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Monthly Messenger.

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THE WANTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

No. V.

Every man must render an account to God for the use he makes of His talents. There are many buried talents in this country—wealth, influence, time, learning—all of which should be employed in the service of the blessed Redeemer. There would be no lack of labours, and no want of means to carry on the work of the Church, if all realised their responsibilities, and lived as those who must render an account of their stewardship.

I had the pleasure of numbering among my friends in Dublin, and among my correspondents since I came to this country, the late Mr. Henry Bewley, widely known in the Christian Church for his earnest spirit of evangelical enterprise and open-handed benevolence.

The total sum that he gave away during his lifetime to charitable undertakings and works of benevolence must have been considerably over *one hundred thousand pounds*. Among his numerous gifts was a cheque of five thousand pounds in 1866 to the London Evangelical Society, founded by Lord Radstock and Mr. Robert Baxter. His purse was constantly open for aiding various societies and individuals engaged in Christian undertakings.

The principal work with which his name is associated is the Dublin Tract Depository, in D'Olier street, which has done a great work of usefulness during the past twenty-five years, and has scattered over the world English, French, Spanish, Italian, and German religious tracts and books amounting to the astonishing number of upwards of five hundred million copies! There is reason to believe that thousands upon thousands of souls have been converted during the past quarter of a century by these religious publications, which were remarkable for the pure and pointed evangelical truth they contained; in fact, the very marrow of the Gospel, and multitudes of them were from his own facile pen. It is said that during the years in which his depository sold for one shilling numberless packets of tracts that cost four shillings, his gratuitous expenditure for this item alone was several thousand pounds a year.

The death of his eldest, then his only, son, aged seventeen or eighteen, about twenty years ago (he subsequently had another, who now survives him), was a marked epoch in his life of generosity. He afterwards stated that he had been amassing a fortune for that son; but he looked upon his death as an indication that he should no longer thus accumulate money, but spend it in the cause of Christ, and he adhered to his determination to the close of his life.

He always possessed, however, a large amount of capital invested in his business as a wholesale chemist, and in gutta-percha and other manufactories. This business brought him into connection with the Transatlantic Cable, in which he held a large share: and the recovery of the lost cable, some ten years ago, was a gain of many thousands of pounds to him. He also at one time received large profits from his coal-mines in Germany. He possessed marked business ability and administrative capacity and shrewdness. At the time of the laying of the cable at Valentia, in Ireland, he gave a banquet to some 300 people connected with that undertaking, and after the repeat hymns were sung, prayers offered up, and addresses delivered by the Rev. H. Disney and the Rev. Dr. John Hall, then of Dublin, now of New York. This was an intrepid act for Christ, as many were present who were scoffers and infidels. I remember the severe criticisms of a part of the secular press on the occasion. But he served the Lord, and cared not for the carpings of dying mortals.

In connection with the great religious revival in Ireland in 1859, 1860, and 1861, Mr. Bewley built Merrion Hall in Dublin, at a cost of £25,000. About that period he also began conferences once or twice every year at Dublin, and he generally sent a five-pound note apiece to about fifty ministers and laymen, with an invitation to attend, and they were hospitably entertained during their stay. On the third day of the conference the meetings were usually held in Mr. Bewley's conservatory, situated at his beautiful residence at Willow Park, Booterstown, between Dublin and Kingstown. Here, too, breakfast and evening meetings were held continually. I have met as many at 400 at tea in the drawing-room and conservatory. The evenings were spent in hearing some distinguished minister or layman, and discussing the best methods of advancing the Kingdom of the Redeemer. He gave a public dinner every day in the year (except Sundays) in D'Olier-street (presiding himself when at home) to Christian workers from every part of the world; in fact, all who came were welcome. Here it has been our privilege to meet with servants of God from almost every part of the world, and of every name.

The great motto of his life was, "In things essential, *unity*; in things non-essential, *liberty*; in all things, *charity*." He loved and longed to be a peacemaker between contending sects of Christians. He held and propagated the views of the *Millenarians*, so called, or the Scriptural doctrines of the Second Coming and Personal Reign of the Lord Jesus. He laboured earnestly and successfully for the conversion of souls. He was a plain but effective speaker, and in many of

the large towns of Ireland, England, and Europe, he stood forth as the preacher of the Gospel which he loved. I have seen him taking his stand at the door of a large church, and grasping the hands of the retiring congregation, and urging each one to decide at once for Christ.

He departed this life on June 28, 1876, at his residence, Willow Park, in the seventy-second year of his age.

We are glad to be able to give here some of his last utterances:—

"Amazing grace! oh, the depths of the riches of His love and grace!"

"Lord Jesus, we are one with Thee:
O height, O depth of love."

"I would say to all of every sect and denomination, Let Christ be first, and the Church second." When his pillow was being settled "This is not the only pillow that I have, that sweet hymn 'Pillow of the weary soul.' There is a softer pillow than this, 'Soft as downy pillows are.' He is a Rock, and is a thousand times softer than the downy pillow. Let us thank Him for this."

"I grudge spending my time in sleep, I like to spend the last few moments in speaking of Jesus, and telling the very little that I know of Him."

"Don't rob the Lord of a few moments every morning. Meditate on the Scriptures—the word itself. Meditate on it in the calmness of a waiting spirit. This is my Quakerism. The Lord make it a great blessing to the Friends. As I said to Lord C—, 'the eating of the words,' that there may be joy in the heart of each. The more we feed upon this, the sweeter it will be to us. We should read it as a duty, and a blessed occupation. It should not be done in a formal way."

"Now it is all love, all praise, 'My Jesus hath done all things well.' They don't say in heaven, 'I am sick.' I never in my life had such happy moments as now. I am in peace, sweet peace. How sweet it is, oh how sweet; there is nothing more sweet than just to be passive in His hands and know no will but His. Oh, to lie passive in His arms, His loving arms."

"My name from the palm of His hands
Eternity will not erase."

"My God, my beloved is mine."

"Nothing is trifling connected with the name of Christ."

In settling His pillow—"Put my face up. Jesus looked up. When I awoke in the night, I did not know whether I was in the body or out of it. My last day will be the happiest of my life." Showing much emotion while speaking, the doctor said, 'Now be calm.'

"Calm! I am as calm as the surface of that looking-glass. Are the angels calm? Will you be calm when you see Jesus?"

"Those wounded feet, who will kiss them first. If there is a contest in heaven as to who will kiss them first, I will join in it."

"It is because God is holy that we shall be infinitely happy. If you had fifty hearts it would be too little for Him."

"I am a wonder to myself, a few minutes ago as weak as water, but thinking of Jesus, and speaking of Him has strengthened me, and given me a lift. Eternity is too short to utter all His praise."

"I cannot spend my days better than in speaking of Jesus the Bridegroom."

Alluding to food not suiting Him, "I can receive heavenly things, but earthly things don't suit me now. I cannot take the meat or food of earth, or the water of earth. Oh, what will it be to drink the water of life—the crystal stream?"

"God is preparing a place for us. Oh, what a glorious place it must be. Eighteen hundred years to be preparing the place, and then preparing us for that place."

"My love flows out towards all the saints of God."

"The death of the Christian is but falling into the arms of the Father, into the arms of God. Oh, to dwell more on these things, and learn a little of their unfathomableness!"

"Jesus is the pillow of rest—perfect, perfect peace." On laying a crimson dressing gown, trimmed with black braid over him, "Take away that black thing. Put nothing on but white; white is the colour that becomes us when, as victors, we are leaving this world."

"Peace, peace; yes, perfect peace through the blood of the Lamb."

"Yes, Lord, I come. Yes, Lord, I am coming to Thee."

"Jesus, all comprised in that one word what He is, and what He has done—Jesus."

"What a sweet word, 'asleep in Jesus.' Asleep till the resurrection morning. Jesus, I am coming. I am coming to Thee, my Lord, my God."

On one of the family remarking, "Jesus is close beside thee," "Yes," he said, "but I have Him even closer than that mystically, 'Lord Jesus, we are *One* with Thee.' But we are so carnal still, we cannot realise it. Wondrous, wondrous!"

"The Messenger is coming. I am gradually, gently withdrawing from you."

"Better, far better, to depart and be with Christ. I shall know it very, very soon."

"Lay my hand on my Bible. Here I rest all my hope."

"The ship is entering into harbour in full sail; in full assurance of hope. The little barque may be small, but it has a precious cargo—Jesus only."

"Mind you all walk in the power of the *three* characters who sat with the Lord at the supper at Bethany. Lazarus, the resurrection man, done with the old creation—the apostasy; and then the true-heartedness of loving Mary, and the active service of most useful Martha. Whatever you see of Christ in any Christian always acknowledge it."

"Lord, I am coming, I am coming, Jesus. Lord Jesus, my Father, I lean on Thy precious, Thy loving arms. I think I may now say, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

"Just gone! Yes, up higher. Jesus! Jesus! perfect peace. I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Thou, my God and Father, art with me. Joy! Joy! Joy!"

"A little while our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more."

"Oh, dear! His chariot wheels seem long in coming."

"I waited patiently for the Lord."

"Come, come, Lord Jesus, my Lord, do not I love Thee? Behold my heart, and see, Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee."

"Oh, dear! done with earth until it is renewed again, and we shall swell the triumph of His train. Ah, you see me in humiliation, and all because of sin, but thanks be to God. He giveth me the victory. He won't wear his honours alone. This is only the robing-room for a glorious eternity."

Almost his last words, "I want that Jesus may be glorified in me, whether it be in life or in death."

So lived, so died Henry Bewley. His wealth, and influence, and time devoted to the Redeemer. Who in Newfoundland will follow his example? Another of our "wants" will be supplied when those to whom God has given talents employ them in His service.

CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH so much has been said and written of late years in regard to the conversion of children, I fear the Church has hardly begun to realise fully the importance of direct effort in this direction. If it is true that children can be converted and give convincing evidence of a change of heart, then are we bound by overwhelming reasons to labour, pray for, and expect their conversion. Let us remember God uses the means in saving children as well as in saving men and women. The lambs are to be brought into the fold; they will not find the way themselves.

