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NEWFOUNDLAND

Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 4.

APRIL, 1878.

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F. E. LONGLEY, 39, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Bromley have been labouring in Conception Bay for the past four months. The interest in the work is unabated. Very large congregations are daily attending their services, and hundreds have professed the great change without which no man shall enter into the kingdom of heaven (John iii 5). It is hoped our honoured brethren may be induced to spend at least this year in the colony, and to visit Green Bay in June, and the western part of the island later in the year, and then resume working St. John's in the fall.

Mr. Deakins is labouring with much acceptance and success in Trinity and Bonavesta Bays. The difficulty of communication at this season renders it impossible to get any details of his work. We have heard enough to lead us to the conclusion that he is a faithful and successful evangelist. Will the Lord's people pray much and labour earnestly that the glorious work now commenced may spread and extend to every harbour and cove.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Next month's Magazine will contain a full account of our annual missionary meeting held February 27. The work of our Home Missionary Society is making steady progress, and the friends at home and abroad will be gratified when they read our annual report.

OBITUARY.

One by one, our friends and pilgrim companions on the way to the better land enter the golden gates. Lord's Day, Feb. 24, was one of the most beautiful of days. The sun shone forth in all his splendour, the air was balmy, and the earth was clad in its mantle of snow. God's people had crowded the sanctuaries, and their hearts were made glad with His presence. Just as the evening prayer-meeting was closing in Queen's-road Chapel, and while the assembly was pleading for their beloved suffering sister, Mrs. Robert Knight, her ransomed spirit was released from the prison of earth, and borne upward to the palace of the King. For four weeks her sufferings had been intense. Yet they were borne with a patience that was truly marvellous. Not once did she repine or murmur. She was supported by the consolations of the Gospel. The great work of reconciliation had been accomplished in her soul in the year 1869. On March 5 in the same year, she was admitted to fellowship with the Congregational Church. A few hours before her last she said to her pastor, "I have nothing to do, there is nothing to trouble me. All is done." When asked on going to prayer if there was anything she wished

us to pray for, she said, "That every member of my family may be saved, that they may know that God's service is the only thing that will give them real and lasting pleasure." Her husband was suddenly taken home five years ago. This severe blow she bore with the fortitude becoming a Christian, and we well remember with what sweet resignation she said, when her dear Kenneth—whose obituary appeared June, 1877 was unexpectedly taken, "Thy will be done."

We have often thought, while conversing with her on the mysterious dispensations of Providence, how very difficult would it have been with her in these times had she not been a partaker of the grace of God.

Our dear sister was strongly attached to the Church of her spiritual birth. She studied how she could promote the good work in which the Church is engaged. From the very commencement of our home mission work, she was a liberal supporter. We recall now with intense pleasure the hearty welcome she gave us when we visited her in her distant temporary home in Green Bay. While there she learned how much missionaries are required, and how much they have to endure in prosecuting their glorious work. Hence, our Missionary Society had a generous supporter and an earnest advocate.

God sometimes leads his own loved ones through rough and dark ways. How bright their graces shine in these times. It was so in a most conspicuous way with our sister. While in Green Bay she experienced temporal reverses. In the depth of winter, far from friends, her dear husband sickened and died, leaving her a large family to take care of. Shortly after this, their dwelling, with everything they possessed in the world, was destroyed by fire. She found herself without a shelter, without any means of support, and far from those that could and would sympathise with her, and not for long months could she even communicate with her friends in St. John's. Yet, blessed be God, He upheld her in these trying times. Brighter days dawned after she returned to St. John's. The capital that had been spent in Green Bay began to bear fruit. Just as this desirable change came, her darling Kenneth was smitten down. Faith rose above all, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Her last days were rendered as happy as the presence and attention of dear friends, the love of devoted children, and the possession of every earthly comfort could make them; but, above all, by the assurance of pardon and eternal life through the blood of the Lamb. May her dear children follow in her steps when she follows Jesus! She was daughter of the late Peter Duchemin, Esq., of St. John's, and she fell asleep in the fifty-eighth year of her age.

THOUGHTS FROM THE FATHERS.

ST. HILLAIRE. BISHOP OF POICTIERS. 355.

SUCH is the power of the love of God, that it maketh us to be of one spirit and affection with God, as distance of place or time cannot alter or change a settled affection. The loadstone of love is love. God's love allureth ours. God first loved us, and that in a high degree, when we were vile and contemptible. A strong inducement to render love for so great love.

The elect clothed with the wedding garment do shine in the newness of regeneration, neither is our election merit, but our merit proceedeth from election. God electeth none for their own sakes, or anything in them, but of his meer free mercy. Wherefore did he love Jaakob and hate Esau? Search not into God's secret counsell. Cannot the potter make one vessel for honour, another for dishonour? As the clay in the potter's hand, so we were in God's hand, who chose or rejected us, either for the magnifying of His mercies, or the manifesting of His justice.

What is sweeter than Christ's yoke? What is lighter than His burthen? To abstaine from wickednesse, to desire that which is good, to love all, to hate evil, to obtain eternity, not to be taken with things present, and not to impose on another that which thou wouldst not thyself suffer.

Christ is to be followed by taking up His crosse, and though not in act, yet in will we should be ever ready to suffer with Christ as companions of His passion; though not in act, yet in affection, for when Christ comes to judgment, how shall eternal life be obtained?—by wealth, gentilitie, or dignity? These things and the like are to be contemned, and Christ to be followed, whereby eternitie with losse of earthly felicitie is gained.

It is an hard matter at once to look up to heaven with one eye, fixing the other upon earth: we must either adhere to ourselves and deny Christ, or adhere to Christ, denying ourselves. No man can serve two masters, that is commanding contrarie things. We must denie ourselves, and say with the apostle, we have forsaken all and followed Thee.

The inward part of the cup is most useful; if it be foule within, the outward washing is to no purpose, and so the inward integrety of the conscience doth purifie the body.

God requireth truth in the inward parts, and of all the sacrifices of the Old Testament, most esteemed was the fat of the inwards. He will have no dissembling. The woman before the King Solomon would have all the childe or none; she was the childe's mother: but that other harlot said, Let it be neither thine nor mine, but let it be divided. God hateth division, we must not have one heart for God, and another for the devil; give Him all or none at all.

By the similitude of hidden treasure the riches of our hopes are showed, because God was found in man, for obtaining of whom all is to be sold, that wading through all wants we may attain the riches of heaven.

That man can want nothing, which hath Him, who is all in all. And as the philosopher said, Whosoever is mine, I bear about me. So may a Christian rich in grace say, Since I enjoy God, I enjoy all, without whom enjoying all, I enjoy nothing; other things I may enjoy for their use, but have no true contentment in enjoying them.

Christ did so highly commend concord and peace, that he affirmed that prayers made in the unity of the spirit should be heard, and hath promised that where two or three are gathered together in His name, He would be in the midst of them.

Custom is a strong obligation, and therefore he is a better Christian, who not only by remission of sinne, but by ignorance in sinne is blameless and innocent. Whence it was that the prophet denounceth a woe against such as draw iniquity together with cords of vanity. Such are the cords of long continued custome, which habituate a man in an evil way, making him irrecoverably wicked.

As slips of trees that are ingrafted, and inoculated into another stocke, partake of the nature of the stocke whereunto they are ingrafted, so whatsoever vice a man accustometh himselfe unto, so the same are his affections, glued, as it were, and inseparably joined, and the corruption thereof concentrated and made co-essential unto it.

MILES COVERDALE.*

Born 1488.

Died 1569.

In the passion of Jesus Christ we children of beleeve should diligently ponder and consider what Christ hath done for our sakes—how He loved His owne until the end; and with what desire He longed to eate the Easter Lamb with His disciples before He suffered, thereby giving them to understand that He was the true Paschal Lamb, which, being slain for us, should take away the sinnes of the world, that the figures of the Old Testament might be reduced into the truth.

As the Jews (to whom with a prescribed ordinance it was commanded yearly to eate the Easter Lamb) did the same for a memorie of their deliverance out of Egypt, so believers also in the New Testament have a remembrance and exercise of the gracious redemption, whereby we, by His death, are delivered from the power of darkness, of the devil, and of sinne, and brought to eternal life.

The death of Christ ought never to come out of our hearts; that wee may do and suffer all things for His sake that dyed for us.

The peace of the world seeketh quietnesse and rest of the bodie, throweth away the crosse, and fleeth from it. The peace of Christ rejoiceth in the midst of adversitie, and overcome the crosse.

If we would live to please the world, to serve it, and to hunt after the favour and praise of it, wee should not be faithful servants of Jesus Christ. We ought not to look for worldly honour, but to have respect to the eternall glorie, which we shall have with Christ our Head; yea, so farre as we suffer rebuke and dishonour with Him.

We are branches in Christ, the true vine, albeit as yet verie weak and tender, sone blowne away with the wind, or smitten down other waies; but forasmuch as out of Christ wee receive the sap and vertue of spirit and life, we are in life preserved, that we wither not away.

