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# Monthly Messenger.

Edited by Rev. T. HALL, Congregational Minister, Quee.'s Road Chapel, St. John's.

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 4.

APRIL, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

(To the Editor of the MONTHLY MESSENGER).

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on the first appearance of your MONTHLY MESSENGER in its new dress. I have requested ten copies for the future, seven of which will be at your service for distribution to those who may not be able to subscribe.

Yours truly, etc.,  
H. W. SEYMOUR.

St. John's, February 22, 1876.

[We will be very pleased if a few others follow the example of our correspondent.—E. M. A.]

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the above society was held in the lecture-room of Queen's-road Chapel, on Feb. 23 last. Devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. T. Hall. The attendance was good, and the whole proceedings were characterised by much enthusiasm. The chair was filled by the president, the Hon. P. G. Tessier, who, in an appropriate address, introduced the business of the meeting. The various resolutions were ably spoken to by the gentlemen named.

1st resolution, moved by Mr. L. T. Chancey, seconded by Mr. A. Cruickshank: "That the reports now read be adopted, printed, and circulated."

2nd resolution, moved by Mr. Robt. Winton, seconded by Mr. W. H. Seymour: "That the meeting is profoundly thankful to the Father of mercies for His continued guidance and blessing during the past year, and resolves to trust Him more implicitly, and pray more fervently for greater success in the future."

3rd resolution, moved by Mr. H. Furneaux, seconded by Mr. Robt. Chancey: "That the best thanks of the meeting be given to the juvenile collectors for their valuable aid this year."

4th resolution, moved by Mr. J. Beer, seconded by Mr. E. Thomas: "That the following be the officers and committee for the ensuing year—President, Hon. P. G. Tessier; vice-president, Rev. Thos. Hall; treasurer, James Howe, Esq.; secretary, Richard Neyle, Esq.; committee, Messrs. W. H. Seymour, R. Chancey, T. Gale, F. N. Finlay, L. T. Chancey, E. Thomas, J. H. Martin, R. Winton, J. Collins, G. Langmead, H. Barnes, J. Calvar, Robert Barnes, and A. Cruickshank."

5th resolution, moved by Mr. James Howe, seconded by Mr. Richard Neyle: "That the best thanks of the meeting are due, and are hereby given to the president, the Hon. P. G. Tessier, for his devotion to the work of the society during the past year, and for his services this evening."

## SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Your committee regret to state that they cannot

report much progress in the work of the society during the past year. They made most urgent appeals to the Congregational Missionary Society for assistance, and had the assurance that such would be granted when suitable agents were secured. Your committee had engaged the services of a young man, whom they were led to believe by those who had known him for years would be very suitable for the work in this country, but the committee of the Parent Society, on having a personal interview with him, deemed him quite unfit to be appointed at present. Your committee bow to the superior wisdom of the London committee, but feel keenly the disappointment; and owing to the peculiar circumstances of our situation, he must look to the Congregational Missionary Society to select missionaries. They sincerely hope that before long they will be cheered by the arrival of at least two additional men.

The devoted brethren already in the field continue at their posts, and in the midst of much discouragement and difficulty, pursue their important work.

The Rev. Mr. Harrington is as indefatigable as ever, we have had a most cheering account of his work from himself in committee during the fall of last year, and the vice-president visited officially this station in the month of August. He examined the children of the Mission School, and conducted several services in the Chapel School, and had ample opportunity of forming an opinion of the value of Mr. Harrington's services in that locality.

He expressed the greatest satisfaction and pleasure with what he saw and heard. Your committee have deemed it prudent to encourage Mr. Harrington by a small grant to open another elementary school in a neglected settlement on his station. A suitable building has been secured, and the services of a teacher obtained, and a number of heretofore neglected children are now under instruction; beside, a Sunday-school has been commenced in the same place, affording means of instruction to those who cannot avail themselves of the day-school.

At the request of the committee the Rev. Mr. Saer was publicly recognised, and solemnly dedicated by the church to the work of the Lord in the month of May last, and shortly after proceeded, in company with the pastor, to Fortune Bay, where he has been actively engaged since. He has endured hardness as a good soldier, and fully sustained the hopes of the committee respecting his fitness for missionary work in this island. He paid a short visit to the capital in the month of December. During his sojourn he rendered valuable assistance to the pastor, and his labours were blessed to many. He returned to his station early in January. He purposes, in addition to his ordinary work, to organise and conduct day and Sabbath-schools during

the winter months. A letter to the secretary, dated January, 1876, will show how Mr. Saer regards his work, and with what feeling he addresses himself to it.

To Richard Neyle, Esq.

My dear Sir,—With much pleasure I present you a brief report of my missionary tour to the West, but to enter into details would only render me guilty of tautology, as I have already related many incidents which claimed my observation. However, with heartfelt gratitude, I state that the simple and unadulterated Gospel has been preached to some thousands. In some places it has evidently proved the “power of God unto salvation”; at times the “Melting Story of the Cross” seemed to break up the great deep in human hearts, manifesting itself in bitter sighs and tears.

In other localities there has been a “shaking among the dry bones,” and a consequent cry, “What must I do to be saved?” The old Pauline motto we have adopted when expedient, viz., from house to house visitation. The sick we have joyously aided with all the comfort and sympathy at command. The Word of eternal truth we have read and expounded, and the afflicted have been borne upward upon the arms of faith and prayer, and, when necessary, administering to their temporal as well as their spiritual necessities, remembering our great example, “He went about doing good.”

Thousands of tracts have been distributed in places where they were sadly needed, and in settlements where the voice of the preacher is still unheard, the silent messenger continues eloquently to make known the plan of salvation. Would to God that there was more soul-saving literature scattered throughout our land.

Many children who were heretofore unknown to lip the Saviour's name are now taught to sing His praise. But the lamentable cry that echoes from cove to cove and harbour to harbour, like the throes of a volcano, is this:—“We have no education; our boys and girls are unable to read; our children are uneducated.”

The island is doubtless better supplied with clergymen, Catholic and Protestant, than with ordinary elementary schools. This assuredly is the intolerable load under which the poor fisherman is so terribly crushed.

In reference to future prospects, we return to our loved employ with Joshua's decision. “We will serve the Lord,” by preaching, exhortation, and prayer. Our banners are unfurled; our motto is engraven on them in unmistakable characters, *our Friends and our Foes for Christ*.

We make no comment on the past, our motives are known to Him whose love to man we proclaim, and while our deeds are registered on high, we have the consciousness that our “labour is not in vain in the Lord.” We make no calculations for the future, but to be equipped with Divine strength as onward to the hottest place in battle we urge, believing that the harvest heart, be it as cold as yonder Iceberg, can be melted by the “Sun of Righteousness,” into loving obedience to the command of a Crucified Redeemer.

And now with devout gratitude I record my thankfulness to the “God of all grace” for all the providential dealings, while I leave all past, present, and future, until that day when the tribes of Adam will assemble, when the books will be opened and the actions read.

Soliciting your prayers, I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully in Gospel bonds,

JOHN BENJAMIN SAER.

The committee feel assured that they have in Mr. Saer the right man for the work. It may be well to state that he has not received one penny out of the funds of the society during the year. Yet the Lord has supplied his wants. He has laid it upon the hearts of His people to remember his devoted trusting servant.

Though not under the auspices of your committee, nor receiving any assistance from our funds, we deem it a pleasant duty to refer to the noble missionary work of the Misses Good, in the “St. John Training School. We regard this as a most important auxiliary. A number of young people are receiving a liberal education and a thorough training to qualify them to take charge of elementary schools in the outposts of this

country. The public school is an acknowledged blessing in the city, and it is impossible to estimate the value of the services rendered to the cause of education in the island by the self-denying and devoted ladies, who, at their own expense, and by their own exertions, have opened and conducted the institution. They deserve at least our gratitude, our thanks, and sympathy, and that we can truly assure them they have, and may always calculate upon. The juvenile missionary collectors deserve special notice. This year their efforts have been crowned with an unwonted success. Over £41 have been added to the funds by their exertions. It augurs well for the future of the society to find the young so devoted to its interest. May they never “grow weary in well doing,” remembering that in due time “they shall reap if they faint not.”

Your committee in conclusion would express the hope that their successors in office may be favoured with much encouragement during the ensuing year. They would urge the friends of this society and the committee of the parent society to come to the help of the Lord in this island. The harvest is plenteous but the labourers are few.

RICHARD NEYLE, Secretary.

NEWFOUNDLAND CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN ACCOUNT WITH THE TREASURER.