Is it not our privilege to teach our little ones to kneel and ask a Saviour's forgiveness whenever they feel that they have displeased Him; to go to Him with childish troubles just as they would go to a mother, and to trust in Him fully for their safety and salvation? Can they not bring into constant exercise that all-constraining motive which so sanctifies human conduct, namely, the pleasure of Christ? If a child can understand what is meant by trying to please a mother, can it not also understand what is meant by trying to please the Saviour?

The writer holds a weekly meeting for the children of his flock. The short, simple prayers heard in this meeting must be music in the ears of angels.

I want to suggest the holding of children's meetings in every community. Pastors may hold them in the study; teachers may hold them in the homes of their scholars. Let him who leads have the confidence of the children; and in a quiet tender way he may call forth the prayers of the little ones. The readiness with which children pray in such little meetings is often a matter of surprise to those who have had no experience in leading children to Christ. Let us bring the lambs in to the Saviour's warm fold.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

TO present a petition is one thing; to prosecute a suit is another. Most prayers answer to the former. But successful prayer corresponds to the latter. God's people frequently lodge their petition in the court of heaven, and there they let it lie. They do not press their suit. They do not press their suit. They do not employ other means of furthering it beyond the presenting of it. The whole of prayer does not consist in taking hold of God. The main matter is holding on. How many are induced by the slightest appearance of repulse to let go, as Jacob did not! I have often been struck with the manner in which petitions to the Legislature are usually concluded—"And your petitioners will ever pray." So men ought always pray to God and never faint. Payson says, "The promise of God is not to 'th' act, but to the habit of prayer."—*Newins*.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

LET us have faith in our principles and faith in God. I mean faith; I do not mean what some people call faith. I do not mean the trust in Providence that was manifested by the old lady who said to the captain, "Are we in danger?" To which he replied, "There is nothing left for us now but to trust in Providence!" "Goodness gracious!" she replied, "has it come to that?" Some of us think we can treat the Lord as we see fit, as the poor washerwoman did when her shanty was burned down. "Now," said she, "you see if I don't work Sundays to pay for that." We get lessons of faith where we hardly expect it. Two boys were in a hospital together - one of them with both legs broken, and the other a wail picked up in the public streets. They lay side by side with each other, and one crept up towards the other as the sun was going down, and said, "Bob, Bob, did you never hear of Jesus?" "No, I never heard of Him." "Why, Bob, I went to the mission-school, and they told me that Jesus would take one to heaven when he died, where there would never be hunger any more, if one would ax Him." "I could not ax such a great big gentleman as He to do anything for me. He would not speak to a poor boy like me." "Bob, don't you want your leg to stop aching? Don't you want to be hungry no more?" "Don't I!" "Ax Him." "How can I ax Him when I don't know where He is? And if I did know where He was, I could not go; my legs are broke." "Bob, they told me in the mission-school that Jesus passes by. That means, you know, He comes around. How do you know but that He will be coming around this 'ere hospital? You keep your eyes open. You would know Him if you seed Him, and you could ax Him." "I could not keep my eyes open. My leg aches awfully, and the doctor says I will die." "Bob, you can hold out your hand, and if He should come around He would see it." The hand was raised again and dropped. The third time the little fellow got it up, and as it dropped he burst out crying in his weakness. "Bob, you just let me prop your elbow up with my pillow." And he took his own pillow and propped up the child's hand. In the morning the boy lay dead, with his little hand rigid, stiff, and cold, held up for Jesus. That is faith, that is trust, that is absolute confidence. That is just what we want. Let us never mind results, but have faith in our principles, faith in each other, and faith in God, with the motto "Excelsior," and the hope that there is a better day coming by-and-by, and the prayer always offered in humble, reverent faith, "God speed the right."—*John B. Gough*.

GOD SPEAKS TO US IN SCRIPTURE.

GOD speaks to us in Scripture. . . It is true that the Holy Scriptures have been wounded in the house of their friends; it is true that priests and theologians, in their craving for infallible authorities, have thrown up the mere letter of them between the intellect and God, making them opaque barrier between us and Him of whom they were intended to be the crystal mirror. It is true that men who were their professed defenders have deprived them of their universality, reading them under the veil of bigoted misconception, or through the lurid smoke of sectarian hate, making the Gospel of life and love and liberty, little better than "the remembrancer of damnation and the messenger of hell." And yet there, in all its human tenderness, in all its Divine wisdom, like the lamp unquenched by the vapours of the charnel-house, for all who will use it rightly, that holy and blessed Book is laid up on the inviolable altar of truth and honesty, the eternal protest against the very sins which are committed in its name. Read it, not with a slavish superstition, not with a blind and literal fetish worship, but in loving humility, in intelligent faith; and you, as myriads of your fathers have done, will find it, if not the only, yet assuredly the best comfort in sorrow, the best warning in danger, the best hope in death; when all else is bitter, it still shall be "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb"; and when all else is dross, it shall be as ten times refined gold. — *Frederick W. Ferrar*.

G E M S.

A Wesleyan local preacher, when asked his views of the extent of grace, replied, "I believe the plaster is as big as the wound."

"Ere thou mark another's sin,
Bid thy conscience look within."

We often lose deep joys, because we fear deep sorrows.
The Christian falls not asleep in the fire or in the water,
but in the sunshine.

No vessel of gold is moulded without the furnace.
When a soul is at ease it may be amused; but a hungry
soul wants bread.

The best test in all things is, Lord, thou seest me, and I shall
soon see Thee.

Some prayers have a longer voyage but they return with a
richer lading.

Apostasy begins at the closet-door.

If we cannot go to God *with* a broken heart, let us go to
Him *for* one.

Never trouble yourself with trouble, till trouble troubles
you.

Whatever is matter of our care, should be matter of our
prayer.

We may know what Christ has done *for* us, by what He
has done *in* us.

If you make a good profession, be sure to make your pro-
fession good.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a
little courage.

Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties
maintain our life.

Before thou reprehend another, take heed that thou are not
culpable in that which thou goest about to repress. He that
cleanses a blot with blurred fingers will make a greater blot.

Most men are afraid of a bad name, but few of their con-
sciences.

He who knows Christ is able to instruct even those that are
mighty in the Scriptures.

A good life hath but few days, but a good name endureth
for ever. Have regard to thy name.

"Thou shalt not be found out," is not one of God's com-
mandments, and no man can be saved by trying to keep it.

It is a vast work that every man may do if he never be idle;
and it is a huge way that a man may go in virtue if he never
goes out of his way to a vicious habit or a great crime.

The ministers of the Gospel should learn to know the worth
of an immortal soul, and be as ready to use their talents for
the conversion of slaves and the ignoble as the great and
opulent, and prize the converted slave as highly as the con-
verted lord, showing no sinful respect of persons.

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope through which
we look into eternity.

Prayer, without watching, is hypocrisy; and watching,
without prayer, presumption.

By the way many people in society waste their passing
time, one would think that they expected to live eternally.

When a man begins to find fault with other people he may
well be advised to look for evil in his own life.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we
are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard
through life, as well as essential to the culture of every
virtue.

He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God
and men, for without it we can neither be sociable nor
religious.

The reward of well-doing is satisfaction here and happiness
hereafter.

To all men, and at all times, the best friend is virtue, and
the best companions are high endeavours and honourable
sentiments.

Don't live a single hour in your life without doing exactly
what ought to be done in it, and going straight through it
from beginning to end.

Much of the wisdom of one age is the folly of the next.
The strength of man increases with the knowledge of his
weakness.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the
loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of lifetime is
unrolled.

THOUGHTS FROM MOODY.

"**N**OTHING cultivates like the Bible. Botanists know
nothing of Sharon; geologists cannot dig down to
the Rock of Ages; astronomers can't show us the morning
star."

"It would have been a waste of time for Paul to preach to
the natives of Malta with that viper hanging to his hand.
Let the Church shake off the vipers of pride, worldliness, and
unbelief, and then she can preach Christ."

"The Lord made room for you in heaven; can you not
make room for Him in your heart? The nations don't want
Him; many of the churches are locked and barred against
Him. There is no room for Him in our inns."

"You can't be a Christian because there are hypocrites in
the church? Then you had better get out of the world as
soon as possible, for three-quarters of the world are hypo-
crites, and there are only liars in hell; but there won't be
any at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

"Moses took of the blood and touched it with the right
ear, right thumb, and right toe of the High Priest—the ear,
because only those redeemed by blood can hear the voice of
God; the hand, because only they can render Him acceptable
service; the foot, because no one else can walk with God."

"I like to go all round a text to see what's after and before
—then I find often it is like a little diamond set in pearls."

"The world says earnest Christians are mad; if they are,
they have an uncommonly good Keeper on the way, and a
capital asylum at the end."

"God loved Elijah too well to answer that prayer of his
when he lay there under the juniper tree scared out of his life
by one bad woman. He had a better way in store for him.
Elijah was to go up to heaven in a chariot, instead of sneak-
ing out of the world in that way."

"We might as well be honest and own that we all do like
to shine; and we all may, for they that be wise shall shine
as the brightness of the firmament." Look at the great men
of Daniel's time. What's become of them all? But here is
Daniel, after 2500 years, shining yet; and 2500 years hence
there he'll be shining brighter than ever."

"Jesus said, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' I can
imagine Peter asking Him, 'What, Lord, shall we offer
salvation to the men who crucified you?' And I can imagine
Jesus answering him, 'Yes, Peter; I want you to go up to
Jerusalem, and wait there until you are endued with power
from on high. Then I want to preach my Gospel to every-
body, beginning at Jerusalem. Offer salvation to the men
who crucified Me. Peter, I'd like you to find that man who
put the crown of thorns on My head. Tell him if he'll take
salvation as a gift he shall have a crown of glory from Me,
and there shan't be a thorn in it. Look up that Roman
soldier who thrust that spear into My side, to my very
heart, and tell him there's a nearer way to My heart than
that. My heart is full of love for his soul. Offer him
salvation.'"

MODE OF REPROOF.

