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Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 6.

JUNE, 1878.

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Mr. R. T. Gillingham, Twillingate, £1.

CONGREGATIONAL YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

This important association has been only a little more than two years in existence, yet the good that it has accomplished in that time is very marked. It numbers at present over forty members, and on April 28 closed a most successful session. In addition to the usual exercises of essays and debates, readings and recitations, a portion of each evening was devoted to instruction in English history, elocution, vocal music, phonography, and English grammar, in which all took a deep interest and made good progress.

The next session will open (D.V.) on November 5, and every Tuesday evening will be devoted to the subjects published below, and Thursday evenings will be occupied with the study of important subjects. If the association will only persevere for a few years in the same spirit that has characterised its members, we augur a bright future for many of the young men.

A library has been commenced, and by carrying out the present arrangement 150 standard works will be on the shelves before the opening of next session. During the recess the librarian will attend on Monday evenings, at 8.30, to change books for the members.

The following is the report of the secretary for the year ending April 28, 1878:—

REPORT OF SECRETARY OF YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION FOR THE YEAR 1878.

Mr. President,

In presenting my report for the year 1878, I cannot but express the pleasure I feel in meeting my brethren under the present favourable circumstances—favourable for our association because the foreshadowings of a long and highly useful career are so plain and unmistakable as to preclude the slightest misgivings as to the future. In retrospect the past twelve months we see much to cause feelings of gratitude to well up within our breasts.

Nothing has transpired to mar the harmony so characteristic of our proceedings since the memorable night when eight or ten of us assembled in the class-

room above and laid the corner-stone of the proud structure that now indicates our existence. Even death itself, stern and relentless as it is, seems to have shown us more than ordinary respect, for not a blank page has yet appeared in the carefully-compiled volume in which is recorded the many pleasing episodes that go to make up the history of this institution.

Here, then, is ample cause for thankfulness to the Supreme Ruler of the universe for His goodness and mercy to us. Let us, brethren, by our future conduct show that we are not ungrateful to our Heavenly Parent for the rich and precious blessings which we are daily receiving at His munificent hand.

And while we are thankful to Almighty God for the blessings of health and happiness, it behoves us to be no less thankful for the advantages, intellectually, which He has permitted us to enjoy. In the early part of the present session an excellent syllabus was submitted and adopted, and this compendium constituted the leading features of our exercises. By regular attendance and close application to study, a large amount of permanently useful information has been acquired.

It is also gratifying to observe the steady increase in the number of those present at the regular meetings; and this, perhaps, is attributable to the fact that every available opportunity is taken advantage of to introduce new exercises, and otherwise contribute to the interest of the weekly meetings; and foremost in this laudable effort has been our beloved president, whose untiring zeal and indefatigable exertions deserve the heartfelt gratitude of every member of the association.

Apart from the regular duties of his office, he has done a great deal to bring the institution prominently before the public. During the session two very able lectures were delivered by him on behalf of the library fund, the proceeds of which, together with the yearly dues, will enable us to purchase sixty or seventy volumes of valuable books to add to those already on the shelves.

The monetary affairs of the association will be satisfactorily dealt with by our efficient treasurer, whose able management of the fiscal department has added not a little to our financial success.

Wishing our esteemed president a pleasant and prosperous trip to the Dominion of Canada, and a safe return to us when the business that calls him away shall have been transacted, and praying that the choicest blessings of the Omnipotent may rest upon him and his beloved wife and amiable family, as well as upon every member of the association, I beg to submit this brief and imperfect report.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Secretary.

SYLLABUS FOR 1878-9.

- Nov. 5. Debate.—Which does the most to produce crime—Poverty, Wealth, or Ignorance?
- „ 12. Essays.—Money; Character. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 19. Debate.—Which was the greater man—Franklin or Washington?
- „ 26. Essays—Solitude; Honour. Readings and Recitations.
- Dec. 3. Debate.—From which does the mind gain the most knowledge?
- READING OR OBSERVATION.
- „ 10. Essays.—Contentment, Punctuality. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 17. Debate.—Which is to be preferred—A Town or a Country Life?
- „ 24. Essays.—Customs; Climate.
- „ 31. Debate.—Does Happiness or Misery Preponderate in Life.
- Jan. 7. Essays.—Value of Time; Power of Habit. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 14. Debate.—Which was the greater man—Bonaparte, Watt, or Howard?
- „ 21. Essays.—Self-culture; Ambition. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 28. Debate.—Is Universal Peace Probable?
- Feb. 4. Essays.—History and Character of Joseph; Adversity. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 11. Debate.—Has Novel-reading a Moral Tendency?
- „ 18. Essays.—Pleasures of Memory; Christianity. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 25. Debate.—Is the Character of Oliver Cromwell worthy of our Admiration?
- March 3. Essays.—Character of Paul; Company. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 10. Debate.—Has the Stage a Moral Tendency?
- „ 17. Essays.—Amusements; Wasted Lives. Readings and Recitations.
- „ 24. Debate.—Was the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots Justifiable?
- „ 31. Essays.—Character of Washington; Humbugs. Readings and Recitations.
- April 7. Debate.—Is the Character of Queen Elizabeth worthy of our Admiration?
- „ 14. Essays.—Patriotism; Books. Readings and Recitations.

April 21. Debate.—Has the Fear of Punishment or the Hope of Reward the Greater Influence on Human Conduct.

„ 28. Essays.—Patience; Charity; Friendship. Readings and Recitations.

HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In aid of the above two very successful concerts of sacred music were given in the lecture-room of Queen's-road Chapel by the children of the Sabbath-school, under the leadership of Miss M. K. Chaney. Crowded audiences testified their appreciation of the services of juveniles, and nearly £20 was the monetary result of Miss Chancey's laudable exertions on behalf of the Newfoundland Congregational Home Missionary Society.

THE EVANGELISTS.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Bromley have left for Nova Scotia, having spent about seven months in labour on this island. Carbonear was the scene of their most successful efforts, though in St. John's and Harbour-grace very blessed results are manifest. The only place where they received any opposition, or where any attempt at persecution was made, was in Heart's Content. Those who know this settlement say it is the Sodom of Newfoundland. We are, therefore, not surprised at the conduct of many; but our readers would be surprised if they were told who the leader of the persecution was, but we forbear.

Mr. Deakins is still evangelising in the north. Our last reports of the work are most encouraging. He was then in Bonavesta, and the Lord was blessing his labours very abundantly.

EDUCATION.

The Congregational Board of Education is erecting a new and commodious schoolroom in the west-end of the city, in the neighbourhood of Patrick-street, which will be opened by the 1st of this month. A second-grade teacher, who has been four years in the St. John's Training School, will be in charge, and everything will be done to render the school efficient and a blessing to the locality where it was so much needed.

BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY.

The British American Book and Tract Society seeks to send to the homes of our people a cheap and standard religious literature. Mr. Hugh Furneux has been chosen by the advising committee in this city to visit the western shore, commencing at Chunnel and coming north. We wish him much success, and we are confident that the committee has made a wise choice.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Queen's-road Sabbath-school has added £15 worth of books to the library, and would tender to the "Sunday-school Union sincere thanks for their generous terms."

GEMS FROM TALMAGE.

MARY AND MARTHA.—Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary.

USE YOUR VOICE.—It is thought classic and elegant to have a delicate utterance, and that loud tones are vulgar. But we never heard of people being converted by anything they could not hear. It is said that on the Mount of Olives Christ opened his mouth and taught them, by which we conclude that He spake out distinctly. God has given most Christians plenty of lungs, but they are too lazy to use them. There are in the churches old people hard of hearing who, if the exercises be not clear and emphatic, get no advantage save that of looking at the blessed minister. People say in apology for their inaudible tones: "It is not the thunder that kills, but the lightning." True enough; but I think that God thinks well of the thunder, or He would not use so much of it.

SABBATH-BREAKING.—The man that takes down the shutters of his store on the Sabbath, takes down the curse of Almighty God. That farmer who cultures his ground on the Sabbath-day raises a crop of neuralgia, and of consumption, and of death. A farmer said: "I defy your Christian Sabbath. I will raise a Sunday crop." So he went to work and ploughed the ground on Sunday, and harrowed it on Sunday, and he planted corn on Sunday, and he reaped the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday. "There," he said, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My crop is gathered, and all is well." But before many weeks passed, the Lord struck that barn with His lightnings, and away went the Sunday crop.

GOD'S MEDALS.—In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean War to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called "Crimean medals." I think of it just now, as I recently had a book presented me representing that beautiful "Crimean medal." Galleries were erected for the two Houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann, was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and the men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the four great battles—Sebastopol, Inkermann, Balaklava, and Alma. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men and officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:—

"God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!"

And then they shouted "Huzza! huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better, gladder day will come, when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in His service—good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven, He will say: "Well done, good and faithful servants"; and then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battle-fields, dear to earth and dear to heaven: *Bethlehem! Nazareth! Gethsemane! Calvary!*

RUINED BY GAMBLING.—Sin is a scarification of the soul. Sin comes to the young man. It says: "Take a game of cards—it won't hurt you. Besides that, it is the way men make their fortunes. It is only a small stake. See how easy it is." The young man plays, and wins a horse and carriage and a house—wins a fortune. "See how easy it is," says sin; "it don't cost you anything. Look at those young men who stick to their salaries, away down at the foot of the ladder, while you are in great prosperity." The young man is encouraged. He goes on and plays larger and larger; the tide turns against him; he loses the horse, loses the carriage, loses the house, loses the fortune. Crack! goes the sheriff's mallet on the last household valuable. Down lower and lower the man falls, until he pitches pennies for a drink, or clutches for devils that trample him in wild delirium. "The way of transgressors is hard."

