant. "I must not be discouraged; I am doing Christ's work." "If I did not think it Christ's work, I should not submit to the unpleasant duty of beg-

* See pp. 440, 441.

ging." These sentences have reference to the Free Hospital ; it was the same with everything else. "Every day I live I feel more and more my responsibilities. God gives me means, and I want to give them back to Him."

Thus humility and self-denial came to be marked features of his character. Not long after he began to feel himself a servant of Christ he was "pricked" to serve as Sheriff of London ; but he paid a fine of £400 rather than accept an honour which would have interfered with his philanthropic works. Six times he was pressed, in the most flattering terms, to represent great constituencies in Parliament, the city of London and the county of Middlesex among the rest ; but he answered always, like a very wise man and a Christian—"He had not the education to fit him for Parliament ; he could not give up one of the Christian works that already engaged all his time ; as an M.P. he would have less time to read his Bible." He was a very loyal man ; but when asked by one of the royal family to come to court, he said, "No, no ; court is not the place for warehousemen," and he never went. He would have no name but plain George Moore, preferring, when in Cumberland, to be called only George. "I am sadly cast down," he says in his diary, "by finding that an injudicious friend has applied to get me made a baronet. I have stopped the application." But when a dignity lay fairly in his way, and could be made to help his usefulness—such as the High Sheriffdom of Cumberland—he took it gratefully, and filled it with all splendour.

When the Government were raising shabby difficulties about giving David Livingstone a public funeral, George Moore heard of it. "Let me bury the noble dead ! What ! bury him like a pauper out of the public taxes ? No ! Let me defray the expenses of interring the indomitable, valiant, self-denying hero !" This shout reached Westminster, and shamed the Treasury into doing what the nation craved ; and George Moore had to be content with "laying down the splendid slab and the long inscription which remains the sole memorial of the great traveller,—the memorial also, I may say, of one of the most generous and genuine examples of public spirit and munificence that our generation has seen." (These are Dean Stanley's words : the inscription from his pen, if long, is worthy.)

George Moore's giving, however profuse, was always thoughtful and discriminating. While sending cheques year after year to maintain students at Cambridge, he always made private inquiries before sending each, to ascertain that the receiver was living economically and worthily.

The Master reserved a great reward for his servant until he was sixty-four years old. While the cruel belt of steel pressed Paris in 1870, his heart was wrung with pity for the sufferers besieged; as soon as a gap was made, he entered with seventy tons of food and five thousand pounds! He was *now* the representative of the city of London. The city knew its man, and insisted that George Moore should go with Colonel Wortley. "If I go, it is an act of duty," he said. Of course it was an act of duty; but none the less he said, a few days later, "I should have died if I had not been the first to enter Paris." We know nothing to be compared to the chapter in this biography on the Relief of Paris, except Lord Macaulay's account of the Relief of Londonderry. Moore travelled with the food-waggons all the way, and pushed them through every obstacle. There were official delays. He threw open the warehouse of Moore and Copestake as a depot. There the man of sixty-four toiled through the whole of that February as the young traveller had never toiled. He found out and fed those too weak or too gentle to bear the fearful crush and long waiting at his door. Every rag-picker of Paris felt his sympathy and learned his name. That distinguished body sent in a letter to him and Colonel Wortley, in which are these words: "With hearts overflowing with profoundest gratitude, we address to you our most sincere thanks for your splendid gift. We pray God to remember that, we being hungry, you gave us to eat. May you be blessed!" Frenchmen in London, passing his house, lifted their hats. The Empress Eugenie, some months later, met him at an inn in the Scottish Highlands, and eagerly asked him to tell the story. She shed tears of gratitude for what England had done for Paris. But there was another reason for her tears. "Alas! they care not for *me* now, they care not for *me*!" We fancy George Moore liked the rag-pickers' letter better. In all that time, moving amid hunger and pestilence, the ninety-first Psalm was his daily food.

There remained other six years of service and of ripening. At length, on the 19th of June, 1876, he wrote: "I must not forget that I am threescore years and ten. My time here below must be short; yet I feel an unwillingness to die. I suppose I shall be plucked away against my will at the last. I believe I shall be with Christ, which is far better." "This unwillingness to die is spiritual rebellion. I ought to be free from this. Can I not trust God for the future? I ought to be free, I can be free, I *will* be free. I have no doubt of my heavenly Father's love. Christ hath said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will *in no wise* cast out.'" At Whitehall, on the 11th of November, he writes: "A long day of let-

ter-writing. . . . At first these letters rile me, but after a little thought, I feel it is God's money I have to give away." A few days later, there was to be a meeting in Carlisle in behalf of a Nurses' Home. He had not intended to go; but, finding that the object included the training of *free* nurses for the *poor*, he altered his mind. The morning was spent in preparing a speech. Then the carriage came to the door. Before entering it, Mr. Moore called to his wife descending the stairs, "What is that passage in St. Matthew?" "Do you mean, 'I was sick, and ye visited me?'" "No," he said, "I remember. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'" They drove into Carlisle. Shortly before the hour of the meeting he was knocked down in the street by a runaway horse. He was carried into the Gray Goat Inn, from which he had started fifty-two years before to seek fortune. Mrs. Moore, called out from the meeting, was soon at his side. Let her tell the end. "He had so often talked of death while in health, and of wishing to be told he was dying, and that he hoped I would say three texts to him (John iii. 16; Ps. xxiii.; John v. 24); so I felt that I must tell him. At first I said, 'George, darling, we have often talked about heaven. Perhaps Jesus is going to take you home. You are willing to go with Him, are you not? He will take care of you.' He looked wistfully in my face, and said, 'Yes. I fear no evil. He will never leave me nor forsake me.' Several times after that he said a word or two expressive of the same trust. He was soon past much speech."

He had £50 in his pocket, to be given to the Nurses' Institution. The jurymen, who were called in to return a verdict of accidental death, sent their fees also to it.