SOME persons apparently pride themselves on being blunt,
or, as they call it, "honest"; but blunt people do very
little good to others, and get very little love to themselves.
The Scriptures recommend *gentleness and kindness*.

Reproof should generally fall like the gentle dew, and not
like the rushing hailstorm. The oil insinuateth itself; the
stone wounds and then rebounds.

Christians should take heed of getting fond of "rebuking."
Such spiritual "constables" do a great deal of mischief with-
out intending it. They are in a church what a very witty
and sarcastic person is in society, or what a tell-tale is in
school, and approximate very closely to that class which the
apostle terms, "busybodies in other men's matters."

Our manner must be tender and winning. The nail of re-
proof, says an old writer, must be well oiled in kindness
before it is driven home. Meddling with faults of others is
like attempting to move a person affected with rheumatic
gout—it must be done slowly and tenderly, nor must we be
frightened by an outcry or two.

The great thing is to show the person that you really love
him; and if you manifest this in the sight of God, he will
bless your efforts and give you favour in the sight of an erring
brother.—*Sel.*

ONLY A LACQUEY.

BY BEATRICE ALSAGER JOURDAN.

YES, Paris was a gay and witty place in those days, before the great Revolution swept over it like a devastating storm—gay and witty, and, I am afraid, wicked enough, though many good people dwelt in it, all unheard of by the world at large, as even the prophet had not heard of the seven thousand who never bowed the knee to Baal. I have reason to know something about it, since (except for a yearly sojourn at a cha'cau in Berri) I remained in that fair city from the time when a few black clouds were first seen rising in the horizon until those clouds had gathered and had darkened the whole sky, and were beginning to flash and thunder ominously.

I was living as English governess to the two daughters of the Comte and Comtesse de Valcé, people of rank and high standing in society. Madame la Comtesse was looked up to as the ruling power in the household, her authority being far beyond that of her husband—an immensely fat man, very phlegmatic in temperament. For the sake of peace and quietness, he submitted to be governed by his wife; but, feeling his position becoming insecure, it was a great relief to him when she consented to tear herself away from Paris and the Tuilleries—where the king and queen, though virtually prisoners, still kept up a sort of state—and seek a refuge in dull, prosaic, melancholy England, whither many of her friends had already fled.

Not a moment too soon did we start on our journey; some of the old noblesse had already fallen victims to the fury of the populace, and the difficulty we experienced in obtaining passports was in itself a warning against delay. We travelled in a large coach, and were accompanied by an armed outrider, for, as I suspected, we were carrying with us a vast amount of property in the shape of money and jewels. We met with some alarms and detentions, and our distress was considerable, when, towards the close of the first day of our journey, a snowstorm came on—rather late for the time of the year, for it was early in March. I thought, if no one else did, of the two poor waiting-maids who were seated outside the coach, and knowing that they must be shivering with cold, I would very gladly have made room for them, but merely to propose doing such a thing would have been enough to set Madame's powdered hair on end with horror! What could the biting weather possibly matter to them? they were only of plebeian blood, and had no right to any feelings at all!

On, on, the poor horses struggled with increasing difficulty, and the Comte, a little maliciously perhaps, began to speak of the dangers of delay. "As for Mees Valusey," he said, he never could learn to pronounce aright my name of Walmsey, "she, without doubt, will be suffered to go free, and so also, I hope, will Christine and Julie; but you and I Madame, must prepare ourselves for the worst. Bah! there are wretches who if they recognise us, would very gladly carry us *à la lanterne*, as they did poor Lemours, the other day." "The Marquis de Lemours!" cried Madame, "you do not mean that he has been sacrificed?" "Yes, assuredly," said her husband, coolly tapping his diamond snuff-box; "his house was attacked last Tuesday by the rabble, and they murdered him—hung him, I believe, on a lamp post in his own courtyard. That was the end of his sporting the tricolour, and setting himself up as the friend of the people! He wanted to draw a thorn from the lion's foot, and was devoured for his pains!" "How did you hear the news of his death?" said the Comtesse, shuddering. "It came through one of the servants—Henri the lacquey, I believe. The poor menial was in despair, Lemours had on some occasion assisted or protected his mother, or grandmother, an old fish-woman, I believe, one of the *dames de la halle*. Interesting personage to help! But he was something of a Don Quixote that Lemours! Still, I am very sorry for him—foolish fellow."

And I, two, was sorry, far more so than I should have cared to betray by look or word. M. le Marquis de Lemours was the only Frenchman of rank whose notice I, a simple governess, had been able to endure. They were, many of them, gallant enough, paying me magnificent compliments on my *jolis yeux bleus*, but his gallantry was tempered by respect, and he looked at me with frank and honest eyes.

He had, I knew, some very good and noble qualities, but ah! he avowedly was not a Christian. I had heard him discuss religious matters with M. de Valcé, far more reverently than the latter did, it is true; he acknowledged an overruling Providence, but of the Christian faith he spoke with a species of contempt, which wounded me to the heart's core.

"Did you ever read the Gospels through, Monsieur?" I ventured to ask him, addressing him voluntarily for the first and only time.

"I, Mademoiselle? Never," he replied, with a smile and an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, as if he accounted them quite beneath his notice. "Ah, I was forgetting! Mademoiselle is, without doubt, well acquainted with them. She is a Protestant," he presently resumed, and he would gladly, I think, have continued the subject had not circumstances rendered it impossible.

And now he was gone—murdered by the very people whose welfare he had had deeply at heart. Oh, how sorry I felt that he should not have been a Christian!

Madame de Valcé, though startled at first by hearing of his death, was too much occupied by her own anxieties and troubles to bestow upon him more than a few passing regrets; but I was thinking of him still when, in a wild and lonely part of the road, we came, we know not why, to a sudden halt. My pupils, who seldom opened their lips in their parents' presence, gave utterance to a half-suppressed shriek, and I was desired to put down the glass of the window nearest to me and ask what was the matter. The outrider appeared at the coach-door. He was sorry, he said, to inform Madame that her lacquey Henri had been taken seriously ill; he had dismounted from the coach to pick up a cloak dropped by one of the waiting-maids, and had fallen fainting to the ground, overpowered with fatigue and cold. "He is still insensible," he added; "and we have placed him on a bank by the road-side. He cannot possibly proceed with us, Madame. What, therefore, are we to do?"

"Press on, press on, at all hazards," she cried. "We must leave him, and save ourselves. Every moment is precious! Desire the postillions to drive on at all speed."

"But, Madame," I exclaimed, "would you leave him to die in the snow?"

She turned upon me an angry frown. "What would you have me do, Mademoiselle? Sacrifice ourselves for him? He will not die! He is young and strong, and, after all, he is only a lacquey."

But I had already risen from my seat. "Madame," I said imploringly, "permit me to leave the coach for one moment. I see a little hut in that wood, and will run there and try if I cannot find help for that poor man. One moment, only a moment! or you need not stay for me; drive on, and I will overtake the coach. I can walk faster than the horses can make their way through the snow."

By dint of impertunity I gained my point. The ponderous steps of the carriage were let down, and I alighted, casting a glance at the poor, pale-faced lacquey, before I ran off to seek the aid he so sorely needed. I had some difficulty in finding a path that would lead me through the little wood, and on reaching the door of the hovel I discovered that it was closed and barred, probably to keep out the snow. For several minutes I applied my knuckles to it in vain, but at length an old woodman and his wife appeared in answer to my call. They were dull-looking people, with a trodden down air, as if they had known much oppression in their day. Mistaking me for an aristocrat, they eyed me suspiciously, and only consented to follow me on receiving an assurance that I wanted their succour not for a noble, but for a lowly serving man.

On returning to the spot where Henri was lying, I found that Madame had taken me at my word. The coach had driven on, and was already disappearing in the misty distance. I felt a little uneasy and alarmed, but to leave the sick man as yet was impossible. Drawing from my pocket my silver vinaigrette, I applied it to his nostrils, bending over him until he opened his eyes, and looked up at me with a conscious expression. He had only very lately entered Madame's service, and I did not know his features well, but he recognised me at once, murmuring my name. "Mademoiselle, my good angel," he said, adding with great effort, "leave me to die; save yourself, I implore," and then a deadly faintness seized him again, rendering him speechless, though not, I believe, insensible.

"I must indeed leave you," I answered cheerily, "but not, I hope, to die. I have brought to you some worthy people

who will carry you to their hut and nurse you, and when you are recovered you must return to your friends in Paris. You can have no difficulty in finding another service, and will be happier in your own country than in England, where everything would seem to you so strange. Take care of him," I continued, turning to the woodman: "take care of him, for the love of charity," and to enforce my words I slipped a louis-d'or into his hand.

The old peasant's manner changed at the sight of gold; he showed it furtively to his wife, and they both became very attentive to poor Henri, raising him from the ground, and placing him between them to lead or drag him to their hut. While they were thus engaged, I waved to them a hasty farewell, and started at a quick pace to overtake the coach. They shouted after me that I had left behind me my vinaigrette, and this gave me a good idea of their honesty, but I dared not delay myself by returning for it, though I discovered that I had, while drawing it out of my pocket, dropped a small English Testament which had been for years my constant companion. That Testament had belonged to my departed father, and under any other circumstances, I should have felt extremely sorry to lose it, but now I had to think first of my own safety, for darkness was closing in, and I had much difficulty in ploughing my way through the thick snow. The heavy shower was over, but everything around me looked weird and strange, and unreal as a dream. The tall poplar trees that lined the road, stood up white against the leaden sky, and although not a single human being was in sight, I heard some drunken Revolutionists singing in the far distance, and was afraid lest I should come upon them by-and-by, when they, out of pure hatred of a well-dressed woman, or for the sake of my gold watch and chain, would murder me perhaps as ruthlessly as poor M. de Lemours had been murdered in his own courtyard.

But just as my strength was beginning to fail, I was hailed through the growing darkness by the outrider. A slight accident had delayed the coach, and he, at Madame's desire, had ridden back to meet me. He took me in charge, and I was soon safe among my friends, who though willing to sacrifice me in case of extremity, were evidently very glad to see me again. I think they were rather ashamed of the risk they had suffered me to run, for they asked no questions about Henri, apparently quite forgetting I might have had money to spend on his behalf. But I did not care about that, nor regard the severe cold I caught through exposure to the snow. I had done my duty, and this was enough.