NO PRELIMINARIES.—First of all, make the people hear the prayer and the chapter. If you want to hold up at all, let it be on the sermon and the notices. Let the pulpit and all the pews feel that there are no "preliminaries."

GOD'S ARROWS.—Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant instrumentality the Spirit of God employs for man's conversion? There was a man on a Hudson river-boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat-sleeve; and he saw on it the word "eternity"; and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissolution? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hodley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory."

HUMILITY.—The kingdom of heaven is large enough when you get into it, but the gate is so low that you cannot come in save on your knees.

COME ON, BOYS!—When Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, died a few days ago, I lost a good friend. He impressed me mightily with the horrors of war. In the eight hours that it takes to come from Harrisburg to New York, he related to me the scenes through which he had passed in the last war. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended upon that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manly, and brave, and good. Well, the battle opened and concentrated, and it was awful! Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together: it was awful, sir! We quit firing, and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right hand the strength of ten giants"; and as the Governor brought his arm down on the back of the seat, it fairly made the car tremble. "Well," he said, "the battle was desperate, but after a while we gained little, and we marched on a little. I turned around to the troops and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and lo! it was my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I didn't dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle; so I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss, and said, 'Good-bye, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!'" So it is in the Christian conflict. It is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bulletins to announce the tremendous issue. Hail of shot, gash of sabre, fall of battle-axe, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement, or anything else. With one ardent embrace and with one loving kiss we utter our farewells, and then cry, "Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured, there are other foes to be conquered, there are other crowns to be won."

MINISTERING SPIRITS.—Our planet is in commerce with two worlds—heaven and hell—and all the intercommunication is by angels. Lost spirits are running a long train of darkness down to the depth of eternal night; and when a bad man is about to die, they come upon sulphurous wings, and they shake him and push him off the precipice, and with guffaw of hellish jubilation they celebrate his demotion. There is a Hiss of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to the bright world. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship, the air is full of them. If each one of you have a guardian angel, how many celestials there are here to-night! They crowd the place; they hover, they flit about, they rejoice, they batter down the evil in your heart, they light up the night. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne. A moment ago it stood before Christ, and heard the doxology of the glorified. Look! Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the night air: "Come, for all things are ready."

HEARING THE GOSPEL.

THE Gospel is one of the greatest blessings we possess, and to hear it explained, illustrated, and enforced, ought to be deemed one of our most pleasant duties and sacred privileges. Yet, alas! how many there are who entirely neglect this duty, disregard the blessing, and utterly despise the privilege; while many who profess to understand the value of the Gospel, and from their regular attendance at the house of God seem rightly to estimate the privilege of hearing His word preached, yet will never, we fear, be greatly benefited by the observance of these divine and precious ordinances. Nay, instead of these rites becoming the means of their being justified by faith, and attaining unto holiness in the fear of the Lord, they will increase their iniquity and condemnation; instead of their becoming a blessing, through their improper observance or abuse, they will become a curse. Solomon's advice was, "Be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools"; and a greater than Solomon said when preaching was not anything like so general as now, "Take heed how ye hear"; and from heaven Abraham informed his son in perdition, respecting his brethren still on earth, that if they refused to hear "Moses and the prophets," neither would they be persuaded by the preaching of "one risen from the dead": while Paul, with his keen philosophical insight into spiritual and material phenomena, and thorough practical earnestness, reminds us that, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." To be savingly benefited by attending the house of God, does not depend so much upon the number of times we are present, as upon the spirit and manner in which we conduct ourselves while there. It is not the number of sermons we hear, but how we hear them. It is not the amount of truth we listen to, but the quantity we understand, love, and practise, that will benefit and save us. To be acceptable worshippers of the Most High depends more upon the state of the soul, than upon the attitude of the body. We may be near Jehovah's throne, in His house, under His all-scrutinising eye, listening to His word, taking part in its Divine service, prominent members of the Church, and liberal supporters of its funds, and yet our conduct while professedly engaged in serving Him highly reprehensible, our presence most offensive, our spirit antagonistic to the principles of truth, inasmuch as our thoughts and desires are far from Him. What does the devil, too, care about our bodies being in the sanctuary dedicated for Divine worship, if he can only captivate our attention, and lead our thoughts away from the proper object of all true worship. The greater portion of our time might be spent there without incurring the displeasure of Satan, provided he can only engage our attention; and to accomplish such malignant purposes, he is most regular in his attendance upon the ordinances of God's house. Satan knows full well, however much time we may spend therein, we shall fail totally in getting any spiritual good, or offering acceptable worship, so long as he occupies our thoughts. To hold communion with the High and Holy One is the chief joy of the glorified in the temple above, and the special object of all the ordinances of His house on earth. We should, therefore, repair to His sanctuary, and conduct ourselves while there in the most devout, humble, and earnest manner possible. How many insult Jehovah in His own house, by their careless and irreverent manner therein. Most people profess to go to God's house to worship Him; to hear and understand His Word, and yet after months—yes, even years' observance of these things, how little of that Word do some know or practise. And this worse than waste of time and means is the result of the manner in which these valuable and precious Christian ordinances have been observed. Many cannot remember the text, and others but little of the sermon, when they reach home, through the careless manner in which they listened to the Word of Life while in God's house. Well would it be for humanity if in all religious assemblies there were more like a good man who once heard Rowland Hill preach, and could remember at the end of sixty-five years the text and a considerable portion of the sermon. Having occasion to visit an old friend a few years before he died, Rowland Hill was much interested in the following conversation addressed to him:—"Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very aqueamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the Gospel. You said, 'Supposing you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy to be left you, would

you employ the time when it was being read in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No; you would be all ear to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel." This excellent advice, given by the quaint Rowland Hill, and remembered so long by one of his hearers, may be profitably remembered by each one of us. Then we shall not only look into the perfect law of liberty, but continue therein, and not being forgetful hearers, but doers of the Word, we shall be blest in our deed.—From "Short Sketches on Important Subjects," By Rev. J. Hawkins.

THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY, M.A.

BETWEEN the beautiful and the true there is a necessary relation. That which is not true cannot be beautiful, in any exact sense. The monk who painted a picture of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea, with the wall of waters on either side, and the noble figure of Moses in the foreground—and Miriam, with her timbrel and maidens, and the long procession following—made a very artistic picture; but then he spoiled it by putting muskets upon the shoulders of the Israelitish warriors! The picture was not truthful; and, hence, was not really beautiful. Ruskin, that peerless art critic, would carry out the principle of truth so far as to carve the unseen part of a column as carefully as the portion falling under the eye; and thus spare the beholder the unpleasant sensation which is produced in the mind by a consciousness of deception.

But there is a very marked difference between simple admiration and love. We admire some things we do not love. We look with admiration upon the heroic among mankind, even in the deeds of enemies. The daring and skill of the robber may be of a kind to excite in us this sentiment, considered aside from the crime.

The mistake men have made in reference to Christ is, that they have only admired where they should have loved. Admiration draws us to the cross, where we stand and look and cry out, "Surely, this was the Son of God"; but love will prostrate us at the feet of Jesus, and cause us to exclaim, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us!" Admiration will impel us forward, until we shall say, "Surely, thou art a teacher come from God"; but love will bathe His feet with tears, and wipe them with the hair of the head. Admiration exclaims, "Master!" love cries out, "My Lord and my God!" Admiration will draw men up to the very gates of heaven; love will take them in. And the beauty of your life will not be seen until you have come into this loving and beautiful relation, in which Christ dwells within you, "the hope of glory."

Go and be a true man, a true woman. Open your ears to all the sounds and harmonies which come to you; open your eyes to feast on the beauties your father has spread out everywhere; open your heart to receive a heavenly inspiration—and then go forth on a life mission of goodness. Let us know well that a wonderful destiny is before us; a universe to explore, and an eternity in which to explore it. We shall live on, even though death smite us. The line of beauty is where the visible passes into the invisible. The distant curve in the line of vision is suggestive of some world beyond, where others are, whom we had loved here; and where we hope to dwell. So that there is beauty even in death, with its coldness and its stillness.

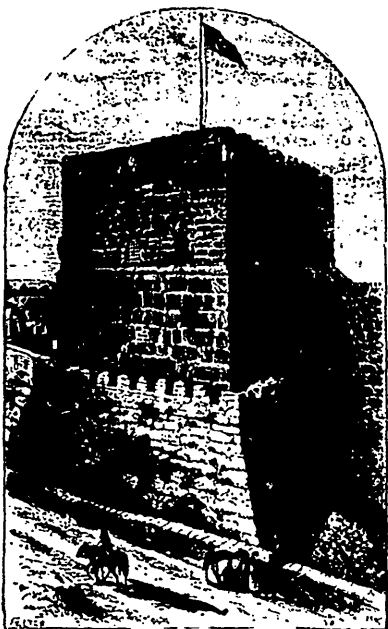
For, what would life be without its shadows? It was Moore who said:—

"Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

DARE TO DO RIGHT.—"All men forsook me," in Paul's own account of himself, "but the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." Here is a golden hint for the young who are put to their mettle in refusing a sinful fashion, or in bearing a jibe at their conscientious scruples. The young man who can be laughed into a glass of wine, or a game of cards, or a ball-room, may set himself down as a pitiable coward who can be pushed back by a straw. If he is more afraid of a companion's sneer than of God's frown, he is doomed.—Rev. Theo. Cuyler.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY V. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.