<i>Dr.</i>		
1875-6.—Paid Rev. Mr. Harrington		
12 months' salary to 1st Nov., 1875	£60	0 0
Six months' do. in advance, say to		
1st May, 1876 ... ..	30	0 0
Donation towards School at Burgoyne		
Cove ... ..	10	0 0
Repairs of Mission Boat... ..	5	0 0
		£105 0 0
<i>Cr.</i>		
Paid Rev. Mr. Hall—Travelling Expenses for self and Mr. Saer to the Westward... ..	3	0 0
Do. for self to Random Sound ... ..	1	0 0
Printing Reports in Magazines... ..	4	0 0
		8 0 0
Paid for Port Wine and Jar per Mr. Saer for Church Purposes ... ..	0	10 3
Balance at the Commercial Bank ... ..	58	12 10
		£172 3 1

<i>Cr.</i>		
1875-6.—By Balance of last Account at Commercial Bank ... ..	£74	5 7
Half Amount Collected by Children at Christmas, 1874 ... ..	£12	7 0
Part Proceeds of Children's Concert received from Miss Chancey ...	6	18 8
Monthly Juvenile Offerings ... ..	3	14 7
Monthly Missionary Prayer Meetings	2	8 0
Mrs. Cruickshank's Class-box ... ..	0	2 1
Miss Winton's ... ..	0	9 0
Miss Radford's ... ..	0	6 0
Miss Chancey's ... ..	0	6 7
		26 11 11

Collected by the following Juveniles, at Christmas, 1875:—		
Martha Whitten ... ..	1	0 6
Lydia Whitten... ..	1	0 0
Isabella Thomas ... ..	0	18 5
Mary Nichols ... ..	0	6 6
Annie Harvey ... ..	0	14 5
Maud and Lizzie Neyle ... ..	0	10 6
Jessie Le Drew... ..	0	10 6
Annie Cruickshank... ..	1	6 7
Lavinia Butler ... ..	1	4 6
Emma Weymouth ... ..	1	12 6
Fanny Winton ... ..	1	0 0
Louise Winton ... ..	1	0 0
Elizabeth Chancey ... ..	1	2 3



## CLING TO THE ROCK!

A LONG train of cars, four, ten or fifteen, were, a few months since, passing over the Alleghany mountains, on their way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the men-horse snorted and rushed on, they began to feel that they had begun to descend, and needed no power, but the invisible power of gravitation, to send them down with terrific swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realise their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock—a wall of rock lying on either side. Suddenly the steam whistled as if in agony, "Put on the brakes! put on the brakes!" Up pressed the brakes, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and everyone rose up in his place, fearing sudden destruction. What was the trouble?

Just as the engine began to turn in the curve the engineer saw a little girl and her baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them; the shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every eye looking over could see them. Close to the rail, in the upright rock, was a little niche, out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the cars, ring out, "Cling close to the rock, Johnnie! Cling close to the rock!" And the little creature snuggled in and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirled past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed, and many a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.

In a few hours the car stopped at a station, where an old man and his son got out of the cars. He had come so far to part with his child who was going to an eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father, as he stood holding the hand of his boy—just now to part with him. He choked, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was, "Cling close to the Rock, my son." He wrung the hand of his child, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his inexperienced son might cling close to the Rock. Christ Jesus!—*American Messenger.*

## PUTTING CHRIST BY.

LUTHER says, in his *Table Talk*, that Albert, the Archbishop of Mayence, had in his court a Protestant courtier, who, when he found himself out of favour with his master, made use of this base expression:—"I'll put Jesus Christ by awhile until I've made my fortune."

How many Christians put Jesus Christ by for awhile? Let us see what kind of professors of religion act out this principle, if they do not use the same words.

1. The young man who has made a profession of religion, and permits himself to be induced to visit the theatre, or the horse-race, puts Jesus aside for the time being.

2. The young lady who goes from the communion-table to the ball-room, puts Jesus by for the time being, and, of course, expects to make her fortune in that way.

3. The old professor, when he gets angry, loses his temper, and becomes cross and ill-natured, "puts Jesus by" for awhile.

4. The mother who is scolding like a settled rain, also for the time being "puts Jesus by."

5. The professor of religion who becomes worldly-minded and gives up his religion for gain, has "put Jesus by."

6. The young man who gives up his religion for the pleasures of the world, "puts Jesus by."

7. The man who backslides, and forsakes the prayer-meeting for the bar-room, has "put Jesus by."

This putting the Lord by is a bad business for Christians. Christ says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven, and all other things shall be added." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." Paul says (Heb. iii. 12), "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God."

## LOVE.

BY THE LATE THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

LOVE is a power of universal influence. Many powers of nature are not always or everywhere in action. There are lands where rain, and others where snow never falls; rivers of water which no winter freezes, of ice which no summer melts. There is a metal which fire cannot burn; there is life which water cannot drown; and the lightning that flashes along a thousand miles of iron is stopped by a film of glass. Happily for the world the destructive powers of nature are not always active. Etna and Hecla exhaust their forces, and long ages may pass ere they recover them for a new eruption. It is at rare intervals that earthquakes shake our globe, or the skies flash with lightnings, or hurricanes sweep through the troubled air, and lashing the sea into mountain billows strew its shore with wrecks. Day leaves our world, and that light which paints its colours on every flower, and touches the clouds with gold, and wakes each morning the song of birds and hum of busy cities, departs with the setting sun. Winter ascends her throne, and waving an icy sceptre over fields and forests, stops all growth: once clothed in green, the trees are leafless; once enamelled with flowers, the meadows are bare. But the powers of winter in their turn cease; nature bursts her icy tomb! rising, she throws off her shroud of snow, while, tacit chains melted by the breath of spring, the springs, like happy children set loose from the constraint of school, rush off, laughing, dancing, singing on their way to their home and parent in the deep.

But while substances, and laces, and seasons limit the action of many material agencies, there is a power—that which England's greatest philosopher discovered—which neither substance, nor place, nor season limits. Universal in its action, it is everywhere, affecting everything. It determines the movements of the notes in a sunbeam, and of the planets in the firmament; it shapes the tear on your infant's cheek, and has given its rounded form to the sun; it makes the rain-drops fall to the earth, and prevents the stars dropping out of the sky. Most powerfully affecting every atom of matter on earth, and every planet and sun in heaven, amid all the agencies which science studies, art employs, and God has established, gravitation alone extends its empire from the centre to the circumference of creation. In a subordinate sense, indeed, we may say of it what is said of God, it reigneth over all.

Now, such place love holds in the kingdom of grace. In representing it as the ruling principle which should shape and influence all our conduct to God, in our families, to our friends, aye, and also to our foes, for, followers of Him who died for His enemies, we are to love ours—blessing them which curse us, and praying for them that despitefully use us—I do not exaggerate its importance. Love was the dominant power in St. Paul, and the principle of his whole obedience; "The love of Christ," he says, "constraineth us." And did not our Lord Himself assign it such an imperial place? Those ten commandments from which all duties branch, like the boughs of a tree from the parent stem, He brings into the compass of a word, a single, simple word; that word—Love. Thou shalt love thy God, and thou shalt love thy neighbour, are the whole duty of man. It is this that makes a religious, a happy life. With love, a dinner of herbs is better than a stalled ox; obedience is liberty with it; and without it slavery, call it by what name you may. And as it is earthly love, not its walls, however lofty, nor its furniture, however costly, nor its inmates, however great or beautiful, that makes a home below; so it is holy love that makes a heaven above, not its crowns, or palms, or harps, or robes; no, with reverence be it spoken, not God, or Christ, or saints, or angels, but love—their love. And as if by some strange power we could leave this nether world, and, winging our way upward, alight on a distant, starry sphere, we should find that we had not left that gravitation behind us, which binds all things and holds this world together; so saints shall find, on rising from the bed of death, and entering heaven, that they have but ascended into a region of purer and more perfect love.—From "*Speaking to the Heart.*"

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

## SINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT.

BY M. A. PAULL.

WE went to Scotland for our honeymoon. It had been May's day-dream from girlhood to see the land of Bruce and Bannockburn, and above all, of "Highland Mary," and "Jessie, the Flower of Dumbland," and "Annie's Tryst." May "doted" on poetry and music, and Burns' and Tannahill's songs were amongst her favourites. She liked me to sing to her "My love is like a red, red rose," and blushed so beautifully when I sang it, that she made the poet's words come true for me.

I don't think I was naturally romantic, nor in earnest in my admiration of poetry, but I could see its beauties through May's eyes, and hear its music through May's voice. If a man has any romance at all in his nature, and even if he has not, some degree of it is either created or awakened when he is really in love with a truly good, and lovable, woman. So I was as eager for our trip to Scotland as May wished, and after a very quiet wedding, we started on the first stage of our journey.

"Suppose we go to Burntisland this afternoon, May," I said, one lovely balmy noontide, when, after a long rest in the morning, wearied with our expedition on the previous day, we felt fresh and bright for further rambles.

"Burntisland!" said May, "where is that, and how do we go, Charlie?"

"Burntisland is a peninsula of Fifeshire, dear," said I, reading from the guide-book, "we get to it by taking train to Granton, proceeding by steamer from Granton to Burntisland."

"Oh! I do so like going on the water, Charlie; and the afternoon will be perfect. Let us get dinner at once, and then be off. I am so happy."

Dear, dear May! what a tender light gleams all around those happy days as I think of them!

In another hour we were walking towards the Waverley station to take the train to Granton, which short stage of our journey being accomplished, we were soon on the upper deck of the steamer, progressing gaily through the sunlit, sparkling waves of the Frith. The glorious blueness of the sky, the beauty of all around us, our rapid motion, the freshness of the sea-breeze tempering the heat of the August day—all exhilarated us. We chatted gaily for some few minutes, and were only interrupted by noticing a stir amongst the people gathered on the deck of the steamer below us. Two men came forward, carrying between them a small harmonium, which they carefully adjusted, and to which one of them sat down, while the other stood beside him, a violin in his hand.

Presently the man at the harmonium began to sing, in a mellow plaintive baritone voice, the sweet pathetic Scotch song, "Annie's Tryst." It was a favourite, as I have said, of May's, and the words striking upon us as they did then, in our joy seemed doubly touching and even moving. Out upon the balmy summer air the wail of the lover at the fading of his young love, and the tender resignation of the drooping maiden arose in strange yet not inharmonious contrast with the wealth of joy and love about us.

"I should like to have that picture of Annie and Willie from the National Gallery to look at as he sings," said May, who listened attentively and watched the singer attentively too.

"Charlie," she said, as he turned his head towards where we sat, "why, the poor fellow is blind."