There should no feare make us to shrinke from the confession of Christ and His truth. We are not they that speake, but it is the Spirit of the Father which speaketh in us.

In all trouble and distresse of this world we ought to comfort ourselves, and trust onely in the grace and strength of Christ. The world is not able to hurt and plague us, more than of our gracious Father is permitted unto them for our wealth.

While we live here, we are in miserie, affliction, and distresse; but seeing the Head hath overcome, the members ought not to doubt of the victorie. Afflictions shall serve us unto high honour, as they served Christ the Lord unto glorie.

Awake up nowe, O thou faithfull and devout soule, and go after thy Redeemer, follow His footsteps, gather up diligently the drops of His blood, and sprinkle them with a true faith in thine heart. Take up the bundle of mirrhe and lay it at thy breast, O thou noble bride and spouse of Christ. His passion that He suffered for thee write, then, in thy minde. Learn to die from all sinne, from thyselfe, and from the world, that thou maiest bee crucified unto the world, and the world unto thee.

Nothing is there uppon earth that so kindleth, draweth, and pierceth the heart of man as dooth Christ's love declared uppon the crosse. In His death standeth our life, for in His death is our death slaine. Through His shame cometh eternal honour and glorie unto us. His passion is the wholesome playster for all woundes; His crosse the overthrow of all enemies, and victorie against all vice.

Christ shoveth to His disciples, after His resurrection, His woundes to heal the woundes of their unbeleeve. As if Hee would say, Look upon me and fight manfullie; without a battaile shall no man be crowned.

No man must bee wise and learned for [himselfe onely; no man ought to be rich for himselfe, but everie man's gifts must serve to the profite one of another, and to the edifying and sustaining of the whole bodie. Every one is bound to serve the bodie, according to the gifte and measure which the Spirit of God hath distributed unto him.

God answers the prayers of His people oftentimes by wonderful and terrible things in righteousness. The most dreadful revolutions of Providence are in answer to prayer; and that which makes prayer so powerful, is because the altar of incense is sprinkled with the blood of the sin offering.

SAMUEL MATHER, 1671.

* From "Fruitful Lessons upon the Passion, Buriall, and Resurrection" by Miles Coverdale. Printed in the year 1573.

MIND THE PAINT.

BY ARTHUR MURSELL.

THE plainest lessons are those that demand the most frequent and emphatic enforcement. We need to be reminded of common truths quite as much as to be instructed in new ones. We require to be told what we *do* know, as well as what we *don't* know. Now, there is nothing suggested by this title which is not well enough known and understood. But the moral of the subject is one our familiarity with which has tended to breed contempt for it. "Mind the paint." Take care of mere outsiders. Don't be too readily captivated by appearances. Examine before you decide. Taste and try before you buy. Keep your judgment awake as well as your eyes open. Don't be made a fool of. These are the homely maxims embodied in the phrase. Very commonplace; but on that account too often neglected and forgotten.

Mind the paint! It is a comprehensive injunction. It touches an immense surface in these artificial times. Nearly everything is more or less painted. Mammas paint their daughters with artificial graces, and paint themselves with artificial cheeks, artificial hair, artificial teeth, artificial pretensions. Nothing is considered "finished" till it is painted. And so boys and girls are sent to finishing schools, where a little veneer is put on to enable them to pass muster in the world. This process of finishing consists in peppering the memory with a few French phrases, and educating the fingers to play two or three show pieces, and getting up the valse to perfection, and generally smothering nature under a counterpane of art, as completely as the little princes were smothered in the Tower. Tradesmen paint their wares in colours which are the reverse of "fast"; young men paint themselves in colours which are very fast indeed. Walk down the street, and at every lamp-post some fresh sham confronts you. Here is a brawling dun inviting you to a mock auction: Mind the paint. Here is a Cheap John selling cutlery and customers both at once, and making merchandise of trash and trust in one transaction. Mind the paint. Here is the little urchin dancing before you with his "fuseses a halfpenny a box." Try before you buy; for I once got an empty box. Mind the paint. Here is a mysterious-looking lout who pokes a hand-bill into your hand, in which some quack doctor undertakes to heal the sick, and almost raise the dead in three days. Mind the paint. There is the sailor who has never seen the sea, with his coat-sleeve pinned up to his breast, and his right arm either shot off at Trafalgar, or else stuck snugly down inside his shirt, and a placard full of piteous appeals fastened on his stomach. Mind the paint. There is a shop window where they are selling at an "enormous sacrifice," and where the things in the window are ticketed with the shillings in very large figures, and elevenpence three farthings in very small ones, and where they don't sell you the article you ask for, but another exactly similar inside. Mind the paint. Here is the canarybird man who offers you a brilliant canary, which from some cause or other loses its colour and note in its first bath. Mind the paint. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut as you rub shoulders with the world; for if you "shut your eyes and open your mouth" you may be sure what "Jack will send you" will be the reverse of agreeable.

It is a thankless thing to be always putting folks upon their guard against each other, and to stir up suspicion amongst the livers in one street. But there are some sort of "friends" of whom wise men will be very chary and shy. Those very sudden friends, those love-at-first-sight sort of people, who are ready to lay down their lives for you before you have had time to lay down your umbrella, these men are best avoided. Mind the paint, for it is a thin lacquering of sham, and only means mischief.

And mind the paint in social habit. There's many a house much too near your own, perhaps, more gaily painted than your cottage. A handsome lamp gleams over the door. Perhaps a great glass vat is hung up at the entrance, and the attractions of "Kinahan's LL," and somebody's else XX, and Dublin stout, and Burton ale, and Lorne whisky, and London gin, and Cognac brandy, and "early purl" and "milk punch," and "cordial bitters," and I don't know what else are paraded in golden characters all over the house. There is a snuggerly within, and choice spirits and fragrant fumes to make it snugger still. Oh, mind the paint! Leave the LL and the XX and all the rest of it alone. Don't take those "cordial bitters," or you may find it but a "bitter cordial"

in the long run, and, like Romeo at the tomb of Capulet, where the bones of Juliet's ancestors "lay pack'd," may say:—

"Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark."

Home may look humble and dingy by the side of these blazing stows, where brains are stolen, hearts steeled, and manhood stupefied; but it is better painted than that place, in *faster* colours for endurance if not so flashy for the moment. Painted with the light of loving eyes, and the red of tender lips, and the gold of rippling smiles, it shows the truest hues, the spectrum of hope's sweetest rainbow. Would that our young men prized a home evening, with sisters round about them, more than a saturnalia amidst smoky billiard-rooms, with the jargon of the castanet of "flukes" and "hazards," and the monotone of busy "markers" as their only music. Many a maternal heart-ache would be spared by such a choice.

Let the last warning of this topic be borne to our young people by a little bird from the twigs of the tree of knowledge and of wisdom. Young man! when you hear a shuffle on the stones behind you as you walk under the lamps at night, be deaf to the sound; and when you see an amblygryon sidle up to whisper in your ear, pass on; mind the paint, for it is laid on thick—"Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." Young woman! when yonder dandy lecher comes and months his slattery to your pride, and seeks with liquorish phrase and sugary arts to jeopardise your honour, bid him begone. Mind the paint, and spurn him with the kindled ire of virtue citadelled and garrisoned in an honest woman's soul. Young men and maidens; old men and children! Be true! true to self, to each other, and to God. Let all your flowers be nature's flowers, touched by her pencil and chastened by her sun. And aim to be *overlaid* and *inlaid* with that grace by which all false paint is chased away; and the true colour shall show upon your brow when you come forth in Christ's rising light and risen likeness!

[This article, with several others by the same author, will shortly appear in book form, under the title of "Random Sketches," forming one of a very attractive series of illustrated sixpenny books being issued by Mr. Longley.]

BALM.

Dreamily drifting downward,
The apple blossoms come,
In the flush of the golden evening,
As the little birds fly home;
Softly, softly falling,
Falling to the ground,
The air is pink with the blossoms,
Drifting like spirits around.

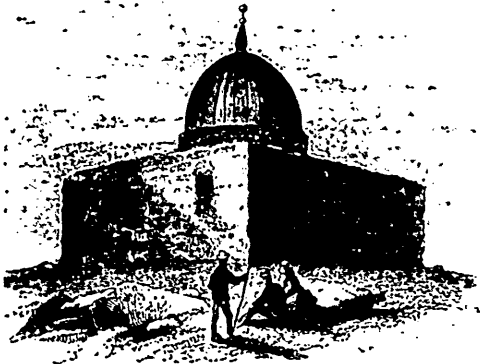
Freshly the fragrance floateth
Out on the sunset air,
Softly the light breeze wafts it
In at the window there;
Where softly, softly sleeping,
In a slumber long and deep,
Lie a mother and her baby,
And o'er them none to weep.