More than £8,000 was gathered in the county to perpetuate his memory and usefulness by scholarships. The young men at Bow Churchyard placed a life-boat at Pwllheli in Carnarvonshire, and named it the "George Moore Memorial Life-boat." Its first service was to save a crew who, when brought to land, were found to be from Cumberland! Thus in thousands of hearts his goodness will perpetuate itself on earth; and there are few of whom one can say with greater confidence than of George Moore that friends, made with the unrighteous mammon, have received him into everlasting habitations.—A. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

Christian Work.

IN the October number of the *Christian Monthly*, we gave our readers a glimpse of the work going on, for Christ, in Asia, Africa, and Japan. This month we survey a field, (of equal interest and of nearer concern), just at our door. The Society to whose work, as recently reported to us, we call attention, will be forty years old next year. The good it has accomplished is beyond human estimate, because much of it is beyond human observation. It was only the other week that I met at the Great Western railway station, Hamilton, while waiting for a train, several families of French Canadians moving west. They were all Roman Catholics save two young men, who seemed the leading heads among them, and who spoke a little English. They openly avowed themselves converted to Protestantism, knew their Bibles, and seemed decided in their religious convictions. They were pupils of the Mission School at Pointe-aux-Tremble, near Montreal.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIELD.

The Society has its field of labor within the Province of Quebec; chiefly in the territory—about sixty miles in breadth, and over four hundred miles in length—through which flows the river St. Lawrence.

Colonized originally by the French, this territory contains a nearly unmixed population of over a million Romanists; speaking the French language alone, and not much farther advanced in agriculture or education than they were a century ago. This state of things finds its explanation in the fact, that in the early settlement of the country the same thorough ecclesiastical system was introduced as then existed in France, and that it still exists with scarcely any modification. These early settlements are found divided into parishes, each with a priest entitled to collect by legal process tithes to the amount of a twenty-sixth of the cereal produce of the farm. He has also the power, with the consent of his churchwardens and congregation, (and these are generally powerless to hinder) to assess for the erection of churches and priests' residences; these rates becoming by law a mortgage on the farms. Unhappily, at the conquest by Britain, this system was continued by the Church of Rome being confirmed in the possession of her ancient rights and privileges. The result is that the population of the Province is under the control of a wealthy and organized

hierarchy ; and is even more subservient to its spiritual leaders than the peasantry of France or Italy.

CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION.

Very little modification is produced by the existence of a Protestant element of about seventeen per cent. By the last census of 1871, the Protestants number 171,666, mostly found in the Eastern Townships, which were settled after the conquest,—and in the cities of Montreal and Quebec. Apart from these limits the Protestant element in the Province is insignificant. Thus, while in the County of Huntingdon, there are 7,508 Romanists to 8,791 Protestants, and Brome and Shefford taken together have about 16,000 of each faith, on the other hand the whole range of river counties gives figures such as these : on the north side, Joliette County has over 2,000 Romanists to 400 Protestants ; the next County, Berthier, has nearly 20,000 to 150 ; Maskinonge, 15,000 to 159 ; St. Maurice, 11,000 to 79. On the south side of the river, beginning opposite Montreal, Laprairie County shows 11,500 to 357 ; Chambly, 10,000 to 496 ; and in Vercheres the Roman Catholic population is actually 12,707 to 10 Protestants. Proceeding downwards, Yamaska gives 16,000 to 157 ; Nicolet, 23,219 to 43 ; Lotbiniere, 19,728 to 878 ; and Bellechasse has but 3 Protestants to 17,000 Romanists.

This picture of the counties is, of course, that also of the small towns and villages. The parish of Varennes—almost in sight of Montreal, contains 1,944 Romanists and 8 Protestants ; while its village has but a single Protestant in its population of 561. Nearer still to the city, is the parish and village of Boucherville ; one having 1,364 inhabitants, the other 769 ; and in neither of these is there a single Protestant. The parish of Belœil is twenty-one miles from Montreal : the population here is 1,719 ; solidly Roman Catholic, with the exception of one person. These instances are given as specimens of the bulk of the country ; the 17 per cent. of Protestants being, as above stated, chiefly in one district and in the two larger cities.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE UNDER ROMANISM.

From these figures the condition of a French Canadian village, or country parish—can be easily understood. The church is the centre of its whole life. The local authorities are Romanist ; the doctor is a Romanist ; so is the notary ; so are the small traders. These, the persons of influence, are all dependent upon the good will of the priest ; who, having the power to injure, is seldom found slow to use it towards those

who oppose the church's authority, either by denouncing them from the pulpit or by the quieter influence of the confessional.

Two things come now chiefly into view : one is the pressing need for some evangelical agency to act upon the spiritual ignorance and destitution of the people ; the other is the form which that agency must necessarily assume. The need consists partly in the unprogressive character of the civilization fostered by the priests ; an evil fraught with injury both to their people, to the Protestant minority, to the contiguous Provinces, and even to the United States. And there are the deeper issues flowing from the authoritative teaching of a faith, which makes void the commandment of God by the tradition of men ; which obscures the tender love of God in the mission of His Son by interposing other mediators ; which blinds men to the sad facts of a sinful heart and its need of divine grace ; and which practically makes salvation the work of the priest, and not the gift of God. Some say " why disturb the people in their happy simplicity ? " They are *not* happy. They are ground down by the demands of their clergy ; they feel helpless in the grasp of the church. The priest, claiming the attribute of God, has the caprice and imperfections of a man ; still they are dependent on him for sacramental grace, for the forgiveness of their sins and the favour of their God. And always before them is the dread horror of Purgatory ; vague perhaps to the thoughtless and vicious, but an unspeakable agony to the more thoughtful and earnest. Surely there is need for those who know the glorious liberty of the Gospel, to send it to the darkened minds and burdened consciences of the French Canadian people.

COLPORTAGE.