"So he is, let us give him something, May, and have another of your favourites. What shall it be? Don't choose so sad a one this time, darling," for my wife's eyes were full of tears.

"Ask for 'Scot's wha hae' Charlie,'" she said, as I rose from my camp-stool beside her, "after that I should like 'My love is like a red, red rose.' We'll see if he can't sing it better than you," and she smiled mischievously.

I went to the musicians, gave them our fee and request, and said to the companion of the singer, "Has he been long blind?"

"Seven years, sir," replied the man, as he thanked me.

"Seven years blind," repeated May, when I told her what I had heard, "and so he has been all this time singing through the night."

"What do you mean, May?"

"I don't think," she answered, "that I ever thought so much about blindness before, as his voice rose to me through the golden air, I felt how it came from his dark life into my bright one, and it seems to me so wonderfully brave to live on all this time singing through the night."

We were amongst the last to leave the steamer, the blind

man and his friend had already quitted it. I said to the steward, "I suppose that poor fellow makes it his regular business to play on board your steamer?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "he has the privilege granted to him and his companion; no others are allowed to play on board."

"Indeed! Was he blinded by an accident?" I asked; "do you know anything of his history?"

"It is a long story, sir, I can't stay to tell it to you, but he will doubtless be pleased that you are kindly interested in him. We shall not return to Granton for two hours, if you like to call and see him, I am sure he will make you welcome. That little white cottage yonder on the hill-side, is their home. You will perhaps overtake him."

We had made up our minds to stay at Burntisland till the last boat; so should have plenty of time to follow this suggestion, as well as to explore the Links and any other point of interest. So we at once made for the white cottage, and we did overtake him. He was walking alone now with the aid of a stick.

"You have a fine voice," said I, to begin the conversation; "we much enjoyed your songs as we came across."

"I'm weel pleased to hear it, sir," said the blind man courteously.

"You are not afraid to trust yourself without a companion, I see. Did you know the way up this hill-side before you were blind?"

"That did I, but it w'd be unco' hard even for a blind man if he cou'd na find his weel bit way hame to his ain ingle."

"You live not far off, I hear?" said I, wishing to be frank with him.

"Ye no ken me, singing Donald the blind man?" he queried, "na, na; ye're English, sir. I ken it weel by your speech."

"Yes, we are English," said May, in her gentle voice, "but if I were a Scotchwoman, I don't think I could love your dear Scotch songs any better."

The blind man smiled, the smile lit up his face very beautifully.

"My wife's love of your songs and our regret at your sad affliction made us desiro to know how you became blind. Should you have any objection to tell us?"

"Na, na," said the singer, "na objection; I could tell ye in a few words, but if ye listen to the whole o'n't; 'tis a long story. Will ye no come in and rest, and hear the tale? I am close at hame; I hear Janet's voice."

We had reached the white cottage, and in a little garden before it, against the doorway stood one of the prettiest young Scotch lassies we had seen. She was very young, scarcely seventeen, in all the fresh beauty of simple unadorned womanhood. Her short skirts of bright tartan displayed her bare feet, of snowy whiteness, exquisitely modelled. Both May and I had been very much disgusted with the bare dirty feet of the Glasgow and Edinburgh women, and had devoutly wished they would take to shoes and stockings, but the fealty of this country maiden only struck us with admiration. Her figure was rather tall, very upright, yet withal graceful—a young Diana waiting for her bow and arrows, as healthful, as attractive to the sight.

"Ye are late, my father," she said, in a sweet contralto voice, as she and opened the gate for him.

"I've no been long coming lame either," said the blind singer.

"Na, na, father, it's the boat is late the day; I've been watching for it, a fu' half hour, and glad I am ye're come."

She seemed uncertain as her bright blue eyes glanced at us, whether she were to welcome us or not, till her father said, "Eh, Janet, and is tea ready, and have ye an extra cup or twa for the lady and the gentleman?"

"Tea is ready, will ye no come in, please?" she said courteously to May, who entered the cottage, the blind man and myself following.

"But Charlie," said May, looking at me and drawing back, as she espied the table with its oat cakes, its wheaten loaf, its short bread, and its dishes of freshly-gathered strawberries and gooseberries, tastefully garnished with leaves, "We must really not intrude ourselves this way."

"Ye are no intruding; sit ye doon," said the master of the house with a thoroughly hospitable air. "We can only consent to on one condition," said I, "we were about to seek refreshment at an hotel, if you will kindly entertain us in that way we will remain."

"We can no say we are rich," said Janet frankly, "and we will accept your kind offer."

So we sat down to our excellent meal, and May praised everything to the young housekeeper's delight. Before we began to eat, Donald MacEwen's head was reverently bent, and a lengthy blessing was asked by him in old Covenanter fashion, *ca the fact*.

After our pleasant tea was over, we listened to the following story from the lips of the blind man; I will only Anglicise some of his Scottisms.

"In the great storm, seven years ago," said Donald, "my blindness came upon me. I must go back a little to tell you something about myself before that. I was a small farmer here on the coast of Fife. My few acres were well managed, and rendered me a fair return for my exertions. I was, in fact, looked upon by every one as a prosperous man. I was a zealous Presbyterian outwardly, self-contained, self-sufficient, self-righteous, never doubted my ability to judge, not only of my own actions, but of the actions of others. With my little farm I had inherited also a dispute which had existed between my father and his neighbour, Alexander Fraser, about a piece of land surrounded on three sides by a brook, which each claimed to belong to his own property. The dispute had sometimes raged fiercely between them; at others it was allowed to be quiescent for a time, and was regarded with almost apathetic indifference.

"Alexander Fraser died soon after my own father, and now his son, Aleck and I, in our rearrangements of our fields, began the old argument. Spite of this dispute, there had always been a tolerably good understanding between the woman folk, it was only when the quarrel ran unusually high that they ceased to exchange visits and kindly offices. My sister Maggie's dearest friend was Annie Fraser; and cold and proud as I was to others—even to Annie's brother Aleck—I never gave up the intention of winning her. Annie was very pretty. Janet, here, they tell me is something like her mother, *pur lassie*; but she cannot be quite as fair and sweet."

May and I expressed our sense of Janet's comeliness; the young girl blushed, her father smiled and shook his head.

"Na, na," he exclaimed; "Janet has her mother's voice, but she cannot be so fair and sweet, I'm thinkin'. When I first spoke of love to Annie Fraser, I mind it weel. It was a golden sunset hour, I had met her as I came from the week-evening service at the kirk. She was coming back from taking her old mother home to the married daughter's, where she had gone to live, leaving Annie to keep house for Aleck. Annie had been shy of me since her brother and I had quarrelled, and she was going to pass me with only a look and a nod; but I would not let her. 'Annie,' said I, and I took her hand, 'I maun hae my answer to-night. Ye ken weel, lassie, that I loe ye, and hae lang syna.' That was the beginning o' our talk, said the blind man, but," he added, shrewdly, "I'm thinkin' ye ken weel how it's a' done. Annie she was bashful, when she spoke it was no to give me much hope. She had to be making peace atween Aleck and me. We waited a weary time for that, but it was no nearer than before when we were at last married; Aleck owed me a grudge for taking Annie from him. I had mostly shown the pleasant side of myself to my lassie before we were married, and up to the time after Janet was born we were very happy; but afterwards things altered. I had in succession bad harvests, a failure of my live stock, and a serious attack of illness; all these soured me. Two baby boys died in their infancy, and I grumbled sorely that the girl was left, and the boys who could be useful to me on my farm were taken. Still the old quarrel was waged with Aleck Fraser, and ill-feeling ran so high, that we settled down at last into angry defiance, not even exchanging the briefest greetings. My temper at home was hard to bear, but I steeped my conscience in the opiate, that I attended Kirk regularly, and performed my religious duties so well that I was safe for heaven. I was to be roughly awakened from my self-complacency; and made to look at life and death and eternity, as in the very presence of my God. The blind man paused, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and continued, "These later years my poor Annie had not trodden on a path of roses; far from that, she had had to bear so much that the bloom had faded from her cheeks, the light from her blue eyes, and the smile from her sweet lips. She had grown a careworn, weary woman; and yet there were moments of calm and peace in her life, for she was one who worshipped God in spirit and in truth, and whatever trials I made for her, the Holy Comforter was also near her. But she was never vigorous and robust, and her health drooped under her trials. Now I come to the time seven years ago this summer, when

Janet was a little lassie of scarcely ten years, and my wife was soon again to become a mother. I had set my heart on having a boy; I used to talk about it a great deal to Annie; a son, it seemed to me, could extricate me from my difficulties, and by and by relieve me of my cares. I fancied the birth of a son to us would renew my hopes. It was in that summer that Aleck Fraser and I came to a determination by writing, that we would meet on the disputed piece of ground, and measure it, and have a further talk over it. I felt boastfully confident that I could convince him he had no right to the possession of it. No, doubtless, quite as comfortably believed he could convince me. Annie had no faith in our thus meeting, or in any amicable settlement of the matter. Only that very morning she said to me, 'It will not lead to any good result, Donald; you had better not go, oh! dear husband,' and she laid her hand upon my shoulder, 'let me entreat you not to go. Quarrels are so terrible, you make me very anxious.' I shook off her dear hand, and oh! it was the last time I ever felt her light gentle touch upon a me." For a few moments Donald McEwan was overcome by emotion. Then he continued, I "went out of the house roughly and rudely, Annie came after me. 'Don't be vexed with me, Donald,' she said, softly, 'kiss me, dear, before you go.' I could not quite resist those loving words; I turned and kissed her, but sulkily, not cordially, and went on my way, conscious that her blue eyes were tearful, and that they watched me till I was out of sight, conscious also that I ought to have taken her advice and turned back. Aleck Fraser was before me; we met coldly, but were soon hot in an angry discussion, more bitter than before. We did not notice, so absorbed were we in the measurements and arguments about our little piece of ground, that a terrible storm was brewing. I remember feeling hot and stifled; I thought it was with my just indignation; Aleck Fraser had the same sensation, and called it by a similar name; we did not know, then, that it was the oppression of the sulphurous atmosphere.