Freshly the breeze comes, waiting
In at the window there,
A shower of scented snow-flakes
On the woman's hair—
On to the snowy bosom—
On to the baby's cheek—
Like a sign of pardon and healing
To the erring and the weak.

Oh, heart so warm and weary,
Walking the ways of life;
The world shall not judge thee longer,
Nor be with thee at strife.
Thou hast found the balm of healing,
God's rest is upon thee now
And His fragrant benediction,
In the blossoms on thy brow.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY REV. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.



Tomb of Aaron.

IN the valley of Edom, just where the principal rock-hewn tombs or temples begin, the eye is first arrested by a huge pyramidal structure of Egyptian order on the left, and then right and left, especially on the right, the whole mountain cut into streets and tombs. But as my companions were already penetrating the rocky enclosure, I was obliged to hasten on. The cliffs rise from eighty to three hundred feet on each side, frequently not more than twelve feet apart, and seem almost to touch at their summits, or to approach so near as to leave only a small opening through which the blue sky looked trebly blue, or a few sunbeams straggled down to light up the hidden treasury of nature and of art. On—on—my amazement growing with every step, as each new turn brought a fresh surprise. Under my feet were stones of the old road-bed, and on either side were the twisting canals hewn in the face of the rock, along which pure water flowed into the city. Still on, for a mile, I wandered amid the winding maze; tombs on the right of me, tombs on the left of me; many of them rude and simple, others of elaborate design; till all at once I came to an open space, and a large, magnificent temple stood immediately before me. Beginning now to feel the qualms of hunger, and suspecting the camp was near by, I walked on till I found it pitched by the stream near the point where the wady widens into the open plain on which the ancient city, was built.

In the afternoon, with a native guide, we passed rapidly through the site of the city, following the course of the stream until we struck a small wady from the north-west, along the general direction of which we ascended.

In the morning we returned up through the Sik to the point where the rock tombs begin. The first and principal one is on the right of the wady and fronting east. It is reached by a long, winding path. There we found a front gateway a quadrilateral court forty-five feet square, side porticoes, two columns of the Doric order, columns about the doorway also Doric, heavy and massive; the interior thirty-six feet square, with side niches. Following the wady, the mountain side on the right is pierced here and there by streets or alley-ways from which shoot out galleries lined with tombs of all descriptions. Some of these bear evidence of being occupied by the Arabs in the winter. They are perfectly dry, and in the cold, rainy season must afford good shelter. Just before the gateway is reached there is an elevated plateau extending on the right to some distance. There is inexhaustible room for tombs. I observed one square column twelve feet wide, with a door below. On the area immediately in front of the gateway are the marks of a once extensive temple.

Our next objective point was Mount Hor, Jebel Harun. It lay immediately before us on the right. We dismounted and ascended on the east side to the summit, four thousand two hundred feet above the sea level, in about one hour and fifteen minutes. The climb would not have been hard had we not been obliged to make it with the hot afternoon sun upon us. Coming first to a wide plateau, we then from the west side made the top of the larger cone by a very steep stairway,

partly natural and partly artificial. The pathway passes over a large, deep cistern of water. On the top there is a small mosque, about thirty-five by thirty-two feet, popularly known as Aaron's Tomb. From the top of the mosque there is a superb view in all directions. Near are the rich sandstone cliffs in which Petra nestles; bounding the eastern horizon is the long line of Jebel Wady Musa; stretching southerly is the Sherah range and the valley of the Arabah; in front, westerly, is the same valley, with its streaks of white and green, the Tih Mountains, and the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wandering beyond; and northerly the heights of the hill country of Judea and the mountains of Moab, with the waters of the Dead Sea lying between them. How simple and yet how affecting, the narrative of Aaron's death. See Num. xx. 23—28. Aaron was denied entrance into the Promised Land, but he had a sublime spot in which to die—one worthy of his dignity, and from which, when dying, his aged eyes could catch at least a glimpse of the beautiful country for which he had so ardently longed.

The next morning, April 8, we found ourselves encamped near the mouth of Wady el Abyad. Before starting we were instructed by our conducting sheik, Arb, that we must all keep close together, as there was an old feud between the Petra tribe and the tribe through which we were about to pass. Two and a-half hours brought us to the Arabah, and then for the rest of the day our course lay north-westerly across it.

That evening, from a little hill by our camp, I looked back toward Edom. Its peaks, with Mount Hor in the foreground glowing in the crimson sunset, formed a marked contrast with the soft haze of the white limestone cliffs of the Tih, which we had now approached. Here was 'Ain Weibeh, the supposed Kadesh-barnea of Scripture. From this point the spies were sent by Moses to search the land of Canaan. Here Israel made their fatal choice, and falling through unbelief, failed of the promise.

Our route the next day lay through and across a succession of wadies running down into the Arabah, some of which were broad and quite verdant, and so full of acacias as to give the effect of apple orchards. At four o'clock in the afternoon we encamped, about two hours from the foot of Nagb Safah, the scriptural Zephath. Num. xxi. 17, Judges i. 17.

In the morning came a tremendous tag. At the foot of the Pass Safah most of us dismounted, and walked up the mountain. It was as much as our pack camels could do to get up and over the mountain. By half-past twelve o'clock p.m. we were safely on the Pass, and lunched in the crevices of the rocks. One hour more brought us to Wady Teraiieh, where the Arabs, by digging two or three feet in the sand, obtained good water, rather cloudy, but sweet and cool. Our thirst was terrible; it seemed impossible to drink enough. For two and a-half hours more we rode along a rolling plain, through the Pass Nagb el Muzeikah, and halted on a pleasant slope near which are ruins called Kurnub, probably the ancient Thamara. We were now fairly in the Negeb, or South Country. Here are the southernmost limits of the Promised Land. At Ar'arah we found two wells with water, and several dry ones, but no ruins marking the site of the town. The valley is fertile and beautiful. To the inhabitants of Aroer David sent a portion of the spoils of the captured Amalekites, who had committed a raid on Ziklag, and burned it with fire. The identification of Aroer shows the field of David's operations in the extreme South Country. While he himself was outlawed by Saul, he became the protector of Simeon and Judah from the incursions of the wandering hordes of the Desert. At Milh, two hours north-east, there are some ruins—a Gothic tower standing, but half buried. That a ruined church is under the soil is not only possible but probable. There are also outlying ruins on an adjacent hill, covering a circuit of half-a-mile in extent. Milh is the Scriptural Moladah (Josh. xv. 26; xix. 2), mentioned by Josephus as Malatha. A half-hour to the north, at the foot of Tell Milh, are the wells of Milh. There are two wells, about thirty feet deep and twelve by fifteen wide. Around lay a dozen stone watering troughs, and over them stood the Arabs and their cattle. They are walled up with limestone in the most substantial manner. An evidence of their age may be found in the fact that the indentations in the stones at their mouth, caused by the friction of drawing the water by ropes, measured from four to six inches. These particular stones could not have been laid by Abraham, as the dragoon of our English companions asserted; but it is not improbable that the wells were dug by some one of the patriarchs. We were

now in the great valley that, beginning near the Dead Sea, and on a line with Hebron, sweeps down in the shape of an arc, and out to Gaza, embracing in it Beer-sheba and other noted resorts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

April 12, Sunday. Again we felt constrained to travel on Sunday. The camels were not ready for some time after we were. A very heavy dew was on the grass, the first we had seen; a proof that we were out of the Wilderness. Two hours brought us to the Pass of Taiyebah. On the right was Tell Arad, the Arabic name being the same as the ancient Hebræw, thus identifying the home of Arau, king of the Amorites, who fought against the Israelites when they tried to force a passage into the South Country. The location of Arad does much to fix Safah as the ancient Zephath, where the passage was attempted. This pass was our last big climb before reaching Hebron, and when it had been scaled, we were at once in the Hill Country of Judea. At the ruins of Maon (1 Sam. xxv. 2) there is nothing worthy of note, but at Kummul there is an ancient fortress in fair preservation. The tower is the principal feature. The stones are hewn with square edges, and the masonry is very solid and massive. On adjacent hills are extensive ruins, and near by is a large pond of water, showing that here was once, probably within the Christian Era, a large city. This was undoubtedly the Carmel of 1 Sam. xxv., then probably only a district of country ("the Park," a "well-wooded place,") where Nabal sheared his sheep when the fugitive David preferred his request for help. The churl would have paid dear for his insolence but for the timely interference of the sensible and beautiful Abigail. Ahmet had already hastened on to prepare for our arrival at Hebron. After mounting, a ride of about three hours brought us to Tell Zaf, the ancient Ziph, the outlying wilderness and woods of which were a stronghold of David. Thither he was twice pursued by Saul. 1 Sam. xxiii. 14, 15, 24; xxvi. 2. Thence, over a beautiful plain, by ample reservoirs of water, and in sight of several ruins, we descended and crossed Wady el Kuhlî, which runs south-west till lost in Wady es Seba, and then a sharp climb under the hot sun brought us on the brow of the hill overlooking the ancient city of Hebron. Turning abruptly to the right we passed down by the great reservoir where Abraham watered his flocks, and skirting a Mohammedan cemetery on the left, we found our camp pitched just opposite the Quarantine, on the west slope of the valley. As we rode into the town the whole population turned out to see us, and about our camp gathered Arab, Christian, and Jew.