The Tower of David.

THE City of Jerusalem is situated in lat. 31 deg. 46 min. 43 sec. N., and long. 35 deg. 13 min. E. from Greenwich. Its height above the Mediterranean is about 2,535 feet. The space enclosed by the walls is an irregular quadrilateral, and embraces four hills, called Akra, Zion, Moriah, and Bezetha. On the east, south, and south-east, the valleys of Kedron and Hinnom separate these hills from the surrounding land, causing them to appear as one distinct hill or shoulder of the great central Palestine range. Above and beyond these valleys are the hill Scopus on the north and north-east, mount Olivet on the east, the hill of Offence on the south-east, and the hill of Evil Counsel on the south; while directly to the west, north-west, and north, the ground rolls away with but a slight elevation. I am glad my first approach to the city was not from Jaffa by the usual route of western travellers: by that road there is no view of the walls until they are nearly reached, and then no sight of the city. The walls, two and one-eighth miles in circuit, were built by Sultan Suleiman, in 1542. They are pierced by seven gates, Jaffa Gate on the west, Damascus and Herod's Gates on the north, St. Stephen's and the Golden Gates on the east, and the Zion and Dung Gates on the south. Herod's Gate and the Golden Gate are now walled up. All the others are open only from morning to night, except the Jaffa Gate, which, for the accommodation of travellers, stands open day and night.

We first visited the quarries under the city, which are entered through a narrow doorway on the outside of the wall, a little to the east of Damascus Gate. These Quarries were only discovered twenty years ago. We descended gradually over the shapeless fragments of stone, our way lighted by flaming torches, until we reached a point nearly under the present site of the Austrian Hospice. Here were evidences in the long, deep galleries, with pillars left for the support of the roof, that the natural rock had been removed for building purposes. It is a soft, yellowish limestone, and when exposed to the air, hardens and whitens. By whom and for what special use were these excavations made? Some conjecture, by Solomon for the first temple; others, by Herod for the enlargement of the second temple. It is singular that history sheds no light on this point. The Quarries are remarkable as showing the engineering skill and the fertility of utilising resources possessed at the period when they were worked.

Leaving the Quarries, we continued our walk eastward

along the north wall. Here the wall rises over the hill Bezetha, and presents, in its sombre gray stones, overgrown with tangled shrubbery, a very picturesque appearance. Herod's Gate, filled in by masonry, is near the highest ground level of this portion of the wall. In the side of the hill on the left, and nearly opposite Herod's Gate, is the Grotto of Jeremiah. It is well kept, but possesses little or no interest. Here we had our first view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The brook Kedron, which also gives its name to the valley, takes its rise directly north-west of the city, beyond the first swell of ground, about one and a quarter miles away, and running eastward at the foot of the hill Scopus, sweeps around, and then runs southward, cutting the city off from mount Olivet and the hill of Offence and joins the valley of Hinnom from the west at En Rogel, or Joab's Well.

This first walk did not lead us farther than the south-east angle of the wall. After pausing awhile to look over the valley, and to note in the distance on the opposite side, rising above us, the beautiful Olivet, and, at its foot, the Garden of Gethsemane and the tombs of Absalom, St. James, and Zechariah, and beyond, south-east, the hill of Offence, with the village of Siloam (Silwan) clinging to its sides, and still beyond, the hills of the Wilderness of Judea fading in the distance, we returned and entered the city at St. Stephen's Gate. A short distance from the entrance, directly under the north wall of the mosque or Harem inclosure, is Birket Israel, the traditional Pool of Bethesda. (John v. 23.) The size of the pool, its five porches, its evident proximity to the temple, the probability, from the description in Nehemiah, that the Sheep Gate was near the north-east angle of the Temple Area, the name of the adjoining hill, Bezetha, the meaning of the word Bezetha, *washing*, indicating its use in connection with the sacrificial cleansings of the temple, all give weight to the claim of the traditional pool as the real one. The more recent explorers adopt it without dissent. The pool, as it now appears, consists of two parts. The whole length, east and west, is three hundred and fifty feet, and the breadth one hundred and thirty feet. It was evidently of great depth, for, though it has been the common receptacle of the filth of neighbourhood for generations, it is now quite deep in places. Here and there, about its sides, are remains of cement, showing it was once a reservoir of water.

We now followed the street sometimes called the Street of Jehoshaphat, leading directly west from St. Stephen's Gate. We next passed along the walls enclosing the Barracks, and where a stone arch spans the street, called the Arch of Ecce Homo, entered the Church of the Flagellation. The Barracks occupy the site of the north-west angle of the Tower of Antonia, and just here, it is thought, was Pilate's Judgment Hall. It is reasonable to suppose that in its open court, which covered the natural rock, which may still be partially seen, Christ was scourged by the soldiers: and that about the point where the arch is sprung, he, wearing a crown of thorns, and a purple robe, was exposed to the multitude, while Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the man!" Here it was that the great trimmer between conscience and interest—the forerunner of so many rulers from that day to this—inquired of Jesus, "What is truth?" and here, the next moment, he hurried out to the people to make the best bargain with them that he could, and yielding to their clamours, "Away with him! away with him!" "Crucify him!" delivered Jesus over to death. The Street of Jehoshaphat is also called the *Via Dolorosa*, the "Street of Grief." It marks the footsteps of Christ from the "Pavement," where he took his cross, until he reached Calvary, where he was crucified. Like all the streets of Jerusalem, it is very narrow and irregular. It runs through the Mohammedan quarter toward the centre of the city, and terminates near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was once, undoubtedly, the *atrium* of the church, since the places on which the ancient pillars rested show it was formerly surrounded by cloisters or a colonnade. Under the same general roof are included the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Chapel of Calvary, so that we have in the same building, not more than a few hundred feet apart, the place where Jesus was crucified, and the tomb wherein he was buried. Directly under the dome is the Holy Sepulchre, covered by a building twenty-six feet long and eighteen feet broad. This building is of yellowish marble, with tasteful pilasters, and a rich, heavy cornice, surmounted by a cupola, with a top shaped something like a crown. Except at the west, it is rectangular; there it tapers into a pentagonal form. It is very high for its size, and withal presents a pleasing though somewhat singular

appearance. The front is highly decorated with gold and silver lamps set with precious stones, the gifts of friends from all nations. Large silver candelabrum support immense candles, which are lighted only on special occasions. The approach is by a slightly elevated platform, with marble balustrades. As we walked under the great dome and drew near the sacred shrine, pilgrims were gliding in and out. The Chapel of the Angel was first entered. Here it was that the angel sat after he had rolled away the stone from the mouth of the tomb. Waiting our turn, then stooping and advancing through a low door, we stood within the Sepulchre itself. It is a four-sided room, with a dome supported by columns. On the right side is the "sepulchral couch," elevated about two feet from the floor, and faced with white marble.

The projection of the solid rock Tomb above the surrounding surface is strictly in keeping with such monoliths as Absalom's or Jehoshaphat's Tomb and the Tombs of St. James and Zechariah.

Returning to the main aisle of the church, and passing immediately the little "Chapel of Mocking," we came to a flight of steps at the south-east angle, by which the ascent is made to the principal chapels of Golgotha. To Calvary we should have gone at first, but we followed what seemed to be the absorbing idea of the building, the open tomb, the vanquished grave, of Christ. These chapels stand on a rock about fifteen feet above the floor of the rotunda. The evangelists do not speak of Calvary as a hill. It is first called *Monticulus* (little mount) by the author of the "Jerusalem Itinerary." The first chapel, "The Elevation of the Cross," is a low, vaulted room, with a marble floor. Here, at the eastern end, we approached a platform raised about eighteen inches above the floor, and ten feet by six in dimensions. In the centre is an altar, underneath which is a hole through the marble, which leads to a hole below in the limestone rock. In this the cross of Christ was planted. Near by, through an opening in the marble facing, is shown the *rut* in the rock. The holes of the two crosses on which the thieves suffered are on the right and left.

The first morning after our arrival (April 16) gave us plenty to do in reading up correspondence and papers, and getting letters ready for the homeward mail. By arrangement, the Rev. Dr. De Hass accompanied us in the afternoon to el Haram es Sherief, or the inclosure of the Mosque of Omar. The Mosque crowns the highest summit of the supposed Mount Moriah. Here it was, according to the clearest Biblical indications, and the paintings of Jewish tradition, that Abraham was in the act of sacrificing his son Isaac when the angel stayed his hand, and Abraham turning, found the ram caught in the thicket. (Gen xxii. 13.) Here, too was the threshing floor of Araunah, where David saw the angel with uplifted sword about to smite the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and where he, hastily seizing one of the beasts, and some of the implements in service, offered a sacrifice which appeased the Divine vengeance. (2 Sam. xxiv.) This threshing floor he purchased from Araunah at a great price, and upon it Solomon afterward erected the Temple, for which David had collected materials, but which he was not allowed to build because he was a man of blood. This structure, for its extent, elaborateness, and grandeur, was not only the pride of all Israel, but the wonder of all people who saw it. In the Temple was the great altar of sacrifice, the holy of holies, which contained the shekinah, the symbol of Jehovah's presence, toward which the eyes of all the nation were turned as the point where the infinite God revealed Himself in material as well as spiritual beauty to His worshippers.