"A sudden darkness, bright flash, a magnificent peal of thunder, with a tremendous downpour of rain aroused us at last; but all seemed in strange, terrible harmony with our hot angry words and cruel recriminations. Involuntarily careless of the danger, we each sought the shelter of some trees, and went under them with lowering brows, quarrelling still in spirit as we went. The lightnings now flashed about us in terrible grandeur, caroling like weird spirit-creatures of the wood, around and among the branches, while close overhead, like one continuous cannonade of heaven's artillery, the thunders rolled and reverberated. A mighty crack, a swaying to and fro of wide outspread limbs, and then with a crash great tree fell prostrate, while lesser branches of other trees were snapped off like tinder, and whirled hither and thither by the raging storm. I turned from this dangerous place, and determined to seek the shelter of my home—distant several fields; there was less danger in going than in staying in my present position. Aleck and I had ceased our petty quarrel as we listened to the warring of the elements; but, alas! even now there was no thought of peace in my guilty heart. We each turned from the trees to fly, but in opposite directions. As I emerged from my shelter, I beheld coming towards me through the storm my wife. She was but at the distance of a field, and I shouted, 'Go back, Annie! Ye will be killed, lassie!' But she could not hear my words for the fierceness of the thundering and rain, and she battled with the elements bravely, considering her weakness, and still advanced towards me—perhaps not certain at first that it was I, and at least determined to make sure, perhaps because she felt she needed my aid to reach home again.

"Janet told me afterwards how a terror came upon her mother, that I was killed by the lightning, and nothing the frightened child could say would prevent her going forth to seek me. On we came towards each other till we had nearly met, when the very heavens seemed to open above us. A wondrous flash illumined for an instant all about us, and in that flash I saw my Annie stretching out her arms towards me; then sinking to the ground. There was an awful peal above us, as the Sundered clouds, pierced by the fiery darts, again united, and the darkness was a 'darkness to be felt.'

"I must have been rendered unconscious for a time; when I came to myself the darkness was still, more even than before, a darkness to be felt. 'I am stunned,' thought I. I am blinded for a few moments by that last flash. 'Annie!' I cried aloud, 'Annie, my love, where are ye?' But there was no answer. Then I tried to believe that the sight of my wife coming



towards me in the storm was more a deceptive illusion, something I had fancied or dreamed; but faithful memory insisted that it was quite true. So I groped about on my hands and knees on the wet ground, seeking her in the darkness that had fallen upon me. I could not find her for a long while, but at last my hands touched her dear form, and carefully feeling my way, I passed my hand over her face; it was cold and damp. Was it only with the beating rain? I gathered her in my arms; I felt her heart—it was still. I seemed to have known it before—my Annie was dead. The first thing I had learned to feel after in the night of my blindness was the corpse of my wife. Gently I bore her along, shouting loudly as I went—I, the blind one, with my solemn burden of death. When assistance came at last, the storm had spent its rage, and my voice was heard. I stumbled and fell, and was picked up unconscious, and so remained for many a long day. I came to my senses in time, but my sight was entirely gone. My hopes were annihilated, and oh! worst misery of all, my gentle wife was taken from me.

"When I grew better my faithful little nurse, my poor Janet, my wee despised lassie, dearer and more to me now than seven sons, told me all: How 'Uncle Aleck' had heard my wild cries, and had come to me, certain something dreadful must be the matter, to be appalled by the sight of his dear sister and blinded enemy, how he had procured assistance and brought us home, the living and the dead. Annie was buried when I was in the wild delirium of my fever, but the first place I tottered to was, you may be sure, my darling's grave; the arm I leaned upon was the arm of 'Uncle Aleck,' the little hand I clasped was my Janet's. Since that time, that long-standing earthly quarrel has felt to be a mean thing to have wrought such havoc in our family life. I was saved by my God from the 'pride that leadeth to destruction,' 'but saved, ye ken,' added the blind singer, 'so as by fire.'"

"We were all silent for many minutes, I hope we, my darling May and I, reverently thanked God for the lesson He had brought us to Burntisland to learn.

"I sold my wee bit farm to Aleck after that," said blind Donald, "and because music had always been a delight to me, I turned to it as my solace and maintenance. And you'll excuse me, for I maun be going again to the boat."

We parted from him cordially, and when, a few hours later, as we crossed back to Granton in the last steamer, we again heard his sweet voice floating plaintively over the glittering waters of the moonlit sea, in the songs of his native land, May's little hand was clasped in mine, and her dear voice whispered, "Charlie, I shall never forget blind Donald, SINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT."

*Our next number will contain an original story by J. W. KIRTON.*

## NEVER DESPAIR.

A LADY of great refinement and benevolence being obliged to establish her house in a village hitherto known to her only by reputation, found herself in the vicinity of a very large number of people to whom the Gospel was not preached. In dependence upon God, she determined to do what she could, and therefore appointed a weekly prayer-meeting to be held at her house every Sabbath evening, to which she invited all to whom she could gain access in that destitute neighbourhood. One after another yielded to the gentle influence of her persevering kindness, and many were led to choose the service of Jehovah. The very place itself quickly confessed the blessed change. Neatness and an air of comfort usurped the place of the confusion and filthiness of those miserable dwellings; wranglings and contentions were silenced by the whisperings of peace, the ministrings of a meek and quiet spirit.

But there was one wild, young, rebellious spirit who scoffed at religion, openly reviled and ridiculed those who embraced it, mocked at the woman-reformer, and became so completely the terror of all, that with one consent he was regarded as beyond the reach of all means of grace, as one to be let alone rather than excite his active enmity. Though the lady's friends had advised her not to speak to this much-fearing creature, she could not forbear, upon accidentally meeting him in the street, to ask him to her house the next Sabbath evening. He said he would come, but boasted among

his companions that he was only going to break up the meeting. He went, but took a seat near the door, intending to leave after accomplishing his purpose. The exercises were conducted in the usual manner, no special reference being made to him. When the meeting was over, the lady approached him, saying, "I am glad to see you here, I hope you will come again." He made no reply, but the next Sabbath evening, and the next, found him still in his place. Soon he expressed a wish to go to school. The lady aided him. Presently he desired larger advantages than the village-school afforded, and again she proved his friend, giving him letters of recommendation, which secured his entrance into one of the public schools of our city. There his diligence and good deportment gained him the favour of all about him. But he knew that far from the scenes of his early life must he win a name and win a noble character. He went South, engaged in trade, in course of time acquired a handsome fortune, and after many years returned to his long-remembered, long-revered benefactress, a self-made man and a humble Christian, ever ready to do good to others, though as a boy his heart had seemed fully set on evil. Ah! how did her heart rejoice in this new proof of God's goodness to her. And when he sought a nearer relationship to her, she felt that one who had so nobly vindicated his claim to confidence would make her daughter a kind husband. So the wild boy became her honoured son, and even now seeks to extend the blessings he once received by caring for the worst boys.—*Sunday School Times.*

## STRIVING FOR GREATNESS.

THE strife for greatness is a fruitless chase; it is pursuing a phantom, seeking a shadow, grasping a bubble. Many a man has testified that he was never happy until he ceased to seek for fame and greatness. It is beyond the power of man to make himself great. His mental constitution, his capabilities, and powers, are largely what he has received and inherited. He may use or abuse them, but he cannot largely change them. And as it regards position, and power, and authority, "God setteth up one and putteth down another." The loftiest pinnacles of earthly pride are places of the greatest insecurity, and he who without the Divine benediction climbs the hill tops of earthly grandeur, only does so that he may fall as Satan fell, "like lightning from Heaven."

The path of lowliness is the path of greatness. "Before honour is humility," and it is easy for God to lift the lowest head above the proud and mighty; to exalt the humble while he abases those who seek to glorify themselves. Let Christians learn the path the Master trod, and in the hope of sharing the joy and glory which he has gained, they may well be content to suffer with him in a world of toil, sin, and tears, and wait for that honour which shall come from above, that glory which shall never fade away.

"For the joy he set before thee  
Bear the momentary pain;  
Die to live a life of glory;  
Suffer with the Lord to reign."

*The Common People.*

LOW SPIRITS.—The grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turns, are—exercise for the body and occupation for the mind. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject, for the wind, waves, the earth itself are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible, in the open air, if not under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from attacks of low spirits, or ennui—that monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent. Low spirits cannot exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

THOUGHTS.—People often say that thoughts come into the mind; as if thoughts were things outside of the brain, and could walk about and help themselves to a home in any man's brain as they pleased. It is not true. Thoughts are formed by the brain, suggested by other thoughts partly, or by facts, or by observations on things seen. Without brain there would be no thought, so far as this life is concerned.





REV. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D.

(from a Photograph by S. H. Walker, Margaret-street, W.)

## OUR FATHER'S VOICE.

A SERMON BY THE REV. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D.

"My son, give Me thine heart."—PROVERBS xxiii. 23.