The next forenoon, with a Jew as guide, we walked northward through the valley, beyond doubt the ancient valley of Eshcol, naut, about one mile from the city, we came to a rather pretentious gateway which leads into the grounds where stands the oak of Abraham. I presume there is no question but that this oak and its neighbour are the direct descendants of the oaks by which Abraham pitched his tent after he had separated from Lot before Bethel, and "removed and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron;" and beneath the shade of which he sat at his tent door when visited by the three angels on their way to destroy Sodom. Gen. xiii. 18; xviii 1, etc. The traditional tree stands in a large grassy inclosure, about two hundred yards from the main road. Around the trunk is a stone wall several feet high, filled in with earth. The trunk is twenty-three feet in girth. There are three main limbs or branches, respectively measuring eight feet, fifteen feet six inches, and seven feet five inches in girth, and the continuous shade thrown by the tree is twenty-six feet three inches by seventy-eight feet, and would easily afford standing-room for one thousand persons. One dead, broken limb was the only part from which it was allowable to take a relic. I had wondered the day before where grew the grapes of Eshcol, as just below Hebron we had seen no vineyards; but now my wonder was at an end; throughout this valley, as far as the eye can see, are extensive vineyards. They are inclosed with stone walls, with watch-towers, and the vines generally look to be very old. The best grapes of Southern Palestine are produced in this valley, thus confirming not only by the traditional name, but also by the superior quality of the fruit, the probable site whence the spies bore the specimen grapes and figs; for here, too, the fig-tree abounds, its tender leaves and fruit were just appearing.

If we would expect the answer of prayer, our practices should be like our prayers.

SEEING HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

"Thou hast given me a south land, give me also springs of water; and he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."—Joshua xv 10.

IT is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out, "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now, let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment, sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness: upper springs of light! upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Saviour Divine! roll in our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there, not so much as a headache, or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us, and say, "Poor things, away down in that world." And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident they cry, "Good, he is coming." And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry, "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There! he is dead. Come home! come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said, "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said, "To-day, Florence." "To-day? so soon? I am so glad."

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer-stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbour is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not to-day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south-land" of this world which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal watercourses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs, and the upper springs—comfort here and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that can never be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation, it is a ruin that is remediless, it is a sickness that has no medicament, it is a

grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder, as one brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, Bo manly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world. Now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens. Let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burdens. Do I hear any one in the audience say, "I mean to attend to that after a while; it is not just the time"? It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sent you into the Academy of Music this morning, and He sent me here to confront you with this message, and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Who-soever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: if a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you now, lest you should lose your soul, for ever and ever.

THE STORY OF A FORGER.

BY D. L. MOODY.

ONE day, in the inquiry-room at Chicago, a man about my age came to me, and he said he wanted to see me alone. I took him one side, and he told me a story that would make almost any man weep. He was in a good position—a leading business man of the community. He had a beautiful wife and children. He was ambitious to get rich fast, and in an unguarded moment he forged; and in order to cover up that act, he had committed other guilty acts, and he had fled. He was a fugitive from justice, and he said: "I am now in the torments of hell. Here I am away from my family. A reward has been offered for me in my city. Do you think I ought to go back?" I said, "I don't know. You had better go to God, and ask Him about it." I would not like to give you advice." You could

HEAR HIM SOB ALL OVER THAT CHURCH.

He said, "I will go to my room, and I will come and see you next day at twelve o'clock." The next day he came to me, and he said, "I do not belong to myself, I belong to the law. I have got to go and give myself up. I do not care for myself, but it will disgrace my family; but if I don't, I am afraid I will lose my soul." This day I got a letter from him. I think I would like to read it to you. I told some people here of it to-day, and they said, "You ought to take it to Charlestown and read it to the convicts in the State Prison." But I thought I had better read it before I got there. It may keep some man here from getting there. Some one here may have just commenced. He may to-morrow commit a forgery, and bring sorrow and gloom upon his loved ones. It was only three days ago that I got a letter from a wife and mother asking me to see her husband. He had committed forgery. The officers came that night and took him. It was a terrible shock to that wife. He was a kind husband. That mother and children are praying every night that their dear father may get out of prison. Let us lift up our hearts that this man may see that sin is a bitter thing. But let me read the letter:—

"Jefferson City, Mo., April 8, 1877.

"Mr. Moody. Dear Brother,—When I bade you good-bye in the lower room in Farwell Hall, you said, 'When it is all over, write me.' I wrote you in December. I thought then that it would soon be over. [Let me say right here that that letter which came in December drew a picture which has followed me all these days. He said he went to his home. The trial was to come off in another county. He wanted to see his wife, and he went to his home. He

DID NOT WANT HIS CHILDREN TO KNOW

that he was at home, because it might get out among the neighbours, and he wanted to give himself up, and not be arrested. Then, after his wife had put the children to bed, he would steal into the room, but he could not speak to them or kiss them. Fathers, was not that pretty hard? Would

not that be pretty hard? You tell me sin is sweet! There are men with their eyes wide open; no, not with their eyes wide open; they must be closed when men say that sin is sweet. There is that man, that loved his children as you love yours, and he did not dare to speak to them.] "I wrote you in December, thinking all would soon be over, but the State was not ready to try me, and so I was let out upon bail till April. Yesterday my case was disposed of, and I received sentence for nineteen years. [Voice in the audience, "That was too hard."] [Oh, how sad! How bitter sin is! May God open the eyes of the blind to night. Christians always pray that God may open the eyes of the blind. Christ came for the recovery of sight to the blind. I hope every sinner will get his eyes open and see that sin is bitter, not sweet. The time is coming when you have got to leave this earth.] Now I am in my prison cell, clothed in a convict's garb. It is all over with me. A long term of civil death and absence. [Then there is a long dash. I suppose he could not pen it. Away from that wife and little child.] Now I have met the law. Pray for me that I may be sustained with consoling and needed strength. Pray for the loved ones at home, my dear parents and brothers and sisters, and my dear wife and children!"

ANOTHER LONG DASH.

"And I ask that the attorney, that was very kind to me, may be prayed for, that he may become a Christian, and if not asking too much, a few words will be gratefully received. Address me in care of Penitentiary in Jefferson City, Mo. I pray that your labours may be blessed, and when you preach, warn men to beware of the temptation of doing evil that good may come of it; warn them to beware of the ambition for wealth. Prayifully and tearfully yours."

Yet we have men tell us that they will not give up sin. I wish I could say something here that would open the eyes of every man and woman in this assembly.

MORBID RELIGION.

MUCH of the Christian character of the day lacks in swarthy and power. It is gentle enough, and active enough, and well-meaning enough, but is wanting in moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and makes an excellent nurse to pour out with steady hand a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waistband, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded.

One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. The attempt is to bring us up on tracts made up of thin exhortations, and goodish maxims. A nerveless treatise on commerce or science in that style would be crumpled up by the first merchant and thrown into his waste-basket. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say, he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still. There needs an infusion of strong Anglo-Saxon into religious literature, and a brawnier manliness and more impatience with insipidity, though it be prayerful and sanctimonious. He who stands with irksome repetitions asking people to come to the Saviour, while he gives no strong common-sense reason why they should come, drives back the souls of men. If, with all the thrilling realities of eternity at hand, a man has nothing to write which can gather up and master the thoughts and feelings of men, his writing and speaking are a slander on the religion which he wishes to eulogize.

Morbidity in religion might be partially cured by more outdoor exercise. There are some duties we can perform better on our feet than on our knees. If we can carry the grace of God with us down into everyday, practical Christian work, we will get more spiritual strength in five minutes than by ten hours of kneeling. If Daniel had not served God, save when three times a day he worshipped toward the temple, the lions would have surely eaten him up. The school of Christ is as much out-of-doors as in-doors. Hard, rough work for God will develop an athletic soul. Religion will not conquer either the admiration or the affections of men by effeminacy, but by strength. Because the heart is soft is no reason why the head should be soft. The spirit of genuine religion is a spirit of great power. When Christ rides in apocalyptic vision, it is not on a weak and stupid beast, but on a horse—emblem of majesty and strength. "And He went forth conquering and to conquer."

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

"BEACON LIGHTS."

A TALE OF ANDERNACH.

BY EMILIE SEARFIELD.