HUMAN ATTAINMENTS.

BY THE REV. W. BRADEN.

FEW persons, I suppose, will dispute the statement that it is every man's duty to make his nature as complete as possible—to set before himself some ideal of perfection, and to work towards that. He is bound by the fact that he possesses such great faculties, to culture them up to the highest possible point—in other words, he is bound to look outside of himself for some noble standard, and to aim by striving to reach that, and thus make the best of himself. He is responsible to God and his own nature to educate and discipline and perfect that nature as far as in him lies, and by all legitimate means in his power. This principle of law applies to every faculty we possess, mental as well as spiritual. That multitudes never make the attempt must be sadly con-

fessed. You know how many enter upon life with no definite aim for their intellect or heart. They have no ideals. They are content if they fulfil their little round of common duties, if they manage to live comfortably and respectably, but they are without any great ambitions, either for their minds or souls, for this world or the next. A poor, vague, uninfluential, molluscous kind of existence it is; they do no good work in the world, they develop nothing worthy to be called character, they come to the end of their days without having discovered why they were born, they are buried and speedily forgotten by their fellows, and what they will do as they enter upon life in another world it would be folly to attempt to guess.

Surely this description of many a man's and woman's life is not censorious, but, unhappily, only too true. If they had been plants or animals possessing no mental or spiritual powers to cultivate we might understand and praise them; but, being what they are, endowed as God has endowed them, with destinies such as He has opened out before them, their existence is as pitiable as it is mysterious. But I repeat, every one ought to have a distinct idea of some great end, of some completeness and perfection towards which he is to press forward, conscious ever that he has "not attained," but striving he may attain.

I do not stay now to apply this principle to physical or mental development, though they are worthy of your worthy serious consideration; but I wish to put it clearly that having souls capable of growing into the beauty of Divine virtue, capable of becoming Christ-like, we ought to have that object as a clear, constant, unflinching purpose before us. And if every one who is born of God, every one who professes to follow what is called a religious life is inspired by this aim, and labours to attain it, he would reach towards the goal of perfection. This is the characteristic of godly men in every age. Indeed, I believe that there have been among the heathen not a few who have had this ambition. Their knowledge may have been small, their standard of attainments limited, their hopes vague, but they have striven with an almost passionate earnestness to obey the law written in their hearts and interpreted by their consciences, and, like Cornelius, their works have been "in remembrance in the sight of God," since "He is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." Then look at some of the old-world saints among the Jews, how constantly they show the same craving after spiritual completeness. Better circumstanced than the heathen, they had not only the law written in their hearts, but that law confirmed, expounded, and amplified by Divine revelation itself. "God in time past spake unto the fathers by the prophets," so that their ideal of perfection was more exalted, more pure, more definite than was possible to the heathen. And their history, their biographies, their literature, show how they struggled against sin and weakness, how they sought to be men after God's own heart. Even their very confessions of failure, which seem uttered with searing tear-drops of agony, testify equally with their expressions of desire and hopeful aspiration to this yearning passion after perfection. You cannot read the Old Testament, whatever be your views of its standard of virtue and godliness, whether you think it high or low, without realising that in the hearts of the men there who are its heroes, there beat a longing, an aspiration, a resolve to reach that standard of perfection which appeared to them the loftiest conception of human life. The word "righteousness" is the key-note of the whole.

Again, if we take another step, and speak of men and women under the Christian dispensation, we discover the same characteristics, the same ideal aims; but the law of perfection here is the most glorious of all. For we have not only the law written in the heart and expounded by prophets, but we have it embodied, manifested, magnified in a life—the Divine life, the Divine character, incarnated, revealed as the pattern and model after which we have to be fashioned—in the person of the God-man, Christ Jesus. He stands forth chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely, and the definite aim set before us is that we should be like Him. Perfection is not obedience to formal law, but Christ-likeness, "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus." And I venture to say that there have been and are thousands of earnest souls, whose urgent prayer and effort are to attain that perfection; they exult when it seems possible, or when they appear to make a step towards it; they bow confused and humbled when it looks farther away because of their sin,

Yet, with all this, with such an ideal and such aspirations, what cause there is to take up the lament of the words, "I have seen an end of all perfection." The results of the struggle do sometimes seem to be very disheartening and full of disappointment. The attainments are exceedingly limited when judged by the expectation. Perfection of life and character, the reproduction of Divine virtue, the manifestation of Jesus Christ's purity, unselfishness, gentleness, seem even among the best of His disciples, if not altogether wanting, yet wondrously deficient. There are times and moods when this is particularly felt. We look, for instance, upon the Church itself—by which I mean all who have accepted the words of Christ as their law, and His life as their pattern, and I ask are we content, can we be content with the manner in which the generality are to-day proving the reality of their discipleship? Does it look as though they were striving after perfection? That they exhibit many excellences no one will dispute; but so do their neighbours, who are not inspired by any such purpose. Is there not a wide-spread complacency, a genial satisfaction with their own attainments which is utterly opposed to this spirit of aspiration of which I speak? They have made a profession of religion, they are in the Church, they can take to themselves all glowing, comforting words of promise, and anticipate all the prospects of the future as their portion, but what beyond? Where are the signs that they are seeking completeness, fulness of being? Friends, are there not times when the heart grows sad at the apparent indifference that the Church shows, and is inclined to utter doleful prophecies; to speak as though the Spirit of God, which is always the spirit of aspiration, had forsaken the Church, and to say, as we compare what ought to be with what is, "I have seen an end of all perfection." Take another instance. We often derive our idea of what perfection is from some persons whom we reverence. They stand on a pedestal of noble character above us. All they do looks like an exact imitation of Christ. If only we could become like them, how satisfied we should be. But maybe there comes a time when our idols exhibit defects. We are brought into closer contact and relationship with them, and we are compelled to see faults of temper or selfishness never imagined to exist—we see the limits of their goodness; or perhaps the idols of our admiration suddenly plunge into the very mire of a public sin. The shock that follows none know but ourselves, and then in our misery we cry, "I have seen an end of all perfection."

Or, take another instance. We are disappointed with ourselves. In the flush of new-born love to Christ and warm enthusiasm, we felt as though the conquest of sin were an easy task, as though no cross of suffering or disappointment or loss could bear down our faith, as though self-sacrifice for Christ or for men were the natural and joyous life we could always live; but there came trial, testing, and we failed. Peace, earnestness, love seemed gone; then in bitterness and disgust we have exclaimed against ourselves, "I have seen an end of all perfection."

Now, these facts are not outside of your experience; you have known them—perhaps know them at this hour. Well, what then? To what do they lead? Why, to the conclusion that spiritual life in ourselves and in others is very limited—our attainments are far, far below our ideal. But shall that conclusion make us despairful? Surely not. We must take human nature into account. We are brought to truer views of ourselves and others. We have to recognise the fact that we and all men are sinners, and that it is out of this poor, weak, sinful material of which our nature is made up that God by His grace is to bring perfection. We feel that if anything is to be made of us, that it must be a long, toilsome work. We realise how much we ever need to draw upon the Divine pity and the Divine patience; for if Christ should give us up, how utterly we should sink! There is not a single soul that does not ever need Him, and those who are striving most earnestly after perfection feel as though they needed Him the most. There is no reason for despair, for despair even of the ultimate result; but there is reason that we should cast ourselves more on God. And then, though our attainments are small, our outreaching towards perfection very limited at the best, and our disappointments grieve us bitterly, yet remember that there is something, there is some attainment, and that is better than nothing; we shall not despise what we have gained, because perfection is not reached. I am not content when I see the buds of apple-blossom on the tree—I want

fruit; but because the fruit has not come, I will not despise the blossom, since that is the preparation for it. I am not content when my babe takes its first step or two, and then stumbles—I want to see it walk without fear; but I do not despise that first step—it is the beginning—there is a relation between the first effort and the last, between the step toward perfection and perfection itself. So, though the attainment of Divine knowledge and holiness is limited—extremely limited—and we are often disappointed, and exclaim, "I have seen an end of all perfection," our virtues are very small and poor; yet we ought to add, "I will reach toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

THE aim of most people, but the realisation of the few. In how many different channels, by what a variety of means, how varied the methods, how opposite the themes by which the many are trying to reach this most coveted goal! How few grasp the prize, how numerous the failures, which in the natural, though not necessary, order of things, must be the heritage of the many, and this from no cause of their own! By this we mean that we have no control over our parentage from whom we owe our birth, they being feeble or strong in will, moral power, and physical stamina, transmitting to us their predispositions and hereditary constitutions. Also the ignorance, folly, and sin of mankind are such that we have often to begin life at a great disadvantage. Then, as to the homes of children and the neighbourhood in which their homes are situated, with the evils necessarily attached under present arrangements, that not only is life begun at a disadvantage, but much has to be unlearned—which is more difficult than learning—much precious time is lost in the effort ere men can "leave behind them footprints in the sands of time."