The rest of our journey was accomplished without misadventure, and sooner than we had dared to hope. We arrived in London, where we were kindly received and entertained by an English lady of rank, who had known the Comte and Comtesse in former years. On quitting her hospitable roof, we went to reside in Cavendish-square, which seemed to Madame de Valcé very *triste* after the elegancies of her Parisian residence, and the princely splendours of her chateau in Berri. As a worldly-minded woman, she could only solace herself by engaging in a whirl of gaiety, and by reflecting, rather selfishly, perhaps, that compared with those of many of her intimate friends, her misfortunes were light indeed.

Not long after my return to my native country, I might have changed my position advantageously, but I could not resolve to marry without love, and therefore stayed on very quietly with my old pupils, over whom I was exercising, I trusted, some good influence. By degrees I was treated less as a governess, and more as a companion and friend, being included occasionally in the family counsels, and sometimes invited to sit in the drawing-room of an evening, if there chanced to be but little company.

On one of these occasions the Comte, who, like many French people, was fond of surprises, came into the room and told his wife that he had fallen in with a distinguished *emigre*, whom he begged to introduce to her. With her usual stately artistry, she was rising to receive him, when a startled exclamation broke from her lips, and at the same moment my eyes fell on the murdered man—M. de Lemours! It was not my place to turn pale, but I did so, I know, though my agitation, I hoped, was wholly covered by Madame's amazed bewilderment.

"The dead come to life!" she cried. "Oh, how can it be? We all thought you had been murdered, Monsieur. Ah, is it you, or do my eyes deceive me?"

He smiled that old frank smile which I remembered so well. "My house was sacked," he said, "and they vowed they

would carry me *à la lanterne*, but I escaped and hid myself in a garret. An old fishwoman befriended me—the grandmother of one of your lacqueys, Madame."

"Not that young man?" she said. "Oh, what was he called? I have forgotten entirely—Henri?"

"Henri Vermont. Yes, I am speaking of him. I have to ask your pardon for a great liberty, Madame. I changed clothes with him, and escaped from Paris, behind your coach."

"What, was it you then, Monsieur; you who dropped upon the road? You might have died! But the disguise was so complete you really must pardon us. We all of us thought you were only a lacquay."

"Yes, Madame, I understand perfectly, and I am sorry for the trouble my fainting caused you. Having to fly from the mob, I had been very long without rest, and possibly, as you say, I might have died from pure exhaustion, but, you see, I was not left in the snow. A good angel came to my succour, although that she thought I was only a lacquay."

And I had thought so most completely. Struck as I had been by the lacquay's voice and manner, no suspicion of the truth had crossed my mind, and now, at this allusion to myself, I hung down my head like a simpleton, feeling abashed, I hardly knew why. Madame, from a different reason, seemed likewise a little confused, and I fancy we were equally obliged to the Comte for beginning to speak of M. de Lemours' adventures. "He tells me," he said, "that he remained for a week in the woodman's hut, being looked upon as a mere serving-man. He had a little money about him, and when well enough to travel again, he managed to escape across the frontier into Holland. Since then he has been to the West Indies."

"The West Indies?" said the Comtesse, in surprise.

"Yes, to St. Pierre," replied the Marquis. "I had an estate there, which fortunately I was able to sell."

"And so he has secured a pretty little property; lucky fellow!" said the Comte. "He is coming to settle in this country. Is it not so, my friend? He has been looking out for us, Madame, or, at least, for a pair of blue eyes, whose match he has not until this moment been able to find, even in England," and he laughed a fat laugh as he spoke.

At first I did not comprehend his meaning, but it dawned upon me, and set my heart beating quickly, when the Marquis, coming towards me, placed a small packet in my hand. "Your vinaigrette, Mademoiselle," he said. "You left it behind you, do you remember? I have long waited for an opportunity of returning it."

"But this is not mine," I exclaimed, glancing at it hurriedly. "Mine was of silver merely—not gold. Pray take it back. It is too handsome for me. If you have my own, indeed—but even that I do not care about."

"You do not care for it?" he repeated. "Then I shall keep it with a peaceful conscience. But deign to accept this one in its stead."

I glanced at Madame, and receiving from her a look which seemed to say that I was making a fuss about nothing, I accepted the gold vinaigrette. Doubtless she thought, as I did also, that it was the simplest, easiest, most graceful way of ending the matter.

It was absurd of me, I told myself, to think anything more about M. de Lemours, and I tried honestly to put him out of my head; but what was my astonishment on receiving from him, a few days later, a letter containing an offer of marriage! I was used to Frenchmen, and their extravagance of expression, but to be told, as he told me, that he had long admired me, and now loved me to distraction, seemed at first almost overpowering. Quite apart from the honour he had conferred upon me, I liked, nay, loved him, and my heart stood up against my better judgment, and wrestled for him stoutly. Nevertheless, I did not believe that with the difference existing between us on religious matters we could ever be happy together, and, after many prayers and tears, I sent to him a refusal, very respectful, but, as I imagined, very firm and decided in its tone.

I suppose I must, however, have been mistaken as to its firmness, for, on the evening of the next day, I, through some stratagem on the part of M. de Valcé, was left suddenly *teu-à-teu* with the Marquis. He pleaded his own cause then with many very eloquent words, but I still hung back, and answered, "No, it could not be."

"Do you think you can never learn to love me?" he said, his dark eyes looking full into mine.

"I do not say that, Monsieur," I replied, "but oh, there is a barrier between us."

"Not now, perhaps," he answered solemnly.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, half sobbing, "I am not thinking of rank or station, you are too generous for me to remember that. But oh, Monsieur, my Christian faith, it is dearer to me than I can express, whereas you—"

"What if I were to say I have learnt to prize it dearly also?" he replied, "Look here!" and he drew from his pocket the English Testament which I had lost. "The old woodman picked it up," he said, "along with your vinaigrette. I knew enough of English to read it, and read it, first of all, in his hotel. I have read it many times since, especially the Gospels, which you recommended. They have changed me. I see in them a beauty and a power which testifies to their truth. True! they must be true! they are too soul-satisfying to be otherwise. They seem to me like Heaven's own helping hand stretched out to save us poor sinful men."

"Oh, Monsieur, do you think so? Thank God! then, thank God!" and I was so glad that I burst into tears. "I never thought," I said, "of your being a Christian."

"Help me to become one in deed and in truth," he whispered; "help me, my beloved one," and he drew me towards him, and made me weep upon his shoulder.

I help him? Nay, it is he who has helped me, rather, through our long and happy married life. But what need have I to add more? My tale is told, and even as I write three little ones are crowding round my knee, begging I will repeat to them again their favourite story of how dear grandfather was once supposed to be "only a lacquey."

"MISTER HORN" ON GIVING.

IF Mr. Pearse had never written another book than "Mister Horn and His Friends," he had laid Methodism, aye, and the whole world of right-thinking Christians, under a tribute of lifelong gratitude. So terse, so plain, and yet so loving an injunction to give "as the Lord hath prospered us," we have never before seen, and we earnestly trust our readers will carefully peruse the following extract, which will, we hope, lead them to buy the book, recently issued by the Wesleyan Conference in a new and very attractive form.

The following is the close of a sermon by Mister Horn to his neighbours:—

"To give with the right spirit is the third thing.—Not to let a poor relation starve because you want to look fine at the top of a subscription list. Thy money perish with thee if thou canst play the Pharisee like that!—thou and thy giving art like to go to perdition. And not to give either because somebody else is giving and it won't do for you to be behind them—people would notice it. Yes, and there is One who notices such giving as that, and He won't take it as done unto Him. Remember what the book says, *not grudgingly or of necessity.*

"Grudgingly! Why there are some folks, I'd as soon kick a beehive over as ask them for sixpence for the Master. You'll set 'em a-going at once, buzzin' and stingin', and then stop them if you can. They'll give you all the sorrows and misfortunes of their lives, from their teethin' upwards, till you'd think that nobody ever was so unfortunate. Poor creatures, twenty years ago didn't some man die half-a-sovereign in their debt, and he hasn't paid 'em since, and he professed to be a religious man too! And there was old Mr. So-and-so, they *did* think that he would have remembered them in his will—but there what could you expect with such a set about the old man? You'll hear all their grumbings and growlings against everybody in the church and out of it, all the faults and failin's of the whole parish. And after that, very likely they will ask you to call again for the sixpence because they must think about it. And when you do call again they'll have found out some new reason for not giving anything; or else they'll bring you a three-penny-bit, with a great sigh as if they were parting with their first born. *The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.* And no wonder either, for 'tis one o' the prettiest sights, and in these parts one o' the rarest too.

"Now, my friends, I've about done, for I can't either preach or listen to long sermons. If once in your lifetime you've been stirred up to think about this matter of giving I am thankful. And the Lord help us to see our duty and

help us to do it. There's plenty of work for thee to do with thy money, hast thou much or little.

"Eh, my friends! when I think of this poor, poor world, think of the hungry little children, think of the homes stripped bare by want, and of them inside that are ready to perish with hunger, ay and of them that are hungry and are homeless too—when I think of the sufferers that are dyin' for want of money to buy the skill and medicine that could save them—and think of the dark souls whose lamps are gone out, and know that money would buy oil for their lamps, the Bibles it would buy and the missionaries it would send—then money seems to me like an angel of God troublin' the waters to heal poor sick folk, comin' to forlorn mothers in the wilderness and caring for the children, and seemin' to say, 'Fear not, Haggar, for the Lord hath heard the voice of the child.' An angel that lifts the poor Lazarus up out of his misery into such blessing and tender service that it is like heaven to him; that meets the penitent outcasts, and putting them in the way of an honest living, saith, 'Go in peace and sin no more'; ay, like Him whom the angels worship, it *can go about doing good.* Then I think of how men scrape and hoard it till I have wept at the picture that has risen before me, as if the angel were chained and fettered, like Peter in prison, and hosts in the perishing city are crying to God that it may be loosed and come to them before they die. Ay, I've wept as I've thought how often it is a fallen angel—the white robes flung off, and I've seen it come forth with a harlot's gauds and paint, spending herself in noisy riot, corrupting and cursing, she that could have been a white handed angel of God.