"He that giveth length to the Lord"

IT was autumn in the Rhineland, and the trees in the grove outside the town were just beginning to glow with russet tints, as good "Pastor" Sponheim, as he was called (though in truth he was no pastor at all, but simply a man who spent his days in acts of love), left his snug little room for the open air, intent on teaching a class of poor boys whom he daily assembled, and who, but for his kindly aid, would have passed through the world with but little of good to weigh against the bad on every side of them. Not far from his cottage, in fact it seemed very near viewed from his little summer-house on the right hand side, lay the Abbey of St. Thomas, which somehow seems still dedicated to God, in that within its walls is a safe shelter for those whom He has seen fit to afflict with the worst of all maladies — madness. Now, it was said of this man, Herr Sponheim, that every evening after the boys whom he taught were dispersed, he wandered off in the direction of the abbey; some affirmed that he had been seen to enter the building itself, but as his habits of doing good were duly known and recounted, people did not wonder so much at this as they would otherwise have done. True, his face was stern, and folks said that he had been a soldier in his time — only said, remember, they did not know, for Herr Sponheim was no gossip, and kept his own counsel, so that although he had at the time I am speaking of lived for some years in Andernach, no one knew why he had come to the place, or chosen that town in preference to any other. Well, he looked stern, as I have said, and yet his actions and words bore testimony as nothing else could to a tender heart and a ready sympathy with all mankind. So he went on with his daily round of duties, oblivious of those who watched and commented upon his mode of life, and upon the evening of which I am speaking went out as was his wont to teach the boys who were gathered beneath the trees outside his dwelling the rudiments of his own simple faith, after which he would sing with them, in as mellow a voice as one could dream of or imagine, some of the hymns of the land, which are at once so rich in poetry and so effective

in their simplicity. The boys were gay; he could hear their merry peals of laughter, and — but he stopped short ere he reached them, and stood so as to allow a tree, a magnificent linden, to somewhat shelter him from view, for there, straight in front, stood a boy — a sort of town pest as he was generally voted — and it was entirely owing to his ridiculous antics and gestures that the sounds of merriment had arisen. "Pastor" Sponheim had long heard of this lad, of his witty speeches and mischievous tricks; and if but the half was true which report said of him, he was not quite so innocent of wrong-doing as might have been expected of one whose heart ought still to have been soft and impressionable. Yet the lad possessed a sort of interest or charm for the old man, and he often thought that, if but the current of his life could be somehow turned, he might in time prove a boon to his fellows. He longed (the



stood so as to allow a tree . . . to shelter him from view

"pastor" I mean) to speak to him there and then, but saw the policy of remaining silent, before his own; at least, as most probably to have addressed Hans Scholer in his present mood would have been but to bring all his impudence and railery to bear on his — the speaker's — own head. A movement of the good man, causing his coat to brush the tree, was, however, heard by Hans, and he looked around instantly, and in less time than you can well imagine, he had bowed his best, or his most mocking bow to the "pastor," and darted away. It was observed by the boys that their teacher seemed strangely preoccupied and sad during his customary loving teaching and exhortation, and when at the last he declared that they must dispense with their usual melody, for that he could not sing this evening, they all felt aggrieved, for this singing it was

which proved the one great attraction to the meetings.

They were all gone at last, and joyous shouts spoke in the far distance of the yet untried life which they were leading, and Karl Sponheim, his brow still clouded and gloomy, moved away — away towards the old abbey with its sacred trust. You should have seen him then, how he writhed in his anguish as he knelt on the green sward near the building, how he wrestled with God and with himself, how he bared his grey head and bowed it to the earth, craving a blessing from the Most High, a blessing which he never expected to obtain, though he prayed for it over and over again with groans which seemed to rend his very soul. All at once he raised his face — a slight noise had betokened a looker-on. Ah, there was Hans Scholer. But no merriment was visible upon his round face; it betrayed

no merriment was visible upon his round face; it betrayed

rather a look of surprise and sympathy, for the sight of such agony, endured by a man so calm and good as the "pastor," might well excite such feelings in the boy's mind. Seeing that he was observed he was about to move noiselessly away, but a voice, gentle and tremulous as a voice could well be, called after, bidding him stay. The boy obeyed. Slippery as an eel at other times, he was now perfectly quiet and passive, nay, he would have done anything, I believe, for the man whose grief was so great, and he came and knelt by Karl Sponheim's side and gazed, oh, so earnestly, into the sad eyes yet dim with unshed tears, as none of the good man's pupils had ever done.

"Poor boy! and thou art sorry for me; I read it in thy countenance."

The boy nodded assent. All his wealth of wit and drollery failed him now, when he would fain have answered if he could.

"Poor boy! and till to-day I never knew what drew my mind towards thee—not till to-day, when I saw thee by my house in the grove."

"And what is it?" questioned Hans. His eyes would have sparkled with fun had not those other eyes looked so sad and dim.

"Canst thou keep a secret, boy? Nay, though, why should I lay bare my trouble! Enough that I would fain love thee, Hans, as my very own, if thou wouldst but leave off this hankering after lies and mischief. Say, shall it be so?" The voice was very wistful, and, although Hans scarcely liked the reproof conveyed in the "pastor's" words, he once more nodded assent.

They walked together, those two, round and round the ancient abbey, talking of its date, its style of architecture, and past use. Never a word of the present. Hans noted that, and once, when a wild shriek reached their ears as they walked, he observed that his companion turned even paler than before. And after this evening the boy clung to the old man, often assisting him in his garden, and many and many a time accompanied him to the abbey grounds; but not once did Karl leave him to enter, and when folks questioned him and would have gained his confidence respecting these lonely walks, the boy simply told them that there was no mystery attached thereto, but that they chose the way of the old abbey just because it was so pleasant, nothing more.

One evening, however, when Hans arrived at the cottage in the grove, he found that his friend, not expecting him, had departed alone, so there was nothing now to do but to hasten on as fast as possible in the hope of overtaking. This he accordingly did; but when he came to the asylum there was no Herr Sponheim in sight, so he thought he would just sit there, where first the old man had won his heart, and wait. Now, his was a mind which could not for long remain inactive, so as he sat on he thought first of all of Herr Sponheim's grief upon that evening of so long ago, and then his mind wandered off to the secret he had then hunted at, and at the mysterious words of the "folk" as to his reported visits to the interior of the old abbey. Suddenly, as it were, the object of his musings appeared before him; but the face looked, oh, so furrowed and anxious, almost as it had looked upon that evening of "so long ago." The "pastor" smiled, however, when he saw the boy, and Hans smiled, too, for he longed to comfort his friend; instinctively, he had always felt that the good man had a cross to bear, a cross which somehow lay very near his heart.

Karl seated himself on the grass by Hans' side, and after the first greeting was over there was silence between the two. At length the boy spoke. "Herr Sponheim," said he, "you once said you had a reason for liking me, and you furthermore hinted that you could tell me a secret if only I could promise to keep it. I think that the time is now come when both should be told, for I have left off lying and playing wicked tricks, and I love you, Herr Sponheim, as I love none else in the whole wide world."

"Spoken like a man, my good Hans." So said the "pastor," yet his voice trembled all the while. "Still, I know not wherefore I should burden your young heart with my grief. Heaven knows I would not were it not that I love thee, Hans—love thee as I once loved one who is dead and gone. You somewhat resemble him, too. I saw it first upon the day when thou didst play thy pranks with the boys of my class; the day too, when after on, I first gained speech of thee."

"And he?—the boy who is dead?" Hans crept very close to his friend, and his voice was scarce above a whisper.

"His name was Karl, after myself, but he somewhat

favoured thee in his morry, roguish look." His voice was weary, and there came a great pause after this speech before he at length continued. "He is in heaven now, Hans, and if I tell you of his death—if I tell you," and he spoke excitedly, gazing straight into the boy's face with stern inquiry in his eyes, "it must be a secret, a secret which God knows I long to share with some human being who cares for me, if only one such faithful friend can be found."

For reply, Hans arose and kissed the withered face of the old man.

"Boy! Hans! He came not to his death in the common course of events; his mother killed him, and she is in there," and he pointed towards the grim walls of the old abbey. "She knew not what she did, poor soul. Nay, more, she told me exultingly that she had done a nobler deed than Abraham of old, in that she had offered up her Isaac. Oh, Hans, Hans, wherefore did I tell you, you who love me, the story of my life!"

"Master, I love you! I love you!" and the boy showered kisses upon the kindly hand which had grasped his.

So it came to pass that Hans Schler followed Herr Sponheim like a shadow, and when shortly after this time his mother died, and his father left Andernach to seek for other employment than that which the town afforded, the boy, with his parent's consent, took up his abode entirely with the good "Pastor." Together they would enter the asylum, for nought could now separate Hans from his beloved friend. Had not love been very strong, I do not think his that he could have borne the sights which then met his eye; but love steeled his heart, the great, generous love of a noble mind. In the thin, worn figure of a woman with dishevelled locks of grey, he saw the embodiment of Karl Sponheim's cross; yet, old and feeble as she appeared, the attendants told him that they were obliged to watch her closely, for at times her swiftness of motion, as well as her strength, were something most wonderful to contemplate. It was sad, inexpressibly sad; and for hours together, when his friend was engaged and needed not his company, Hans would sit and muse upon the matter.