"YE have forgotten the exhortation" (says the New Testament writer to the Hebrews, quoting a quite similar text from this Book of Proverbs) "which speaketh unto you as unto children." Under this kindly form of address, "My son," the Wise Proacher of Israel discoursed to the men—especially to the young men—of his own day, taking his scholars, as it were, to l. knee, and exhorting them on the practical conduct of life with just such frankness, urgency, and tenderness as any prudent father might use to his boy. In these counsels of the Hebrew sage, however, the New Testament writer hears Heaven's own discourse with us, a deeper than mortal wisdom echoes through the words; the authority is higher, and the tone more weighty, than those of any earthly parent: it is the voice of the Eternal, the Infinite Wisdom, the Father of spirits, which speaks through the grave and gentle lips of this counsellor. God takes all of us, so to say, to His knee, and as foolish, inexperienced children of His own house, He warns, advises, expostulates, instructs, appeals, as in these few pleading, pathetic words, "My son, give Me thine heart."

I feel myself warranted, therefore, to take this sentence as, not by forced accommodation, but in sober fact, a kindly and authoritative call to each of us from Him Who is the wisest and best of fathers. And, because we are not ancient Hebrews, but modern Christians, I shall venture to read it anew under the light of the advent of Christ. Substantially the same in every period has been the call of our pitiful Parent above to His blundering sons below—that patiently repeated call, which our Saviour Himself likened with touching simplicity to the cluck of a mother-bird to her brood: "How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathers her chickens;" Substantially, I say, this call from God has meant the same thing to the men of every generation. For men have always been given to throw away their heart upon the same poor objects—to follow the same unworthy guides; and, in one form or other, the voice of celestial wisdom has never ceased to invite such wanderers in the paths which lead to death to that narrow road of fellowship with Heaven, which alone conducts to pleasantness and peace. Perhaps, too, the Father's call falls on as many reluctant ears to-day as it ever did. But certainly it never sounded clearer or more fatherly than it does now:—now, since our relationship to God has become that of reconciled children in Jesus Christ; now, since God has made His fatherhood conspicuous in the gift and sacrifice of His Son; now, since we have been shown by the existence of one obedient Child of God what our common Parent means when He presses on each of us this request: "Give thine heart to Me." When these old, old, words of wisdom are heard coming from the Father of Jesus to us, the brothers of Jesus, they come with a force and pathos, a depth of meaning and a pressure of affection, which they never carried to human hearts before.

For it is evident that the force of such an appeal as this must depend on the person who makes it. Any admonition which begins with this preface, "My son," deserves to be listened to, and everything which exacts the parental authority, or manifests the parental affection of God, goes to strengthen the power of His words.

The choice of human nature as a fitting organ for the Divine Son, a vehicle through which His sonship could adequately realise itself, was itself a testimony to the Divine image in man. The fact that the thoughts, emotions, worship, and service of a human soul could without violence become (as they did in Jesus) those of God's own Son—filial all of them—answering this fatherly call, "Give Me thine heart"—this fact shows how closely kin our human nature itself must originally have been to the Divine; how apt it always has been to play a son's part towards heaven, if only man had chosen. Unless the heart of man had been in some most real sense the offspring of Deity—made in the image of its celestial Author and Parent—how could the only begotten Son have transferred His filial life to human conditions? How could he have become true Man without ceasing to be true Son of the Highest?

Nor is even that all. But this Man who was at the same time a Son to God and gave God His heart, was, by consent even of His enemies, the very flower or bloom of our human

race; not less a man than other men, but more; more true to the human type, more free from inhuman deformities or defects, more worthy than any other to be called the ideal or specimen Man of men. So that His filial attitude to God, His response to the Divine Father's call, "Give Me thine heart," was actually the thing which crowned His humanity with exceptional loveliness and perfectness. It follows, therefore, that men were made to be sons of God, and cannot fulfil the genuine idea of their own humanity, nor reach their nature's proper dignity, without doing what the Son of Man did, that is, yield each man his heart to God as the heart of a son. So that when this voice comes to each one of you from an invisible Father: "My son, give me thine heart, as thy brother Jesus gave Me His; be devoted in filial surrender to Me, thy Parent, even as was Jesus—the voice really means just this. Be out and out true man; realize your human nature in its intended place and office; give free play to its highest and purest capabilities; do not waste, do not misuse, do not spoil, your own selves.

Surely it cannot content our Father above to see anyone whom He made to be His own son throw that position away for husks! Least of all can it content Him now, since He has made such sacrifices for the sake of winning human hearts. It was always, through the weary ancient centuries—the millenniums of error and crime before Christ came, a most pitiful sight for Divine eyes to witness, this loss of Divine children, the flinging away of loves and energies worthy of God upon base things of the earth. This was the loss which drew down the Eternal Begotten from the bosom of the Father. But surely it must be—if one dare speak so humanly—a more pitiful sight still, after that sacrifice has been made for man, and the true dignity of manhood has been displayed, and the way of return to our Father opened through the crucified humanity of His incarnate Beloved, for God in His heaven to see any one of you still repeating the ancient waste, and flinging your heart and soul away on selfish gain or frivolous and voluptuous pursuits! Once the paternal heart has tasted anew the sweetness of being called "Father" by a genuine human child, how it must yearn the more over those who still discard their sacred parentage, and drag their Divine features in the mire. It has happened to the venerable Speaker, whose voice so long has sounded out of Heaven, to get an answer—entire, ungrudging and affectionate—to that plaintive claim: "My son, give Me thine heart!" He got it from Jesus Christ. Think you He is content now? Content while you, a brother of Jesus, one of the same blood with that Son of His, for whose recovery that very Son came, while you (I say) are still withholding a son's trust and loyalty, and giving up the heart He craves to forbidden objects—to stamell delights—to petty idols? Content, my brother! He cannot be content. He claims you more than ever. His voice is more urgent than before. For Jesus' sake, He pleads with you now. As Jesus' Father, who touches you by that very Brother's hand—palm to your palm: in Jesus' name, who is your own heal, your patron, your surety-friend: by Jesus' blood, who is your kinsman-redeemer, and in whose risen body you have been claimed and brought near again to the yearning bosom of God: He calls to each soul of you out of His heaven this day: "My son, My son, give now thine heart to me."

Still reading this Divine solicitation under New Testament light, I desire now to let that light fall on it from another side. Speaking as the Father of Jesus to us, the brothers of Jesus, God's parental tone is far more intelligible now than it was before—far warmer, too—far more authoritative, because His fatherly relation to us is infinitely better seen than it used to be. Besides this, however, it may also be said that when God asks of us our heart, we are now in a better position to understand what He really wants; for we have seen Jesus. So far, indeed, as the use goes of this primitive and biblical phrase—the "heart"—there is little difficulty in understanding the letter of His demand. Possibly few of us could define off-hand all that is wrapt up in that sin ple current metaphor of Scripture, man's heart; but we know pretty well what it means for all that. It is a very natural conjecture of unscientific people to think that, among the various organs of the body, the heart is the central and the chief. If the blood be the life, then the heart is both its seat—so to say—to which the blood returns, and its source, from which it flows forth again to distribute vital force throughout the body. A very obvious analogy leads us to use the same word for the real centre of power or of impulse in any system or organism whatever. We say of

some people that they are the heart and soul of every enterprise. Transferred from the bodily frame to man's moral and personal life—the life of reflection, of conscience, of free choice, of spiritual emotion, of formed character—we never doubt but that strange inner life also has its central point—it has heart. My moral and religious being is quite as complex as my bodily frame; but it forms quite as strict a unity. I am one person, whole and indivisible. There must be a point (whether metaphysicians can put their finger on it or not, where all the moral currents of my nature centre—all the varied influences which tell on character—all impulses or emotions, prompting to act—all the principles which guide or restrain action—all the wayward and conflicting forces which successively sway me in this direction or in that. Deep down at the root and focus of human character lies that mysterious, responsible self—that "I myself"—which constitutes me a person, not a thing; and out from that true radical seat of the personal life spring forth and flow all the streams of conduct which fill up my daily existence.

In asking for our heart, therefore, God asks leave to control our character and personal life from within, from its moral centre. And the words I have just quoted from our Lord remind us that, from the very nature of sin, no regeneration of us was possible which did not restore the rule of God and the love of goodness at the centre or heart of our character. Whatever is bad in conduct is no more than a symptom; the seat of our moral malady lies deep, in what we are, not in what we do. This is the point at which every shallow plan of reform stumbles over the facts. Men cannot do well till they are made well: make the tree good, and the fruit will grow better of itself. Our Father, therefore, goes straight to the key of the whole position, when He asks, as One Who asks a concession which concedes everything—asks One Who cannot reform us until He gets this concession—that His fallen child should lay once more in the parental hand the very spring of his being; to let that hand which made, remake. It is regeneration which we all need, not reformation: it is new life working from the heart outwards.

Besides, if God be our Father, it is reasonable that the tie between us should be of this personal sort—a heart-tie. Between parent and child, any colder or more exterior relationship cannot be suitable or satisfactory. It cannot suffice this Father, any more than it would an earthly one, that the son yield a formal observance in certain outward acts of respect or courtesies of address. It cannot be enough to consult Him in a few great emergencies as you might a stranger, hear with decent show of attention what He has to say, do now and then some small thing to please Him, but at bottom shut yourself up from any closer or more confiding or more affectionate intercourse, and allow Him no real voice in your private affairs. Nay, it is just this banishing of God out of our heart to the circumference and outside of He which is the "head and front of our offending." This is what has opened the heart to the sway of bad passions, and turned it into a very fountain of Marah, embittering and desolating all our life. The first condition of our becoming again holy and happy men is that the dishonoured Father gets His rightful position in the throne of the affections and the will; that He become once more Lord of the heart, our confident, and the controller of all the secret springs, both of character and of conduct. "My son"—is His inevitable request—"Give Me thine heart."