For many years past, the Society has had in its employment from ten to sixteen Missionary agents visiting continuously from village to village, and from house to house. They are men of Christian character, most of whom have had practical training for such labors on the continent of Europe. These men are found to be especially suited for the humble but important work to which they have given themselves. Carrying with them the Scriptures, and religious books and tracts, they go quietly through the country offering them for sale, and especially seeking opportunity to read and explain the Word of God. Perhaps at night-fall some friendly farmer invites his neighbours to come and listen to the Colporteurs. In this way sometimes from ten to forty persons will assemble, and the Colporteur, after reading the Scriptures, will answer questions, discuss difficulties, and pray with the people. These exercises varied by

singing hymns, frequently last till late into the night, and result in the sale or loan of copies of the Scriptures, and in an awakening of thought and feeling which, under the blessing of God, has frequently been followed by permanent spiritual results. The good seed being thus sown with prayer, without noise or demonstration, and generally unknown to the priest, the Colporteur goes on his way. Through such work in the past, not only have individual souls been enlightened, but churches formed which are now gathered into and fostered by the Protestant denominations of the country. But an important effect of the Colporteur's labors is undoubtedly the gradual leavening of the popular mind with the ideas of Christian liberty and privilege, of the spiritual character of true religion, and of the freeness of man's access to God through Jesus Christ. These ideas implanted in the minds of the people *must* result in their ultimately throwing off the priestly yoke and breaking away from Rome. Repeatedly and increasingly do the Colporteurs report the signs of such a movement. For instance, one writes:—

EXTRACTS FROM 'COLPORTEURS' JOURNALS.

"In another place, when offering my books, I was told that if I waited till after mass, I should have a good opportunity. Some twenty persons gathered around me, and I asked leave to read. The master of the house said 'Yes, but read us something good, or out you go.' I took my Bible and read a chapter; not a word was spoken, and I read another. Then some one said, 'Please come near the door, we cannot hear out here.' I moved nearer and found that more than fifty persons were around the door listening. I read and spoke for two hours, when the priest sent a message to send me away. The master of the house said to me, 'This is your home; whenever you pass here, call and give us a reading out of that beautiful book.' 'You will come home to me,' said another; 'I want that book; till now I was afraid of it, as the priest says it comes from the devil, but now you have opened my eyes.' In another parish, nine Roman Catholics listened to the reading. Some said, 'We never thought Protestants had such a book.' Elsewhere I was told that four years ago I should have been sent out of the village, but now the people were doubting whether they were in the right path."

Another writes: "During this month we have had occasion to rejoice in the Lord for the facility we have found in circulating the Holy Scriptures—three Bibles, fifty Testaments, thirty Gospels."

"There is a spirit of enquiry which did not exist in former years.

Many of the people are dissatisfied, and are desirous of obtaining light. The majority are ready to hear what we have to say, and listen to us telling the simple way of salvation as it is found in the Gospel. I have spoken to many persons during the past month in cottage-meetings, where many assembled to whom I could read the Word. Also in families, where all the members would crowd around and listen with marked attention, and ask numerous questions. Also to single individuals, both men and women, in houses or on the highway, to whom I would offer the water of Life."

Another writer says:—"During the evening some thirty Roman Catholics assembled at the house, and till one in the morning I read and answered questions. A young man said, 'How is it that you Protestants are so sure of your salvation, and say nothing about purgatory?' I read to him the words of Jesus, saying that where He is, there shall His servants be. 'Well,' said he, 'I will read the Bible.' Another man came and said he had not expected a discourse of the kind he had heard; the priest told him not to come as he would be sure to hear bad words. He asked for some tracts, and promised to read them and ask the priest about them. Next day I visited sixteen Romanist families; every one came to hear the Bible, and thanked me for it. At another place I had been reading the Bible in a neighborhood where a good work is going on; about twenty-three Romanists were present. A man brought a book which the priest had assured him contained the true way of salvation. I read from it this passage: 'He who prays constantly to the mother of God and his patron saint, and who confesses frequently, receives heaven for his merits.' I then took the Bible and read some things it says on these points. 'What, then,' he cried, 'did the priest deceive me?' 'It is even so,' I said. 'Well,' he said, 'from this time I will and must read the Bible for myself.' * * * I came to a phosphate mine. Many men were working at it; I offered my books, but was repulsed. One said, 'We have no time for reading here; work and get money is our motto.' 'Well, let me read you only one chapter.' I read, and the same man said, 'I refused to buy that book, for I was told that it was a Swiss book; now I know and will read it.' Last Sabbath at a meeting, nine Roman Catholics were present, and one asked me home to dine with him. I spent all the afternoon reading to the family. If you could only have seen the expression of these poor deluded people, hearing for the first time the Word of God, it would have paid for all past trouble."

Another colporteur reports :

“ Many to whom I spoke of Jesus and the Gospel marvelled at what they heard, saying, ‘ We are getting almost persuaded that the priest leads us in a wrong way, and that you hold the truth in your hands ; but we are afraid to come out openly, yet the time will come when we must leave the Church of Rome.’ One man entered into a discussion about graven images, justifying their use in worship. I read to him the Second Commandment, trying to explain it. After a moment he said, ‘ You are right, and we ought not to have them at all.’ A long conversation followed, in which he appeared convinced of the truth of the Gospel. Many are like him, and hundreds have more light than we are aware of. I believe thousands in our Lower Canada parishes are ready to leave Rome at the first opportunity. The majority seem much dissatisfied with the system, and say that some great stir must soon take place, when they will follow the Gospel.”

SCRIPTURES CIRCULATED.

Chiefly through such labors there have been circulated since the Society's formation about 50,000 copies of the Scriptures in whole and in parts, and considerably over half a million of religious publications small and large. Last year alone, the Society's agents distributed by sale and gift 3,300 copies of the Scriptures in whole or in part; and besides these 53,500 religious books and tracts. Part of this distribution was through the Montreal Depository, and the books embrace theological and educational works of literary and practical value. But there is need that what the Society is doing in this regard should be multiplied a hundred fold.

MISSION SCHOOLS: RESULTS.