"Yes, money, if we use it right, may be a strong right arm in God's great world, to help, to defend, to uplift and to save. But use it wrongly, and it is a strong arm still, so injure, to curse, and to destroy—whose evil deeds shall return and gather with a tenfold greater hurt upon the owner thereof."

NOTHING TOO HARD FOR GOD.

THERE is nothing too hard for God. When we look at the human side of the question, difficulties and obstacles rise on every hand, and hedge our way and hinder our progress; and if our view is only a human view, we sink discouraged and dismayed. But if, on the other hand, we will take a look at the Divine side of the question, how soon our fears vanish, and our difficulties disperse! With God all things are possible, and the faith that takes hold upon His arm partakes of His omnipotence.

There are many things which men have done that seemed impossible at the first. The power of mechanical or chemical forces, directed by scientific intelligence, exceeds by far the bounds of ordinary belief; but when we pass from this sphere into that upper realm where the Almighty rules and presides, surely nothing is beyond the reach of His almighty hand!

Hence, in estimating possibilities or probabilities of success in any course, it is for us to inquire first of all, What is the will of God concerning the matter? Does He undertake the cause? Is He upon the side of its success? Are we doing His will rather than our own? If the work we undertake is His work, and if He has appointed us to do it, we may move on in all the calmness of a living faith, without one doubt or fear, knowing that He "who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will" can give us victory. The thing which God wishes to be done *can* be done, and, if we will be workers with Him, *shall* be done, for neither men nor devils can restrain the arm of our wonder-working God. Let us, then, have courage, and banish fear. Let us work the works of God, confident that our labour will not be fruitless, and that our victory is assured by Him before the fight begins.

Neglect of private duties is the great reason why the hearts of many are so dead and dull, so formal and carnal, so barren and unfruitful under public ordinances. Oh, that Christians would lay this seriously to heart! Certainly that man's heart is best in public duties who is most frequent in private exercises.

When Calvin was banished from ungrateful Geneva, he said, "Most assuredly, if I had merely served man, this would have been a poor recompense; but it is my happiness that I have served Him who never fails to reward His servants to the full extent of His promise."



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

MIRACLES.

A SERMON

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you, by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know." ACTS II. 22. 24.

THESE words come from what is well-nigh the earliest specimen of apostolic preaching. Saint Peter, the then leading apostle, stands forth to preach Christ to the multitude which had come together, attracted by the report of what had happened on the first Whit-Sunday. If you look at the passage you will see he refers first to prophecy as having foretold the outpouring of the Spirit (v. 16). "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel" (Joel ii. 23, 32). He forthwith passes to the acknowledged evidence of the miracles which Christ had wrought while he lived amongst them—"Approved among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know." Then, in v. 24, he turns to the crowning miracle of the Resurrection—"Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." And then he returns to the prophecy, urging that everywhere in incidental and scarcely-to-be-guessed allusions, as well as in plain predictions, the great victory of Christ over death was foreshadowed by the prophets. And with this evidence of the Divine power of Jesus he joins the searching statement of their sin in rejecting and murdering Him whom their consciences could not now deny that God had thus shown to be their promised deliverer. Thus St. Peter preached with power (v. 37)—"When they heard this they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Thus he preached: thus all the apostles preached. Thus Christ has been preached in every age, manifested to be the Son of God with power, the worker of great miracles, as well as the teacher of heavenly doctrines, the desire of all nations through many centuries, given at last to the longing hearts of the faithful, not that He might live and teach amongst them for a year or two and then perish by death, but that His death might be the preparer of His most glorious miracle, which showed Him powerful to rescue man from death's dominion. Such it was to all the apostles, as every book of the New Testament witnesseth, telling how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him (Acts x. 37, 38). Such was the Gospel first spoken by the Lord Himself, and then handed down to a later age by those that heard him. "God also bearing witness with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost," (Hebrews ii. 4) Such is Christianity, unchanging in its essence. Such was Christianity to St. Peter, a system attested by miracles—*itself a miracle*—speaking of the life of a Redeemer whose whole work of redemption had its roots in miracle, and was miraculous.

Now the exigency of ever-fluctuating opinion seems to make it right that we should once more in this day reconsider the very old subject of miracles, though we can have little to advance respecting it but very old arguments.

But, first, is it a difficulty that the religion God has given us is thus miraculous? Do we crave rather for what looks more like a human system, more accordant with the ordinary experience of what we see and hear around us—attested rather by such common internal arguments of reasoning for the self-evident or easily-proved truth of its doctrines, as a system of philosophy would usually assent to? We shall not, indeed, find any lack of such proofs of the religion of Christ, when we look for them—truer and higher views of the nature of God and of man's soul than the world had before guessed at, a purer morality based on holier motives—all these approving themselves to the conscience through the reason, the understanding, and the feelings, proclaim the system in which they meet to be indeed God's truth.

So that if there be any man whose mind is thus formed that he is better able to approach the proof of Christianity through this avenue, let us never think of closing the gate against him; let us bid him welcome. If the miracles are at first a stumbling-block to any one, let us invite him to come to us in his own way. We feel a rooted conviction that how-

ever he embraces Christ's system—if he does in truth embrace it—he must at last see and acknowledge that it is full of miracle. But let him come in his own way. Only for ourselves we will maintain at the outset, and for the great mass of men, and in fairness even to him whom as yet the miracles thus unwarrantably displease, that men neither do nor ought to crave for a system which is not miraculous.

That, speaking generally, they do not crave for it, will I suppose be granted. Witness, may I not say, *all* the systems of religion which man has ever known. As they all, I suppose, speak of the world unseen, and its unseen inhabitants, are they not all full of things alleged to have happened beyond the limits of experience, and do they not all teem with their traditions of the miraculous? This is, of course, granted. What the objector urges is, not that man in his ordinary ignorant state of feeling and of knowledge desires a non-miraculous system, but that he does so more and more the wiser he grows and the more he outlives, as they say, the fancies of the world's childhood.

Now this is exactly what we deny. We maintain, on the contrary, that man, as man, in whatever stage of his progress, if he have still a man's feelings and a man's wants, and if there lies before him a man's destiny, every religion which is worthy of the name, if it is to perform for him the part of a religion, must speak to him of things beyond the range of common experience, wonderful, supernatural, miraculous, and he will not be, and he ought not to be, satisfied with anything less.

We are here, my friends, not, I suppose, more ignorant and superstitious than other men who dwell around us. When in our more sober and solemn moments, looking back each on a life stained with many sins—and onward to unknown, it may be overwhelming, trials—nay, when we endeavour adequately to realise even the present—our relations in our present duties to the human souls around us and to God in heaven; what is the sort of aid we expect to gain from our religion? We do not ask of it to show us how to prosper in the world. Domestic and political economy, rules of good government, plans for the social and intellectual amelioration of the condition of our race, all these may be set at work by our religion through appeals of Christian motives to the will, but they are not in themselves religion, any more than physical or mathematical science is. Nay, the best men, who are the most energetic in such matters, do they not most feel the need of something which pierces down deeper and rises up higher than any human science can, something which shall speak to them of truths beyond the range of man's common knowledge? Do they not long for some stream of light pouring down upon their common life and their common knowledge straight from the throne of God? Do not their hearts yearn for a stability amid life's changes, such as they only know who feel that they rest on God? What good man and what wise man in the midst of the distractions of life does not long for communion with something beyond this life and above it, and does not welcome messages which come to him from the land unseen? I appeal not only to thee, thou busy worldly trader, whose judgments as to fine limits between right and wrong are being warped by the intense pressure of thy business, and thine eagerness to grow rich. What is needful for thee to save thy heart from being all in thy shop, to prevent all finer feelings from withering and dying within thee? God has indeed given thee family affections, which, rightly used, might soften thee, but thou art growing dead and selfish, and thy very family is becoming dear to thee only as a sort of reproduction of thyself. Thou art fast coming to this, that thou canst not realise a world of which thou art not thyself the centre. Thou wilt say thou art a careful church or chapel-goer. Yes, but still I doubt whether many thoughts of God are with thee even in His house. What thou needest is to be roused by Christ's voice, as Matthew was, sitting at the receipt of custom; Christ's voice, a voice from the unseen land, to speak to thee of other things than those which are continually around thee—to tell thee to stand up from the midst of the dust and hurry of thine incessant occupations, and strain thine eye for a far look-out. It would be well for thee if thou couldst pierce through the mist and cloud of thy dingy dwelling-place and gaze upward to the bright throne of God. Didst thou not lose a dear child long ago in the fresh days of thy early wedded life, and as thou didst lay it in its little grave didst thou not shed tears then from those eyes now for so long a time unused to any sign of softness? How long is it now since thou hast visited that grave, or even thought of it? Where is thy child? Hast thou no desire