Our object in writing is to show those who read the difficulties which are placed in the path of those who often have a desire and make efforts to rise. A writer has said, "It is what men eat and drink, how they live, where they sleep, etc., that makes them depraved or otherwise." If this is so, our duty is to prevent and remove the obstacles which we have named above. We are also anxious to combat the fallacy that education alone is necessary to success, and have pleasure in quoting from a speech recently delivered by the Marquis of Hartington: "Success in life depends upon a great many things beside mere position and education. Success in life depends upon energy, upon industry, upon strength of will, upon perseverance, upon tact, upon a number of things which cannot be conferred by any education." Have we not known and read of men who possessed most of the above qualifications and were brilliant for a time, but failed in being truly successful? We have read that "in business ninety-nine in a hundred fail." Does this apply to professions as well as business? Such names as Pitt, Byron, Burns, and Chatterton, are sad proofs. We have often quoted, and believe, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it"; also the words of Burns: "My father was a farmer upon the Garrick border; carefully he brought me up in decency and in order. He bade me act a manly part, though I had not a farthing, for without an honest, manly heart, no man was worth regarding." Paradoxes often meet, and at such times the mind becomes perplexed. Faith at such times wavers, and truth alone is the rock upon which to rest. Why should not success wait on the many instead of the very few? Are the barriers to success immovable? Is there one cause more than another that invariably leads to failure? If so, our duty is to find it, prove it, and then wisely make it known.

All laws are arbitrary in their nature, and must be obeyed, or their violation will be sure to be followed by natural consequences—consequences which the wise will observe and avoid.

We close this article by weighty sentences by Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart.:—"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

"BEACON LIGHTS."

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

A HAPPY TURNING-POINT.

"We increase our wealth when we lessen our desires."

THEY were aristocratic-looking females, albeit their names were only Caxton. The room, too, in which they sat was luxurious, and even grand; but then, what of that? There, just outside, so near that the whir of the machinery reached them as they sat, was the factory, and to it they owed everything. Nay, they could even see it from the window, and its tall chimney served for miles round as a landmark, telling the gaping outsiders the tale of their rise and progress in the great world. Anne, the elder of the two sisters, was tall and thin, with a peculiar appearance in face and figure, which foretold for her a grey, gaunt old age. Martha, too, was thin, but her frame was of a different mould. Doubtless she would grow plump with advancing years, for there was a dull, indolent look upon her face, as though care sat lighter upon her than on Anne. She rose just then, and stirred the fire into a more genial blaze.

"Father will soon be here," she said, and then walked away to the window.

There was no pleasant anticipation in her tones. She seemed but to have spoken to break the silence which she had doubtless found hard to endure. The elder sister sighed.

"Yes, it is growing late"; and then the old hall clock ticked on, on, on, and Martha again resumed her seat by the blazing fire. "I wish we lived anywhere but here"; and again she stirred the coals vigorously.

"I don't know that that would make any difference," was Anne's reply; and then, both raised their eyes involuntarily to a space over the fireplace between two pictures—a third had probably hung there in bygone days. "It made none for her—she is not happy." Anne's voice was softer than usual, and a tear stole into her grey eye as she spoke.

"No; but if only—" Martha paused, for a third person, evidently the master of the house, had entered. That he was a money-loving man you would not have had a single doubt; one glance at his face told you that. But then he was, as well, a money-spending man, as his house and surroundings plainly showed. Yet they were miserable, those Caxtons; you read it in their faces, their actions, and their words. They wished for places which were denied them in the upper rank of society—wished to appear other than they really were.

Perhaps their object might have been attained if only they had left the factory to take care of itself, and taken up their abode elsewhere; but, notwithstanding all Mr. Caxton's ambition, he loved the factory—loved to proclaim to the world his great success in life, deeming it justice that he should be honoured accordingly. Perhaps, too, he was right; but then he should have trained his children differently, and not have bade them choose their friends from the "upper ten," or not at all.

Well, they sat down to an old-fashioned tea—for Mr. Caxton ignored late dinners; and the splendour of the silver and crystal, as it flashed 'neath the lights, seemed alone to make one think that they were enjoying a holiday feast—yet they were miserable! Their mother might have softened it all had she been living; but then she died when the two

girls were young, very young, and since then no softness had stolen into their sunless lives. Mr. Caxton sipped his tea as though he enjoyed it, glancing at his daughters in a way quite unusual with him. Then Martha began to talk. It seemed natural to hear her break the silence; and, judging, too, from the look of her face, smiles came to it oftener than to Anne's. Mr. Caxton was amused by her simple chatter, and rubbed his hands in a satisfied sort of way.

"Now I must have my say, Martha." He looked at Anne, although he addressed his youngest daughter. "I have some news for you"; and he actually patted Anne's hand as she gave him a second cup of tea.

A slight flush tinged her cheek, and her eyes drooped just a little. You could see that she was waiting for his next words.

"What is it, father!" asked Martha.

"Why, I hardly know that I have the right to tell when you are by."

He still looked

fixedly at Anne, and she in her turn grew slightly nervous beneath his gaze.

"Sir Reginald Dale has promised to call on Thursday—in fact, I have asked him to dine with us, so that (and this time he spoke unquestionably to Anne), I wish you to look your very best."

"Is that all?" Anne's voice was icily cold.

"All! Yes, and enough, too, I should say." Mr. Caxton was angry. "To tell the truth, Anne, Sir Reginald has paid you the high compliment of asking for your hand;—there, if that will not satisfy you, I should like to know what will," and Mr. Caxton assumed the manner of a man who has overwhelmed his listeners at last with the greatness of his tidings.



Martha gazed blankly into her sister's face, while Anne rose to her feet with sudden energy and strength of purpose.

"If that be all Sir Reginald's errand, father, he may save himself such unnecessary trouble on my account."

Mr. Caxton also rose from his seat.

"What! When I have worked and toiled to raise you and yours above the level of ordinary folk, you tell me this! Thus, when the end I have coveted for you is within your reach."

"Yes, father." Anne's voice was very firm, and her tall figure stood erect and strong before him.

"And for what reason? Hang it!"—(he was not a gentleman, remember)—"one would think there was another in the way."

Here Martha glided to her sister's side, and put her arm protectingly around the other's waist.

"No," Anne's voice was low, yet earnest, "such is not the case. There might have been perchance in the years which have gone by if only we had been like other girls and mixed with our equals, instead of—of coveting the notice of those above us."

"Well, and here is this same coveted boon lying now on your very doorstep."

"I do not covet it now. Heaven knows I would be content to lay down all, everything, for one tittle of the love which the poor accord to each other. I would kneel in the dust for such a look as that!"—and she pointed to where one of the factory "hands" stood, his dingy, blue face glorified with such an expression as love wears when the object of its affection is near. She, the girl, was waving her hand to him in the distance, then she moved on, the look in the man's face died out—and the drawing-room party turned once more to their own affairs.

No fleeting remembrance of his own early love came back to the old man's heart, the love of money and rank had rooted all that up years ago. His face was white with anger now.

"If you say nay to Sir Reginald, you may give up *all*, everything. You may kneel in the dust, too, if you like, for the day which sees you refuse him, sees you also no daughter of mine!"

"That day has come then, for I will not give my hand to any man because having nearly run through his own money he seeks to possess himself of mine. Sir Reginald, indeed! I tell you plainly, father, that he would as lief marry one of your own work-girls as me, provided he did not stand in need of your gold."

"Enough. You may go," and Mr. Caxton waved his hand towards the door.

"Not leave for good, father!"

It was Martha who pleaded; for herself Anne could not plead.

"For good!—no, I suspect not,"—and he laughed grimly at his own wit;—"but if she has not altered her mind by the morning she may go the way of the other; at any rate, I forbid her to enter my door again."

Anne drew her away, or Martha would yet have prayed for a softer answer. Once in their own room, both sisters wept—weped as they had not for years and years, those two silent, unloved women.

"You are sure you could not marry him?" questioned Martha.

"Sure! Oh, Martha I used to long for rank and title. I used even to behold a sort of glory in our own dull lives, inasmuch as they kept us aloof from those who were justly our equals. I used to think that, by-and-by, the end I longed for would come, and you and I be courted and made much of by the great people whose grandeur I envied and sighed to attain. But I forgot, dear, that time was passing, that what was once fresh and comely in our looks would fade, and that love would pass us by, as I—oh, Martha, I did not sympathise with Lilly as you did, and now this has come!"

All through the night they sat thus, and there Martha learnt for a truth what she had faintly guessed years and years before, but had forgotten till Mr. Caxton's cruel taunt had revived the memory—how that in her girlhood there had been a tender passage in Anne's life, just that and nothing more. Then the story of her days had gone on as hitherto, and all because one had deemed her proud, and so had not broken through the ice of her maidenly reserve because of the pedestal on which she stood. He might be married now for all she knew, for he was miles and miles away; but for all

that a lingering hope had arisen at her father's mysterious words, and now it was all over—all over.

In the morning Anne went away. She told Martha that she should seek out Lilly, the orphan cousin who came to them, a marvel of sweetness and beauty, some eight years before, and whose portrait had hung over the drawing-room fireplace. She was to have been co-heiress with the other two; but just as her sunny presence had begun to brighten up the old place, an artist came upon the scene—the one who had painted the portrait, the one who had loved her before she had come to the Caxton's, and whom she loved in return, with all the strength and ardour of her young heart. Then John Caxton bade her choose between riches and poverty, for her lover was poor in the rich man's eyes, and she, like Anne, had chosen the latter, with this difference—that whereas the one went away alone and unloved, the other found shelter, happiness, and home in a good man's heart. Once a rumour reached her cousins of real poverty and sickness which Lilly was enduring, and they, unknown to their father, sent her relief. That was the last they had heard, for a letter sent later to the same address was returned to them. Lilly and her husband had left, gone no one knew whither, and so they dropped utterly out of the Caxton's lives. Now Anne in her loneliness said that she would trace them out, and so the sisters parted. Would they ever meet again!