A good deal, if not all, of what I have now said, could have been said by a devout Hebrew before Christ; for earnest men of God always knew: (as you learn from the Psalter, for example) that the very inmost being of a good man needs to be wholly formed and possessed by God's grace. "Create in me a clean heart, O God," is their prayer. "Thy word have I hid in my heart," is their profession. "The law of his God is in his heart," is their description of a righteous man. Still, we ought to understand better than they what is really meant by giving one's heart to God as to a Father in heaven, for we see Jesus Christ. Of such heart-surrender as God insists on, and of its happy consequences, Jesus is the unapproachable instance. That instance we are free to study. That instance we are free to imitate. If you and I will approach God through the blood of Christ, as sons redeemed in Christ, our relationship to Him will be moulded, not so much on that of devout men of old, but on that of the Incarnate Only Begotten Son Himself. For ours is the adoption and the spirit of sonship in Christ Jesus. God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts. Consider, therefore, how the Lord Jesus, in His pious walk with God

as with a Father, yielded up that to heavenly Friend His entire heart. Consider the invariance of His fellowship with God. Remember how the band betwixt them was one of pure devout love, and led to an indwelling of the invisible God with Jesus so close and perfect that, as a man on earth, He could say of God in heaven—"I and My Father are one." Remember that, into the heart thus given to His hand in love, God poured the Holy Spirit without measure. Recall the spontaneousness of service which this produced in the Saviour's life; how from the Spirit-filled well of that holy heart, held in the hand of God, no trace of impurity or ungraciousness ever issued to stain the waters of His life; no impatient idle speech—no blundering, hurtful deed. And from your adoring contemplation of that loveliest sight to be seen on earth—most worthy object of our endless study—the life of the perfect Jesus, learn what is asked of you by the same tender voice which reaches you to day: "My son, give Me your heart."

For this voice does reach you all to-day. Once more the mighty Love of the Almighty Parent presses itself tightly against your stony, stubborn heart, and seeks all round a crevice to enter by—like some great sea wave that blindly feels its way along the rock-bound shore. Once more it wooes you to be God's genuine child, and let your Father's Spirit in. "See how I have loved, and given My heart to thee in Christ—for thee, to be pierced and broken. My child, My long-lost, long-sought-for child of many sorrows, give Me—give Me now at last thine heart!"

It were your wisdom, dear brothers and sisters, to yield to that heavenly voice. For we see, in the case of Jesus, how true, noble manhood, the ideal of human virtue, is only possible when we children of men give ourselves up to be willing children of God. There is nothing worth your flinging your heart away on, of meaner preciousness than the Eternal God above you. And as for your own sake, so also for His, give Him your heart. It is due to Him, as He is your Maker and your Parent, true Author of that rich, deep nature of yours, with all its budding sensibilities and capacity for goodness, constant Guardian of your days, patient Educator of your manhood and womanhood. Due to Him above all, as He is become your Redeemer, reaching out after you the pierced hands of Christ, drawing you by the tender eyes of His sorrowful Son, yea, incessantly pleading through the dumb lips of Jesus' wounds: "My son, My daughter, to Me thy Father, give now thine heart."

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## AM I SUCCESSFUL?

A WORD TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

OUR Master has taken us as co-workers to life. He permits his faithful Sabbath-school teachers, aye, all who work for Him, to see a little of the results of their labours now—some mere, some less—but the sum total, the final reckoning of life's work, in saving souls, and in all the sweet, saving influence of a holy life—a life of prayer and consecration—the sum of sacrifice, earnest toil and endurance in his service, he does not exhibit here; that is waiting for its showing in eternity. And so I am prepared to say to every discouraged superintendent and teacher, every worker in the vineyard of the Lord, you are successful, and that too in everything, however small, done or suffered for Jesus. Every cup of cold water, every visit to the prisoner, the sick, the poor, every mite dropped into the treasury of the Lord, in the name of a disciple, is noted by the recording angel. Every moment of earnest, prayerful study of the Sabbath-school lesson, and all the patient service in teaching—the bearing and forbearance with the wild and wayward boys, or careless and indifferent girls, and even the stupid ones (were not the disciples slow of hearing?) though you are so "weary in well-doing," as almost to give up in despair, is success. And it is so, even if there is no apparent good. For it is the spirit and the intention at which the Master looks. But there is real good done, though you may not see it. As every rain-drop and snowflake moistens and enriches the earth, so every honest, faithful effort to instruct, enlighten, and save a soul does make an impression. And may, sooner or later, by the blessing of God, bring that soul to Christ. The "Broad cast upon the water shall return after many days," "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," "He that hath sown and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." I. T. W.

## SALVATION.

BY D. L. MOODY.

WHAT IS CHRIST TO YOU?

**W**HAT is He willing to be to you, if you will have Him? Won't you be made heirs of heaven, joint heirs with Christ—to reign with Him for ever and ever—to be His—to be with Him where He is—to be what He is? Think, then, of what He is, and of what He gives. You don't need to trouble yourselves at present about what you have to give up. Receive Him, and all these things will appear utterly insignificant.

I used to think of what I would have to give up. I dearly loved many of the pleasures of this earth; but now I'd as soon go out into your streets and eat the dirt as do those things. God doesn't say, "Give up this and that." He says, "Here is the Son of my bosom—receive Him." When you do receive Him, everything else goes. Stop that talk about giving up; let Christ save you, and all these things will go for nothing.

Mark the words, "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power." Now, my friends, will you go with this man? You have often heard about Christ; you know as much about Him as any one on this platform perhaps; but did you ever know a man or woman who regretted receiving Him?

No man ever regretted receiving Christ; but I have heard of thousands who have been followers of the devil, and have regretted it bitterly. And I notice that it is always the most faithful followers of the devil who are regretting it most.

## TAKE JESUS.

My friends, accept my advice, and take Jesus with you. Remember, He is the gift of God offered to whosoever. You belong to that class, don't you? Just take Him; that's the first thing you have to do. When you go to cut down a tree, you don't take the axe, and commence to hew down the branches. No, you begin right down at the root. So here, you must take Christ, and then you will get power to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil.

## SALVATION IS A FREE GIFT,

and it is a free gift for us. Can you buy it? It is a free gift, presented to "whosoever." Suppose I were to say, I will give this Bible to "whosoever"; what have you got to do? Why, nothing but take it. But a man comes forward, and says, "I'd like that Bible very much." "Well, didn't I say 'whosoever'?" "Yes; but I'd like to have you say my name." "Well, here it is." Still he keeps eyeing the Bible, and saying, "I'd like to have that Bible; but I'd like to give you something for it. I don't like to take it for nothing." "Well, I am not here to sell Bibles; take it, if you want it." "Well, I want it; but I'd like to give you something for it. Let me give you a penny for it; though, to be sure, it's worth twenty or thirty shillings." Well, suppose I took the penny; the man takes up the Bible, and marches away home with it. His wife says, "Where did you get that Bible?" "Oh, I bought it." Mark the point; when he gives the penny it ceases to be a gift. So with salvation. If you were to pay ever so little, it would not be a gift.

## "WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION."

Surely you can trust God: You must have a very poor opinion of God if you cannot trust Him. You have only to come to Him thus—receive Him, trust Him. What more can you do, and what less can you do than trust Him? Is He not worthy of it. Now, let us think of one passage of Scripture: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." That is Christ standing at the door of your heart, knocking; and He says, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Will any one pull back the bolts, and say, "Enter, thou welcome, thrice welcome One. Blessed Saviour, come in." God grant that all may do this!

Love to God induces an atmosphere in us in which all feelings find their summer, and so their ripeness. Around no other one centre of the human soul will all our faculties gather in submission and obedience, but the will about love.

## SAMMY HICK'S PRAYER.

**S**AMMY HICK, the good eccentric English blacksmith, was in the habit of praying for persons by name, with what some would regard as undue familiarity. The late "Billy Dawson," who knew him personally, mentioned in my hearing, for example, that stopping once at the house of —, in Lancashire, Sammy prayed thus at family worship for the cook, who was exceedingly ugly: "O my Lord, convert Betty—she'll look five pound better!" and thus for the brother-in-law of his host, "My Lord bless—bless—Thou knowest—I forgot his name—the big fat man that lives at top o' the hill!"

Sergt. R—, an English Methodist, when in Ireland, related the following. I give it as it was told to me. Sammy and some brethren visited a certain village for the purpose of establishing a prayer-meeting. They secured a room, but it proved too small for the purpose. One day it was proposed that Sammy should go to a nobleman in the neighbourhood to solicit aid towards the erection of a chapel. Consenting to the proposal of his brethren, on condition that they would go to their knees and continue in prayer until his return, the simple-minded zealous man went to seek an interview with the nobleman. His lordship was at home. With great difficulty Sammy got ushered in to his presence, when this scene occurred:—

Sammy: "My lord, the people in — are very wicked; and if we don't get a chapel, they'll all go to hell and be damned. Now, I am come to ask your lordship to give us a subscription to build the chapel."

Nobleman (eyeing his strange visitor): "Oh, you may go about your business; I have no money for you."

Sammy: "But, my lord, you have plenty of money, if you like to give it. And you know, my lord, they are prying for my success yonder."

Nobleman: "Then I'll give you no money."

Sammy: "Well, my lord, you won't hinder me praying with you?"

Nobleman: "I don't want your prayers."

Sammy: "O, my lord, it wouldn't do to part without prayer."

So saying, he fell on his knees, his lordship sitting still in his chair, not a little amused by this time.