now ever again to see its bright innocent face, or hear the voice which once sounded in thine ears so cheerfully? Ah! my friend, if thou wouldst be at last where thy child is, thou must have very different thoughts from those which now centre all on thyself and thy selfish worldly occupations. How good would it be for thee if, in the stillness of the night, when thoughts of thy ledger and thy gains are coming back to thee, reproduced by that law which makes a man's dreams hover round the things his heart is set on, thou couldst be startled by hearing a rustle of the angel's wings with whom thy child consorts, or the faint echo of that happy song with which in their company, she is following the Lamb. A voice to thee from heaven, a gleam of the heavenly brightness—a vision of the employments and interests of those goodly companies which surround Christ on His throne, so different from the cares and pleasures of thy sordid, hardening life, thus to be convinced of the reality of things beyond and above thy low experience, this is the very cure required to startle thee from thy narrowness, selfishness, ignorance, and sin. And not less clear are messages and manifestations from the unseen world, needed for all the rest of us, miracles in all their three shades of meaning which their three names denote—(*terata*) things wonderful, startling and arousing attention by being unlike the even course around us—(*claustris*) speaking of God's power, and therefore warning us not to resist Him—(*seculis*) signs of His near and loving presence and care for man in Jesus Christ. We do much need the appeals of these wonders, powers, and signs. There is nothing unreasonable in the oft-recurring thought that it would be a great privilege if we were allowed ourselves to witness them. And if the actual witnessing of them would, we naturally believe, have brought us nearer to things heavenly, it must be good for us in its degree to dwell on the well attested record which shows how they were once given. Here is a young man whose head is full of gaiety, whom the pleasures of sense are sorely tempting to make him live solely for the enjoyment of the present hour. The distant, the unseen, the spiritual, how much does he need that it shall be brought vividly and forcibly to his thoughts? What, then, is better for him than to read of Christ's wonder-working life? Thus, when sorely tempted in his fallen humanity—to see human nature raised and purified by the manifest indwelling of the Eternal and All-holy, become man through the incarnation, a man in every word and better feeling, yet shown all through by His miracles and His resurrection to be the Son of God? These to such an one become the veritable signs of the Son of Man, speaking to his heart when he much needs it of the nearness of God incarnate, enabling him to see how Christ has set His mark on all a young man's life—its joys, temptations, sorrows—to feel that in Christ's history he has something more than a pure, unapproachable example, for indeed the All-holy Redeemer, unlike mere human teachers, is manifested through the signs of His divinity to be powerful everywhere, and ever-living, ever-able, as He is ever-ready to help the weakest of His creatures in all times of need. There is nothing, I will venture to say, as salutary for the tempted conscience to dwell on, as the thoughts of God's nearness to humanity brought before us by the miraculous birth, life, resurrection, and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Who is indeed safe without such thoughts? Talk of a miraculous system as being uncongenial to the feelings and longings and reasonable conclusions of an uneducated age. Prate as to a more human system, more like our everyday experience being more accommodated to our wants—nay, it is this very element of the supernatural, the miraculous, that best helps to bring God and man together—telling man that God, as He is near now in Christ, in the conscience and the purified reason, and through faith, has been manifested also outwardly and visibly to be near in wonderful works. Thus the imagination is arrested, the feelings stirred, bright pictures fixed in the memory of scenes in which God has, as it were, left footprints to be marks for ever of His visibly manifested presence. Truly there is none of us who can do without these helps. Pleasure does so entice, business so engross, the world's sorrow so oppress, its honours so dazzle, its delights of affection so entice us, that good and bad alike are ever in great danger of looking on the world as a home. Everything is to be prized which helps us to know how the monotony of the world's drowsy chimes has been broken when God has willed it by some distinct interruption from the music of the spheres. Old records of the grand miracle of creation, glimpses of primeval blessedness in a land where sin was not, and where God manifested His presence

visibly and habitually, distant voices of God which, age after age, made themselves audible to the consciences of the faithful of old in some way unknown to us, and thus kept the knowledge of God's will from dying out of a sin-stricken world; visible manifestations of His superintending providence controlling the powers of nature by His will, that He might show Himself the King and Father of the people who were selected to guard His truth; bright vision of angels looking down, as it were, from time to time to see how the earth was growing ready for the incarnation of the King of Angels; longing anticipations of His incarnation guided so as to embody themselves in spirit-stirring prophecies; and then the advent of the King amid the heavenly gleams which lighted up the shades of His humility; disease, madness, death, all controlled by the Almighty power, which, working through His human hand, showed God in man, vanquishing all physical as well as moral evil; and after His departure His chosen servants sent to preach of Him, with a manifested outward guarantee of that inward heavenly illumination which qualified them to be heralds of His new faith. How dull, cold, heartless, would life and the world be without the brightness of those links through which the electric spirit has been visibly conveyed to man from the throne of God. Another system, less replete with miracle, more like an ordinary philosophy, more approaching to the much-vaunted model of a non-miraculous theism, might doubtless, had God so willed it, have been adopted by him as his plan of teaching; and some natures might have found it suited to their wants, but who can fail to see that the real Bible system is far better suited to seize upon the whole complex nature of man—feeling, imagining, reasoning, loving to be brought near to God, and yet ever tempted in a thousand ways to flee from His presence and forget our relations to Him?

I think, then, there is good ground to maintain that we have a system well suited to draw men to God, in that which St. Peter and all the apostles declared to be the Gospel, a system replete with miracle, and that the miraculous element in the faith of Christ is not, in fact, at least to sensitive human hearts, a stumbling block. Granted that God is what He is, and man is what he is, and the pre-supposed relations between God and man necessitating a revelation are what they are, the miraculous element in what God teaches man is not a stumbling-block, but does draw the heart to heavenly truth reasonably and with a welcome influence.

We hold that a sincere and devout believer admiring God's infinite intelligence dares neither to deny that He may, if He so willed, have worked by miracles, nor yet to prescribe what evidence, if He willed so to work, He was bound to afford to man before requiring his assent to them. Miracles are neither impossible nor improbable, and all we are entitled to demand in proof of them is such reasonable and probable evidence as the apostles have secured for us in the records of the New Testament.

Here we have St. Peter in the text addressing the Jews and appealing to their experience. "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know. Whom God raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that He should be holden of it." In fact, the Lord's resurrection does set before us clearly that on the Christian hypothesis miracles are probable, nay, indispensable. Death is the common law for man on earth; but there is a higher region where death has no power. Christ, the Son of God, comes from that higher region to vindicate for men an assurance of the nearness, the actual presence of the Father with His creatures; and, further, by the sacrifice of Himself to secure man's redemption. It is part of the great plan that, becoming perfect man, as man He shall die; but, in His own nature as the eternal Son of God, death is no law of His being. He manifests Himself amongst men first as subjugated voluntarily to the common laws of their ordinary life; but then the law of His higher spiritual eternal life intervenes; the operation of the lower law cannot thwart the manifestation of the higher; and He who died in ordinary course as man, rises triumphant by a miracle as the Son of God. I do not say that all miracles resemble this the greatest of miracles, but all in their degree reflect the same principles which the resurrection illustrates—all speak of the meeting of the human and Divine, and show the Divine power unimpeded by the earthly and human circumstances with which it has condescended to ally itself. The Gospel in its essence everywhere presents to us this

meeting of our poor humanity with God and His eternal Son, and therefore in its essence it is full of miracle.

Fix your hearts, my friends, on this manifestation of the eternal Son, the King of angels and men, the Lord of all power, of all holiness, of never-dying love. Before His bright image and the thoughts which His manifested presence brings to the reverent faithful soul, there slit away into their kindred darkness all unreasonable questions of a bewildering scepticism, all pratings of a human philosophy, which, affecting to be a wiser substitute for the Gospel, would coldly banish to a distance the God whom Christ brings very near, all doubts of our heavenly Father's love, and the despair which follows from them; and, enemies of our peace more common and harder still to conquer, proud, avaricious, angry, unclean thoughts; Christ, all the miracles of whose earthly life hold a spiritual as well as an outward significance, is for our spirits the wonder-worker still. Shall we doubt, in some vain phantasy as to God's changeless nature and the fixedness of His laws, that the Father hears and the Son offers, and Father, Son, and Holy Spirit send answers to our prayers? Shall we fear lest any strength of our temptation, any weakness of our infirmity, can, if we fix our hearts on Him, baffle His Almighty power to purify and save? Lay fairly hold of His Almightly hand outstretched to you, and He will lead you safely. The unknown future in life and in death must be full of terrors to all who are not walking with Him. To the faithful, knowing His power and love and nearness to be manifested as we read of Him in the Gospels, He says, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee, when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee: for I am the Lord, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." This it is to be under the protecting care and guidance of Him who by His wonderful works is manifested to be mightier than the mightiest.—*Abbreviated from "The Preacher."*

THE FAMILY AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

IT is often asked how shall parents assist in the work of religiously instructing their children?

1. They can themselves be consistent Christians. Example pleads with higher power than words. A life of steady, uniform, patient devotion to Christ will impress the child's heart in such a way that all the rough rubs of the world will scarcely or never obliterate those impressions.

2. Attend carefully to family devotion, and see that none of the children are absent, sleeping, playing, reading, or something else during the exercise. Accept no excuse but sickness. Read not as a dull formality, but with a view to obtain important instruction for time and eternity. Enliven and improve the service by singing. If there is but little musical talent in the family, give that little to the Lord. Our hymns are often full of petitions, and the music quickens our faculties. Occasionally, just before or just after singing a stanza, call attention to sentiments which otherwise might be passed over with negligence from frequent repetition. "Do we feel this gratitude which we are about to express to God for having kept us during the night?" Or, "Are we sincere in this confession of sin which we have made, or are about to make?" Such questions would repress carelessness, and lead all to remember that what is said on earth is remembered in heaven. Encourage your children to take part in the exercises. "I have a boy," said a friend once, "who is twelve years of age, who, two or three times a week, joins in the prayer at the family altar." "The Republic is at the fireside," said the Roman orator. *The Church is there too.* It is a small field, maybe, but it is worth the most assiduous cultivation. Your sons and your daughters are growing for the pulpit, for the religious press, for the place of social prayer, for benevolent labour, and for the committal of Christian enterprise. Fill them with the truth; breathe over their widening path the breath of a father's care, and expect, as you may expect, the blessing of the Highest on their souls.

3. See that your children observe their secret prayers on retiring. "I call up," said a man to us whose hair was white with sixty winters, "I call up the sight of my mother tucking me away in my little trundle-bed. Every lineament of that sainted face is as clear to me as though she were here by

my side. There is the little bed. I almost hear the creak of its wooden wheels; I almost see the snow-white spread; I almost feel my warm blankets that I crept between; but, above all, I hear the voice of my mother reminding me to repeat,

Now I lay me down to sleep.

Shall I, can I, ever forget that little prayer—little, indeed, in one sense, but mighty in making me feel the obligation to serve God." Let the older children be instructed to make confession to God of the sins of the day, and implore help to overcome for the future.