It was a stormy evening late in December; Christmas was nigh at hand; but naught of Christmas joy seemed coming to Martha Caxton. She and her father sat at the tea-table alone, and she, Anne, talked incessantly; for it seemed good even to hear her own voice. Mr. Caxton had felt "queer" all through the day; he had not, however, complained save to himself, he was not given to complaining, and yet, several times in passing up and down the factory stairs he had halted; a sort of numbness, the effect of the cold as he supposed, seemed to creep through his, till now, iron frame. It was returning again by his own fireside, and—Martha started to her feet—his tea-cup had fallen and lay shivered to atoms upon the floor. She shrieked aloud; never before had she felt so utterly helpless and alone. He was not dead—the servants who came to her aid assured her of that—and in time Martha believed them. It was but paralysis, bad enough in its way, yet still in her loneliness even that seemed better than death. All through that dreary night she sat and watched, the first of many such vigils, and her mind—nay, her whole being hungered after Anne, her sister. Only once had a letter come to her, and now she was daily expecting tidings, but the next day passed, and the next, and so on till the new year came, and still there was no news, no change to break the monotony of her life.

Martha began to feel well-nigh worn out; true, John Caxton gained strength as time advanced, yet no speech or power of movement came to cheer Martha's heart, and her life seem to grow more empty and miserable each day as it passed. Summer came, and the house and factory stood in the full glare of the scorching sun; one or two stunted trees grew near, but they threw no shadow; the glare was such as painters love to depict as shining full and hard in its very brightness, upon Tennyson's "Moated Grange." Martha grew tired of it, and all through each day she hungered for night and its sombre quietude. She stood one evening, just as the grey shadows were beginning to fall, looking earnestly out of her chamber window at the white road which wound on—on—on as far as the eye could trace it. She was never tired of following its threadlike course; for somehow lately, as no tidings had come to her of Anne, an idea had gained possession of her that she would come to her, and along that self-same road, which she took to watchings so strangely after the sun had set. Upon this evening she watched, but from habit; for she was very, very sad, therefore she noted not a black dot in the distance, which in time took the form and shape of a horse and carriage. On it came, nearer and yet nearer, and by and by a thrill of joy entered into Martha's soul. She knew not why it came, for there was nothing peculiar in the vehicle itself, and carriages often passed that way; but oh, she gazed with a feeling as if her all were at stake should it go on, and not stop at their door; she seemed scarcely to breathe as the moments sped by—and yet, what was it all to her? This was a stranger passing through the village—so she told herself—the while instinct, the instinct of a longing soul, told yet another tale. Nor was her hope thrown away, for Anne Caxton herself looked out and bade the driver stop, and in less time than I can tell you, Martha clasped her in her arms. A little child, Lilly's only one—for Lilly was dead, and

Anne had seen her laid in the grave—stood beside her, and Anne said that but for her time being fully taken up with nursing, and for the thought that she would come back humbly to her old home with loving trust in her heavenly Father to set matters right for her, she should have written. She knew naught of Anne's new trial; but oh, she brought back a sweet sunshine of love in herself—love which she had caught and treasured in Lilly's home. Martha let her own weariness depart as she gazed upon her sister's tender countenance, for Anne was almost beautiful in her new life—the life that God, the gracious Giver of all good things, would have His children love and enjoy.

It was not a dream—Martha knew it all to be a sweet reality—as she led the way to the sick-room, the room which henceforth would never be so lonely again. Anne knelt before the feeble old man, and it was almost as the joy of heaven to those simple, loving women, when a smile, such as they had seldom before seen upon his face, stole quivering around his pale lips. He laid his hand, too, upon Anne's head, the while he smiled upon Martha, his gentle nurse; and then the past was past for ever. To the world their lives would still be grey and dull, but for the future they would both give and take of the pure sunshine of heaven; and the old man too, in whose heart warmer feelings had arisen, would never be hard and bitter again. Old age would come to the sisters, but they looked not for great things in life now affliction had narrowed the career of John Caxton, but his soul had grown broad and gentle as a little child's. Anne and Martha were satisfied with sweetness as they fondled Lilly's child in the old drawing-room before Anne took her away for the night—henceforth, as it were, “A little child should lead them.”

THE CHRISTIAN ARTISAN.

WORKING MEN are often constant neglecters of the Sabbath as an institution.

Do you know that this day is a necessity? Its very foundation is laid in the nature of your being. One day in seven for rest—change—is not a mere conventional arrangement. It is of God, and comes as much under general law as heat or light. When France, in the days of her atheism, abolished the Sabbath, converted the cathedral of Paris into a temple of Liberty, and worshipped its goddess in the person of a prostitute, the Almighty was angry with the nation, and sent blood and distress upon them. But the common people of the interior instinctively returned to the observance of “one day in seven,” for they said their cattle needed it not less than themselves. Neither man nor beast can work incessantly without recreation, without change. But how is it with many of our working men? They look upon this day as one for sleep, or for carousal and hilarity; while often some of the worst crimes known to the laws of either God or man are committed on this day.

And what we have said of the Sabbath may be equally affirmed of the preaching. Some people look upon the pulpit as a mere sectarian institution, and upon all sermons as mere dogmatism. This is not the case. Preaching is one of God's methods of evangelising the world. The Saviour said, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.” “The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the wisdom of God and the power of God.”

The pulpit is, as a whole, pre-eminently instructive. When intelligent and virtuous men discourse constantly on topics of interest which all may hear, it is easily to be seen that it will influence the minds of those who attend. Hence, it may be regarded as true that the most intelligent of every community are those who attend upon the preaching of the Gospel with regularity.

Many men vindicate and justify themselves in their neglect of the house of God, on the plea that wealth and aristocracy shut them out. In a few instances, this may have been the case; but it is in no sense general. The voice of the Church is, “Come,” and they who remain away do so without excuse. If you cannot dress as well as others, still come just as you are. If you cannot obtain a seat as conspicuous as that of the rich man, do not let this deprive you of the blessings of holy worship. The Church welcomes the labourer—it welcomes the poor.

But stay away from the house of God; give no heed to the claims of the Gospel; spend the Sabbath in riding for pleasure, in walking the streets, frequenting places of amusement,

reading a literature which the best judgment of mankind pronounces pernicious—and you will run into positive infidelity; you will become deniers of the written Word; you will adopt philosophies at war with the “truth as it is in Jesus”; you will bring upon your souls leanness and barrenness; you will kill your consciences, blunt your intellects, and harden your hearts.

Religion is a blessing to every man, to every nation. The virtues which the Bible inculcates—such as economy, industry, and benevolence—elevate men. How does England, an island with less than thirty millions of people, hold, as in a grip of steel, all India, with more than a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants? The explanation is in the fact that one is Christian, the other heathen. Christianity quickens the intellect, works out the best manhood, and is the only system in the universe which makes man truly great.

A grain of wheat has no power to expand itself. Shut it up in a sealed vase, bury it in a tomb, and it will lie there for ages—a little particle of matter, inert and forceless. But bring it forth, plant it, give it rain and sunshine, and it will germinate and produce a hundred grains of wheat, as perfect and beautiful as itself. So the human mind needs to be acted upon by the Spirit of God, in order to grow up into its real beauty. If men deny the Spirit, grieve it, and shut themselves up in darkness, the result will be intellectual and moral death.

If India were a Christian land, England could have no such control over her. The heathen world is sluggish; not so the Christian. Do you wish to see energy, power, skill? go to the lands where the Gospel is proclaimed.

The same is true of home. The best homes in all the world are those of Christian families. Moreover, you will find there more thrift, more development of the graces of life, and more health, in the aggregate. If you wish to clothe society in rags, abolish the pulpit; if you wish to turn men back to savages, annul the law of the Sabbath; if you wish to stop all inventions, burn up your Bibles; and the end will be gained.

Infidelity casts a shadow on the life of man. The heart that receives no light from God is in a sad state. If you deny the authority of God's holy Word, and attempt to walk by the light of nature, you will surely stumble and fall. In sickness, what will you have to comfort you? in death, what voice to console you? at the grave, what hope for the future? Jesus said, “I am the resurrection and the life.” But you do not believe it. You deny it because there is mystery in it. You say the Gospel is a fable, though millions of men, as intelligent as any in the world are, and as sincere, have testified to its power. And with such a creed you go down to death, cheerless and cold. What will be your fate?

Death swallows you up; but that is not all. There is a future, an unseen world, in which judgment awaits all men. On the other hand, Christianity is full of life, light, and peace. Is the cloud dark? it fringes it with gold. Is the storm fearful? Christ walks on the waters of a troubled world, saying, “Peace, be still.” Does sickness come? He will “make your bed in sickness.” Are you poor in this world's goods? He promises you the riches of heaven. Is all the world arrayed against you? “I have overcome the world,” said Jesus.

Working men, go to this best Fountain of Light; its “leaves are for the healing of the nations.” It is God's gift to you. Receive the proffered aid, and your heart will rejoice. Reject it, and you will shed tears of bitter regret.