Sammy: "O Lord, thou knowest the people in — are very wicked, and, if we don't get a chapel, they'll all go to hell, and be damned. Thou knowest that his lordship here has plenty of money if he likes to give it. Now, Lord, give his heart a touch, and let him give us a subscription to build the chapel."

Nobleman: "Did I ever hear such prayers! Well, there's a pound for you. Now go about your business."

Sammy: "O Lord, he has got a touch. Now give him another touch, for Thou knowest he could as easily give us ten pounds as one pound."

Nobleman: "Well there are five pounds for you. Will that do?"

Sammy: "Bless the Lord, his heart is growing soft. Now, Lord, touch him again, and let him increase the subscription."

Nobleman: "There are ten pounds for you. Now are you satisfied?"

Sammy: "Glory be to God! Ten pounds will go a great way to build the walls; but, Lord, what will we do for the roof? Thou knowest his lordship here has plenty of timber on the estate, growing and dry. Now touch him again, and let him give us the timber for the roof."

This petition also was granted, and Sammy "went on his way rejoicing."

—Prayer Meeting Advocate.

How shall we keep our boys home-loving; how keep them from the temptations which he in wait for them out of doors? One way is the way indicated above. The craving for excitement which exists in almost every human being must be met and gratified, not smoothed as though it were itself a sin. Let the home be gay and attractive as well as pure and pious. Let the song follow the psalm, the prayer harmonize with the daily acts of self-forgetfulness and courtesy.

## DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.

NO character in Old Testament history is so many-sided, no genius so versatile, as that of David. We behold him in the humble shepherd-boy, the youthful hero, the passionate lover and romantic friend, the brave chieftain, the mighty warrior, the greatest of kings, the wise statesman, the sacred poet, and the tender father.

The conqueror of Goliath could be no ordinary hero. The feats of valour and the constant victories that attended him while in the service of Saul, foreshadowed his coming greatness. While an outlaw and the captain of his brave six hundred, he out-generalled the armies of Israel, and when he attained the throne he rapidly completed the conquest of the nations spared by the sword of Joshua.

David, more than Saul, was the real founder of the kingdom. His wise statesmanship led him to establish a national capital, and by placing the ark there to centralise the national power. In thus securing the unity of all Israel for the first time after the death of Joshua, he fulfilled the dying prophecy of Jacob, and obeyed the Divine command to Judah, to lead the tribes to the complete conquest of the Land of Promise. He thus became Joshua's true successor, and accomplished that which all the judges and rulers had so far failed to do—a failure that had been to the nation the source of countless woes.

His lofty genius early identified him with the glorious songs of Israel, and his immortal Psalms will ever be cherished in the heart of the Church universal. Before his time there had been occasional bursts of Hebrew poetry, but David was the first who gave it its fixed place in the Israelitish worship. His harp was to him what the wonder-working staff was to Moses, the spear to Joshua, or the sword to Gideon. It was with him in his early youth; it was his comfort amid the trials of middle life, and soled him many a weary hour in old age. Singing men and women were recognised accompaniments of his court; he was himself the inventor of musical instruments (Amos vi. 5), and with his whole heart he sang the praises of the God he loved.

David, enthroned on Mount Zion, the man after God's own heart, the light of Israel, the star of former prophecies, has ever been regarded as a type of the Messiah. From the promise of the Lord, sent to the King through the prophet Nathan, the conviction started, and ever after deepened in Israel, that the dynasty of David should never end. In the darkest hour of the nation's misfortune and captivity, the hope of the coming of the Messiah rose high; and when at last the earthly throne had perished, and Israel was about to be scattered, and Jerusalem trodden down of the Gentiles, there was born in the City of David, and of the seed of David, one in whom the law and the prophecies received their fulfilment, and who set up a spiritual kingdom, manifesting himself to all the world as "the root and offspring of David." Such expressions as "The seed of David," "The sure mercies of David," refer to his connection with the great Prince and Saviour, who was born at Bethlehem of Judah, but whose "goings forth were from old, from everlasting."

But David, with all his greatness and glory, was not without sin. Dissimulation, falsehood, polygamy, adultery, and even murder, as in the case of Uriah, may be charged upon him. The inspired pen has recorded them all, without any attempt to conceal or excuse, but declares plainly that they were exceedingly displeasing to God. He did indeed forgive the royal penitent, but the transgressions were rebuked again and again; brought up to David's sad remembrance; brought out in sunlight before the nation and before the world. In the words of the 51st Psalm we read the language of the contrite soul.

Not his sin, but his earnest struggle and aim never to be untrue to Jehovah, made him the man after God's own heart. His transgressions were sudden and erratic; his zeal and loyalty to God were steadfast and persistent. He never forgot his humble origin, but in his last song called himself the son of Jesse, and the man who had been exalted on high—true humility in the midst of royalty.

By his early deeds of valour, by his successful warfare; by his prosperous reign; and especially by his imperishable psalms, and his example of faith and Christian submission, he has obtained a hold upon the Church and the world that must remain for ever.

## PULPIT POWER.

BY E. A. RAND, D.D.

I CAN imagine the Sabbath service to be over. The little country church has been emptied of its worshippers, Farmer Gray lingers at the door a moment. His eye sweeps and gathers in the beauties of the autumn landscape ere he descends the steps to his carriage. Perhaps the sermon has been upon autumn leaves, a favourite October topic in the pulpits. "Excellent sermons we have," says Farmer Gray. "Strange we don't see greater results. Why, there is a sermon stamped on the very leaves to help the truth along. But I don't see results. The pulpit don't have power. Where is the trouble?"

A good many people that are not farmers ask the same question. Why is not the truth that is sent out from the pulpit more efficacious? Why does it not go out everywhere to warn or win; everywhere lighting up heaven and hell; compelling men, by the vividness of its testimony, to shun the wrong, and attracting them to the right? Why is not the pulpit accompanied by such influences of power? What is the reason? Many thinking people ask the question. Now, if there are willing men and women, as well as thinking men and women, the thing desired can be reached.

A little suggestion came to me as I was looking at the head-light of a locomotive. What a great, flaming, fiery, thing is a locomotive head-light. Just see it coming round the curve at night. It flashes and grows, flashes and grows, till it sends a magnificent beam along the track, lighting up all the way. It is an immense eye of fire looking into the night; and what an eye it gives to the engineer! It would seem as if he could see a spider crawling on the rails. But what gives the head-light its intensity? Watching the locomotive, I saw how it was. The lamp itself was not large. A child could handle it, and carry it about at night. It had, though, an immense reflector. There was a reflecting surface on this side, on that side, above it, below it, back of it, and from these reflecting surfaces there shot out a huge ball of flame. It was a little lamp, but it had an immense reflector.

Dear brother, sister, you can be a reflector of the truth. The sermon on Sunday may be just an ordinary instrumentality, but if there are Christian disciples on this side, on that side, on every side, to reflect the teachings of the pulpit in their own faithful lives, the work desired is done. The sermon holds up honesty: be honest. It holds up purity: be pure. It holds up the heralding of the Gospel: be a herald of the Gospel. Beside every light held up set many reflectors. What a power the pulpit will become! What a blaze of light will go all through your community.

Revivals come in this way. A pastor, for three months after his settlement, preached on specific Christian duties. Then he told his deacon a revival was coming. A revival coming? Certainly. The people had gone out, and in their better lives had given the truth a reflector. So light had gone out, and a revival was inevitable. That is all we can do, to get the light to men. The Spirit of God, without whom we can accomplish nothing, will do all the rest.

It is a great help to a minister, when he holds up the light of God's truth in the pulpit, to look down and see rows of reflectors in the faithful souls before him, waiting to set forth the truth in their better lives, and so scatter the light everywhere. Who is willing to help the minister? Who is willing to say, "Though I can't be the light in the pulpit, I will be a reflector?" Is Farmer Gray willing to be a reflector?—*Christian at Work.*

When God's Word declares that there shall be "certain who shall privily bring in damnable heresies," it distinctly establishes this solemn truth—that error can damn as well as vice. It is not for us to say what errors are thus dangerous; but neither is it for us to conceal a truth so little believed, so seldom acted upon, and yet so certain and so appalling.

May not the telling, for others' encouragement, that which to us seems dearest and most sacred be among the "cups of cold water?" It is such a comfort to poor humanity that their burdens of grief, and pain, and weariness are shared by others, and sympathy is a golden chain to bind our hearts together, while "*He who was acquainted with sorrow*" Himself is the clasp.

## MARTIN LUTHER.



**T**HE HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM, the first volume of which has just been published, is a work worthy of its erudite author, and enterprising publishers.\* The Reformation, to which, more than to aught else, England owes her greatness, is traced from its very germ in the time of the early Christian martyrs, right through the long series of heroic defenders of the faith, till the end of the first volume brings us to the triumph of Luther on the occasion of the protest (of 1529) of the Protestant Princes. If ever a book deserved careful reading this does; it is full of instruction, and replete with interest, and will well repay perusal.

The following extract may be interesting to our younger readers. The portrait is engraved from a painting by Louis Cranach, dated 1543; Luther being then sixty years old.

"At the age of fourteen years (1497) Martin was sent to the Franciscan school at Magdeburg. At school the hardships and privations amid which his childhood had been passed not only attended him but increased. His master often flogged him; for it was a maxim of those days that nothing could be learned without a free use of the rod; and we can imagine that the buoyant or boisterous nature of the boy often led him into transgressions of the rules of school etiquette. He mentions having one day been flogged fifteen times. What added to his hardships was the custom then universal in the German towns, and continued till a recent date, if even now wholly abandoned, of the scholars begging their bread, in addition to the task of conning their lessons. They went, in small companies, singing from door to door, and receiving whatever alms the good burghers were pleased to give them. At times it would happen that they received more blows, or at least more rebuffs, than alms."