4. Make the Sabbath a pleasant day. Set apart an hour that shall be the children's hour. Question each about the experiences of the day, concerning the Sunday-school lesson, the words of the superintendent, the singing, the sermon. Question out of each the truth taken in, and make them feel that their duties and delights are yours also. Through the week inquire concerning the next Sunday's lesson. Help to the elucidation and illustration of it. Anything you may read bearing on the lesson tell, and, if necessary, retell it.

5. If not a teacher in the Sunday-school, be present often as possible. If you are never there, how can you make your children understand that it is a place of any importance? Once a month, at least, you ought to be a visitor.

6. Go to church regularly. No matter if the minister or some member of the church does not exactly suit you; go any how. Take your children along. Let them sit with you. Be attentive to the Word, speak favourably of the minister on your return home, inquire as to the text, amplify any unamplified point, and enforce the teachings. Do not undo all that has been done by thoughtless or cruel criticism.

7. Assist the pastor and the teacher in the specific work of teaching the doctrines of your Church; in other words, teach the catechism to your children.

8. Provide proper reading matter for your family. You are not indifferent as to your table; things wholesome and seasonable are carefully selected. Be as careful in selecting books such as will not only interest and excite, but as will afford healthy mental and moral development. Every household should be supplied with one or more religious papers. Children should early form habits of regard for the Church, its literature, and all its movements. Many a young man has been held in firm affection to the faith, has had habits of liberality established, from the fact that his father was a subscriber to the Church paper. Altogether, the most intelligent Church members, the foremost supporters of the ministry, are found amongst those who are the constant readers of the literature of their Church.

9. Contribute of your means to the purchase of books for the library, and to meet such expenses as are essential to a successful prosecution of the Sunday-school work. Do not wait to be pressed by the superintendent or pastor. Find out for yourself, and be a willing, generous, regular contributor. No investment will yield better returns.—*House.*

WORRY.

BELIEVERS have rest. God gives them this great comfort. Worry comes from doubt. It nearly always arises from foreboding evils that never come, or doubting promises that are sure. Usually, neither joys nor sorrows are what we anticipate. Why not wait, then, till they come! The present is all that we know with certainty, why then take thought for the future? David says, "I hate vain thoughts," and so should we, and do not most of our fears and many of our hopes and desires, prove to be utterly vain? Our Saviour forbids anxiety when he says: "Take no thought for the morrow." Forecasting is well if seasoned with trusting; looking ahead is proper if we look in hope, and allow for unseen results. Our greatest griefs are unexpected; our highest joys break suddenly upon our hearts. The connection of divine agency with human action is such that no one can forecast the future exactly. Often, what we most fear is changed to blessing, and what promised highest pleasure drives thorns to our hearts. Will worry make our hair white or black? It whitens hair without cause, excludes peace where the Lord would give it, exhausts life where rest is offered, creates evils out of good, begets fear where no fear is lawful, prevents blessings that are sent to our doors, consumes energies needed to win success, invites enemies that hope would repel, grieves the Spirit and hinders his gracious helpfulness.—*Selected.*

ELIJAH.

"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

THE whirlwind had done its work: all the destruction was over, and it was meet that now there should be the whirlwind, which was not destruction, but *only* glory. The harmless lightnings should play over the scene to celebrate the battle which had been fought and won, and the rapture of the tempest should be only rapture; the exulting of the storm in the victory of God. There should be a glorious termination of this glorious career, and the wild gladness of the prophet's soul should find companionship in the wilder forces, which had been the element of his life, and the symbols of his power. Having learnt the lesson in the cave of Horeb, that the "still small voice" was the highest symbol alike of the glory of God and man, he could be trusted now to a chariot of fire to ascend to the infinite Stillness, which was his Home; and the whirlwind and the flame would be full of God; as they always are when they conduct us to God. It is the last of the prophet of the whirlwind: and the dropping of his rough and shaggy mantle shall be the sign that he is done with the whirlwind's office for evermore: the next time he appears, he shall not be the prophet of the whirlwind, but the prophet of the "still small voice"—talking of the decease which should be accomplished at Jerusalem; Elijah still—but another Elijah—full of the gentleness and tenderness of Christ; and learning from the meek and lowly Heart that there is something sublimer than translation, and that is death: something loftier than rapture, and that is endurance; something grander than to have horses of fire, and that is to have none, but to dare to die without them; something brighter than a flame chariot, or all the chariots of God, which are "twenty thousand," and that is the Cross, which is only One, because it cannot be more; for it is All.

Brethren, there is no translation for you or me. The chariot of fire comes never more. But there is something greater for us both, and that is *death*. The "still small voice" is mightier than the whirlwind; the calmness of faith than the rapture of translation. "God hath provided some better thing for us," the still heroic grandeur of dying. Translation seems grander, but this is grander. That has more *show* of consequence, but this more *real* consequence. For whether is greater, to be *carried* away in a whirlwind to heaven; or to go thither ourselves, calmly to face the mystery of death, and bravely to pass through its darkness into light? The one *may* be a hero or he may not; the other is a hero, and needs no chariot of fire to distinguish him. So that when we stand by the bed of any lone and suffering man who is battling with the terrors of death in the still might of a conquering faith, we may say of the scene, "This is grander than horses of fire, or chariot of fire, or whirlwind rapture, and, behold, a greater than Elijah is here!"

So may we die, still with the strong submissiveness of Christ, speechless with the unspeakable peace of God; and as we muse on the decease which was accomplished at Jerusalem; without which there had been neither whirlwind of rapture, nor stillness of strength, neither chariot for Elijah, nor conquest for us: may we realise that the Cross is near us, though chariot there is none; and that to sink beneath its shade is better than to soar upon the grandest flame, because the flame is but a minister, a creature like ourselves; but the shadow of the Cross is the shadow of God.—J. W. B.

GOLD.

THE doctrine of individual stewardship requires reiterated proclamation; and the reason is not easy to discover. Money is so apt to weave its subtle net about the heart, so prone to cling to its possessor, and make him think that he cannot safely part with it without a present and palpable equivalent, that it is necessary repeatedly to remind him that he can neither hoard it, nor squander it on vanity, without sin. Not less than anything else that a man may possess, is it a gift of God. "What hast thou, that thou hast not received?" is a question as plainly applicable to earthly treasures as to those that are spiritual in their nature and heavenly in

their tendency. "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts."

There are few men, if any, who will deliberately dispute this proposition; but, in practice, how few feel it as they should! It is one of many doctrines which are readily admitted, abstract declarations which no one sets himself to gainsay, but which have no living force to influence the heart—no motive power to regulate the conduct. Yet it is just this very fact which creates the necessity for friendly remonstrance with those holders of wealth who are not using it for the glory of its Divine Owner, and the welfare of their fellow-creatures.

It may appear to us, who have not been taken into the secret of the Divine Government, that wealth is most strangely apportioned among men. Let us call the principle of distribution "a mystery" if we will; it is undoubtedly the fact, that some men are very rich in gold and silver, without any apparent superiority in moral worth; whilst others are so distressingly poor that they know not from day to day how the bare necessaries of life are to be procured.

Benevolence, for the Lord's sake, is a part of practical religion. The precepts of our beautiful and benign faith touch the purse as well as the understanding, the heart and the tongue. In fact, those precepts regard all that a man has, as well as all that he is; and it as by the use of what he has that we come to find out what he is.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is no arbitrary test of character, having its root merely in the will of the Great Legislator; but a rule so obviously right in itself, that the ordinary understanding everywhere endorses it.

You see a man lavishing gold upon the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life; whilst around him is a mass of miserable, suffering humanity, for whose relief and salvation he stretches out no helping hand. Clearly that man had *not* learned of Christ.

How many poor ones might be helped, how many ignorant children instructed, how many home-heathen have the Gospel sent to them by the tract, the Scriptural book, and the living voice of the faithful missionary, by the money that is worst than wasted upon the very superfluities of hurtful luxury! Oh! that men would consecrate their gain to the Lord!

It is a fact of profound significance, that He has given gold a most important place in the kingdom of His grace. The banker's cheque-book and the Bible, so far from refusing to be on friendly terms, may be brought into the most amicable relationship. The latter says to the former, "I have need of thee." And, most assuredly, the influence of the Bible on the cheque-book, when they are thus brought together, is of the most salutary kind.

Consecrated gold, wealth set apart for God, the image and superscription of the Lord Jesus casting a holy halo over the royal mark—think of all this!

The wealthy Christian, who conscientiously, and from love to his Redeemer, gives "as the Lord hath prospered him"—for say what you will, that is the inspired rule of giving—cannot but be blessed in his deed. The hundreds or thousands which he lays gratefully at his Master's feet, to promote the knowledge of salvation, reflect a blessing on the fund whence they came; and, shortly, the loving servant—the faithful steward,—who feels that he is bought with a price, compared with which the entire mineral wealth of the universe is nothing—will hear a greeting, the very possibility of which makes one wonder at the marvellous grace of the Saviour.

The words "well done!" from His lips, addressed to a man for a little service during his brief earthly pilgrimage, are a prize indeed.

We are deeply thankful that here and there a princely man steps out from the money-getting rut, in which the wheels of Mammoth's chariot roll; and, taking his stand by the Cross, gives nobly for the diffusion of truth in our benighted world; but, alas! we may still, without any breach of charity, ask the searching question—"Were there not ten cleansed; but where are the nine?"

From Partridge's *New Envelope Series*.

Let your charity be blindfold, and be suspicious of whatsoever is at all contrary to entire unity, mutual forbearance, and that reciprocal respect which you ought to feel for one another. Beware of earthly prudence, which our Lord counts as folly; work on peacefully, gently, trustingly, simply.—*De Salo*, 1640.

THORNS.

THE Christian world has long been guessing what Paul's thorn in the flesh was. I have a book that in ten pages tries to show what Paul's thorn was *not*, and in another ten pages tries to show what it *was*.

Many of the theological doctors have felt Paul's pulse to see what was the matter with him. I suppose that the reason he did not tell us what it was may have been because he did not want us to know. He knew that if he stated what it was there would have been a great many people from Corinth bothering him with prescriptions as to how he might cure it.