The educational work of the Society is carried on chiefly in its Mission Schools at Pointe-aux-Trembles, near Montreal, where, since their institution, about 2,000 pupils have been educated. A large number of the young persons admitted are of Roman Catholic parentage, with a proportion of the children of converts. They are generally received for three Sessions, during which time they are thoroughly trained in the ordinary branches of education. But above all they are directed to the daily study of the Bible, and are led to contrast its teachings with the unscriptural dogmas of the Church of Rome. The duty of personal consecration to God, and of seeking the salvation of their countrymen, is constantly urged upon the pupils, and with blessed results, as witnessed by the many former pupils now engaged in various capacities in the Lord's vineyard, all of whom—when their desire was expressed—received every

aid and encouragement in preparing for their future work. Of such laborers among their Roman Catholic countrymen, it is known that 18 have become preachers of the Gospel, 52 have been engaged in Colportage or other mission work, and 89 engaged as teachers: this last class including the female pupils. A rich blessing has always rested on these Mission Schools, even in immediate results. Nearly all the pupils eventually withdraw from Romanism; and not a Session passes without several conversions to Christ. Twelve gave their hearts to God last Session; sixteen were hopefully converted during the previous year; and signal evidence of the blessing of God has from year to year attended the faithful Christian work carried on at Pointe-aux-Trembles. Returning to their home, in various situations, the pupils exert an influence for good among their relatives and neighbours, and thus others are induced to send their children to the schools from the marked superiority of the education received there. In respect to the influence thus exerted, it may be stated that during the last few years thirteen families, consisting of eighty-two souls, have been brought out of Romish error through the influence of children educated in our Mission Schools.

FINANCIAL POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

It remains briefly to state the position and prospects of the Society. The past year was one of trial. In an appeal, issued in April last, it was stated that the funds of the Society were in a most discouraging state, the Treasurer being then over \$6,500 in advance, while current expenses were increasing the deficit. It was also stated that at a Special General Meeting of the Society, it had been decided to call upon its friends to make strenuous efforts to place the income of the Society upon a basis equal to the efficient carrying on of the work; and at the same meeting the sale of certain properties not now needed was authorized. It may now be stated that since the General Meeting the heavy debt has by the latter action been nearly arranged for; and further, that the friends of the Society in Canada and Great Britain—including the Auxiliary Committees of Edinburgh and Glasgow—have manifested such sympathy and interest as to determine the Committee to continue their work, and again to place the claims of the Society before the Christian public, trusting that its good work will not only be maintained but increased. Surely it behoves Christians of every name to do what they can to sustain a work so proved by time, and so honoured of God as that of the French Canadian Missionary Society. Gratefully acknowledging the good hand of God in again

freeing the Society from debt, and striving to maintain the faith and prayer with which they have hitherto carried on the work, the Committee ask the prayers also of Christian friends, that there may be a plenteous effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all connected with it, upon the interesting people among whom they labour, and especially upon the priests that they also may be brought to the light and knowledge of the Gospel.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.


It is requested that all monies be remitted to the Treasurer, James Court, Esq., Montreal. Correspondence respecting the Mission Schools and work of the Society should be addressed to the Rev. Wm. Williams, General Secretary, Montreal.

In addition to ordinary subscriptions and donations, the funds may be specially aided, 1st, by subscriptions for SCHOLARSHIPS at Pointe-aux-Trembles; the board of each pupil for the Session costing at least \$40, but smaller amounts will be gratefully received and specially applied. This mode of advancing the cause is earnestly recommended to Sabbath schools. Reports of the pupils will be sent during the Session. 2nd, by supporting a COLPORTEUR, which requires about \$500 per annum, including travelling expenses.

Practical Paper.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

BY THE REV. MR. AITKEN; BEING AN ADDRESS TO MERCHANTS, CLERKS, AND WORKINGMEN, IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

 HE man of the world looks on life and health, money, food, clothing, and a dwelling, as things that are needful, because he can appreciate and value them. But what about heaven and eternal things? These are remote, and he who believes in them is apt to be called an enthusiast by hard-headed men of business. It is not a pleasant thing to be sneered at, but this is one of the least of the hardships to be endured by a Christian. If a man would follow Christ he must be self-denying when his fellows lead luxurious lives; he must inconvenience himself, and give of his substance to those who are utter strangers to him.

Then again he must keep a conscience: a hard thing, business men will tell you, if you mean to hold your place in the front rank. But religion is not merely something to fall back upon in the hour of death: it is something to live by, if it is worth anything at all. No man can afford to live without the "one thing needful;" he is not a good man of business if he does not possess it. Objectors start up and say, there are numberless instances of sharp men of business who make no profession of religion; and before going any further it is necessary to define what is meant by a good man of business. Is it one who is clever in his profession, who amasses a fortune, who is acknowledged by his fellows to be unapproachable? No. If it were so, pickpockets, swindlers, cheats, and so on, who stand at the top of their profession, deserve to be called good men of business. But suppose a man to carry on legitimate business, and to be strictly upright and honest, yet if his business makes him miserable, or if he is a slave to it, he is not a good man of business. He may be a good money-making machine, but there is not any man in him. Men may say it is impossible to carry on business and be a Christian, but the experience of thousands of Christian business men says just the opposite.

A Christian man said, "I might have cleared £1,000 yesterday by telling a lie—a lie that would never have been detected; but my conscience was worth more to me than ten times that sum."

The temptations of commercial life require a strong counteracting power. How often, when it is so hard to make both ends meet, does the opportunity present itself for a successful stroke of business by deviating ever so little from the path of rectitude; the chance may never come again, and, if you do not take advantage of it, ruin stares you in the face. The one thing needful will help you unhesitatingly to choose financial ruin rather than peril your soul.

The commercial world is full of dishonesty and crooked dealing. The advertisement columns of the newspapers teem with falsehoods. It has come to be a matter of course to discount a man's statements about his own goods: and why is this? It is because the ministers of Christ do not proclaim the truth about these things, and men who name the name of Christ do not depart altogether from the evil. Christians have not learnt to trust God in everything. Theirs is a religion for Sundays, not for week-days; their God is the God of the hills, not of the valleys, the God of prayer-meetings, but not of the exchange and the counting-house. Whose God is this? For it is not our God.