"The instruction was gratis, but the young scholar had not bread to eat, and though the means of his father were ampler than before, all were needed for the support of his family, now numerous; and after a year Luther was withdrawn from Magdeburg and sent to a school in Eislebnach, where having relatives he would have less difficulty, it was thought, in supporting himself. These hopes were not realised, because perhaps his relations were poor. The young scholar had still to earn his meals by singing in the streets. One day Luther was perambulating Eislebnach, stopping before its likeliest dwellings, and striving with a brief hymn to woo the inmates to kindness. He was sore pressed with hunger, but no door opened, and no hand was extended to him. He was greatly downcast; he stood musing within himself what should become of him. Alas! he could not endure these hard-

ships much longer; he must abandon his studies; he must return home, and work with his father in the mines. It was at that moment that Providence opened for him a home.

"As he stood absorbed in these melancholy thoughts, a door near him was opened, and a voice bade him come in. He turned to see who it was that spoke to him. It was Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, a man of consideration among the burghers of Eislebnach. Ursula Cotta had marked the young scholar before. He was accustomed to sing in the church choir on Sundays. She had been struck with the sweetness of his voice. She had heard the harsh words with which he had been driven away from other doors. Taking pity, she took him in, and made him sit down at her board; and not only did she appease his hunger for the time, but her husband, won by the open face and sweet disposition of the boy, made him come and live with them.

"Luther had now a home; he could eat without begging or singing for his bread. He had found a father and mother in this worthy pair. His heart opened; his young genius grew livelier and lovelier every day. Penury, like the chill of winter, had threatened to blight his powers in the bud; but this kindness, like the sun, with genial warmth, awakened them into new vigour. He gave himself to study with fresh ardour; tasks difficult before, became easy now. If his voice was less frequently heard in the streets, it cheered the dwelling of his adopted parents. Madame Cotta was fond of music, and in what way could the young scholar so well repay her kindness as by cultivating his talent for singing, and exercising it for the delight of this 'good Shunammite?' Luther passed, after this, nearly two years at Eislebnach, equally happy at school in the study of Latin, rhetoric, and verse-making, and at home where his hours of leisure were filled up with song, in which he not infrequently accompanied himself on the lute. He never, all his after-life, forgot either Eislebnach or the good Madame Cotta. He was accustomed to speak of the former as 'his own beautiful town,' and with reference to the latter he would say, 'There is nothing kinder than a good woman's heart.' The incident helped also to strengthen his trust in God. When greater perils threatened in his future career, when man stood aloof, and he could descry no deliverance near, he remembered his agony in the streets of Eislebnach, and how visibly God had come to his help."

## USEFULNESS.

**H**OW ample our means and opportunities of doing good in the world! Is knowledge power? Teachers, textbooks, schools abound. May property be useful? Many avocations are open to us, in which we may provide a livelihood, and have much to spare for others in need. Has good example a strong and happy influence! There is grace to help us to adorn a good profession before many witnesses. Will the prayer of faith open the windows of heaven, and call down plentiful rains of spiritual blessings? All are welcome to the throne of grace, and are assured that if they ask it shall be given them. All may not, indeed, have the genius and learning of a Calvin, and be able to write rich volumes for the instruction of future generations. Not many may have the eloquence of a Whitefield, and be competent to carry with them listening multitudes, swaying their emotions as the whirlwind does the forest. Few may possess the wealth of a Peabody, or have wherewith to provide schools and education for communities and states; and only such as George Muller may, simply bowed before the Hearer of prayer, secure ample resources for conducting extensive institutions of charity.

But are not the rivulets and streams useful, in common with the great rivers, in refreshing the earth? What these may lack in quantity, may they not make up in number? Or the ten thousand times ten thousand stars of the night—do they not, as well as the moon, give beauty to the sky, and light the traveller on his way? Genius, learning, wealth, eloquence, and such gifts and acquisitions, consecrated to religion, may be necessary as the Mississippi, the Amazons, the Niles, in order that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the whole earth, as the waters fill the sea. But the comparatively little efforts and influences of the masses of Christendom will be useful too. They are the rivulets and streams that are to bear an important part in refreshing a wilderness-world, and making the desert blossom as the rose. They are the stars



that jewel the sky of a benighted earth, and serve to guide its weary pilgrims heavenward. All, then, may, and all should, be useful. The humblest disciple may speak a word for Jesus. The poorest may cast a mite into the treasury of the Lord. The weakest in their faith may plead with a power that will remove mountains out of the Gospel's way.

My brother, you may, if you will, do much good in the world as you are passing through it. You may put honour upon God, bless society, and work out your own salvation. In the great day of a coming judgment, a benediction will be pronounced by the Son of Man upon many in such terms as these: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." By a diligent use of means and opportunities, with which you are so amply supplied, you may make that happiness yours. Will you not?

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

By REV. W. J. WOODS, B.A., F.R.G.S.

THE parable of the Good Samaritan, is it not an allegory?

<p>A certain man went down from Jerusalem  to Jericho, fell among thieves,  who stripped him, wounded him,  left him half dead. There passed by a priest a Levite, on the other side.  A certain Samaritan  as he journeyed came where he was, had compassion, went to him, bound up his wounds  pouring in oil  and wine;  sat him on his own beast, took him to an inn,  when he departed.  Two pence host; what thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.</p>	<p>You or I fell away from the "City of Peace" to a city cursed of God; fell into the power of him "who was a murderer and a robber from the beginning," and of other evil spirits, of his innocence, with the fiery darts of the wicked, body living, but soul dead, the moral law, the ceremonial law, they on the side of perfect obedience, he on the side of disobedience and imminent death. One Jesus, despised of the Jews. coming down from heaven, put himself in his place, "who loved us," seeks out the wanderer, "to bind up the broken- hearted," to soothe ("the oil of joy for mourning,") to cleanse and sanctify; so making glad the heart, supported him by his grace, a church, the communion of saints. "It is expedient for you that I go away." "I go to prepare a place for you." The Law and the Gospel, a good minister of Jesus Christ, health, happiness, life, a Second coming, "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."</p>
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## DODGING THE COLLECTION.

ONE day, as I was listening to a sermon on behalf of a local charity, a woman sitting near the pulpit attracted my attention. This woman had been nodding her head with approbation all the time the minister was preaching; but especially during that part of the sermon in which he was pleading so earnestly for the children. No one could have seen her without expecting a substantial donation at the door. She was also one of the loudest of the singers of the hymn;

An indescribable thrill, however, which passed through me, gave me immediately to understand that I must make up my mind to be disappointed; and a glance at my companion's face confirmed me in my apprehension. Judging from appearances, this lady could have very well afforded to give; but she passed out without putting a fraction on the plate. Not even a sixpence for decency's sake, did she bestow. It was not the churchwarden's fault, however. This gentleman was a very experienced collector; and occasionally shook me a little, so that I made all the little fourpennies and sixpences jump, by way of reminding such as were forgetful, that there was such a thing as a plate at the door. I was never so shaken, however, as when this lady approached me. The fact is, the churchwarden knew her well. It was only about two months before, when a sermon for the Missionary Society had been preached, and a hymn was being sung, while the plate went round from pew to pew (which was sometimes the case in our church) that it reached this very individual, just as she was singing out with all her might—

Fly abroad, thou glorious Gospel.

The churchwarden was determined not to let her off, so he kept poking the plate in front of her, while she on her part kept singing out, "Fly abroad"—"fly abroad"—but ah! she gave nothing to help it to fly. But there are many such as she. She was only one of a class who flatter with their mouths, but are untrue in their hearts; perhaps she thought she had done her part by joining in the hymn, and nodding her head during the sermon; but it would have taken a great deal of this work to have paid off the debt on the schools.—*Rev. P. B. Power, in "Reminiscences of a Church Plate."*

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Wonders of Creation, and other Poems.* By Matthew Josephs (of Jamaica). (London: Longley, 5s.) A volume of verses, we can hardly say poetry, very pretentious, and, as a maiden effort, praiseworthy. The most noticeable feature is, perhaps, the author (whose photograph adorns the front piece), who is, we believe, the first native of Jamaica who has ever published a complete volume of this kind.

*Morning Beams from the Sun of Righteousness.* Meditations on Scriptural Holiness. By E. J. A. (London: Longley, 1s. 6d.) The title is a happy one, and the meditations well written. For each day we have, tersely and pointedly given, meditation—motto—prayer—promise—praise. The get-up of the book is all that could be desired.

*The High Places of the Bible.* By the Rev. John Thomas. (London: Longley, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Thomas has chosen a very interesting subject for the theme of his book, and right well has he done the work. The writing is clear, forcible, and attractive, and while the author is in no wise wanting in fervour, he has very skilfully interwoven much poetry and grace in his narrative.

*St. Botolph's; or, Sundays Long Ago.* (London: Stock.) We have been greatly pleased in reading this little book. It is simply yet intelligently written, and is brimful of lessons and hints which Sunday-school teachers, for whom it is intended, would do well to take to heart. Seldom have we read anything more winning in its style, while the author seems modestly unconscious of his power. We suppose from the style of binding the book is a cheap one; but as publishers will not quote the prices when sending books for notice, we cannot say definitely.

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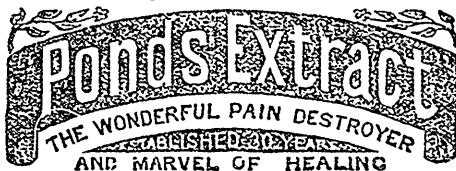
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