"I brought her here because I had heard that their treatment was good, and because I desired, as far as possible, to rid myself of the old association." It was one evening after they had paid their usual visit to the abbey that the "pastor" spoke thus, and the words set Hans thinking more than ever.

He took, too, to sitting in the ante-room of the asylum while Karl visited his poor bereft partner, and there the boy would question the attendants and nurses as to their theories and modes of treatment in a way which both puzzled and amused them. Even the doctors escaped not his inquisitiveness, if but one chanced to come in his way, and though perhaps he gained but little in the end, yet still that little afforded him food for thought for many a long day. In his new home, too, were books by the score treating upon the same subject, books which the "pastor" had bought and studied years ago, when first the great cloud of his life had gathered about him. These Hans read, and when, as time passed, his father neither returned nor sent to claim him, he hinted to his guardian that it was his great wish to study and become a doctor of medicine, for that to nought else could he turn his mind and abilities. He was clever, unquestionably so, and as the good Herr Sponheim could not endure him out of his sight, he spoke to a physician of the town to whom he was known, and he, pleased with what Karl told him of the lad, took him in training for awhile, just to make himself useful and to learn what he could ere entering the college to which it was by-and-by designed to send him, when the old man should have nerved his heart to bear the parting. So time passed evenly with them, and the lad grew tall and strong, while each day saw him storing his mind with this and that in reference to the life he had himself marked out. The "pastor" wondered much at the boy's choice of a profession, but as the physician—the one who was training Hans for his life-work—spoke highly of the boy's abilities, and of his aptitude as well, the good old man grew more and more proud of him, intending to expend on him the sum he had years and years set apart as the portion of his little Karl who was now in heaven.

It was one evening in summer, when the sunlight flashed upon the Rhine, lending it more than earthly beauty, when to linger on its banks was to dream of the fair River of Life above, when the heart, lifted from earth's petty cares, worshipped involuntarily with a fervour which life's calmer moments can never know, that Hans walked there by the

river-side alone. It was a fair spot, exactly opposite to the old abbey, and—well, the scene took hold upon his ardent young spirit, so that, kneeling down upon the greensward and baring his fair head to the sunlight of heaven, he vowed a vow to his God that from henceforth he would dedicate himself and his powers to His service if only He would bless and prosper the work which he had taken in hand. It was a glorious sight; the tall, stately trees, the grey abbey, the shining river, while not far off rose the town of Andernach, with its Romanesque church and pointed spires, as well as the tower of ancient date, of the origin of which so many absurd fancies are afloat. How he pleaded, that boy whose life promised to be so fair and long! Ah, and methinks that God must have heard and loved him; but we must not anticipate. The evening glow became more and more crimson, the barges and boats took to themselves more fairylike proportions, the sky smiled gorgeously down, and Hans still prayed, when, swift as thought, another figure rushed from the midst of the bushes behind and sprang madly into the shining waters. Hans was young and strong; he could swim bravely, and he did, battling with the strong tide as with a mighty sea. He caught her dress, he dragged her to land; but the effort proved too much for his young frame, strong though it was, and as he sank exhausted by the side of her whom he had saved, a stream of blood poured from his mouth till in mercy it was stayed, for Hans had fainted. It was Bertha Sponheim who lay by his side, and, when later, two attendants from the abbey, having missed her, came out to seek their charge, the one bore her back to the asylum, the while the other carried Hans home to the good "pastor."

Kind hands ministered to him, kind hearts tried to anticipate his wants; but it was evident to all that life for Hans was fast ebbing to its close. It was upon a night when the moon was at its full that Hans woke from a light slumber, and found, as ever, Herr Sponheim by his side. He essayed to speak, but the old man stayed him. "Don't, dear boy," he said, in the softly modulated tone which we invariably use when speaking to the dying. "Don't; I have much to say, and you must listen, Hans, mine, while I say it. I went to see her, Hans, while you slept, and she is still sensible, still calm, and knows me and those about her. Hans, I owe it to you, this heavenly peace which has fallen upon me; but I would that some other price had been set upon it, for Hans, my son, they say—oh, Hans, you are to me as my own life! My life, did I say? Ah, no! mine is well-nigh over, whereas yours—"

"Hush, hush! my dear friend!" It was Hans who spoke. "I had thought to do a great work, but mayhap the work is done—finished—in the peace you feel. You loved me, master; you said I was like your Karl; but this cure—for cure I believe it to be—it proves a theory of my own—I can't explain." His voice was getting low, albeit he was very excited in his great weakness. "It was your trouble, master, which set me thinking, and—and there must be a cause, and a remedy too, if men did but—but where am I, master?" He was growing slightly delirious. "The sunset is glorious. What if I should die here, alone on the banks! Ah! how the water gurgles; but 'tis for him, and—and, I hope, good will come of it: God have mercy if I fail! If I die, oh God, take me—home!" He started up, and before the "pastor's" hand could lay him gently back, the crimson tide flowed once more, and he fell dead upon the pillows. So the love given and received brought peace and death together, and God spared him—the boy—all further earthly toil. Doubtless the "theory" his boyish vision saw was nothing new; but God's peace wrapped his young soul about while yet it was pure, and the "pastor," who sowed in love, reaped a harvest he dared not to expect, as if she, whose mind was clouded, shared, too, in the peace—the peace which passeth all understanding!

SMALL THINGS.

THE arbitrary terms by means of which we express our sense of the importance or insignificance of things of daily experience, are, after all, liable to revision that may arise out of time, circumstance, and effect. They are relative terms, and may therefore be considered as often in error, and frequently open to direct contradiction. We are too apt to think that the seeming *great* things of life are inherently the most striking in their effects; whereas the lesser and unnoticed details not unfrequently are found to have more

powerfully affected the histories of men and women than would be imagined. It would be but repeating a truism to say that "great events from little causes spring"; but though this is universally admitted in *theory*, it is yet systematically denied in practice; for in intercourse with our fellow-men, we rarely act as though we realised that, from what are called "small things" by the superficial, spring forth a vast deal of the misery, wretchedness, and ill-nature everywhere observable.

It would be a curious study to track out the various biographies of people from early days, and mark upon what slight and trivial hinges turned the whole system of their future lives, for we should often see that small things, totally unconsidered at the time, had, virtually concealed within them, the power of entirely altering the whole course and current of their careers. Such a study would unfold much to sadden and bewilder us; but would certainly teach us the fact that nothing is, properly speaking, "small," or worthy of contemptuous disregard. Without, however, the aid of such a retrospect in the case of others, does not our own life-path, when we retrace it in memory, supply us with abundant refutations of the idea in question? Why, then, the very events and circumstances we troubled least about, have, in the march of onward years, grown out of obscurity into greatness by singular and unforeseen developments. And, alas! many things also that at one time were to us large in their importance, have lost their ancient lustre and greatness, and under the fierce fires of trial and experience, have dwindled into ashes before our eyes.

We might refer to the name-roll of the past, and the achievement of all our great discoveries, to prove the value of small things in the minds of men who have brilliantly shone in the firmament of Science, leaving an imperishable fame behind them. It would be easy to expatiate upon the various little things that from time to time have given birth to ideas embodying revolutions in the theories and acquisitions of our race. But whilst these facts are patent to all, and cannot be denied, we feel that another branch of the subject is less considered, and deserves more immediate attention. No one disputes the statement that from trivialities often arise great boons to mankind, but in practical existence many ignore the fact that small things are the agents that work such mischief among us unobserved, in jarring and discord that might be easily avoided. In short, it is these unconsidered "trifles," in word and deed, that go to make up the grand total of life, and we cannot scrutinise them too sharply, when their power to make or mar the brightness of daily intercourse is borne in mind. The true spirit of Christianity is infused into the injunction, "Take heed of small things"; for it is the "little foxes that spoil the grapes." It is the petty annoyances, the thoughtless, careless, frivolous words and acts and circumstances that do so much to rob the sunshine from our paths, chilling and souring the generous nobility of the Christian character. Let us explain further.

The present era is one redundant with activity and vigour, and its very morbid restlessness has a dangerous tendency—that of running too wild, of bearing away by eagerness for action the tender, pure, and elevated sentiments of life—these countless little things, well understood, but difficult to describe, that do so much to relieve the tedium of the battle for existence, and soften the harsh realities that surround us with care and anxiety. Let us not lose sight of these small things, for their power and preciousness are assuredly great. Let us not forget that the angry word, the harsh retort, held within them the faculty of making the hearer miserable, and of launching home a shaft that may sink for many a year in the breast we should regret to wound. It is this criminal heedlessness in respect to small things that constitutes the danger trembling over the peace of many a home; it is the disregard of little incidents and the wants of others, that works such havoc amongst those who otherwise would be distinguished by cheerful, healthy happiness. We are not sufficiently on our guard against the "little foxes" that despoil us of the household pleasures, and steal away so secretly and unobserved our home joys. Nay, we do not think them worthy of regard. Let here lie our error. Whilst we are indolent and full of "self," the evil is wrought, and sourness and discomfort creep in. Ah! the small things of the home circle and its relationships—how great, sometimes, they become in after years! Is it a small thing to thrill with sadness the hearts we cherish? Is it a paltry thing to alienate by our heedless conduct the love that, with a word of encouragement or a motion of forbearance, would eagerly have

WE SHALL MEET, BY AND BY.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

When the saved shall stand on the golden shore,
Of the bright and beautiful evermore,
Or shall walk the sapphire streets on high,
We shall meet each other by and by.
We shall meet, etc.