We must not go off with the idea that the one thing needful will make a good man of business. A man must be trained and educated, he must be smart, prompt, and wide-awake; let him have all these, and add to it the "one thing needful" as the guide of life, and we have the *beau-ideal* of a good man of business. This is a hard thing to be. The code of morality is very strict, the standard very high. To carry on business with Christ as a partner a man must not underbid his neighbor, selling his goods at less than cost to cut out his fellows. The world may call this legitimate, but Christianity does not. He must not take advantage of his neighbor's circumstances, and compel him to sell at a loss. He must not stoop to the selfishness of always seeking his own advantage.

Yon merchant is a Christian, and the clerks at his desks are many of them Christians. Is he liberal to them as God is liberal to him? In the bonds of the Gospel they are brethren. "Ah," he will tell you, "the market is glutted, and clerks are cheap: I pay the market price." But the man who has the grace of God in his heart will feel it a joy to give as he has received, whatever the market price may be. But you say, Working-men are so provoking. If I were speaking to working-men I should deal as plainly with them; the same high standard of morality is set up for both.

What is the object of a business life? An ancient sage suggested the advisability of asking, whenever he entered on any particular course of action, What is the end in view? And it would be well if men of business would ask themselves the same question. Most people would say, Money? What will not men do for money? They will rise early and go to bed late, carry all day a great burden of care, cheat their neighbors, lie to their customers, oppress their servants—for the sake of money. It seems to some to be the one thing needful; with it a man procures ease and luxury, power, esteem, adoration, and so on. An old man who had spent all his life hoarding up money, surrounded himself with his treasure, and fortified his house against thieves. Yet he was the most miserable of men. A distant relative died and left him £60,000, and the old man actually cursed him for it, saying, "Didn't he know that I had money enough?"

With many it is the sole object of life; others begin business with the object of getting food and raiment and shelter. The cattle in the fields have no higher inspiration. I admit that it is a pleasant thing to make money; and it is just because it is pleasant that we need a higher power to keep this feeling in subordination.

Some people talk about the duty of giving, but that is a duty I cannot understand. It is recorded of one of the mediæval sainted women that she found such exquisite delight in works of charity, and relieving the wants of others, that she was obliged to give it up. The pleasure was becoming a snare to her. I am afraid such things don't often happen now. Love never talks about the *duty* of giving.

Money is not a noble object for which to spend our lives. What is the value of it? It is worth no more than it will purchase. A ship coming home from Australia took fire in mid-ocean. In their haste to escape the sailors put several barrels of gold in one of the two boats in which they escaped, and the other contained most of the provisions. When they examined their stores they discovered their error: they had several barrels of gold, each worth £15,000, but very little food. Before night came on, when the boats might be separated, a sailor stood up and shouted across the water to his companions, "We'll give you £15,000 for a barrel of bacon!" That was the value of the money. Some time ago, in Cornwall, a man lay dying. The physician said to him, "You have but a few hours to live." "Doctor," said the dying man, raising himself in bed, "I must have another day!" The physician shook his head. "A thousand pounds for another day: I must have it." This was a grand opportunity for a bargain, but he could not get it, and he died.

What has your money given you? Peace? Hope? Joy? No; it cannot do that. But you may spend it in a way that it will add to your joy and glorify God. I know a firm where there is an invisible partner, and when the profits are divided that partner has his share set aside for him like the others. Do you think that firm loses by it? One member of that firm grew to so like giving, that it became a passion with him. Wherever there were poor to be relieved, or pain to be lessened, or burdens to be removed, or sorrow to be lightened, wherever works of benevolence or love were set on foot, that man was there, not only giving, but sympathizing and praying. I have often thought, no man gets so much out of his business as he does.

Christian Miscellany.

THE BEST ATTESTED FACT.

Two or three true and competent witnesses are enough to establish a fact, especially if they are of such widely different social position and character, as to forbid all thought of collusion.

What various and contrasted testimony is borne to the fact that Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God! Consider by whom this has been distinctly asserted!

Twice over by a voice from heaven out of a bright overshadowing cloud fell the mysterious but unmistakable words, "This is My beloved SON in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him!" once at the baptism and once at the transfiguration of Jesus Christ. He Himself on more than one occasion virtually declared the same thing, "I and my Father are ONE," and the holy inspiring Spirit of God commences the narrative of His life on earth by Mark, with the introductory words, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the SON OF GOD."

The angels which excel in strength and do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His words, add their witness. *Gabriel*, who stands before God, announced to Mary that the holy child should be called the SON OF GOD, and *herald angels* who proclaimed to the sheperds the advent of the new-born king similiarly styled Him, "Christ THE LORD." *John the Baptist* says, "I saw and bare record that this is the SON OF GOD," and *John the Apostle* says that his great object in writing his record was that men might believe that Jesus was "the SON OF GOD," and that believing they might have life through His name.

Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles—who received his commission from a glorified Saviour, naturally straightway after his conversion, "preached Christ in the Synagogues, that He is THE SON OF GOD." The disciples, when their Master came to them walking on the water, received Him with the adoring utterance of their convictions, "Of a truth Thou art the SON OF GOD." *Nathaniel* blends his guileless voice in the chorus and exclaims, "Rabbi, Thou art the SON OF GOD, Thou art the King of Israel."

Martha of Bethany, on behalf of all her sex, states her simple heart-felt creed, "I believe that Thou art the Christ THE SON OF GOD." *The Eunuch*

of Queen Candace, the first convert from Ethiopia's sable sons, used an almost indetical formula: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the SON OF GOD." The rough *Roman Centurion* who had charge of the execution, was constrained to exclaim: "Truly this man was the SON OF GOD." The *unclean spirits* fell down before Him, and cried, saying: "Thou art the SON OF GOD," and the legion of Devils prompted the demoniac of Gadara to exclaim: "Jesus, Thou SON OF THE MOST HIGH GOD!"