“To live in darkness, in despair to die,

Is this, indeed, the boon to mortals given?

Is there no port, no rock of refuge nigh?

There is to those who fix their anchor, hope, in heaven.

“Turn, then, O man, and cast all else aside;

Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above.

Low at the cross bow down, in that confide,

Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.”

SPEAK OUT.—Though you preach like an angel you will not say anything more important than that letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, or that Psalm of David which you have just now read to the backs of heads of the congregation. Laymen and ministers, speak out! The opening exercises were not instituted to clear your voice but to save souls. If need be, squeeze a lemon and eat “Brown's troches” for the sake of your voice, before you go to church; but once there, make your first sentence resonant and mighty for God. An hour and a half is short time anyhow to get five hundred or five thousand people ready for heaven.

TRUST IN JESUS.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY. By permission.

mp

1. May we al-ways trust in Je-sus; Will He ne-ver, ne-ver fail us; Trust Him all the time,
Trust Him all the time;

dim. rit.

Trust Him ou the storm-y wa-ters, E-ven when our cour-age fal-ters, And our faith grows dim.
And our faith grows dim.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Yes, we'll e-ver trust in Je-sus; Sure of this, He ne'er will leave us When the cloud lies low;

cres.

In the dark-ness He is near-est, 'Tis the thought for e-ver dear-est That our hearts can know.

Trust Him in the deepest sorrow,
Trust Him with the cares of morrow,
At the set of sun;
Trust Him in the early dawning,
Trust Him in the glowing morning,
For the day begun.

Yes, we'll ever trust, etc.

Trust Him in the midday brightness,
When our hearts are filled with lightness,
And our cup runs o'er:
Trust Him when our tents we're leaving,
When the billows dark are heaving,
Till we reach the shore.

Yes, we'll ever trust, etc.

A GLORIOUS TERMINATION.

SERGEANT LAVERACK has written a book entitled "Straight Street," which we should like all our readers to see. It is most curious in its character, but the faithful warnings are timely, and greatly called for. After some 400 pages, describing the temptations and triumphs of those living in "The Street," the author goes on to say:—

"Enjoyment of God's favour and smile, methinks, ought to prompt us, not to sit idly down behind the gate, but to climb some of the higher heights where the wonders of creation and redeeming love may be seen to greater advantage, and where the grassy sward is greener, and the corn is yellower, and the water is deeper, and the air purer, and the sky clearer, and the prospect wider, and the golden hues richer, and the sunbeams the brighter, and the breeze is fresher, and the fruit the sweeter, and the words are kinder, and the music softer, and the faith stronger, and the experience riper, and the peace profounder, and the people are gentler, and actions are nobler, and the golden chain is drawn closer, and hearts and lives are holier, and the people are happier, and the joys are fuller, and the flame of love is hotter, and souls are humbler, and God is nearer.

"And unless we are progressing in the Divine life, it seems that we have but little taste for the sublime and pure. To sit down just over the border does not betoken much desire to possess the goodly heritage. To rest within the gate does not certainly evince much determination to take the kingdom by force. To take it coolly at the starting point does not indicate much desire to win the prize. To lie down under the juniper tree seems to prove that the journey at the very beginning is too great for you. To think that all your foes are slain when only a few of the worst have been wounded, is to covet and ensue defeat yourself. To think that,

because your head is well protected by the helmet of salvation, you can lay the breastplate of righteousness and the shield of faith aside, is to invite attack from the enemy by your unprotected state. To see the river of life dashing up its silvery spray, a few drops of which may possibly fall upon your parched soul, cannot be considered as wise and refreshing as to step into the life-giving stream and "drink abundantly." Just one taste of the luscious grapes of Eshcol, brought by friends from a distance, cannot be as satisfying as the precious clusters gathered by your own hands. To rest for an hour within the beautiful gate, cannot be compared to abiding within the sacred precincts of the magnificent temple itself. It may be a great blessing to be permitted to be an outer-court worshipper, but it cannot be compared to an entrance into the holiest of all. It is delightful to give utterance to the first note of praise from a new-born soul, but more delightful still to have the heart, like a well-strung instrument, ever making melody unto the Lord. It is blessed to catch one ray of heavenly light beaming from the countenance of our Redeemer, but more blessed still to dwell in those heavenly sunbeams. What joy we experienced when we first heard a word of comfort spoken by our blessed Lord! but who can describe the joy of those whose ears are ever attentive to His word? Blessed, indeed, is it to be in His presence for one hour, but it is not to be compared with leaning, like the beloved disciple, on Jean's breast. It is a glad some thing to have a solitary ray of light to illumine the dark abyss within, but not so glad some by a thousand degrees as to 'walk in the light, as he is in the light,' then 'we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' It is a blessed thing to have a place in the household of our God, even as servants, but how much more blessed is it to 'receive the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirit, that

we are the children of God, and joint heirs with Christ.' And as children travelling to their Father's house, they have but one object in life. And in the pursuit of it they gladly endure their Master, 'endure the cross and despise the shame.' His strength they are enabled to 'fight the good fight.' They go from strength to strength.' 'They that wait upon the Lord,' not at His gate, or in His house, or at His altar, or upon His ministers, or on their word, or in His ordinances, 'but they that wait upon the Lord Himself, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; and they shall not faint.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

BY AUNT MAY.

'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.'



UNCLE PHILIP was ill, and I, his niece May, was keeping him and the blazing fire company one blustering March day, when he thus began one of his many tales:—

"It was my fifteenth birthday, my dear, when I had this Bible given me. I remember well my father's words, 'Here, my son, is a Bible from me and your mother, and we hope that it will be your guide all through life. It will I am sure be dear to you, for our sakes, as well as because of the precious truths it contains. My father spoke feebly, for he was only just recovering from a dangerous illness, and it made us all very sad to notice how wasted and weak he had become. Then Bessie came forward, with a purse she had worked for me with her own fingers. I have it still, May, although your dear mother has long been numbered with the silent dead.

"I left home the very next day after, and went to a seaside town, to learn the trade I had myself chosen—that of a ship carpenter. At first everything was so fresh and strange to me, that I forgot my Bible, and there it lay day after day at the bottom of my box, as though I had forgotten both my father and my God. By-and-by I grew more accustomed to my work, my companions, and the glorious sea; but yet I was as careless as ever (as careless as the rest, I was going to say, but perhaps they were the better of the two, seeing how I had been brought up), instead of that, however, I will say, that I

still forgot my Bible and the God who was caring for me all the while.

"It was a fair Sabbath morning, and the sea sparkled 'neath the bright May sunshine. I was walking alone upon the sands, when a voice called to me from the cliffs above, 'Phil, we are going for a sail to-day. Will you join us? It'll be glorious fun, and Steadman has laid in no end of good things to take with us. I told the chaps you'd be sure to come, so don't keep us waiting.'

"I was upon the point of saying Yes, when it flashed across my mind that it was Sunday, and therefore no day for pleasure. I had no time to hesitate, for the one who spoke was in a hurry, else he would be too late, so remembering the old temptation, and poor Jim who was drowned, I called out, 'No, I cannot come, and you, Frost, be persuaded by me and stay at home too. Remember it is the Sabbath.'

"'Stuff,' and he turned off, for the others were calling him on their way down to the boat. I went home to my lodgings, and never before had the morning sun shone so brightly, never before had I felt so happy, so light-hearted—it seemed, May dear, as though I had that day chosen whom I would serve. The next morning brought me a letter saying that my dear father was dead. He had passed from life suddenly, unexpectedly, upon that glorious Sabbath morning, but although I felt the blow terribly, I was quite sure that he had but gone from our Sabbath, to one more glorious still, the eternal Sabbath of heaven. Then, when he was gone, I remembered his words to me some years before, when I had begged to be allowed to go to the woods on a Sunday. 'My son, if six days are not enough for us, in the which we may seek our own pleasure, depend upon it that the seventh will be a dead failure—it will not answer, Phil, it will not answer.'

"'But, father, when folks work all the other days,' I urged.

"'Then, my son,' and he smiled, oh, so kindly upon me, 'the seventh will be welcome as a day of rest—a day of worldly pleasure it can never be.'

"Supposing I had gone with the rest, May, would it have been a pleasure? Ten thousand times No. My father dying, and—but it seemed then, and it seems now, too dreadful to think of. By my father's grave, 'neath the sweet spring sunlight and the fair heavens, I thanked my God who had kept me from going wrong, and so adding a bitter sting to my memory of the past, and the day on which my father died."

Dear children, honour the Sabbath; believe me, you will be, oh, so glad that you have done so by-and-by. You may not have a dear friend die on that day, like Uncle Philip, so as to cause you to be thankful that you have not been sinning while their souls have been passing to glory, but Jesus will come some day to us all, and He knows all those who are His.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *The Biblical Museum.* Old Testament. Vol. III. By Rev. J. Comper Gray.
- (2) *The Pilgrim's Progress.* Facsimile Edition. 3s. 6d.
- (3) *Short Sketches on Important Subjects.* By Rev. J. Hawkins. [London: Elliot Stock.]
- (4) *Rays from the Sun of Righteousness.* By Rev. R. Newton, D.D. 2s. 6d.
- (5) *History of Methodism.* Vol. I. To the Death of Whitefield. By Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D. 5s. [London: Wesleyan Conference Office.]
- (6) *Kilda Hall.* By Frances Martin. 5s.
- (7) *Song and Sense from "Uncle Sam."* By T. Nicholson.
- (8) *Dolce Napoli.* By W. J. A. Stamer. 12s. 6d. [London: Charing Cross Publishing Company]
- (9) *The Whole Meal Bread Question.* 6d. [London: T. C. Hearwood.]
- (10) *How to Get Along at the Paris Exhibition.* 1s. [London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.]