When this mortal life runs its weary round,
And the earth-freed soul takes its upward bound,
In the grand celestial home on high,
We shall meet each other by and by.
We shall meet, etc.

welled forth to welcome us? Not so did our Lord and Master reason. Even the least of circumstances had for His great soul interest such as attaches to the forces that may work so much of good or ill to mankind. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of the Great Jehovah, and hence arises the strange but certain truth, that to the Head of the Universe there is nothing small, contemptible, or undeserving of regard.

We are not sufficiently on the alert for small things, and yet we suffer sometimes from this negligence in the unavailing remorse and bitter sorrow of after life. Let us feel sure that life is composed of little things, however man may affect to despise them. It is the hourly and daily aggregate of the smaller and less noticed items that, silently built up, awes and even saddens in the complete misery that we often read and study about others. Then, indeed, the truth breaks upon us that trivial incidents sometimes start out with vivid effects, and we feel it a warning not to disregard them in our own experience. Lives there are around us which abundantly demonstrate how much lies wrapped in what apparently are insignificant details and inconsiderable points of interest. We sometimes realise this with strange distinctness, when some little trait of the character of an individual creeps out, and lets a flood of light into the disposition and manner of his life. And very often an exceedingly "small thing" in this way will do more to give us a key for the unlocking of the natures of those about us than a broader and less keen study of the whole walk and conversation would have effected.

It is pleasant to remember, however, that if the small things of life have such power to work mischief, they have also equally an influence in the opposite direction. If the petty things, as we term them, that are careless, ill-natured, and spiteful can do much harm, their counterparts, working by smiles, kind words, and genial manners can and do spread an atmosphere of contentment, and joy, and cheery feeling abroad in the world, compensating greatly for the ills that so worry and harass us. This is the operation of a law that is seen in God's world without distinction or difference throughout. Is there a bane? look, near also will be found the antidote. Is there an evil? there also will be seen a good to counteract and counterpoise its malignity. How much of benignant blessing has often been showered around the puny but earnest efforts of the noble and the single-minded! Often has an eloquent thought and a thrilling utterance from the

preacher's lips served to turn the listener from degradation and ruin, to God and purity! Often have the Divine words of warning and consolation that sparkle from the pages of the Book itself soothed the rebellious, won over the proud, and softened the grief of the bereaved. A word spoken in season, how good it is! One amongst the many "small things" we heed not, but yet often filled with a rich fruitfulness that the future alone reveals—influence that shall work long after the lips that spoke are stilled and cold for ever. Let us not, then, despise the "small things" of this world; for under them and around them is concealed much of joy and sorrow, good and evil, health and disease of the soul for this life and that which is to come.
E. CLIFFORD.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

A GOOD deed should always be commended, as a wise example should always be followed. The Great Teacher himself said, "The poor ye have always with you," and the question which often agitates churches and governments is how the wants of the poor can be most effectually relieved. This question is sometimes complicated by the necessity of discriminating between genuine and spurious cases of distress. In this, and perhaps in all countries, there is the nuisance of tramps and impostors, by whom the generous are imposed upon. Hence the importance of careful inquiry and systematic aid. In Scotland an admirable method is adopted, and the amount of charity bestowed is as generous as the system is discreet. There is proper inquiry; there is authentic information; there is discriminating relief. And as the result, there is scarcely a poor family or individual who does not obtain assistance in time of need. There are soup-kitchens; there are free breakfasts; there is the distribution of coal; there is the bestowment of clothing, tea, sugar, bread, and sundry other articles; and in this work churches, councils, parochial boards, landlords, committees, private persons, all unite. The public wants are, therefore, supplied in a most praiseworthy manner, and an example is set which is worthy of general imitation.

LABOUR to die to this life, the enjoyments and comforts of it, more and more every day; loose thy rooting in this world, and the tree will fall the more easily. Die with Christ in thy arms and a promise in thy hand.

LITTLE DICKIE'S WORK.

BY AUNT MAY.

"If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."



"GO to bed children, go to bed, you are tired and sleepy, and mother must finish this," and Mrs. Field turned once more to the soiled linen in her washing-tub.

"Can't you read, mother?" It was little Dickie who spoke, and Dickie was just eight years old.

"No dearie, not to-night"; then, seeing the child's disappointed look, the mother went on, "Well, yes, I will read, dears"; for she thought within herself, "It may be that the Lord will speak by me to the little ones He has given into my keeping."

Bessie was very, very sleepy, but John, Harry, and Joe were wide enough awake, and little Dickie sat close and leaned fondly on his mother's knee. I think that it must have just begun to dawn upon his childish mind how weary a place this world is at times. It was a sad thing for him to know, but then his father was a drunkard, and his mother always sad, and besides her load of care, she had to work hard to keep her children from actual want, and little Dickie knew it. Poor little boy; it had all come to him out on the common that bright golden afternoon; the sun seemed glad, and the flowers were gay and beautiful, but along the road a man had shuffled slowly with a downcast look upon his face, and Dickie, who had been glorying in the sweet sunlight, grew suddenly very miserable, and then all seemed to grow dark for him, and his clothes appeared more and more worn, and his boots more tattered and torn even as he looked. Still, he was very ready to take his little part in life, this sad little boy with the tender heart. Oh! he did wish so much to do something for his gentle mother; and in the greatness of his thought for her and her cares, he forgot his own misery on the common upon that golden afternoon.

"If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." Dickie knew well whose name it was, and the verse was so simple that he knew also its full meaning. After that his mother's words as she read on were all unheeded by him, for his whole heart, as it were, had gone out to that sweet, gracious promise. Presently the reading was over, and then a great stillness seemed to have fallen upon them all, till Dickie—

true, simple, little Dickie—climbing on to his mother's knee and laying his curly head upon her bosom, asked tremblingly, "Mother, have you ever asked in His name?—about father, I mean."

"Oh, many and many a time, my darling"; and she bent over her little boy and wept.

"But mother, He meant it, didn't He?" and Dickie stroked the bowed head lovingly with his tiny fingers.

"Yes, oh yes!"

"Then, mother, we'll ask Him again to-night—you and I, and all of us; and oh, mother, it seems that I shall love Jesus all my life if He'll only make poor father good." So they prayed, and Jesus heard—aye, and one other heard too, heard little Dickie's words and the mother's prayer. He was half tipsy at the time, but what of that? God caused the whole to sink deeply into his heart. You see, dear children, God's time was come for the answer to be given, and in silence the work was done. I cannot tell you now of the good times little Dickie had after that, but this I can say, that the whole of his life was as a glad song of praise to the good God who had done so much for him; and up in heaven there is the record of many a faithful prayer from God's little ones, and down here there are many glad little hearts besides Dickie's, who have obtained the very petition they have desired.

If only this world of ours were a real praying world, things would be very different with us all. Dear children, your prayers are as strong with God as those of a big man, only, like little Dickie, you must believe that God means what He promises. Pray for yourselves, and for each other, and if the answer does not come at the first, pray again, and again, for God sometimes tries His people to see if they really believe in Him, or whether they will presently grow tired of asking and forget Him. Remember—

"Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

THE HIGH-PRESSURE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

ANYTHING for excitement. Fuss and feathers, gold lace and brass buttons, drums and trumpets, compose the leading idea on which this enterprise is urged onward. It goes as steamboats on the Western rivers go when they are running races. All the steam is raised that can be carried on. All available material is used for fuel, even that which is sufficiently valuable to be used for other purposes. As the steamboat so pushed to a high degree of speed sometimes distances all other competing boats, so does our Sunday-school get ahead of the other schools of the neighbourhood. As the boat boiler sometimes finishes its career by exploding with an inglorious smash, so is the high-pressure Sunday-school in danger of collapsing, to the injury of its scholars, and to the disgrace of the cause of religion. The tremendous amount of energy which is expended in getting up extra steam, would be better spent in industriously carrying on God's work in a plainer way.

The ordinary teaching exercises of the school are allowed to be subordinate to the interests of a speechday, which occurs once a month, and which is called the missionary afternoon, or once a year, and is called the missionary day. Not that the missionary cause receives any substantial benefit at any of these times, but that "missionary afternoon," or "missionary day," is a name which has a reputable sound. Teaching and monthly speechifying are as nothing, compared with the grandeur of the anniversary exercises, the crowning glory of the year, and the great event which the children regard very much as children in the satin and bespangled walks of fashionable life regard the biggest party or ball which it may be their privilege to attend during the winter.