Is there any other fact under heaven attested thus by heaven, earth, and hell? What perfect harmony reigns amid all the concurrent witnesses! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, angels, prophets, apostles, disciples, saints, Jew and Gentile, man and woman, black and white, soldier and civilian, Roman, Hebrew, Negro, sane men and lunatics, yea and even devils, all, all blend their voices in the great statement that Jesus—the Son of Mary—the carpenter of Nazareth—the victim of Calvary—is the SON OF GOD, is DIVINE! Nothing but the most unquestionable testimony could establish so stupendous a fact; but the fact is not more stupendous than the testimony is overwhelming—The voice of each person in the Trinity, the voices of the angelic Host, the voices of the Church, voices from the world, and voices from the infernal regions, blend in harmonious attestation of the great foundation fact of Christianity.

Reader, dost thou *believe it*?

THE WEDDING BUCKET.

A good many things can be carried in a bucket, and there are few articles which are of more constant utility in a family. Hence every couple in beginning housekeeping need a bucket, and should not fail to secure one, as many occasions will arise when a bucket will be necessary.

There is a story of a curious, eccentric old Connecticut farmer, a positive, wilful sort of a fellow, whose wife, fortunately for the peace of the family, was the very pattern of Christian meekness and patience. They had a daughter, a kind-hearted girl, who naturally became her father's favorite; and when the time came for her to be married, the father did all he could to provide for her a "setting out" worthy of the occasion.

A day or two after the wedding, the new son-in-law came to take the bride and her possessions to their future home. The goods were carefully loaded in the ox-cart, and all things made ready for the departure, when

the old man stepping forward with a fine new bucket in his hands, remarked :—

“ Harry, you are taking my gal away, and though you have the best right to her, yet I must own it's hard parting with her. She's a spunky piece ; got a good deal of the old man about her. Now, Harry, take this water pail, and if she throws fire, *you throw water.*”

The young man took the bucket and went his way, and the least we can hope is that the accompanying lesson was not forgotten.

It would have been an excellent thing if a good many touchy couples could have been provided with just such a bucket on their wedding day, with the plainest possible instructions how to use it. It would have saved many a sorrow, and put out many a little fire which, left to itself, consumes peace, happiness, and home, in its furious flames. The old farmer was wise in his generation ; though Solomon long before him had taught the same lesson when he said : “ A soft answer turneth away wrath.”

But in point of fact there are times when it is difficult to give a soft answer ; and then, perhaps, the best prescription is to give no answer at all. There is a story of a queer old German minister, who, when one of his parishioners complained to him of the abuse and maltreatment of her husband, and invoked his aid to free her from her trouble, solemnly instructed her that she was to go to her home, and whenever she saw her husband coming she was to run out to the little brook that babbled past the door, and pick up a small pebble and *lay it under her tongue, and be sure and keep it there* at all hazards, for so long as the pebble was kept *under her tongue* her husband would not beat her. Full of mingled hope and fear she tried the experiment, and when she saw him coming ran for a pebble and put it under her tongue ; and no matter how much he raved and stormed, she had all she could do to keep that pebble in place without saying anything in reply ; and the consequence was, to her great wonderment, she got no beating so long as the magic pebble lay beneath her tongue. Possibly this same curious prescription may be useful in the case of other persons ; for many a tongue moves altogether too freely for its own good, and the impeding pebble would be as useful in staying the outbreaks of temper as the wedding bucket would be in quenching the first kindling of the fire which burns so disastrously. For, “ If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain : ” James i. 26.—*Boston Christian.*

INDIANS AFTER AN HONEST MAN.

Indians may be treacherous, but they can be just, and they can be honest; and who shall say how far the dishonesty of others has led to their treachery. They know when they are cheated, as the Government has found to its cost. An old trader, who established himself at what happened to be a favorable locality among the Northern Indians, tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had settled in that same place before, but had not remained long. The Indians, who evidently wanted goods, and had money and furs, flocked about the store of the new trader and carefully examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally their chief, with a large number of his tribe, visited him.

"How do, John?" said the chief. "Show me goods. Aha! I take that blanket for me and that calico for squaw—three otter skins for blanket and one for calico. Ugh! pay you by'm to-morrow."

He received his goods and left. On the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins of various kinds. "Now, John, I pay."

And with this he drew an otter skin from his blanket and laid it on the counter. Then he drew a second, a third, and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though calculating, and then he drew forth a fifth skin—a very rich and rare one, and passed it over.

"That's right, John."

The trader instantly pushed back the last skin, with—

"You owe me but four. I want only my just dues."

The chief refused to take it, and they passed it several times back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other.

At length the dusky chieftain appeared to be satisfied. He gave the trader a scrutinizing look, and then put the skin back into the blanket. Then he stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried out to his followers:—

"Come—come and trade with the pale-face John. He no cheat Indian. His heart big!"

Then turning to the trader, he said:—

"Suppose you take last skin, I tell my people no trade with you. We drive off others; but now you be Indians' friend and we be yours."

Before dark the trader was waist-deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. He found that honesty had a commercial value with these Indians.

-- *Methodist Recorder.*

THE FATHER-LAND.

(FROM "SAORED LYRICS FROM THE GERMAN.")

Know ye the land—on earth 'twere vainly sought,—
 To which the heart in sorrows turns its thought ;
 Where no complaint is heard,—tears never flow,—
 The good are blest,—the weak in vigour glow?
 Know ye it well?

For this, for this,
 All earthly wish or care, my friends, dismiss.

Know ye the way—the rugged path of thorns?
 His lagging progress there the traveller mourns ;
 He faints, he sinks,—from dust he cries to God—
 "Relieve me, Father, from the weary road!"
 Know ye it well?

It guides, it guides,
 To that dear land where all our hope abides.

Know ye that Friend?—In Him a man you see ;—
 Yet more than man, more than all men is He:
 Himself before us trod the path of thorns,
 To pilgrims now His heart with pity turns.
 Know ye Him well?