AS a concise, exhaustive, and impartial commentary, and help to the study of the Bible, Mr. Gray's "Biblical Museum" (1) can hold its own with any similar contemporary work. We give it unequivocal preference, and many others may do the same. The new volume, from Joshua to Samuel, is most interesting.

Mr. Stock deserves the hearty thanks of the reading public, as well as of the antiquarian, for his admirable series of facsimile reprints from the original editions of various old works. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was, if we remember rightly, the first of the series, and published at a rather high figure, but as a commemoration of the bicentenary of this glorious dream he has just reissued it (2), identical in appearance with the first edition, but at a much lower price, which ought to command for it a large circulation.

A very thoughtful series of papers is that just issued by Mr. Hawkins (3). We certainly cannot agree with all he says, but the sketches have the true ring of godly common sense, and we cannot better evince our appreciation of them than by reprinting on another page a portion of one of them.

Dr. Newton is, doubtless, well known to our young readers, and the book before us (4) cannot but enhance their appreciation of his pleasant, chatty style. We have seen this very book called goody-goody, but this we deny: it is plain common sense, put in an attractive form, and will be blessed by many a parent and Sunday-school teacher.

To criticise the world-renowned "History of Methodism," (5) by the venerable Abel Stevens, would be ungracious and unnecessary. Suffice it to say the Conference Office has issued the book in a very cheap and attractive form, and we hope to hear that it has sold by thousands.

If "Kilda Hall" (6) is a first effort (which by the parade of subscribers' names we should presume it is) we have nothing to say against it. Crude and verbose it certainly is, but there is promise of much better things yet to come from the same pen.

Scissors and paste are very useful, but they must be used discriminately, and a modicum of common-sense is required to make the cuttings presentable. Mr. Nicholson has done his pruning well in this little volume of American newspaper extracts (7), and we hope to see something from him more ambitious and more deserving of his *imprimatur*.

"Sweet Naples!" There is music in the very title. We have read many volumes of "travels," from Huc and Gabet's "China" to Stanley's "Dark Continent"; but never have we been more charmed than with the volume before us (8). Mr. Stamer does not profess to be a great traveller, but he has resided in Naples six years, and says truly in his preface, "These are no 'impressions' or notes taken on the wing, but experiences." That they are so, and interesting withal, we can vouch, and long for that day when we can spare the time to verify our author's most lifelike narration.

Written primarily to advocate the use of Messrs. Hill's whole meal bread, this very elegant little pamphlet (9) contains a considerable amount of interesting matter concerning the ancient history and privileges of the Bread Baker's Companies, evincing great research and not a little ingenuity on the part of the painstaking compiler.

To those who know *nothing* of the French language, a portion of this little book (10) will be useful, as it gives the English and French of commonly-used phrases, with the phonetic pronunciation in the latter language. This vocabulary is the only part worth mentioning; the "guide" is exceedingly meagre, and the book as a whole is very dear; there are several brochures given away which contain far more general information than this shilling one.

GOD LOVES WHOM HE CHASTENS.

MY text is:—"God is love," words that blaze in gas jets over the pulpit of my Chicago church. I shall dwell particularly upon God's chastening those whom He loves, and chastening them because He loves them, and, as an illustration, I will tell you a story concerning my own little girl. She was only six or seven years old, and as bright and merry as could be; but she fell into the habit of getting up cross in the morning, and speaking rudely to her mother and brother. I told her at last that she must be punished, unless she conquered her habit. But one morning, while I was dressing, I heard her little voice impatiently chiding my wife. After breakfast, when it was time for her to go to school, she stepped up to give me a morning kiss; but I gently pushed her aside, telling her she could not kiss me. The corners of her tiny mouth dropped. Tears welled up into her eyes, and my heart was almost bursting. Slowly and sadly she left the room, without a trace of that childish life in her steps that belonged to her age. She met her mother in the hall, and, with sobs choking her voice, cried: "Oh, mamma, mamma, papa will not kiss me! Ask him if he won't." But when the mother pleaded with me I remained firm, and my little girl dragged her steps wearily down the street. It was the first morning that I ever refused to kiss her, and as I stood in the window I wept while watching her retreating figure. It seemed to me that I had never loved her so well before—so strongly, for I punished her through my own suffering. That day was a long one to me, though I hurried home long before the usual hour, to be there when she returned from school. I

sat in the same place where she had left me, and she came timidly and sadly to me, threw herself in my arms, and cried: "Papa, will you forgive me?" I printed a kiss on her little lips, and she knew that I had not punished her through hate.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE Baptist Union has held its annual meetings. The general proceedings have been characterised by great harmony. The chairmanship of the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, a host in himself, has been exercised in a kindly, good-natured spirit, and his inaugural address on "Ministerial Apprenticeship" has been so well received, that it is not improbable that the curacy system, modified and adapted to the requirements of each church, may be introduced into the pastorate of Baptist churches.

The seventy-ninth anniversary meeting of the Religious Tract Society was held in Exeter Hall on Friday evening, May 3. Sir Charles Reed presided. The receipts during the past twelve months were £148,557, and the expenditure £146,231. During the same period there had been issued 500 new publications, of which 201 were tracts. The total circulation from the home depot, including books, tracts, periodicals, cards, etc., had reached 52,783,265, of which 24,640,395 were tracts. The issues from foreign depots were about 10,000,000, making a total of 63,000,000 during the year, and of nearly 1,783,000,000 since the formation of the Society.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Midnight Meeting Movement Society, held at the Hall, Red Lion-square, was presided over by Alderman Sir R. W. Carden. Sixty-four meetings have been held in London and the provinces, and 3,410 young women have attended. The numbers placed in homes or restored to parents during the year was 233, their ages ranging from fourteen to thirty-nine, the great majority under twenty-one, and only thirty-five above the age of twenty-five. Many interesting cases of reform, restoration, and conversion were narrated by speakers who followed the reading of the report.

Dr. Sexton is becoming a stout champion of Christianity against the attacks of the Secularistic party. A three nights' debate on "Christianity versus Secularism," has been held between him and Mr. Charles Watts, a Secularist teacher. The debate excited considerable interest, and was attended largely by members of all denominations in the town. The Rev. J. Fordyce, M.A., Congregational minister, presided.

Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, has been restored at a cost of £200,000, which has been entirely borne by Mr. Henry Roe. of that city. He has also endowed it with £20,000.

After all, it seems that the Pope is fallible. His Holiness Leo XIII. has been much extolled for the moderation of his principles. Great hope has been evinced in certain quarters that the powerful influence exercised by one so cultured, and at the same time so sagacious, and apparently so prompt to reform an abuse, or to demolish any rock of offence, would win many adherents; but it is now rumoured that the Jesuits are too many for him, and that their principles are in the ascendant.

May Day morning was ushered in at the City Temple by a breakfast for business men and women, at the early hour of half-past six o'clock. Nearly 1500 people accepted Dr. Parker's invitation, and the season seemed to be one of thorough enjoyment. A service of an hour's duration was afterwards held in the chapel, which was attended by a large congregation. Dr. Parker preached on the words, "Not slothful in business."

The seventy-ninth anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society has been held in Exeter Hall. The Earl of Chichester presided. The income of the society for the year has been £20,753, against £175,938 last year. The Bishops of Sydney and Saskatchewan, Canons Miller and Martin, and Major-General Sir W. Hill, were the principal speakers.

The first church in England in connection with the Reformed Episcopal Church has been opened at Southend, by the Rev. Dr. Gregg, Primary Bishop, who, in the course of his remarks, said that he had been a vicar in the Church of England for eight years, but left her pale in consequence of doctrines and practices of which his conscience did not approve having been legally sanctioned.

The seventy-fourth annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held, as usual, in Exeter Hall. The

president, Lord Shaftesbury, occupied the chair. The receipts for the year were £212,303, and the expenditure was £227,865. The issues from the depot at home were 1,452,609; and from depôts abroad, 1,490,988; altogether, 2,943,597 of copies of Bibles, testaments, and portions. The total issues of the society from its commencement amount to 82,047,062 copies.

It is stated that Dr. Baring, Bishop of Durham, spends more than the whole of the £3000 a year he receives from his bishopric in charity. Recently, to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing population, he contributed £3000 to a new church at Bishop Auckland.

The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland began its annual session in Edinburgh on Monday evening, May 13. The Rev. Mr. Croom was elected moderator. An address to Her Majesty was proposed, expressing the Synod's earnest desire that she may exercise her exalted influence for the prevention of war, and in the interests of peace in Europe.

A memorial to the Queen—emphatically the "women's memorial"—in favour of a Congress and peace, has been delivered to the Home Secretary, who has promised that it shall be laid before Her Majesty. The petition is signed by 11,955 females, and was completed in nine days.

The forty-eighth annual general meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales was held at the Union Chapel, Islington, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, chairman of the Union. The chapel was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Brown's address, which was very elaborate, and contained passages of much beauty and eloquence, was on "Our Theology in Relation to the Intellectual Movement of our Times."

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It is not possible for him to be rich who is not wealthy in his soul.

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