Some say it was diseased eyes, some that it was a humped back. It may have been neuralgia. Perhaps it was gout, although his active habits and a sparse diet throw doubt on the supposition. Suffice it to say it was a thorn—that is, it stuck him. It was sharp.

It was probably of not much account in the eyes of the world. It was not a trouble that could be compared to a lion or a boisterous sea. It was like a thorn that you may have in your hand or foot and no one know it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of those little nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeeper finds it in unfaithful domestics; or an inmate who keeps things disordered; or a house too small for convenience or too large to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or calls for "more copy." The Sabbath-school teacher finds it in inattentive scholars, or neighbouring teachers that talk loud and make a great noise in giving a little instruction.

One man has a rheumatic joint which, when the wind is north-east, lifts the storm signal. Another a business partner who takes full half the profits, but does not help earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome, because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and mashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful, and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was as disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing, it is another. If the stove does not smoke, the boiler must leak. If the pen is good, the ink must be poor. If the editorial column be able, there must be a typographical blunder. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We cannot make up our robe of Christian character without pins and needles.

We want what Paul got—grace to bear these things. Without it we become cross, censorious, and irascible. We get in the habit of sticking our thorns into other people's fingers. But, God helping us, we place these annoyances in the category of the "all things that work together for good." We see how much shorter these thorns are than the spikes that struck through the palms of Christ's hands; and remembering that He had on His head a whole crown of thorns, we take to ourselves the consolation that if we suffer with Him on earth we shall be glorified with Him in heaven.

But how could Paul positively rejoice in these infirmities? I answer that the school of Christ has three classes of scholars. In the *first class* we learn how to be stuck with thorns without losing our patience. In the *second class* we learn how to make the sting positively advantageous. In the *third class* of this school we learn how even to rejoice in being pierced and wounded; but that is the *senior class*, and when we get to that, we are near graduation into glory.—*Around the Tea-table.*

DECISION FOR CHRIST.

BY REV. W. HUDSON.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—JOSHUA xxiv. 15.

THOSE who follow this advice add themselves to the list of witnesses for Christ and His gospel. By full decision for His will and service a man becomes a sign among his fellows. Many as are those who bear the name of Christ, when any one becomes fully decided he must attract attention by those features of his conduct which so

clearly and broadly distinguish him from merely nominal Christians. According to the supposition, he in all affairs maintains his principles, finding in Christianity what is abundantly sufficient to direct all his commercial and other conduct, and using that divine grace which enables him to turn into practice what he knows of duty to God and men. Are such men so many that one such can easily be lost in the mass? No, indeed. The man of full and absolute decision is one among many, and is easily found. He is a star of the first magnitude among numerous smaller orbs; and men must see him while they walk in the light which streams from his Christian life.

Happily for the world there are a few such scattered about in many and various places, that all people may see the sign which God has set up in mercy and compassion to mankind. Some may affect not to see this sign; but how, in these days and in such a community as this of England, can any one live and look about at all, without discerning it? He may misinterpret what he sees; for it has a divine meaning which many do not like. Its presence shows what men may become; rebukes all who know that the Gospel is the power of God, and yet feel it only in the most partial degree; and reproves and condemns the lives of such as seek not the Lord at all.

Then let me exhort you to seek the great favour of belonging to the vast continuous line of witnesses for Christ. You have in your intelligence a Divine gift, bestowed for a purpose of which you are not able to plead ignorance. You have a conscience which often speaks within you in strong and certain tones, demanding that you should be self-consistent, that you should do the will of God, and that you should fulfil the conditions of service to the generation to which you belong. You possess a free will whose creative decisions, recorded in the time of your moral probation, will stamp your character, and fix your endless doom; and you have no time which can safely be wasted. Do not abuse your intelligence and power of choice; do not so treat your conscience that it will become as flesh scared with a hot iron; and do not think of crowding the work of life, and, therefore, of a lifetime, into the corner of a few months or days, as many have presumed to do, with, it is feared, the most disappointing and fearful results. Be in earnest to know God's will and do it, and then there will be given to you the most effectual Divine impression and teaching. Be determined to stand in proper relations to God, and you will not long be in any doubt as to those relations; for spiritual discernment will be granted you. Be decided, and you will be greatly blessed yourself, and made a blessing to those who know you, and who feel your power. If you take this advice you will this day perform a moral action, involving the most glorious results, an action which you will never find any cause to regret, and the benefits of which will increase through eternal ages.

Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profoundest gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God." Pronounce the dreadful blasphemy, and each star above you will prove you for your darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night will bewilder your utter helplessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled the blue scroll, and threw open its bright frontispiece, the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned the green earth with perpetual rolling waters, and its lovely expanse of island and main? Who gave the eagle a stately cyrie, when the tempest swells and beats strongest to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made light pleasant to thee and darkness a covering and a herald of the first flash of morning? Who gave to thee that matchless symmetry of sinews and limbs, the irrepressible daring of ambition, passion, and love? And yet the thunders of heaven, and the waters of earth, are chained. They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them.

When we are fullest of heavenly love, we are best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it, and forget its burden. It is the absence of love to Christ, not its fulness, that makes us so impatient of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of our Christian brethren. Then, when Christ is all our portion, when He dwells with us and in us, we have so satisfying an enjoyment of His perfection that the imperfection of others is as it were swallowed up, and the sense of our own nothingness makes us insensible to that which is irritating to individual feelings and habits.—*Llare.*

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

DISINTERESTEDNESS is essential to all true friendship. Much that passes under this term is only some form of self-seeking. Men give, to receive as much again. Invitations are sent to those from whom similar favours are expected, and when circumstances arise to prevent such return, the name is dropped from the list of future guests. Praise is uttered for the sake of the echo. Why waste breath where there is no response? Business friendships are based on the expectation of trading in return. "The rich have many friends." Selfishness hides behind the mask of benevolence. Policy wears the cloak of affection. Such "friendship is feigning," and the failure of the hope of some substantial return, proves such "loving" to be "mere folly."

It was evident to all around Him, that Jesus never sought worldly advantages for Himself. With His eloquent speech, His power of personal fascination, His ability to work miracles, He might easily have won the favour and secured the gifts of the great. Why should He select as His special friends the poor fishermen of Galilee? By His purity of life and fidelity of teaching, by His advocacy of equal obligations, and denunciations of all wrong-doing, He excited against Himself the enmity of those whom He might easily have conciliated. He might soon, on the ladder of His first adherents, have climbed into courts and palaces, and then thrown the ladder away. But He identified Himself with the poor. He was willing to be taunted as "the friend of publicans and sinners." He sought nothing from His followers but their love. He never made them instruments of ambition, or placed them in the front of danger to shield Himself.

He was thoughtful of them when indifferent to His own comfort and safety. Amongst other illustrations we may notice what occurred on the night when He was betrayed. Advancing to meet the armed band who had come to apprehend Him, He asked whose name was in their warrant. "Whom seek ye?" And when they replied that it was Jesus of Nazareth, He took them at their own word, surrendered Himself, and demanded that as His friends were not included in the summons, they should not be molested. "If, therefore, ye seek Me, let these go their way."

But the greatest proof of His disinterested friendship was giving His life for them. This He adduced when he called them His friends. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends." They could not then understand the full import of these words. But every little action of His life proved how He sought not theirs but them. —*Newman H. U.*

"HE TOOK HIM BY THE HAND."

THAT is a beautiful thing that is said of our Lord, "He took him by the hand, and led him out of the town." And is there not here a helpful hint for every saint that seeks to follow in His steps, and like him go forth to succour and to save?

We like the hearty hand-shaking of the good old times; not the half-reluctant proffer of cold finger-tips, but the cordial grasp betokening real sympathy. The formal bow may do for the fashionable parlour, but it will not suffice for the Sunday-school folk. Get hold of your scholars by the hand if you mean to get hold of them by the heart.

Gough tells of the thrill of Joel Stratton's hand laid lovingly upon his shoulder, just at the time when he was reeling on the brink of hell; and of another gentleman, of high respectability, who came to his shop when he was desperately struggling to disengage himself from the coils of the serpent, and almost ready to sink down in despair; and how he took him by the hand, expressed his faith in him, and bade him play the man. Gough said, "I will;" and Gough did, as everybody knows.

There's a great deal in it. Some of us are not too old to remember how it was with us when we were boys ourselves, when a real live gentleman took us by the hand—not, of course, the schoolmaster, with the dreaded ferule—but with friendly grasp, and held on and talked with us, and mayhap walked with us; we remember how he grew upon us—our respect and affection—and how we always had a kindly feeling for him afterwards; and how, when we encountered him, even at a distance, there was the quick, glad recognition, and a sort of mutual telegraphing, the purport of which

seemed to be, "We understand one another."—*The Baptist Teacher.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Evangelical Magazine (Hodder) for August has two first-rate articles on "Fruits" and "Thorny Ground." The other contents, excepting an interesting sketch of Roger Williams, are but ordinary.

The W. M. W. (August) is better than ever; the reading matter is most interesting, and the illustrations are all that could be wished. Messrs. Partridge's other monthlies are, as usual, good.

Worth Her Weight in Gold (London: Macintosh.) A simply told story of domestic life; unpretentious, but thoroughly practical, and very suitable for a present to a servant.

Black Bob of Bloxleigh By Rev. James Veames. (London: Kempter, 6d.) A well-told temperance tale, full of humour, yet exceedingly pathetic; serious, but not dry; and firm in its warnings, without being ligotated. The price astounds us. We should want twice the money.

Walter's Picture Marvel. This truly is a "marvel"; twelve pictures, some litho, some chromo-litho, and three very good imitations of oleograph, surely can't be dear at a shilling, and many a cottage would be wonderfully brightened by this trifling expenditure.

Faith's Triumph. By "E. S. P." (London: Longley, 2s. 6d.) This is a love story in verse, pure and simple, and the author has no mean imagination. Some of the conceptions are very striking, and we had almost said beautiful; yet, ever and anon, the narration lapses into childliness, produced, we think, by undue straining after effect. The rhythm is also in many cases very faulty. Still, we must not forget this is a maiden effort, and, as such, it is most praiseworthy.

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