His hand, His hand
 Will safely bring you to that Father-land.

—*Claus Harms, born 1678.**THE TEACHER'S REWARD.*

Oh, teacher, faint not! thou art not alone!
 He who hath called thee will thy labour own;
 And though, at first, no grateful fruit appear,
 Think not 'tis labour lost, but persevere;
 Yield not the conflict to the Master's foe,
 But still "from strength to strength" unwearied go.
 Plant thou the seeds of heavenly truth with care,
 And water oft with fervent, pleading prayer,
 Then leave the rest to God, whose Spirit's power
 Shall cause the seed to grow, the plant to flower,
 Till in due course the ripen'd fruit appears
 To cheer thy heart, reward thy prayers and tears,
 And make thee sing for joy,—that peace bestow
 Which they who serve the Lord alone can know.

Toronto.

—J. IMRE.

CHRIST JESUS ALL AND IN ALL.

A very old German author discourses this tenderly of Christ.

My soul is like a hungry and a thirsty child, and I need His love and consolation for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need Him as a good and faithful Shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove pursued by a hawk, and I need His wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need His cross to lay hold of and wind myself about it; I am a sinner, and I need His righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need His holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need His solace; I am ignorant, and I need His teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of His Holy Spirit.

In no situation and at no time can I do without Him. Do I pray? He must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the Divine tribunal? He must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? He must defend me. When I am forsaken, He must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will rather part with the whole world, and all it contains, than with thee, my Saviour; and God be thanked, I know that Thou too art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; Thou hast riches and I sin; Thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; Thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose and in whatever way Thou mayest require. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with Thy love. Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of Thy name; my love and all my powers, for the advancement of Thy honour and the service of Thy believing people; and never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say, "Jesus needs me, and I Him, and so we suit each other."—*Church Advocate.*

GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.

1. Shut every door after you without slamming it.
2. Never stamp, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would have them do the same to you.

5. When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults, but not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud and snow from your boots and shoes.
8. Be prompt at every meal.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently for your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for strangers, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

RED INDIAN GIVES UP ALL FOR CHRIST.

In a wild forest of North America, a missionary was preaching to the Red Indians on "Christ Jesus and Him crucified." The motley group felt the power and influence of the truth, and they began to weep. Presently a tall son of the forest with tears on his cheeks, asked, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give Jesus, the white man take them away; me give Him my dog and my rifle." He was told that the Lord Jesus could not accept these gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, and my blanket; poor Indian he got no more to give, he give Jesus all." The Red Indian bent his head in sorrow, meditated, then raised his head once again and said, "Here is poor Indian, will Jesus have him?" A thrill of joy ran through the souls of the missionary and the people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat in his right mind at the feet of Jesus.

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.—In a recent temperance speech, Canon Wilberforce, speaking of the large brewer devoting large sums of money to the building of cathedrals and the restoring of churches—money which had been made out of the vice of the people,—said it reminded him of that celebrated character upon the penny steamboat, who picked the pocket of an old lady of everything she had, and then, when he had it safe in his own pocket, went about and made a collection amongst the passengers to make it up to her. He did not believe in robbing a nation with one hand, and giving it back with the other. He did not believe in spreading sin and misery, and desolation, and hell fire, amongst the people, and then paying God for it in that way.—*Christian Signal*, June 7.

BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

When Daniel Webster was in his best moral state, and when he was in the prime of his manhood, he was one day dining with a company of literary gentlemen in the city of Boston.

The company was composed of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, statesmen, merchants, and almost all classes of literary persons. During the dinner, conversation turned incidentally upon the subject of Christianity. Mr. Webster, as the occasion was in honor of him, was expected to take a leading part in the conversation, and he frankly stated as his religious sentiments his belief in the divinity of Christ, and his dependence upon the atonement of the Saviour. A minister of very considerable literary reputation sat almost opposite him at the table, and looking at him he said: "Mr. Webster, can you comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man?" Mr. Webster, with one of those looks which no man can imitate, fixed his eye upon him, and promptly and emphatically replied: "No sir, I cannot comprehend it; and I would be ashamed to acknowledge Him as my Saviour if I could comprehend it. If I could comprehend Him he could be no greater than myself, and such is my conviction of accountability to God, such is my sense of sinfulness before Him, and such is my knowledge of my own incapacity to recover myself, that I feel I need a superhuman Saviour."

BAPTISM OF A PERSIAN.

At Tabriz, in Persia, a short time since, Mirza Ali was present at the regular monthly meeting preparatory to the Mission Communion. He presented himself as a candidate for admission to the Church, and passed an excellent examination. He has been studying for the last year or more to find out the true way. He is now convinced that the Lord Jesus is the Saviour of the world, and has accepted Him with all his heart as his Saviour. The time of his baptism was sweet, solemn and impressive. Of another recently-baptized convert, the missionary says, that at the communion "he was so happy that his face fairly shone with joy." Mr. and Mrs. Ward have lately received over eleven hundred calls from men, and half as many from women, who were inquirers after the truth.

RED INDIAN COMMUNION SERVICE.

Two hundred and fifty Indians had been assembled for examination before communion. There was the usual shaking of hands, which Arch-deacon Hunter knows so much about; and then came the examination. There was a fine young Indian among them, to whom the Missionary said, "My man, can you tell me in your own language, why it was necessary that Jesus Christ should die?" Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "To pay for sin." One of the old Indians, who had been sick, came and told his experiences. He was asked, "What did you think of Christ when you thought you were about to die?" Here is an exact translation of his words. He said, "Oh, I felt that when I was dying I needed more than ever to cling to the salvation that is in Christ."

"THE DEMAND FOR MORE LABOURERS," says the Monthly Record of the American Presbyterians, "is beyond anything ever dreamed of in the history of Gospel preaching! Paul's world was a mere province, ours is a crowded globe, from every shore of which sounds the wail of dying souls . . . Let us meet the truth squarely. The supply declines as the demand rises—which is equal to saying the church lines waver, while the world's, denser and heavier, close around them!" . . . "The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore to the Lord of the harvest, that He may thrust forth more labourers into His harvest."