The missionary day would seem to suggest some idea of an interest in the heathen. This, however, is not an inevitable consequence of the recurrence of that monthly festival. Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry, the noted Sunday-school speakers, are present, having been invited for the occasion, or having dropped in, in case they should be asked to make a few remarks. They are heard from, and the "remarks" prove to be what ever was uppermost in the minds of those gentlemen; perhaps the history of George Washington and

his little hatchet; perhaps the story of a child who fell into the fire; perhaps the old narrative of the heathen mother throwing her child into the widely-opened jaws of an abled-bodied crocodile; sometimes an old yarn which has been spun over and over again for twenty years; sometimes an empty novelty which has been inflated for the occasion. Whatever it is, the risk is that it is more entertaining than instructing; more calculated to tickle the fancy of the children than to feed them with the truths of the Gospel. Some fine singing (from which the idea of *praise* is accidentally omitted) fills up the time; a collection is taken, a sort of fly-blister stimulus having been applied to the liberality of the children; they go home with a sort of confused idea that they have heard something, and that they ought to be better for it; and the missionary day comes no more for another month.

The anniversary day is to the monthly exercise as the sun is to the moon. The children and their friends are dazzled beyond measure by the glittering bill of fare which is provided. The school is trained in singing for this occasion for four months, spending each Sunday half an hour or more of the precious time which ought to be spent in teaching. This might not be so bad in itself, if the young singers were taught to praise God in the singing; but the object of the singing is to make the children sing so as to please the congregation which shall be gathered to hear them. It is as when fiddlers practise in order to fiddle well at a concert, or when bears and ponies are trained for a circus exhibition. The juvenile dialogue and speech business receives its share of patronage. Children who had better listen to the wise discourse of some good man, are stuffed, almost to bursting, with a speech or speeches. The exercises are prolonged, sometimes receiving the addition of a tedious or bombastic "report," until they are about three times as long as they ought to have been; and when at last children, parents, and admiring friends go home, it is either with a sense of great weariness, or with that uncomfortable feeling of mind which is akin to the feeling of body caused by overeating at a great dinner or at a tea-party.

The school is full; more than full, it is crowded. "Evidence of great prosperity," says somebody. Very prosperous, indeed, is the condition of the boat whose boiler is so overloaded with steam that it may explode at any moment.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the style of teaching at this institution of learning. Suffice it to say, it is meagre, poor, inefficient. No child learns a great deal. The teachers are not very well up in their lessons, and soon get through their work. Beyond the mere routine of asking questions out of the question book, not much is done. That is empty and barren business. Seed may be sown in that way, but the crop will be like the straggling spires of grass which shoot up between the stones of the street pavement—sparse and weak, liable to be destroyed by the first footstep.

Now comes along a grave somebody, who shakes his head wisely and says:—"There, I knew all that; that is just what all Sunday-schools are—mischievous in their tendency, ruinous in their results." Stop a moment, good sir. This is only the "high-pressure" Sunday-school. Admit that this kind of school is mischievous and dangerous, and then what? Admit that a steamboat boiler does explode—what of it? Shall we reject the whole steamboat system, and carry out yet further our view of safety by refusing to ride on the railroad, because there is an occasional smash-up? Walk, or go on horseback, sir, as your forefathers did (only take care that you do not stumble, and that your horse does not throw you), but let us have all the modern improvements in conveyance, if you please. When the engine gets too hot we cool it off a little, and run it under less head of steam. When our Sunday-school runs too much into the jovial things of this world, and neglects its high mission, we need not abolish the school, but turn its energy in a proper direction. It can be done. It has been done. It needs to be done in many instances where the Sunday-school is suffering from a mere worldly prosperity, with an absence of much of the real means of grace.

Brother of the high-pressure school, look out for your boiler! Tame the concern down a little, or prepare for an explosion.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE new Pope, Leo XIII., late Cardinal Pecci, elected Feb. 20, is sixty-eight years of age. He is of patrician birth. He is an effective speaker, and his reputation as a scholar, a theologian, and a poet is high. His private character is said to have been "singularly pure," which is

very satisfactory, but scarcely worthy of mention in the case of one who is assumed to be so highly exalted above erring mortals. It is said, also to his praise, that Cardinal Antonelli was his enemy. He was created Cardinal by Pope Pius IX. in 1853. He is the 25th Pope.

A memorial to Robert Raikes, who is said to have been the founder of Sunday-schools, is proposed. It is suggested that a million of pennies should be raised.

The Evangelical Alliance propose to erect a hall to seat 600 people on a piece of ground which they have secured near the principal entrance of the Paris Exhibition. It is intended to hold a series of "International Conferences," as well as other religious meetings in this building. The Christian Evidence Society also will have two series of lectures in the building—one in French, and the other in English—which will afterwards be published.

The health of Dean Stanley, who has for some time past been ailing, has seriously given way. Recently, during the delivery of a lecture at Union Chapel, Islington, he was unable to proceed, and Dr. Alton accordingly read the MS. More recently, having engaged to preach at St Botolph's Church, Aldersgate, before the Lord and Lady Mayoress, he was forbidden by his medical advisers to fulfil the engagement, or for the present to take part in any public function.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, after a sojourn of some weeks at Mentone for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired, is so much better that he has returned to England and resumed his pastoral duties.

There is still great distress in South Wales. An average of about 3,000 persons weekly have received out door relief at Cardiff, in addition to whom large numbers have been in the receipt of private charity.

Miss Marianne Farningham, who is well known as a graceful writer, and is highly in favour with young people, has frequently appeared of late as a public lecturer. Her subjects are homely in their character. Her voice and her delivery are alike good, and she holds the attention of her audience to the close.

The famine in China, it appears, from a report laid before Parliament, has been equal to that of Southern India, if not greater in extent. While thousands have died of starvation, many have sold their wives and children to obtain the means of living.

Uproarious Sunday meetings have been held in Hyde Park. Attempted "peace" demonstrations have been frustrated; the Premier has been waited upon at Downing street, and has received an ovation of stentorian cheers; while Mr. Gladstone's house has been attacked by a mob, and several windows broken. And yet peace has been signed! And these "demonstrations" have taken place in the "Metropolis of Christendom"!

At a meeting of the Indian Famine Fund Committee, held at the Mansion House on Monday, March 11, it was reported that the total amount received then reached £513,522. Half a million had been transmitted to Madras. Distress still exists, and may continue for some weeks in certain parts, but the Madras Government have made arrangements to meet it.

Donkey riding on Sundays is to be abolished on Hampstead Heath, and any person using the stands on that day will be liable to a penalty of forty shillings. The nuisance having grown so intolerable of late, the Metropolitan Board of Works have taken action in the matter, and are resolved to enforce the penalty.

The success attending the establishment of a Bible stand at the French Exhibition of 1867, was so great that it has been determined to secure a plot of ground opposite one of the entrances of the forthcoming Exhibition, where a stand will be opened. It is expected that there will be a still greater gathering of people from all parts of the globe than upon last occasion, when the circulation of the Scriptures, either bought or given away, occasionally reached as many as 40,000 copies per day.

The latest invention is the Phonograph, or a talking instrument. The machine has been shown both at the Royal Institution, and at the Society of Telegraph Engineers. Though the articulation of the instrument is not so clear as could be wished, the words are recognisable. The vowel sounds are well produced, but the consonants are not very distinct. As yet the invention is in its infancy, and is capable of much improvement.

The Home Renison Society has held its first meetings at Ipswich. The Bishop of Winchester is president, and its members and officers are composed of members of all denomi-

nations of Christians. Earl Nelson read a Paper on "Reunion Amongst Christians at Home"; the Rev. Wickham Tozer (Independent), on the "History and Origin of English Nonconformity, and its Relations towards the Church and towards Christianity"; Mr. Denny Umlin (of the Temple, London), on the "Means of Promoting a Better Understanding between Churchmen and Nonconformists." Papers and addresses were also given by the Rev. T. Morris (Baptist), Mr. Beddell (Churchman), the Rev. P. Martin (Presbyterian), and others, and amicable discussion followed each paper.

The signing of the Treaty of Peace having been accomplished, a Congress is spoken of, and Berlin is suggested as the place of meeting.

A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used Hunter's Nervine, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience."

THE TOW LINE.—"Ofttimes I have seen," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam-tug with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full freighted, wide sailed, gay pennoned, that but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestled close in his shadow and clung to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more."

If we would expect the answer of prayer, our practices should be like our prayers.

If ministers of the Gospel had no higher mission, and accomplished no other result than to exemplify the gospel of good breeding, they would be worth all they cost to society. It is worth more than is ever paid for the support of the Gospel to be able to meet a man who we know is not scanning sharply for a chance at a sharp bargain, or for some other advantage for himself. The presence of a class who, by principles, training and habits, seek the welfare and happiness of those with whom they come in contact, is one of the most valuable factors in civilisation.

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