*Children's Treasury.**THE INFANT CLASS.*

THIRTY little smiling faces,
All in their accustomed places;
Each a happy household's treasure;
Teaching them, a perfect pleasure.

Sixty eyes so full of gladness,—
Little know they of earth's sadness,—
Are fixed on me with glance so bright,
Like twinkling orbs of purest light.

Thirty voices in a chorus:
"Childhood's years are passing o'er us;"
May those years to God be given,
Walking in the way to heaven.

Grateful hearts are raised in prayer,
Craving God's peculiar care;
Waiting for the children's blessing,
Faith and love their hearts possessing.

Childish words, brimful of trust:
"Jesus, Thou canst make us just;
May we now and ever share
In the Father's watchful care."

How they listen to the story
Of redeeming love and glory;
How Jesus took the sinner's place,
In boundless love and matchless grace.

Simple words and illustration,
Suited to their humble station;
"Line upon line" they learn to know
The Word of God, and wiser grow.

Their minds thus stor'd with heavenly truth,
Will fence them from the snares of youth,
And thus a safe foundation lay
To lead them through life's rugged way.

Oh, blessed are the children dear,
Who love the Lord, and in his fear
Do walk in His most holy way,
That leads to everlasting day.

And blessed is the teacher's part,
To educate the infant heart;
A Saviour's love to them unfold—
Truths ever new and never old!

Toronto.

—J. IMRRE.

THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

One Sabbath, on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A little boy, about half-clad, came in and said:—

"O, I do so love my Jesus! May I do something for His house?"

"And what can you do?" said the missionary.

Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say anything, he replied:—
"I will always be there; I will do it loud. Please let me ring the bell."

While a boy he rang the bell that invited the people to church, and when he became a man he preached to his people the same glad news that he commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell.

Little boys, begin while you are young to call the people by bell, or mouth, or tract, or inviting children to a Sabbath school; and as you grow up you will be trained servants and soldiers to serve Christ anywhere.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

John Brown and Jemmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together, and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now they were watching the masons, who were building a fine store on Main Street.

"Did you know that we are builders, John?" said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No we ain't; we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which is to last forever," said Jemmy earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said John. "Nothing in the world lasts for ever and ever. That old Morgan house is only a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred years more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy. "Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad for ever and ever, and if we build bad, if we use shaky bricks, or rotten wood, or stubble, we shall be sorry for ever and ever."

"That is queer. We ought to be pretty careful then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she knows."

"I think it is jolly nice to be builders, don't you?" said Jemmy.

"Yes, if we build right. But let's see; what kind of bricks had we better use?"

"Always tell the truth; that's a big sill. Be honest, that's another," said Jemmy.

"Good!" cried John. "Mind your mother; there is another."

"Yes, and father, and teachers, too," said Jemmy. "There's a big

beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a Gospel beam, and keeps the frame steady.

"Be courteous; there's a brick," said John.

"And don't swear; there's another."

"And don't speak against anybody, and don't say any dirty words," interrupted Jemmy.

"And we shall go on building as long as we live, mother says; every single day we add somewhat to our house.

The gentleman who owned the new building stood close beside the boys, hidden from sight by a high wall. He listened to their talk intently, and then he stepped around beside them and said—"Pretty good work, my boys, only build on a sure foundation."

The boys looked a little frightened, but he smiled so pleasantly upon them that they soon felt at ease, and listened while he said—

"Give your young hearts to God, my boys; He is the great Master-builder. He will teach you to build so that He will say, 'Well done.' 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else shall be added unto you.'" Then he added—"I wish everybody would build as wisely as you plan, dear boys. May God help you to keep them ever!"

THE THREE SIEVES.

"Mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard. I did not think she could be so very naughty. One —"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma," inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If we can't speak well, speak not at all."

Our Study Table.

THE PRINCETON REVIEW is issued now once each two months ; and makes a volume at the end of the year of 944 pp., all for two dollars, free of postage. By means of the liberality of a Christian Merchant of New York, the Review gives the reader articles (for which large sums of money are paid) from the pens of the leading writers of the day on various subjects of contemporaneous living interest. In the November issue, we have articles from the pens of the following eminent men in England and America: Edward Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., England; Principal Dawson, McGill University, Montreal; Robert Flint, D.D., J.L.D., Edinburgh; Theodore D. Woolsey, ex-President of Yale College; Leone Levi, T.S.A., King's College, London; Canon George Rawlinson, University of Oxford; President McCosh, Princeton College; President Porter, Yale College. It is a treat of no ordinary kind for any thoughtful reader, no matter what his profession, or church, or education, to hear from time to time, the opinions of such men as the above, not on dead issues, nor on purely theological questions, but on such questions in Science, Politics, Religion, Education, Morality, and Theology, as are occupying men's minds. It is only by being endowed with a munificent sum of money that such articles could be furnished at such a price. When we invite our readers, therefore, to send on their names and two dollars to the "*Princeton Review*," 37 Park Row, New York, we really invite them to receive a gift of ten dollars; for we should judge from the writers upon the paper, and also from the price of such reviews as the *Fortnightly*, that twelve dollars a year would be required in the ordinary run of trade (for the *Princeton* has not a single advertisement) to pay for the production of such an issue each year.

THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY—A MAGAZINE OF SERMONS. This is a publication intended for Ministers; but it affords useful and instructive reading to Christians in general. It is published at two dollars and fifty cents, by the "Religious Newspaper Agency," 21 Barclay Street, New York.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN EVANGELICAL REVIEW for October, along with excellent articles on speculative topics, has two biographical papers of great interest; one on George Combe, the Phrenologist, the other on Charles Hodge, the Theologian. The cost of this Quarterly is extremely low (two dollars), and it can be had through James Bain, King Street, Toronto. We imagine we are doing our readers a service in calling their attention to such excellent literature at such low prices, in days when the land is flooded with trash.